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FREDERICK THE GREAT.



FREDERICK THE GREAT.

I.—PARENTAGE OF FREDERICK.

ON the southern coasts of the Baltic Sea, between the latitudes of 52° and 54°, there lies a country which was first revealed to civilized eyes about three hundred years before the birth of Christ. The trading adventurers from

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

Marseilles, who landed at various points upon the coast, found it a cold, savage region of lakes, forests, marshy jungles, and sandy wastes. A shaggy tribe peopled it, of semi-barbarians, almost as wild as the bears, wolves, and swine which roamed their forests. As the centuries rolled on, centuries of which, in these remote regions, history takes no note, but in which the gloomy generations came and went, shouting, fighting, weeping, dying, gradually the aspect of a rude civilization spread over those dreary solitudes. The savage inhabitants, somewhat tamed, increased in numbers, and there appeared a tall and manly race of fair complexion, light hair, stern aspect, great physical strength, and very formidable in battle.

Still centuries elapsed, leaving little for history to record but war and woe. Fierce tribes swept in all directions. Battle was life's great business. Man, ignorant, degraded, brutal, could have had but few if any joys. Perhaps, through his degradation, his woes were only such as beasts feel. By degrees, from this chaos, a certain kind of governmental order emerged. Small tribes became united under powerful chieftains. Kings arose. There were all varieties of political organizations, dukedoms, principalities, marquisates, and electorates. It is recorded that Adalbert, bishop of Prag, about the year 997, with two companions, as apostles of Christianity, first penetrated these wilds. Like Christian heroes they went, with staff and scrip, regardless of danger. The bishop was fifty years of age, and his gray hairs floated in the breeze. As he landed a stout savage struck him with the flat of his oar, and sent him headlong to the ground.

The zealous bishop, perhaps not unwilling to secure the crown of martyrdom, pressed on, preaching the Gospel, in face of prohibitions and menaces, until he entered one of the sacred inclosures which was a sanctuary of the idols of these heathen. The priests rushed upon him, endeavored to drive him out, and struck him with a dagger in the back of his neck. He uttered but one cry, "Jesus receive me!" and stretching out his arms fell with his face to the ground, and lay dead there "in the form of a crucifix." The place is yet pointed out where Adalbert fell. Still the seeds of Christianity were sown. Other missionaries followed. Idolatry disappeared, and the realm became nominally Christian. Revealed religion introduced increased enlightenment and culture, though there still remained much of the savagery of ancient days.

When the Reformation in the sixteenth century was presented to Europe, and was rejected by Italy, France, Austria, and Spain, it was accepted, though not unanimously, yet very generally, by the inhabitants of this wild region. In the year 1700 there was, in the midst of the realm of which we are about to write, and which is now called Prussia, a province then known as the Marquisate of Brandenburg. It embraced a little over fifteen thousand square miles, being about twice as large as the State of Massachusetts. It was one of the electorates of Germany, and the elector or marquis, Frederick, belonged to the renowned family of Hohenzollern. To the east of Brandenburg there was a duchy called Prussia. This duchy, in some of the political agitations of the times, had been transferred to the marquis of Brandenburg. The elector of Brandenburg, Frederick, an ambitious man, rejoicing in the extent of his domain, which was large for a marquisate though small for a monarchy, obtained from the emperor of Germany its recognition as a kingdom, and assumed the title of Frederick I. of Prussia. Many of the proud monarchies of Europe did not conceal the contempt with which they regarded this petty kingdom. They received the elector into their society very much as haughty nobles, proud of a long line of illustrious ancestry, would receive a successful merchant who had purchased a title. Frederick himself was greatly elated with the honor he had attained, and his subjects shared with him in his exultation.

Berlin was the capital of Brandenburg. Königsberg, an important sea-port on the Baltic, nearly five hundred miles east of Berlin, was the capital of the Prussian duchy. The ceremony of coronation took place at Königsberg. The road, for most of the distance, was through a very wild, uncultivated country. Eighteen hundred carriages, with thirty thousand post-horses, were provided to convey the court to the scene of coronation. Such a cavalcade was never beheld in those parts before. The carriages moved like an army, in three divisions of six hundred each. Volumes have been written descriptive of the pageant. It is said that the diamond buttons on the king's coat cost seven thousand five hundred dollars each. The streets were not only tapestried with the richest cloth of the most gorgeous colors, but many of them were softly carpeted for the feet of the high-born men and proud dames who contributed, by their picturesque costume, to the brilliance of the spectacle. Frederick, with his own hands, placed the crown upon his brow. Thus was the kingdom of Prussia ushered into being at the close of the year 1700.

Frederick I. had a son, Frederick William, then twelve years of age. He accompanied his father upon this coronation tour. As heir to the throne he was called the Crown Prince. His mother was a Hanoverian princess, a sister of the elector George of Hanover, who subsequently became George I. of England. George I. did not succeed to the British crown until the death of Anne, in 1714. When Frederick William was but five years of age he had been taken by his mother to Hanover, to visit her brother, then the elector. George had two children—a little girl, named Sophie Dorothee, a few months older than Frederick William, and a son, who subsequently became George II. of England. The two boys did not love each

other. They often quarreled. Though Frederick William was the younger, it is said that on one occasion he severely beat his cousin, the future king of England, causing the blood to flow freely. He developed a very energetic but unamiable character. Among other anecdotes, illustrative of his determined spirit, it is recorded that at one time, during this visit, his governess ordered some task which he was unwilling to perform. The headstrong boy sprang out of the third story window of the castle, and, clinging to the sill with his hands, threatened to let himself drop. The terrified Madame Montbail was thus brought to terms.[1]



BAPTISM OF FREDERICK.

Sophie Dorothee was a very pretty child. The plan was probably already contemplated by the parents that the two should be married in due time. Soon after this Frederick William lost his mother, and with her all of a mother's care and gentle influences. Her place was taken by a step-mother, whose peevishness and irritability soon developed into maniacal insanity. When Frederick William was eighteen years of age he was allowed to choose between three princesses for his wife. He took his pretty cousin, Sophie Dorothee. They were married with great pomp on the 28th of November, 1706.

A son was born and died. A daughter came, Wilhelmina. But a daughter could not inherit the crown. Another son was born and died. There was great anxiety at court, from fear that the direct line of succession might not be preserved. But on the 24th of January, 1712, when the monarchy was but twelve years old, the little prince was born who subsequently obtained such renown as Frederick the Great. The king, his grandfather, was aged and infirm. The excessive joy with which he greeted little Fritz, as he fondly called the child, was cordially reciprocated throughout the Prussian nation. The realm blazed with bonfires and illuminations, and resounded with every demonstration of public joy. The young prince was christened with great pomp, Charles Frederick. The emperor, Charles VI., was present on the occasion, and in the solemnities there were blended the most imposing civil, military, and ecclesiastical rites. The baptism took place on the 31st of January, 1712, when the babe was a week old. The young prince subsequently dropped the name of Charles, and Frederick became his sole designation. Wilhelmina, Frederick's sister, was about three years older than himself. We shall have frequent occasion to allude to her in the course of this history, as between her and her brother there sprang up a warm attachment, which was of life-long con-

1 "He got no improvement in breeding, as we intimated; none at all: fought on the contrary with his young cousin, afterward our George II., a boy twice his age, though of weaker bone, and gave him a bloody nose, to the scandal and consternation of the French Protestant gentlemen and court dames in their stiff silks. 'Ahee your electoral highness!' This had been a rough unruly boy from the first discovery of him."—CARLYLE.



FREDERICK WILLIAM.

tinuance. Ten children were subsequently born to the royal pair, fourteen in all, most of whom attained mature years.

Frederick William, the Crown Prince, was at the time of the birth of his son Frederick twenty-four years of age. He was a very peculiar man, sturdy and thick-set in figure, of strong mental powers, but quite uneducated. He was unpolished in manners, rude in his address, honest and sincere, a stern, persevering worker, despising all luxurious indulgence, and excessively devoted to the routine of military duties.

The king, Frederick I., had for some time been in a feeble state of health. The burden of life had proved heavier than he was able to bear. His wife was crazed, his home desolate, his health broken, and many mortifications and disappointments had so crushed his spirits that he had fallen into the deepest state of melancholy. As he was sitting alone and sad in a chill morning of February, 1713, gazing into the fire, absorbed in painful musings, suddenly there was a crash of the glass door of the apartment. His frenzied wife, half-clad, with disheveled hair, having escaped from her keepers, came bursting through the shattered panes. Her arms were gashed with the glass, and she was in the highest state of maniacal excitement. The shock proved a death-blow to the infirm old king. He was carried to his bed, which he never left, dying in a few days. His grandson Frederick was then fourteen months old.

Frederick William was too stern a man to shed many tears over his father's death. The old king was ostentatious in his tastes, fond of parade and splendor. The son had almost an

insane contempt for all court etiquette and all the elegancies of life. As he stood by his father's dying bed his unamiable, rugged nature developed itself in the disgust, almost rage, with which he regarded the courtly pageantry with which the expiring monarch was surrounded. The remains of the king were allowed to be conveyed to the tomb with that pomp which had been dear to him while living.

But immediately after these ceremonies were over the new monarch, who assumed the crown with the title of Frederick William, not with that of Frederick II., to the utter consternation of the court, dismissed nearly every honorary official of the palace, from the highest dignitary to the humblest page. His flashing eye and determined manner were so appalling that no one ventured to remonstrate. A clean sweep was made, so that the household was reduced to the lowest footing of economy consistent with the supply of indispensable wants. Eight servants were retained at six shillings a week. His father had thirty pages. All were dismissed but three. There were one thousand saddle-horses in the royal stables, Frederick William kept thirty. Three-fourths of the names were struck from the pension-list. Thus rigidly the king went on through every department of administrative and household expenses, until they were reduced to below a fifth of what they had been under his father.

For twenty-seven years this strange man reigned. He was like no other monarch. Great wisdom and shrewdness were blended with unutterable folly and almost maniacal madness. Though a man of strong powers of mind, he was very illiterate. He certainly had some clear views of political economy. Carlyle says of him, "His semi-articulate papers and rescripts on these subjects are still almost worth reading by a lover of genuine human talent in the dumb form. For spelling, grammar, penmanship, and composition they resemble nothing else extant—are as if done by the paw of a bear; indeed the utterance generally sounds more like the growling of a bear than any thing that could be handily spelled or parsed. But there is a decisive human sense in the heart of it; and there is such a dire hatred of empty bladders, unrealities, and hypocritical forms and pretenses, which he calls wind and humbug, as is very strange indeed."

His energy inspired the whole kingdom and paved the way for the achievements of his son. The father created the machine with which the son attained such wonderful results. He commuted the old feudal service into a fixed money payment. He goaded the whole realm into industry, compelling even the apple-women to knit at the stalls. The crown lands were carefully farmed out. He drained bogs, planted colonies, established manufactures, and in every way encouraged the use of Prussian products. He carried with him invariably a stout ratan cane. Upon the slightest provocation, like a madman, he would thrash those who displeased him. He was thoroughly an arbitrary king, ruling at his sovereign will, and disposing of the liberty, the property, and the lives of his subjects at his pleasure. Every year he was accumulating large masses of coin, which he deposited in barrels in the cellar of his palace. He had no powers of graceful speech, but spent his energetic, joyless life in grumbling and growling.

The Prussian Minister, baron Pollnitz, in a letter from Berlin, dated June 6, 1729, writes: "The king's prime minister is the king himself, who is informed of every thing and is desirous to know every thing. He gives great application to business, but does it with extraordinary ease; and nothing escapes his penetration nor his memory, which is a very happy one. No sovereign in the world is of more easy access, his subjects being actually permitted to write to him without any other formality than superscribing the letter *To the King*. By writing underneath, *To be delivered into his Majesty's own hands*, one may be sure that the king receives and reads it, and that the next post he will answer it, either with his own hands or by his secretary. These answers are short, but peremptory. There is no town in all the king of Prussia's dominions, except Neufchatel, where he has not been; no province which he does not know full well; nor a court of justice but he is acquainted with its chief members."

Fully conscious that the respect which would be paid to him as a European sovereign greatly depended upon the number of men he could bring into the field of battle, Frederick William devoted untiring energies to the creation of an army. By the most severe economy, watching with an eagle eye every expenditure, and bringing his cudgel down mercilessly upon the shoulders of every loiterer, he succeeded in raising and maintaining an army of one hundred thousand men; seventy-two thousand being field troops, and thirty thousand in garrison.[1] He drilled these troops as troops were never drilled before. Regardless himself of comfort, insensible to fatigue, dead to affection, he created perhaps the most potent military machine earth has ever known. Prussia was an armed camp. The king prized his soldiers as a miser prizes his gold coin, and was as unwilling to expose them to any danger as the miser is to hazard his treasures. War would thin his regiments, soil his uniforms, destroy his *materiel*. He hated war. But his army caused Prussia to be respected. If needful he could throw one hundred thousand of the best drilled and best furnished troops in Europe, like a catapult, upon any point. Unprincipled monarchs would think twice before they would encroach upon a man thus armed.

There was but one short war in which Frederick William engaged during his reign of twenty-seven years. That was with Charles XII. of

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1 *Geständnisse eines Œsterreichischen Veterans*, i. p. 64.

Sweden. It lasted but a few months, and from it the Prussian king returned victorious. The demands of Frederick William were not unreasonable. As he commenced the brief campaign, which began and ended with the siege of Stralsund, he said: "Why will the very king whom I most respect compel me to be his enemy?" In his characteristic farewell order to his ministers he wrote: "My wife shall be told of all things, and counsel asked of her. And as I am a man, and may be shot dead, I command you and all to take care of Fritz, as God shall reward you. And I give you all, wife to begin with, my curse that God may punish you in time and eternity if you do not, after my death, bury me in the vault of the palace church at Berlin. And you shall make no grand to-do on the occasion. On your body and life no festivals and ceremonials, except that the regiments, one after the other, fire a volley over me. I am assured that you will manage every thing with all the exactness in the world, for which I shall ever, zealously, as long as I live, be your friend."

The king was scrupulously clean, washing five times a day. He would allow no drapery, no stuffed furniture, no carpets in his apartments. They caught dust. He sat upon a plain wooden chair. He ate roughly, like a farmer, of roast beef, despising all delicacies. His almost invariable dress was a close military blue coat, with red cuffs and collar, buff waistcoat and breeches, and white linen gaiters to the knee. A sword was belted around his loins, and, as we have said, a stout ratan or bamboo cane ever in his hand. A well-worn, battered, triangular hat covered his head. He walked rapidly through the streets which surrounded his palaces at Potsdam and Berlin. If he met any one who attracted his attention, male or female, he would abruptly, menacingly inquire, "Who are you?" A street lounger he has been known to hit over the head with his cane, exclaiming, "Home, you rascal, and go to work." If any one prevaricated or hesitated he would sternly demand, "Look me in the face." If there were still hesitancy, or the king were dissatisfied with the answers, the one interrogated was lucky if he escaped without a caning.[1]

The boorish king hated the refinement and polish of the French. If he met a lady in rich attire, she was pretty sure to be rudely assailed; and a young man fashionably dressed could hardly escape the cudgel if he came within reach of the king's arm. The king, stalking through the streets, was as marked an object as an elephant would have been. Every one instantly recognized him, and many fled at his approach. One day he met a pale, threadbare young man, who was quietly passing him, when the king stopped, in his jerking gait, and demanded, in his coarse, rapid utterance, "Who are you?" "I am a theological student," the young man quietly replied. "Where from?" added the king. "From Berlin," was the response. "From Berlin?" the king rejoined; "the Berliners are all a good-for-nothing set." "Yes, your Majesty, that is true of many of them," the young man added; "but I know of two exceptions." "Of two?" responded the king; "which are they?" "Your Majesty and myself," the young man replied. The king burst into a good-humored laugh, and, after having the young man carefully examined, assigned him to a chaplaincy.

The French Minister at the court of Berlin, count Rothenburg, was a Prussian by birth. He was a man of much diplomatic ability, and a very accomplished gentleman. Having spent much of his life in Paris he had acquired the polished manners of the French court, and wore the costume appropriate to the Tuileries and Versailles. He and his associates in the embassy attracted much attention as they appeared in their cocked hats, flowing wigs, laced coats, and other gorgeous trimmings. The king, in his homespun garb, was apprehensive that the example so obnoxious to him might spread.

There was to be a grand review on the parade-ground just out from Berlin, at which the French embassy was to be present. The king caused a party equal in number, composed of the lowest of the people, to be dressed in an enormous exaggeration of the French costume. Their cocked hats were nearly a yard in diameter. Immense wigs reached to their heels; and all other parts of the French court costume were caricatured in the most grotesque manner possible. As soon as the French embassy appeared there was a great sound of trumpets and martial bands from another part of the field, and these harlequins were brought forward to the gaze of every eye, and conspicuously to the view of count Rothenburg and his companions. Military discipline prevented any outburst of derisive laughter. Perfect silence reigned. The king sat upon his horse as stolid and grim as fate. Count Rothenburg yielded to this gross discourtesy of the king, and ever after, while he remained in Berlin, wore a plain German costume.

Frederick William was very anxious that little Fritz should be trained to warlike tastes and habits; that, like himself, he should scorn all effeminacy; that, wearing homespun clothes, eating frugal food, despising all pursuits of pleasure and all literary tastes, he should be every inch a soldier. But, to the bitter disappointment of the father, the child manifested no taste for soldiering. He was gentle, affection-

[1] "When his Majesty took a walk, every human being fled before him, as if a tiger had broken loose from a menagerie. If he met a lady in the street, he gave her a kick, and told her to go home and mind her brats. If he saw a clergyman staring at the soldiers, he admonished the reverend gentleman to betake himself to study and prayer, and enforced this pious advice by a sound caning administered on the spot. But it was in his own house that he was most unreasonable and ferocious. His palace was hell, and he the most execrable of fiends."—Macaulay.

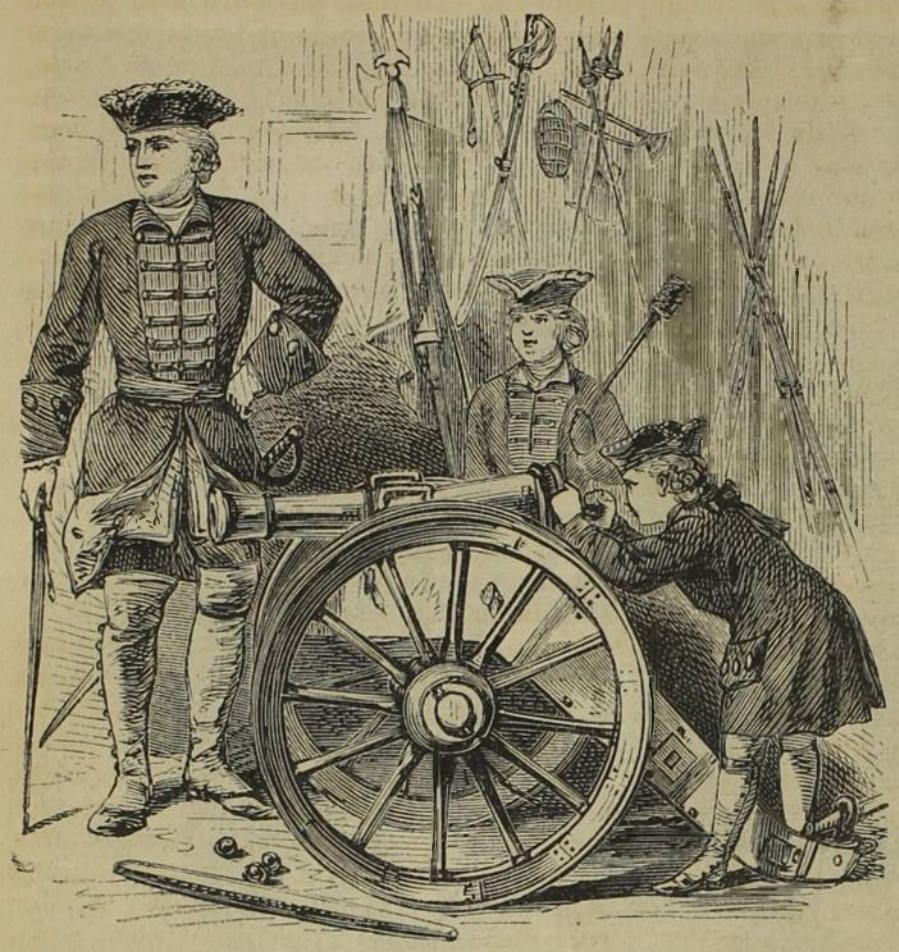


THE LITTLE DRUMMER.

ate, fond of books and music,[1] and with an almost feminine love clung to his sister. The stern old king was not only disappointed, but angered. These were qualities which he deemed unmanly, and which he thoroughly despised.

One day the father, returning home, found, to his inexpressible delight, little Fritz strutting about beating a drum, with Wilhelmina marching by his side. The king could scarcely restrain his joy. At last the military element was being developed in his child. He hastened with the tidings to his wife, whom he called by the pet name of "Feekin"—a word apparently coined from Sophie. The matter was talked about all over the palace. A painter was sent for to transfer the scene to canvas. This picture, greatly admired, still hangs upon the walls of the Charlottenburg palace. Of this picture Carlyle writes: "Fritz is still, if not in 'long-clothes,' at least in longish and flowing clothes of the petticoat sort, which look as of dark blue velvet, very simple, pretty, and appropriate; in a cap of the same; has a short raven's feather in the cap, and looks up with a face and eyes full of beautiful vivacity and child's enthusiasm, one of the beautifulest little figures, while the little drum responds to his bits of drumsticks. Sister Wilhelmina, taller by some three years, looks on in pretty, stooping attitude, and with

1 "It was the queen-mother who encouraged the prince in his favorite amusement, and who engaged musicians for his service. But so necessary was secrecy in all these negotiations that if the king, his father, had discovered he was disobeyed, all these sons of Apollo would have incurred the danger of being hanged. The prince frequently took occasion to meet his musicians a-hunting, and had his concerts either in a forest or cavern."—BURNEY, *Present State of Music in Germany*, ii. 139.



THE ARSENAL.

a graver smile. Blackamoor and room-furniture elegant enough; and finally the figure of a grenadier on guard, seen far off through an open window, make up the back-ground."

The early governess of little Fritz was a French lady of much refinement and culture, Madame Racoule. She was in entire sympathy with her pupil. Their tastes were in harmony. Fritz became as familiar with the French language as if it were his mother tongue. Probably through her influence he acquired that fondness for French literature and that taste for French elegance which continued with him through life.

When the child was but six years of age his father organized a miniature soldiers' company for him, consisting of one hundred lads. Gradually the number was increased to three hundred. The band was called "The Crown Prince Cadets." A very spirited, mature boy of seventeen, named Rentzel, was drill sergeant, while an experienced colonel was appointed commander-in-chief. Fritz was very thoroughly instructed in his duties, and was furnished with a military dress, almost the fac-simile of that which his father wore. An arsenal was also provided for the child on the palace grounds at Potsdam, where he mounted batteries and practiced gunnery with small brass ordnance. Nothing was omitted which could inspire the prince with military enthusiasm, and render him skillful in the art of war. A Prussian gentleman of letters testifies as follows respecting Fritz in his seventh year:

"The Crown Prince manifests in this tender age an uncommon capacity, nay, we may say, something quite extraordinary. He is a most alert and vivacious prince. He has fine and sprightly manners, and shows a certain kindly sociality, and so affectionate a disposition that all things may be hoped of him. The French lady who has had charge of him hitherto can not speak of him without enthusiasm. 'He is a little angel,' she is wont to say. He takes up and learns whatever is placed before him with the greatest facility."

When Fritz was seven years of age he was taken from the care of his female teachers and placed under tutors who had been carefully selected for him. They were all military officers who had won renown on fields of blood. The first of these was M. Duhan, a French gentleman of good birth and acquirements. He was but thirty years of age. By his accomplishments he won the esteem, and by his amiability the love, of his pupil. Count Finkenstein, the second, was a veteran general, sixty years old, who also secured the affections of little Fritz. Colonel Kalkstein was twenty-eight years of age. He was a thorough soldier and a man of honor. For forty years, until his death, he retained the regards of his pupil, who was ever accustomed to speak of him as "my master Kalkstein." In the education of the young prince every thing was conducted in accordance with the most inflexible routine. From the minute directions given to the teachers, in a document drawn up by the father, bunglingly expressed and wretchedly spelled, we cull out the following:

"My son must be impressed with love and fear of God, as the foundation of our temporal and eternal welfare. No false religions or sects of Atheist, Arian, Socinian, or whatever name the poisonous things have, which can so easily corrupt a young mind, are to be even named in his hearing. He is to be taught a proper abhorrence of papistry, and to be shown its baselessness and nonsensicality. Impress on him the true religion, which consists essentially in this, that Christ died for all men. He is to learn no Latin, but French and German, so as to speak and write with brevity and propriety.

"Let him learn arithmetic, mathematics, artillery, economy, to the very bottom; history

in particular; ancient history only slightly, but the history of the last hundred and fifty years to the exactest pitch. He must be completely master of geography, as also of whatever is remarkable in each country. With increasing years you will more and more, to an especial degree, go upon fortification, the formation of a camp, and other war sciences, that the prince may, from youth upward, be trained to act as officer and general, and to seek all his glory in the soldier profession. You have, in the highest measure, to make it your care to infuse into my son a true love for the soldier business, and to impress on him that, as there is nothing in the world which can bring a prince renown and honor like the sword, so he would be a despised creature, before all men, if he did not love it and seek his sole glory therein."

In October, 1723, when the prince was eleven years of age, his grandfather, George I., came to Berlin to visit his daughter and his son-in-law, the mother and father of Fritz. From the windows of his apartment he looked out with much interest upon Fritz, drilling his cadet company upon the esplanade in front of the palace. The clock-work precision of the movements of the boy soldiers greatly surprised him.

Every year Frederick William rigorously reviewed all his garrisons. Though accompanied by a numerous staff, he traveled with Spartan simplicity, regardless of exposure and fatigue. From an early age he took Fritz with him on these annual reviews. A common vehicle, called the sausage car, and which was the most primitive of carriages, was often used by the king in his rough travels and hunting excursions. This consisted of a mere stuffed pole, some ten or twelve feet long, upon which one sits astride, as if riding a rail. It rested upon wheels, probably with a sort of stirrup for the feet, and the riders, ten or a dozen, were rattled along over the rough roads, through dust or mud, alike regardless of winter's frost or summer's rain. The cast-iron king, rejoicing in hardship and exposure, robbed his delicate child even of needful sleep, saying, "Too much sleep stupefies a fellow."

This rude, coarse discipline was thoroughly uncongenial to the Crown Prince. He was a boy of delicate feelings and sensitive temperament. The poetic nature very decidedly predominated in him. He was fond of music, played the flute, wrote verses, and was literary in his tastes. He simply hated chasing boars, riding on the sausage car, and being drenched with rain and spattered with mud. The old king, a mere animal with an active intellect, could not appreciate, could not understand even, the delicate mental and physical organization of his child. It is interesting to observe how early in life these constitutional characteristics will develop themselves, and how unavailing are all the efforts of education entirely to obliterate them. When Frederick William was a boy he received, as a present, a truly magnificent dressing-gown, of graceful French fashion, richly embroidered with gold. Indignantly he thrust the robe into the fire, declaring that he would wear no such finery, and demanded in-



THE SAUSAGE CAR.

stead a jacket of wholesome homespun. Fritz, on the contrary, could not endure the coarse homespun, but with almost girlish fondness craved handsome dress. He had no money allowance until he was seventeen years of age. A minute account was kept of every penny expended for him, and the most rigid economy was practiced in providing him with the mere necessaries of life. When Fritz was in the tenth year of his age his father gave the following curious directions to the three teachers of his son in reference to his daily mode of life. The document, an abridgment of which we give, was dated Wusterhausen, September 3, 1721:

"On Sunday he is to rise at seven o'clock, and as soon as he has got his slippers on shall kneel at his bedside and pray to God, so as all in the room may hear, in these words:

"'Lord God, blessed Father, I thank thee from my heart that thou hast so graciously preserved me through this night. Fit me for what thy holy will is, and grant that I do nothing this day, nor all the days of my life, which can divide me from thee; for the Lord Jesus my Redeemer's sake. Amen.'

"After which the Lord's Prayer; then rapidly and vigorously wash himself clean; dress and powder and comb himself. While they are combing and queuing him he is to breakfast on tea. Prayer, washing, breakfast, and the rest to be done pointedly within fifteen minutes.

"This finished, his domestics and preceptor, Duhan, shall come in and perform family worship. Prayer on their knees. Duhan to read a chapter of the Bible, and sing some proper psalm or hymn. All the domestics then withdraw, and Duhan reads my son the gospel of the Sunday, expounds it a little, adducing the main points of Christianity, and questioning him from Noltenius's Catechism. It will then be nine o'clock.

"At nine o'clock he brings my son down to me, who goes to church and dines with me at twelve o'clock. The rest of the day is his own. At half past nine in the evening he shall come and bid me good-night; shall then go directly to his room; very rapidly get off his clothes, wash his hands, and as soon as that is done Duhan shall make a prayer on his knees and sing a hymn, all the servants being there again. Instantly after which my son shall get into bed; shall be *in* bed at half past ten.

"On Monday, as on all week days, he is to be called at six o'clock, and so soon as he is called he is to rise. You are to stand by him that he do not loiter or turn in bed, but briskly and at once get up and say his prayers the same as on Sunday morning. This done he shall, as rapidly as he can, get on his shoes and spatterdashes, also wash his face and hands, but not with soap; shall put on his dressing-gown, have his hair combed and queued, but not powdered. While being combed and queued he shall, at the same time, take breakfast of tea, so that both jobs go on at once; and all this shall be ended before half past six. Preceptor and domestics shall then come in with Bible and hymn-books, and have family worship as on Sunday. This shall be done by seven o'clock.

"From seven till nine Duhan takes him on history; at nine o'clock comes Noltenius" (a clergyman from Berlin) "with the Christian religion till quarter to eleven. Then Fritz rapidly washes his face with water, his hands with soap and water; clean shirt; powders and puts on his coat. At eleven o'clock he comes to the king, dines with him at twelve, and stays till two.

"Directly at two he goes back to his room. Duhan is then ready; takes him upon maps and geography from two to three o'clock, giving account of all the European kingdoms, their strength and weakness; the size, riches, and poverty of their towns. From three o'clock till four Duhan shall treat of morality; from four till five shall write German letters with him and see that he gets a good style. About five o'clock Fritz shall wash his hands and go to the king; ride out, divert himself in the air, and not in his room, and do what he likes if it is not against God."

Thus the employments of every hour were strictly specified for every day in the week. On Wednesday he had a partial holiday. After half past nine, having finished his history and "got something by heart to strengthen the memory, Fritz shall rapidly dress himself and come to the king, and the rest of the day belongs to little Fritz." On Saturday he was to be reviewed in all the studies of the week, "to see whether he has profited. General Finkenstein and Colonel Kalkstein shall be present during this. If Fritz has profited, the afternoon shall be his own. If he has not profited, he shall from two o'clock till six repeat and learn rightly what he has forgotten on the past days. In undressing and dressing you must accustom him to get out of and into his clothes as fast as is humanly possible. You will also look that he learn to put on and put off his clothes himself without help from others, and that he be clean and neat and not so dirty."

Wusterhausen, where Frederick spent many of these early years of his life, was a rural retreat of the king, about twenty miles southeast from Berlin. The palace consisted of a plain, unornamented, rectangular pile surrounded by numerous outbuildings, and rising from the midst of low and swampy grounds tangled with thickets and interspersed with fish-pools. Game of all kinds abounded in those lakelets, sluggish streams, and jungles. In the court-yard there was a fountain with stone steps, where Frederick William loved to sit on summer evenings and smoke his pipe. He frequently took his frugal dinner here in the open air under a lime-tree, with the additional protection of an awning. After dinner he would throw himself down for a nap on a wooden bench, apparently regardless of the flaming sun.

There seems to have been but little which was attractive about this castle. It was surrounded by a moat, which Wilhelmina describes as a "black, abominable ditch." Its pets were shrieking eagles, and two black bears ugly and vicious. Its interior accommodations were at the farthest possible remove from luxurious indulgence. "It was a dreadfully crowded place," says Wilhelmina, "where you are stuffed into garrets and have not room to turn."

Still Wusterhausen was but a hunting-lodge, which was occupied by the king only during a few weeks in the autumn. Fritz had many playmates—his brothers and sisters, his cousins, and the children of General Finkenstein. To most boys the streams and groves and ponds of Wusterhausen, abounding with fish and all kinds of game, with ponies to drive and boats to row, with picturesque walks and drives, would have been full of charms. But the tastes of Fritz did not lie in that direction. He does not seem to have become strongly attached to any of his young companions, except to his sister Wilhelmina. The affection and confidence which united their hearts were truly beautiful. They encountered together some of the severest of life's trials, but heart-felt sympathy united them. The nickname which these children gave their unamiable father was *Stumpy*.

There were other abodes of the king, the Berlin and Potsdam palaces, which retained much of the splendor with which they had been embellished by the splendor-loving monarch, Frederick I. There were but few regal mansions in the world which then surpassed them. And though the king furnished his own apartments with Spartan simplicity and rudeness, there were other portions of these royal residences, as also their surroundings in general, which were magnificent in the highest degree. The health of little Fritz was rather frail, and at times he found it hard to devote himself to his sturdy tasks with the energy which his father required.

Though Fritz wrote a legible business hand, was well instructed in most points of useful knowledge, and had a very decided taste for elegant literature, he never attained correctness in spelling. The father was bitterly opposed to Latin. Perhaps it was the prohibition which inspired the son with an intense desire to learn that language. He took secret lessons. His vigilant father caught him in the very act, with dictionary and grammar and a teacher by his side. The infuriated king, volleying forth his rage, would have caned the teacher had he not in terror fled.[1]

The king soon learned, to his inexpressible displeasure and mortification, that his boy was not soldierly in his tastes, that he did not love the rude adventures of the chase, or the exposure and hardships which a martial life demands. He had caught Fritz playing the flute, and even writing verses. He saw that he was fond of graceful attire, and that he was disposed to dress his hair in the French fashion. He was a remarkably handsome boy, of fine figure, with a lady's hand and foot, and soft blonde locks carefully combed. All this the king despised. Scornfully and indignantly he exclaimed, "My son is a flute-player and a poet!" In his vexation he summoned Fritz to his presence, called in the barber, and ordered his flowing locks to be cut off, cropped, and soaped in the most rigid style of military cut.

The father was now rapidly forming a strong dislike to the character of his son. In nothing were they in harmony. Five princesses had been born, sisters of Fritz. At last another son was born, Augustus William, ten years younger than Frederick. The king turned his eyes to him, hoping that he would be more in sympathy with the paternal heart. His dislike for Fritz grew continually more implacable, until it assumed the aspect of bitter hatred.

Sophie Dorothee tenderly loved her little Fritz, and, with a mother's fondness, endeavored to shield him, in every way in her power, from his father's brutality. Wilhelmina also clung to her brother with devotion which nothing could disturb. Thus both mother and daughter incurred in some degree the hatred with which the father regarded his son. It will be remembered that the mother of Fritz was daughter of George I. of England. Her brother subsequently became George II. He had a son, Fred, about the age of Wilhelmina, and a daughter, Amelia, six months older than Fritz. The mother, Sophie Dorothee, had set her heart upon a double marriage—of Wilhelmina with Fred, and of Fritz with Amelia. But many obstacles arose in the way of these nuptials. George I. was a taciturn, jealous, sullen old man, who quarreled with his son, who was then Prince of Wales. The other powers of Europe were decidedly opposed to this double marriage, as it would, in their view, create too intimate a union between Prussia and England, making them virtually one. Frederick William also vexatiously threw hindrances in the way. But the heart of the loving mother, Sophie Dorothee, was fixed upon these nuptials. For years she left no efforts of diplomacy or intrigue untried to accomplish her end. George I. is represented by Horace Walpole as a stolid, stubborn old German, living in a cloud of tobacco-smoke, and stupefying his faculties with beer. He had in some way formed a very unfavorable opinion of Wilhelmina, considering her, very falsely, ungainly in person and fretful in disposition. But at last the tact of Sophie Dorothee so far prevailed over her father, the Brit-

1 "One of the preceptors ventured to read the 'Golden Bull' in the original Latin with the prince-royal. Frederick William entered the room, and broke out, in his usual kingly style, 'Rascal, what are you at there?' 'Please your majesty,' answered the preceptor, 'I was explaining the "Golden Bull" to his royal highness.' 'I'll Golden Bull you, you rascal!' roared the majesty of Prussia. Up went the king's cane, away ran the terrified instructor, and Frederick's classical studies ended forever."—MACAULAY.



MAKING A SOLDIER OF HIM.

ish king, that he gave his somewhat reluctant but positive consent to the double matrimonial alliance. This was in 1723. Wilhelmina was then fourteen years of age. Fritz, but eleven years old, was too young to think very deeply upon the subject of his marriage. The young English Fred bore at that time the title of the duke of Gloucester. He soon sent an envoy to Prussia, probably to convey to his intended bride presents and messages of love. The interview took place in the palace of Charlottenburg, a few miles out from Berlin. The vivacious Wilhelmina, in the following terms, describes the interview in her journal:

"There came, in those weeks, one of the duke of Gloucester's gentlemen to Berlin. The queen had a soiree. He was presented to her as well as to me. He made a very obliging compliment on his master's part. I blushed and answered only by a courtesy. The queen, who had her eye on me, was very angry that I had answered the duke's compliments in mere silence, and rated me sharply for it, and ordered me, under pain of her indignation, to repair that fault to-morrow. I retired all in tears to my room, exasperated against the queen and against the duke. I vowed I would never marry him.

"Meanwhile the king of England's time of arrival was drawing nigh. We repaired on the 6th of October to Charlottenburg to receive him. My heart kept beating. I was in cruel agitations. King George arrived on the 8th about seven in the evening. The king of Prussia, the queen, and all their suite received him in the court of the palace, the apartments being on the ground-floor. So soon as he had saluted the king and queen I was presented to

him. He embraced me, and, turning to the queen, said: 'Your daughter is very large of her age.' He gave the queen his hand and led her into her apartment, whither every body followed them. As soon as I came in he took a light from the table and surveyed me from head to foot. I stood motionless as a statue, and was much put out of countenance. All this went on without his uttering the least word. Having thus passed me in review, he addressed himself to my brother, whom he caressed much and amused himself with for a good while.

"The queen made me a sign to follow her, and passed into a neighboring apartment, where she had the English and Germans of king George's suite successively presented to her. After some talk with these gentlemen she withdrew, leaving me to entertain them, and saying: 'Speak English to my daughter; you will find she speaks it very well.' I felt much less embarrassed when the queen was gone, and, picking up a little courage, entered into conversation with these English. As I spoke their language like my mother tongue I got pretty well out of the affair, and every body seemed charmed with me. They made my eulogy to the queen; told her I had quite the English air, and was made to be their sovereign one day. It was saying a great deal on their part; for these English think themselves so much above all other people that they imagine that they are paying a high compliment when they tell any one he has got English manners.

"Their king" (Wilhelmina's grandfather) "was of extreme gravity, and hardly spoke a word to any body. He saluted Madam Sonsfeld, my governess, very coldly, and asked if I was always so serious, and if my humor was of a melancholy turn. 'Any thing but that, Sire,' answered Madam Sonsfeld; 'but the respect she has for your Majesty prevents her from being as sprightly as she commonly is.' He shook his head and said nothing. The reception he had given me, and this question, gave me such a chill that I never had the courage to speak to him."

The wife of George I., the mother of Sophie Dorothee, was the subject of one of the saddest of earthly tragedies. Her case is still involved in some obscurity. She was a beautiful, haughty, passionate princess of Zelle, when she married her cousin George, elector of Hanover. George became jealous of count Königsmark, a very handsome courtier of commanding address. In an angry altercation with his wife, it is said that the infuriate husband boxed her ears. Suddenly, on the 1st of July, 1694, count Königsmark disappeared. Mysteriously he vanished from earth, and was heard of no more. The unhappy wife, who had given birth to the daughter Sophie Dorothee, bearing her mother's name, and to a son, afterward George II., almost frenzied with rage, was divorced from her husband, and was locked up in the gloomy castle of Ahlden, situated in the solitary moors of Luneburg Heath. Here she was held in captivity for thirty years, until she died. In the mean time George, ascending the throne of England, solaced himself in the society of female favorites, none of whom he honored with the title of wife. The raging captive of Ahlden, who seems never to have become submissive to her lot, could, of course, exert no influence in the marriage of her grandchildren.

Wilhelmina says that her grandpapa George was intolerably proud after he had attained the dignity of king of England, and that he was much disposed to look down upon her father, the king of Prussia, as occupying a very inferior position. Vexatiously he delayed signing the marriage treaty, to which he had given a verbal assent, evading the subject and presenting frivolous excuses. The reputation of the English Fred was far from good. He had attained eighteen years of age, was very unattractive in personal appearance, and extremely dissolute. George I., morose and moody, was only rendered more obstinate by being pressed. These delays exasperated Frederick William, who was far from being the meekest of men. Poor Sophie Dorothee was annoyed almost beyond endurance. Wilhelmina took the matter very coolly, for she declared that she cared nothing about her cousin Fred, and that she had no wish to marry him.

The months rolled rapidly on, and Fritz, having entered his fourteenth year, was appointed by his father, in May, 1725, captain in the Potsdam Grenadier Guard. This giant regiment has attained world-wide renown, solely from the peculiarity of its organization. Such a body of men never existed before, never will again. It was one of the singular freaks of the Prussian king to form a grenadier guard of men of gigantic stature. In the prosecution of this senseless aim not only his own realms were ransacked, but Europe and even Asia were explored in search of giants. The army was with Frederick William the great object of life, and the giant guard was the soul of the army. This guard consisted of three battalions, 800 in each, 2400 in all. The shortest of the men were nearly seven feet high. The tallest were almost nine feet in height. They had been gathered, at an enormous expense, out of every country where they could be found. No greater favor could be conferred upon the king than to obtain for him a giant. Many amusing anecdotes are related of the stratagems to which the king resorted to obtain these mammoth soldiers. Portraits were painted of all of them. Frederick William paid very little regard to individual rights or to the law of nations if any chance presented itself by which he could seize upon one of these monster men. Reigning in absolutism compared with which the despotism of Turkey is mild, if he found in his domains any young woman of remarkable stature, he would compel her to marry one of his giants. It does not, however, appear that he thus succeeded in perpetuating a gigantic race.

Prussian recruiters were sent in all direc-



CAPTAIN OF THE GIANT GUARDS.

tions to search with eagle eyes for candidates for the Potsdam Guard. Their pay was higher than that of any other troops, and they enjoyed unusual privileges. Their drill and discipline were as perfect as could by any possibility be achieved. The following stories are apparently well authenticated, describing the means to which the king often resorted to obtain these men.

In the town of Zulich there was a very tall young carpenter by the name of Zimmerman. A Prussian recruiting officer, in disguise, baron von Hompesch, entered the shop and ordered a stout chest to be made, "six feet six inches in length, at least—at all events, longer than yourself, Mr. Zimmerman. Mind you," he added, "if too short it will be of no service to me." At the appointed time he called for the chest. Looking at it he exclaimed, in apparent disappointment, "Too short, as I dreaded!" "I am certain it is over six feet six," said the carpenter, taking out his rule. "But I said that it was to be longer than yourself," was the reply. "Well, it is," rejoined the carpenter. To prove it he jumped into the chest. Hompesch slammed down the lid, locked it, whistled, and three stout fellows came in, who shouldered the chest and carried it through the streets to a remote place outside of the town. Here the chest was opened, and poor Zimmerman was found dead, stifled to death.

On another occasion an Austrian gentleman, M. Von Bentenreider, who was exceedingly tall, was journeying from Vienna to Berlin, as the embassador from the emperor Charles VI. to the Congress of Cambrai. When near Halbersteidt some part of his carriage broke. While the smith was repairing it M. Benten-

reider walked on. He passed a Prussian guard-house, alone, in plain clothes, on foot, an immensely tall, well formed man. It was too rich a prize to be lost. The officials seized him and hurried him into the guard-house. But soon his carriage came along with his suite. He was obsequiously hailed as "Your Excellency." The recruiting officers of Frederick William, mortified and chagrined, with many apologies released the embassador of the emperor.

As we have mentioned, the agents of the king of Prussia were eager to kidnap tall men, in whatever country they could find them. This greatly exasperated the rulers of the various realms of all sizes and conditions which surrounded the Prussian territory. Frederick William was always ready to apologize, and to aver that each individual act was done without his orders or knowledge. Still, there was no abatement of this nuisance. Several seizures had been made in Hanover, which was the hereditary domain of George I., king of England. George was very angry. He was increasingly obstinate in withholding his assent to the double marriage, and even, by way of reprisal, seized several of the subjects of Frederick William, whom he caught in Hanover.

Sophie Dorothee seemed to have but one thought—the double marriage. This would make Wilhelmina queen of England, and would give her dear son Frederick an English princess for his bride. Her efforts, embarrassments, disappointments, were endless. Frederick William began to be regarded by the other powers as a very formidable man, whose alliance was exceedingly desirable. His army, of sixty thousand men, rapidly increasing, was as perfect in drill and discipline as ever existed. It was thoroughly furnished with all the appliances of war. The king himself, living in Spartan simplicity, and cutting down the expenses of his court to the lowest possible figure, was consecrating the resources of his realm to the promotion of its physical strength, and was accumulating iron-bound casks of gold and silver coin in the cellars of his palace. It became a matter of much moment to every court in Europe whether such a monarch should be its enemy or its ally.

After a long series of intrigues, a narrative of which would not interest the reader, Frederick William was induced to enter into an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the emperor Charles VI. of Germany. This was renouncing the alliance with England, and threw an additional obstacle in the way of the double marriage. Sophie Dorothee was bitterly disappointed, and yet pertinaciously struggled on to accomplish her end.

There was an institution, if we may so call it, in the palace of the king of Prussia which became greatly renowned, and which was denominated "The Tobacco College," or "Tobacco Parliament." It consisted simply of a smoking-room very plainly furnished, where the king and about a dozen of his confidential advisers met to smoke and to talk over, with perfect freedom and informality, affairs of state. Carlyle thus quaintly describes this *Tabagie:*



THE TOBACCO PARLIAMENT.

"Any room that was large enough, and had height of ceiling and air circulation, and no cloth furniture, would do. And in each palace is one, or more than one, that has been fixed upon and fitted out for that object. A high room, as the engravings give it us; contented, saturnine human figures, a dozen or so of them, sitting around a large, long table furnished for the occasion; a long Dutch pipe in the mouth of each man; supplies of knaster easily accessible; small pan of burning peat, in the Dutch fashion (sandy native charcoal, which burns slowly without smoke), is at your left hand; at your right a jug, which I find to consist of excellent, thin, bitter beer; other costlier materials for drinking, if you want such, are not beyond reach. On side-tables stand wholesome cold meats, royal rounds of beef not wanting, with bread thinly sliced and buttered; in a rustic, but neat and abundant way, such innocent accommodations, narcotic or nutritious, gaseous, fluid, and solid, as human nature can require. Perfect equality is the rule; no rising or no notice taken when any body enters or leaves. Let the entering man take his place and pipe without obligatory remarks. If he can not smoke, let him at least affect to do so, and not ruffle the established stream of things. And so puff, slowly puff! and any comfortable speech that is in you, or none, if you authentically have not any."

Distinguished strangers were often admitted to the *Tabagie*. The Crown Prince Fritz was occasionally present, though always reluctantly. The other children of this numerous family not unfrequently came in to bid papa good-night. Here every thing was talked of, with entire freedom, all court gossip, the adventures of the chase, diplomacy, and the administrative measures of the government. Frederick William had but very little respect for academic culture. He had scarcely the slightest acquaintance with books, and gathered around him mainly men whose knowledge was gained in the practical employments of life. It would seem, from many well-authenticated anecdotes, which have come down to us from the *Tabagie*, that these smoking companions of the king, like Frederick William himself, must have been generally a coarse set of men.

One of this smoking cabinet was a celebrated adventurer named Gundling, endowed with wonderful encyclopedian knowledge, and an incorrigible drunkard. He had been every where, seen every thing, and remembered all which he had either heard or seen. Frederick William had accidentally picked him up, and taking a fancy to him, had clothed him, pensioned him, and introduced him to his Tabagie, where his peculiar character often made him the butt of ridicule. He was excessively vain, wore a scarlet coat, and all manner of pranks were cut up by these boon companions, in the midst of their cups, at his expense.

Another adventurer, by the name of Fassman, who had written books, and who made much literary pretension, had come to Berlin and also got introduced to the Tabagie. He was in character very like Gundling, and the two could never agree. Fassman could be very sarcastic and bitter in his speech. One evening, as the king and his smoking cabinet were sitting enveloped in the clouds which they were breathing forth, and were all muddled with tobacco and beer—for the king himself was a hard drinker—Fassman so enraged Gundling, by some cutting remarks, that the latter seized his pan of burning peat and red-hot sand and dashed it into the face of his antagonist. Fassman, who was much the more powerful of the two, was seriously burned. He instantly grasped his antagonist, dragged him down, and beat him savagely with his hot pan, amidst roars of laughter from the beer-stupefied bacchanals.

The half-intoxicated king gravely suggests that such conduct is hardly seemly among gentlemen; that the duel is the more chivalric way of settling such difficulties. Fassman challenges Gundling. They meet with pistols. It is understood by the seconds that it is to be rather a Pickwickian encounter. The trembling Gundling, when he sees his antagonist before him, with the deadly weapon in his hand, throws his pistol away, which his considerate friends had harmlessly loaded with powder only, declaring that he would not shoot any man, or have any man shoot him. Fassman sternly advances with his harmless pistol, and shoots the powder into Gundling's wig. It blazes into a flame. With a shriek Gundling falls to the ground as if dead. A bucket of water extinguishes the flames, and roars of laughter echo over the chivalric field of combat.

Such was the Tobacco Parliament in its trivial aspects. But it had also its serious functions. Many questions were discussed there which stirred men's souls, and which roused the ambition or the wrath of the stern old king to the utmost pitch.

We have now reached the year 1726. The emperor of Germany declares that he can never give his consent to the double marriage with the English princes. Frederick William, who is not at all fond of his wife's relatives, and is annoyed by the hesitancy which his father-in-law has manifested in reference to it, is also turning his obstinate will against the nuptial alliance. A more imperative and inflexible man never breathed. This year the unhappy wife of George I. died, unreconciled, wretched, exasperated, after thirty years' captivity in the castle of Ahlden. Darker and darker seemed the gloom which enveloped the path of Sophie Dorothee. She still clung to the marriages, as the dearest hope of her heart. It was with her an ever-present thought. But Frederick William was the most obdurate and obstinate of mortals.

"The wide, overarching sky," writes Carlyle, "looks down on no more inflexible sovereign man than him, in the red-collared blue coat and white leggins, with the bamboo in his hand;

a peaceable, capacious, not ill-given sovereign man, if you will let him have his way; but to bar his way, to tweak the nose of his sovereign royalty, and ignominiously force *him* into another way, that is an enterprise no man or devil, or body of men or devils, need attempt. The first step in such an attempt will require to be the assassination of Frederick Wilhelm, for you may depend upon it, royal Sophie, so long as he is alive the feat can not be done."

While these scenes were transpiring the Crown Prince was habitually residing at Potsdam—a favorite royal residence about seventeen miles west from Berlin. Here he was rigidly attending to his duties in the giant regiment. We have now, in our narrative, reached the year 1727. Fritz is fifteen years of age. He is attracting attention by his vivacity, his ingenuous, agreeable manners, and his fondness for polite literature. He occasionally is summoned by his father to the Smoking Cabinet. But the delicacy of his physical organization is such that he loathes tobacco and only pretends to smoke, with mock gravity puffing from his empty, white clay pipe. Neither has he any relish for the society which he meets there. Though faithful to the mechanical duties of the drill, they were very irksome to him. His books and his flute were his chief joy. Voltaire was just then rising to celebrity in France. His writings began to attract the attention of literary men throughout Europe. Fritz, in his youthful enthusiasm, was charmed by them. In the latter part of June, 1729, a courier brought the intelligence to Berlin that George I. had suddenly died of apoplexy. He was on a journey to Hanover, when he was struck down on the road. Almost insensible, he was conveyed, on the full gallop, to Osnabrück, where his brother, who was a bishop, resided, and where medical aid could be obtained. But the shaft was fatal. At midnight his carriage reached Osnabrück. The old man, sixty-seven years of age, was heard to murmur, "It is all over with me," and his spirit passed away to the judgment.

The death of George I. affected the strange Frederick William very deeply. He not only shed tears, but, if we may be pardoned the expression, blubbered like a child. His health seemed to fail, and hypochondria, in its most melancholy form, tormented him. As is not unusual in such cases, he became excessively religious. Every enjoyment was deemed sinful, if we except the indulgence in an ungovernable temper, which the self-righteous king made no attempt to curb. Wilhelmina, describing this state of things with her graphic pen, writes:

"He condemned all pleasures; damnable all of them, he said. You were to speak of nothing but the word of God only. All other conversation was forbidden. It was always he who carried on the improving talk at table, where he did the office of reader, as if it had been a refectory of monks. The king treated us to a sermon every afternoon. His valet de chambre gave out a psalm, which we all sang. You had to listen to this sermon with as much devout attention as if it had been an Apostle's. My brother and I had all the mind in the world to laugh. We tried hard to keep from laughing, but often we burst out. Thereupon reprimand, with all the anathemas of the Church hurled on us, which we had to take with a contrite, penitent air—a thing not easy to bring your face to at the moment."

In this frame of mind the king began to talk seriously of abdicating in favor of Frederick, and of retiring from the cares of state to a life of religious seclusion in his country seat at Wusterhausen. He matured his plan quite to the details. Wilhelmina thus describes it:

"He used to say that he would reserve for himself ten thousand crowns a year, and retire with the queen and his daughters to Wusterhausen. 'There,' added he, 'I will pray to God, and manage the farming economy, while my wife and girls take care of the household matters. You, Wilhelmina, are clever; I will give you the inspection of the linen, which you shall mend and keep in order, taking good charge of laundry matters. Frederica, who is miserly, shall have charge of all the stores of the house. Charlotte shall go to market and buy our provisions. My wife shall take charge of the little children and of the kitchen.'"

At that time the family consisted of nine children. Next to Wilhelmina and Fritz came Frederica, thirteen; Charlotte, eleven; Sophie Dorothee, eight; Ulrique, seven; August Wilhelm, five; Amelia, four; and Henry, a babe in arms.

Some of the courtiers, in order to divert the king from his melancholy, and from these ideas of abdication, succeeded in impressing upon him the political necessity of visiting Augustus, the king of Poland, at Dresden. The king did not intend to take Fritz with him. But Wilhelmina adroitly whispered a word to baron Suhm, the Polish embassador, and obtained a special invitation for the Crown Prince. It is a hundred miles from Berlin to Dresden—a distance easily traversed by post in a day. It was the middle of January, 1728, when the Prussian king reached Dresden, followed the day after by his son. They were sumptuously entertained for four weeks in a continuous round of magnificent amusements, from which the melancholic king of Prussia recoiled, but could not well escape.

Augustus, king of Poland, called "Augustus the Strong," was a man of extraordinary physical vigor and muscular strength. It was said that he could break horseshoes with his hands and crush half-crowns between his finger and thumb. He was an exceedingly profligate man, introducing to his palaces scenes of sin and shame which could scarcely have been exceeded in Rome in the most corrupt days of the Cæsars. Though Frederick William, a stanch Protestant, was a crabbed, merciless man, drinking deeply and smoking excessively, he was irreproachable in morals, according

to the ordinary standard. Augustus, nominally a Catholic, and zealously advocating political Catholicism, though a good-natured, rather agreeable man, recognized no other law of life than his own pleasure.

Augustus had formed apparently the deliberate resolve to test his visitor by the most seductive and adroitly arranged temptations. But so far as Frederick William was concerned he utterly failed. Upon one occasion his Prussian Majesty, when conducted by Augustus, whirled around and indignantly left the room. That evening, through his minister, Grumkow, he informed the king of Poland that if there were any repetition of such scenes he would immediately leave Dresden.

Fritz, however, had not his father's strength to resist the allurements of this wicked court. He was but sixteen years of age. From childhood he had been kept secluded from the world, and had been reared under the sternest discipline. He was remarkably handsome, full of vivacity, which qualified him to shine in any society, and was heir to the Prussian monarchy. He was consequently greatly caressed, and every conceivable inducement was presented to him to lure him into the paths of guilty pleasure. He fell. From such a fall one never on earth recovers. Even though repentance and reformation come, a scar is left upon the soul which time can not efface.

This visit to Dresden, so fatal to Fritz, was closed on the 12th of February. The dissipation of those four weeks introduced the Crown Prince to habits which have left an indelible stain upon his reputation, and which poisoned his days. Upon his return to Potsdam he was seized with a fit of sickness, and for many years his health remained feeble. But he had entered upon the downward course. His chosen companions were those who were in sympathy with his newly-formed tastes. The career of dissipation, into which the young prince had plunged, could not be concealed from his eagle-eyed father. The king's previous dislike to his son was converted into contempt and hatred; which feelings were at times developed in almost insane ebullitions of rage.

Still the queen-mother, Sophie Dorothee, clung to the double marriage. Her brother, George II., was now king of England. His son Fred, who had been intended for Wilhelmina, was not a favorite of his father's, and had not yet been permitted to go to England. In May, 1728, he was twenty-one years of age. He was living idly in Hanover, impatient to wed his cousin Wilhelmina, who was then nineteen years of age. He seems to have secretly contemplated, in conference with Wilhelmina's mother, Sophie Dorothee, a trip incognito to Berlin, where he would marry the princess clandestinely, and then leave it with the royal papas to settle the difficulty the best way they could. The plan was not executed. Wilhelmina manifested coquettish indifference to the whole matter. She, however, writes that queen Sophie was so confidently expecting him that "she took every ass or mule for his royal highness."

In May the king of Poland returned the visit of Frederick William. He came with a numerous retinue and in great splendor. During the past year his unhappy wife had died; and he, then fifty-five years of age, was seeking to bargain for the hand of Wilhelmina, hoping, by an alliance with Prussia, to promote some of his political schemes. The wicked old Polish king was much broken by age and his "terrible debaucheries." He had recently suffered the amputation of two toes from an ulcerated foot, which no medical skill could cure. He was brought into the palace at Berlin in a sedan, covered with red velvet embroidered with gold. Wilhelmina had no suspicion of the object of his visit, and was somewhat surprised by the intensity of his gaze and his glowing compliments. Diplomatic obstacles arose which silenced the question of the marriage before Wilhelmina knew that it had been contemplated.

Fritz had been for some time confined to his chamber and to his bed. He was now getting out again. By his mother's persuasion he wrote to his aunt, queen Caroline of England, expressing, in the strongest terms, his love for her daughter the princess Amelia, and his unalterable determination never to marry unless he could lead her to the altar. Though Frederick William knew nothing of these intrigues he hated his son with daily increasing venom. Sometimes, in a surly fit, he would not speak to him or recognize him. Again he would treat him with studied contempt, at the table refusing to give him any food, leaving him to fast while the others were eating. Not unfrequently, according to Wilhelmina's account, he even boxed his ears, and smote him with his cane. Wilhelmina gives us one of the letters of her brother to his father about this time, and the characteristic paternal answer. Frederick writes, under date of September 11, 1728, from Wusterhausen:

"My dear Papa,—I have not, for a long while, presumed to come near my dear papa, partly because he forbade me, but chiefly because I had reason to expect a still worse reception than usual; and for fear of angering my dear papa by my present request, I have preferred making it in writing to him.

"I therefore beg my dear papa to be gracious to me; and can here say that, after long reflection, my conscience has not accused me of any the least thing with which I could reproach myself. But if I have, against my will and knowledge, done any thing which has angered my dear papa, I herewith most submissively beg forgiveness, and hope my dear papa will lay aside that cruel hatred which I can not but notice in all his treatment of me. I could not otherwise suit myself to it, as I always thought I had a gracious papa, and now have

to see the contrary. I take confidence, then, and hope that my dear papa will consider all this, and again be gracious to me. And in the mean while I assure him that I will never, all my days, fail with my will; and, notwithstanding his disfavor to me, remain my dear papa's most faithful and obedient servant and son,

"FREDERICK."

The returning messenger took back the following reply. It was, as usual, ungrammatical, miserably spelled, and confused. Contemptuously the king spoke of his son in the third person, writing *he* and *his* instead of *you* and *yours*. Abruptly he commences:

"His obstinate perverse disposition which does not love his father; for when one does every thing, and really loves one's father, one does what the father requires, not while he is there to see it, but when his back is turned too. For the rest he knows very well that I can endure no effeminate fellow who has no human inclination in him; who puts himself to shame, can not ride or shoot; and withal is dirty in his person, frizzles his hair like a fool, and does not cut it off. And all this I have a thousand times reprimanded, but all in vain, and no improvement in nothing. For the rest, haughty; proud as a churl; speaks to nobody but some few, and is not popular and affable; and cuts grimaces with his face as if he were a fool; and does my will in nothing but following his own whims; no use to him in any thing else. This is the answer. FREDERICK WILLIAM."

Still the question of the marriages remained the subject of innumerable intrigues. There were several claimants for the hand of Wilhelmina, and many nuptial alliances suggested for Fritz. Frederick William proposed the marriage of Wilhelmina to Fred the Prince of Wales, and to let the marriage of Fritz and Amelia for the present remain undecided. But England promptly replied, "No—both marriages or none." It is intimated by the ministers of the Prussian king that he was influenced in his vacillating course respecting the marriages, not only by his doubts whether the English or a German alliance would be most desirable, but also by avarice, as he knew not what dowry he could secure with the English princess, and by jealousy, as he was very unwilling to add to the importance and the power of his hated son Fritz. He also disliked extremely his brother-in-law, George II.[1]

About the middle of January, 1729, the king went upon a hunt with his companions, taking with him Fritz, who he knew detested the rough barbaric sport. This hunting expedition to the wilds of Brandenburg and Pommern was one of great renown. Three thousand six hundred and two wild swine these redoubtable Nimrods boasted as the fruits of their prowess. Frederick William was an economical prince. He did not allow one pound of this vast mass of wild pork to be wasted. Every man, according to his family, was bound to take a certain portion at a fixed price. From this fierce raid through swamps and jungles in pursuit of wild boars the king returned to Potsdam. Soon after he was taken sick. Having ever been a hard drinker, it is not strange that his disease proved to be the gout. He was any thing but an amiable patient. The pangs of the disease extorted from him savage growls, and he vented his spleen upon all who came within the reach of his crutch or the hearing of his tongue. Still, even when suffering most severely, he never omitted any administrative duties. His secretaries every morning came in with their papers, and he issued his orders with his customary rigorous devotion to business. It was remarked that this strange man would never allow a profane expression or an indelicate allusion in his presence. This sickness lasted five weeks, and Wilhelmina writes, "The pains of purgatory could not equal those which we endured."

During this sickness a very curious scene occurred, characteristic of the domestic life of this royal family. The second daughter, Frederica Louisa, "beautiful as an angel, and a spoiled child of fifteen," was engaged to the marquis of Anspach. We will allow Wilhelmina to describe the event which took place at the table. It was early in March, 1729, while the king was still suffering from the gout:

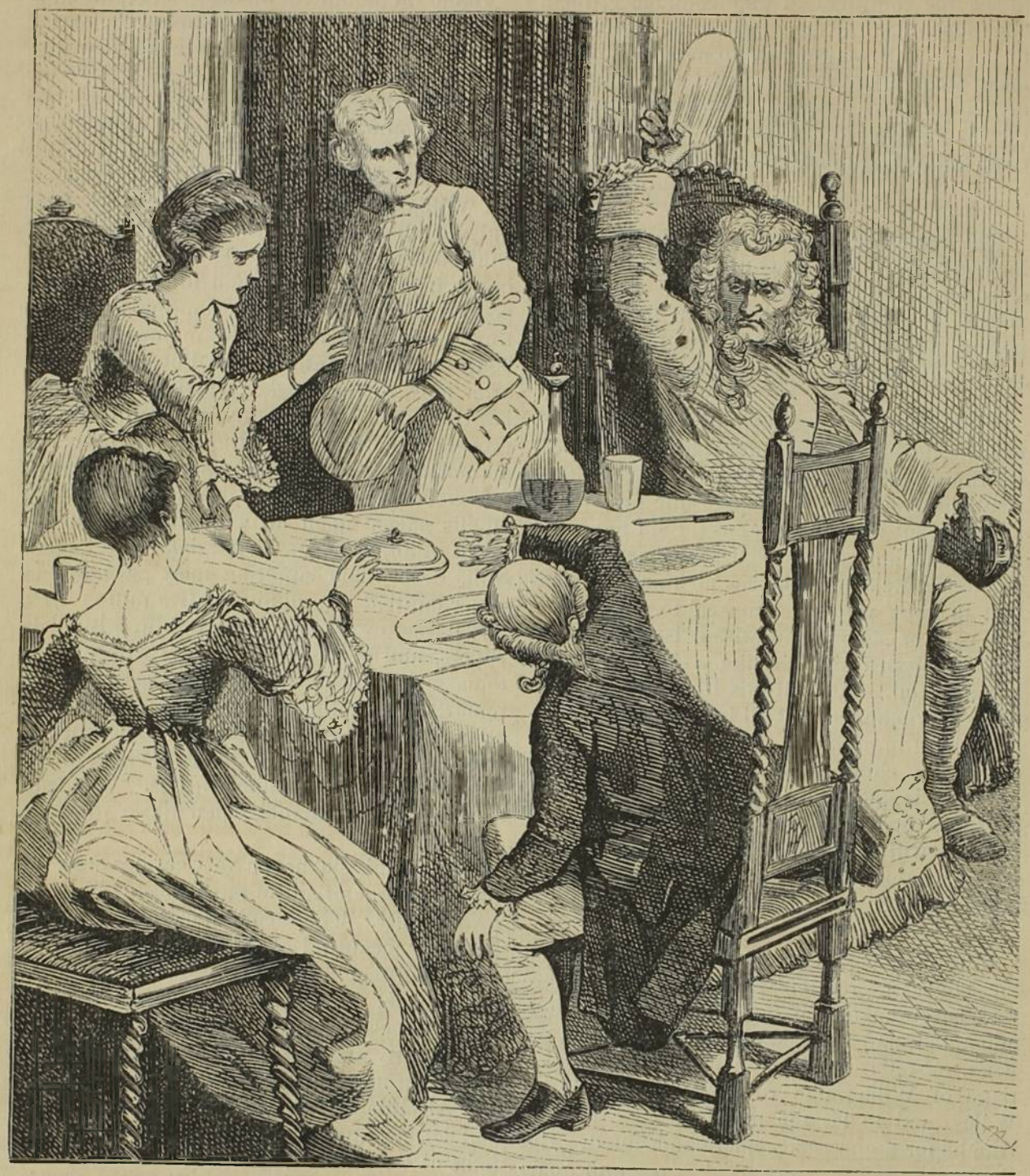
"At table his Majesty told the queen that he had letters from Anspach; the young marquis to be at Berlin in May for his wedding; that M. Bremer, his tutor, was just coming with the ring of betrothal for Louisa. He asked my sister if that gave her pleasure, and how she would regulate her housekeeping when married. My sister had got into the way of telling him whatever she thought, and home truths sometimes, without his taking it ill. She answered, with her customary frankness, that she would have a good table, which should be delicately served, and, added she, 'which shall be better than yours. And if I have children I will not maltreat them like you, nor force them to eat what they have an aversion to.'

"'What do you mean by that?' replied the king; 'what is there wanting at my table?'

"'There is this wanting,' she said, 'that one can not have enough; and the little there is consists of coarse pot-herbs that nobody can eat.'

"The king, as was not unnatural, had begun to get angry at her first answer. This last put

[1] "Frederick William and George II., though brothers-in-law, and, in a manner, brought up together, could never endure each other, even when children. This personal hatred and settled antipathy had like to have proved fatal to their subjects. The king of England used to style the king of Prussia *my brother the sergeant*. The king of Prussia called the king of England *my brother the player*. This animosity soon infected their dealings, and did not fail to have its influence on the most important events."—*Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg, by* FREDERICK II. Vol. ii. p. 69.



ROYALTY AT DINNER.

him quite in a fury. But all his anger fell on my brother and me. He first threw a plate at my brother's head, who ducked out of the way. He then let fly another at me, which I avoided in like manner. A hail-storm of abuse followed these first hostilities. He rose into a passion against the queen, reproaching her with the bad training which she gave her children, and, addressing my brother, said:

"'You have reason to curse your mother; for it is she who causes your being an ill-governed fellow. I had a preceptor,' continued he, 'who was an honest man. I remember always a story which he told me in his youth. There was a man at Carthage who had been condemned to die for many crimes he had committed. While they were leading him to execution he desired he might speak to his mother. They brought his mother. He came near, as if to whisper something to her, and bit away a piece of her ear. "I treat you thus," said he, "to make you an example to all parents who take no heed to bring up their children in the practice of virtue." Make the application,' continued he, always addressing my brother; and, getting no answer from him, he again set to abusing us till he could speak no longer.

"We rose from table. As we had to pass near him in going out he aimed a great blow at me with his crutch, which, if I had not jerked away from it, would have ended me. He chased me for a while in his wheel-chair, but the people drawing it gave me time to escape to the queen's chamber."

That evening Wilhelmina was taken sick with burning fever and severe pains. Still she was compelled to rise from her bed and attend

a court party. The next morning she was worse. The king, upon being told of it; exclaimed, gruffly, "Ill? I will cure you!" and compelled her to swallow a large draught of wine. Soon her sickness showed itself to be small-pox. Great was the consternation of her mother, from the fear that, even should she survive, her beauty would be so marred that the English prince would no longer desire her as his bride. Fortunately she escaped without a scar.

BEAST, BIRD, AND FISH.

[Second Paper.]

FISH OF THE SEA.

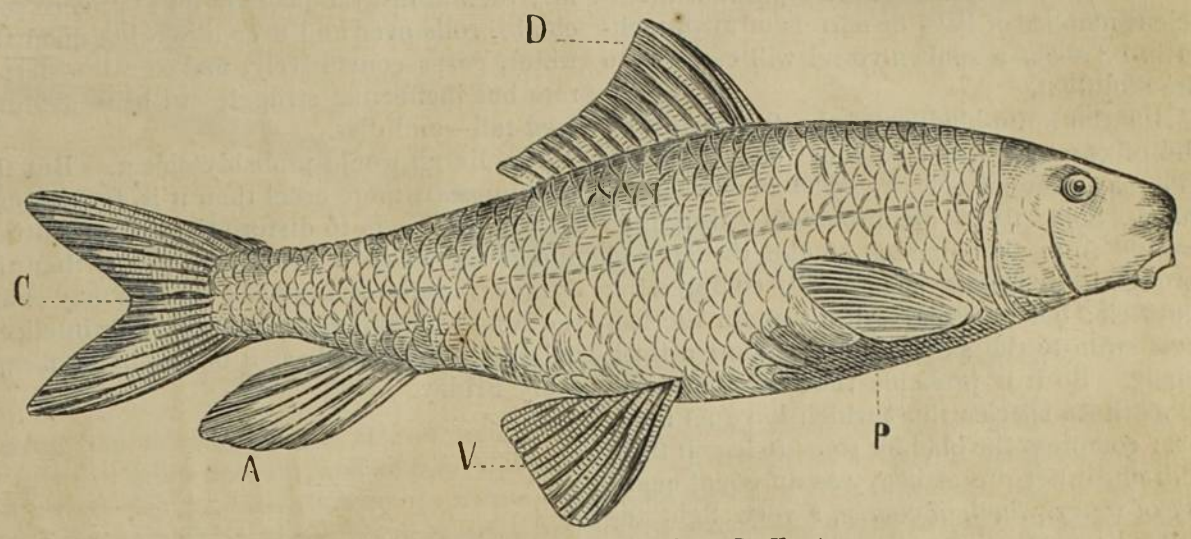


Fig. 1.—Mullet-sucker. (*From De Kay.*)

THE form and appearance of a fish are familiar to all. The word fish suggests an elongated body, laterally compressed, so as to be about twice as high as it is thick; its back arched, highest a little in front of the middle, and sloping toward the nose more abruptly than toward the tail, which is terminated by a vertical assemblage of bony rays called the *caudal* fin (Fig. 1, C). Upon the back we perceive a similar group of rays, united by skin, higher before than behind, and sloping backward. Upon the lower side is a third fin, but much nearer the tail, and rather more long and slender; this is the *anal* fin (Fig. 1, A); the other is the *dorsal* fin (Fig. 1, D); and both, with the caudal fin, are on the middle line of the fish, and are therefore called *median* fins. But our fish has also four other fins, in two pairs, one upon each side; one pair are called the *pectorals* (Fig. 1, P), and are attached to the throat; the others are the *ventrals* (Fig. 1, V), and are attached about midway between the head and the tail.

Strictly speaking, the pectorals are the arms of the fish, the ventrals are its legs. But if we watch a fish gently swimming we shall see that its finny arms and legs are of very little service in locomotion, and that they rather act as balancers, being slightly elevated and depressed on one side or the other, when the fish is at rest even more than while it is in motion; for, besides acting as balancers, they help to sustain the weight of the fish in the water, and are thus constantly "treading water," so to speak. We may readily infer, too, and our inference will be confirmed by observation, that neither the dorsal nor the anal fin can be of much avail for locomotive purposes: but that they rather act as keels, upper and lower, to assist in keeping the erect position while the fish is at rest, and in changing the direction while in motion. And you may still more firmly convince yourself of all this by successively snipping off the fins with a pair of scissors. When the dorsal and anal are removed the fish rolls unsteadily in the water; when the pectorals are cut off the head sinks; and if the pectoral and the ventral of the same side are both removed, the fish turns over upon that side.

But you may ask, "How is it possible for a fish to avoid sinking?" for it has no lungs, and we know a man finds it hard to float even when his lungs are filled to the utmost, and it is not possible that those gentle vibrations of the pectoral and ventral fins can sustain its body in the water.

That is very true; but we must remember that, in the first place, the flesh of a fish is more watery than ours; that its bones are much less earthy; so that, bulk for bulk, a fish is but little heavier than water—so little, that if a fish be dropped into a pail full of water to the brim it will weigh scarcely more than before, since the quantity of water which will run over will equal the fish's bulk, and nearly equal its weight.

But for all this some fishes are so much heavier than water that it would require very great and constant exertion to avoid sinking without a special provision called the *air-bladder* or *swim-bladder*, which is a bag of air at-

tached under the spine, and of different forms in different species. But whatever its size, form, or connections, it always serves the same purpose—to increase the bulk of the fish without materially increasing its weight; for as water is 815 times heavier than air, the space occupied by a cubic inch of air inside would press downward with only $\frac{1}{815}$ the force with which the cubic inch of water displaced by it would press upward; and so but a very slight quantity of air inside the fish would counterbalance its greater weight, and cause it to rise in the water, on the same principle that a sufficient number of bags or barrels of air attached in or about a sunken vessel will cause it to rise and float.

But the swim-bladder of the fish is inside, and of course can not be removed; the same end may, however, be reached in two other ways. Some fishes are provided with a tube leading from the air-sack to the throat, and through it air may be expelled by compressing the sack; but in order to fill it again the fish must swim to the surface and swallow a fresh supply. So it is probable that they generally do as those species must which have no duct, viz.: compress the bladder so as to lessen their bulk until they are as heavy as an equal quantity of water, when, of course, a very slight additional compression will cause them to sink, and a less to rise. Sometimes a fish has been known to remain so long in the sun near the surface of the water as to be unable to descend, on account of the overexpansion of the air in the swim-bladder; and it is then forced to remain until the heat of the sun has abated. This accident could, of course, occur to only those species which have no duct.

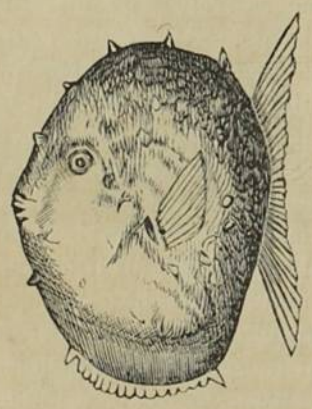


Fig. 2.—Small Globe-fish. (*From De Kay.*)

There are certain curious fishes called globe-fishes (*Diodon*, *Tetraodon*, etc.), which have the instinct to swallow a large quantity of air; this enters certain reservoirs at the sides of the throat, and, making the lower side of the body lighter, the fish capsizes and floats along upon the surface, moved by the winds and the waves. One of the larger species puffs like a turkey-cock on being taken out of the water, and is so determined to retain the air that pressing the abdomen only makes it swell still more, and cruel boys sometimes amuse themselves by dropping a flat stone upon it, when it will explode with a loud report.

So much, then, for the manner and the means of overcoming the attraction of gravitation in the fish. Now, how does it swim? We have found that the successive or simultaneous removal of the dorsal, anal, pectoral, and ventral fins only rendered the fish's position unsteady; but he could swim as well as before. But if the end of the caudal fin be snipped off, its speed is diminished; if the entire fin is removed, it moves still slower, and with evident exertion, but bravely keeps it up until the tail itself has been cut off up to or beyond the anal fin; then at last the poor victim to science succumbs, rolls over and over like a log upon the water, gasps convulsively, makes a few desperate but ineffectual struggles with its abbreviated tail—and dies.

Mr. Bergh would probably object. But the sight appears more cruel than it is, for the successive cuts seem to disturb the fish very little; and as the whole is over much sooner than the dying struggles of a hooked fish, we may claim the right to make the sacrifice for our intellectual dinner—especially as it occurs by no means every Friday.

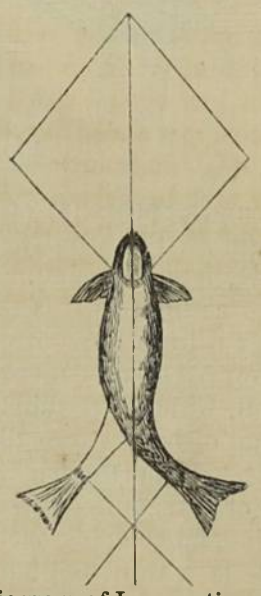


Fig. 3.—Diagram of Locomotion of a Fish.

We have learned that a fish can not swim without its tail. Let us now inquire how it swims with it. Very much as you scull a boat with an oar; but with the difference that in this case the oar is a part of the boat, and is flexible both in its length and in its height.

Let us suppose our fish floating at rest in the water. Its tail is extended straight behind the body; suddenly it is bent to one side; this of course turns the head toward the same side, and perhaps carries the fish a little backward; but now comes a more forcible backward stroke of the tail, which turns the head the other way and propels the fish forward. Then, having reached the middle line, it is gently bent to the other side, and again forcibly extended. The result of these alternate movements of the tail in opposite directions is, as in the sculling of a boat, to propel the fish forward, not in a straight but a zigzag direction. But the successive movements are so rapid that we notice only the resultant forward motion, which is in some spe-

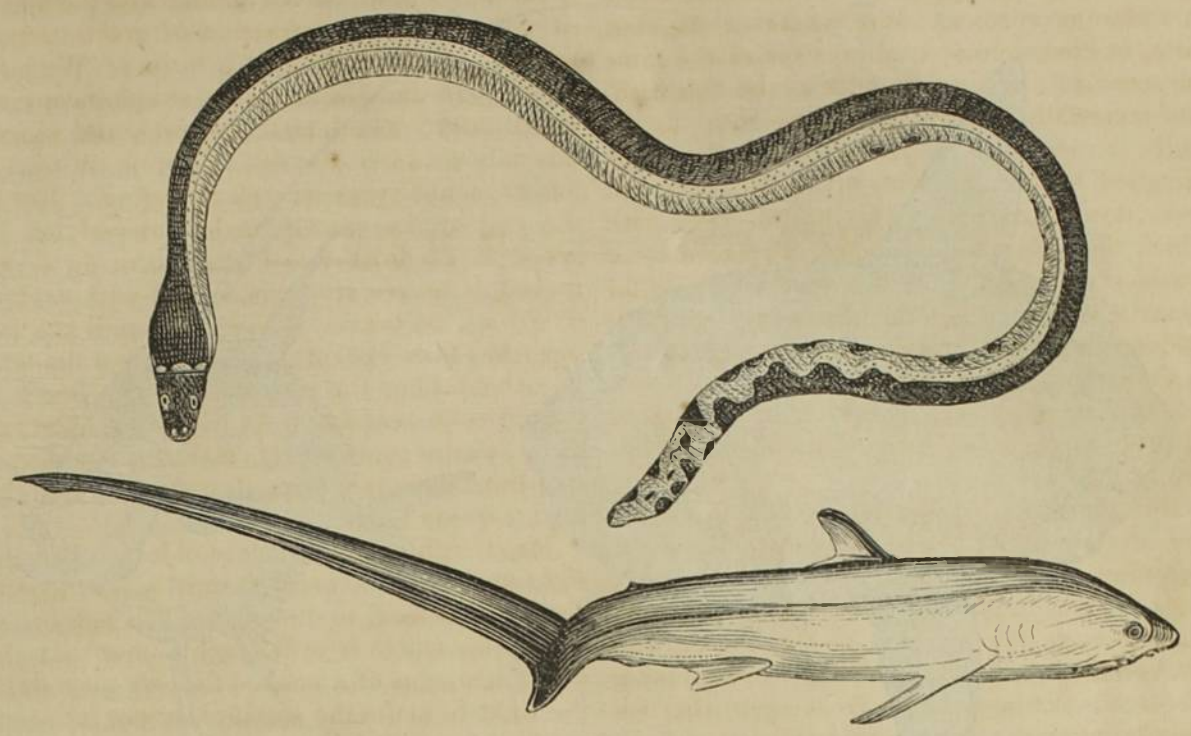


Fig. 4.—Sea-Snake. (*From Schinz*).—Thresher, or Fox Shark. (*From Nature.*)

cies, as the salmon, at the rate of twenty or twenty-five miles an hour, and so powerful that the sword-fish has been known to thrust his sword through copper sheathing, a layer of felt, four inches of deal, and fourteen inches of oak.

But it may now be asked, "Why does the backward stroke of the tail carry the fish forward any more than its forward stroke carries it backward? for they must pass through the same space."

There are four different reasons: *First*, The forward stroke is much less forcible and rapid than the backward. *Second*, The water is already moving; for the previous backward stroke of the tail from the other side to the middle line has forced the water in all directions out of its way, so that the further stroke forward meets comparatively little resistance; but the backward stroke meets all the more, and is therefore the more effective in sending the fish forward. *Third*, This and the *Fourth* reason depend upon the form of the tail, or upon the will of the fish.

There are some tails, such as those of the sharks and of the sea-snakes (Fig. 4), which are long and narrow and stiff from edge to edge; and these are "feathered" like an oar. But the tail of an ordinary fish is not only much wider, but flexible in every direction, and capable of being spread out or narrowed by the action of little muscles attached to the bony rays which support it. Now such a tail *may* be feathered, and probably is, when the fish is moving slowly; but for more rapid movements it is probable that the whole tail is spread out and hollowed backward for the backward stroke; but that upon reaching the middle line it is narrowed and made convex for the forward stroke, so as to offer the least resistance to the water.

Those fishes which have scales overlapping each other are aided in still a fifth way; for in the forward stroke the scales upon that side of the tail would be flattened closely together so as to present a plane surface; but in the backward stroke the edges of the scales would be raised a little from the bending of the tail, and would offer a roughened surface to the water.

So far we have had in mind fish of the ordinary fish-like form. But this, which has been mathematically and experimentally proved to be the most advantageous for bodies moving in the water, and which is, therefore, followed in the construction of swift sailing-vessels, is by no means universal among fishes. In fact, the large majority of species differ so widely from it and from each other, that we must either cease to think it the best adapted for aquatic locomotion, or we must believe that other and very different ends than mere locomotion are to be subserved by the forms of the different fishes. Some are almost globular; others are so high and thin as to be almost transparent. Some are eel-shaped; and others again are flattened from above downward, and have no tail fin at all, so that they go flapping along like a bird in the water. There is a great deal of foolish talk about the perfect adaptation of the fish to its peculiar mode of locomotion, as if getting from place to place were the chief end of a fish any more than of a man, and as if every fish was so shaped as to slip through the water in the easiest possible way. And yet no one would dream of saying that the cow was perfectly adapted for locomotion because its cousin the gazelle happens to be; or that the mole was made for flight because the bat is. The fact is, there are as many different forms among fishes as among quadrupeds; and it is a very narrow and partial view of the Creator's purposes to suppose that the only thing to be considered in fashioning animals was their rapidity of movement.

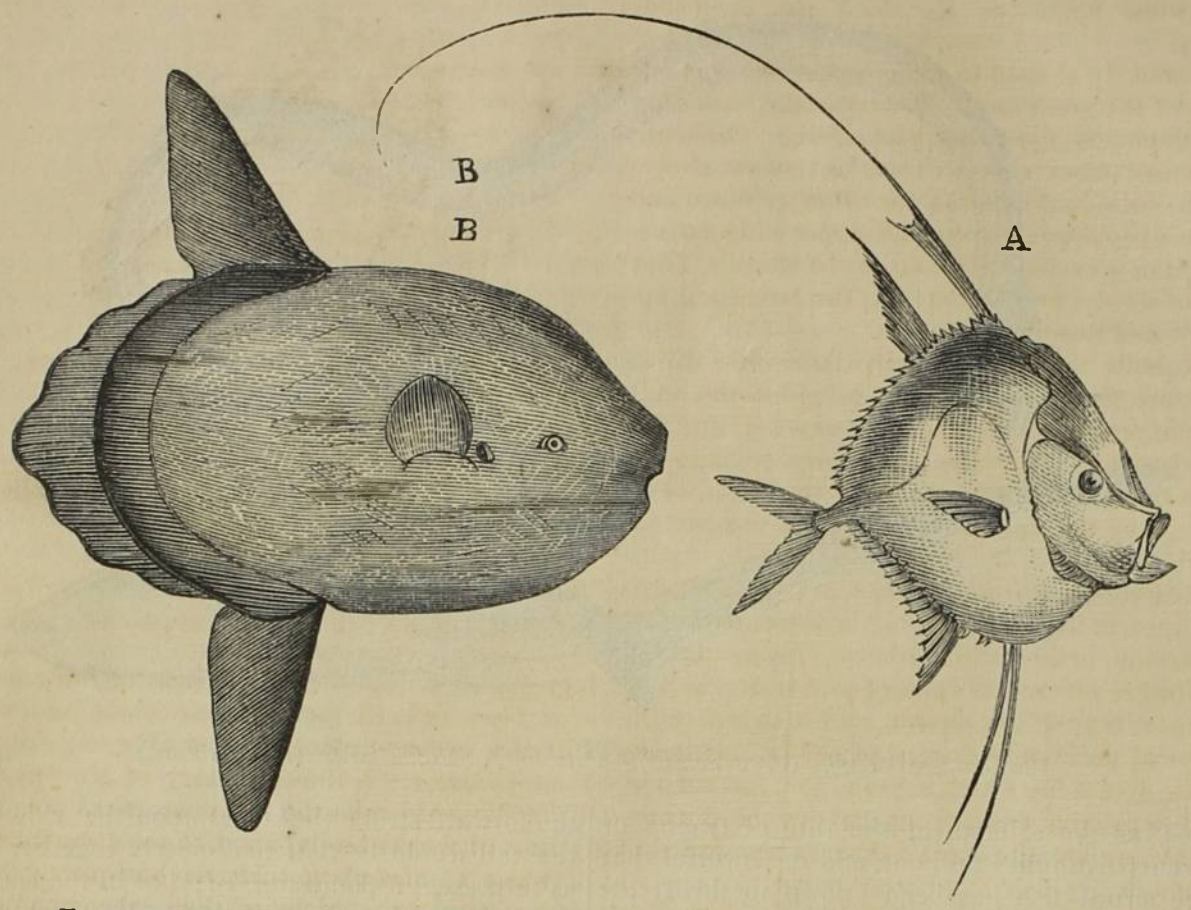


Fig. 5.—A, *Argyreiosus;* a very thin fish. (*From Storer.*)—B, Short Sun-fish. (*From Storer.*)

Let us now examine some of these peculiar forms more in detail. Little is to be said concerning the very thin fish *Argyreiosus capillaris* (Fig. 5, A). Its tail is a very good one, and its form not unadapted to swift locomotion, although it is so much more compressed than that of the typical fish. It swims edgewise.

The sun-fish (*Orthagoriscus mola*) is also compressed laterally, and its fins and tail increase its surface in the vertical direction; but

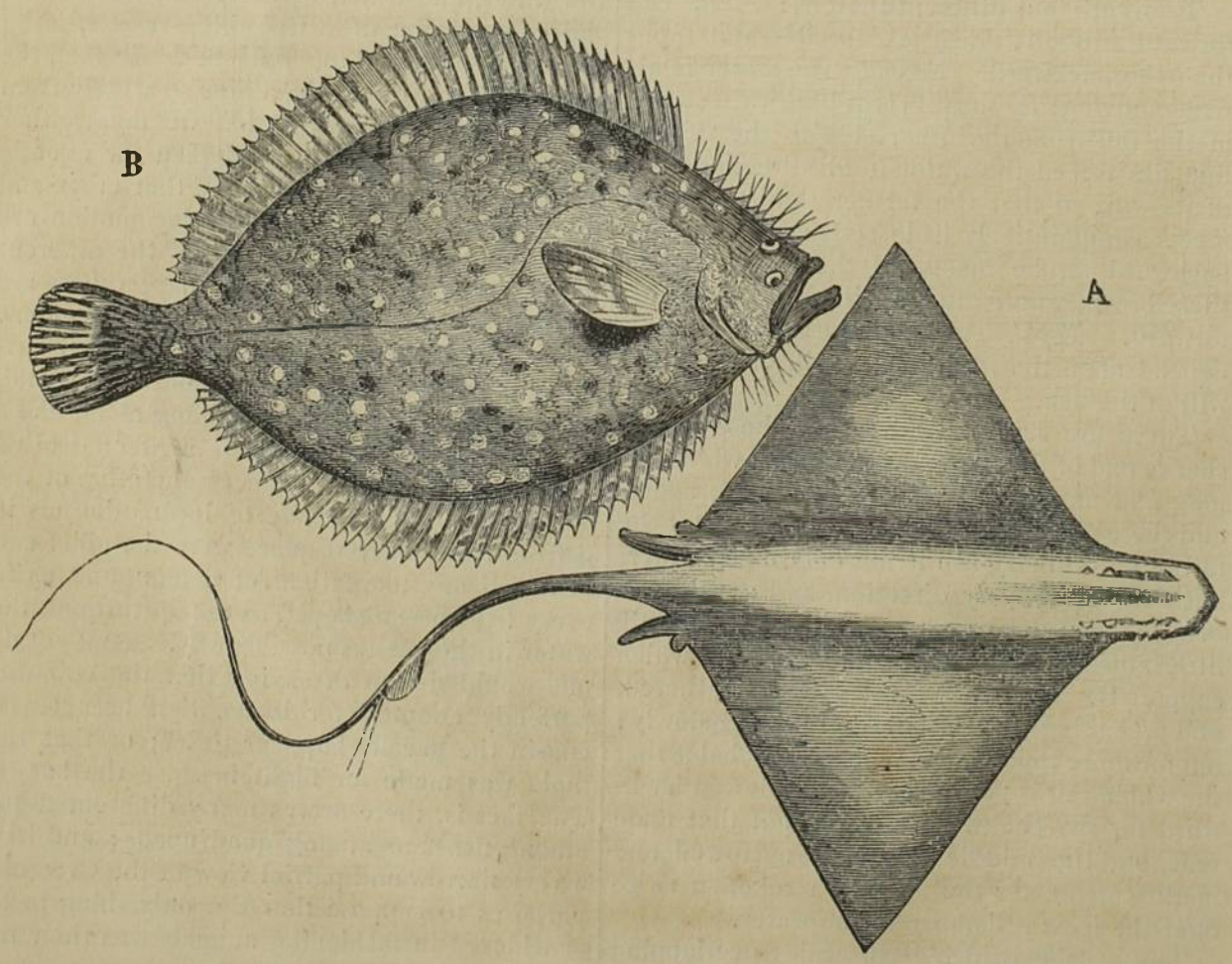


Fig. 6.—A, Spiny Ray. (*From Storer.*)—B, Flounder. (*From Storer.*)

it swims upon *one side*, and not upon the belly.

Similarly shaped in many respects are members of the great family *Pleuronectidæ*, including the flounders, flat-fishes, plaice, etc. These are flattened from side to side, but swim always with one side down and the other side up, and both eyes appear upon the upper side on account of a curious twisting of the skull. They swim slowly, and by flapping the broad tail upward and downward.

Equally flat but in exactly the reverse direction are the skates or rays, in which the body is compressed from above downward, and the pectoral fins very wide and strong, so as to enable them to fly, so to speak, in the water. But they, like the flounders, live upon the bottom of the sea.

Still different from all these, and from all other fishes, in its form, its habits, and its mode of locomotion, is the little sea-horse (*Hippocampus*). Its tail is rather an organ of prehension and of support than of locomotion, and it swims in the vertical position by means of the lateral stroke of its dorsal fin, which is broad and fan-shaped, and capable of as vigorous and extended movements as are the caudal fins of the ordinary fishes.

When I spoke of sea-snakes I referred to real and not fabulous creatures; to serpents of medium size, very venomous and active, which live constantly in the water, and are found only in the Indian Ocean. Their tail is flattened from side to side, like that of a fish, and they swim with only the head raised above water. In all these respects they differ widely from the sea-serpents which are reported to have been seen at various times. I cast no imputation upon the veracity of the observers, and merely



Fig. 7.—Sea-Horse. (*From the American Naturalist.*)

regret that no specimen, or piece of one, has ever been secured for scientific examination. But the accompanying figures (Fig. 8), from Pontoppidan's "Natural History of Norway," 1755, illustrate not only the anatomical peculiarities of the monsters, but also the differences of habit as compared with the ordinary sea-snakes; for they are never seen in company; they move by a vertical undulation of the body, so as to give rise to the comparison with a string of kegs; they also possessed pectoral fins, and spouted water from the mouth "very like a whale."

But in spite of the tremendous oaths which Pontoppidan's informers took concerning the monsters below depicted, and in spite of the numerous and equally well attested appearances of these or kindred forms, they have not yet



Fig. 8.—Two Sea-Serpents. (*From Pontoppidan.*)



Fig. 9.—Restored Fossil Reptiles of New Jersey. (*From the American Naturalist.*)

been admitted into standard works upon zoology (for Pontoppidan's folio is not good authority at present). But it is to be feared that the sea-serpent stories will be revived more strongly than ever, now that geology has revealed the former existence of huge marine reptiles whose size and horrid aspect are fully equal to those of modern times (Fig. 9).

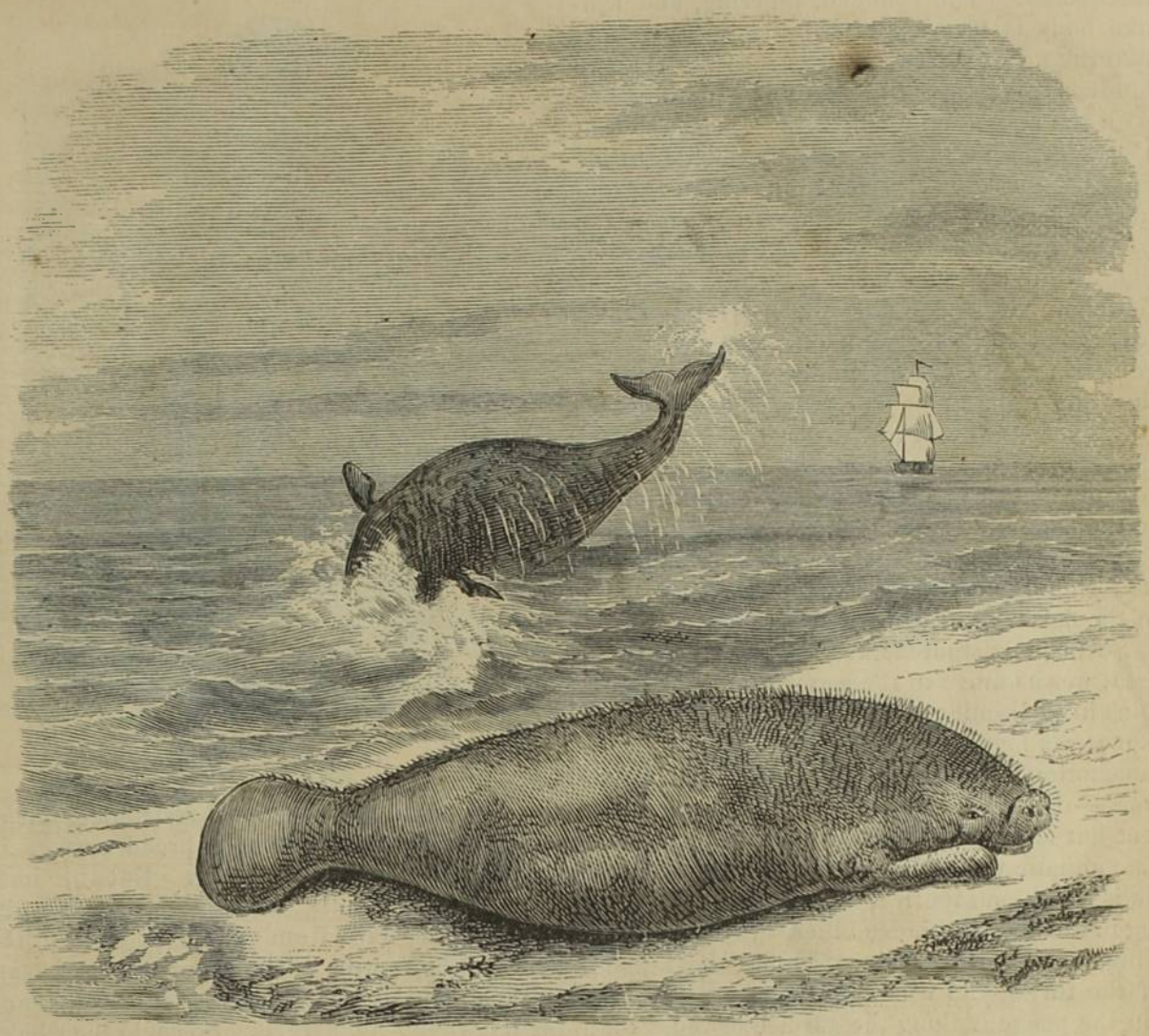


Fig. 10.—Manati, and Whale "breaching."

Are they in the right who believe that species may survive the cataclysms which mark successive epochs of the earth's development, and that a few mosasauri still linger in the ocean? Or shall we call up a Pythagorean philosophy, and conclude that the men who saw sea-serpents within the past century were asleep and dreaming of the creatures that ranged the ocean in the Cretaceous period, when they were in the bodies of the men of that day? Or must we suppose that they were deceived by floating sea-weed and by their imagination? Either hypothesis has its difficulties; but religion will probably unite upon the last in spite of solemn oaths and attestations, and in spite of Pontoppidan's indignant thrust at the skeptics, that "one might as well doubt whether there are Hottentots; for although the number of witnesses be much greater in that case, still that does not alter the nature of the knowledge; it only raises it to a higher degree of certainty."

The little salamanders and lizards of the present day, with the alligators and crocodiles, all swim by lateral undulations of the tail, which is in some cases flattened or ridged, so as to give a broader surface. The serpents, too, all swim by lateral undulations, but slowly, on account of the rounded tail. All these are reptiles.

But there are mammals also that swim—and swim with the tail too. Such are the whale and that curious marine pachyderm the manati, or sea-cow, of tropical waters. But both these have a tail which differs from that of a fish in being flattened vertically instead of laterally; so that the blow is given upward and downward, and not from side to side. That of the whale is forked, and the two lobes are called the flukes; that of the manati is rounded and much less manageable; but in both cases the animal is enabled to rise to the surface in order to breathe far more easily than it could if its tail worked sideway, as that of a fish. The whale, too, is enabled to make those tremendous springs nearly out of the water, by first bending the whole body and then straightening it so as to strike the water violently with the tail. This, which is called by whalemen "breaching," is a most fearful sight, for the body of the whale is sometimes seventy or a hundred feet long, and should it strike the boat all are dashed to pieces. By the same means, excepting that the body is bent from side to side, the salmon throws itself high out of the water, and surmounts a fall of ten or twelve feet at a single spring.

Besides the whale and the manati there is another mammal which is well adapted to a life in the water, the seal. But a glance at the figure (Fig. 11) will show how great is the difference in the instrument by which locomotion

is effected. The rounded, tapering, and fish-like body is terminated by what looks at first like the fin of a fish. But it is really the two hinder legs of the animal stretched out in a line with the body, and applied sole to sole, so that the two feet working together from side to side constitute a very serviceable fin, which is probably capable of nearly as much motion as the caudal fin of a fish, but not quite, for that has many thin and flexible rays, while the seal's foot has but five jointed toes. But it shows how wonderfully the same purposes may be accomplished by very dissimilar structures; and how one animal may be related in one direction by its structure and in another by its form and mode of locomotion. For the seal, like the walrus, is a carnivorous mammal, nearly allied to the cats and the dogs in every part of its internal organization; but its mode of life, and its form adapted thereto, remind us much more of the fish than of the lion or the hyena.

So far, our studies have included only such creatures as move in the water by means of organs in the hinder part of the body. The skate alone was found to employ the pectoral fins in locomotion; but among the reptiles there are some—the sea-turtles—which have their front feet flat and compact, so as to form a serviceable aquatic wing—for the swimming of a turtle is a motion identical with that of a bird flying in the air; and indeed there are birds whose wings most wonderfully resemble the flippers of the turtle, and which, by vigorous flapping, aid the penguin along the surface of the water.

But the chief agents in the swimming of birds are the feet, and these in the typical swimmers are beautifully adapted for their office, being strong and webbed to the tips of the toes, which collapse as the foot is drawn forward, so as to offer the least resistance, but at once expand and present a broad surface in the effective backward stroke. But the other conditions of aquatic locomotion are very different in the bird from what they were in the fish and the reptile. The former were of nearly the same specific gravity as the water, and floated wholly submerged. So could the whale, the manati, the seal, and the turtle—but only for a limited time, owing to the necessity for them to obtain air at the surface. But the birds—even the heaviest of them—are far lighter than water. Their large lungs, the penetra-

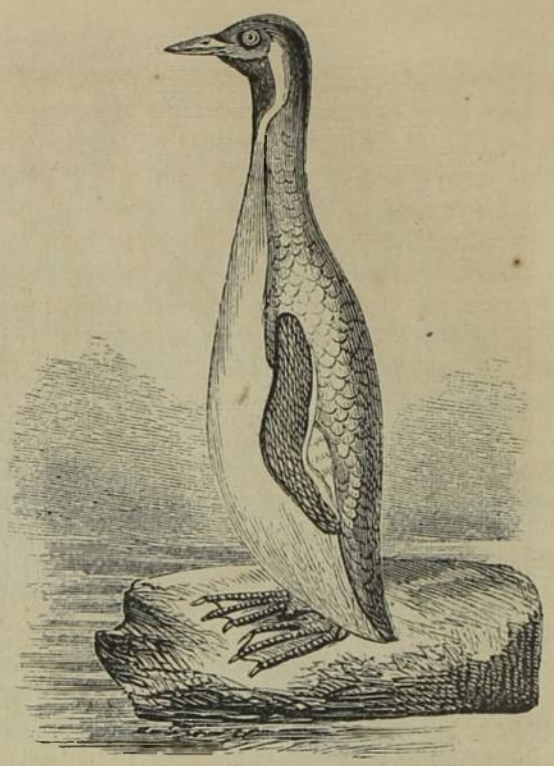


Fig. 12.—Penguin.

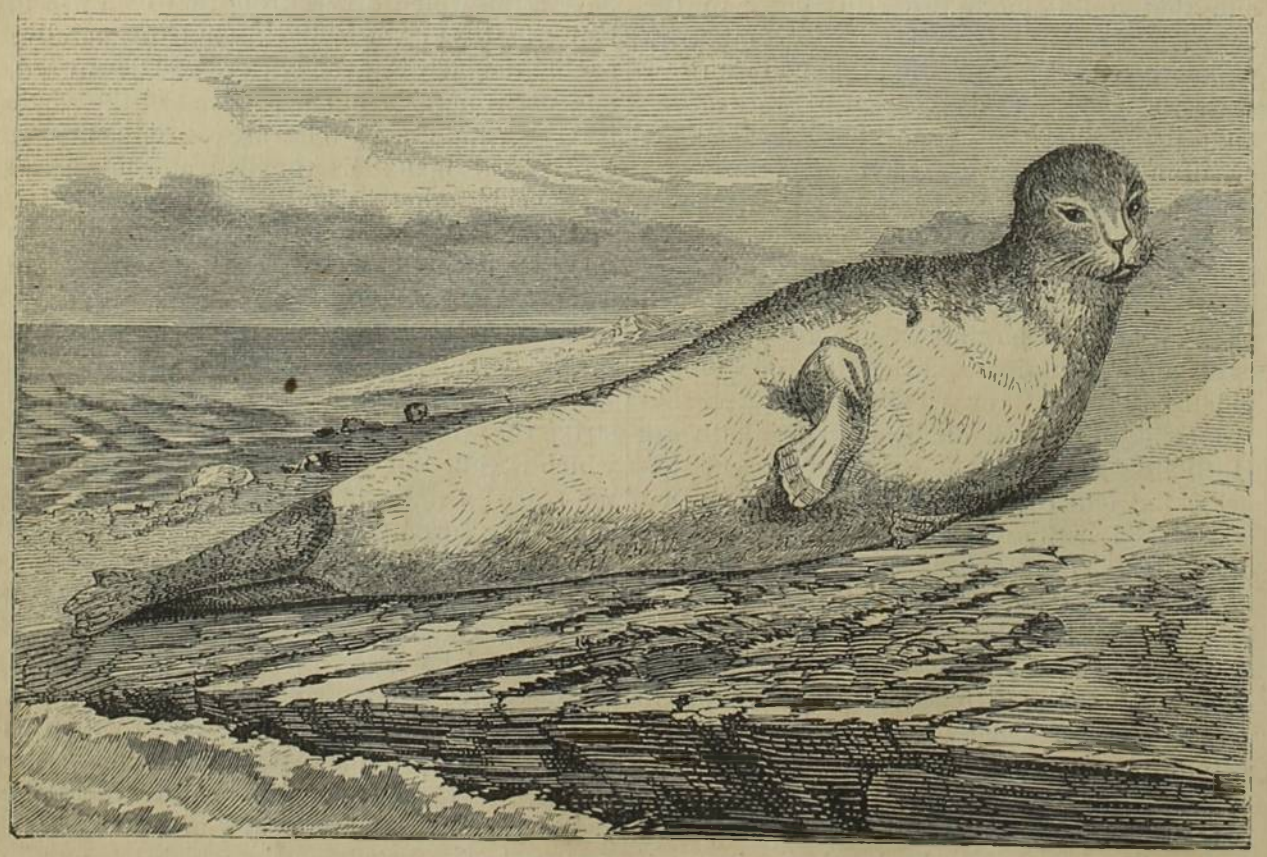


Fig. 11.—Seal. (*From Schinz.*)



FIG. 13.—*Ornithorhynchus paradoxus* descending to the water; near the bank another is swimming toward its burrow. (*From Bennett.*)—On the left the male Eider Duck rests in the water, the female standing upon the bank. (*From Schinz.*)

tion of air into their bones, and especially the inclusion of air under and in their feathers, enable them to float securely upon the surface, and even, in some cases, to be moved by the wind acting upon their outspread wings as upon the sails of a ship.

In Australia, that continental island where so many wonderful things are yearly discovered —where some of the leaves grow with one edge upward and the other downward—where most of the quadrupeds are prematurely born, and then carried for a time within a pouch upon the parent's belly, as are the young opossums of our own country—there and there only is the home of an amphibious creature with a bill like a duck, but hairy; web-footed, yet burrowing like moles; with a long spur upon the hinder leg, yet never attempting to crow; with a single cloacal outlet, yet bringing forth its young alive, instead of eggs. The first accounts of this creature were wholly discredited, and the later ones are sufficiently extraordinary to justify the construction and application of the tremendous title *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*, which is, in English, "The Paradoxical Animal with a Bill like that of a Bird." (Fig. 13.)

This, which is called "Mullangong" by the natives, and "Water-Mole" by the colonists, is about two feet in length, and covered with short, soft fur of a deep brown color. Both pair of feet are webbed; but the web of the front feet reaches beyond the tips of the toes while the animal is swimming, but may be turned backward out of the way when it is engaged in burrowing. It swims rapidly, and with only the upper surface of the body and head visible, the nostrils opening upon the top of the snout. It dives very quickly, and is difficult to shoot. Their burrows are most curious structures. From two openings, one below the surface of the water and the other in the bank, concealed by grass and weeds, runs a serpentine excavation for a distance of thirty and even fifty feet, terminating in a broader chamber, which is lined with weeds and grass so as to form a nest.

The ornithorhynchus seems to swim by paddling, and probably moves its short and broad feet very much as it does when walking on the land. The same is true of all the ordinary quadrupeds; they paddle, that is, they move their legs in the water just as they do upon the land. Nor do they need to learn how to swim, but do it instinctively; their bodies float naturally, and they have only to propel themselves by a real trotting in the water. If a dog be held over the water it will often begin to paddle vigorously, as if the very idea of water affected the muscles. But neither the dog nor the cat, nor the carnivora generally, seem to be as buoyant as the herbivorous quadrupeds. This may be due to the great length and capacity of the intestines in the latter, which always contain more or less gas, and must therefore serve a like purpose as the swim-bladder of fishes. The cat, for instance, works hard in swimming; while the horse crosses a river with a man upon his back.

But even the carnivora have the advantage of man as to both buoyancy and readiness of movement. It is said, indeed, that infants paddle in the water like a dog, and that some savages swim in the same way, using the hands as if they were only front legs; but the ordinary movement of the hands, in the swimming of civilized nations, is a very different one, and one which man alone is capable of executing to perfection, but which he must learn by degrees and by long practice. Man is really very poorly adapted for aquatic locomotion. In the first place, his specific gravity is a little greater than that of water when the lungs are empty; and a full inspiration just enables him to float with the mouth and nose above the surface; whereas most mammalia have not only lighter bodies but longer necks, and relatively smaller heads. Again, his body is rounded, and presents a broad flat surface to the water; his feet not only differ much less upon the upper and lower surfaces than the feet of quadrupeds, and even the rounded hoofs of the cow or horse, but the shortness of the toes and the firmness of the whole organ make it incapable of collapsing in the forward and spreading in the backward stroke, as does the foot of the duck. And finally, the hands are small and the arms nearly round, so that little advantage can be gained by rotating the limb. In view of all these disadvantages it would seem worth while to contrive an elastic frame-work with membrane upon it, which, being attached to the foot of a swimmer, shall collapse in the forward and expand in the backward stroke, as does the foot of a swimming bird. A similar apparatus could be arranged for the hands; but the necessity of using these for other purposes is an objection.

After mentioning the sea-serpents, it would be invidious not to notice those fabled creatures the Mermen and the Mermaids, which figure largely in the Northern legends, and which are very respectfully treated by Pontoppidan, who reports that one merman "sang an unmusical song" in a strange tongue, but that another individual "swore in very good Danish." They were generally represented as half fish and half man or woman, and never as hideous, or even ugly. But the real mermaids, the "genuine humbugs," if the expression is allowable, are always repulsive, even when, as in the case of the Japanese specimen figured on the following page, the union of the fish's tail with a wooden head and chest can scarcely be detected.

We see from all this that swimming is by no means confined to the fish, although it is their typical mode of locomotion; that all animals can swim; and that some among both the reptiles, the birds, and the mammalia are fully adapted to it. Moreover, we find that the instinctive struggles of an animal cast into the water are at once available in swimming; for they move the limbs as upon land, and the body is buoyed up by the water.

Man alone, the head and the chief of animals, is lost without immediate exercise of a quality which education alone can make to take the place of instinct—presence of mind. Wild struggles are certain death; rest, and yielding to gravity until only the two avenues of life are free, are the next step; and to advance at all, he must either paddle like a dog, or perform a series of movements with legs and arms and respiratory organs which, it is true, no beast could execute, but which man himself must learn.

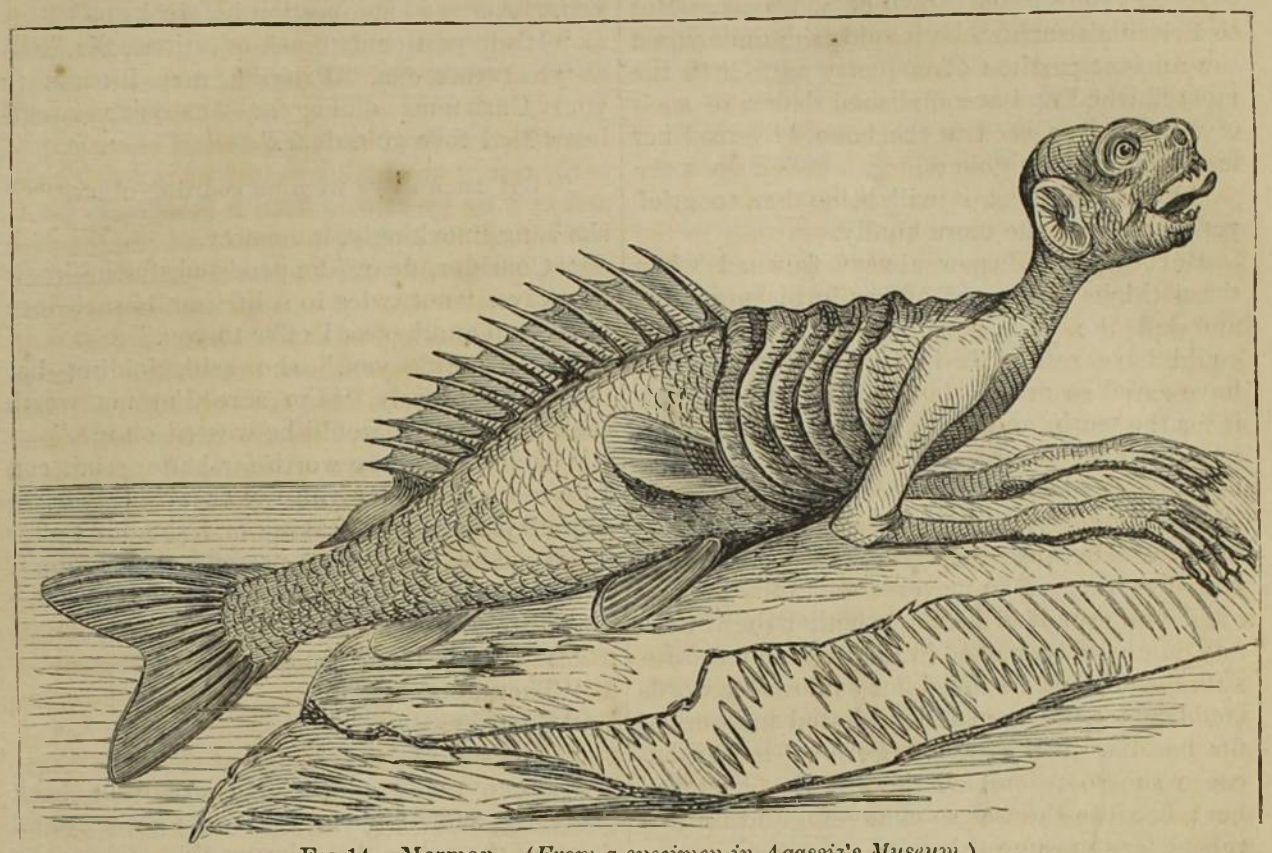


Fig.14.—Merman. (*From a specimen in Agassiz's Museum.*)

A PASSING WISH.

O for the life of a Gipsy!
A strong-armed, barefoot girl;
And to have the wind for a waiting-maid
To keep my hair in curl;
To bring me scent of the violet,
And the red rose, and the pine;
And at night to spread my grassy bed—
Ah! wouldn't it be divine?

O for the life of a Gipsy!
So gloriously free;
Through the world to roam, and to find a home
'Neath every green-wood tree;
To milk my cow in the meadow,
Wherever she chanced to stand;
And to have my corn-fields planted
By every lad in the land!

O for the life of a Gipsy!
With the dew to fringe my gown;
And to have the sun for a sweet-heart
To come and kiss me brown;
To take each little chubby-cheek
That I chose, and call her mine,
And teach her to tramp from camp to camp—
Ah! wouldn't it be divine?

O for the life of a Gipsy!
To lie in the lazy shades;
And to predict sweet fairings
To all the village maids;
To give them caps of pretty flowers,
And shawls of wool so white,
And troops of lovers to sing them songs
At their window-panes at night!

O for the life of a Gipsy!
To hunt the hare for play;
And to take my trap on my shoulder
And hie away and away—
Away to the tents by the water,
When the stars began to shine—
To my glad wild crew, with hearts so true—
Ah! wouldn't it be divine?

O for the life of a Gipsy!
To be up at the dawning gray;
And to have my dog, like my shadow,
Beside me all the day;
To have a hat of plaited straw,
And a cloak of scarlet dye,
And shoot like a light through the glens at night,
And make the owlets cry!

O for the life of a Gipsy!
To roam the wide world through;
To have the wind for a waiting-maid,
And the sun for a sweet-heart true;
To say to my restless conscience,
Be still; you are no more mine!
And to hold my heart beneath my art—
Ah! wouldn't it be divine?

THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.

PRISCILLA FARNHAM was the daughter of a fisherman who had lost his life at the Banks, leaving his children to the tender mercy of Uncle Eben, sail-maker, living on Tide Street, in the sea-port town of Shadville. But to Priscilla's sorrow, be it said, she understood the ancient pastime of coquetry as well as the most finished and accomplished dames of society. "It was bred in the bone," averred her less successful neighbors.

"Poor Priscilla! it will bring her to grief yet," presaged the more kindly.

But Captain Jasper always frowned when these things were said of her in his presence, and left the gossips without a word. If he could have said, "It is false," he would not have cared so much; but in his heart he knew it for the truth, and it vexed him to hear it repeated every where, like an echo. He had loved Priscilla through thick and thin, and though he very well knew if she were kind today it was because she meditated a relapse tomorrow—though he never could tell whether his devotion moved her, or whether there were any depths to be moved in that mobile nature—still, for all that, he loved her as no mere words could depict, dreamed of her, plotted and worked for her like a Hercules. Perhaps it was because she so resembled the sea that he loved her; because she was so changeful and beautiful, never the same thing twice in her life, forever varying from a full chord to a semitone, from major to minor. But whatever the reason may have been, he did not often stay to consider it, but went his way guided in all things by this one flame, which never veered however the winds might blow or the storms might beat.

"We shall sail to-morrow," he said to her one evening, as the dusk was closing down, leaning in at the kitchen window, while Priscilla folded the clothes from the week's wash.

"Oh! did I sprinkle you?" she cried, as she let fall a *douche* from her rosy hand.

"It is not the first cold water you've thrown at me," he laughed. "I'd rather take it in this shape. I'll be worse sprinkled before you see me again, I reckon."

"Shall you be gone long?" she vouchsafed.

"That depends. If I had any thing to come home to—who knows? Do you know, Priscilla, a man with a wife or a sweet-heart floats where another would sink?"

"Why don't you marry, then? It would be as good as taking a life-preserver along."

"You laugh at me, Priscilla; but you don't comprehend. The first man has something to live for, something that makes life an elixir. In danger he thinks of the dear face watching at home, of the weary waiting, of the bitter, blinding tears, and he makes up his mind to live—for her sake."

"But you will be home by Christmas?" she asked, leaving the point undisputed.

"If God wills it."

"Come, then, and pull a wish-bone with me on Christmas-day, and praise my plum-pudding."

"With all my heart; but Priscilla—?"

"Well?"

"Think how long it will be without seeing you. Answer one question before I go."

"It's impertinent to ask questions, Sir."

"Not this one. Priscilla, may I come to your Christmas dinner as—as your sweet-heart? I love you, dear."

"'But come as ye were na courting o' me,'"

she sang, mockingly, in answer.

"Consider, dear," he persisted, for he knew her ways, "not twice in a lifetime is such love offered to another as I offer to you."

"Oh, thank you," she said, folding her clothes vigorously, "I'm sure I'm not worth such a prize. It would be wasted on me."

"Indeed, you are worth far better; but can I do more than give you my best? Of course I think it worth your taking or I shouldn't offer it; it would be folly to pretend that I don't. But if I were a king you should be my queen—if you would."

"If I wouldn't?" she asked.

"Then good-by."

"Good-by, then."

"Good-by."

Had he really gone? He would be back presently—no danger. He would get aground down at the gate; they always did. There, he was returning already.

"If you should change your mind," he said, coming to her side, "send me a line. Lewis will sail in a month; he will touch at our port before we leave on the return trip. If you send me a line by him it may be a life-line—if you should change your mind, Priscilla."

"I shall be hardly likely to change my mind," she answered, haughtily enough, with the inborn love of playing with fate, of finding out how near she might come to the edge of a precipice and yet preserve her balance in full possession; and then she heard the gate click after him, and watched his shadow vanish down the street. Oh, but he would come to-morrow—she was sure of that. Couldn't he see that she was used to being sued, that she never yielded at the first word? Couldn't he be certain that her reserve was all a make-believe; couldn't he see her heart beating through it all? Was he blind? Did love really make people blind to their own undoing, to lead them astray? She never once questioned if she were blind herself! He might have carried the day with another word, and she felt aggrieved that he had omitted it, and a little angry with him. Besides, she had not lied to him—she should not change; only just now she did not feel like binding herself, and so be left out of all the merry-makings between this and Christmas.

At any rate she would see him to-morrow, and perhaps— But when to-morrow came up

out of the east the *Heron* was no longer in the stream, nor yet a phantom sheet lost in the fogs across the bar. She had weighed anchor during the night, and dropped down with the tide and a fair wind that was even now filling her canvas out on the Atlantic.

Plainly Captain Jasper would not press his suit to-morrow.

Priscilla was dishing the dinner when Uncle Eben came in.

"*Heron's* off," said he, "and Jasper with her."

"I thought," she said, smothering a sigh—"I thought they were not going till to-day," putting the potatoes into the butter-boat in her absent-mindedness.

"Wa'al, ye see, wind came up fair and tide served; and Jasper said he hadn't any thing to wait for—how is that, Cilly?"

"What's that to me?" she answered, crossly; "what isn't worth waiting for isn't worth having."

"No, no, that ain't it: what ain't worth *asking* for ain't worth having. Captain Jasper was very sore about it. You treated him ill, Cilly. Fire and love are dangerous playthings."

"The burned child," she insinuated, saucily.

"The same. I don't mind owning to it. I shall carry the scars to my grave. But you'll send Jasper that line, Cilly?"

"It's a pity Jasper can't keep his own counsel!"

"He was that broken-hearted. It's nigh to killing a man to keep it all to hisself. Don't I know it? But you will send him the line?"

"I don't know."

"You'll find out, I reckon."

And then they sat down to their boiled halibut, and the children came trooping in from school and play, and Uncle Eben had a dozen things to relate; all the gossip of the wharves and the fishermen; how a shark had been seen off Snarler's Point; what "Fetch and Carry" had netted from their last venture; what news from the mackerel fleet; how Job Knight's wherry had drifted out to sea; how fine the *Heron* had looked in her new rigging, and how his needle had broken in the sails, and an old tar had boded ill luck to the voyage therefrom; so that before dinner was over Priscilla had decided to send Jasper the line he craved by Captain Lewis. Therefore when, a month later, Lewis dropped in one day to say good-by and that he sailed for the same port on the morrow, in the interest of the same merchants whom Jasper served, Priscilla asked,

"Would you mind taking a line to Captain Jasper for me?" and then the color shot over her face and stained it crimson.

"Humph!" said Lewis; "any thing particklar between you and Jasper?"

"I don't know what you call any thing in particular; but if you don't wish to take my letter, you can leave it."

"Of course I'll take it, Cilly. Wouldn't I do any thing for you? What shall I bring you home now?"

"Bring yourself home," she answered, with the last spark of her old caprice flaring up before going out forever. And then Captain Lewis took the little note, which simply said:

"DEAR JASPER,—I haven't changed my mind, for I didn't need to, in order to love you. I shall look for you on Christmas-day.

"Yours, PRISCILLA."

And Captain Lewis went off whistling "Caller Herrin," as contentedly as if his name had been Jasper.

They were not much in the way of letter-writing, these simple fishing folks, and this was a labor of love to which Priscilla had set her name—first to make sure of saying enough, but not too much; to take care the spelling was not too bad, that the punctuations did not put out the sense, nor obscure her meaning. She did not expect an answer; but, satisfied with her tardy resolve, and confident of its success, she pursued her household duties, and joined the merry-makings with a light heart and a smiling face, lit by the lustre of a hope.

After all, Christmas was not so very far off; and she used to sit over her darning and imagine Jasper's surprise when Captain Lewis should deliver the letter. She had never dreamed that love could tame so. Why, she cared nothing at all for the vain babblings of those striplings who followed in her train, whose adoration she had valued but yesterday. She could hardly believe that she had let Jasper go without a kind word; but then she had counted upon seeing him to-morrow. She was late in learning the wisdom of putting nothing off till to-morrow that should be done to-day.

And so the year waned: the blackberries grew ripe in the pastures; Pettingale's wood rained nuts; the maples turned scarlet and yellow on Broad Street, and little ragged urchins with wheel-barrows caught up every leaf that fell as if it had been gold dust. There were long blue days, when the "flying gold of the woodlands" was abroad, and the atmosphere seemed steeped in sunshine; then the east winds swooped down upon the coast, and brought drenching rains and bewildering fogs, and shook the heart in the bosom of many a sad watcher. Sometimes now Priscilla would wake in the "dead middle of the night," and hear the tide lashing the piers and fretting about the shore; and she would catch, far off, the dull, smothered thunder of the sea, where it broke in a fury of crested waves upon the bar, and sent its spray to rend the darkness in the face of the troubled sea-farer. On such nights she used to rise and open her window, listening breathlessly for signals of distress, imagining that dying shrieks mingled with the hoarse roar of the breakers.

"Jasper shall never go to sea again if once he comes home," she thought—lying awake there, and trembling and shuddering among her blankets—"not if I have to stand on the

street corners and cry red herrings for a living."

And yet Jasper was not due till Christmas time, foolish child! But love is always on guard, with its poor blind eyes.

By-and-by, when the trees were a wilderness of netted boughs against the heavens, when the winds had swept the earth clean of rubbish, the first snow heralded itself one night by a bank of clouds, and at morning the bare boughs were draped in filmy laces, and all the world was a lonesome, dazzling waste.

"At least," thought Priscilla, "Christmas will be here soon."

She did not trust herself now to say that Jasper would be as certain to come. She had begun to doubt, now that the winter winds blew in her face, and the frost flowers shut out her sea-view; for how many storms must rave along the coast, and how many ships go down, and how many hearts break before Christmas-day! Perhaps she thought of these things while she made ready for that happy day; perhaps she saw now how cruelly she had used herself as well as Jasper, in disowning with her lips the emotion of her heart, in rashly counting on to-morrow's friendship. What if he should go down to his death, and never know how she had watched and waited and sorrowed for him! Where would be her comfort then? To find that he must wait till the sea gives up its dead to hear her answer, to know her heart. But all the same, she went about her drudgery with these fears haunting, waylaying her, made the house cheery for Uncle Eben, the fire bright, the food savory; mended his clothes, looked after his asthma, and made herself the prettiest bonnet she could devise, just for Jasper's sake.

But somehow, when Christmas was really knocking at the door, and the earth was sheeted in hoar-frost, and the fires snapped and blazed with a will, and all manner of kind wishes were current; when Priscilla's six-hour pudding, a culinary master-piece, was ready for its bag, the pies were waiting on the pantry shelves, the crab-apple jelly quaking in its jars; when the great turkey was dressed and in the pan, and there was a loaf of plum-cake in the chest, along with the sponge gingerbread and raised dough-nuts, that Jasper liked; when there were apples red as cherries in the bin down stairs, and nuts that Priscilla and the children had gone into the Pettingale woods to pick before the snow came; when all these delightful preparations had been completed, and Priscilla, in her new poplin with scarlet ribbons, went up to the house-top, with the spy-glass and Uncle Eben, all those dolorous fears with which her winter had been clouded blew away; and she expected nothing but to see the *Heron* bounding homeward, without a hindrance, the instant she should put the glass to her eyes. But she had never had a real lover at sea before, and her eyes hadn't the knack of Uncle Eben's in such matters, into whose hands she reluctantly resigned herself.

"Do you see any thing coming, Uncle Eben?" she asked, like Bluebeard's wife; her fingers tingling with the cold, her cheeks burning with excitement, and the high wind pulling out her crimps at a disastrous rate.

"Hey? Yes, I see the sea out there beyond the bar, all frothy like yeast, Cilly."

"Any sail, Uncle Eben?" she persisted.

"Yes, child, yes; two of 'em."

"Do you suppose it's the *Heron?*" altogether overlooking the plural number.

"Wait a bit, Cilly; don't hurry; time enough; if either of 'em's the *Heron* Jasper 'll be up before dinner-time any way; it's only a matter of three miles, and with this wind she'd be up in a trice."

Priscilla's teeth were chattering in her head, as much with nervousness as with cold.

"You'll catch cold up here, Uncle Eben," she said. "I'll just run down and look into the oven; I'll be back in a jiffy."

"Put something on your head while you're down there," he advised. "*I'm* as warm as wool with my tarpaulin and comforter."

She was gone precisely a jiffy; during which mythical portion of time she had fed the fire, looked into the oven, and lifted the cover of the steamer; for it would never do to have the dinner overdone and Jasper at the door, so to speak. Then she wrapped a shawl about her shoulders, and was up to the house-top in season to hear Uncle Eben exclaim:

"It's the *Heron!* it's the *Heron!* or I'm a bat."

"How do you know?" queried his niece, merely as a matter of form, being fully persuaded that if Uncle Eben said it was the *Heron*, the *Heron* it must be.

"Know?" he returned. "Don't I know every sail in her? Didn't I set every stitch in that canvas?"

"I hope the stitches aren't so big you can see them this far!" spoke his saucy niece.

And just then one of the children called Cilly to come down and mend her frock, which she had torn on a nail; and down Priscilla skipped, humming a favorite tune, as gay as any lark. At any other time, it might be, she would have scolded the little Nanine, but now she was too happy to condescend to such trifles, and her only thought was that Jasper would be home by dinner-time, and the children must all look tidy and fine; and while she wove her thread back and forth in the rent she laid some little plan for seeing Jasper alone that first, sweet instant, without the curious faces of Nanine and the others, or the kind eyes of Uncle Eben, to see her blush beneath her lover's smile. And then she set the table: she put on the best bird's-eye damask, which her mother had brought in her wedding-dower, which had been carefully hoarded and lavendered, and jealously guarded against moth and rust. Then followed the old-fashioned stone-

china, that Uncle Eben had bought at the auction of Squire Gibbs twenty-five years gone, when he had thought to begin housekeeping himself. She placed a seat for Jasper at her right hand, and stood off at the end of the room and surveyed the effect of the whole with pleasure, and pronounced it perfect; and so saying she toiled up the stairs again to the roof, and found Uncle Eben looking over an old log-book, stowed away in the attic, where he had spent the last three-quarters of an hour, having assured himself that the *Heron* wasn't far outside, and would be up before the dinner-bell rang.

"It's the *Heron*, and no mistake," said he, feeling guilty that he hadn't remained out in the windy weather in the service of the *Heron* and her crew. "She's all right," he affirmed; "how's the vegetables doing?"

"But, Uncle Eben," said Priscilla, "do come up and show me where to look. I want to see her myself. I'm dying of impatience." And then the good uncle led the way for this caprice back to the bleak view from the roof.

"There, Cilly," said he; "look to your left. There's two on 'em, and one's larger than t'other; and the one—"

"I don't see but one, Uncle Eben."

"Eh? Wa'al, they've changed positions, that's all. Here, give me the glass for a second."

For a second Uncle Eben stood motionless, scanning the water; then his old hand fell to trembling, and a red line painted itself across his forehead, and he drew his breath hard, as he put the glass away and turned to go down the stairs.

"I believe you're right, Cilly," he said, in a stifled voice; "there ain't but one vessel a-riding in, all by herself."

"Don't fall, uncle," she called after him, wondering if he was going to have an ill turn, that his voice was so full of breaks and discords.

"She'll be in the river already," he muttered, drawing on his mittens. "I'll run down to the wharf and see what they think."

And he pelted out, without heeding Priscilla's remonstrance, for it was just possible that he might have been mistaken, after all. Could that other vessel have been an illusion, a mirage? Could it? For when Uncle Eben had taken the glass from Priscilla he had seen the larger craft outlined against the sky, and—was it the stern of the other settling there in the trough of the sea, just outside the turbulent bar? Had the larger craft run down the *Heron*, or had his old eyes deceived him?

He bent his steps first to the little public house looking out on the river, where a group was already collected on the stoop, with spy-glasses and conjectures, watching eagerly for the inward-bound vessel.

"There's been rough work outside there," said an old salt to Uncle Eben. "I saw the whole thing, and it didn't take so long as I tell it; you wouldn't know'd she was hurt before she was clean gone. Mighty poor sailors, I take it, to run down a fellow in broad daylight, or else they've got too much ballast aboard!"

"The wind's drefful cranky, you see," said a by-stander.

"It wasn't the *Heron?*" quavered Uncle Eben.

"Dun'no; never thought of the *Heron*. Let's see. Captain Jasper's in her service. He'd 'a know'd better than to let that concern strike her like that!"

"I don't know; accidents will happen," said Uncle Eben, watching the ship shoot up the river.

She surely was not the *Heron*. Jasper would not help them eat their Christmas dinner to-day. Had his old eyes deceived him? Had he best go back and speak to Priscilla? At any rate, he would take a turn round the square first, and compose himself, and get his breath. The tears stood in his eyes and rolled down his furrowed cheeks as he went on. He was thinking, perhaps, as much of himself as of Priscilla just then, only her possible sorrow had brought his own to mind strongly—his own wounds gaped beneath this fresh blow, and throbbed fiercely; and then he had loved Jasper almost as well as Priscilla, for Jasper was the son of the old sweet-heart for whom he had bought the stone-china twenty-five years ago, and who had jilted him the next week for Jasper's father. Perhaps it was all right that Priscilla should have given Jasper the cold shoulder; perhaps it was poetic justice—only Uncle Eben had never heard of that sort of justice, and was not able to appreciate it. Presently he found himself back in the neighborhood of the wharves again. The strange vessel had anchored now, and half Tide Street was down on the end of the quay talking with the crew. Uncle Eben could see their gesticulations as they described the event; the *Mermaid* in great gilt letters stared him out of countenance at the ship's stern, as though defying him to call her the *Heron*. Some sailors were busy lifting a burden down her sides, something that lay in their arms like a dead weight, something sodden and cold. A shiver ran though him from head to heel, he turned his face away from the dumb thing that they held, he would not stay to see; all his neighbors were clustering about the frozen mask. As for him, he thought of Priscilla and Jasper's mother ten years in her grave, and then he heard one of the sailors saying,

"He was the only man of them that rose to the surface. We hung round as long as we dared, but the sea was growing madder every moment. Zounds, wasn't it a spanking breeze! We tried all our nostrums to bring him to, but he's gone—the sea just beat the breath out of him."

There was no doubt in Uncle Eben's mind but the dead man was Jasper; yet he could not trust himself to make sure, for how terrible that

conviction would be! So he waited till they should speak his name—waited, half-benumbed with pain and cold, wondering how he should break it to Priscilla, if she were growing anxious, if the neighbors had not already gossiped to her; and then old Burton, who kept the corner grocery, blurted out, in his rough sympathy:

"Poor fellow! His wife will be sore put to it to feed those six hungry children without him."

It was plain that the *Heron* had gone down; that this was the body of the mate; that Jasper was even now tossing on the currents across the sand-bar, drifting from ocean hollow to ocean hollow, while Priscilla waited for him to come to dinner, and made herself comely to welcome him. Uncle Eben went back to the house then; he looked into the vacant kitchen in passing; the savory odors sickened him, the table with the plate set for Jasper turned him cold, as if it had been placed for a ghost; he called at the foot of the stairs for Cilly.

"Here I am," she replied, coming out of the best room, where she had been arranging a sprig of scarlet geranium at her throat, before the largest glass that the house afforded — her cheeks flushing, her soft eyes undimmed by tears.

"Where is Jasper? It *was* the *Heron*, wasn't it? Is he in the kitchen? Don't tease me, Uncle Eben. I know it was the *Heron*. I just heard Mrs. Burton say it was. Oh!" as she caught sight of his white face, "is any thing the matter?"

"Jasper—" he began, and his voice broke.

"Where is he?" she asked, half puzzled, but unsuspecting still. "When shall we see him? I will have dinner on the table at once."

"Wait a minute, Cilly," said he, recovering himself. "You will see him, Cilly" — how should he tell her, what was the most gentle way, or was there any gentleness in such cruel business?—"you will see him, dear—when the sea gives up its dead! There, there, your old Uncle was rough with you," rocking her in his arms like an infant. "There, there, wipe away the tears, deary;" but there were no tears to wipe away, for Priscilla had dropped in a swoon.

When the New Year came in, and the days began to lengthen and the cold to chill the marrow in one's bones, the neighbors were saying among themselves that something had changed Priscilla Farnham. She never sang now about her work, averred Mrs. Burton, who had often listened to her in the still afternoons. She left off the gay ribbons with which she had been used to adorn herself, the jaunty hats that had been her pride; her spar ear-rings were put away in a box in the best bureau till Nanine should be old enough to wear them; her brown hair had forgotten its crimps. She was no longer to be met with at sewing circles, at tea-drinkings, at quiltings, or dances. Her quondam lovers declared that she had grown dull, that a smile was as rare as a new moon, and that she had lost the charms of coquetry. Mothers pitied her, and said it was all along of taking care of Uncle Eben and his asthma and those great noisy children; and fathers told their sons that she would make a good wife, notwithstanding the loss of her high spirits and the carmine of her cheek. Only Uncle Eben understood it all, and worked many a sad thought into his sails, while Priscilla kept the fire bright and the hearth swept as before, and looked out across the yeasty bar and groaned in her heart, remembering that fair evening when she had love in her hands, to take or leave. But she had sent him the line he had asked for; she had that for her comfort; he had gone down to his death with the assurance of her love in his heart, shut fast, like a flower in its calyx; his last thought had been of her, his last breath a prayer for her; but not one hand-clasp, not one warm melting kiss to lighten all the bleak future, to hallow the fading past. It had been her own fault surely, but none the less was it bitter.

One Sunday, when she saw Matilda Mathews come walking into church with her lover, bronzed and weather-beaten, off a two years' voyage, her heart leaped up in her breast burning like a coal, and the scalding tears started into her eyes; and so when other girls and their sweet-hearts passed her by she turned away her head with weary sighs, and went on her lonely way.

And so St. Valentine's Day came round. Priscilla had been used to receive scores of those fanciful *billets-doux* in years past—tender missives in halting verse, lost in a wilderness of posies, watched over by a corps of Cupids. But to-day the penny-postman made his rounds and missed her altogether; she watched him stop at Mrs. Burton's, and saw Liz open the door with a whole bevy of dimples wrinkling her blushing face. Priscilla did not grudge her her Valentines, only the warm reality of living love; and she sat long in the bitter winter twilight that night alone, while the children and Uncle Eben made molasses candy in the kitchen, having seen Miss Liz admit a young man at the front-door and light the astral lamp in the best room—which illumination always meant something — and draw the curtains. Priscilla was wondering concerning the happiness hidden behind those cotton curtains, about the "songs without words" which she herself was never to know again. She felt like one shut out from Eden, sitting there in the dark, and seeing the shadow of happiness flitting now and then across her neighbor's curtains. She had never quite recovered from that first shock on Christmas morn when her pulses had slackened, and her heart fainted at its toil; and now every noise appalled her, every "halloo" in the streets, "the heave ahoy" of sailors at the wharves, the children bounding in with war-hoops and shrieks of laughter; and when the next morning Mrs. Burton opened the door like a gust of wind, and came in with a blanched

countenance and eyes like saucers, Priscilla cried out:

"Oh, Mrs. Burton, how you scare me! Are you sick? You look as if you had seen a spirit!"

"Sick!" repeated the good woman, as if scorning the insinuation; "sickness isn't a circumstance to it. *I have seen a spirit, Cilly Farnham.*"

Priscilla answered her with an incredulous laugh, on her way to close the door the frightened woman had left open behind her. "Spirits don't walk abroad in daylight," she said, soothingly, almost wishing that they walked at any time. And then, with the door-knob in her hand, with unbelief in her heart—was it a spirit that confronted her, that came across the threshold with a familiar smile on its lips, that asked in a voice to her far sweeter than music:

"Are you going to shut me out here in the cold?"

Does a spirit stretch out fleshly arms, and kiss one with warm, lingering lips, and speak tolerable English?

Mrs. Burton had fled, shrieking, to an inner room, and had bolted the door behind her, as though bolts and bars could impede spiritual essences.

"Where did you come from, Jasper?" said Priscilla, half doubting her own senses. "I thought—I thought—" and here she gave it up and took refuge in tears.

"You thought I was a ghost?" he said. "Well, didn't I come within an ace of it? What saved me from going down in the *Heron?* Why, nothing more or less than a good smart brain-fever. The *Heron*, you see, was to be back by Christmas, or her cargo wouldn't be worth a sculpin; and so, as I was mad as a March hare, the mate had to sail without me, poor fellow! That's how it happened. Priscilla, I kissed you just now at hazard; shall I go down and beg your pardon?"

"Beg my pardon!"

"Yes. Have you any thing kind to say to me to-day?"

"Didn't I say it all in my letter?"

"Your letter! When? What? Where?"

"That Lewis carried for you."

"The deuce! Lewis said he left you behind as smart as a cricket; but he never spoke of a letter. If he had, perhaps I shouldn't be here. It was all along of expecting and looking and longing to no good that keeled me over. Good for you, Lewis; you've foundered your own brig! So you changed your mind, sweet-heart?"

"Did I? Indeed I didn't," saucily again.

"How?"

"Because—because there wasn't any need, you know."

And just then Mrs. Burton put her head out at the inner room door, and adjourned embraces *pro tem.*

DOLLY.

I.

SHE sat by the fire—a little low fire in a little low grate—warming her feet, or pretending to—this heroine of mine, this Dolly, otherwise Dorothea, otherwise Miss Brooks. She had sat thus for an hour already, and an hour ago it was high time to go to bed, according to all respectable and reasonable notions; for an hour ago it was eleven, and now the little black hands on the little yellow-faced old clock were pointing to twelve. But Dolly didn't mind. Pretty soon the little yellow-faced clock would gather up all its energies, and in a perfect whiz and whir of excitement would jerk out twelve strokes with its lusty little hammer. Twelve strokes, each one of which would say as plainly as such a hammer could, "Go to bed, Dolly; go to bed, Dolly; go to bed, Dolly!"

But Dolly wouldn't mind that either. Dolly wouldn't go to bed until she was ready; until she had got her thoughts untied—to use her own expression. And her thoughts were in such a snarl just now. So spite of the whiz and the whir, and the scolding admonition of the little yellow-faced old clock, Dolly still sat on, her hands clasped behind her head, and her tawny locks falling all about her shoulders in a cloudy confusion of loosened crimps and curls.

Though her brow was knitted, and her eyes full of the perplexities of her thought—yet spite of this, of these signs of gravity and seriousness, Dolly looked so young, so girl-like, sitting there in her white dressing sacque, with her pink and white face, and her great crop of bright hair framing it, that you would have said her perplexities were only of the lightest and most girlish description.

But you don't know Dolly yet; and you don't know Dolly's history and her daily life, and her troubles and trials. If you did, you would know that she didn't spend her time sitting up over small perplexities. Dolly had seen too much and known too much of the great perplexities to fool away her time, her "beauty-sleep" like that. I won't bore you by going back in my story-telling in that aggravating way some story-tellers have to give you all the past history, the stupid whys and the wherefores, the circumstances and conditions, up to the present time. I will start fair from this moment, and let Dolly's own thoughts tell her own story of her past circumstances and her present conditions.

Whir, whir, tick, tick, goes the noisy little clock, and whir, whir, tick, tick, go Dolly's thoughts in this wise:

"It *is* hard, spite of all the grand talk about womanly independence, for a little body like me to be independent. I've tried it now for a good while, and I must say it's up-hill work for me. Up-hill work, and the years are going on and on, and by-and-by I shall lose all these fresh looks and these yellow locks that get so much praise now; and then I shall find myself old

and alone in the world some day. Oh dear, I wish my composition had something it hasn't! I wish I had more faith in myself, more courage; but life frightens me as I look forward and see myself a lonely little old woman. Yes, I am afraid to trust to my genius, though they all say I have it. I'm afraid to go on and on with the years, and only my art for a companion and a support; for I'm not a good worker. I get worried and dispirited, and then my inspiration goes, and I feel only the dull labor. I can't make myself into a machine, neither can I keep myself at high-pressure all the time, and that makes me a vagabond, that makes me troubled and worried half the time. And out of this trouble and worry, out of this raging river of uncertainties, there is an opportunity for me to step into a safe little boat, and row, or be rowed, safely to shore. And I can't, oh, I can't make up my mind to step in! It's such a very safe little boat, such a trig, trim little craft; and it would row so carefully and slowly, and in such a narrow channel all the way. And that is what repels me—all this safety and smoothness and calmness, because it's the safety and smoothness and calmness of something so alien to me. It is the safety of a limit, and not of strength and power; and such kind of safety I'm afraid would be very unsafe for me. I'm afraid I should grow rebellious, and feel chafed and fretted, like a caged creature. And then this would only bring me into another worry—'out of the frying-pan into the fire.' But is there any worry like this worry from day to day about what we shall eat, and what we shall drink, and wherewithal we shall be clothed? Ah me, what had I better do? I'm a coward to ask the question, I know that; but there's one thing I'll conclude upon at once. I'll see the owner of this trim little boat—this careful oarsman. I'll see him, as Bab desires, to-morrow night. I'll see him while she is away, and then I can tell better what manner of man he is. Perhaps, after all, he's more than I think. I'm too rapid, maybe, in my judgments; believe too much in my first impressions. Yes, I'll see him; and there the matter shall rest for the present."

And coming to this conclusion Dolly stretched out her arms, and opened her mouth very wide, showing all her little irregular white teeth in a long-drawn yawn. There was a great cat sleeping on the corner of the rug, who waked up at this yawn, and gave an inquiring *miaw*, looking at Dolly with round, staring eyes of amazement. Dolly laughed, and put out her hand.

"Come here, Major;" and Major gave a spring and seated himself in Dolly's lap. "Now, Major," proceeded Dolly, "I want to tell you something; I've made up my mind to see Bab's bachelor to-morrow night. Bab says he wants to marry me, and that it will be a good thing for me. What do you think of that, Major? Do you approve?"

"*Miaw*," went the Major, and then he winked knowingly with one of his straw-colored eyes.

"Oh, you think it worth consideration—I thought you would. You know just how lonesome it is living here all alone, don't you? You know just how hard it is to forage for yourself, and then to find only skim-milk in your saucer?"

Major gave a most energetic *miaw* here.

"Oh, Major, Major!" cried out Dolly at this; "what a worldly old cat you are, to be willing to sell yourself for a pot of cream every day. Don't you know how that turns out a mess of pottage sometimes? Oh, Major, Major, you'd a great deal better keep up your courage and go mousing about on your own hook, with now and then a chance of skim-milk."

And scourging herself over Major's shoulders in this fantastic way, Dolly stroked the purring cat and regarded him with great, sad, introverted eyes, that spite of the smiling lips revealed the sadness of her heart. And after a minute spent thus, she rose, put Major softly down upon his corner of the rug, and went off to bed humming that sweetest, mournfulest old song, "Auld Robin Gray."

II.

I shall have to tell you a little more about Dolly than she has managed to tell herself, after all. I shall have to tell you who Bab is, and a little about Aunt Jo. Bab was a married friend who was pretty Barbara Slade once, and was now Mrs. Barbara Ingalls. She was very fond of Dolly, and had latterly got an idea into her head that Dolly ought to be married. She knew something of Dolly's life—not all the ins and outs, for Dolly, frank as she seemed, had those deep reserves which very proud and sensitive people are sure to have. There were straits in Dolly's life which she had never told any body, not even Major, whom she declared to be her most confidential friend. But Bab knew that Dolly lived alone with Aunt Jo, and that when Aunt Jo died the little annuity died with her, and Dolly would have to shirk for herself in the world.

To Barbara Ingalls, who had a sure home, and a fine one too, who had somebody to look out for her at every turn, this having to shirk for one's self was a matter of terror. So, thinking the matter over and over one day, after finding Dolly wearying about some household tasks that were too much for her, she came to this conclusion—that Dolly ought to marry. And suddenly coming to this conclusion, she came quite as suddenly to the hero who was to play the principal part in her plan: to Mr. Herman Morris, whose quiet attentions to Dolly the past winter had been swiftly but shrewdly interpreted by wise Mrs. Barbara. Dolly, preoccupied, had failed to see what Mrs. Barbara saw, until that lady opened her eyes. She laughed at first, but Barbara persisted, and her perplexities increasing, as perplexities will, until every thing all at once seems to get into a hard knot, she at last consented to think of the matter. "He is the most gentlemanly man of my acquaintance, quiet, retiring, and modest—such

a man as Aunt Jo will be sure to approve," said Bab, diplomatically.

And Aunt Jo?

Well, there's hardly doing any justice to Aunt Jo. She and Dolly lived together alone in the smallest possible way on the smallest possible means. And Aunt Jo, who was seventy, and had brought up half a dozen of those rampageous Brooks children, and buried all but Dolly, was as bright and sweet and sunny as if life had given her all its roses instead of its thorns. Her thorn now was Dolly's future. She had no great ambition, no schemes for this child of hers; she only wanted to feel sure that Dolly would be taken care of when she was gone, for she didn't feel sure that Dolly would take very good care of herself. She knew better than any body what a little irresponsible vagabond this Dolly was. And Dolly knew that she knew, and without a word on Aunt Jo's part, Dolly knew by that sharp intuition of hers how Aunt Jo worried about her; and this worried Dolly; and this brings us up to the time when she had concluded to become better acquainted with Mr. Morris, with a vague view to Barbara's plans, and her own release from the ceaseless worry.

III.

The week that Mr. Ingalls always spent in New Orleans, transacting some Southern business that he had, Dolly always spent with Mrs. Ingalls, to "keep her company," as women say. And one night of this week Mrs. Barbara had Mr. Morris there to tea; and then, directly after the hospitable meal, this arch plotter and planner announced that she was sent for to go round and see Mrs. Blake's little boy, who was down with the measles—an errand of neighborly duty which could scarcely be deferred, and which she took upon herself with many apologies and regrets to Mr. Morris for her unavoidable absence during his visit. As she went out of the room and up stairs after this flourish of trumpets Dolly followed her.

"Bab, what do you expect will become of you if you go on like this? You made that all up about Mrs. Blake's little boy—you know you did."

"Of course I did," returned Mrs. Bab, in a little giggle. "I never do things by halves, and I hope I understand truth well enough to know how to romance when great occasions require it without damaging any body. All stratagem is fair in love and war, you know."

Dolly tossed her head. "Love! don't talk about that, Bab. We're only considering a possible bargain!" and Dolly's air and tone were full of self-disdain.

Mrs. Barbara was alarmed. "What a goose you are, Dolly, to talk in that way about such a fine, handsome fellow as Herman Morris! A bargain! I think you insult him."

"So I do, Bab," spoke up Dolly, with quiet significance.

But Mrs. Barbara wasn't going to notice any of Dolly's heroics, so she kept up her fine indignation strain.

"A much better woman than you are might fall in love with Mr. Morris, I can tell you, Miss Dolly."

"Oh, I dare say."

"And jump at the chance of being his wife."

"I hope the better woman may have the chance to jump at, then. 'Twould be a pity for me to interfere with such blissful possibilities."

And Dolly dropped a saucy little courtesy to Mrs. Barbara, whereat Mrs. Barbara laughed, relieved. Dolly had got off her high horse. Dolly had come down from her heroics. She was not alarmed now. When Dolly began to jest she was in one of her safest moods. You could do something with Dolly then. It was only those high flights that took her away from controlling hands, from the practical ruts of life.

So in her jesting mood, thinking of that "better woman," Dolly went back to the parlor and to Mr. Herman Morris. A fine, handsome fellow, Mrs. Barbara had declared him. One gets an idea of height and breadth from this, and Mr. Morris was neither very tall nor very broad, nor the extreme reverse. He was one of the medium-sized men, with a good figure for his size, an elegant carriage, and a strikingly handsome face, brown-bearded and blue-eyed. He rose as Dolly entered and came forward with a picture in his hand. It was a photograph of Dolly herself, which he had found upon the table.

"Do you like this of yourself?" he asked.

"That? oh yes, better than any thing I ever had taken. Why, don't you?"

"No, Miss Brooks, I can't say that I do."

Miss Brooks smiled. "Tell me why you don't like it," she asked; "it interests me to know."

His eyes went back to the picture. "The shadows are badly thrown, to begin with; there is too much shadow, and too much light. Then I don't think the position a happy one. I never saw an expression like that upon your face. In short, Miss Brooks, I don't think the picture does you justice, seriously."

Dolly bowed and smiled again.

"Now here is what I call a good picture of a person." It was a *carte* of Mrs. Ingalls; one of those smooth, even pictures which the majority of people admire.

"You don't like it?" said Mr. Morris, looking up, as Dolly said nothing.

"I don't *dislike* it; I don't care for it—that is all."

"What is there in it that you criticise?" and Mr. Morris looked hard at the picture and then hard at Dolly, in an evident puzzle.

"It's what there isn't in it that I find fault with—there's the trouble. There's nothing in it, to my thinking; not a bit of soul. Barbara might as well be Bridget Dolan."

Mr. Morris bowed politely.

"Intimate friends," he said, "are rarely satisfied with their friends' pictures, I know. Now to me this seems a very satisfactory likeness. I think most people would find it so."

"Oh yes, I dare say."

Mr. Morris said a few words further in the matter, and then putting the *carte* down, he leaned forward with an earnest intentness that rather startled his companion.

"Miss Brooks, I've wanted an opportunity to say something in reference to a little conversation we had the last time I saw you. It's troubled me a good deal."

Dolly couldn't remember a thing that he had said to her the last time she had seen him. So she waited for him to go on.

"You don't remember—it was about Mr. Thornton. You asked me what I thought of him. I expressed myself very freely; and I have since thought that I was not charitable enough in my expressions."

"Oh yes, I recollect now; and if I recollect rightly, your expressions were very moderate, but quite just."

"I'm glad you think so; but I've been troubled ever since about it, and I really don't think I ought to have said what I did."

"You told me the real state of your mind, I suppose, and you told me facts."

"Yes, oh yes," answered Mr. Morris, evidently in a difficulty how to reconcile his sensitive conscience and these facts. "But," resuming, "I don't think I ought to have said so much even if I did believe it to be truth; for I may be mistaken, you know."

"You are not afraid of my making mischief, Mr. Morris?"

"Oh no, no; it's entirely with myself. I dislike to think I've been uncharitable, that's all."

"I believe you said that you thought Mr. Thornton was rather conceited, and overestimated his abilities. I coincided with you; and then we talked of what grew out of these tendencies, and you told me of an incident where he got himself into a false position with the Herveys, through his vanity; and I told you of a little personal experience which corroborated all this. Neither you nor I had been slandering any body. We had simply stated some facts, and compared notes, that we might come to a candid conclusion about a person of whom it is necessary for us to know something, as we are likely to meet him rather frequently in society, and might, if we didn't understand his peculiarities, get into difficulties ourselves, by believing his assertions too implicitly, or trusting him inadvertently. Forewarned is forearmed, and I think I shall be on my guard when I'm in the society of Mr. Charley Thornton hereafter."

This was a plain statement, certainly; but Mr. Morris still seemed unsettled.

"After all, we might be mistaken," he went on. "I hate to think ill or judge hardly. We should be so careful in our judgments. We can not always understand another's motives; and what seems very dark to us may have a better meaning."

"No doubt about that, Mr. Morris; but there can be scarcely two meanings to a man's conduct who declares that such a girl as Josephine Hervey encouraged his attentions, and that the only reason he didn't go on was because he himself was not sufficiently interested; and that when all the time Josephine was engaged to another—to such another as Jim Lawrence."

"Yes, yes, I know, but—"

A look of impatience crossed Dolly's face. "I tell you what, Mr. Morris," she interrupted, "I think you're a little morbid in your conscience. Charley Thornton isn't worth so much thought and breath, any way. I *know* he's what we declared him to be, and I've simply got him settled in his proper place now—put away on a shelf, labeled 'dangerous,' and I don't trouble myself any more about him. Dismiss him from your mind in the same manner, Mr. Morris."

"And it doesn't disturb you to find a person can be really false through his weakness?"

"Disturb me! Well, I long ago accepted that fact of human fallibility, and unless the person is very much to me individually I don't allow it to disturb me much. In this case I've only opened another of the world's oysters, and found a pebble instead of a pearl. I've got used to such findings, and I can't afford to go into mourning over every one; and there *are* pure pearls somewhere, you know, after all. But come, let us send Charley Thornton to Coventry or any other oblivion, and let me sing you a new song I have—one new to me."

It was Story's significant words, "I am weary with rowing," and Boots's perfect music, which expresses what the words fail to express.

Dolly's voice was a *mezzo-soprano*, wild and untaught; but somebody said once of it, "I don't see how that girl manages to put so much into that voice of hers." Well, she sung this song, which has a heart-break in it, and into her voice went all the heart-break which had been written there; and gay as she seemed, Dolly felt the heart-break—for Dolly herself was "weary with rowing." She turned slowly after the singing. The words, the music, were still with her.

"That is very sweet, but too sad for you—too sad for any body, Miss Brooks. We need something to cheer us in our recreations, I think."

Miss Brooks gave a little movement of her head which might have been of assent; and by that time Mr. Morris had a song before her of his own choosing. It was "The Merry Zingara." As she concluded this, Mrs. Ingalls came in.

"How is Mrs. Blake's little boy?" asked Dolly, wheeling round upon the piano-stool, her face expressing mischief.

"More comfortable, I thank you," answered Mrs. Bab, her bright eyes twinkling.

"Did you get there as soon as she expected you?"

Dolly was waxing dangerous. There was no knowing how she might have gone on, but that Mr. Morris, finding that it was after ten, made his adieux. The hall-door had no sooner closed upon him than Mrs. Barbara turned upon Dolly.

"Dolly, I'll pay you for that last—I like to have broken down entirely; but I'll postpone my revenge while you tell me about your evening. What do you think of him?"

"The first question answered will answer your other question. I'll give you a history of the evening."

Whereupon Dolly, to begin with, repeated the photograph conversation.

"He didn't like this, eh?" and Barbara lifted Dolly's *carte* to view.

"No, he didn't see it, Bab dear, at all; he saw too much light, too much shadow; he didn't see that for once the sun had caught the very depths of a human soul. All the best that is in me is brought out there, Bab. He missed the outside sparkle; the color—that's all he sees, or would ever see. And, Bab, he liked this of yours—thought it the perfection of likenesses."

"That thing—that lump of flesh without a soul!" cried Mrs. Bab.

Then, with a silent grimace, she tossed it from her, and told Dolly to go on. Dolly went on, and rendered with dramatic fidelity what followed. And at the end she said, "There, it isn't necessary for me to tell you what I think of Mr. Morris now."

Mrs. Barbara laughed, "Yes, tell me. I like to hear you talk—and you're full of it, I can see."

Dolly joined the laugh. Then suddenly turning grave—

"Well I can tell you one thing, to begin with. I thought in the midst of the conversation this evening of something Miss Thackeray says in her story of 'Jack the Giant-Killer.' It is where poor Jack sits and listens to his wife's little tunes, and it came over him that he had got to listen all his life to those little tunes. Well, it came over me just the same as I sat there listening to Mr. Morris—it came over me that if I married this man I should have to listen to little tunes all my life. I don't mean any thing harsh or invidious in any way: I think Mr. Morris is an excellent man, and I respect him. He is kind and gentle and gentlemanly, but he lacks masculinity. I don't scoff at goodness by any means; but his goodness is feminine goodness, and not masculine. Think of a man harping upon such a quibble of conscientiousness, and making a great matter out of so small a one, when there are so many really great matters in the world to concern one's self about. All this blessed evening spent in such pottering talk. Little tunes! That is just the expression. Suppose he had—which he hadn't—criticised unjustly or severely, it was only necessary for him to retract it briefly; but to harp on the matter so long was making both himself and the matter of too much importance. It is very curious that habit that some persons have—really modest persons too—of bringing the little worries of their consciences before you. They fancy that confession is going to give them some sort of absolution. Confession! Don't you remember what I was reading the other day from Holbeach: 'The weak—those who must, even if they die for it, have the sympathy of the majority—commonly confess, the strong hold their tongues and hold their own?' I wanted to say to Mr. Morris, when he was going over and over this small worry of his, 'Don't fret your immortal soul about the accidents and blunders and trifles of daily life; but go your ways with a high serenity and faith in yourself, and the accidents and blunders and trifles will by-and-by adjust themselves to the larger sphere that you create.' There, I read that somewhere, I don't know where."

"You made it up for the occasion, Dolly; it's one of your manufactured quotations, I know."

"Is it? Well I'm glad you think so." A moment's silence, then, with an indescribable long-drawn intonation, an indescribable light coming into her eyes: "How different all this was from another man's, 'The heavens are large, I don't notice small clouds!'"

"Eh, what is that?"

"You know, Bab—you've heard me speak of it before. It was Roy Dallas's answer to me one evening when I asked him if he noticed Mrs. Stamford's coolness to him. I shall never forget that answer, it was so characteristic of the man's nature. 'No, I hadn't noticed it,' he replied, half smiling. 'But now you mention it, I perceive that there was a difference, perhaps; but the heavens are large, I don't notice small clouds.' That was just as indicative of his large, self-poised nature as Herman Morris's small worries are indicative of his nature."

"Dolly, I beg your pardon!" suddenly burst out Mrs. Barbara.

"For what?" laughed Dolly, looking a little amazed.

"For trying to make a match between you and Herman Morris. I see now what a blunderer I was. But, Doll dear, I hate to think of your drudging along alone to the end of your life."

"Alone! Bab, I never felt so alone in my life as I did when Herman Morris was talking to me to-night—good and kind gentleman that he is."

"Yes, good and kind gentleman; but he isn't enough of a person for you—that's it, Doll. You're more of a man than he is, for all you're such a soft little duck of a girl, with your pretty hair and your dainty ways."

"Oh, Bab, don't call me a man-woman!"

"I'm not calling you a man-woman. You don't call Shirley a man-woman, do you—Jane Eyre's Shirley? You're like her in some ways; the cool clear ways you look at things, without

pottering, you know. As for the masculine element, somebody—some high light of literature—says that no man is complete in his nature without something of the feminine element, and no woman without the masculine. I think that is true. It means just the tempering of each nature—one, the masculine, by softness; the other, the feminine, by strength. Without this element in each, there is hardness on the one side and weakness on the other."

"Yes, I believe that," said Dolly, thoughtfully. I never knew so gentle a person in some ways as Roy Dallas; and what a masculine man he was—a man's man!"

"Dolly, you measure all men by him—did you know it?"

"Yes, I know it," answered Dolly.

"That is the reason you are single to this day, Dolly."

"How you speak of that fact, as if it were a great misfortune, Bab!"

"Well, it is in some directions for you, dear. I see it is of no use for you to marry a man that isn't equal to you; but I wish you *could* marry a man you loved, Dolly dear—you're such a child after all in that part of your character, which must cope with the world's practical forces. It hurts you so to shirk for yourself. As the world stands now, a woman like you hasn't an easy time of it. You ought to be taken care of, looked out for, Dolly."

"Well, once for all, Bab, this cowardly way of trying to do violence to nature—of making a bargain of marriage to evade work and loneliness, is something I shall never contemplate again. Aunt Jo says often, 'Those who help themselves the Lord will help.' Now I'm going to set myself to my work, and do it as well as I can; and I trust that the Lord will not leave me desolate in the years that are to come, even if I miss the companion and the home you want me to have. Why, bless your heart, Bab, I may not live to pass the lonely life you dread for me. Why, a thousand things may happen before that;" and Dolly rose up as brightly as if she had suddenly seen a very cheerful prospect open before her.

Mrs. Barbara laughed. "You are such a jolly, odd little thing, Dolly. But my!"—looking at her watch—"it's nearly twelve o'clock!" and up she sprang and began to put the music away.

"Oh, this is what you were singing when I came in—this 'Weary with Rowing.' How did Mr. Morris like it, Dolly?"

Dolly told her how he liked it.

"The old woman!" cried Barbara, impatiently. She had more than gone over to Dolly's side, this arch plotter and match-maker.

"No, no, Bab, not that—he isn't what you mean by that—he isn't a travesty upon nature; he is a kind, true person, only not in our key, or in the key of those men who are very strongly masculine."

"I say he's an old woman!" repeated Barbara, now utterly demoralized. "This last imbecility proves it. To think of any one who can tell one tune from another listening to this impassioned heart-break, and then commence prosing about the duty of liveliness! He's worse than an imbecile old woman; he hasn't any soul. Now I hate those sentimental Misses who prate about plaintive music, and immediately instance 'My heart is dead,' or some such dreary trash. That's a very different thing from that uplifting straight into heaven on some impassioned strains that come from the very depths of human experience."

"Oh yes, yes it is, indeed!" cried Dolly, with a sort of ecstatic expression coming into her face.

Dolly was thinking of a voice that used to sing to her, uplifting *her* soul straight to heaven on its impassioned strains—a voice that even in comedy vibrated with that deep minor chord which can come only from deep natures. As Mrs. Barbara caught that ecstatic expression on Dolly's face she knew where Dolly's thoughts had gone.

"Dolly," she began, rather hesitatingly, "I thought you had got over that affair."

"And forgotten Roy Dallas?" concluded Dolly, with a tinge of bitterness.

"Well, yes, I hoped you had, Dolly, or, at least, that he had ceased to be of such vital interest to you."

"Roy Dallas isn't such an easy person to forget or to dismiss from one's mind as a vital interest," returned Dolly, gazing wistfully before her with eyes that showed plainly that they were recalling the past.

"But I thought—"

"Yes; I don't wonder you thought that was all forgotten, if I could enter into your plans, and contemplate even for a moment replacing Roy Dallas with Herman Morris. Oh, I don't wonder, Barbara, at you. I only wonder at myself. But let me tell you now just how I feel about that. Long ago I gave Roy Dallas up. It was a great wrench then, as you know, and for a long time the wound it made in my life was fresh and bleeding at every touch. But gradually time, and all the duties and cares and various conditions it brings in its train, began to overlay very mercifully this past, until I can really feel now that the wound is healed, and that Roy Dallas is only a memory, and not a hurt to me—a blessed memory which has enriched me, Barbara. I thought at first that I should never feel like this—that he could never be far away in my mind; but God does not mean us to give up life and die if we can not have the one thing that we have set our hearts upon. So I lived on, and found at last, as I say, that my wound had become, instead of a fever and a pain, a blessed memory, and that there might be other interests left for me yet. Latterly, too, I've felt lonely, and a little afraid of a lonelier future, and so I fell in with your plan. I thought, you see"—a little faint smile came here—"that I might 'drive liking to the name of love,' but,

having known love, I found I could not do it. I don't mean by this that I think I can never love again; none of us can tell what may come to us, or what fresh springs yet lie untouched within us, but I will never contemplate marrying for any other consideration again. Having known such a love, how can I, Barbara?"

"I see how it is, Dolly dear; but it is just as I said, isn't it? You measure all men by him?"

"I suppose I do; but how can I help it? We must always make comparisons by what is foregone in our experiences in every matter."

"Oh, Dolly, there are few men whom you could compare with Roy Dallas, if you wait for that," burst out Mrs. Ingalls, unguardedly.

The blood leaped to Dolly's cheek. "Ah, you know that too, Barbara! Then I must still wait, as you call it."

Mrs. Barbara could have bitten her tongue out for her outburst.

"But, Dolly," she began again; "I only meant—"

"Yes; I know, Barbara, all you would say; you have done me no harm. I'm aware of what he was; but we will not do others injustice; there are others, no doubt, who will bear the comparison—who are more than he. I simply say this for justice. I have no idea of waiting, as you say. I'm going to work in good earnest, and leave the end to God."

"Dolly, it's nearly one o'clock; but before we go to bed, and now we're on this topic, I want to ask a question or two. I want you to tell me first how it came about that Roy Dallas acted so suddenly at the last. When the affair was fresh I never liked to ask you any thing, and later I thought I had better not, you know."

IV.

Dolly lifted her dark eyes, darker now than their wont, and full of the shadows of the past. The gay little girl who sat winking and blinking on a certain midnight a week ago—winking and blinking and talking nonsense to Major, was lost now in this pale-cheeked, serious maiden.

"You knew the beginning, Barbara, didn't you—all about that foolish, foolish quarrel with Major Lamsden?"

"No, not all."

"Poor silly thing, I was vain and elated because I thought that Roy Dallas was jealous. He had been so free from it before—so like a king—like his name—Royal, amidst the rest of the men who were fluttering about that winter. I didn't know enough then to know that it was because he was a king in his nature—so large and self-poised that he felt sure of his own. So when he warned me of Major Lamsden, told me that he didn't like for me to dance with him or be upon friendly terms with him, I was mean enough to think it was jealousy, and was flattered and elate, and would not heed even when he told me what an unsuitable person Major Lamsden was for any woman's companion: how he had no respect for, and no belief in any woman, and how he entertained his boon companions with his conquests and his criticisms. No, I put this all down to the mad passion of jealousy on Roy's part, and so kept on my way. I wonder now he bore with me as long as he did. I wonder he had any faith in me when he saw me night after night whirling round in that man's arms. Of course he misunderstood me too; but his misunderstanding was not so unworthy as mine; he could not see that I was simply a foolish, ignorant child; that Major Lamsden was only an instrument in my hands to prove my power over another and another's love. And so he came to think at length that I was gratified by the attentions themselves; that Major Lamsden himself was pleasing to me; that I was actually so light-natured as to like this man's attentions for vanity's sake—and Heaven knows what other unworthy reason; and I don't wonder—I don't wonder! Men know so much and women so little of other men's lives that it is never easy for them to realize how a woman may through ignorance accept attentions and admiration that they know to be insults. Well, things came at last to a crisis. I had been more reckless than usual one evening, and at the end Roy approached me with a set, stern face of anger. He said very little, but his words were stinging and bitter. They told me with terrible distinctness in what light he regarded my conduct. I was so horribly stung I thought I hated him for that moment, and flung back his words with interest. In a few minutes more it was all over between us, and I was going down the room with a dizzy sense of miserable triumph. Then followed more blunders. I held on my way, and before the winter was out I had the satisfaction of seeing Roy entrapped by Ellinor Marsh. Oh, Barbara, if women do not know men, neither do men know women! Here was I, ignorant, deceived, and willful, but honest and true and pure-hearted, spite of all; and there was Ellinor Marsh, whom all *women* knew to be deceitful and ambitious and crafty, and neither honest, true, nor pure-hearted; and see how she won and I lost. Oh, how bitter I grew! He did well to talk to me of Major Lamsden, I said, savagely.

"Well, in June they were married; and it was in June, I shall never forget it—not a week after this marriage—that my eyes were opened, and I saw the meaning and the truth of every thing. It was Harry Jerauld who did this kindness for me. I had kept on in the same manner with Major Lamsden; he was like Ellinor Marsh in one thing—he could seem any thing he chose, and he seemed to me a gentleman. But Harry came to me one day, and said he had something to tell me—something he thought he ought to tell me. And, Barbara, he told me, with the color rising in his fresh young face, how Major Lamsden had spoken of me the night before at a gentleman's party, in that light and sneering

way that Roy had warned me of. He had taken up, Barbara, the simplest and most innocent jesting that had passed between us, and spoken of it, and of me, in that idle insinuating manner which had turned me and my words into a hateful travesty of the reality; made me out 'fast,' Barbara, when I was only striving to be gay, and to cover the trouble that I thought sometimes would kill me; and you know what my gayety is, dear, even at its most reckless height; you know I never could deserve that wretched unwomanly reputation."

"Oh!" Barbara gave this ejaculation fiercely, and then gathering herself up, girding herself, went on: "I know one thing, Dolly, that there *are* men, yes, and women, who deserve some punishment which has never yet been conceived. I don't believe in hell, you know, as a general thing; but I do believe that there *is* a place where these evil-minded, slimy-mouthed wretches will get their deserts, and perhaps get their redemption and purification at the same time."

At any other moment Dolly would have laughed at this characteristic *Barbarism*, which didn't believe in hell as a general thing, but only on special occasions. Now, however, the past held her, and, scarcely noticing the interruption, she went on with her story:

"Before Harry left me he laid bare this man's character, and, unblinded by passion, I could believe of Harry what I would not of Roy. Then how awfully clear every thing became to me! I could see now how Roy, knowing the truth as Harry did, must have been no less amazed than angered at my disregard of his words. Don't you see how he must have misunderstood me; and not only that, but how humiliated and imbittered he must have been? Oh, I can see now, Barbara, how utterly mad I drove him; and in this madness he married Ellinor Marsh. It is five years ago, Barbara, but it seems three times that; I feel so changed and old when I think of it."

"But, Dolly, did he never know how he had misunderstood you?"

"Ah, Barbara, there is the sting to this day. I can not tell; I have never seen him from that time. He lives abroad, you know; he is the Paris partner of the firm."

"I would have written him; I would have sent him word, and told him all!" cried out impulsive Barbara.

"Oh no, you wouldn't, Barbara; you wouldn't have written to Ellinor Marsh's husband."

And impulsive Barbara cried out again, "Oh, Dolly, it was weak of him to rush off in that reckless way into a marriage with Ellinor Marsh!"

"Yes, it was a masculine weakness—one of those rash acts that strong men now and then curse their lives with. I think when a strong man like Roy Dallas loses himself for a moment the result is ten times as disastrous as the mistakes of a lesser man."

"Well, I'm glad of it," cried Barbara, spitefully. "I'm glad the great blundering creatures do get themselves into trouble. They worry us enough to deserve almost any thing!"

And here Dolly's sense of humor came back to her at this irrelevant turn of Barbara's sympathy, and she laughed outright.

"Oh, Barbara," she cried, "you are so deliciously inconsequent sometimes."

"Well, I'm glad I am," laughed Barbara back again. "Now we shall go to bed in smiles instead of tears. You look like my dear little yellow-haired Dolly now. A minute ago your face was so pinched and your eyes so hollow I didn't know you."

"One laugh, like a bucket of water, washes away all the past. How deep you must think me, Bab!" satirically.

"I know how much your laugh goes for. I've seen you and your kind before. You don't make much fuss, and you can see the funny side always; but while you see it your skeleton is rattling his bones somewhere out of sight. I should have some hopes of your marrying one of the five hundred good Mr. Morrises, and ending your life fat and comfortable, if you weren't of this kind; if you cried your eyes out once in a while, like any other rational girl. But there! it's two o'clock. Go to bed; find the stairs now before I turn the gas down. The bedrooms are lighted—you'll see."

V.

It will show how wise Mrs. Barbara was in her estimates when I state that for the rest of Dolly's visit that young woman said no more about Roy Dallas. Down, down, into that deep well of hers, she dropped the dead past and the dead lover. The waters above reflected all the bright things that passed, and people said, "What a gay creature Dolly Brooks is! how I wish I had her spirits!" etc. They never suspected the dead past and the dead lover lying out of sight under all that brightness. They never suspected that while Dolly laughed and jested, and made herself generally agreeable to all the Mr. Morrises, and the rest of his sex, with that natural vivacity of hers, that she was comparing every one of them with that dead lover—a comparison by which the Mr. Morrises and the rest of his sex invariably lost in her view.

She had said truly, however, when she declared that her wound was no longer a stinging pain, but a blessed memory. So Roy Dallas himself was no longer a living reality, but a memory. He was set in the frame of her mind like a portrait. Looking back upon this portrait, this Saul among men, with his strong, masculine traits, it was not strange if she should involuntarily measure all new-comers by this standard. Her tastes had been influenced, you see. Having looked upon the king, it was difficult to find excellence beneath him. Having listened to David's harp, how could she have patience with "*little tunes?*"

But after her week's holiday with Barbara, Dolly resolutely put her dreams and her memories away, and went back to her painting in good earnest; losing herself, or trying diligently to lose herself, in her work. She had at last set up a little studio, as some of her believing and admiring friends had long entreated her to do. Here she brought forth the studies of summer days. Hints of sea, and sky, and shore; of fishermen in swart groups mending their nets in the shadow of rocks, or scudding out in shallow boats across the lapping tide with all sails set; of field, and meadow, and open farm-doors, glimpsing ruddy hearth-fires within, and sun-burnt lads and lasses clustered without; of mountain gaps with lakes like gems, or sun-kissed radiant heights bathed in royal raiment of purple mist. These were some of the suggestions that she had brought with her from time to time from her summer haunts. They had been lying idly in her portfolio, waiting for the days when inclination spurred her to the task of elaboration. Those days had come, it seemed; for gradually, as the spring advanced, her room began to show evidence of her industry. Here and there the sea flashed and foamed in refreshing mimicry of reality, and the swart fishermen laughed up at you from under bent brims while they mended their nets; or tanned sweet faces, of lad and lassie, glimmered beneath low-spreading branches; or the purple misty mountains seemed to beckon you to their cool heights.

One of these well hung at an artist's reception, another placed in a popular picture dealer's window, got much talked about, and presently, as the best result of such talking, were sold at good prices. Then came the long summer days again, when the little studio was closed and the little artist was away again in summer haunts, gathering other hints of sea and shore, of meadow, mountain, and lake. She went back to the city this time with great hopes of herself.

"I'll do better yet this autumn," she said, cheerily.

But even when we have laid down our idleness and put our shoulders to the wheel, every thing does not move forward at the pace we planned. We have something to do besides to overcome idleness and procrastination; we have to learn patience, and trust, and faith. We have to wait God's time for our work to be fulfilled.

So now, while Dolly planned and was so sure of her planning, her plans were all delayed and other work was given her to do. Instead of painting out those hints of summer, she was bending over Aunt Jo's sick-bed; her only companion in this sorrowful time the great gray cat—Major. It wasn't the delay of her work that tried Dolly: it was the anxiety, the lonesome, uncomforted fear, that nobody could appreciate but herself; for nobody quite knew what Aunt Jo and Dolly were to each other. She had no intimate friend but Barbara, and Barbara was away. Acquaintances she had plenty —what the world calls friends; but we have yet to make that word synonymous with its real meaning — service. We have yet to develop that capacity for human brotherhood and sisterhood which Christ came on earth to show us the beauty of.

So all alone, then, as most of us are in our great trials, Dolly went about her daily tasks. But one day, when a sort of bitter despair seized upon her, one day when she had said to herself, "Has the Lord, too, forsaken me?" a friend suddenly appeared to her. It was Herman Morris. He had but just come back to the city, he told her, and had just heard of her aunt's illness, and he came at once to see if he could be of any service to her; for he knew how lonely she must be, with her friend, Mrs. Ingalls, away. His kind, frank sincerity, his goodness was so apparent to Dolly, that she had much ado to keep the tears from coming. To keep from making a fool of herself, she told Mrs. Barbara afterward.

Certainly Herman Morris had never appeared to such advantage as now, and justly so. He was kind, and sincere in his kindness. One of the people who appear so at home in household life with its small but important details. He seemed to anticipate Dolly's wants. There were letters to mail, the doctor's prescriptions to carry to the druggist's—a thousand and one items which Dolly had been obliged to rely for performance upon various unreliable errand-boys. Besides the necessary details there were thoughtful, gracious offices of courtesy. Flowers, when flowers were late and rare; fruits, in their early freshness and lustre; great golden grapes, with the dew white upon them; and peaches, yet warm from the sun's kisses. Aunt Jo's pale face began to brighten, and her eyes to lose something of that weary, worried look. Dolly knew why; she knew that it was not for these personal luxuries that Aunt Jo was mending, but for the suggestion of future care-taking and protection for her darling. This was what was lifting the load from Aunt Jo's shoulders, that was taking the worry and the weariness from her eyes, and helping her to get well. Dolly thought of what Barbara had said—"Aunt Jo will be sure to like Mr. Morris."

And Mr. Morris was worthy of any one's liking—of loving, indeed; for how kind, how good, how tender he was! All very well to talk in health of relying upon one's self—in high moments, when trial and trouble is out of sight, to hold forth in that self-confident manner she had used with Barbara. No person could combine every thing; and what could be more needful, more lovable, in the long-run of actual life, than the qualities that Mr. Morris had disclosed?

This was the way Dolly talked to herself now. Dolly had been through various dangers —had had her great and small temptations; but I don't think she had ever been in such deadly peril as at present. It was the old peril

wherein so many women have been shipwrecked —that peril of endeavoring to "drive liking to the name of love"—of endeavoring to persuade one's self that love is a persuadable emotion; that gratitude and the recognition and approval of fine moral qualities are the safest foundations for union; that this gratitude and these qualities will beget love indeed. Henry Holbeach, one of England's most subtle thinkers, says: "Now, what in Heaven's name has the 'bloom of young desire and the purple light of love' to do with gratitude?" What, indeed? High moral qualities are certainly desirable and necessary in a marriage union; but without that natural indefinable drawing together, that subtle attraction which is the forerunner of the "purple light," if not the light itself, all the high moral qualities in the world will not avail to make a marriage the divine covenant of soul and body which it is meant to be. There are different chemical properties, equally pure and fine in themselves, which will never combine; so two opposite souls, cast in different moulds, will not—because they are not meant to—harmonize together.

Dolly, who was philosopher enough to have solved all this problem long ago, was yet at this crisis so thrown off her usual healthy mental balance by the depressing circumstances which encompassed her that she could scarcely be called in a normal condition. But it is in these abnormal conditions that persons oftenest wreck their lives. So Dolly now was going in a headlong manner to wreck hers.

VI.

It is a dark, soft, still, rainy evening; one of those evenings when one feels the need of human companionship, if ever; and Dolly sits in the little parlor and listens to Aunt Jo's light breathing in the room beyond, and waits for Mr. Morris's expected step. She has made up her mind, and tries to think that the flutter she is in is the glad flutter of eager expectation. So Dolly befools herself. Drip, drip, goes the rain without, and tick, tick, the little yellow-faced clock within. Major upon the hearth by the October wood fire is furbishing himself up for company. Dolly hasn't thought of that! Does she remember when she used to stand before the glass half an hour, trying to decide whether blue or apple-green breast-knots were the most becoming when Roy Dallas was to be her guest? But Dolly has nothing to do with the past now. She has done with every thing but the present—the present and Herman Morris. And there he comes now down the pavement. He looks up and sees Dolly at the dimly-lighted window, and raises his hat to her. As he enters her presence he feels, without knowing why, the atmosphere of her thought. He feels that she is nearer to him, and his hand lingers over hers, and he then and there makes up his mind to speak that very night, as Dolly has made up her mind to listen. What can save Dolly now? Nothing but a miracle. But are the thousand and one apparently small circumstances which come between us and any decisive action, which avert action indeed, miracles? One of these small circumstances delays our projected pleasure; then we inveigh against it as accident, unkind fate; again the circumstance stands in the way of a plan that would have destroyed us; then we thank Heaven, and speak of the interposition of Providence.

But to go back to Dolly.

The flutter she is in does not seem to abate with Mr. Morris's arrival. She takes up her little pocket sketch-book, and turns over the leaves to steady herself, to get relief from a growing embarrassment and trepidation. All the time Mr. Morris's eyes are following her movements. As her trepidation increases he seems to gain coolness and self-poise. As she turns and re-turns the leaves of the little book he bends forward with a smile upon his face.

"Dolly!"

Dolly starts as if somebody had struck her at the new tone in his voice. It is the tone of a claim, of possession already. And he had never called her Dolly before! As she starts her book drops. A little thing, but the brass clamps and clasps give it weight, and produce an explosive noise in falling. And at this noise Aunt Jo wakes from her slumber, and calls out in a quick, frightened voice from the room beyond,

"Dolly! Dolly!"

And Dolly springs up and obeys that call with the most lively alacrity. Aunt Jo had been dreaming, and the sudden awaking by the sudden noise had set her heart beating. If Dolly would hand her her bottle of smelling-salts from the window-seat she should be all right in a moment. Dolly fumbles for the smelling-salts in the semi-darkness, and tips them out of the window, which is standing slightly open for air.

"But, never mind, Aunt Jo!" she cries out, gayly. "I'll run and get mine. I've got a gorgeous one I never use, you know."

While Aunt Jo laments the destruction of her little old bottle, and wonders at Dolly's clumsiness, Dolly flies to her room. She turns over boxes and baskets and drawers in a vain search. Dolly's things have a way of getting lost, and Dolly has a very foolish way of losing them still more by her rummaging manner of hunting for them. Well, she gets things into an awful muss, and then she bethinks her of one more place—it is the "Catch-all," one of those pretty worsted-worked gimcracks which ladies potter over for weeks and weeks, and then hang up as a receptacle for dust mostly, and any other odds and ends that lie about. Dolly thrusts her hand in, and pulls out a quantity of rubbish—papers, bills, hair-pins, empty spools, and what not—but no vinaigrette. Impatient, she unhooks the thing from the wall, and shakes it violently upside down upon the bed. Out rolls the bottle at last. But what else comes with it?

Somebody's picture. Whose can it be? Whose indeed? Whose eyes are those gazing straight back into hers? Whose strong, firm mouth is that curving away like the Athenian Jove's above the square-cut chin? A look half of fright passes over Dolly's face. She forgets all about the vinaigrette as she lifts the photograph to nearer view. The photograph which she thought she had sent back five years ago with all other mementos and keepsakes. And how came it here, this photograph of Royal Dallas? By what strange oversight had she missed it five years since to find it now?

A look half of fright upon her face, for it seems to Dolly almost like a presence—a presence which recalls her to herself, to that real self she has been trying to overcome, to put away, like a garment which hard times have made too costly for use. But now Dolly sees that the garment of her real nature, costly though it be in the wear and tear of the struggle of her present life, can not be put away so easily. She sees that, by nature, and in the education of this nature, by associations, that Herman Morris and she are very far apart, and that the effort to assimilate herself to him is to make a moral and a mental suicide. All this Dolly feels with a new sensation of freshness, a sudden rush of emotion and conviction, as she meets those photographed eyes, as she reviews that strong face once more. She sees with certainty now that it is only a man of this type that can at once strike soul and sense, blood and brain. Not this man, "not you, Roy Dallas," she says to herself, then and there—"for I have given you up; you are dead and buried to me—but of your kind."

A minute more and she goes back to Aunt Jo—to Mr. Morris. The same Dolly to all outward appearance that left them. But when she sits down before her guest again in the little parlor, all her embarrassment gone, all her old natural ease come back, kind, but with a little absent look in her eyes—eyes that now meet his with a straight, unmoved steadiness—Mr. Morris finds that he can not speak just now—that the good minute has gone. He is disappointed, but he is not fanciful, so he doesn't think any thing is amiss. "Next time it will all come right," he says to himself. Dolly turns from the door as he bids her good-night, and draws a long breath of relief, as one does after a danger has passed by.

Whatever another may think, Dolly looked upon what had just transpired as a miracle, from Aunt Jo's call to the necessity which had sent her on that errand that had resulted in bringing her face to face with the most vital reality of her life; face to face with a truth that was to save her from life-long falsehood. Is this what that pictured semblance of Roy Dallas had been in hiding all these years for? She had an odd feeling as if she had been haunted as she asked herself this question. It was a miracle from end to end, a mysterious interposition of Providence, was Dolly's winding up of the whole matter. "Not this man, not Roy Dallas," she had said then and there as she looked at his picture. Yet it is very certain that "this man," that Roy Dallas, was a central figure in her mind just now, that for the next few days his image, his very presence, seemed to be continually before her and with her. Under this tenacious spell a new possibility occurred to her as explanation. He might be dead or dying, and this was one of those singular impressions of memory that seem to have something clairvoyant in it. A cold fear clutched her heart at this. She had said that he was dead to her long ago; but the actual possibility affected her as actual things are apt to affect such temperaments. "Dead, dead, dead!" She said it over and over till the word tolled like a funeral bell in her ear.

In this time Aunt Jo was mending rapidly, and Mr. Morris still continued his visits. But he had found no opportunity to speak as he desired. Dolly was very far from him now. You might almost say that she had forgotten him, so occupied was her mind with one persistent thought.

VII.

At length there comes a day when she feels that she can endure the uncertainty of this thought no longer. If Harry Jerauld were in town he might be able to give her some definite intelligence—to tell her whether she was haunted by the dead or the living. She had lost sight of Harry a good deal in these last few years; but she knew his office address, and it would be an easy matter to write and ask him to come and see her. She acted upon the impulse, and wrote at once. If it reached him she knew she might expect to see him at any moment. A fluttering pulse of expectation throbbed all day. At sunset she looked out upon the blue October sky, at the bluer glimpse of river and bay, at the reddening, yellowing maples in the Square, and thought with a thrill that it was just such a night as this that she had waited for Roy Dallas for the last time. Perhaps it was this thought that increased that strained sense of expectancy that shook her with a nervous dread which seemed to her a presage of impending fate. "He is dead, Roy Dallas is dead; this is what is coming to me," she said aloud. And as she spoke the door-bell rang a quick, imperative summons. Ah, here was Harry Jerauld; now she would know the truth. Her heart beat, and a mist swam before her eyes as she went forward to admit him. She opened the door with a welcome upon her lips, spite of her agitation, for it was very kind in him to be so prompt. She opened the door for Harry Jerauld. It was Roy Dallas who stood before her! Roy Dallas, or was it his ghost come from that world whence he had gone? A moment she stood, dazed and speechless, a thousand wild, confusing fancies whirling through her brain. A moment, and then a firm, manly voice was breaking the si-

lence in the most ordinary of commonplaces. A moment more, and they two, with five years of mistake and misdoing, of bitter regret and anguish between them, were sitting before each other, exchanging civilities like the merest acquaintances. This was no ghostly visitor; but Dolly pinched herself to see if she were awake.

To meet Roy Dallas, the hero of the great tragedy of her life, in this manner seemed false and unnatural. But it was, after all, natural. The external forms of daily life obtain in the most critical moments; and interviews that we have planned in the heat of emotion would be impossible in first moments of meeting after estrangement and long absence. Besides, think of the gulf between them! Dolly thought of it, and asked coldly but gently for his wife. Then the ice of the gulf broke up.

"My wife—you don't know? Dolly, do you think I would come here if I had not come to ask your pardon for the wrong I did you in the past? And do you think I would come if I had not come free?"

"Your wife is dead?" she asked, trembling.

"No, not dead," with bitterness and shame and shrinking in his tone. "Not dead. I thought you must have known. It's a year-old story, worn and threadbare in some circles. Dolly, five years ago I misunderstood a woman whose heart and mind were pure gold. It was but consistent, on the other hand, that I should take the counterfeit for the real metal, in my masculine ignorance and blindness. I took the counterfeit, and I took with it my humiliation and my punishment; and I took it silently, and held my peace until I could hold it no longer—until she who had borne my name and lived under my roof left both for another. No, I have no wife," he suddenly concluded, with that swift abruptness which characterizes strong men sometimes in bitter moments.

There came a pause here which Dolly could not break. Her heart was in a great tumult; but she sat before him cold and white and still, like a marble image of the Dolly he had known. As he looked at her a heavy sigh tore up from his heart, and was smothered at his lips. His voice had changed a little from its strong tones when he spoke again.

"Dolly," he said, "I had no right to hope that you could forgive the insult I cast upon you by my misunderstanding. I insulted you by that, and by my marriage with Ellinor Marsh. But I very soon saw how I had blundered—my madness was short-lived; for it was madness—sheer, unreasoning madness—that drove me out of myself."

"And I too, Roy—I blundered too. I misjudged you as well," Dolly broke in, eagerly. I was so vain and foolish, you don't know; I put such a low motive for your feeling against Major Lamsden."

He shook his head, half smiling. "Yes, I know all that; but that was your very innocence, your ignorance of ill. I don't lay that up against you, Dolly."

The half smile was a quick, low laugh here, and Dolly caught her breath to hear it; it was so like the old-time Dallas, and so like the old time itself.

"But how did you find out the truth, Roy? How did you discover that I was ignorant and foolish, instead of wild and wicked?"

He laughed again. "How did I find out that you were ignorant and foolish?" Then his face changed as he went on. "I had a long time to think, Dolly—a long, miserable time, and a terrible opportunity to draw contrasts. It did not take me long to see how things were, however; and then Harry Jerauld told me of his conversation with you, which only confirmed my own conclusion."

"Ah, I'm glad you had a true instinct of me before Harry Jerauld told you!" cried Dolly, with a brisk emphasis that was so like Dolly.

Roy Dallas brightened as he caught it. Perhaps he thought, as Dolly had thought, that it was so like the old-time Dolly, and so like the old time itself; for with the work and worry of the past few weeks upon her, Dolly seemed a very subdued and saddened Dolly, like, yet unlike, the Dolly he had known, yet like nobody else in all the wide world.

"Did I kill her love for me five years ago, when I acted so like an outrageous brute toward her?" he questioned himself, looking at her wistfully.

"Did he come here to-night to absolve himself of a sin merely?" Dolly thought at the same time.

She was soon to find out what he came for. There was a little pause, a little space of silence wherein Roy Dallas felt that he had come over the seas on a fruitless errand, wherein Dolly felt all sure foundations were slipping from beneath her feet, and then Dallas was breaking the silence, was telling her what had brought him to her door.

"It is just a fortnight to-night—it was the 15th of October, I remember, for I made a note of it—that as I sat writing letters in my room, my mind was suddenly withdrawn from my work, and reverted to you in the most inexplicable manner. I tell you frankly that I tried resolutely to banish all such thoughts, and turn to my letters. But it was of no use. At last, like St. John Rivers, I gave myself up for a brief time to what I could not resist. Pushing back my papers, I dropped my head into my hand, and yielded to my fancies. In a moment I had dropped asleep. And here you appeared to me more vividly than in waking. Dolly, I saw a room like this, and I saw you in it, but not alone. There was some one else present, some man whose face was turned from me; but I shuddered as I watched his bending head; for in his presence there seemed to be some fatal danger to you—some threatened doom which each moment made more imminent. I tried to call out to you, but my lips were dumb. And then I lost sight of you, to find you again elsewhere—in some other apart-

ment. You were moving about restlessly in some hurried search, and you were now alone, but I felt that the danger still waited for you—that it was only a matter of time, unless I could in some manner avert it. Again I tried to call, but with no success. I could make no sound, and the moments flew by, it seemed to me hurrying you to your destruction, and I was impotent to save. In the agony which this conviction brought to me I did what many a wretched man has done in extreme moments when his own impotency has been made manifest to him—I cried to God to save my darling whom I could not save. Dolly, I never knew what it was to feel the swaying and lifting of the soul by prayer before; but there in my dream I seemed to feel the arm of the Almighty, and to be lifted up out of myself and my fears. I woke with a strange sense of rest and relief, yet with an imperative need. I must come to America. I must see my darling—my darling whom I felt sure the Lord had saved from some deadly peril—my darling, as this proves, in whose welfare my own is inextricably involved, even though she turn away from me."

He rose as he said these words, and came forward with the old flush across his cheeks, the old light in his eyes. And Dolly did not turn away from him. His darling indeed! Better than he she knew how involved their lives must be, she who held the counterpart of this strange experience, which proved it a truth beyond human doubting as beyond human solving. Better than he she knew in that moment; but a moment later, listening to her story, he too knew how close the bond between them, and that he had come over the seas not upon a fruitless errand, but to claim his own—his darling whom the Lord had saved.

VIII.

"But it's uncanny—it makes me creep," commented Mrs. Barbara when she came home to hear the story. "It reminds me of the old Douglass couplet:

'Through field and flood, by dyke and stone,
The Douglass comes to claim his own.'

Roy Dallas belongs to the old Douglass clan, it is certain. But, Dolly, this black Douglass of yours is not nearly so pleasant-tempered a person as Mr. Morris. Herman Morris would have smoothed out every wrinkle and brushed every pebble from your daily path. Roy Dallas will go straight over them, and never see them unless you cry out."

Dolly laughed exultantly.

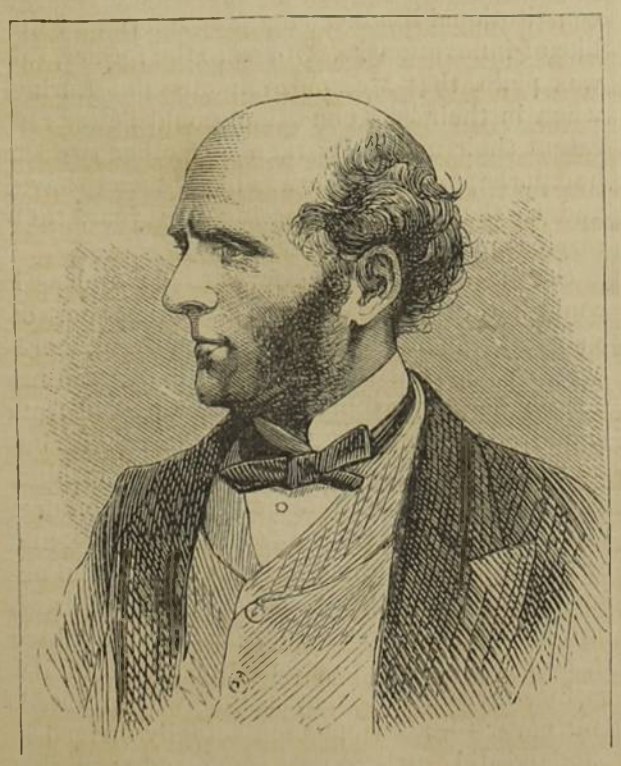
"That's the best of it, Barbara. 'The heavens are large,' you know; he doesn't see small clouds. Ah, Bab, don't you see that's part of the whole which I like so much? It's a large nature, the real masculine nature, which doesn't potter over details. If he stops to help me when I cry out over the wrinkles and the pebbles, what can I ask more?"

"You're sure he'll stop?"

"I'm sure he'll stop. It is the manliest men who are the tenderest always."

"So it is, you dear, wise little thing! Ah, Dolly, so wise to know yourself, and be brave enough to stand alone rather than take any thing less than your very own! It's a sermon, Dolly, the whole thing—a sermon for all women, and"—here Mrs. Barbara's bright eyes twinkled—"a lesson to match-makers!"

THE UNIVERSITY ROWING-MATCH.



THOMAS HUGHES, M.P.

MUCH has been said of late in the journals of both our country and England on this engrossing topic, and though the statements daily made and re-made have been tolerably correct, the instances in which mistakes—often of a glaring nature—have accompanied them have justified the writer in believing that, from the unequaled facilities he has had for judging, he can offer a narrative somewhat nearer the truth. It was his good fortune to accompany, as their secretary, the little party who so daringly met the enemy on their own vantage-ground, and he hence feels hopeful that he can at least put the story in the light in which it is regarded by the actors themselves, however partial that may be.

A brief recapitulation of the history of rowing in the two universities in question will not be out of place here.

Oxford has met Cambridge in friendly struggle, in eight-oared boats alone, during the last forty years, twenty-six times, and in these she has sixteen times crossed the line a winner. And of six more meetings, not strictly annual,

she has four times won the prize. Twenty-four years ago, in 1845, this very course from Putney to Mortlake was for the first time the scene of the contest, and then Cambridge was first at the score. Never but once, and then in 1829, was a shorter distance rowed over, and that year it was the Henley track, of less than a mile and a half in length. Of the 511 men who have had the honor of a thwart in their "'Varsity" boat, a boon often dearer to them than even a "Double First" in scholarship, many have been well known in after-life; and Oxford knew no fitter honor for one of them—one who, in being Captain of the 'Varsity crew, and a winning stroke at that—in being Captain of the University Eleven at cricket, and in taking a Double First (the highest honor in both the Mathematical and Classical Departments), has made himself thrice justly famous—than to elect him her umpire and representative in this last and most important of her naval battles. I need only give his name: THOMAS HUGHES.

On the other hand, Harvard, though blessed with a boat club so long ago as 1844, met her sister institution, Yale, for the first time so late as 1852; and warm was the welcome she gave her men on a bright summer afternoon of that year, when they showed themselves in advance at the finish on beautiful Lake Winnipiseogee. Since that day they have backed up to the line together twelve times, and at the end Harvard has led in eight, or, if the regularly arranged inter-collegiate regattas alone are mentioned, out of eleven in all, she has won seven. So, though the discrepancy in the records of the English universities is great, it is larger yet in our own.

Here, then, were the winners of the most important gentlemanly athletic matches in both countries, often eying each other, and each hoping that the other would first throw down the gauntlet, that they might show how quickly they would take it up. "Why hesitate longer? Why not lead off?" says the younger; and casting about for an opportunity, she found it in the International Regattas in connection with the Paris Exposition, thrown open to all the world, in the middle of June, 1867. Oxford would surely be there, most likely Cambridge. The London Rowing Club had entered the champion amateurs of England; France was to be represented; so was Holland and Germany; and, last in the estimation of the knowing ones, though first in the race, the champion rowers of the world, the St. John crew of New Brunswick. Well, the effort was made, and only because out of eight necessary to man her boat she could muster but seven whom she could justly deem competent to represent her, Harvard was forced reluctantly to remain at home.

In 1868 the question came up again. Harvard had her fastest team, why not use it now? A correspondence was opened for a direct match with Oxford on English waters, and after a proposition to meet them on the river Ouse at King's Lynn was made and declined, because Oxford would not row without a coxswain, nor permit Harvard to, a challenge was sent to row a race with coxswains—but not till over a year later—that is, in the summer of 1869. This too was declined, because this year's crew could not vouch for what that of next might do. So negotiations were dropped, apparently with little prospect of being soon reopened. Last spring, however, the Captain, Mr. Simmons, thought that he had men in Messrs. Rice and Bass quite fit to pull the midship oars, if Mr. Loring, the stroke of the crew of 1867, who had not intended to row this year, would change his mind; and the latter consenting to do this, the following cartel was at once forwarded to England:

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, *April* 6, 1869.

To the President of the Oxford University Boat Club:

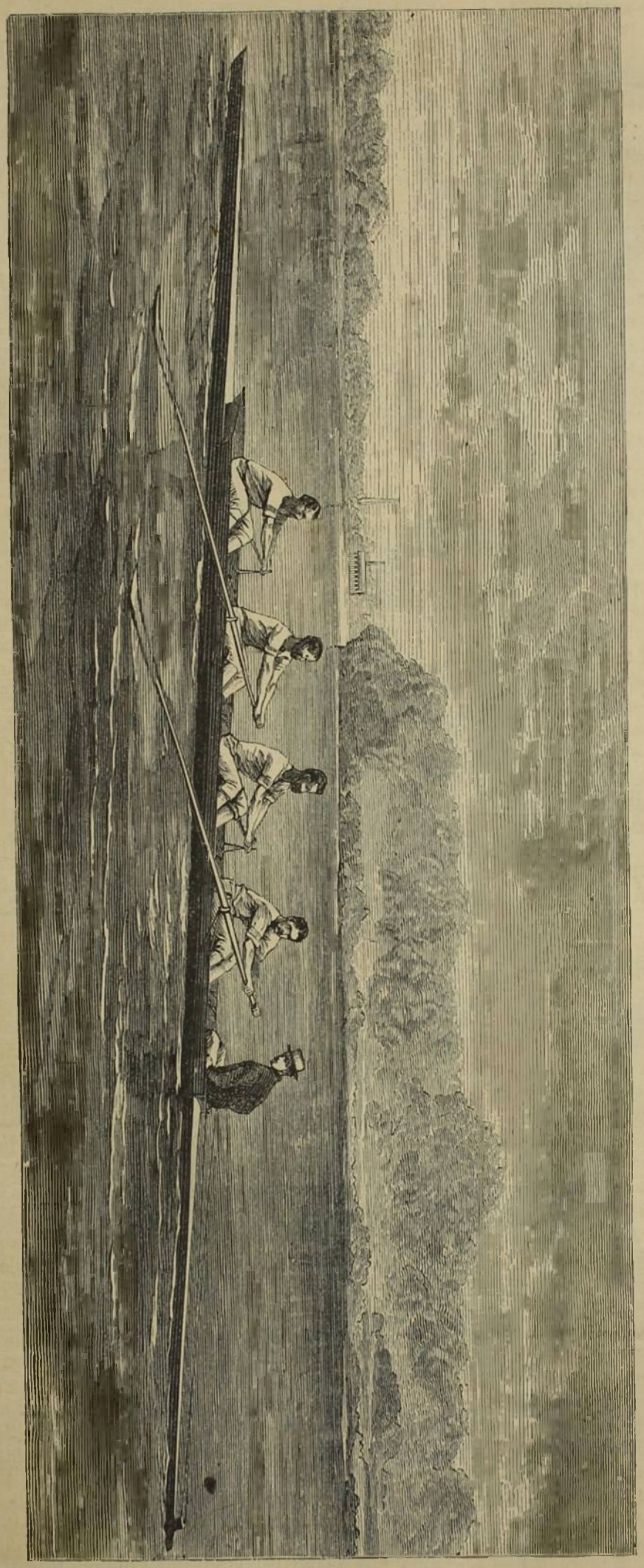
The undersigned, in behalf of the Harvard University Boat Club, hereby challenges the Oxford University Boat Club to row a race in outrigger boats from Putney to Mortlake, some time between the middle of August and the 1st of September, 1869, each boat to carry four rowers and a coxswain. The exact time to be agreed upon at a meeting of the crews. This challenge to remain open for acceptance one week after date of reception.

WILLIAM H. SIMMONS, *Capt. H. U. B. C.*

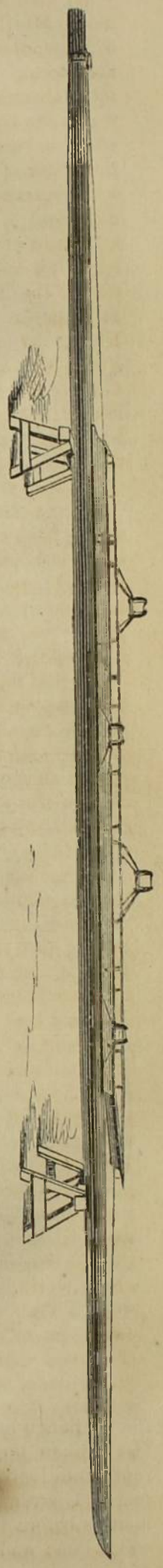
It will be observed that by the terms of this letter not an eight-oared contest was requested, as in the previous cases, but a four; and as Oxford had about 2000 students and Cambridge 2500 from whom to cull eight, while Harvard could boast of but 1100, the latter clearly lost nothing by the change. The place of meeting was one with which the English were intimately acquainted, while entirely new to our men; so was the fashion of steering, namely, by carrying a coxswain. But why yield points so vital? Because without them there could be no match. Last year's interviews had proved this. Was a match at present, then, so desirable, and would not the English be inclined to yield in a few years? Scarcely the latter, judging from their constitutional fondness for precedents and dislike of innovations. And as to the former, this was plain, that Messrs. Simmons and Loring, when in their best condition, could better represent their university than any other two she had perhaps ever had or was likely soon to have; and as they were graduating this year, their services must be had now or never.

So the challenge was forwarded; and as it could hardly be regarded as any thing short of a slight to confine it to Oxford alone, and, moreover, as Harvard would not be likely to injure her chances by asking in a crew picked from one already beaten by the latter, a like invitation was at the same time mailed to Cambridge.

Promptly came Oxford's ready acceptance. More tardy was the word from Cambridge, and at the best it amounted to but a conditional acceptance. She hoped she could raise a crew, but, having lost some of her best men, doubted it, and would like to await the result of her spring races. Of course this was granted. But never till after our men actually arrived in England did further word come, and then, that



PICKED CREW OF LONDON ROWING CLUB.



ELLIOTT'S BOAT.



THE HARVARD CREW.

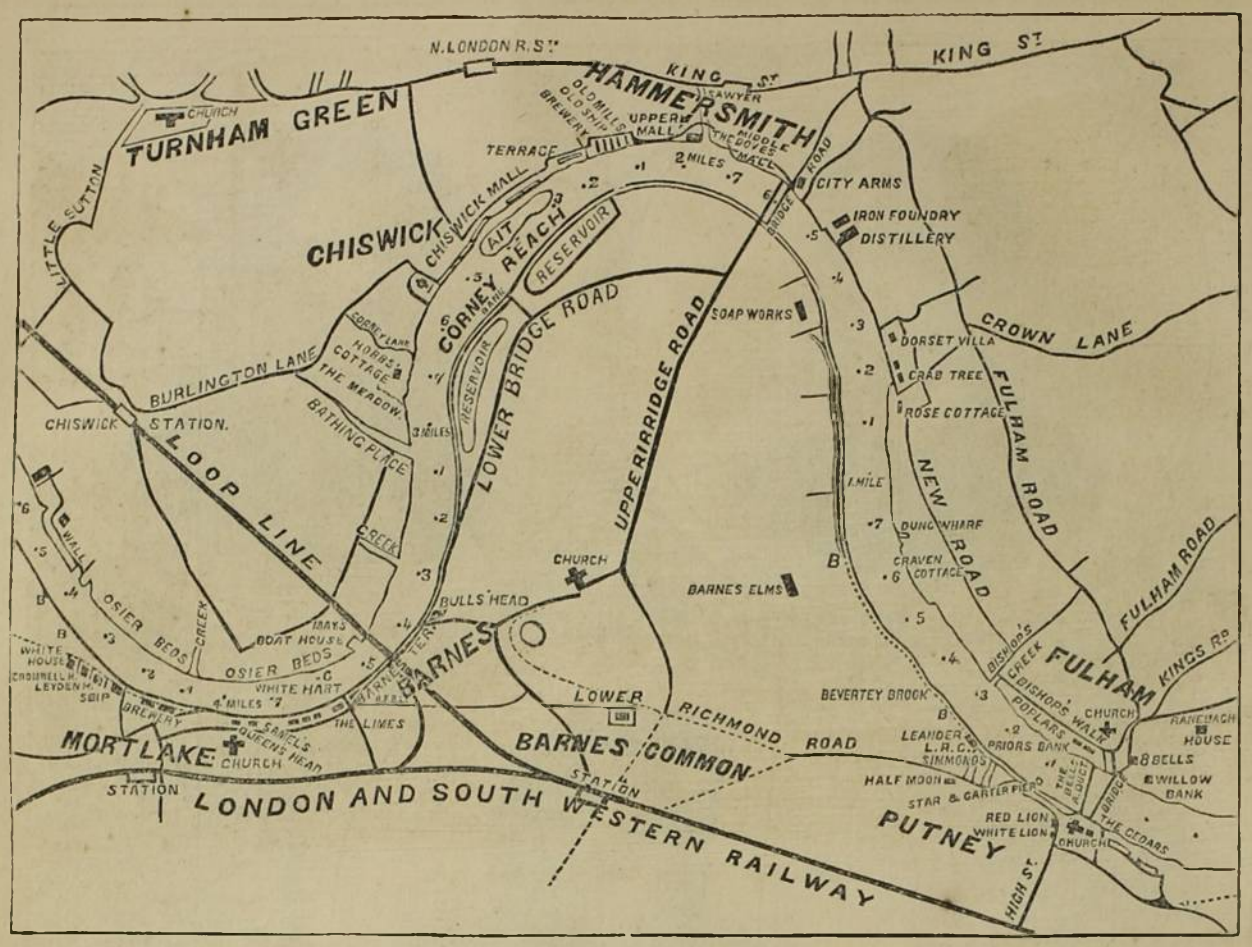
the challenge came late, her crew was more or less broken up, and she must decline. Her representative was told that it seemed to us remarkably strange that a challenge arriving two months before the close of her term should be called late; and yet more so, that out of a body of 2500 men, hundreds of them more or less acquainted with rowing, four could not be found to match the representatives of an institution having hardly threescore men who knew how to feather an oar.

Directly on the heels of Oxford's manly response came the challenge of the champion amateurs of all England, the London Rowing



THE OXFORD CREW.

Club. The four gentlemen who man their boat in the accompanying sketch, Messrs. Stout, Long, Gulston, and Ryan, are almost masters of their art, and well might their club say, as it did, that, should we be so fortunate as to defeat Oxford, we might, by claiming to have beaten England's champion gentlemen rowers, thus prejudice their own justly deserved claim to that title. They, stating this, asked us to row them an eight-oared, four, pair, and single-scull race, or either of them; that whether we accepted or no we would at least share with them their boat-houses and club-rooms, and use their boats. Finally, our whole party were by



THE COURSE. (DISTANCES MARKED IN MILES AND FURLONGS.)

this letter at once made honorary members of their club.

A challenge so manly, so courteous, could not pass unnoticed, and most reluctantly were our men forced to decline it, and for this reason: no Harvard crew ever yet rowed a match race with any crew except one composed of students, nor ever would; and because, if they did once, a precedent was established that it would be nearly impossible not to follow, and then they would always be in danger of being called on to row in term time, which course would so interrupt their studies as to invite the interference of the college faculty. But though declining to row the gallant Londoners, they accepted their most generous proffer of hospitality; and all the time they were in England it stood them in right good stead, for the attention of the former to our wants was most considerate and assiduous.

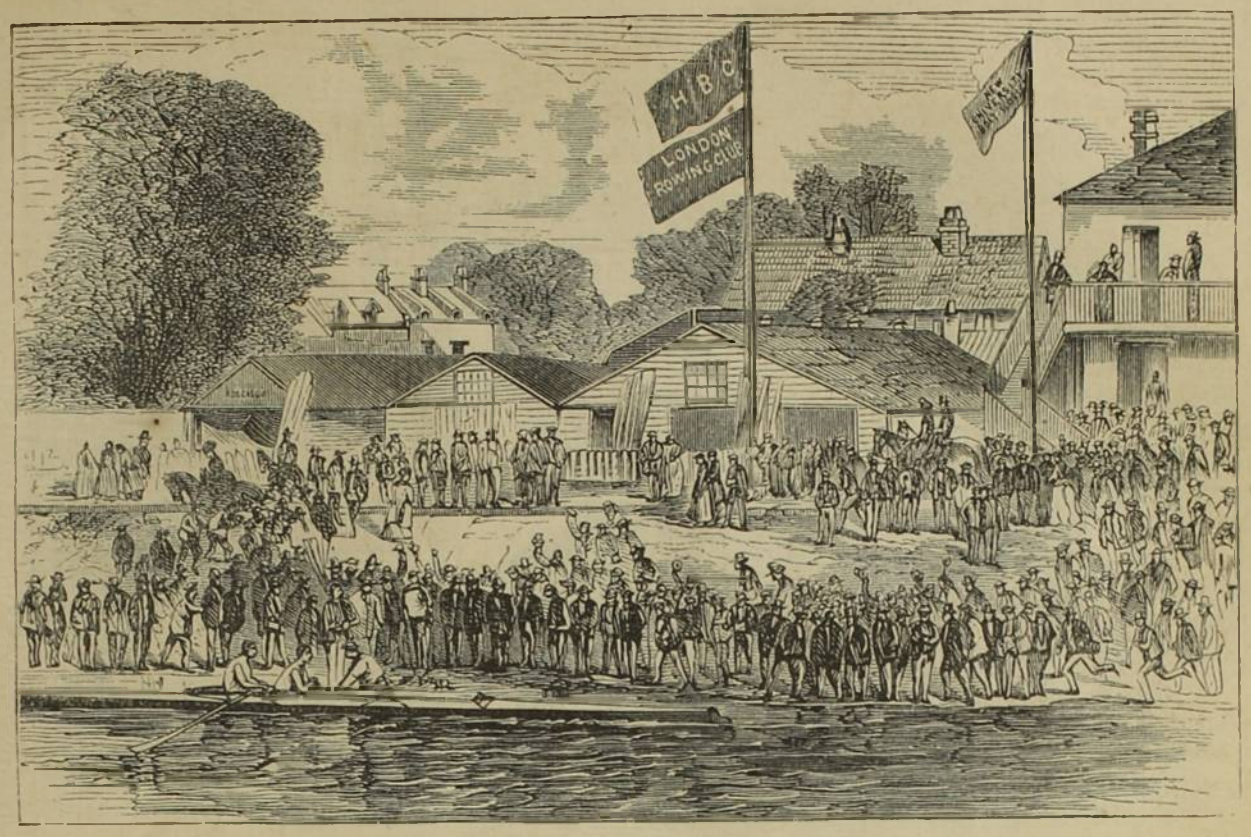
Harvard, then, was to row Oxford on some day between the middle and end of August. This margin was given so that if one day did not suit another would, and yet be within the terms stipulated. It turned out well that it was so, as, had the day been set as originally anticipated, our crew would have been too raw at their work to have been in condition to row a hard race.

The Oxford men went into training as a crew on the 19th of May, and they seldom allowed a day to pass without their regular rows. The crew Harvard actually had to represent her had been together about three weeks; although had, as she expected, Messrs. Rice and Bass been so well up to their work as to be of the chosen four, hers would have been together since late in April—a month longer than their rivals.

An English four-oared boat, with coxswain's seat, built by Jewitt a dozen years ago, was first used for practice by our men, but soon getting leaky and worn out, a new one by Elliott, of Greenpoint, New York, was substituted.

On the 15th of June Messrs. Loring, Simmons, Rice, and Bass, with Arthur Burnham for their coxswain, rowed their first race, and defeating the Hurley crew of Boston, were beaten two lengths by the George Roahr, the fastest professional crew of the same city. Mr. Simmons was then rowing stroke, and Mr. Loring bow. Two days later, at a regatta on the Mystic, near Charlestown, Massachusetts, the same crew, without their coxswain, having borrowed the four-oared shell of the Union Boat Club of Worcester, defeated the victors of the previous race with great ease by some fourteen lengths, the distance being four miles.

Boston, with a liberality that has done much to keep aquatic sport on her waters unequaled for fairness or interest by that of any other city in the Union, gave in her Annual City Regatta of July 5 (ordinarily the 4th) an almost unprecedentedly large prize for four-oared boats, the effect of which course was to bring out a list of entries that included such crews as that of the Hamills of Pittsburg, the swiftest four west of the Alleghanies, the ex-champion himself pulling an oar; the Biglins of New York, often a winning crew; the Piscataquas of Elliot, Maine; the Unions of Worcester; the George



BOAT-HOUSE OF THE LONDON BOAT CLUB.

Roahr of Boston again, and others less famous. Harvard won the race with ease.

Harvard "stock"—which, at first low, had been going up steadily—was now at par, and the betting began to be even on the Americans in the forthcoming inter-university race. Meanwhile the papers had taken up the contest, and Harvard was booked to have no chance to win. British fair play was flung in her ears, the mistake being that the specimen quoted was always the Heenan and Sayers fight. If we were to judge America's character for fair play by the conduct of her prize-fighters and professionals, perhaps the less said about that desirable element the better. The fact is, with the exception of the race in which the yacht *America* gave so good an account of herself, sporting matches between gentlemen of the two countries have hardly ever taken place.

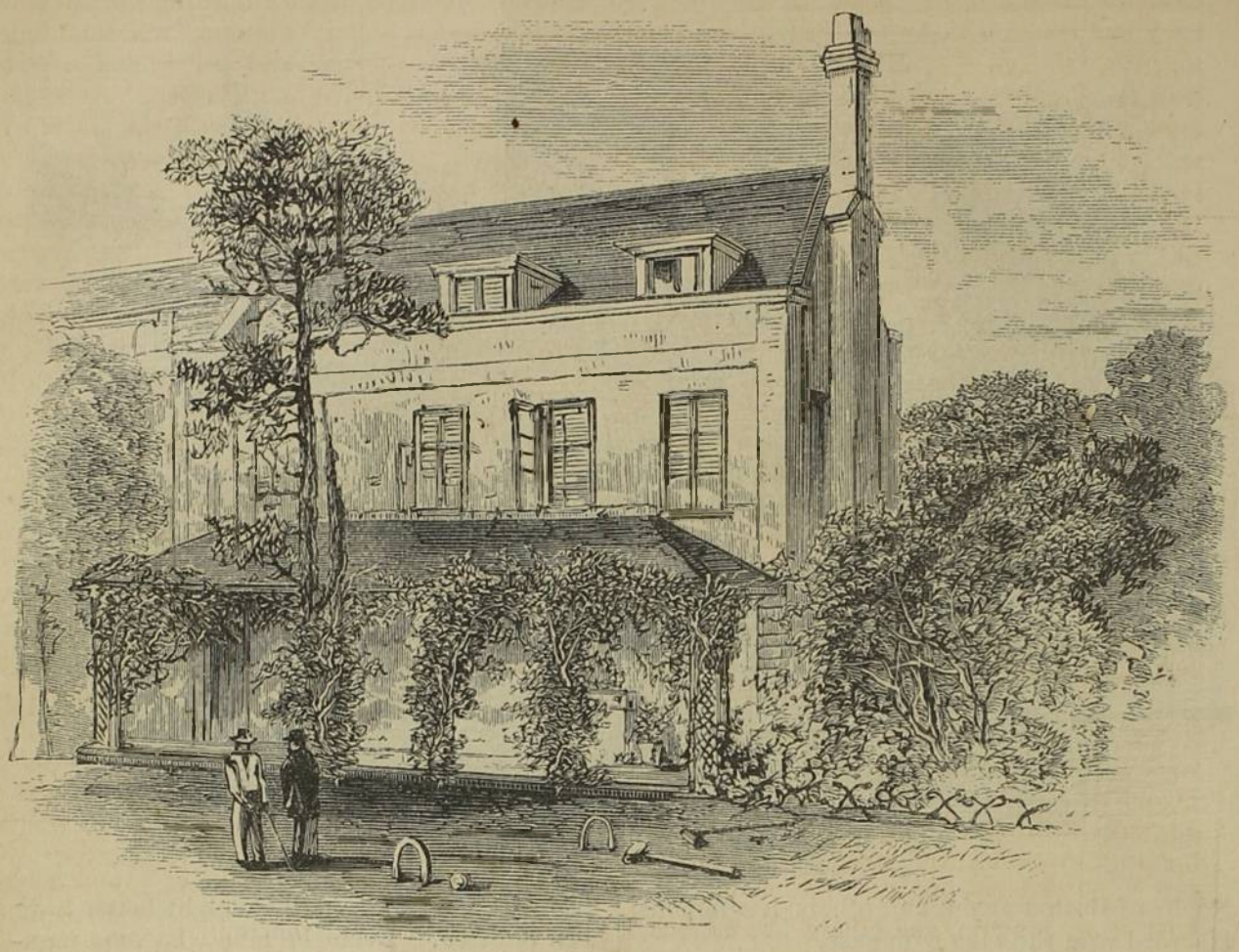
The English universities, too, had so many men to pick from that Harvard must go to the wall. But we may always pertinently ask in this connection, "What good did Cambridge's 2500 do her in the hour of need?" One well-known American correspondent, who had always, in his letters from England, prophesied most hollow defeat for his countrymen, used to tell us that "Harvard must be prepared to find the contest they propose considered as an incomplete trial of strength," for the reason that "a good eight is the culmination of all the science and art there is in rowing," and hence that a four is not a sufficient test. But this remark hardly seems of much value now. Harvard, too, would have to change her whole style of rowing, in order to suit "the turbid, muddy, chemical mixture of the Thames." We have seen no such change.

Much else was said that might better have been omitted. Even the men who were managing the Harvard College fortnightly, the *Advocate*, must needs oppose the project by ventilating their individual views, and gravely informing the public that "the interest in boating at Harvard is on the decline," though when a crew which could be mustered, that she supposed was without her four best men, could send in so good a record as her six has this year from Quinsigamond, the ground for such a remark must be seen to be slight.

On the other hand, the English press were glad that our men were coming; were much moved by the uncalled for remarks of our papers on the chances of fair play; and while thoroughly confident that their own men would render a good account of themselves when the day came, could not overestimate the courage and generosity of Harvard in being willing to come so far, and in the face of such difficulties.

Private theatricals given by Harvard students, and subscriptions from wealthy Harvard men and their friends, soon raised the requisite money. Elliott had thus far succeeded best with his models in this country; but, to leave no stone unturned, an Englishman lately arrived, holding himself out as a crack builder, was also tried. A boat from each accompanied the crew, who sailed from New York in the Inman steamer *City of Paris*, on the 10th of July. The Nassau Boat Club of New York vied with the other clubs of that city in a most friendly send-off, bidding them God-speed.

After a most enjoyable trip, with very little sea-sickness, obliging officers, and a short run, they reached Liverpool on the 20th, where they were met by representatives of the Liver-



THE WHITE HOUSE.

pool and Chester clubs, inviting them to put in at least a day with them. They got forward at once to Putney, the most thorough arrangements having been made by Stanton Blake, Esq., of New York city, for their conveyance over the London and Northwestern and Southwestern railways, free of any expense, special cars on the former and engine on the latter being placed at their service.

Arriving at Putney their boats were at once carried to the boat-houses of the London Rowing Club, and the men—disappointed in procuring a house they had hired, by the landlord, at the eleventh hour, declining to let it for so short a period as they wanted it—put up temporarily at a little inn known as the *Star and Garter*.

In five days, by the united efforts of the London Rowing Club men and themselves, a most suitable and comfortable dwelling, rejoicing in the high-sounding title (to Americans, at least) of the "White House," was secured; and it was well worth waiting for. With an acre of garden and a high wall about it, they were now most eligibly located, the river being within twenty feet of the garden gate, and the boat-houses not a stone's-throw off.

Great was the curiosity the little party excited at Putney. Every man of it was watched with most eager eyes. While at the *Star and Garter*, particularly, the door could not stand ajar but a dozen would be peeping in to see the bold strangers. George, our colored boy, a most useful attendant, was questioned and cross-questioned on all manner of matters concerning the crew, but his wit was equal to the emergency. Mr. E. Brown, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, had come along to cook, and that fact itself guaranteed all that could be desired in a culinary way. The house just accommodated the rowers, two gentlemen who accompanied the crew, Elliott, and the servants.

For the first ten days the change of climate manifested itself in a looseness of the joints and a lack of the springiness and activity one felt at home. The heavy damp air of England, made more so in this instance by the river



GEORGE.

close by, would cause some of the men to hack and cough a little on rising in the morning, even though they did not feel at all cold. Still these effects soon wore away, only influencing the race itself by deciding Mr. Loring to arrange that it should be rowed on the 27th instead of the 16th. The two men who came last, however, Messrs. Fay and Lyman, thus had but about ten days in all in which they were entirely themselves.

The Elliott boat had hardly been put into the water till it began to get soundly rapped by the papers. It was a beautiful specimen of cabinet-work certainly, but much too long. All such models had long since been discarded in England, etc., etc. The facts about it were these: Elliott had very clearly defined notions as to what his best models had been. But he had lately become much impressed with the idea of very long and narrow models, with a small cross-midship section; and his views were too readily indorsed by the men themselves. The one he had built for practice, and in which they were beaten on the 15th of June, was 52 feet 6 inches long—longer than his ordinary six oars, and only 19 inches wide. The one they took with them, finished only the day before they sailed, and tried but once, was 49 feet long and 18½ inches wide, while 42 feet long by 20 inches wide are the usual English measurements. The first "buckled," that is, sagged in the middle fearfully at every stroke. The second, stronger and shorter, did so less, but still too much.

Elliott took with him in his trunk the model and all the ribs of a new boat, built, not on the long and narrow plan, but on exactly the lines of his most successful boat, that in which Harvard defeated Yale in 1867, 1868, and 1869. He had not seen the river itself and the best English models half an hour before he was convinced that the shorter craft would be best suited for the work. Instead of the tide rising and falling 10 feet, as on the Charles, it reaches 18 and 20 on the Thames, and as the average width from Putney to Mortlake is not much over 600 feet, it will be seen at once that a bed so narrow and deep, as well as quite crooked, must cause innumerable little swirls, and these switched a long boat about much more than they did a shorter one, as a single trial of one of the latter belonging to the London Rowing Club soon showed. No man could have been more confident than Elliott that he could beat the English models. Hiring two young fellows to help him, working thirteen hours a day himself, he succeeded, five days before the race, in turning out his boat.

Not convinced that the fastest American would necessarily be the fastest craft possible, Messrs. J. and S. Salter, of Oxford, had been instructed to build their very swiftest boat. They were chosen because both Oxford and Cambridge had used their boats only in the 'Varsity races for years, and therefore theirs were supposed by us to be the best. But the London Rowing Club men, while admitting the advantages of Messrs. Salters' "eights," said that their fours were too strong and heavy, and not so fast as those of Jewitt and Clasper. Arrangements were at once made with the latter by which each was for a reasonable consideration to build his very best boat, and our men were to be the sole judges of their quality, adopting any plan of testing their speed that they themselves might see fit—whichever proved fastest to be paid for at the usual rates. They stated, however, that though they would much prefer to use an American-built boat, they certainly would not do so if they could obtain any other manifestly faster. Messrs. E. Searle and Sons tendered one of theirs free of expense, so that thus they had seven boats from which to choose—the two they brought with them, the Salter, Jewitt, Clasper, and Searle models, and the new Elliott. Frequent trials decided them to take the latter, she once going from Putney Aqueduct to Bishop's Creek in seven seconds less than either of the others. If Elliott could wish a triumph made more sure he had his desire granted when the Rev. Mr. Risley, an old Oxford 'Varsity oar, told the writer that he had hoped our men would discard the new boat so that his might use her, or when the Rev. Mr. Shadwell, himself one of Oxford's most noted stroke oars, and one of the first connoisseurs of shell boats in Europe, complimented her as one of the best boats he ever saw. Mr. Elliott, then, has proved himself the champion shell-boat builder of the world, and well does he deserve the title. His superior knowledge of his art was often displayed. No one of the English builders ever knew the weight of his own boat. He always did. Each seemed to have found what he regarded as a good model, and to have built on that alone.

Quite ready to admit the good qualities of the other boats, Elliott always wanted to know if they could not be improved, and his mind, never at rest, has shown the wisdom of his plan. In substituting the light Maine hackmatack for the heavy white oak, of which the knees of all the English boats were made, he gained too a material reduction of weight, yet without loss of necessary strength. Forty-four feet long, twenty-one and a half inches wide, and eight inches deep, the new boat, while light and fast, was very roomy and comfortable.

The amount of work taken by the men for the first two weeks was, from the indisposition referred to, comparatively small—in fact, so much so as to awaken serious apprehensions among the friends of the crew and interested lookers-on as to whether they were training with sufficient severity. The newspapers spoke of it in terms not always doubtful in their meaning. We were told daily how busy the Oxford men were, and rather suffered by the comparison. But as the time began to approach, and the new men to get accustomed to their places, the daily labor was much increased, and now the press pronounced them very gluttons of work. The



STEAM TUGS ON THE THAMES.

stroke, with which much fault had been found as being too short, with a dip too deep, was becoming longer and shallower. Their speed, though not complimented when they rowed with the tide, was very much thought of when against stream; in short, was considered faster than Oxford would show. This was perhaps owing to the fact that against the tide the headway of the boat is more suddenly retarded between strokes than when going with the stream; and hence, as Harvard rowed more strokes a minute, the delays were less protracted.

About two weeks before the race the Oxford men left Pangborne, some eighty miles up the river, where they had been busily practicing in strict seclusion, and came directly to Putney. One disadvantage which it was freely admitted that our men labored under was that of being constantly under the surveillance of an interested crowd, on the tow-path, and in the passing steamers. On the very first day the two crews showed at Putney the people were out by hundreds attempting to judge of their respective merits. Every evening until the contest each train brought from London a generous delegation, and even in the morning row it was often difficult to launch the boat, so numerous were the by-standers. Always good-natured, frequently expressing their admiration at the well-developed, sun-browned arms of the strangers, they would seldom cause the latter any considerable inconvenience, and never intentionally. Daily, almost hourly, would the wish be heard expressed that the Americans might win, and if the Englishman who said so was asked why he thus opposed his countrymen, he replied in terms highly flattering to the pluck and daring of their rivals. Seldom did the boat go out or come in without more or less applause from the bank, and often it was very general. Well-mounted equestrians upon the towing-path kept level with the crew and timed their every stroke.

The boating correspondent of the *Times*, Mr. Brickwood, was most regular in thus accompanying them, and every word he let fall soon found its way into some less important sheet. The other reporters were on hand. They would button-hole you at every corner. They knew what our men fed on better than they did themselves. They discovered new facts every day. They had most varied explanations of every stop and every start of the crew. Letters, too, from other parties would crop out occasionally. "A Disappointed Oarsman" had expected an American style, an American boat, American oars, and learning suddenly that he would see none, had concluded that they were nothing better than two Thames crews. Some friendly Englishman took up the cudgels, and wanted to know if he regarded the Oxford and Cambridge as two Thames crews, though they each used an English boat, oars, and style on the Thames.

The fact was that the Harvard men did substantially without a "coach" or instructor, simply because they thought that so late in the day they had better hold to a method with which they

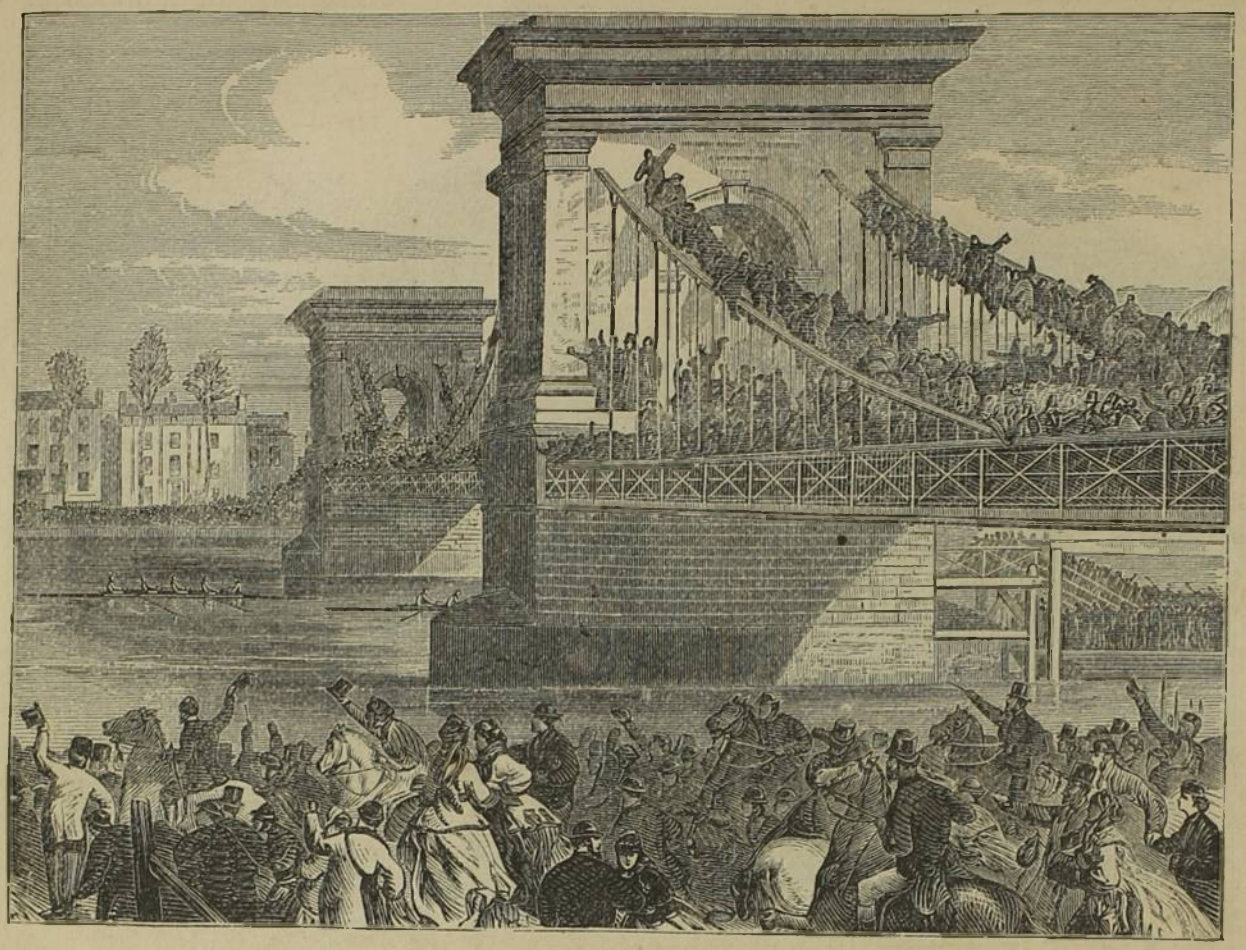


THE OLD CRAB-TREE INN.

were well acquainted than half learn another, even though the latter was preferable. As the result proved, the crew did row an American boat, were coached on the American plan, and would have been only too glad, even at the eleventh hour, to have dropped their coxswain and shown the true American style of rowing. Carrying one hundred and five pounds of coxswain of course decreased the number of strokes per minute. Without him each man had to carry his own weight, his oar's, and a quarter of the boat's. With him each had his own, his oar's, a quarter of the coxswain's, and not a quarter of a boat sufficiently large to carry four men, but one for five. A one-hundred-and-fifty-five-pound man, then, carried about thirty-five pounds of boat, eight of oar, and twenty-six of steersman, making his burden thus about two hundred and twenty-four pounds, against only about one hundred and ninety without. So that the forty-six strokes rowed the first minute of the race were quite as difficult as the fifty shown in the start last year, or this, at Worcester.

The difference between the Oxford and Harvard "style" or manner of rowing was very marked. The former sat up almost painfully straight, and reaching well forward, though quite slow in getting there, seemed to hang for a moment to balance their oars for a hit at the water. Then, instead of dropping it at once and vertically into the water, they appeared to pull it in the air, or, to use the technical phrase, "clip" the beginning of their stroke. The moment the oar-blade touched the water they strove to throw almost their entire weight against the stretcher or foot-board, and to do all the pulling they could in the first third of the arc described by the blade in the water. This is very trying on the legs at first, though one gets accustomed to it. It is claimed that striking the water so sharply renders it a solider fulcrum than it is when the oar pushes against it more slowly. The blades of the Oxford oars were five inches wide in the widest place—of ours five and a half; yet their sudden smite caught the water very firmly. Dipping barely deep enough to cover the blades, they retained their arms straight until their bodies sloped back past the perpendicular, and till they formed an angle of fifty degrees with the boat's gunwale. Then dropping their hands against their lower ribs, they commenced another similar stroke. All sat up to the side of the boat farthest from the oar-blade.

The Harvard men all sat in the middle, and had longer outriggers proportionately, a trifling increase of weight, but a marked one of steadiness. They did not seem to be trying to look so grand as their rivals. Their backs, less straight, were more natural, though not round. They thrust their hands forward very quickly from their bodies, and reached farther over their toes than their antagonists. They aimed to pull every part of the stroke equally hard—at least threw less weight upon the beginning. The arms were called into play more in finishing up the stroke, and the rebound from the body was much swifter. They swung their bodies back past the perpendicular less far than



HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE.

the others, hence appearing to droop more over the oar-handle just as it was against the body. Their dip, too, was deeper, though quite shoal. The bucketful or more of water that each oar sent aft would manifestly be detrimental to a narrow boat following closely. The stately appearance of the Oxford rowing, though very noticeable in the first mile, was often less marked in the third or fourth; and Mr. Charles Reade—as his letter to the *Tribune* shows—detected this in the race itself; while the same writer observed greater uniformity in the Harvard rowing throughout the entire distance—as had been the case, by-the-way, almost always during their practice.

During the week of the contest the number of visitors at the White House largely increased—some days reaching as high as forty. The crew were so taken up with their training that they had little time or disposition to meet these people, so that this work devolved on the rest of the party. Among those calling were many well known on both sides of the water. Thomas Hughes, M.P., Sir Charles Dilke, M.P., Charles Reade, Mrs. Goldschmidt (*née* Jenny Lind), Mr. Moran, Secretary of the American Legation, General Badeau, Mr. Morse, the American Consul at London, Hon. Thomas H. Dudley, the American Consul at Liverpool, prominent bankers, eminent lawyers and literary men, and many Americans who had been traveling on the Continent, and had come up purposely to see the race.

As the course to be rowed—the best-known rowing-track in the world, from Putney to Mortlake, on the Thames—was only four miles out of London, and as all the papers agreed that the number of spectators would be unprecedentedly great, the danger of obstruction to the contestants plainly demanded much attention.

In fact, the two chief dangers that seemed to threaten our men from outside sources were, tampering with what they ate or drank before, and interference in the race itself. The former was guarded against with great care for ten days beforehand, by having a double allowance of food and drink coming into the house, one through the regular channels, the other by secret means and the hands of Harvard men only. Though the suspicion was day by day materially reduced, the feeling still was that we should be very much chagrined if drugging the food, or any thing else in our power to foresee, was not prevented. The men with whom we were to row, or their friends, we never thought of mistrusting. It was only the tools of betting men whom we had reason to fear.

As to clearing the course, in the annual 'Varsity races, an attempt is made to do this by the Conservators of the Thames, a board of gentlemen whose title suggests their duties. Until the danger to life became so great that within two years Parliament passed an act giving them supreme control of the river from Putney to Mortlake on the day of a great race, they had been almost powerless to carry out their purposes, but since that time had succeeded comparatively well. They met representatives of both crews at Putney; and as all agreed that the match was strictly a private one, and

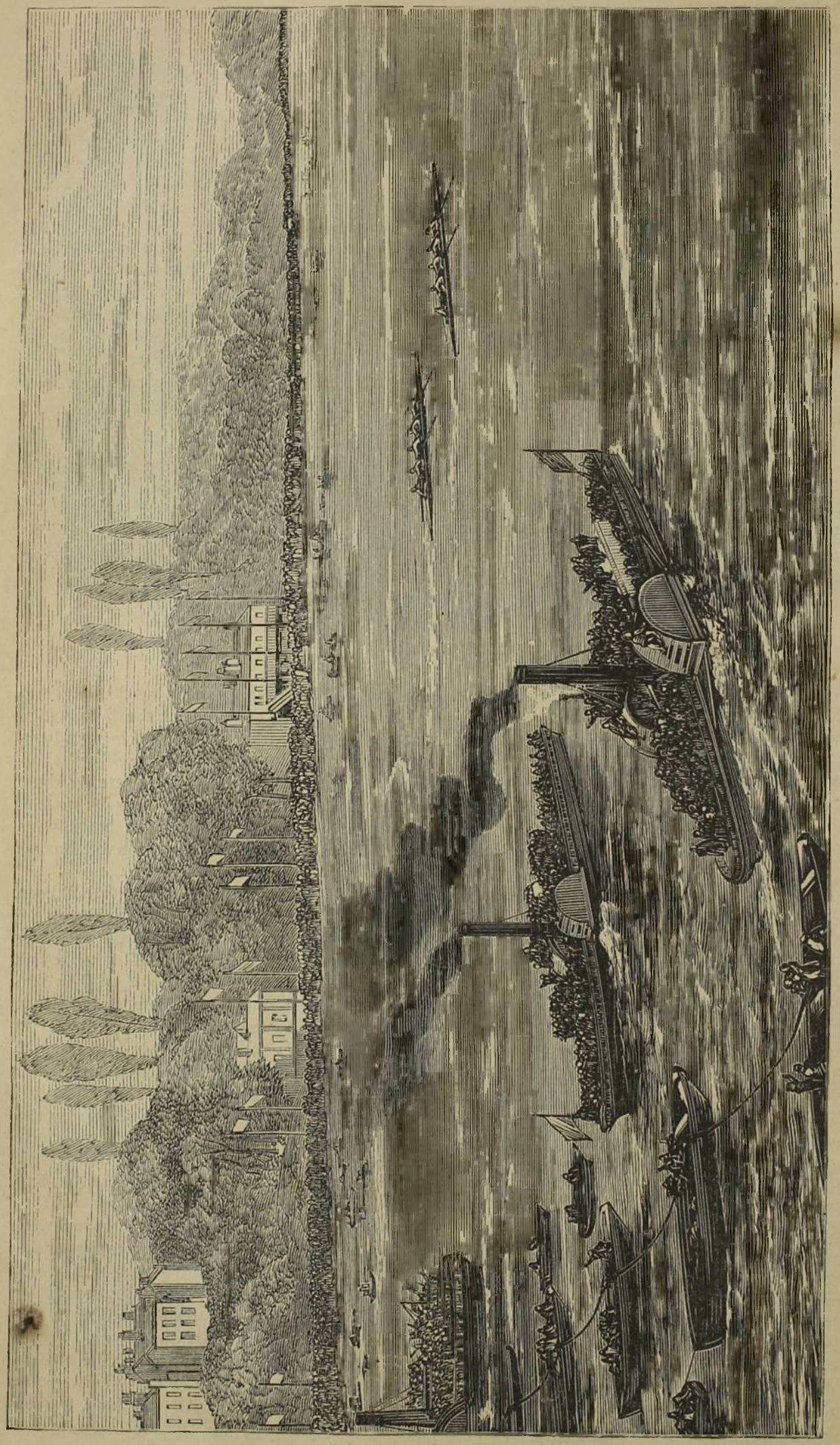


BARNES BRIDGE.

one which the public had no actual right to see, it being quite easy to pull it late in the evening or early in the morning, and without notifying them, the Conservancy Board were ready to undertake to keep the course entirely clear if the people might be allowed to view the contest. We insisted that no steamers be permitted on the river from the start to the finish, except one for the umpires and referee, and one for the press; and so admirably were their plans carried out that, with the exception of the two above named, and two others which were anchored near the finish, with two policemen over the captain of each to arrest him the moment his paddle-wheels moved (all the Thames steamers are side-wheelers), not a steamer was seen on the whole course. Long strings of barges and lighters were moored about one-third of the way from shore out in the river, and parallel with the bank, and no small craft were allowed outside of these, thus leaving two-thirds of the river, or a strip four hundred feet wide, entirely clear. Even the two little steam-yachts, the one belonging to Mr. Willan, from which Mr. G. Morrison coached, and the other kindly loaned our men by Mr. Blyth, of Cambridge, and which our coxswain would steer over the course, guided by a waterman, once or twice a day, were not allowed within the above limits. Mr. Blyth's boat, by-the-way, is the fastest craft in Europe, having been known to do twenty miles an hour with ease. John Thorneycroft, Esq., the son of a well-known English sculptor, modeled and built her, and at first, before Mr. Blyth's came, placed at our service his own private steam-yawl, the *Water-Lily*. Most charming little boats are these, and unapproached as a means of "coaching" thoroughly and accurately. The southern, or shore arch, of Hammersmith Bridge was by mutual agreement kept closed, and both boats were to pass under the Middlesex arch of Barnes Bridge.

For two or three days the weather had been very warm, and there was little evidence of moderation when the sun rose on the morning of the 27th. Soon after breakfast, although the struggle was not to come off until five in the afternoon, numerous carriages were seen making their way toward Mortlake, in order to locate themselves so as to be able to command a view of the finish, and hired men sat in and watched them to keep them in their place till needed. As the day wore on a strong breeze sprung up from the eastward, blowing directly up the course; and Elliott, the builder, seeing this, fairly danced with delight; for he had built his "ship" full-floored and sea-worthy, while the rival boat was noticeably narrower. Had this wind continued, there is strong reason to believe that it might have caused a result different from the actual one. But soon after two o'clock it began to subside, and when the hour drew near had almost died away.

At three the Thames Conservancy Board locked up the river, and even as early as four the track was about clear. All day long Putney had been very lively; and the booths and every



THE START, AT PUTNEY.

other apparatus that has yet been devised for the spasmodic gathering of small change, which had established themselves along the bank, made every one full of spirits in anticipation. One long, steady, uninterrupted stream of boats of every dimension and cut, from the frail ten-inch, single-scull shell to the lumbering lighter, as large as the craft that first carried Columbus to the New World, flowed onward up the river, under the Putney Bridge, and through the Aqueduct, to their chosen spots on either bank. The London rabble could not all have been on the banks, because so many were on the water. The barges already referred to suddenly became, instead of the unsightly old hulks they are, perfect bouquets of beauty, from the gayly-decked loads they bore; and few of the grim old Thames bargees but would like to see the Yankees "bock again," so steadily did the shekels accrue. Nor were the rowers in all the small craft men or boys only. Lovely English girls, true to their Oxford representatives, were recovering slowly forward, "catching the beginning," keeping their backs straight, and pulling a "nipping" stroke. This, indeed, was an everyday sight at Putney, and if seen oftener in our own land might make the sightly figure and the beauty of vigorous health less rare than they now are.

From the stations near Putney, by all the roads and foot-paths, long lines of eager people poured down toward the river. Great "'busses," with three horses abreast, and the ordinary kind for two, with "ten inside and fourteen out," and a burly, dignified, weather-beaten, grandfatherly-looking old "whip" perched a little higher than any one else, who stopped about once in fifteen minutes for his grog or his "'arf a pint of h'olden bitters," and nodded complacently to the demure little bar-maid who brought it; lumbering dog-carts with four and six on board, and perhaps a pony hardly larger than a well-grown Newfoundland to pull them (you never see a buggy in England, though the roads are far better adapted for them than ours); furniture vans—we call them job wagons—filled to overflowing with good, rotund, beer-drinking English; broughams and wagonettes, with an intense air of respectability; stately four-in-hands, with their jaunty little outriders and liveried footmen—all flowed on in solid lines toward the little river which has been famous for thousands of years.

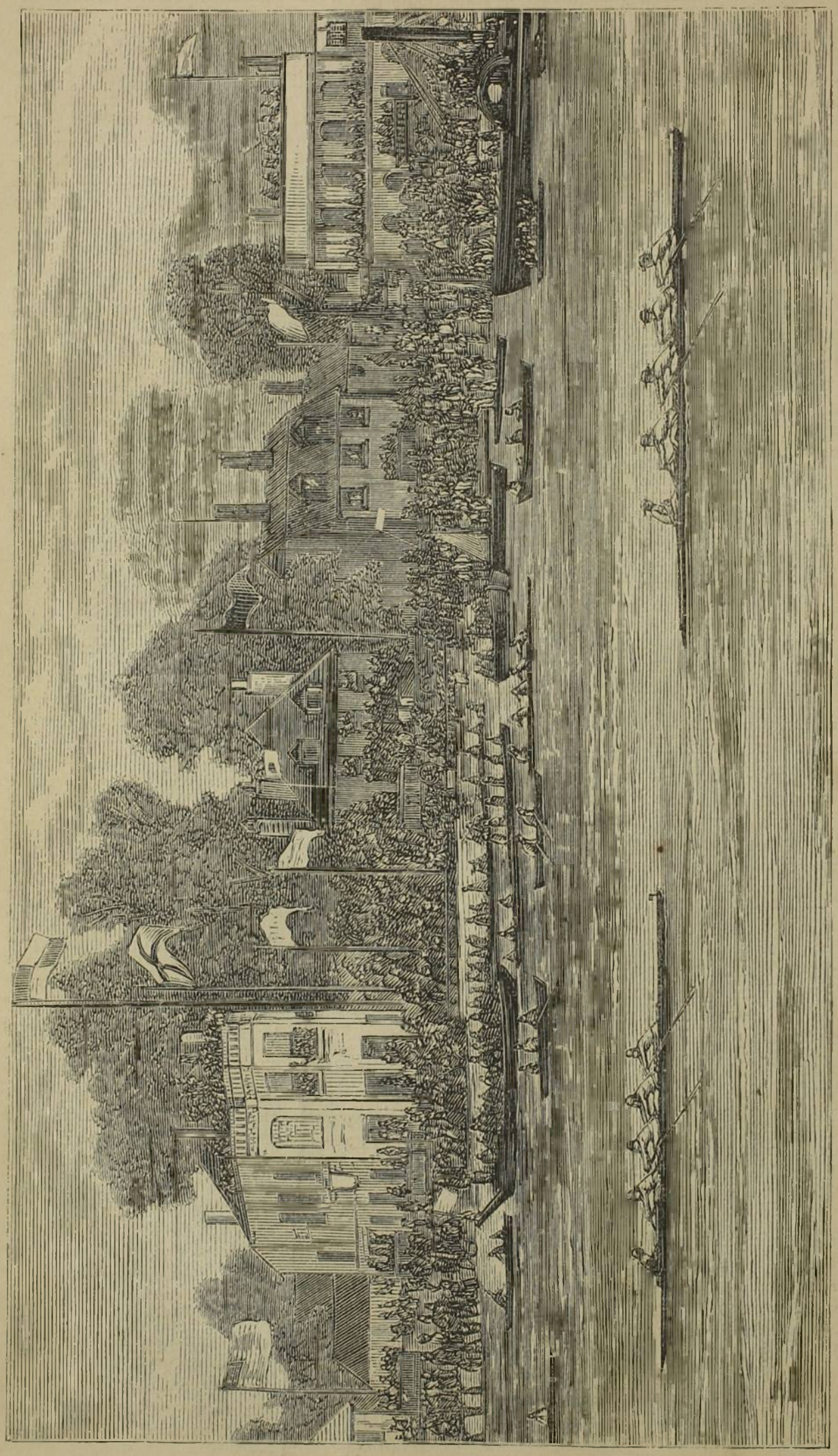
Every inn, every dwelling-house, every shanty along that river bank was a mine of gold to its owner. Twelve guineas were paid by one American gentleman for two small windows in the *White Hart*, at Mortlake. The *Star and Garter*, at Putney, where our men had at first stopped, was so draped with the flags of the two countries as to be scarcely distinguishable behind them. The Stars and Stripes fluttered at very short intervals all along the course. Now a barouche would drive by with the flags tastily festooned about it; and if you turned your eye riverward it would fall on some yacht or row-boat that reminded you of boat-races at home.

Arrangements were made by the Chief of Police, Colonel Henderson, for keeping the crowd orderly that were simply unprecedented. Six years ago forty constables were deemed sufficient to keep in order those who then attended the Oxford and Cambridge 'Varsity race. On the 27th of last August eight hundred police officers were detailed to watch the people on the bank alone, while river police boats were placed at every necessary point. Ropes were extended early in the afternoon across all roads leading to the river-edge, so that none except those on foot could reach it. Bands of music enlivened the scene, and "Yankee Doodle" vied with "God save the Queen" in exciting interest and approval. The steamers of the referee and the press had taken their places directly above the chains which had been stretched across the river five hundred feet above Putney Aqueduct. The water had fallen almost dead calm, and the tide was running steadily though not swiftly up.

A little before five o'clock a procession of men, nearly all Americans, thirty strong, filed out through the garden gate of the White House and went directly on board the umpires' boat. Among them might be seen Russell Sturgis, of the house of Baring Brothers, a Harvard graduate of 1823; J. S. Morgan, the successor of George Peabody; Mr. Moran, Secretary of the English Legation; Professor Asa Gray, the botanist; Thomas Hughes, Charles Reade, George Wilkes, of New York, and many younger men, well fitted to represent the Americans. The thirty Oxford men they found on board were mostly all former 'Varsity oars, and most keenly did they watch every thing that was going on.

A little bustle at the London Rowing Club house, and the crowd separating, announce the launching of the Oxford boat. She is soon manned and away, greeted warmly all along the bank. Shortly after the Harvard men put out, and they too get their share of the applause. Both paddle over to the umpires' boat. The toss for place had been made by the referee, and won by Harvard. She chose the Middlesex station, for the reason that, for the first half mile, this position would give her the pole. They back up to the line: two stout boats are attached to it at perhaps twenty yards apart. In one is a Thames waterman, in the other Walter Brown. The former catches the stern-post of the English boat, the latter of the American. Both wheel into line. The crowd on shore is perfectly quiet.

The starter cries out, "I shall start you by the words, 'Are you ready?' Then will pause for a moment, and repeat, 'Are you ready?' If no response comes, I shall say, 'Go!' If either side breaks an oar in the first dozen strokes, I shall call you back by swinging my hat backward vigorously. Now, then, look out! 'Are you ready?'" "No!" says Mr. Tinné. "Again: Are you ready?" "No!" again from



THE FINISH AT MORTLAKE.

the same gentleman. "When will you be?" "Directly." Their boat was not headed just right, and they were swinging it into place. "Are you ready? Are you ready? Go!" And, at fifteen minutes past five o'clock, both boats sprang away very fairly together.

Oxford rowed one more stroke that minute than she had ever shown in her hardest spurt in practice, scoring just forty-two. Lor ng, in our boat, was setting them forty-six. The papers would allow Harvard to get, perhaps, quarter of a length ahead in the first mile, but never more; nor would she hold that long. But somehow she was slipping along at a great speed; and when another minute had gone, and Oxford had pulled forty more, and Harvard forty-two, the latter was a fair half length in advance.

Hardly had the first stroke been taken when the mighty army on shore poured out the feelings which had been all this time pent up, in one tremendous roar. Preconcerted though it was, the wild "'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!" of the little knot of partisans on the umpires' steamer hardly reached Loring's ear first. Burnham now takes his men out toward the others a little, and, for a moment, a foul seems inevitable. "Look out, Mr. Burnham!" shrieks the little dark-blue coxswain; and the former pulls his starboard rudder-line and makes for mid-river.

Another minute is over, and now the strokes are thirty-nine and forty—the latter by the Americans. And the half length has become a whole one. And such a din! Why, those on the umpires' boat, not eighty feet from the racers, almost tore their throats in efforts to be heard by their favorites. And yet the latter said afterward that they did not hear them once. "That's it, Loring! Let 'em have it! Let 'em have it!" "Oxford! Oxford! Oxford!" "Burnham, what are you about?" And, sure enough, what is he? For he is clearly a length and a half to the fore, and yet he does not cross over to what would have been a shorter track, and take his rival's water.

Here was the fatal mistake that day. So said every fair-minded man, English or American, on that umpires' boat. He makes a wide sweep toward the Middlesex shore and the Crabtree Inn, and reaches Hammersmith Bridge in eight minutes twenty-one seconds—very good time, and still a whole length in front.

Oxford's stroke had fallen to thirty-seven, Harvard's to thirty-nine. Now Loring puts on the steam and draws away again, but it does not last. The strongest man in the Harvard boat—the strongest man in either boat—gives out now first. For some days past he had been slightly unwell, but, confident in his strength, he believed he would be up to his work. Foot by foot, inch by inch, the slow, ponderous swing of the dark-blue creeps up on her more active opponent. An eddy right off Chiswick Ait, into which our men are steered, delays them so that the two boats are level.

Down to it again lay the men of the crimson colors, and fight madly every inch of the way. But now their stroke seems to slacken, and looks distressed, and in the next minute the coxswain is vigorously dashing water on his aftermen—a novel but excellent expedient. All the way, since they drew level, Oxford has been steadily pulling forty strokes a minute, while her antagonist never does over thirty-nine.

At Barnes Bridge, five furlongs from the finish, two lengths of clear water separate them. For miles back the dense mass on shore has been swaying and struggling, and now, like a mighty river, is sweeping on over fields and fences, ditches and hedges, wild, mad with fierce excitement, yelling at every breath, and with all its might. Seven hundred and fifty thousand people are said to have been there that day. Never but once in this generation has such a crowd been seen in England, and then when the Prince of Wales first brought his wife home. The Derby Day can not compare. All previous water fêtes sink into insignificance.

And now they approach the goal. Most admirably has the track been kept clear, until now a boat, containing a lady and gentleman, stumbles into the course, and for a moment threatens to impede the leaders. Spurt after spurt do the losing men give their frail little craft, and when the winner crosses the line but "half to three-quarters of a length clear" separates them; so says Sir Aubrey Paul, the judge, at the finish. Two miles back Lyman's dress had become so disarranged as to greatly impede his movements, causing the boat to lurch and roll so badly all the rest of the way that the bow oarsman said afterward that he was prevented from pulling as hard as he often had done in training. Both crews turn about and prepare to go down the river. Oxford starts away and paddles slowly down. Harvard delays a few minutes, until the small boats swarming around cover the river so completely that one might almost walk across. Though the crowd press so closely, not only is no unkind word heard, but "Bravo, Harvard! Bravo! Well rowed! Well rowed!" is rung in their ears. The press becoming so great that it is useless to attempt to proceed, the men disembark, and, after remaining a short time on their little steamer, come on board the umpires' boat. Tired and hot they looked, and no true man could look otherwise after such a race. They steam away down the river and get quietly home.

Gloomy and depressed, some of them were prevailed on to cheer up, and attend a grand dinner at Mortlake, at the house of Mr. Phillips, a wealthy brewer. In the speech-making after dinner, toasts having been drunk to the Queen and to the President of the United States, different members of the crews and other gentlemen expressed themselves freely. Mr. Tinné had rowed many a hard race; but he had never been pushed harder by any crew before—in fact, as hard. Their coxswain congratu-

lated himself that he had not run into either bank or fouled the other boat. Cheer after cheer went up for the Harvard men, and "'Rah" followed "'Rah" for the Oxford. After many interchanges of friendly feeling they broke up at a late hour.

A few days after, the Harvard men, after accepting two out of the twenty or more invitations to dine out which at once poured in upon them, separated, some for a short tour upon the Continent, Mr. Simmons to remain in Germany to complete his education, and the others leaving for home.

After a stormy passage, the latter were received in a most friendly manner by the city authorities of New York and Boston, as well as by very many boating men and friends.

Of the dinners attended by the crew before they separated, the one at the Crystal Palace, given by the London Rowing Club, was by far the finest. Full reports were sent home at the time, including the entire speeches of Mr. Dickens and Mr. Hughes. Disparaging remarks were made in some of our papers upon the Oxford men because only one of them, Mr. Willan, was present on that occasion. But the explanation of this was, that the rowing of the Oxford men, but for this match, would have ended months earlier; and that they, as it was, being forced to give up a large part of their vacation, had made their arrangements to leave immediately after the race, one, I believe, for Switzerland, another for Scotland, and the rest for other places, to enjoy the few holidays that remained. The dinner in question was only arranged some little time before the race day, and so the notice they had was not sufficient to enable them to alter their plans, and one of them expressed to the writer his regret at this state of facts.

It will not be out of place to state here why, when the Harvard men had a chance to take their opponent's water while off the Crab-tree Inn, they did not do so. In an interview with members of the Oxford crew some weeks before the race, Mr. Loring called attention to the custom of professional oarsmen in steering their boat, if leading, directly in front of the other, and throwing the back-wash from the former's oars right upon the bow of the latter. He stated that he regarded such an act as a piece of jockeyism, and one that gentlemen in their races should refrain from. Their President assented to this opinion, though with seeming reluctance. The act of our coxswain, then, was one in simple obedience to orders, however unwise, under the circumstances, such orders were. He was often most urgently pressed before the race to disobey them, should they come, but always refrained from committing himself.

The denouncing the act as very foolish—in short, as fatal to our interests that day—was not confined to any one English paper. It is plain that, had our men been directly in front of their opponents all the way from the Crab-tree to Chiswick Ait, the latter would not have passed them so soon as they did, because they would have had to row all that distance in quite lumpy water, instead of that equally good with what the leaders had; and that this must be prejudicial to a narrow boat can hardly be better shown than by recalling how, as has already been said, our own boat rolled during the last two miles of the way, even though she was wider than theirs. Not unlikely, when Oxford reached the spot where they usually pass Cambridge, had they found that they did not go by, and could not tell how far ahead the others were, they would have become demoralized, ignorant of just what amount of power there was left in the other boat, and, pulling with less heart, have lost the race.

Had the Harvard Stroke been at his weight instead of nearly, if not quite, ten pounds under it; had Number Two been in his best condition, as he uniformly has been in all past races; had Number Three suffered no impediment from his clothes, thus enabling Bow to lay out all his strength effectively; and had the coxswain steered as an English one would have done; moreover, had they all had three months of practice together instead of three weeks, they would still have been no better off than their rivals. Only the night before the race I asked Mr. Willan if his crew were all right, and he said they were.

Again, supposing our men had been all right, it is not so certain they would have won. As nearly as the weights are known—for the Harvard men neglected to weigh just before the race—they compared about as follows:

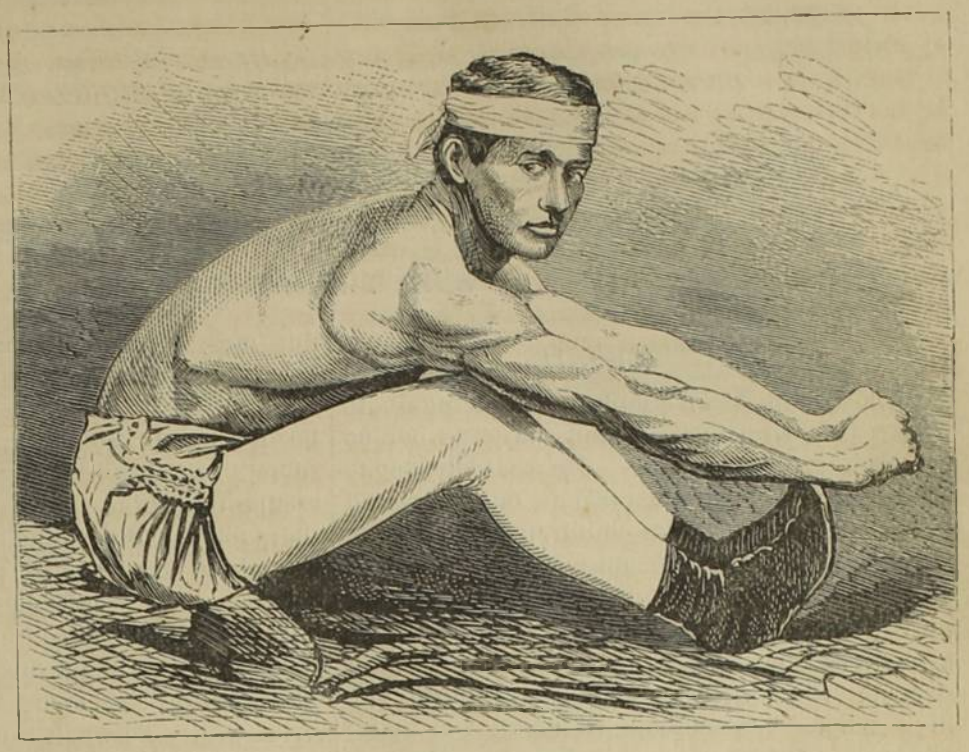
OXFORD.	*lbs.*	HARVARD.	*lbs.*
Willan (*Bow*)	168	Fay (*Bow*)	155
Yarborough (2)	171	Lyman (3)	154
Tinné (3)	189	Simmons (1)	171
Darbishire (*Stroke*)	160	Loring (*Stroke*)	146
Hall (*Coxswain*)	102	Burnham (*Coxswain*)	105
	790		731

Here, then, their Bow weighed thirteen pounds more than ours; their next man seventeen more than his mate; the next eighteen, and the Stroke fourteen; while they had three pounds less of coxswain. Thus they had over sixty pounds more of carrying weight, not fat, but good bone and muscle, toughened and well-seasoned, every ounce of it, by many a fierce struggle. The methods of numbering the men in the boats in the two countries will be seen in the above schedule. They commence to number at bow, we at stroke.

Again, from most accurate statistics, Oxford, averaging under thirty-nine strokes a minute the first half of the course, and this including their spurt at starting, averaged just forty the last half. Harvard, swift in the first half, never reached forty the last. These data were obtained with great care and accuracy by three gentlemen at the writer's special request. One of them—an American gentleman connected with Oxford University, counted and jotted down Oxford's strokes each minute. A Harvard graduate counted Harvard's; and an American gentleman, timing with one of Ben-

son's best chronometers, sent down by request for this special purpose.

A more surprising fact is, that the Oxford crew took just three more strokes in the whole distance than their rivals. This, at least, is no compliment to their peculiar "stroke" or "style" of rowing. That their method of "coaching"—namely, watching their men in profile from some conveyance alongside, and crying out their faults to them at once, is superior to ours—where the bow man, with enough other work to do, has to add this responsibility—seems to me certainly reasonable. That such careful instruction applied to our peculiar stroke, with equally powerful men to pull it, would attain greater speed, the above figures seem to me to go to establish. It is very doubtful if Harvard will start quite as fast when she tries a four-mile-and-a-quarter race again.



WALTER BROWN.

That an Oxford or Cambridge crew will be warmly welcomed and handsomely looked after, should they venture to this land, need hardly be stated, and the number who hope they will come has been many times multiplied by the event of the last Friday of last August.

Walter Brown, the champion sculler of America, urged on by the match we have been attempting to describe, came out to England while the Harvard men were there, to row the champion sculler of the world, James Renforth, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. And portraits of the two, with a sketch of Harry Kelly, the ex-champion, are here appended.



JAMES RENFORTH.



HARRY KELLY.

[*Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year* 1869, *by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.*]

A BRAVE LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

With Illustrations.

CHAPTER XII.

EVEN had Mrs. Scanlan wished again to reason with her husband, he gave her no opportunity of so doing. He scarcely spoke to her, or took any notice of her, but addressed himself entirely to the children; and, early next day, he started for one of his three-days' visits to a great house on the borders of his parish, where the agreeable Irish curate was always welcome, particularly in the shooting season; when all sorts of dukes and lords "of high emprise" assembled to make war upon pheasants and partridges. Mr. Scanlan seldom handled a gun himself—it was unclerical—but he was great at a hedge-side lunch, and greater at a smoking-room conclave. Nor did he spare any trouble to be amusing; for, like a celebrated countryman of his own, he "dearly loved a lord."

When he had departed, saying loudly to Adrienne, in her mother's hearing, "that he was sure he should enjoy himself extremely"—when the house would be empty of him for three whole days (and, oh, misery! it did not feel empty, only free and clear), then Mrs. Scanlan set herself to meet the future; to ascertain, not what she ought to do, that was already decided, but in what manner she could best do it.

Deliberately, judicially, advisedly—out of no outburst of passion, no vengeance for personal wrong, but with a firm conviction that she was doing the right thing and the only thing, this woman contemplated quitting her husband—separating herself entirely from him *à mensâ et thoro*, as the lawyers say, from bed and board—for life; since after such a step there is no return. Nor was she a woman ever likely to return. She had much endurance—long patience; she was slow in making up her mind, but once made up she almost never changed it—suffered from neither hesitations, recalcitrations, nor regrets, but went resolutely on to the end.

She knew her desertion of her husband would bring no opprobrium upon him; quite the contrary—the blame would probably be laid to her own door. He had broken none of the external duties of married life—was neither a profligate nor a drunkard; had kept carefully within the bounds of worldly morality, and probably the world would sympathize with him much; that is, if he made public his wife's secession, which there was no absolute necessity for him to do. "Going abroad a while for the children's education," that was the nearest and most convenient fiction to account for her absence, and this she should leave him at full liberty to use. For she had no wish either to harm him, or complain of him, or seek any remedy against him. She wanted simply to escape from him—to escape with life, and only that, for she determined to take nothing with her either of hers or the children's, except clothes. Nor would she ever ask a penny of him for maintenance; the whole income of the curacy should remain his to spend as he chose. Thus, to the best of her power, she meted out strict equity between him and herself, as well as between him and his children. They had never owed much to their father, except the mere gift of existence; henceforward she determined they should owe nothing. It would be her daily counsel to them to struggle, work, starve even, rather than ask him for any thing. In the new and terrible code which she had laid down for herself, to which she had been driven by most cruel circumstance, no love, no generosity was possible—only stern, even-handed justice, the same on both sides. She tried to see it, and do it.

Feeling of every kind the miserable wife put aside from her entirely. Had she for one instant let the flood-gates of emotion loose, her reason, strength, and power of action would have been swamped entirely.

She knew she was acting contrary to most laws, social and scriptural, which the world believes in; but this moved her not. It was Mrs. Scanlan's peculiarity that, her conscience clear, nothing external affected her in the least; also, that if dissatisfied with herself, no praises of others satisfied her for a moment. Therefore in this her flight, from moral as from physical contagion, she consulted no one, trusted no one, but was resolved simply to take her children, and depart.

This departure must be sudden; and, of necessity, in Mr. Scanlan's absence, but she would arrange it so as to make it of as little public a nature as possible, so that he might give it whatever color he pleased. Whether for or against herself she little cared; her only anxiety was to do the right thing; nor, with that extraordinary singleness of purpose she had, did it much trouble her whether other people thought well or ill of her for doing it.

The only person to whom she meant to confide the secret of her flight, and where she would be found, was Priscilla Nunn, upon whom she depended for future subsistence. Priscilla had often lamented that Mrs. Scanlan was not in

Paris, where she had lately established an agency, in which house Josephine's skillful handiwork could have earned twice the income it did here. To Paris, therefore, the mother determined to go—*la belle France*, which she had taught her children to dream of as a sort of earthly paradise, where the sun always shone, and life was all pleasantness and brightness. That every one of her young folk would be eager to go—asking no questions; for she had determined to answer none, except in the very briefest way—she had not a shadow of doubt. Her influence with her children was still paramount and entire.

Once in France, and all her own, to be brought up in the traditions of her race; in the pure Huguenot faith, such as she saw it through the golden haze of memory; in the creed of chivalry and honor which, though poor as peasants since the time of the first Revolution, the De Bougainvilles had ever held unstained—oh, how happy both she and her little flock would be!

Most of all, César, who was just reaching the age when the most affectionate of fathers and sons seldom quite agree, and nature herself gives the signal of temporary separation; after which they meet again on equal terms as man and man, neither encroaching on the rights of the other. In spite of their late alliance—more dangerous than any quarrel—César and his father had been far from harmonious for the last year or two; and the boy had confessed that he should be only too thankful when he was out in the world "on his own hook."

Now, César was his mother's darling. Not openly—she was too just to let partiality appear—but in her heart she built more hopes on him than on any of her children. None the less so because she saw in him the old generation revived. Josephine had had a passionate admiration for her father; so strong that it made her struggle to the last to keep sacred in her children's eyes that pitiful imitation of true fatherhood which it had been their lot to have, while she herself had been blessed with the reality. Her half-broken, empty heart clung to the image of her dead father which she saw revived in her living son—the hope that, passing over a generation, the old type might be revived, and César might grow up—not a Scanlan at all—wholly a De Bougainville.

It seemed so at present. Besides being externally so like the old Vicomte that he startled her continually by tones, gestures, modes of speech, as if it were the dead come alive again—he seemed in character to be strong, reliable, truthful, honest; every thing that his grandfather had been, and his father was not. And yet to confide in him, to enlist him against his father, was a thing at which Josephine's sense of right recoiled at once. The only thing she could do—which she was in a measure forced to do—was to learn from her son the exact footing upon which matters stood.

She did it very simply, cutting the Gordian knot by what is at once the sharpest and safest knife that any body ever can use—truth.

"César, I have some very important plans in my mind, which concern you as well as myself; they will be settled in a day or two, and then I will tell you them: in the mean time tell me every thing that has passed between you and your father. I have a right to know, and papa knows I meant to ask you."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" cried the boy, greatly relieved, and immediately began and told every thing.

It was worse than she had anticipated, and caused her to regret, not her haste but her dilatoriness, in compelling this confidence. With the rash incontinence of speech which formed such a curious contrast to his fits of cunning reticence, Mr. Scanlan had not hesitated to explain all his affairs to his son—that is, in the light in which he viewed them. And he had for months past been in the habit, whenever he wanted money, of sending the lad about "begging," as César irritatedly called it: borrowing from house to house small sums, on one excuse or other, till there was hardly a well-to-do family in the parish who had not lent him something, and never been repaid.

"And the strange thing is," said the boy, who, his tongue and his conscience being both unsealed, opened his whole heart to his mother, "that papa does not intend to pay, yet seems to think this not wrong at all. He says that it is the business of the parish to maintain him comfortably, and that borrowing money is only doing as the Israelites did—'spoiling the Egyptians.' Mamma, what does he mean?"

The mother answered nothing. She did not even dare to meet her boy's eyes—she only cast them upward in a kind of despair, as if taking Heaven to witness that the step she contemplated was not only right, but inevitable.

It struck her, however, that before she took it she ought to discover, not the equity—of that she had no doubt—but the law of what she was about to do: how far her rights extended, and what legal mode of defense she had, supposing her lot drifted her into that cruel position—a wife who has to protect herself against her natural protector, her husband.

That night, the children being all in bed, and even Bridget's watchful eyes at last sealed safe in slumber, Mrs. Scanlan took down a big book which she had some time ago borrowed from Mr. Langhorne, and began carefully to study the laws relating to married women and their property, in order to ascertain what her rights were: only her rights—no more.

She found what many an unfortunate wife and mother has found: that, according as the law of England then stood, and, with little modification, now stands, a married woman has no rights at all.

First—for Josephine had strength and courage to write all things down, so as to have the case as clearly before her mind as possible—unless there exists an antenuptial settlement,

every farthing a wife may have, or acquire, or earn, is not hers, but her husband's, to seize and use at his pleasure. Second—that he may personally "chastise" her—"confine" her—restrict her to the merest necessaries, or treat her with every unkindness short of endangering her life—without being punishable. Third—that if she escapes from him he can pursue her, and bring her back, forcing her to live with him, and share, however unwillingly, the burden and disgrace of his wrong-doings; or, if he dislikes this, he may refuse to maintain her; while, at the same time, if she is able to maintain herself, he can swoop down upon her from time to time, and appropriate all her earnings, she having no defense whatever against him. Is he not her husband, and all hers his, no matter how acquired?

Then, as regards her children. After they are seven years old he can take them from her, denying her even access to them, and bringing them up exactly as he chooses, within certain limits, which the law, jealous of interference with paternal authority, usually makes broad enough. In fact, until they become of age, they are as much in his power as his wife is—mere goods and chattels, for whom he is responsible to no one, so long as he offends society by no open cruelty or crime.

Rich women, who can make to themselves a barricade of trustees, settlements, etc.—those ingenious devices by which the better classes protect themselves against the law—are able to neutralize its effects a little; but for poor women, working-women, dowerless women, this is how it stands; and thus, after a long hour of half-incredulous studying, Mrs. Scanlan found it.

She sat perfectly aghast. In her ignorance she had never contemplated such a state of things. She knew marriage was, in a sense, a bondage, as all duties and ties must be more or less; but she believed it a sacred bondage, the same on both sides, or rather a partnership, in which each had equal rights, equal responsibilities, and, did either fail in the fulfillment of them, equal powers of self-defense against the wrong. For, alas! such is the imperfection of things human, that in all bonds we accept—including marriage—it behooves us not to forget the melancholy maxim, "Treat every enemy as a possible friend, and every friend as a possible enemy." And it harms no men or women who have found in a married partner their best and closest friend to know that other miserable men and women, who have proved theirs to be their direst enemy, have a refuge and protection provided for them by the law, which is a terror to evil-doers only, not to those who do well.

Josephine Scanlan, now that she knew her lot, writhed under it as if she had felt coiling round her the rings of a serpent. It bound her, it strangled her, it hissed its hot breath in her face, till she seemed nearly growing mad.

She had married—which alone implied that she had been content to merge her existence in that of her husband; that she desired no prominent self-assertion, no contradictory rights. Had her marriage turned out what marriage should be, neither would ever have thought of their rights at all, only of their duties, and scarcely even of these; for love would have transformed them into pure delights. But every union is not a happy one; every bridegroom is not what his bride believes him; nor—for let us be just—every bride what her husband hopes to find her. In such cases, what redress? For the husband, some, seeing he has the power in his own hands; for the wife, none at all. The man may be knave or fool, may beggar her by his folly, disgrace and corrupt her children by his knavery, yet she can neither cut him adrift, as he can her under similar circumstances, nor escape from him, as Josephine Scanlan desired to do.

All in vain. She found that, struggle as she might, she could not get free. Though she wanted nothing from her husband, was prepared to maintain herself and her children, not interfering with him in any way, still he had just the same rights over her, could pursue her to the world's end, take her children from her, possess himself of every thing she had—and the law would uphold him in this, so long as he kept within its bounds and committed no actual crime. There it was, clear as daylight: that however bad a man may be, however fatal his influence and dangerous his association to those belonging to him—for nothing short of adultery or cruelty can a wife get protection against him, or succeed in separating herself from him and his fortunes.

There are people who believe this to be right, and according to Scripture. I wonder whether they would still believe it if they found themselves in the position of Josephine Scanlan?

As she sat reading, in the dead of night, with the house so still that the scream of a little mouse behind the wainscot startled her and made her shiver with nervous dread, there came over her, first a sense of utter despair, and then the frenzied strength which is born of despair. Rights or no rights, law or no law, she would be free. Nothing on earth should bind her, an honest woman, to a dishonest man; nothing should force her to keep up the sham of love where love was gone; nothing should terrify her into leaving her poor children to the contamination of their father's example. No, she would be free. By fair means or foul she would set herself free, and them likewise.

A timid woman, or one who was keenly alive to the world's opinion, might have hesitated; but Josephine was come to that pass when she recognized no law but her conscience, no religion except a blind faith that God, being a just God, would make all things right in the end. Beyond this she felt nothing, except a resolute, desperate, and utterly fearless will, that was capable of any effort and stopped by no hindrance. While she sat calculating all the pros and cons, the risks and difficulties of the course she was

still as ever determined upon—only it required now cunning as well as resolution, deception instead of truth—she recalled the story of a certain Huguenot ancestress—also a Josephine de Bougainville—who, when the Catholics attacked her house, stood at its doorway, pistol in hand, with her two children behind her, and fought for them—killing more than one man the while—until she was killed herself. Josephine Scanlan would have done the same—and she knew it.

No future contingencies on the side of expediency perplexed her mind. Mr. Oldham's death might not happen for years, and when it did happen it might not affect her: the fortune might be left elsewhere. Nay, if not, what matter? As the law stood, it would not be hers, but her husband's; and he would be as unscrupulous over thousands as he had been over hundreds. Once she had thought differently, had fondly hoped that the possession of wealth would make him all right; now she knew the taint in him was ineradicable. His dishonesty, his utter incapacity to recognize what honesty was, seemed an actual moral disease. And diseases are hereditary. At least, nothing but the utmost care can prevent them from becoming hereditary. Even as a noble ancestor often stamps his likeness, mental and physical, upon unborn generations, so does any base blood, morally speaking—for moral baseness is the only real degradation—crop out in a family now and then in the most mysterious way for generations; requiring every effort of education to conquer it—if it can ever be conquered at all.

Mrs. Scanlan's ambition for her children was altered now. Once she had wished to make them rich—now her only longing was that they should be honest. The wealth of the Indies would be worth nothing to her if they learned to use it as their father—faithless in much as he had been in little—would assuredly teach them. Better that César and Louis, and even delicate Adrienne, should earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, and earn it honestly, than that they should share any bread, even a father's, that was unrighteously gained; or grow up reckless, selfish spendthrifts, to whom wealth was no blessing, only an added curse. If it came, let him take it! she cared not. Her sole hope was to snatch up her children and fly.

That very night Josephine laid her plans, modified according to the new light which she had gained as to her legal position—laid them with a caution and foresight worthy of one of those righteous conspirators against unrighteous authority, who, according as they succeed or fail, are termed in history patriots or traitors. Some end on a throne, others on a scaffold; but I think, if they have an equally clear conscience, Heaven gives to both good rest. And good rest, strangely calm, came to Josephine's tired eyelids somewhere about dawn.

She woke with the feeling of something having happened, or being about to happen—the sort of feeling that most of us have on a marriage or funeral morning; they are strangely alike—that this day will make, for good or ill, a great gulf between the old life and the new. Nevertheless, she rose and prepared for it, as somehow or other we all do prepare, with a factitious calmness, that grows easier each minute as we approach the inevitable.

On descending to her children, the first thing she saw was a letter from Mr. Scanlan, not to herself but to Adrienne, saying he was enjoying himself so much that he meant to stay away the whole week. Therefore she had before her that week. Within it something might occur. No, nothing would occur—nothing that could save her from the act which she felt was a necessity. Only a miracle could so change things as to cause her to change; and miracles do not happen in these days.

Simple as her preparations were, she found them a little difficult to manage without exciting the suspicion of her household. At first she had intended to take Bridget with her; now she decided not. No one should be compromised by her departure: no one, until she was clearly away, should know any thing about it. Besides, in leaving Bridget behind at Wren's Nest, she left a certain guarantee that things would go on rightly there, and Mr. Scanlan's physical comforts be looked after, at least for the present.

For, strangely enough, up from the fathomless tragedy of her heart came floating small, ridiculous, surface things—such as who would arrange her husband's breakfasts and dinners, see that he had every thing comfortable, and do for him the thousand and one trifles which—he being either more helpless or more lazy than most men—these seventeen years she had been in the habit of doing for him? Mechanically she did them to the last; even sewing buttons on his clean shirts, and looking over his clothes for several weeks to come, till the farce and the tragedy of her departure mixed themselves together in such a horrible way, and the familiar facts of everyday life assumed such a ghastly pathos, that she felt she must shut her eyes and steel her heart, if her purpose was to be carried out at all.

Day after day slipped past; as they slip past a doomed man who has lost all hope of reprieve, yet has become not yet quite indifferent to dying—a death in the midst of life; which, so far as this world ends, is ended forever. It may be the entrance to a new life, but this life is the familiar one—this is the one he understands. Somewhat thus did Josephine feel when, night after night, she lay down in her empty, silent chamber, foretasting the loneliness that would henceforward be hers till death. Yet she never wavered. She believed she was doing right; and with her, that question being decided, no after-thought ever came.

Still, she deferred till the very last making her only necessary confidence, which was to Priscilla Nunn. Even to her it would be brief

enough, merely enough to secure the faithful woman's help in Paris, and to conceal her address there from every body, including Mr. Scanlan. Further, neither to Priscilla nor to any one did she intend to explain. When we have to hew off a rotten branch to save the rest of the tree, we hew it off; but we do not sit slashing and hacking at it, and prating to all comers what harm it has done us, and the reason why we cut it down. At least, Josephine was not the woman to do this: she acted, but she never talked.

Having settled almost word for word—the fewest possible—what she had to explain to Priscilla, she started on her walk to receive from the little shop the money that was due to her—a tolerable sum, enough to take her and the children to Paris, and keep them there, at least beyond want, for a short time, till she obtained the work which, with Priscilla's assistance, she had no fear of getting. Every thing she did was done in the most methodical manner, even to the new name she meant to take—her mother's maiden name—which she did not think Mr. Scanlan had ever asked or heard.

She had hoped to go through Ditchley without meeting any one she knew, but just before she reached Priscilla's shop she was stopped by Mr. Langhorne, whom she had not seen for some time, since the sudden friendliness which had sprung up between them after Mr. Oldham's illness had as suddenly died down—she well guessed why. From her husband's irritability whenever the lawyer was named, she knew he had tried to borrow from him, and failed: after which little episode Mr. Scanlan could never see merit in any body: so Josephine let this friend also drop from her, as she did all her friends. It was safest and best for them and for her.

Still she and Mr. Langhorne spoke kindly when they did meet, and now he crossed the street to join her. He had been calling at the Rectory, he said: had found Mr. Oldham somewhat better, and the nurse, trying to make out the poor invalid's confused speech, had caught the name of Mrs. Scanlan. Would it not be well, Mr. Langhorne suggested, for Mrs. Scanlan to go and see him?

Josephine hesitated. Great griefs had so swallowed up her lesser ones that she had not visited her poor old friend for weeks past. Now that she was quitting him too—for what must surely be an eternal farewell—she thought she ought to go and see him once more. It would be painful, for she had always kept a tender corner in her heart for Mr. Oldham; but happily he would never know the pain.

"Do you really think he wants me, or that he has begun again to notice any body? In that case I would gladly go much oftener than I do."

What was she promising, when she could fulfill nothing? when in a few days—nay, a few hours—her fate would have come, and she would have left Ditchley forever? Struck with a sudden consciousness of this, she stopped abruptly—so abruptly that Mr. Langhorne turned his keen eyes upon her; which confused her still more.

Then he said, in a somewhat formal manner, "I do not urge you to go; I never have urged you, knowing it could make no difference in any thing now. Still, if our poor friend has any consciousness—and we never know how much he has—I think it would be a kind thing for you to see him often."

"I will go at once," she said, and parting from Mr. Langhorne, took the turning toward the Rectory, passing Priscilla Nunn's door. As she passed it she was conscious of a certain relief: in being able to keep, if for only an hour longer, the bitter secret which she had hitherto so rigidly hidden from all her neighbors, which, so long as it is unconfessed, seems still capable of remedy—the misery of an unhappy marriage.

The Rectory garden looked sweet as ever, carefully tended by the honest old gardener whom Bridget would not marry. Mrs. Scanlan stopped to speak to him, and ask after his new wife, a young and comely woman, to whom, in spite of Bridget, he made an exceedingly good husband.

Yes, he was very comfortable, he said—hadn't a care in the world except for the dear master, and the grief it was to keep the garden so nice with nobody to look at it. He only wished Mrs. Scanlan would come sometimes and make herself at home there, and say what she'd like to have done in it, since perhaps, when it pleased God to take the dear master out of his troubles, she might come there for good and all.

Josephine shrank back, knowing well what the honest fellow alluded to—the common talk of the parish, that Mr. Scanlan was to succeed Mr. Oldham as rector of Ditchley. It seemed as if every word that every body said to her that day was fated to stab her like a knife.

But when she went up stairs to Mr. Oldham's room her agitation subsided, and a strange peacefulness came over her. It often did, in presence of that living corpse; which had all the quietness of death itself, and some of the beauty; for the face was not drawn or altered; and any one whom he liked to see Mr. Oldham was still able to welcome with his old smile. As he welcomed his visitor now; signaling for her to come and sit beside him, and take possession of his powerless hand.

Though there was as yet in his countenance no sign of that merciful order of release which his nearest and dearest could not but have hailed as the best blessing possible to the poor old man, still this smile of his seemed more serene than ordinary, and his eyes rested upon his visitor with a wistful affectionateness, as if he too were taking a farewell—his farewell of her, not hers of him. In the stillness of the sick-room, Mrs. Scanlan forgot for a time every thing but her poor old friend, who had



JOSEPHINE AND THE RECTOR.

been so true to her, and so faithfully kind to her. Her personal griefs melted away, her bitter and troubled spirit grew calm. The silent land, the land where all things are forgotten, which was, alas! the only light in which she looked at the invisible world—for her husband's heaven was almost as obnoxious to her as his hell—became a less awful, nay, a desirable country. In it she might perchance find again—only perchance! for every thing connected with religious faith had grown doubtful to her—those who had loved her, and whom it had been noble, not ignoble, to love; her mother, dead when she was still a child; her father, the vivid remembrance of whom alone made her still believe in the fatherhood of God; possibly even her little infants, who had but breathed and died, and were now laid safely asleep in Ditchley church-yard. As she sat by Mr. Oldham's bed she could see their white head-stone gleam in the sunset. And she thanked God that they at least were safe, these three out of her nine.

And into this unknown land, to join this dear known company, Mr. Oldham would soon be traveling too. The puerile and altogether material fantasy, which is yet not unnatural, that she should like to send a message by him to her dead, affected her strangely. It would have been such a comfort; just one word to tell her father that she was struggling on her best through this rough world, but would be so glad to be with him, and at peace. She sat until the tears came dropping quietly; sat, holding Mr. Oldham's hand, and speaking a little now and then, in that sad monologue which was all that was possible with him now. But still she felt less unhappy, less frozen up. The sense of filthy lucre—of money, money, money, being the engrossing subject of life, its one hope, fear, and incessant anxiety—faded away in the distance. Here, beside that motionless figure, never to be moved again till lifted from the bed into the coffin, the great truth that we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out, forced itself upon her, with a soothing strength, as it had never done before.

She might have remained longer on this, which she meant to be her last visit—only in the external calm and cheerfulness that must be kept up with Mr. Oldham it would not do to think of such things—but Dr. Waters came in, and when she rose to go home he asked her if she would accept an old man's escort over the common; it was growing too dark for a lady to cross it alone.

"Thank you," said she, touched by the kindness, and staid. For one day more she might still safely put off her arrangement with Priscilla, and so extreme was her shrinking, even within herself, from all final measures, that this was rather a relief. A relief too it was that, in bidding good-night to Mr. Oldham, she added—and sincerely meant it—"I shall come again and see you to-morrow," and so avoided the last pang of farewell.

When they went away together she asked her

good friend the doctor what he thought of his patient's state, and how long it might continue. Not that this would affect her purposes in any way; for she had determined it should not; still she wanted to know.

But no medical wisdom could pronounce an opinion. Dr. Waters thought that life, mere animal life, might linger in that helpless frame for months or years, or another stroke might come, and the flickering taper be extinguished immediately. But in either case, the old man was not likely to suffer any more.

"Thank God for that!" sighed Mrs. Scanlan, with a curious sort of envy of Mr. Oldham.

She had had it before—that desperate craving for rest, only rest! as if the joys of Paradise itself would be mere weariness; and all she wanted was to lie down in the dark and sleep. There was upon her that heavy hush before a storm; before the God of mercy as well as judgment arises in lightning and thunders to rouse us out of that lethargy which, to living souls, is not repose but death. Almost before she had time to breathe the storm broke.

"Mrs. Scanlan," said Dr. Waters, suddenly, pressing her hand with a kindly gesture, for he knew her well, had been beside her in many a crisis of birth and death, and was well aware, too, though he never referred to it, how faithfully she had kept his own miserable domestic secret in years past—"Mrs. Scanlan, where is your husband to-day?"

She told him.

"I am glad. A week's amusement will be good for him. He is quite well, I hope?"

"Perfectly well."

One of those shivers which superstition calls "walking over one's own grave" ran through Josephine. Did Dr. Waters suspect any thing? Or was it only her own vague terror, which had made her feel for weeks past as if she were treading on a mine, that she discovered in his words something deeper than ordinary civility? Had he discovered any thing of her husband's misdoings? She feared, but her fear was altogether different from the reality. It came soon.

"I walked home with you to-night, partly that I might say a word to you about your husband. You are too sensible a woman to imagine I mean more than I say, or to give yourself groundless alarm."

"Alarm!" she repeated, her mind still running in the one groove where all her misery lay. "Tell me quickly; do tell me."

"Nay, there is really nothing to tell: it is merely a harmless bit of precaution. You are aware that your husband consulted me the other day about effecting an assurance on his life?"

She was not aware, but that mattered little. "Go on, please."

"He said you were very anxious he should do it, and he had refused, but, like the disobedient son in the parable, afterward he repented and went. You wished it, he added, as a provision for yourself and the children."

"I! Provision for me and the children!" Even yet she had not grown accustomed to her husband's startling modifications of facts.

The quick-witted physician saw her angry confusion, and tried to help her through it. "Well, well, it was something of the kind. I can not be very accurate, and I never interfere in family affairs. All I want to urge upon you is, unless there is some very urgent necessity, do not let him try to insure his life."

"Why not?" said she, facing the truth in her direct, almost fierce way.

"Because I am afraid no office would take him. He has—this need not frighten you; hundreds have it; I have it myself, and you see what an old man I have grown to—but he has confirmed disease of the heart."

"Oh, Doctor!"

This was all she said, though the bolt, God's own bolt of terror, sent to rouse her from her lethargic despair, had fallen in her very sight. In all her thoughts about her husband the thought of his death had never crossed her imagination. He seemed one of the sort of people who live forever, and enjoy life under all circumstances; being blessed with an easy temper, a good digestion, and no heart to speak of. That he, Edward Scanlan, should bear about with him a confirmed mortal disease, and not feel it, not know it; the thing was impossible; and she said so vehemently.

Dr. Waters shook his head. "It is a very good thing that he does not know it, and he never may, for this sort of complaint advances so slowly that he may live many years and die of some other disease after all. But there it is, and any doctor could find it out—the doctor of the assurance company most certainly would. And if Mr. Scanlan, with his nervous temperament, were told of it, the consequences might be serious. Therefore, I tell his wife, who is the bravest woman I know, and who can keep a secret better than any other woman I know."

"Ah!" feeling that upon her was laid—and laid for life—another burden. No lying down to rest now; she must arise and bear it. "What must I do? What can I do?" she said at last.

"Nothing. Forewarned is forearmed. Telling you this seems cruel, but it is the best kindness. Cheer up, my dear Mrs. Scanlan. I am sure you have looked so ill of late that your husband may live to bury you yet, if that is what you desire. Only take care of him; keep him from overexcitement, and above all from assurance offices."

"I understand. I will remember. Thank you. You are very kind."

Her words, brief and mechanical, were meant as a good-by, and Dr. Waters took them as such, and left her at the gate of Wren's Nest without offering to go in. Nor did she ask him; the strain upon her was such that, if it had lasted another ten minutes, she felt as if she would have gone mad.

She sat down, a few yards only from her own door, behind a furze-bush on the common,

which lay all lonely and silent under the stars, and tried to collect her thoughts together, and realize all she had heard.

I have said that in the noblest sense of love, clear-eyed, up-looking, trustful, that ever loves the highest, Mrs. Scanlan had ceased to love her husband. Natural affection may revive by fits and starts, and a certain pitiful tenderness is long of dying; but that a good woman should go on loving a bad man, in the deep and holy sense of woman's love, is, I believe, simply impossible. If she did, she would be either a fool —or something worse. But often, when love is dead and buried, duty arises out of its grave, assuming its likeness, even as the angel assumed that of King Robert of Sicily, till one can not tell which is the king and which the angel; and over this divine travesty we may weep, but we dare not smile.

The Edward Scanlan of to-day was in nowise different from the Edward Scanlan of yesterday. And yet his wife felt that her relation to him was totally changed. So long as he was well and happy, gayly careering through life, indifferent to every body but himself, selfish, unprincipled, dishonest, and yet of that easy nature that he would always contrive to fall on his feet, and reappear on the best terms with every body; then she felt no compunction at quitting him: nay, her desertion became a righteous act. But now? Every noble, tender, generous feeling in the woman's breast revolted at doing the very thing which an hour before she had been resolved upon.

This change seemed hardly her own act—at least she did it more by instinct than reasoning; indeed, she hardly reasoned at all about it, or paused to consider whether, in thus totally ignoring her past resolve, she needed to blame herself for having ever made it. The thing was now impossible; that was enough. While desperately pursuing one course, fate, or circumstance, or Providence, had seized her with a strong right hand, and flung her upon another.

"I can't go away," she said, and rocked herself to and fro, with sobs and tears. "I must 'take care of him,' as Dr. Waters told me. What could he do without me? What should I do if he wanted me, and I were not there?"

This was all she thought, all she argued. Her single-minded nature took all things simply, without morbid introspection, or needless self-reproach. Indeed, she hardly thought of herself at all in the matter, until there suddenly flashed across her the remembrance of the children—and for a minute or two her head was in a whirl, and she was unable to see the path of duty clearly. Only duty. No sentimental revulsion of feeling drew her back to the days when the children were not, and her young lover-husband was to her all in all. Those days were dead forever; he had himself destroyed them. She never for a moment disguised from herself that her children—those "incumbrances," as Mr. Scanlan often called them—were infinitely dearer to her than he. She *must* save her children, but was she to do it by forsaking their father?

"Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." Most true—not man. But there are cases when God Himself does it; when with His righteous sword of division He parts the wicked from the innocent, the pure from the impure. The difficulty is for our imperfect mortal vision to see this, to recognize the glitter of that sharp, inevitable sword, and acquiesce in the blow of the invisible Hand.

Josephine attempted it not. Nor do I attempt to judge her either in what she did or what she did not do; I only state the result—that her communication with Priscilla Nunn was never made; and it was not until both were dead that any one ever knew how near she had been to quitting her husband forever.

For more than an hour Mrs. Scanlan sat crouched under that furze-bush, open only to the gaze of the stars, forever marching on in their courses, irresistibly, remorselessly, taking no heed of any one of us all. Then, impelled by a vague consciousness that the night was very chilly, that if she took cold she should be ill, and if she were ill, what would become of the household, she rose and went indoors.

Not to the children, though she heard their voices at play in the parlor, but up at once to her own room. There, in passing, she rested her hand upon the pillow where her husband's head had lain for seventeen years, turned round, stooped, and kissed it.

"I will not go," she said. "Who will hold fast to him if I do not? No, I'll not go."

CHAPTER XIII.

Mrs. Scanlan had full time for reconsidering her determination, had she been so inclined, for her husband did not return on the day he had named. Not even though she sent on to him a note from Mr. Langhorne, urgently requesting the settling of the school accounts. Evidently he had put off to the last extremity possible the fatal crisis, and was afraid to meet it even now. She was not, though she knew it must come, and soon; but it only confirmed her resolution not to quit him.

Women are strange creatures—I, a woman, say it. Men think they know us; but they never do. They are at once above us and below us, but always different from us, both in our good points and our bad.

Josephine had never had any real happiness in her husband; neither comfort, nor trust, nor rest. Fond of her he undoubtedly was, even yet; but it was a man's sort of fondness, beginning and ending in himself, from the great use and support she was to him. Unto her he had been a perpetual grief, a never-ceasing anxiety; yet the idea of losing this, of letting him go and doing without him, or rather of

allowing him to do without her, presented itself to her now as a simple impossibility. The tie which bound her was not love—I should profane the word if I called it so—but a stern, heroic, open-eyed faithfulness; seeing every one of the thorns of her most difficult way, yet deliberately following it out still. Her life henceforward must be one long battle; no quiet, no pause, no lying down to that longed-for rest. "No peace for the wicked," said she mockingly to herself oftentimes, but took little thought whether it applied to her, whether she was righteous or wicked. One thing she knew she was, and must be—bold. Courage was her only chance now.

After discovering that as a married woman she had no legal rights, and no help or aid was possible from any one, she had determined to take the law into her own hands, and protect herself as well as she could—both by boldness, and, if necessary, by the quality which in woman is called cunning, in man only diplomacy. This was the easier, because, as she well knew, her husband's prominent characteristic was cowardice. He was always afraid of somebody or something, and not unfrequently afraid of himself. He had no persistent will at all; it was a joke among the children that if ever papa talked about a thing he was quite certain not to do it, and whatever he did was done by accident. Thus his wife knew that when it came to the point she was twice as strong as he.

Her plan of action had been very simple: to leave home, as if for a short journey; to cross over at once to Paris, and there, assuming a French name, to pass off herself and her children as French returned refugees. If she obtained work, and was unpursued, she meant to remain in Paris; otherwise to fly to the New World, or Australia—any where—so that she had her children, and could escape her husband. Great as his power was over her and them legally, morally it was but small; for tyrant and victim change places when the one has the soul of a lion and the other that of a hare; and a mother, driven to despair, with her children to guard, has always something of the lioness in her, which makes her rather a dangerous animal to deal with.

Tragical as was the pass she had come to, there was a certain comfort in it—a power in her hands of which she knew she could at any time avail herself; her refuge was not her husband's strength, but his cowardice. And now that she had changed her mind, and resolved not to leave him, but to stay and meet the worst, she hoped that the same courage which would have thrown him off, and withstood him at a distance, might keep him in bounds while near. She could trust him no more, believe in him no more; she stood quite alone, and must defend herself and her children alone; still, she thought she could do it. She must look things boldly in the face, and act accordingly. There must be no weak yielding to what was doubtful or wrong; no pretense of wifely duty, to "love, honor, and obey"—because when the first two do not exist, the third becomes impossible—a ridiculous, unmeaning sham. Neither must there be, as regarded the children, any setting up of superstitious filial fetiches, only to be kicked down again, as all false gods ultimately are. If her children found out, as they often did, that their father had told them a lie, she must not mask it, or modify it, as often she had done, to avoid exposing him. She must say distinctly, "It is a lie, but he can not help it; it is his nature not to be able to distinguish between truth and falsehood. Pity him, and tell the truth yourselves." The same in that terrible laxity of principle he had as to money-matters, and the hundred other crooked ways in which he was always walking; where, rather than see her children walk, she would see them—she often prayed that she might see them! — drop one after the other into their quiet graves. (Did God, not in anger, but in mercy, answer her prayer? I can not tell. Her lot was hard, but it might have been harder.)

While resolving that, in any moral crisis of this sort, she would have no hesitation whatever in opening her children's eyes to the errors of their father, she still thought she should be able to keep them to their strict duty, and teach them to honor—not the individual parent, that was impossible—but the abstract bond of parenthood; so beautiful, so divine, that the merest relics of it should be kept in a certain sort of sanctity to the last by every human being.

It was a difficult, almost a superhuman task that Mrs. Scanlan was setting herself; but it was easier than the only two other alternatives —of succumbing entirely to evil, or, by flying from it, forsaking her husband, and leaving him to trouble, shame, sickness, death—all alone.

That the collapse of his affairs must soon come, she was certain. She hardly thought he would be prosecuted, but he would be driven from Ditchley a dishonest man, his clerical work at an end forever. Therefore upon her alone would thenceforward rest the maintenance of the family; even as she had intended, but with the additional burden of her husband. What matter? She had long ceased to look forward, at least in any happy way. Her hopes had all turned to despair, her blessings to misfortunes. Even that possible fortune, the prospect of which had so long upheld her, had it not been less a blessing than a curse? But for it, and its numbing effect upon her, she might have striven more against Mr. Scanlan's recklessness, or have risen up with a strong will, and taken into her own hands the reins which his were too weak to hold. But the gnawing of this secret at her heart had given her a sense of guiltiness against him, which had made her feeble of resistance, indifferent to the present in the hope of the future. But why regret these things? It was all too late now.

She was sure trouble was at hand when, on Sunday morning, Mr. Scanlan had not come

home, and she had at the last minute to send César about in all directions to get some friendly clergyman as his substitute. That being done, and her fears roused, lest, urged by the pressure of circumstances, or some sudden fear of discovery, he might actually have left the country, the curate walked in — crawled in, would be the better word; for he had an aspect not unlike a whipped hound. Afraid lest the children should notice him, their mother hurried them off to church, and took him straight up stairs; where he threw himself down upon the bed in a state of utter despondency.

"It's all over with me; I knew it would be. You refused to help me, and so it has come to this!"

"Come to what?" said Josephine. He had not asked, nor she given, any welcoming caress, but she had followed him up stairs, and done various little duties that he expected of her. Now she stood beside him, pale, quiet, prepared for whatever might happen.

"That fellow Langhorne will wait no longer. He insists upon having the books, to go into them next week. And the money is gone, and I can't replace it. So I am ruined, that's all."

"Yes."

"I have done the best I could," added Mr. Scanlan, in an injured tone. "I even took your advice, and went to Dr. Waters about insuring my life, and he promised to inquire. But he too has played me false. I have heard no more from him. All the world has forsaken me—I am a lost man. And there you are, dressed in all your best, looking so nice and comfortable; I dare say you have been very comfortable without me all week — going to church too, as if nothing was the matter. Well, there, go! Leave me to my misery, and go."

To all this, and more, Josephine made no reply. She was too busy watching him, trying to read in his face something which might either confirm or refute Dr. Waters's opinion concerning him. She did see, or fancied she saw, in spite of his florid complexion, a certain unwholesome grayness, and wondered, with a sharp twinge of self-reproach, that she had never noticed it before. It was no dearer to her, no nobler, this handsome, good-natured, and yet ignoble face; but she regarded it with an anxious pity, mingled with thankfulness that she alone bore, and had strength to bear, the secret which would have overwhelmed him. For though, in truth, it was no worse for him than for all of us—we every one carry within us the seeds of death, and we are liable to it at any minute—still, to such a weak nature as Edward Scanlan's, and one who, despite his religious profession, shrank with dread from every chance of that "glory" which he was always preaching, the knowledge of such a fact as heart-disease concerning himself would almost have killed him with terror on the spot.

So once again his wife took up his burden, and bore it for him—bore it all alone, to the very end.

"Then you are not going to church, after all?" said he, when, lifting his head, he perceived that her bonnet was laid aside, and she was sitting quietly by him. "Now that's kind of you, and I am glad. Only, will not the congregation think your absence rather peculiar?"

"Oh, I do not care for that."

"But you ought to care," said he, with sudden irritability. "I know I should have got on twice as well in the world if I had had a wife who minded outside things a little more."

Josephine flushed up in anger, then restrained herself. "Perhaps so," she answered. "But, Edward, if I have not been a show wife, I have been a very practical and useful one, and I am willing to be of use now if you will let me."

"That's my good Josephine! Then we are friends again? You won't forsake me? I half thought you would. I have had such horrible fancies every night, of being arrested and sent to jail, and dying there, and never seeing you any more. You won't let it come that? You wouldn't like to have your husband shut up in a prison, among all sorts of nasty, unpleasant people—oh, it would be dreadful! dreadful! You'll try to save me from it, Josephine?"

For ever so long he went maundering on thus, in an almost puerile fashion, not venturing to look his wife in the face, but clinging fast to her hand.

A man must be a man to compel a woman's love. For a moment Josephine turned aside, and her sweet, proud, delicate mouth—the De Bougainville mouth, descending from generation to generation—even César had it—assumed a curl that Mr. Scanlan might not have liked to see; except that he would never have understood it. But immediately that deep pity, which long survives love, arose again in the wife's heart.

"My dear, we will not talk of prisons; perhaps it will not come to that. I might be able to devise some plan, if you would now tell me every thing. Mind, Edward—every thing!"

"I have told you every thing—except, perhaps, of my visit to Dr. Waters, which was quite a sudden idea. But it came to nothing, you see, as is always the case with me. Never was there such an unlucky fellow in this world."

This was his constant cry; but she had ceased arguing against it now. She had ceased even to torture herself by counting up that large measure of happiness that might have been theirs — youth, health, children, settled work, and an income which, if small, was certain, and would have sufficed them to live on in comfort; but for that fatal something — the one rivet loose in the wheel—which her husband called his "ill luck!"

"Well, why are you silent? What are you thinking about? What do you suggest? For I tell you, Josephine, we are come to the last ebb —all is over with me, unless I can arrange about the assurance at once, say to-morrow. Come,

you shall have your wish. I'll go to the assurance office to-morrow."

Josephine's heart stood still. Then, looking another way, she said, "It is not my wish now; I have changed my mind. I do not want you to assure your life."

"Well, that is a good joke! After worrying me to death about it, abusing me like a pickpocket because I wouldn't do the thing, as soon as I decide to do it, you turn round and say you don't wish it at all! You are the most fickle, changeable woman—but you women always are: there's no making you out."

Josephine was silent.

"Unless"—with a sudden flash of that petty cunning which small natures mistake for penetration, and often fancy themselves very clever in attributing to others motives they would have had themselves—"unless, indeed, you have some deep-laid scheme of your own for managing me. But I won't give in to it; I won't be managed."

"Oh, mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" murmured Josephine, using the exclamation not lightly, as many Frenchwomen do—she had been brought up too strictly Huguenot for that—still using it without much meaning, only as a blind cry of misery in a tongue that her husband did not understand. "Listen to me, Edward," she said, earnestly. "I have no deep-laid scheme, no underhand design. How should I have? My whole thought is for your good. It is true I have changed my mind; but one may do that sometimes, and find second thoughts best after all. This life assurance would cause you so much difficulty, so much trouble; and you know you don't like trouble."

"I hate it."

"And if I were to take the trouble from you—if I were to find a way of arranging the matter myself—"

"Oh, I wish you would, and let me never hear another word about it," said he, with a look of great relief, all his offended dignity having subsided in the great comfort it was to have his burden taken off his hands. "You are the cleverest woman I ever knew. You may have it all your own way, if you like; I won't interfere. Only just tell me, as a mere matter of curiosity, my dear, how you mean to accomplish it."

It was a way which had slowly dawned upon her as the best—absolutely the only way to meet this crisis—by the plain truth. She meant to go over the accounts herself—when first she married she hardly knew that two and two made four, but she was a very respectable arithmetician and book-keeper now—discover the exact deficit, and then confess it, simply and sorrowfully, to Mr. Langhorne. He was a very good man: she believed, if dealt with frankly, he would take the same view of things that she did—that her husband's act had been excessive carelessness rather than deliberate dishonesty. If it could be "hushed up"—oh, the agony it was to this honest woman that any thing concerning any one belonging to her required to be hushed up!—for a time, she might be able to repay the money by settled monthly installments out of her own earnings. Any thing, every thing, that she could do herself, she felt safe about; but all else was like shifting sands. Still, she thought Mr. Langhorne would trust her, and, slender as her relations with him had been, she had always found him kind and just: the sort of man upon whose generosity she might throw herself, and not feel it pierce her like a reed.

But when she tried to explain all this to Mr. Scanlan, he was perfectly horrified! The direct truth was the last thing he ever thought of. Acknowledging a sin, and then resolving to retrieve it—the only way to reconcile justice and mercy, without which forgiveness becomes a sham, and charity mere weakness—was an idea quite beyond his comprehension. He only wished to hide guilt, to plaster it over, to keep it from the eye of the world; and then go on cheerfully as if it were not there. So as he escaped punishment, he was quite satisfied.

"No, Josephine," said he, with the pig-headedness of all feeble souls; "this won't do. The notion is perfectly absurd! What would Langhorne think of me? what would he think of you, owning that your husband had taken the money? No—no! If you are to help me, as you said you would, you must find out some other way to do it."

"There is no other way," she answered, still calmly, though she knotted her fingers together in desperate self-control, and looked down at them, not at the face beside her, lest perchance she should loathe it—or despise it, which is worse even than loathing. "I have thought it all over and over, till my head has gone nearly wild, and it all comes to this: if you refuse to do as I suggest, or rather let me do it, there is nothing but ruin before you—ruin and disgrace."

"The disgrace will not fall upon my head alone," said he, almost triumphantly. "You should think of that before you forsake me. It will come upon you too, and the children."

"Ah! I know that!" groaned the unfortunate wife; and could have cursed the day when she had been so mad as to marry—could have envied with her whole soul the childless women whom she had once used to pity. They, at least, had one consolation—with them their miseries would end. They need not fear entailing upon innocent posterity the curse of a moral taint worse than any physical disease.

Bridget Halloran once made to me a truly Irish remark—that, if she had the planning of a new world, she would arrange it so that all the men married and all the women remained single. Could faithful Bridget that day have looked through her kitchen ceiling at her dear mistress, I think she would have been strengthened in her opinion. It is not good for man to be alone, or woman either; but in that awful leap in the dark which both make when they

marry, the precipice is much deeper on the woman's side. A lonely life may be sad, but to be tied to either a fool or a scoundrel is not merely sad, it is maddening.

Josephine Scanlan looked half mad; there was a glare almost amounting to frenzy in her black eyes, as she sat pulling to and fro, up and down, till she almost pulled it off her finger, the thin gold circlet, origin and sign of so many years of unhappiness past, of untold wretchedness to come. Once more the desperate chance of retrieving all by flight flashed across her mind, and vanished. To leave him there, in his lowest ebb of ill fortune, forlorn, dishonored, unconsciously doomed. It would be what to Josephine seemed almost worse than wicked—cowardly.

"I can't go," she said to herself. "Perhaps, if I have patience, I may see a way out of this. Oh, if I had any one to show it to me, to help me in the smallest degree! But there is no one—no one in this wide world."

And so, by a strange and sudden thought—one of those divine promptings that none believe in but those who have them—the miserable woman was driven to seek for help beyond this world. She covered her face with her hands, and did—what Josephine seldom did for herself, though she taught it to her little children as a sort of necessary duty every night—she "said her prayers;" using her children's formula, "Our Father which art in heaven." In heaven—and oh so far, so terribly, cruelly far, as it seemed to her—from this forlorn earth!

The doctrine of "answers to prayer," literal and material, always appeared to me egregious folly or conceited profanity. Is the great Ruler of the universe to stop its machinery for me? Is the wise evolution of certain events from certain causes, continuing unerringly its mysterious round, by which all things come alike to all, and for the final good of all—to be upset in its workings for my individual benefit? No; I would not, I dared not believe such a thing. But I do believe in the Eternal Spirit's influence upon our spirits, in momentous crises, and in a very distinct and solemn way, often remembered for years, as Mrs. Scanlan afterward remembered this.

At the very moment when she sat hiding her face, and trying to feel if there was any reality in the prayers she had silently uttered, she heard through the silence the far-off sound of Ditchley church bell. Not the church-going bell—it had ceased an hour or more ago—but the slow measured toll by which the parish was accustomed to learn that one of their neighbors had just departed—gone into that world of which we talk so much and know so little.

"That's the passing-bell!" cried Mr. Scanlan, starting up. "Who can it be for? Just count the tolls."

For in Ditchley, as in some other parishes in England, it was customary to ring out the number of tolls corresponding to the age of the person who had died.

Josephine counted up to eighty; past it. There was scarcely any one in Ditchley of such advanced years, except the rector. She sat stupefied. Her husband also, with a certain kind of awe in his face, again felt for her hand, whispering, "Can it be Mr. Oldham?"

Two minutes after she heard the children come in, much too early, from church. Adrienne and Gabrielle were both in tears, and César, looking very grave, repeated the tidings which had reached the church during sermon-time, and been communicated from the pulpit, sending a thrill of solemnity, if nothing more, throughout the congregation.

Mrs. Scanlan heard, and sat down where she stood, as white and still as a stone. The end had come at last, of suffering to him, of suspense to her: Mr. Oldham was dead.

He had died quite quietly and unexpectedly, César said; for the boy, knowing his mother was fond of their old friend, had had the thoughtfulness to run up at once to the Rectory and inquire all particulars. There was no struggle, no apparent pain. The spirit had escaped, like a bird out of its cage—spread its invisible wings, and flown away. Did it look back, smiling, on that poor woman, come now to the very last ebb of her despair?

Actual grief for Mr. Oldham's death was impossible. It was scarcely one of those departures when friends hang over the bed of the beloved lost,

"Not thankful that his troubles are no more."

Here, even the tenderest friend must rejoice that his troubles were no more; that he was released from the heavy clog of the body, and from a life which could never be any joy or use to himself or others—only a miserable burden and pain. For, sad as it is to see a still youthful mind writhing in the fetters of a worn-out, aged body, sadder still is the climax which must soon have come to poor Mr. Oldham, when the body outlives the mind, and the thing we at last bury seems only a body, a mere clod of the valley, a helpless corruption, better hidden out of sight. In such circumstances it is difficult to regain the feeling of still-existent spirit, separate from clay. It is only after a while, as the associations of sickness and mortality grow fainter, that the dead seem to come alive again, in all their old identity; and the farther years part us from them, the nearer they appear. Not as dead and buried, but as living dwellers in a far country, to which we too are bound, and for which we wait patiently, even cheerfully, hearing, louder and clearer as we approach thereto, the roll of the dividing seas.

When the first awe was over—the first natural tears shed for the dead who could return no more—an unwonted lightness crept into Josephine's heart. Her present terror was at any rate staved off; Mr. Langhorne would be for some weeks too much engrossed in the arrangement of Mr. Oldham's affairs to go into

the school accounts, and meantime what changes might not come? Might it not possibly be true, that golden dream which had grown so dim through long delay? Could she be the rector's heiress after all?

A week ago she had thought her misery rendered her indifferent to this, and all things else that might befall; but human nature has wonderful powers of reaction, and Josephine's nature especially. In her there was an irrepressible hopefulness which nothing could kill. Still this very hope made her suspense the more intolerable.

Her promise to Mr. Oldham bound her literally only till his death; she was therefore free now to unburden all her hopes and fears to her husband. But she never thought of doing so. Even had there been no other reason, the horrible strain it was upon her own mind during the interval that elapsed between the death and the funeral—for Mr. Langhorne and Dr. Waters, who, as executors, took every thing into their hands, insisted upon waiting a week for Lady Emma and Mr. Lascelles, neither of whom came after all—this week of miserable restlessness, during which she could do nothing, think of nothing, but calculate the chances of her fate, convinced Josephine that she must preserve her secret to the last. If it came to nothing, the shock would be more than Mr. Scanlan could bear. If it were true, he would be a little angry with her perhaps; but no—the husband of an heiress, especially when he is a man like Edward Scanlan, was not likely to be very angry with his wife, or for very long.

And during this interminable week, when the rector lay dead—nay, rather, as Josephine often tenderly said, was truly alive again—the curate seemed to appear his best self, both at home and abroad. Perhaps he was anxious to cultivate his chances of the living, or perhaps—let us give him credit for the best motive possible—he was really touched by the death which, he could not help seeing, affected his wife so much. He was very little at Wren's Nest, to her great thankfulness; he had of course much additional business to transact, but whenever he did come home he was good and kind. And he never made the least allusion to the impending storm; which, perhaps, being temporarily lifted off, he deluded himself would



AT THE RECTORY GATE.

never come; that, in his usual phrase, something would "turn up" to protect him from the consequences of what he had done amiss. That was all he cared for. His life was an appropriate carrying out in this world of the belief he held regarding the other—the all-importance of what is termed "personal salvation"—a doctrine held by many true and sincere Christians, which only proves that they themselves are far nobler than their doctrine, and that the spirit of God within us is a diviner thing than any external and nominal creed.

It showed the extreme self-control to which Josephine, so impulsive and passionate in her youth, had attained, that even the quick-sighted Bridget noticed nothing remarkable in her mistress during this momentous week, at least nothing more than great quietness of manner, and a wish to escape observation and be as much alone as possible. She remained in the closed house—closed out of respect to the departed; and scarcely quitted it until after dark, when she would rush for a hasty walk across the common, refusing even her son César's company. Perhaps an eye more familiar than the poor servant's with the signs of mental suffering might have noticed how thin she grew in those seven days—what a tension there was in her features—what an unnatural metallic ring in her voice; but at the time no suspicion was roused; she kept her secret faithfully to the last.

The week's end came at length. The final night—the night before the funeral—Mrs. Scanlan slept as soundly as a child, or a criminal before execution; only she had no feeling of guilt, whatever happened. Her act of concealment had been deliberate, conscientious; if it were all to do over again, she felt she could but have done the same thing under the same circumstances. Believing this, she was utterly indifferent to praise or blame, either from her neighbors, or those of her own household. The only matter of moment which troubled her was the fact itself—so long a certainty though unknown—but which in a few hours must be known to herself and all the world—the little busy world of Ditchley.

She had been invited to the funeral, as companion to Lady Emma, who at first had wished to go, but afterward declined. Mr. Langhorne had also expressed formally a wish that Mrs. as well as Mr. Scanlan should be present at the reading of the will; but at the last moment her husband declared she should not go.

"Why not?" asked she.

"Oh, Lady Emma's absence shows she thought it not decorous for ladies to attend funerals, and I think so too," said the curate, dogmatically; and after a good deal of beating about the bush, he came out with his second reason—her mourning was not handsome enough. Not daring to run into debt for a new gown, she had made an old one do. As she stood in it, its long folds clinging tightly to her wasted, rather angular figure, her husband looked sharply, critically, at his once beautiful wife. If her beauty had been the sole spell that enchained him, Edward Scanlan was a free man now.

"What a fright you do make of yourself sometimes, Josephine! I wish you wouldn't. I wish you would remember it is my credit that depends on your appearance. When you dress shabbily it is a reflection upon me. Indeed you can not go as you are to the funeral. It would be a want of respect to Mr. Oldham."

"He would not feel it so; he knew me better," she answered, gently. "And I should like to see him laid to rest; should like to come back with you to the Rectory and hear his will read."

"Nonsense; it can not concern us. He liked me so little of late, I doubt if he has even left me ten pounds to buy a mourning-ring. I must go, I suppose, as a mere matter of form, but you need not. Women are far better out of all these things."

Josephine grew seriously troubled. Her presence at the funeral was not necessary, but at the reading of the will undoubtedly it was. Not to shorten her own suspense—that mattered little—but to "take care," as Dr. Waters had said, of her husband; to whom any shock of sudden tidings, either good or bad, would be very injurious.

"Edward," she said, "I want to go. Don't hinder me. It can not signify to you."

Yes, he protested, it did signify. People might make remarks; might say that Mrs. Scanlan pushed herself where she had no business to be, and that Mr. Scanlan was always tied to his wife's apron-string. He insisted upon her staying at home. There had come over him one of those dogged fits, peculiar to

> "Man, proud man,
> Dressed in a little brief authority,"

that his authority must be exercised. When he got into this mood—common to human beings and asses—Edward Scanlan could neither be led nor driven, but was bent upon taking his own way, just because it was his own way.

Josephine sat down in despair. To thwart her husband's will openly was impossible, to submit to it most dangerous. As he dressed himself carefully in his new black suit and unexceptionable white cravat—whosoever went shabby at Wren's Nest, its master never did—talking complacently all the while of his own popularity, of the universal wish there was that he should step into the dead man's shoes, his wife was almost silent, absorbed in the imminent crisis wherein it behooved her to be so cautious and so calm.

Presently she made a last effort. "Edward," she said, as imploringly as if she had been the meekest and weakest of women, "do take me with you. I want to go."

But, upborne on his huge wave of self-content, Mr. Scanlan was immovable.

"I have said it, and I won't unsay it. Jo-

sephine, your going is perfect nonsense, and you shall not go. I can not allow it."

"But—"

"Am I master in my own house, or not? If not, henceforth I will be. Stop, not another word!"

"Very well," said she, and let him depart without another word. Otherwise, she would have lost all control of herself—have flung desperately at him the secret which she had kept so long—perhaps even have betrayed that other, which, though only two weeks old, seemed to have lasted for years. It was the only thing which restrained her now.

What if any thing should happen—any thing which might harm him—and she had let him go from her in anger, had parted from him in this great crisis without a word or a kiss? Present, her husband sometimes tormented her to an unendurable degree; but absent, the poor heart went back, often self-reproachfully, to its old fealty, and tried to think the best of him that it could.

Sitting at her bedroom window, Josephine listened to the funeral bell tolling across the dreary common. It had rained all day, but there was now a faint clearing up toward the west, giving a hope that the ceremony—which had been put off as late in the day as possible, to allow the poorer parishioners to follow to his grave one who had been to them invariably charitable and kind—might be less gloomy than a wet October funeral always is. She seemed to see it all—to hear the splash of the assembling feet in the muddy church-yard, and the sound of her husband's voice reading impressively and sonorously, "I am the Resurrection and the Life"—words which to her as yet were mere words, no more.

When the bell ceased, Bridget and the younger children, who had stood at the gate listening, came in, and Mrs. Scanlan was summoned to tea. Mechanically she poured it out, hearing absently the talk around her, which was at first rather subdued: the little people had almost forgotten him, still they knew their mother was fond of Mr. Oldham. But soon they grew quite lively again; they were always so lively when papa was out. And thus time passed, Josephine hardly knew how, till Bridget entered to ask if she should bring in candles.

Then the intolerable suspense became too much for human strength to fight against. Come what would, she must go to the Rectory. Her two eldest boys had returned, having watched the funeral from a distance, and had settled to their evening's employment. The natural thing would have been to say to them, "Children, your papa has not come back; I am going to meet him;" but then she knew her boy César, who had a great idea of protecting his mother, would insist upon accompanying her. So she stole out of the back-door like a thief, avoiding even Bridget, though she fancied Bridget saw her, and flew, rather than walked, in the wind and rain and darkness, across the common and through Ditchley streets. No one was abroad; the day had been one of those funeral holidays which seem like Sunday; the shops were still half-closed, and behind them Mrs. Scanlan saw little groups sitting, discussing their good old rector, no doubt, and wondering who would be their new one.

Presently she found herself at the Rectory gate—the same gate over which had leaned the shrewd, kind old face when Mr. Oldham had said those momentous words about her being "his heiress." Were they true or not? The fact must be known by this time. And surely, in that case, Mr. Scanlan would have come straight home. Why had he not come home? Had any thing happened? And a forewarning of that daily fear which she must henceforth live in—could tell to no one, could seek help for from no one—struck through her like a bolt of ice.

There was but one road to the Rectory; she could not have missed him; he must be still there. But now she had come she dared not go in. What reason could she give for her coming? How explain, even to the servant that should open the door, why she stood there, drenched with rain, shivering with cold and fear, looking, she was well aware, more like a madwoman than the respectable curate's respectable wife? No—she must wait a little longer. Nothing might have happened—neither good nor bad: Mr. Scanlan might have just staid to hear the will read, and then gone somewhere or other to spend the evening instead of coming home.

There was a large tree which overhung the gate: there Josephine sheltered and hid herself, till the soaking rain dropped through the thin leaves. Years afterward, when she had almost forgotten what it felt like to walk in the cold and wet, when she went clad in silk and furs, and trod daintily from carpeted halls to cushioned carriages, hardly knowing what it was to be unattended or alone, Josephine used to recall, as in a sort of nightmare, that poor creature—scarcely herself at all—who crouched shivering under the tree at the Rectory gate; trembling lest any body should see her, wondering if even God Himself saw her, or whether His eyes had not long been shut upon her and her misery. And the rain beat, and the wind blew—the wild, salt-tasted wind, coming westward from the sea—and, quarter after quarter, the dull clang of Ditchley church-clock rang out from over the rector's newly-closed grave the hours that to him were nothing now—to her, every thing.

It was half past nine at least, and she was wet through and through, yet still felt that she could not go back, and that to go forward was equally impossible, when she heard wheels through the dark, driving slowly from the house to the gate. When the light came, she saw it was Dr. Waters's brougham. He was in it, and some other gentleman, whom he seemed to be supporting.

Josephine sprang to the carriage door, and shook its closed windows with such eager appeal that the doctor turned round angrily:

"Go away, woman! Good God, Mrs. Scanlan! is that you?"

"Yes, it is I. Is not that my husband?"

A feeble voice answered, and a still feebler hand was put out: "Josephine, come in here. I want you."

"Yes, come in at once. Take my place; I will walk home," said Dr. Waters, getting out, and then told her that Mr. Scanlan had had a slight fainting-fit; something had occurred which startled him very much; but he was much better now, and would be well directly.

Josephine looked from one to the other, half-bewildered.

"My dear lady, I had better explain: it was no ill news, quite the contrary; and your husband will soon get over the shock of it. I wish you had been here," he added, a little coldly; "it was a pity, as Mr. Scanlan says, that your feelings did not allow you to be present at the funeral and the reading of the will, as Langhorne particularly desired; and he was the only person who knew about the matter. Mrs. Scanlan, I have to congratulate you. You are Mr. Oldham's heiress."

Josephine bent her head assentingly—that was all.

"It is a very large property; worth a hundred thousand pounds, I should say. Except a few legacies, it is all yours."

"Josephine, do you hear? all ours!" gasped Mr. Scanlan, pressing forward. "A hundred thousand pounds! We are rich—rich for life!"

Again she assented; but, in truth, hardly did hear: she only saw that gray, pinched face, drawn with pain, those shaking hands, which seemed already to clutch eagerly at the imaginary gold.

With gentle force Dr. Waters helped her into the carriage, and was gone. Then she took her husband's head on her shoulder, and his hands in hers; thus they sat, without speaking, as the carriage slowly moved homeward.

It had come at last—this golden dream. As Edward had said, they were rich—rich for life; richer than in her wildest ambition she had ever desired. She could hardly realize it at all. The fortune had come; but what was the worth of it—to her, or hers?

By-and-by her husband roused himself a little. "Who would have thought it, Josephine? I was so startled, it quite knocked me over; however, I am better now, very much better. Soon I shall come all right and enjoy every thing."

"I hope so."

"But you—you speak so oddly! Are you not delighted with our good luck?—or rather yours, for Mr. Oldham has so tied his money up that I can't touch it—I have almost nothing to do with it. He maintained his dislike to me to the last. And to think of his saying not a word about what he had done. Nobody knew but Langhorne, unless—" with a sudden shrill suspicion in his tone, "unless you did?"

In her state of terrible suspense, Mrs. Scanlan had not paused to consider what course she should pursue when the suspense ended, let it end either way; nor had decided whether or not she should tell her husband the whole circumstances, which were so difficult of explanation. Taken by surprise, she stammered—hesitated.

"You did know—I am sure of it."

"Yes," she answered, slowly and humbly, very humbly. "Mr. Oldham told me himself; though I hardly believed it. Still, he did tell me."

"When?"

"Seven years ago."

"Seven years! You have kept this secret from me—your own husband—for seven years! Josephine, I'll never forgive you—never believe in you any more."

And she—what could she say? To ask his pardon would be a mere pretense, for she felt herself not guilty, to explain her motives was useless, since he could never understand them. So this "lucky" husband and wife, whom all Ditchley was now talking over, wondering at or envying their good fortune, turned away from one another, and drove home to Wren's Nest together without exchanging another word.

MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A STROKE OF RETRIBUTION.

A FEW days or weeks passed away. Christina had gone; faded, so to speak, out of our lives. She was living for the present in Lugano with her husband. The excitement of the Paris crime had been almost forgotten in London. The season was over, the opera-houses were closed, every thing looked dead. Edward Lambert and I were in town together, two moody, silent, sympathetic friends; each, as before, knowing something more of the other than he cared to talk of even to that other.

We were going home one night together, and our way lay through the Haymarket. We turned into a cigar-shop to get a cigar, and Lambert was talking of a game of billiards. As we stood upon the threshold, doubtful, a man passed slowly down the street toward the Pall Mall end. I caught a glimpse of his face under the flash of a lamp, and I knew him at once for the Italian Benoni. He did not, or would not, recognize me, although I could not help thinking I had done him a good turn once; so I came to the

conclusion that, under the circumstances, he did not want to be recognized. Although I was just on the point of calling Lambert's attention to him, I checked myself, and refrained.

We did have a game of billiards, and then were leaving. As we passed through the cigar-shop a voice hailed me:

"Doth not a meeting like this make amends! I say, Temple! Hallo there!"

And briskly leaping off a chair, up rushed old Stephen Lyndon, and held out both his hands. He was handsomely dressed, and wore elegant lavender gloves, and I think a new wig. But his face looked puckered and seamed and careworn. I did not take his hand, and indeed I would have walked away and left him but that Lambert stopped, somewhat bewildered.

"Introduce me, Temple," proceeded the unabashed Lyndon. "I *do* think I must have had the pleasure of meeting your friend before; the very remarkable contour of his face is familiar to me. Introduce me, Temple; but don't mind names. Call me for the moment Mr. Badboy; *you* understand the allusion. I don't care for much naming of names here just now—*pour des raisons.*"

"I think your name and yourself ought to be alike detestable," I began.

"Dear boy, wherefore? I have done the state some service—not this state, but the other yonder; and they know it. I have defeated the machinations of conspirators and murderers. I feel proud of it. Temple, I swear to you that on a certain day I saved France! Let us repair to yonder fane, and give thanks over Champagne. Some states know how to reward their benefactors, Temple. I have gold, Sir, red gold. Come, I long to know your friend; present me."

Ned Lambert was puzzled. Politeness, good-nature, distrust, surprise, were battling within him. He had almost begun, "Happy to have the honor, I'm sure," when I stopped him with a vehement gesture.

Then Ned said:

"I know I have seen this gentleman—this person before. Yes, I remember! He's a madman, Temple! 'Twas he that attacked me and —and Lilla, you recollect, one night at the theatre. Yes; he's mad!"

"No, Lambert, not mad; I am sorry to say not mad—not quite mad, at least. Look at him, Ned; he asks me to introduce him. I do so. That man, that disgrace to the name of Englishman, is a scoundrel and a profligate; a wretch who left his wife and daughter to starve, if they would; he has lately made himself a rascally spy for the French Government, and tried to sell, and, according to his own boast, did sell with profit, the lives of brave and foolish men. Look at him, Lambert, and know him if you will."

"Yes, look at me, Lambert," broke in Lyndon, "and know me—for I know you now—as all that our polite friend has said; and one thing more: I am Lilla Lyndon's father, Lambert; and I presume I am one day to have the honor of being your father-in-law. Let us embrace."

"Is this true?" asked Lambert, turning with pale face to me.

"It is true, Ned; that wretched creature is Lilla's father. Now you know all."

"Poor, poor Lilla! *She* knew of this; and therefore she doomed herself to live alone?"

"She did."

"Now, look here, fellows!" said Lyndon, cocking his hat more fiercely than before on the side of his head, and trying to look tall; "there is no use in talking over family affairs thus publicly. But I tell you this: *I* don't care—I'm not going to be kept out of the family councils any longer. I know all about my daughter now, and my wife too; and I'm open either to hate them or to love them. Whoever marries my daughter has to deal with me. I am not hard to deal with; but I must be conciliated, courted, paid off, if necessary. In one word, Lambert, are you prepared to treat? Are you ready to go into council?"

"No," I said, answering for him. "No, Ned, not a word with him. Better Lilla bore any persecution, or waited any time."

"This from you, Temple! I thought I had won your gratitude, at least."

"Yes; I believe you did really try to do me a good turn; and though I had no need of it, and was not in the danger you supposed, I am not ungrateful for it, and I will try to serve you yet. If you want money—"

"My good Temple! If I want money? All my life has been a perpetual want of money. Just now I do happen to be pretty flush; but, good God! I know myself—I ought to—and I shall be as hard up as ever in a few weeks. Besides, I begin to feel at last the want of a peaceful domestic life. I think I have pretty well exhausted all the stormy joys, and I am now very anxious to retire into the placid bosom of family comfort. I think I may venture to say to my future son-in-law, if he will allow me the honor so to call him, that in me he sees a reclaimed man; at least he sees in me a man who wants to be reclaimed. The one grand emotion at the bottom of my nature, Lambert, is religion. Our friend Temple will quite bear me out in that. Religion, Sir! I confess that my life of late years, and the persistent ill-treatment I have experienced from the world and my nearest relatives, has rather disturbed the religious element. But there it is still. Now I know that family affection can purify and restore it; therefore let us go in for family affection. I am to be reclaimed. *Eh, bien*, reclaim me!"

He then threw back his coat from his breast, and stood with displayed shirt-front, as if moral reclamation were to be effected by the agency of a stethoscope.

Lambert looked at me inquiringly, as if to ask, "Is this genuine?"

I looked at him with an expression which said, "Decidedly not."

"Come, Mr. Lyndon," I said, "my friend does not know you as well as I do; you want something; put it into plain words—what is it?"

The little man smote his breast theatrically, and said,

"A home."

"Any thing else?"

"A daughter."

"Mr. Lyndon," I said, rather seriously, "there is such a thing in the world as being too late. I am afraid you are too late."

"But look here, Temple; I want to be reclaimed; I do, by God! And I think God wants me to be reclaimed too. I don't think He hates me wholly, for I have always loved the beauty of His house, and I have loved to sing to Him. I think He could have loved me if things had just gone a little better with me. Do try me, Temple—and Lambert. I know—well, come, at least I *think* I am sincere now, I do really. I've always been repenting, of course; and I don't wonder that you are a little suspicious; but, by the Lord, I think I'm sincere this time! Don't turn away from me, lads; now don't! Come to my daughter, Lambert, and take me with you; I'll fall at her knees, I'm d—d if I don't! Look here; these are tears."

So they were; there were tears unmistakably running down his wrinkled old face, out of his blinking black eyes. I had so long been accustomed to his private theatrical displays and his easy gusts of emotion, that I was not perhaps much moved. Lambert was touched, quite touched. He held out his hand to the wretched old creature, who seized it, pressed it to his lips, and blubbered over it.

My God! if in that supreme moment a touch of true compunction did visit the heart of that unfortunate man, may it not have been too late! may it not have been too late!

Lyndon lifted up his head, and exclaimed, "Then I am saved? I shall see my daughter?"

"You shall," said poor Ned Lambert, and wrung again the old man's hand.

Now I had been anxious to bring this scene to a close. Perhaps my distrust of Lyndon was such that I disliked to see Ned Lambert touched by him. Besides, it was hardly the place for a scene. We had moved a few paces up the Haymarket, and now stood just one pace down Jermyn Street, and in the shadow: I had, by working our group gently along, got thus far at least out of the glitter and glare of the Haymarket. Still, there were people constantly passing us, and looking with some surprise at us and our gestures. Just now somebody who had been standing in a doorway came out, and, apparently attracted by curiosity, drew nearer and nearer to us. The person approached somewhat behind me, and I could only see that somebody was drawing near and listening. Now nothing can exceed the easy vacuous impudence with which street-idlers in London coolly walk up close to a group of people, and there stand, and stare, and listen. I am myself peculiarly nervous and sensitive about this sort of thing; and the vicinity of this vulgar and curious eaves-dropper made me specially uncomfortable. I was just about to turn and ask the fellow rather angrily what he wanted there, when Lyndon called to me, in a tone half triumphant, half tearful: "Not too late, Temple! recall your words, my friend! No, not too late, after all!"

At that moment the listener, whose shadow was just behind me, pushed or lurched forward, and dashed against Lyndon. So far as there was time for thought, I thought it was the lurch of a drunken man. But at the same instant I heard two sudden peculiar sounds following each other instantaneously; two sounds in each of which there was something like a thump, and something like a rattle, and Lyndon gave a wild shriek, flung up his arms, then collapsed like a man stricken with cholera, and rolled on his legs for a second, and then fell all in a heap on the pavement. And in the same instant of time the man who had rushed on Lyndon cried out the word "*Traditore!*" flashed round on me the fierce wolf-like eyes of Benoni the Italian, and then fled fast as a wild-cat down the silent darknesses of Jermyn Street.

"Look to him, Temple," shouted Lambert; "I'll be after that fellow." And he rushed away, his long legs making tremendous play along the pavement.

In a moment a group of people, chiefly women from the Haymarket, had gathered round; then a couple of policemen came up, and one went off like mad down Jermyn Street after Ned and the assassin. We lifted up Lyndon, and brought him into a public house which stands, or stood, at the Haymarket corner of the street. There we laid him on a bench. He was bleeding fearfully from two wounds, one in the breast, one just under the ear. A surgeon was sent for from across the street, and came up in a moment. While he was opening Lyndon's clothes Lyndon recovered a little from the swoon into which he had fallen, and looked up. His eyes fell on me at once.

"You are a prophet, Temple," he murmured. "It *is* too late, you see. No use, doctor! Not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve. Temple, your friends of the revolution have done for me. Tell my daughter I'm sorry, and my wife, and *your* little Lilla."

Ned Lambert had by this time quietly rejoined the group, and stood with flushed face silently looking on. Lyndon saw him, and smiled.

"Good fellow, Lambert," he said; "kind lad—I like you. I ought to say, 'Bless you, Lambert!' in the regular old style; but I can't get up to do it with the proper action. I am dying, Egypt, dying! I hope God will forgive

me. I think He might forgive me if He forgives Goodboy; and Goodboy is so respectable there can't be any doubt about *him*."

I asked the surgeon in a low tone whether poor Lyndon had not better be kept quiet; he was talking away all this time incessantly, except when an occasional pang or gasp stopped his utterance for a moment. The surgeon only shook his head, and signified with a gesture that it did not matter *now*. I asked whether he had not better be removed to some hospital, or somewhere of the kind. The reply was a quiet gesture to the same effect—no use thinking of that *now*.

Meanwhile Lyndon lay nearly motionless on the seat where we had laid him, his head and shoulders propped by cushions taken from the benches around. His wig had fallen back from his head, and what with the bald forehead, the round, plump, beardless face, and the twinkling, restless eyes, there was a queer, pathetic, grotesque look of infancy about him, which the incessant and scarcely intelligible babble he kept up served to keep in countenance. The strange sardonic expression, now suggestive of roguery, and now almost of madness, which his face used to wear habitually, had quite faded away, and I seemed to see a striking resemblance to his daughter—that resemblance of which vague glimpses used so to perplex and tantalize me in the early days of our acquaintance.

Ned Lambert looked pityingly on.

"No hope?" he asked of the surgeon, in a whisper.

"None whatever," was the whispered reply. "It is a question of minutes. There is nothing to be done."

The idle and amazed lookers-on had now been got rid of. Nobody was in the room but the surgeon, the landlord, a couple of women —bar-maids, I suppose—two policemen, Ned Lambert, and I. Drawing Ned aside, I learned from him what had come of his pursuit. He said he was gaining upon the fugitive, when somebody—whether by design or accident he could not tell—suddenly ran from a doorway, rushed against Ned, and in the collision flung him heavily on the pavement. When he got on his feet there was nobody near. The man who had flung him down disappeared, he thought, up a court to the left. He could easily have caught him if he had followed; but he still ran on, hoping to get some sight of the assassin—a hopeless attempt. Neither sight nor sound assisted. He was turning back from the idle quest when he met the policeman coming to his assistance.

Meanwhile Lyndon babbled on. I have read that during the insanity of George III. nothing was so dreadful to those of his family who were near him as his never-ceasing unmeaning talk. I can quite understand it. Lyndon's unbroken flow of words was terrible to hear.

At last he gave a sharp groan, almost a cry, and stopped for a moment in his speech. Then he said, in a clearer and more coherent manner, although with gradually failing voice:

"Temple, my Minstrel Boy, I have been turning the matter over, and I think there is hope; I do, on my soul. There was a deal in me, only it didn't somehow come to a focus. I was very near being a good painter; I was very near being a great musician. Don't deceive yourself, Temple; *you* never will sing as I could have done once, my boy. And I might have been a religious man; and I might have been a good man. Of course I wasn't any thing. But where there's so much valuable raw material, I don't believe God means it always to lie idle. No, no; *He* doesn't make blunders, or waste good stuff in that sort of way. He'll find use for me, though I couldn't find any use for myself. Confound it all! I'm better than a rat or a black beetle. I know that my Redeemer liveth! I am sorry you seem rather wanting in the religious element, Temple; but I dare say something can be done, even for you.—Ah, not fair, George Lyndon; not fair, brother George; 'twas you did it, not I; always making me your scape-goat. Well, I did one right thing in life, d—n me!—O God, forgive me, I mean. Not too late, Temple, after all! O God!"

Lyndon gasped heavily. His head fell forward plump on his breast.

"Oh, he's dead!" said one of the bar-maids, with a little scream.

So he was.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE OLD PLACE AGAIN.

THERE is very little of a story in all this. Great heroic events and sufferings, which would naturally consolidate themselves into five acts with a grand *dénouement*, are the lot of the favored very few. My ordinary life kept on much the same after the departure of Christina, the murder of Lyndon, and the marriage, which took place within a few months, of my dear friends Ned Lambert and his Lilla Lyndon. They live in a pretty little house in Brompton. I left that neighborhood, and took lodgings near Bedford Square. It was there that I began the writing of this story, in the Bloomsbury region which the opening chapter describes, on the wet and wild evening, when, lonely, I sat down to tell my tale to him and her who would listen.

Nothing came of Lyndon's murder. The assassin was not found, nor was any trace of him discovered. What I knew I kept to myself.

I gave up the stage at once, and not too soon. I have often hinted that my voice began to give distinct signs of failure; and of late it was quite clear to me that it would not much longer bear the heroic strain of opera. So I anticipated defeat, and surrendered. "Happy the man," says the author of "Penden-

nis," "who quits the field in time, and yields his broken sword to Fate the Conqueror with a resigned and cheerful heart." My heart was resigned and cheerful, indeed, but not from any heroic or magnanimous qualities, to which I have not pretended, but because it never had been in the battle at all, and it was now absorbed in quite other and far better hopes than those which at the outset led me to the fight. I retired, had a farewell benefit, was banqueted by some of my friends, made a speech, was kindly and even tenderly noticed by the newspapers, and then subsided into music-teaching and concert-singing. I quitted wild Bohemia, and became thoroughly respectable and commonplace. Nothing could be more quiet, monotonous, humdrum, lonely, than the kind of existence into which I gradually sank. Many a man makes a desperate run up the hill, full of energy and resolve, but suddenly meeting midway with some check, struggles a moment or two, grumbles a while, and then very quietly turns round and saunters down again. So it was with me; but neither the early run up, nor the later descent, was wholly merit or wholly fault of mine. I mounted in the hope of overtaking Christina Reichstein; I paused and came down because I believed that thereby I should make myself worthier—at least less unworthy—to be the husband of Lilla Lyndon.

I had to wait our self-appointed period of probation for her; and I waited, silent, patient, absorbed in the thought of her. We never interchanged letter, or word, or missive, or greeting of any kind. During the whole time I never saw her; for a long time I never heard of her, except once, when, taking up the *Morning Post*, I saw that Mr. Lyndon, M.P., and the Misses Lyndon, had arrived at the Hôtel Bristol, Paris, on their way home from Italy. I make no doubt that Mr. Lyndon took his daughter every where he could, and into all manner of distractions, in the hope of inducing her to love some one else and to forget me. I did not fear. Lilla Lyndon had contrived, unconsciously I am sure, to impress me with a sense of pure unalterable constancy which I could not doubt. She had her father's qualities, in fact, turned from bad into good, and sanctified by her purity of soul, and glorified by her noble warmth of heart. No, I could not doubt *her*.

Other doubts, indeed, I had; and they gave me many a pang. They were doubts of my own worthiness—not merely of my moral worth, for I do believe that the presence and the influence of such a woman must have stirred Barabbas to some love of goodness; but doubts of my fitness in what I may call the æsthetic or artistic way to sustain Lilla Lyndon's ideal. I could not and did not disguise from myself that her love for me had its source in pure romance—the passion of a generous girl-nature, weary of monotonous and colorless formality and respectability, for some nature on which the rays of a more romantic and highly-tinted existence fell ever so lightly. I knew that what with our secret love and my late attempt not to steal her from her sphere, Lilla had begun to look upon me as an exalted heroic kind of being. I looked into myself, and turned away with a pang of shame to think how unlike to all this was the reality—of dread lest she too should some time discover it and be disappointed. Would it be better, I sometimes gloomily thought, that the passages in our lives, now interrupted, should end thus—simple, sad, memorable, not to be renewed, not to be forgotten? Often, as I found myself giving way to ill humor and pettishness and littleness of any kind; as I felt tempted to snarl at friends who had passed high up the beanstalk of success and got to the castle and fairy regions at the top, while I remained idly on the dull ground below; as I recognized in myself the prickings of envy and the pangs of disappointed ambition; as I detected myself in being too lazy to change a lodging, too cowardly to give a landlady warning, too procrastinating to succeed in doing some solid service to a friend—I could not help thinking that perhaps it would be a happy thing, after all, for her, if Lilla Lyndon and I were never to meet again.

This was my pain and punishment sometimes; but for this I should have had, even in waiting for her thus in silence and separation, the light of an unchanging hope and happiness around me.

Once I went back and revisited my old birthplace town. Very little was changed there. It is exasperating, when you think you have lived through at least half a dozen lives, to come back to the place you left so long ago, and find every thing precisely as it was when you, unheeded, turned your boyish back upon it. I spent the better part of a whole day loitering on the strand where I did battle with Ned Lambert, and watching the roll of the surf, and flinging lazy pebbles in. I climbed the hillside and looked long upon the glorious scene below. Once I made an excursion in a fisherman's boat round the bay; and from the light summer-day clouds and soft blue hazy sky came suddenly heavy mist and gale (I knew them well of old); and quickly a squall arose, and a storm thundered in our ears and tattered our sails before we could reef them, and drove us off shore, blinding and baffling us with its spray. I declare that I felt a rush of life and energy such as I had not known for long, and which was positive delight. I showed a proficiency, too, in the management of the sheet which was intrusted to me, and a familiarity with the character of the sea there, which quite amazed the fisherman and his boy. I was enraptured with the storm. I was a boy again, and I roared some frantic improvisation of exulting energy to answer the defiance of the roaring waves. Our boom was torn away, and we had literally nothing for it but to run before the wind, whither the wind would. I lighted a cigar, and strove to keep it burning. I could sometimes, when

the wind lifted the mist, and the spray was less blinding, catch glimpses of a distant shore, and a steep hill, and white houses scattered over it; and I thought I could find no more appropriate place to die—"where I did begin, there now I end!"—and that were I to go down there, I should always live a pure and glorified life in the sacred memory of Lilla Lyndon. But I was preserved—I trust to make her happy; and I was landed at night, the storm having abated, near a lonely public house on a little peninsula far down the coast, wet and draggled, cold and dispirited, the energy and excitement quite washed out of me, and with the prospect of at least a fortnight's enforced relief from singing, owing to the magnificent hoarseness I felt setting in.

And I went to see poor old Miss Griffin, the organist under whose sway Christina and I used to sing, and whom I hope the reader has not quite forgotten. Miss Griffin did not look very much older, or neater, or primmer, than she used to do twenty years syne. She still played upon the very same organ—Ned Lambert's improvements had made no way here—and she had loud-voiced, demure girls singing round her on the Sunday, and practicing under her direction in the evenings of the week, and taking a quiet tea with her now and then; sometimes being scolded by her, and no doubt sometimes paying her off with smart feminine gibes when her neat, well-made-up back was turned. Every thing around Miss Griffin seemed so much the same as before, so little affected by years, that I positively looked round for Miss Griffin's mamma and the parrot, and I should not have been surprised if both had appeared in their familiar places. But Time is not to be quite disarmed—and the mamma and the parrot were gone.

Miss Griffin was very friendly, quaint, and affectionate.

"And so you became a great singer," she said, "after all? To say the truth, I never expected it of *you*. I always thought you were too idle and careless. Of course you often met Christina Braun?"

"Yes, Miss Griffin; very often."

"She was a pupil of mine once, and sang in my choir. Oh, but I forgot—of course you recollect her here."

"Perfectly well, indeed."

"Yes, yes; to be sure. Many a time you sang with her in this very room. No, though—not *this* room; the old lodgings. You see, I have been migratory since you were here."

She had changed her lodgings once in twenty years.

"Did Christina ever speak of me, Mr. Banks?" Miss Griffin took up my name, of course, in the old and original way.

"Very often, Miss Griffin; and very kindly."

"Yes, I am sure she would. She was a good-hearted creature, only I used to fear that she was too fond of display, and that she would come to no good. And she became a great singer too?"

"She became a great singer indeed. That is quite certain, Miss Griffin."

"Yes, a gentleman here, son of Mr. Thirlwall, our clergyman—you recollect?—was up in London once, and he told me he heard Christina at the Opera, and that the house was crowded, and the Queen was there. He did not speak of you; but this was before you came out, I suppose. And she has made a great fortune, and retired from the stage?"

"I believe so, Miss Griffin; at least she has retired from the stage."

"Already! Dear, dear! Only the other day she was a little girl here—oh, quite a little girl. And you were a boy; and now—"

"And now I am a 'grizzled, grim old fogy,' you were going to say, Miss Griffin?"

"Nonsense! Indeed I was going to say nothing of the kind; for if you were to be thought old, I don't know what could be said of *me*. And you are not married yet? I wonder you didn't marry Christina. I remember now that I thought at one time you were sweet upon her; but certainly you were too young then."

After a while I asked Miss Griffin to play something in memory of old acquaintance. She did so, very kindly and readily, playing, indeed, with some skill; and even, on a little pressure, sang a quaint old song, with which, some twenty years back, I used to be perhaps rather more familiar than I much cared to be. It sounded in my ear now enriched by such kindly, softening, saddening associations, that it seemed almost like an evening hymn.

Then she insisted on my singing something for her out of one of the operas in which, as she was pleased to put it, I had made my greatest success. I asked her to choose for herself, and she selected, of all others, something from the very opera in which I sang with Christina for the last time. I sang it as well as I could with the hoarseness of my boating-excursion growing on me; and a dark-eyed, pale-cheeked girl, too timid to open her lips, accompanied me. What a dreary business it was to me! It was the very ghost of a song.

This done, I prepared to leave.

"I suppose I shall never see you again," said Miss Griffin. "Though I think, whenever you get married, you ought to bring your wife to see me. You ought to be married now. Don't let it get too late. Well, well, how odd it is! The other day only, it seems to me, I thought you quite too young to marry; and now I am urging you not to let it grow too late."

"Just the way in life, Miss Griffin. One day we are too young, and we resolve to wait a little and think the matter over; and we think a little too long, and behold we wake up and we are too old."

"Ah, that is just the way with *me*. I thought of going to live in London once, when I heard that every body from this place was doing so well there—even poor Edward Lambert, who

wasn't clever or brilliant at all, you know, quite making a fortune, I'm told—but I put off going from time to time, and now I am too old."

"You must be very lonely here, Miss Griffin."

"I used to be very lonely at first, after my dear mamma died; but I have grown used to it now. I have the church to attend to, and my choir, and the pupils. I suppose every body is lonely in one way or another, more or less, except, of course, great people who mix in the fashionable world of London, like Christina Braun and you."

Yes; except such as Christina and I. Other people are lonely; but we who have free souls, it touches us not!

I took a friendly leave of good old Miss Griffin; never, in all probability, to see her again.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"BRIGHT AS THE BREAKING EAST."

The year was over; that strange, dreamy, solitary, silent year of my life was gone at last. I was free to seek out Lilla Lyndon and ask her to be my wife. I had been filled with hope and confidence all through the time, and only longing that the day should come when I could realize my hopes. Now that the time had come, I was tormented with doubts, distrusts, despondency. I had not, indeed, to agonize me the sudden fear of Wordsworth's lover lest the beloved should be dead. People of Mr. Lyndon's wealth and position live in a glass house in London: any body with the slightest interest in the matter can follow them in all their movements—in their going from town to country, from London to the Continent, in their dinner-parties and balls. Nothing remarkable could have happened to Lilla without my hearing of it through half a dozen channels. Of late I hardly ever visited Ned Lambert and his wife without hearing that the latter had just received some kind letter, or message, or perhaps even a visit from Lilla. I had several times heard rumors that Lilla was to be married to this or that desirable and aristocratic or wealthy personage, and these rumors did not alarm me. Nothing, in fact, had occurred to give me fear, and Lilla had impressed me gradually, indescribably, with a faith in her constancy which was the nearest approach to religious devotion I had ever had. Yet the time had come to prove her, and I was filled with distrust and despondency.

So far as I could analyze the feeling, it arose from the old deep sense of my own unworthiness. What had I to give her for her love? What had I done that I should be called living into heaven? I who had always been buffeted through life, without time or chance to develop whatever elements of good might be in me; I who had never troubled myself about religion or morals in any high and spiritual sense, but merely gone my way whither Fate and the hour would—what had I done to deserve the love of such a woman? What could I give her for it? What warrant had I that I should always be able to hold it?

I think, to be happy, a man ought to be supremely selfish or sublimely good. He ought to have either a dominating will or a dominating conscience. I envy people who look out for the right, and, seeing it, go straight along that path, without hesitation or after-thought, whether it lead to happiness or torment, to shame or splendor, because it is the right. I have sometimes, in lower moods, envied those who follow, unthinking and reckless, their dominant will—who do the thing that pleases them, who are unjust and fear not. But those who are not selfish enough to think only of self, who are not sublime enough to ignore self altogether, they have often a trying time; and I am one of them. If I could now have thought only of myself, I should have been happy. Perhaps if I could have thought only of Lilla, I should have been happy too, and with a far purer happiness. But I could not forget my own life, my own follies, faults, weaknesses, roughnesses, sins; and I thought if, since I saw her last, she has reconsidered her resolve, if she has seen some one who is in every way more worthy of her than I, and has found that she could love him better—every friend she has on earth must approve her change of mood, and I—even I—could not condemn her. And though I did not fear that this would be the end, my very faith in her but deepened and embittered my sense of hopeless inferiority.

One resolve I made; the Christian reader will, of course, condemn it, and regard me as abhorred because of it; the practical, cynical reader will smile at the idea, and think I never meant what I said. It is the truth, however. If any thing whatever should have occurred to break the engagement between Lilla Lyndon and me, I was determined not to live any longer. I would not confront any more of a futile, good-for-nothing, ignoble existence without love and without hope. If this glorious, delicious prospect which Heaven had so suddenly and strangely held out to me of a regenerated and exalted life, with love in it and a purpose in it—if that prospect should be as suddenly and as strangely withdrawn, I would accept the decree as a sentence of dismissal; I would take it as a declaration that I had no farther hope or business in life, and I would get out of life accordingly. On this—I declare it now in all calmness, and looking back from a distance of years—I was resolved; and the resolve sustained me. Come the worst, there was something to fall back upon—there was a means of escape. I believed that Heaven would not judge my decision too sternly, and at least I was resolved to trust my soul rather to heaven than to earth. Any thing in preference to any more of the meaningless, barren, good-for-nothing, loveless, homeless, hopeless life I had been

leading for now some fifteen years. One way or another, let that at least end.

Grim resolve for a lover going to meet his love; but, grim as it was, it strengthened, consoled, and animated me.

Lilla is of age to-day. She is her own mistress. She can accept me or reject me of her own free-will, and no one can say her nay. I will go to-day—this very day—and know all. I will not write to her, I will not go to her house. But though I have never seen her since our parting in Paris, and never heard from her; though we have never interchanged the briefest message or greeting, I know that, if she is still of the same resolve as she was, she will walk in Kensington Gardens this day. I know that if she does not come there, all is over. The same impulse which brings me there would bring her, if her object were the same as mine.

I dressed with immense and exhausting care that day, and looked in the glass nearly as often as if I were a girl going to her first ball. But the result did not strike me as satisfactory; and at last I gave up the attempt at self-adornment and improvement in a kind of despair.

The day was not bright. For summer-time it was singularly dark and gray. No sun shone, the air was dense, the sky all hung with heavy clouds, the leaves rustling and blowing as if autumn had already set in. If one were to take his omen from the heavens and the atmosphere, this were a day to look for disaster. This is just the gray sombre sky under which I should expect to hear some heavy news.

Kensington Gardens looked strange and gloomy to me. The trees moaned slightly in the light wind that seemed to anticipate October. The birds flew low; the round pond, or pool, when I came near it, had a leaden-hued surface, which even the ripples fanned by the wind did not brighten. Leaves detached untimely from the neighboring trees and plants came rustling and rushing down the glades. There rose up and lingered in my mind a verse from a strange, sweet, melancholy song of Uhland's:

> "Ich reit' am finstern Garten hin,
> Die dürren Bäume sausen drin,
> Die welken Blätter fallen.
> Hier pflegt' ich in der Rosenzeit,
> Wann alles sich der Liebe weiht,
> Mit meinem Lieb zu wallen."

No one was near the pond when I reached it, with the mournful cadence of this ballad in my ears and in my soul. As I stood by the margin of the pool there was literally no human being in sight. Not a nursery-maid, not a child even, could be seen. Down this glade or that, wherever I looked, was no form moving. One might have been far away in the country, in the heart of some lonely old park of Queen Anne's time, when the last owner was dead, and the young heir was abroad, and the mansion-house was deserted.

I stood for a while pursuing this sort of thought, and vaguely trifling with my own emotions, as if I were half occupied in turning over the leaves of a book, endeavoring to while away time and to keep down anxiety. It seemed to me at last as if I stood in utter isolation, quite alone. A sort of sea seemed to have risen up and swallowed all my old friends and old associations, and left me planted there. In this moment all the past seemed to wear an aspect of unreality to me. Did I read it all, or find it in the music of some of the operas in which I sang, or dream it out as a poem or a story to be written by me some time? Did a real living Lilla Lyndon ever tell me of a real living love—or is she but the phantom of a woman who would have loved me had she been a creature of life?

In one moment, in one flash, my melancholy meditations were gone—my question was answered. Life came into the silent glade at my left. I saw a woman's figure at the far end of the glade, and though no eye could distinguish features at such a distance, I knew who came with light and rapid step toward me. I knew the figure, the walk of Lilla Lyndon. I did not rush to meet her—no, not yet. I stood and abandoned myself to the unspeakable delight of seeing her come to me. I think I broke into a deep sigh of profound relief and passionate joy. She came nearer and nearer. Thank Heaven for the rare chance that has made these gardens so solitary to-day! She came so near that now I could see every feature of her face, so near that now she saw me; and then I sprang to meet her. A light blush, or flush, came over her face, tinting it all with a delicate momentary rose-color, which deepened almost to the hue of the damask-rose, to the hue of her own lips as I kissed them. I can not describe her as I saw her, and I have no faith in word-descriptions. The light of her face was to me as the light of a star. Other description I have none to give.

"I knew you would come!" she said.

"My love! Lilla!" were the only words I could find in answer.

Then we walked, silent, to the edge of the pond, and sat on one of the seats there; and I took her hand in mine.

"I have sad news," said Lilla, looking up to me with eyes that now floated in tears.

I started. In the selfishness of my love I only thought of some sad news that threatened *it*.

"Poor papa is very, very ill. He has had some cruel attacks of gout lately; and—and he's very bad now indeed. I have only stolen out a moment to see you, because I knew you would be here. I must not stay with you; but he knows I came to see you; and he only said he hoped I would not leave him for long just now. Oh, he spoke so kindly! Under all his manner he has a noble heart. I told you that some day he would appreciate you, and you him; and I only hope and pray it is not too late."

I loved her but the more for her tender, gen-

erous illusion. To me it seemed, even in that hour, an illusion. I had outlived faith in the miraculous redemption of selfishness. I could not believe in Mr. Lyndon's noble heart; but I believed all the more in my enemy's daughter.

"You must return, my love," I said. "I will not keep you now—though I hope your affection magnifies the seriousness of the danger. But I will not keep you here—enough that I have seen you to-day."

"I came because I knew you would be here. I came to tell you—" She hesitated.

"You came to tell me that you have not changed—that I may love you—that you will be my wife?"

"I came to tell you all that," she said, with a bright gleam of light shining for a moment in her eyes and on her face, "if you came to ask me."

Some months after this I received one day a letter from Switzerland. It was dated from Lugano, and this was what it contained:

"My dear Emanuel,—I have just seen Ned Lambert and his wife, and they have brought me news, not unexpected, from England—the news of your approaching marriage. I hear of it with gladness, and with tears that are glad too, but still tears. Oh, how I wish you happiness, and to her who loves you and whom you love! I shall tell her some day that it was I who first discovered her secret, before you did, and told you of it. I have sent her a little gift, a necklace, which she will wear for my sake, and a gift from my husband.

"I was shocked and startled indeed to read of Mr. Lyndon's death. He had many qualities that were good; and I, for one, think of him now only with kindness, and pray for him.

"My husband sends his greetings and congratulations. He hopes for great things in the spring, and bids me tell you the opening of 1859 will be an era. He is, you see, as full of hope and faith as ever.

"And now, dear old friend, friend from youth, almost from childhood, adieu! I shall hold you and your wife always in my heart and in my love, and I am to both the true soul-sister, Christina."

THE END.

A MISTAKE.

"SHE has the lightest foot, the lightest heart, and the lightest head in the county."

"You mean that her conscience is clear and her constitution sound? I like your description of her well."

"I mean—exactly what I said."

"My charge will be more than interesting, Mrs. Glynn."

"And you more than indiscreet in undertaking it so entirely. However, I have learned that what I am powerless to prevent it is better to acquiesce quietly in. I have made my protest; you have not accepted it. I promise never to say another word on the subject."

The lady who had been addressed as Mrs. Glynn rose to leave the room; but at the door she paused and looked back to say,

"You shall see her alone—quite alone; and I need scarcely add that she shall not be influenced by my opinion. Do I not accept my powerless position gracefully?"

"As you would any that could possibly be yours to fill."

"Too polite to be perfectly truthful—too polite by many, many degrees," Mrs. Glynn said to herself as she closed the door and walked slowly up stairs on her way to look for her niece, and detail some important news to the latter.

While she is doing that, the man she had left, and his mission, shall be put before the reader.

It is a favorable moment for taking his portrait. He is looking more in earnest than he has looked for many a long day, as he sits in Mrs. Glynn's little morning-room, awaiting the advent of the girl who was left to his guardianship ten years ago. Hitherto he has been lax enough in his charge, contenting himself with quarterly letters of inquiry as to her health, and with sending her gorgeous, useless presents from all corners of the globe. But now the conviction that every thing else bores him strengthens his sense of duty toward his ward, and he has come down to see and claim her, as a preliminary step toward altering her life and his own.

So much, briefly, for his mission. The how and why such a one came to be in his course of duty will be explained as the narrative rolls on. Now a few words as to the man himself.

Young still—yet old enough ten years before this story opens to have been intrusted with the guardianship of a little girl by her father, an old brother officer dying in India—yearned over then by this young fellow, his friend—almost forgotten now in the anticipated advent of the girl he had left behind him.

Young still, and handsome—not with the godlike beauty that once adorned the pages of romance, and that rendered all things out of the regions of those pages tame and unprofitable, but handsome after the fashion of this age; alive and alert with intelligence and activity; well-grown and erect, but neither lanky nor stiffly upright; free in gait, freer in gaze, freest of all in opinion and the outpouring of the same.

Graceful, gallant, and gay—so he had been, and so he had been reputed to be, for the last ten years. Well-favored by nature, well thought of by men, well-liked by women, and well-placed in the world, he comes before you in the full flush of all these adventitious aids to favorable consideration awarded him. And if his chestnut hair turns to gray, or his eye's blue brightness gets dimmed before we have done with

him, enough will remain to impress Frank Gambier as a true hero upon the minds of us all.

So much for him. Now for the girl over whose actions and destinies, thoughts and feelings, he was to exercise a considerable influence.

Mrs. Glynn went thoughtfully to her niece's little sitting-room to make the announcement to the girl of her guardian's unexpected advent. The nominal mistress of the house knocked gently at the door that was closed upon the privacy of the one who was mistress of all things in reality at Langham Cottage; then admission was granted, and Mrs. Glynn went in—went in to a pretty, lightly, airily furnished room that was quite in keeping with the bright summer weather in which this story opens, and with the beauty of the girl who is to be its heroine. She looked up rather crossly at being disturbed; but when she saw by whom she was disturbed the cross expression vanished, and a smile came leaping up into her face.

"Dear aunt," she said, "what brings you to my lair at this time of day?"

"A matter of importance, Flo. Your guardian has come to see you—perhaps to take you away."

"What! the mythical Mr. Gambier!" Florence Bray cried, starting to her feet in an instant. "This, as Longfellow says, is better than all the poems that ever were said or sung. What is he like? How do I look?—fit to go down?"

"He is a striking-looking man—younger than I expected to see him."

"Better and better still. The interest deepens. I'll put on my new muslin."

"My dear Florence, nothing can be nicer than that pretty print you have on."

"Yes; the muslin is nicer," Florence said, running away through another open door into her bedroom, where she paused for a minute to look at herself in the glass.

A glass could rarely have reflected a more exquisite figure or face. She was blonde, tall, and slight, with a tiny, handsomely poised little head, round which the golden hair was wrapped in a classical manner that was still fashionable. She had violet eyes; she had a proud, pale, fair face, in the which every feature was delicate, if not perfect. She had a splendidly rounded bust, full and firm, and a slight waist that did not look attenuated. She walked beautifully, putting each lovely little arched foot down with a degree of elastic firmness that few women can accomplish. She had slender, delicately shaped hands, on which no ring sparkled as yet, though she would much have liked to laden her pretty fingers with them. For Florence Bray was poor, and Mrs. Glynn had no jewelry to give her.

She was soon inducted into the new muslin, and then she went down, in her own pretty, half-stately, half-childish way, to meet the one who was supposed to have the authority of a father over her. There was nothing very paternal either in the words or the manner of his greeting, when he did come.

"Miss Bray, you have grown out of all knowledge!" he exclaimed, as she came up and swept him one of her grandest bows.

"And I never had any knowledge of you for you to have grown out of," she said, smiling; "so we meet as strangers, which is better than meeting as half-and-half acquaintances, I think."

"I think so too," he said, laughing. "Has Mrs. Glynn told you that at last I am come to take you in charge, as I promised your father faithfully I would do when you were grown up?"

"Do you mean that I am to live with you—to leave here?" she asked.

"Even so. Do you dislike the prospect?"

"I scarcely know what it is yet. Where am I to live? When am I to go? Who am I to live with?"

"You are to live with me at my house on the terrace at Richmond. You will leave your kind aunt at her and your earliest convenience."

"But a young girl like Florence can not live with you without a chaperon, Mr. Gambier," Mrs. Glynn said, blushing freshly.

"A widowed sister of mine keeps house for me," he replied. "Florence will be in all respects well cared for and protected from remark—believe that."

So it soon came to be settled, after a good deal of demur on one side and explanation on the other, that Florence Bray should start in a week for her new home with her guardian. And even during that week she began to weave the web of a romance.

"He is very attractive," she would say, suddenly; "very, very attractive, old as he must be." A man of thirty is old in the estimation of many girls of seventeen, especially when he stands to her in the legal relation in which Frank Gambier stood to Florence Bray.

She reached the new home on the terrace at Richmond at the close of a fair summer day, a day that had been alternately excitingly sad and exquisitely pleasant. The parting with her aunt had been very trying to both of them. But still there was the promise of a speedy reunion, when Mrs. Glynn should come up to visit Flo in her new home. But, on the other hand, the journey had been agreeable, for Mr. Gambier caused his ward to travel as she had never traveled before. He secured a first-class carriage for himself and her. He gave her a new traveling-bag, daintily fitted up with all manner of refreshing essences and perfumes. He had stocked a luncheon-basket with delicate viands and delicious bottles of Rhine wine; so that she was not condemned to the coarse, unappetizing railway-station fare.

In truth, the day had been excitingly sad and exquisitely pleasant in brief alternate paroxysms. Aunt Ellen, as Florence always called Mrs. Glynn, had, by her doleful manner of

taking leave of the girl, made the early hours oppressive. But the traveling-bag and the luncheon-basket were full of refreshments; and more refreshing than either to the young, ardent girl, who had been so quietly and demurely brought up, was the conversation and companionship of Frank Gambier.

Their reception at the house on Richmond terrace was eminently satisfactory and pleasant. The widowed sister, Mrs. Burser, was an elderly woman, twenty-five or thirty years older than her brother Frank. But in spite of what appeared her vast antiquity in Florence's eyes, Mrs. Burser developed a marvelously young sympathy for Florence. By which statement I do not for one instant mean to imply that Mrs. Burser affected juvenility in any way; but she developed a heart, or rather soul sympathy for a young girl's tastes and likings. She had made the good old, well-built, rather dark house bright and fair with flowers. They bloomed in big pots on the door-step, in big vases in the dining and drawing rooms, in big bouquets (rather too tightly packed together these last) in Florence's bedroom. "Coming from the country as you do, my dear, I thought that flowers would speak to you at once as old friends," she said, kindly, to the strange young girl who was thus suddenly brought into her quiet life by her erratic brother, Mr. Gambier. And Florence accepted the floral sympathy and the good intention with cordial graciousness, and somehow or other felt disappointed that the flowers had not been Mr. Gambier's thought instead of his sister's.

In a very little time Florence was quite one of them. Indeed, from the first Mr. Gambier treated her rather as a young sister than a guest or stranger. He catered well for her amusement, giving her a horse to ride and a pony-carriage to drive. He took her to operas and theatres and concerts—his sister always accompanying them as chaperon. But he did not devote much time to her exclusively in the day, and Florence soon learned to pout about this unalterable fact.

"You have no hateful official duties and no abominable business cares to take you to town every morning," she would plead, prettily, when his handsome cob was led round every morning at half past eleven. "Why should you go up with such mercantile regularity?"

"I am going to do my duty toward my fellow-creatures in the Row, my dear child," he would say, laughingly.

"Why don't you let me go up on the *Morning Star*, and do my duty to my fellow-creatures by showing myself with you?"

"Because I think country air better for you when you ride; because you are too beautiful to be seen there with a groom alone," he said, gravely.

"I asked why I couldn't 'go with you,'" she said, lifting her fair head with a little haughty air of interrogation.

"Because you are too beautiful to ride there with any man save your husband, and that—"

He paused abruptly, and a scarlet flush came over his handsome face.

"'*And that*'—what?" she asked. "And '*that*' I haven't got, I suppose you mean. Well, I would rather ride there with you than with any husband that could be found for me in the world."

"Florence, don't tempt me," he whispered; "my own darling, it would not be well for you, and I will do nothing that is not well for you. When I am your escort my sister must be with us, or Mrs. Grundy will be outraged."

"My own darling!" How often Florence repeated those words, feeding on them, growing glad in her heart about them, hoping that they meant that she was his "own darling" indeed! She had been an inmate of his house, the object of his care and attention, for six weeks now, and during those six weeks she had come to feel that he was dearer to her than any thing on earth. To herself she called those seventeen years of existence which she had passed before he came to claim her a dreamless sleep, such as the lady slept in the enchanted palace; and Frank Gambier was the "happy prince with joyful eyes" who had come to wake her from it. "Would he had done it with a kiss!" she cried, in her passion for him; and then a throb of gratitude quickened her pulses for that he had not married before he came home and found her "beautiful exceedingly."

As for Mr. Gambier, he felt that it would have been well, both for him and for her, if he had been chained from all thoughts of love for her by the clogging memories of a hundred wives.

One special day he had been peculiarly oppressed with this feeling. There was to be a large party at the house of a Mrs. Thornton, a great friend of his, whom Florence had not seen yet, and who lived in Belgrave Square. Mrs. Thornton's name had been mentioned frequently since the receipt of the invitation; but Florence, partly from indifference on her own part, and partly from reticence on the part of those she questioned, had failed to gather other particulars about her than these—namely, that she was a widow, and that she lived in Belgrave Square.

It was to be a very grand party—not a ball, but a dance on a colossal scale, and several notabilities of the season were to grace it with their presence. Her guardian had given Florence *carte blanche* to get what dress she pleased; and Florence was alone with him in the evening before starting, showing him the result and the effect of his generosity. It was a lovely cloudy dress of white tulle over crystalline white silk, that in which Miss Bray was to make her *début*. And round her throat she wore a single string of fine pearls with a diamond clasp that had been her mother's, and on her head and in her bosom she had a pretty little arrangement of starry myrtle blossoms gleaming out from amidst their shining green leaves.

Well, altogether Miss Bray's appearance may confidently be stated to have been a success on this night. Perhaps she felt it to be so herself. Perhaps he felt it to be so. At any rate, both of them were steeped in silence as he stood surveying her.

"What are you thinking of?" she asked, impatiently. She could not bear that he should not admire, should not love her. She could not patiently wait for the good time coming in which he would surely openly tell her that he did these things. The chief fear she had in her mind now was that Mrs. Burser would come in, and so delay the telling.

"I am thinking of you, Flo," he said.

"Nice things? pretty things that I should like you to think?" she asked, coaxingly.

"I am thinking that to-night you will surely be some man's fate; some man will see you, and, seeing you, will find every other woman dim in comparison with you."

"That's just what I want you to think," she said, with that seductive mixture of shyness and candor that had made her so irresistible to him; and as she spoke she held out her bouquet toward him, requesting him to remark its perfect arrangement.

"As you are neither a bride nor betrothed, why so much myrtle?" he asked.

"Because it's the loveliest flower that grows; and why shouldn't I wear it?"

"It's the German bridal flower. As I said just now, you, being neither a bride nor betrothed, have not established a claim to wear it yet."

"But as I am not a German, and as I like it, and as, for all any one knows to the contrary, I may be a betrothed, I shall wear my myrtle to-night, Mr. Gambier," she said, laughing, with a pretty consciousness that made his heart beat faster.

"Florence, you don't mean that you have kept any love affair—any entanglement—from me, do you?" he asked, in a low voice.

"I have kept nothing from you," she said, blushing brightly. "I should be a wretch to keep any thing from you. Any love affair, indeed! Why, until I saw you I never saw a man that I could—"

She stopped, embarrassed, as Mrs. Burser entered the room. And, considering what was to come, Mr. Gambier could but thank the kind Providence that had arrested any further revelation of her feelings.

She did love him! Over and over again, during the course of that drive up to the grand gathering in Belgrave Square, Florence told herself that she did love her guardian, and that her guardian did love her. She had never been sure of this latter fact until to-night, though she had frequently suspected it. But now suspicion was set at rest, and she was sure. Why otherwise should he have been so affected when she made that idle speech relative to no one knowing whether or not she was a betrothed? "He must love me," she said to herself, in a happy burst of confidence; "and he will soon tell me so. Perhaps he will even tell me to-night."

Even while she was thinking this, Mr. Gambier was striving to arrange a form of words in which to make to her a widely different disclosure.

They were among the rather late arrivals, and dancing was in full possession when they went in. Their hostess was in a comparatively accessible spot, and as they paused to speak to her Florence was struck with her great air of familiarity with Mr. Gambier.

"My dear Frank," the lady of the house said, "you will have some difficulty in making your peace, I'm afraid, for being so late."

"I hope not," he said, hurriedly. Then he added, "Let me make known my old friend's daughter, my ward, Miss Bray, to you."

"So!" Mrs. Thornton said, with an air of surprise. "This is the young girl you have spoken about. I fancied her a child, from what you said." Then she held out her hand to Florence, and Florence barely touched the extended fingers, but lifted her beautiful young head up proudly and glanced unmistakable dislike and defiance at the cool, handsome matron.

"I must find you a partner—not that I shall have much difficulty," that lady said, smiling unconcernedly; and as she spoke she tapped a young man who stood near her on the arm with her fan; and presently Florence was being whirled round the room in a rapid waltz.

"And now you really had better find out Blanche, and make your peace with her," Mrs. Thornton said to Frank Gambier; and he turned slowly away, in obedience to her behest, with a heavy step and a heavier heart.

"Supposing she should hear from some of them to-night before I have time to tell her," he thought, miserably. And then he cursed that habit of procrastination which had made him delay the announcement of his engagement to Miss Blanche Thornton.

There was not much time given him for reflection. Presently he came upon the object of his quest. She was standing in the midst of a small and evidently admiring group. And she was very beautiful, and she did not look either aggrieved or angry. There was balm in Gilead for him still, he felt; he could ill have borne just now to be rebuked or made to feel guilty.

"Richmond is such a dreadful distance that of course you are late," she said, smiling, when he commenced making apologies. "Is your sister here, and your ward? I hope you have brought her."

"Yes, she is here," he said, with some constraint.

"An acquaintance of her aunt's, Mrs. Glynn, happens to be here to-night; and he has been giving me a glowing account of her. Frank, you never told me what a beauty you kept caged up in your old house on the terrace. How do you like my dress?"

She was a grand-looking, hazel-eyed, brown-haired woman of five or six-and-twenty. Her rich, sheeny, white satin robe became her well, and he told her so.

"And how do you like my flowers?" she asked.

"Myrtle is always lovely," he said, evasively.

"I wear it in right of my position," she said, laughing. "As I am to be married so soon I may wear the bride's flower. A turn? Oh yes, if you like;" and she put her hand on his shoulder as he slipped his arm round her waist, and together they glided into the thickest circle of the dancers.

They were in full swing in the midst of the crowd (both were faultless steppers, and he was an unerring guide) when Florence caught sight of them.

"Who is that handsome woman dancing with Mr. Gambier?" she asked.

"The lady who will soon be Mrs. Gambier," her partner answered, glancing at the pair she mentioned.

Florence stopped suddenly in her career as though she had been stung.

"Do you mean that they are to marry?" she asked, with a pitiful pallor creeping over her sweet young face.

"I believe that they mean it. Shall we go on?" her partner said. And then they swung round lightly just in the wake of Miss Thornton and her lover, and Flo's heart was nearly bursting.

She took in every line, every shade, every attribute and detail of her rival's beauty—even down to those suggestive adjuncts of it, the myrtle blossoms. And when she had done this, she got herself away to a pink cambric and white muslin bower, that was used as a dressing-room this night, and denuded herself of wreath and bouquet. "He *said* I had no right to wear the myrtle," she thought, almost choking with her wounded love and pride as she thought it; "and he seemed to be so sorry when he fancied I meant that I was betrothed to somebody else." Then she substituted some crimson roses which she found in a glass on the dressing-room table; and with these in her hair and bosom she went back to the ball-room.

Soon he came to her, though he dreaded coming to her now; and by the time he came there were crimson roses blooming in her cheeks too; for the girl was almost mad with the intense feeling she had about her love and her disappointment.

"How quickly you have changed your colors!" he said, in some surprise, as he came up and sat down close to her.

"It is so easy to change," she said, recklessly. "I have found that out this evening."

"What do you mean?" he asked, uneasily.

"Oh, I mean that one can change one's character and costume, one's feelings and flowers, all in a minute if one only tries," she replied, trying to lift her eyes to his face, and failing in the attempt.

"Have you changed your feelings as well as your flowers, Florence?" he asked, gravely.

"I think I have—I hope I have." Her eyes were raised to his for an instant now, with a world of passionate reproach in them.

"My dear child! what has come over you?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said, slowly; then she added, stormily, "yes I do know; I have found out that you haven't been trusting me."

"Florence, I have trusted you with every thing," he said—"with more than you know—with more than I dare tell you of."

"You are going to be married, and you never told me; you let me come here to see her, and you never told; you let me—"

"Florence," he whispered in an agony as she paused in her plaint, "I was a coward—but you will forgive me. But how do you know this? who has told you? I meant to tell you myself to-night."

She shuddered visibly. "Then it is true—it is all true?" she asked. "Never mind who told me—is it *true?*"

"It is."

"I think I had better dance again," she said, wearily. "I think if I can dance away thought I shall be better."

He looked at her with a world of love and pity in his eyes, and as he looked he remembered her aunt's words about her on that day when he went down to wrest her from that simple country life in which she was so happy. Those words rang in his ears now. "She has the lightest foot, the lightest head, and the lightest heart in the county." And as he remembered them his own heart collapsed with a self-reproachful pang.

But what could he do now? His own bride-elect came sauntering by, and stopped, demanding an introduction to Miss Bray; and he had to go through the form, and see Florence patronized, half superciliously, and know that her heart was breaking nearly, and still he had to be quiet, and dared not betray his real feelings.

"Will she live with us when we are married?" Miss Thornton asked, late in the evening.

"I don't know; there will be a difficulty. She is a sacred charge. I dare not hand her over to any one else."

"She may be a sacred charge to you; but she will be a most awful and unmitigated bore to me if she lives with us," Blanche said, pouttingly. "I shall try and secure a good *parti* for her as soon as I have resources of my own at command, quite as much for my own sake as hers. She may conceive a *grand passion* for you if she is not given something to divert her."

"I detest jokes of that kind," he said, gravely; and Miss Thornton, as he spoke, contracted her lids over her hazel eyes and looked at him observantly.

About the same time this conversation was being carried on between the engaged pair, Florence, standing near to Mrs. Thornton, heard that lady say:

"Yes; the marriage is definitely fixed for the 28th of August."

"And will they live at Richmond?" the lady to whom she was talking asked.

"Well, no; I think not. Blanche would find it out of the way. But Mr. Gambier is attached to the old house because it was his mother's; so I suppose he will keep it on as a home for his sister and his ward."

"I will not be disposed of in that way by that woman and her daughter," Florence thought, indignantly. "He was all mine till to-night—at least I thought so—and I can't banish that thought all in an hour. They shall not settle where I live and how I live."

Her wrath had not cooled down when she got into the carriage to go home. She was agitated, excited, flushed, and unhappy.

"How have you enjoyed your first ball, my dear?" Mrs. Burser asked, in unconscious kindness; and Florence answered, stormily:

"I have hated it."

Even as she spoke she felt her hand taken and pressed with a sympathy that she knew could never have been evoked from Mrs. Burser. She snatched her hand away in sudden wrath. What right had he to express sympathy for her now? Was he not going to marry Miss Thornton—"Blanche" (she said the pretty name to herself with withering scorn)? Ay, then, but what right had she (Florence) ever had to his sympathy that she did not still retain? He was the same. The circumstances under which she had come to him were the same, apparently. He was her guardian still. Only to herself dared she confess that she had felt, that she did feel more warmly than was well in only a ward.

"Dear me! I thought it was all so pretty that you would be sure to have enjoyed it," Mrs. Burser said, prosaically, cutting into the midst of these meditations. "You danced as much as you wished, didn't you, dear?"

"Yes, I danced as much as I wished," Florence said, laconically; and then there was silence between them all until they reached home.

When they did reach home Florence was left alone with Mr. Gambier for a minute or two. It was a fixed rule with Mrs. Burser to go round and see that every door and window was well fastened up before she retired to rest herself or permitted other people to do so. "Wait a moment here, dear, till I see if all is right in the bedrooms," she said to Florence this night, as they turned into the dimly-lighted drawing-room. And Florence assented wearily, and sat down on the sofa, and waited until moments grew into minutes.

For an instant or two she silently labored under the conviction that he was watching her. Then she broke the spell, and spoke impetuously:

"Mr. Gambier, will you let me go back to my aunt to-morrow, please?"

"Florence, Florence!" he said, pleadingly, "you do not mean what you say."

"Yes, I do mean it," she retorted, quickly. "I mean it thoroughly, honestly. I came here to live with you; I don't want to be left with Mrs. Burser."

"What makes you think you will be left with Mrs. Burser?" he asked.

"I know it. I heard—" Then she stopped herself, for Mrs. Burser had come back from her tour of inspection, and Florence had no desire to pursue the conversation before her.

"I will see you to-morrow morning," he said, as he rose up to bid her good-night; and she went to bed to think, through the long hours that were left of darkness, of that coming interview, and of what might come of it.

Poor Florence! She may be blamed by the rigid for having given her love unsought. But when a man makes himself specially delightful to a girl, how in the world is she to know whether he is seeking her or not? And while she is asking herself the question and debating about it, she falls in love with him; and thus, if mischief comes of it, she has to bear the brunt of the misery the mischief brings—that is all.

No hour had been named for their meeting the following morning; but about eleven o'clock they found themselves alone, and free to enter upon their unpleasant explanations to each other unfettered by Mrs. Burser's presence.

"What did you mean last night by saying that you would go back to your aunt?" he asked, gently; and she answered, quickly:

"Exactly what I said. I do want to go back."

"But why, Florence?"

"Because it's all a mistake my being here."

"How is it a mistake?" he said, coloring.

"How? Do you want me to tell you that when you are married my home could not be with you? I heard Mrs. Thornton arrange it all for you last night," she continued, with a bitter sneer, that was caused by the pain that was gnawing at her young heart.

"What did you hear Mrs. Thornton arrange for me?" he asked, in a low voice.

"Every thing. When you were to be married—the 28th of August, she said—and where I was to live. This house is too much out of the way for her daughter, but it is to be my home, according to Mrs. Thornton; and according to her I am sure I am to be nothing to you; and I *won't* be that; I can't be that; I had rather go away, quite away from you."

She bent her head down, and sobbed in the utter, entire abandonment of her grief; and he went up and stood close to her, but neither dared to touch the tear-stained face nor the little trembling hands.

"My own Florence! my treasured trust! my loved charge! you shall never leave me, if you will stay with me!"

"If I will stay? What do you mean? Your wife would not have me."

"I have no wife—yet," he said, intemperately. "I was pursued by both mother and daughter—flattered, followed, made one of them whether I would or not, before I went to fetch you

away from your aunt. It was all a mistake, my darling. You have my love."

"But she has your pledge," Florence said, rising up proudly. "No, no, no," she continued, as he took her hand and tried to kiss it; "don't let us make a further mistake now. You are hers; and I will go home, and try to forget that I have made such an egregious one."

"You will not forgive me?" he murmured.

"Yes, I will," she answered, with a sob in her voice. "I have forgiven you; but I couldn't bear to stay here, and know that it was all folly, and that the time was soon coming when you would leave me to be nothing to you."

She won by her appeal. She went home the next day, and was rapturously received by her aunt, who arrived by her unaided instincts at something like the truth of the story. But the old home seemed such a desolate place to her after the love-lighted one she had left at Richmond!

About two months after her return Mr. Gambier called on Mrs. Glynn again. "We thought you were on your wedding tour," that lady said when she had greeted him. And then he told her that Blanche Thornton, by an opportune display of temper, had enabled him to break the chain which bound him to her, and away from Florence.

To the latter he went more into details, but this was briefly the state of the case:

He clung to the thought of a residence in the old house at Richmond, where he had been born, and where his mother had died. Blanche could not live in any metropolitan locality that did not give her the right of having Hyde Park upon her cards. They were each very firm; so it ended in their parting, in the mistake being rectified, and in Florence becoming Mrs. Gambier. "But oh! how would it have been if she had been very sensible or very gentle, and had sacrificed the neighborhood to you—as I would have done to keep you!" Florence would often say, when they were discussing their mutual mistakes and the consequences of the same.

HORSE-TAMING IN HAWAII.

THE taming and training of wild horses is as much of an art as the management of unruly boys. The Bedouin treats his horse as a part of his family, and pets him as he would a child. Thus the Arabian colt, daily accustomed to the caresses of his master, yields, without fear or suspicion, to any task he may choose to impose. He hardly knows where the frolics of sport end, and where the serious labors of service begin. He kindly submits to the halter, the bit, and the saddle; yet his spirit is never broken, his pride and self-respect are never lost. Such education as this has made that proudest of animals, the Arabian horse, the most obedient and serviceable of all man's brute subjects.

In countries where the severity of the climate makes it necessary to shelter domestic animals at certain seasons of the year, the same treatment goes far toward training both horses and cattle, and making them wonted to the ways of men. But in warm climates, where barns are not needed, the horses, lacking this education, run wild in the fields until they are of age. Such is the case with most of the horses on the Hawaiian Islands.

When the native wishes to catch one of these animals he mounts a fleet horse and rides forth, lasso in hand. As he canters over the grassy plain he lets the lasso, or lariat, trail along on the sward till every kink and twist is taken out of it, and it hangs lithe and obediently supple in his hands.

Yonder, grazing on a patch of fine, deep-rooted grass, of South American importation, is the untamed creature of which we are in quest, a three-year-old horse, tall and full of spirit. He has felt the hand of man but once or twice in his life. In many parts of the world the animal would, at this age, be nothing more than a colt, unfit, as yet, to be ridden. But in this warm climate it is found that horses attain their maturity at an earlier age than in colder latitudes. At the Hawaiian Islands, also, nearly every Kanaka is the owner of a patch of land. This gives him the means of indulging the grand passion for equestrian sports; and, on many parts of the islands, horses are so common that nearly every person, young and old, can command the services of his own horse. As might be supposed, most of the steeds, though tough and hardy, are of an inferior breed. For these reasons, as well as on account of the carelessness and improvidence of the natives, it is the practice to break in colts at a very early age.

But to return to the chase. As we approach the colt he gives a toss and a shake of his head, turns and kicks his heels high into the air, as if defying his pursuers, and then dashes across the plain, followed by the whole herd, who career after their leader with many a wanton motion. The speed of the chase at first is moderate. Though the wild horses, prodigal of their strength, run as if for very sport, and indulge in playful jumps and long detours, the horseman carefully husbands the energies of his steed; and by making short cuts from point to point, and keeping the inside of the circle, he saves more than half the distance traversed by the "profligate beasts," to borrow a phrase of Dr. Holmes. But, in spite of all the horseman's care and economy of strength, it seems as if his chase must be fruitless. You ask yourself, is it possible for this horse, with his load of saddle and rider, to outrun a fresh animal who is as free and unburdened as the wind? It is so. A trained horse has better wind, better muscle, better bottom for a long run, and, under the intelligent guidance and stimulus of his human rider, he seems to acquire a greater power of endurance than the wild animal. The trained horse can outrun the wild steed of the pampas.

It is not long before the pursued animal begins to slacken his headlong speed. Now the horseman, who has thus far ridden gently, reserving the energies of his steed, lets him have the rein; and soon the race becomes a close one. If the Kanaka could gain but a few rods on the wild colt he would be able to reach him with his lasso. Inch by inch the distance between the pursuer and the pursued diminishes; and now, nervously swinging the light loop around his head, the horseman launches the lasso in air; but the distance is a trifle too great. The lariat falls short, and, striking the flank of the wild horse, stimulates him to greater speed. Recovering his lasso, the pursuer coils it and makes ready for another trial. He spurs up his horse till he is within five fathoms of the wild animal, and, this time measuring the distance more accurately with his eye, he casts his well-aimed lasso, and in an instant its noose tightens about the neck of the fugitive animal and brings him to a halt. The wild creature, panting for breath from his long run, plants his feet stubbornly in front of him, and draws back as if still hoping to escape from his captor's choking snare. His windpipe is so compressed by the noose that every inspiration is a groan; but still he strains with all his might upon the lariat, until his breath is entirely stopped, and he sinks down senseless upon the ground.

The pursuer now quickly dismounts, and, seating himself astride of the fallen creature's neck, he turns the animal's nose up into the air, thus making it difficult for him to rise. At the same time he quickly loosens the noose that is strangling the poor beast. As the horse begins again his respirations, his eyes, which were just now starting from their sockets in the agony of suffocation, look thanks upon the man who gives him again the privilege of breath.

The horse's feet are bound, and a halter is put about his head. A line of doubled rope or a long girdle of cloth, like a saddle-girth, is tied around the body of the horse, and his eyes are blindfolded with a handkerchief. Thus prepared, the horse, who has by this time recovered his wind, is freed from his bonds and allowed, or, if reluctant, compelled, to rise upon his feet. While standing blindfolded this wild animal neither moves nor offers resistance to any thing that is done to him.

The man who is to ride him now steps up to the animal, and, grasping his mane in his left hand, jumps upon the back of his horse. The rider bends his knees, and draws over them the girdle that is about the horse's body. This is arranged so as to pass over his legs and thighs, and straps him to the horse as securely as Mazeppa was bound to the back of that "charger of the Ukraine breed" that ran with him such a race over the Caucasian steppes.

The belt or girth which passes round the horse's body, and embraces the legs and thighs of the rider, is called by the Hawaiians the *kau-la i-li-ki-ni*, or "Indian's rope." While it binds the rider's knees firmly to the sides of the horse, and thus enables him to retain his seat amidst the animal's most desperate plunges, he can free himself from it at any moment. He has but to straighten his legs, and the *kau-la i-li-ki-ni* dropping off, his knees are released from the pressure of the band. Thus, although bound to his horse, the rider is in no danger from the strap in case the horse falls.

The rider now gathers in his hand the lines which serve as reins, that lead from the halter, and drops the bandage from the eyes of the horse. The wild steed, dazzled at the light, stands for a moment, as if endeavoring to comprehend his situation; he fancies himself again free upon his native plain. Imagine the desperation of this wild creature when for the first time he finds a monster in human form bestriding his back, who is not to be shaken off by any effort. He starts off with terrible plunges. He arches his back like a frightened tom-cat, leaps high in the air, and, making all his limbs rigid, comes down with a shock that jars the whole frame of the rider; or the mad animal rears upon his hind-feet, and threatens to fall over backward upon his rider. I have frequently seen the horse maliciously attempt to crush the rider in this way. But in such a case the horseman frees himself from his *kau-la i-li-ki-ni*, nimbly jumps out from under the body of the falling brute, and, seizing the creature by the head, holds him down, with his back upon the ground, retaliating upon him in a way that is likely to teach him not to attempt the operation again. The wild horse starts anon into a run; and then, turning, shies quickly to one side, thinking to dismount the rider by the suddenness of the movement.

The most trying of all the methods by which the horse attempts to unseat his rider is to bend his back, holding his head near to the ground, and then to perform a succession of alternate jumps and kicks, coming down solidly upon the ground with stiffened legs at each leap. In this way the rider is carried rapidly back and forth, in a sort of see-saw movement, through the arc of a circle, the radius of which is the distance from the horse's back to his feet. But the rider, trusting to his own skill and to his good *kau-la i-li-ki-ni*, curls himself up like a monkey upon the back of the horse, and, bending like a willow at every motion of the animal, resists every attempt of the horse to throw him. These violent exertions soon wear out the strength of the beast, and he becomes subdued and tractable.

The second time that the horse is mounted his manœuvres are for a short time more viciously and more shrewdly planned than at the first; but, seeing the futility of resistance, he soon wisely accepts the inevitable, and by the time of the third or fourth trial begins to adapt himself to the will of his master. Sometimes they lead an especially unmanageable horse into shallow water or upon a sandy beach, where the horse is more quickly tired out, and a fall is not dangerous to the rider.

ŒCUMENICAL COUNCILS.

AT the splendid city of Nicæa, in Bithynia, in the year 325, assembled the first of those great Œcumenical Councils whose decrees have so often controlled the destiny of Christianity and of mankind.[1] It was an occasion of triumph and fond congratulation, for the Christian church had just risen up from a period of unexampled humiliation and suffering to rule over the Roman world. For nearly three centuries since the death of their Divine Head his pious disciples had toiled in purity and love, persecuted or scorned by the dominant pagans, for the conversion of the human race; and the humble but persistent missionaries had sealed with innumerable martyrdoms and ceaseless woes the final triumph of their faith.[2] Yet never in all its early history had the Christian church seemed so near its perfect extinction as in the universal persecution of Diocletian and his Cæsars, when the pagan rulers could boast with an appearance of truth that they had extirpated the hated sect with fire and sword. In the year 304, except in Gaul, every Christian temple lay in ruins, and the terrified worshipers no longer ventured to meet in their sacred assemblies; the holy books had been burned, the church property confiscated by the pagan magistrates, the church members had perished in fearful tortures, or fled for safety to the savage wilderness; and throughout all the Roman world no man dared openly to call himself a Christian.[3]

Gradually, with the slow prevalence of Constantine the Great, as his victorious legions passed steadily onward from Gaul to Italy, and from Italy to Syria, the maimed and bleeding victims of persecution came out from their hiding-places, and bishops and people, purified by suffering, celebrated once more their holy rites in renewed simplicity and faith. Yet it was not until the year preceding the first Œcumenical Council[4] that the Eastern Christians had ceased to be roasted over slow fires, lacerated with iron hooks, or mutilated with fatal tortures; and Lactantius, a contemporary, could point to the ruins of a city in Phrygia whose whole population had been burned to ashes because they refused to sacrifice to Jupiter and Juno. And now, by a strange and sudden revolution, the martyr bishops and presbyters had been summoned from their distant retreats in the monasteries of the Thebaid or the sands of Arabia, from Africa or Gaul, to cross the dangerous seas, the inclement mountains, and to meet in a general synod at Nicæa, to legislate for the Christian world. We may well conceive the joy and triumph of these holy fathers as they heard the glad news of the final victory of the faith, and hastened in long and painful journeys to unite in fond congratulations in their solemn assembly; as they looked for the first time upon each other's faces and saw the wounds inflicted by the persecutor's hand; as they gazed on the blinded eyes, the torn members, the emaciated frames; as they encountered at every step men whose fame for piety, genius, and learning was renowned from Antioch to Cordova; or studied with grateful interest the form and features of the imperial catechumen, who, although the lowest in rank of all the church dignitaries, had made Christianity the ruling faith from Britain to the Arabian Sea.[1]

Nice or Nicæa, a fair and populous Greek city of Asia Minor, had been appointed by Constantine as the place of meeting for the council, probably because the fine roads that centred from various directions in its market-place offered an easy access to the pilgrims of the East. The city stood—its ruins still stand—on the shores of Lake Ascania, not far from the Mediterranean Sea, and on the way to the plains of Troy; it had been adorned with fine buildings by the kings of Bithynia, and enriched by the Roman emperors; in later ages it was shaken by a great earthquake just after the council had dissolved; it became the prey successively of the Saracen, the Turk, and the Crusaders; and when a modern traveler visited its site to gaze on the scene where Athanasius had ravished pious ears by his youthful eloquence, and where Constantine had assembled the Christian world, he found only a waste of ruins in the midst of the ancient walls. The lake was still there; the fragments of aqueducts, theatres, temples. A village of a few hundred houses, supported chiefly by the culture of the mulberry-tree, sheltered beneath its ruined walls; and an ill-built Greek church, of crumbling brick-work and modern architecture, was pointed out to the traveler as the place where had met, nearly fifteen centuries before, the Council of Nice.[2]

The bishops, in number three hundred and eighteen, together with many priests and other officials, assembled promptly at the call of the Emperor, and in June, 325, met in a basilica or public hall in the centre of the city. Few particulars are preserved of the proceedings of the great council, and we are forced to gather from the allusions of the historians a general conception of its character. Yet we know that it was the purest, the wisest, as well as the first,

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1 Eusebius, De Vita Constantini, iii. 6 *et seq.* Quomodo synodum Nicææ fieri jussit. Rufinus, Historia Ecclesiastica, i. 11. De concilio apud Nicæam, etc. Socrates, Hist. Ecc., i. 8.

2 Lactantius, De Mort. Persec., 15.

3 Lactantius (De Mort. Pers., 50) and Prudentius (Peristephanon, Hymn xiii., x.) describe the pains of martyrdom.

4 Sozomen, Hist. Ecc., i. 7. Lactantius, De Mort. Pers., 51. Pleni carceres erant. Tormenta genera inaudita excogitabantur.

1 Eusebius, De Vita Constantini, iii. 7. Rufinus, Hist. Ecc., i. 2. 2 Pococke, Travels, ii. 25.

of all the sacred synods; that its members, tested in affliction and humbled by persecution, preserved much of the grace and gentleness of the Apostolic age; that no fierce anathemas, like those that fell from the lips of the papal bishops of Trent or Constance, defiled those of Hosius or Eusebius;[1] that the pagan doctrine of persecution had not yet been introduced, together with the pagan ritual, into the Christian church; that no vain superstitions were inculcated, and no cruel deeds enjoined; that no Huss or Jerome of Prague died at the stake to gratify the hate of a dominant sect, and that no Luther or Calvin was shut out by the dread of a similar fate from sharing in the earliest council of the Christian world. The proceedings went on with dignity and moderation, and men of various shades of opinion, but of equal purity of life, were heard with attention and respect; the rules of the Roman Senate were probably imitated in the Christian assembly; the Emperor opened the council in a speech inculcating moderation, and an era of benevolence and love seemed about to open upon the triumphant church.

In the town-hall at Nice, seated probably upon rows of benches that ran around the room, were seen the representative Christians of an age of comparative purity, and the first meeting of these holy men must have formed a scene of touching interest. The martyrs who had scarcely escaped with life from the tortures of the pagans stood in the first rank in the veneration of the assembly; and when Paphnutius,[2] a bishop of the Thebaid, entered the hall, dragging a disabled limb which had been severed while he worked in the mines, and turned upon the by-standers his sightless eye — or when Paul, bishop of Neo-Cæsarea, raised in blessing his hand maimed by the fire, a thrill of sympathy and love stirred the throng as they gazed on the consecrated wounds. The solitaries, whose strange austerities had filled the Christian world with wonder, attracted an equal attention. From the desert borders of Persia and Mesopotamia, where he had lived for years on vegetables and wild fruits, came James of Nisibis, the modern Baptist, who was known by his raiment of goats' or camels' hair; and near him was the bishop of Heraclea, a faithful follower of the ascetic Anthony, the author of the monastic rule. There, too, was the gentle Spiridion, the shepherd-bishop of Cyprus,[3] who still kept his flock after he had won a diocese, and who, when robbers came to steal his sheep, said, "Why did you not take the trouble to ask for them, and I would have given them to you?" And there was the tender-hearted St. Nicholas, the friend of little children, whose name is still a symbol of joy to those he loved. There, too, were men of rare genius and learning, who had studied in the famous schools of Athens or Alexandria, whose writings and whose eloquence had aroused the bitterest hatred of the pagans, and who were believed by their contemporaries to have rivaled and outdone the highest efforts of the heathen mind. Chief among these men of intellect was the young presbyter Athanasius,[1] and it was to him that the Council of Nice was to owe its most important influence on mankind. The enthusiasm of Athanasius was tempered by the prudence of Hosius, the Trinitarian bishop of Cordova, and by the somewhat latitudinarian liberality of Eusebius of Cæsarea; and these two able men, both close friends of the Emperor Constantine, probably guided the council to moderation and peace. Sylvester, bishop of Rome, too feeble to bear the fatigues of the journey, sent two priests to represent him in the synod.[2] Eight bishops of renown from the West sat with their Eastern brethren, and in the crowded assembly were noticed a Persian and a Goth, the representatives of the barbarians. A strange diversity of language and of accent prevailed in the various deputations, and a day of Pentecost seemed once more to have dawned upon the church. In the upper end of the hall, after all had taken their places, a golden chair was seen below the seats of the bishops, which was still vacant. At length a man of a tall and noble figure entered. His head was modestly bent to the ground; his countenance must have borne traces of contrition and woe. He advanced slowly up the hall, between the assembled bishops, and having obtained their permission, seated himself in the golden chair.[3] It was Constantine, the head of the church.

A tragic interest must ever hang over the career of the first Christian emperor, whose private griefs seem to have more than counterbalanced the uninterrupted successes of his public life. In his youth Constantine had married Minervina, a maiden of obscure origin and low rank, but who to her devoted and constant lover seemed no doubt the first and fairest of women. Their only son, Crispus, educated by the learned and pious Lactantius, grew up an amiable, exemplary young man, and fought bravely by his father's side in the battle that made Constantine the master of the world. But Constantine had now married a second time, for ambition rather than love, Fausta, the daughter of the cruel Emperor Maximian; and his high-born wife, who had three sons, looked with jealousy upon the rising virtues and renown of the amiable Crispus. She taught her husband to believe that his eldest son had conspired against his life and his crown. Already, when Con-

[1] The creed has a moderate anathema (Rufinus, H. E., i. 6); but, we may trust, conceived in a different spirit from the anathemas which meant death.

[2] Rufinus, i. 4, De Paphnutio Confessore.

[3] Rufinus, i. 5. Socrates, i. 53, varies the story slightly. See Hefele, Conciliengeschichte, i. 271.

[1] Socrates, i. 8.

[2] The Romish writers claim that Hosius was a papal legate. See Conciliorum, ii. p. 222. But he presided, no doubt, as the friend of the Emperor.

[3] Eusebius, De Vita Const., clothes him in rich robes, iii. 8, but asserts his modesty. It is uncertain whether the golden chair was not in the midst of the assembly. See Theodoret, H. Ecc., i. 7.

stantine summoned the council at Nice, his mind was tortured by suspicion of one whom he probably loved with strong affection. He had perhaps resolved upon the death of Crispus; and he felt with shame, if not contrition, his own unworthiness as he entered the Christian assembly. Soon after the dissolution of the council the tragedy of the palace began (326) by the execution of Crispus, by the orders of his father, together with his young cousin, Licinius, the son of Constantine's sister, and a large number of their friends. The guilty arts of Fausta, however, according to the Greek historians, were soon discovered and revealed to the Emperor by his Christian mother, Helena. He was filled with a boundless remorse. The wretched Empress was put to death; and the close of Constantine's life was passed in a vain effort to obtain the forgiveness of his own conscience and of Heaven.[1]

But when Constantine entered the Council of Nice his life was still comparatively spotless.[2] He was believed to have inherited all the virtues of his excellent father and his pious mother. To the simple and holy men who now for the first time looked upon their preserver as he modestly besought instead of commanded their attention, he must have seemed, in his humility and his grandeur, half divine. But lately his single arm had rescued them from the jaws of a horrible death. He had saved the church from its sorrows, and published the Gospel to mankind. He was the most powerful monarch the world had ever known, and his empire spread from the Grampian Hills to the ridge of the Atlas, from the Atlantic to the Caspian Sea. He was the invincible conqueror, the hero of his age; yet now monks and solitaries heard him profess himself their inferior, a modest catechumen, and urge upon his Christian brethren harmony and union. A miracle, too—the most direct interference from above since the conversion of St. Paul—had thrown around Constantine a mysterious charm; and probably few among the assembled bishops but had heard of the cross of light that had outshone the sun at noonday, of the inscription in the skies, and of the perpetual victory promised to their imperial head.[3] When, therefore, Constantine addressed the council, he was heard with awe and fond attention. His Christian sentiments controlled the assembly, and he decided, perhaps against his own convictions, the opinions of future ages.

The council had been summoned by the Emperor to determine the doctrine of the church. Heresy was already abundant and prolific. The opinions of Christians seemed to vary according to their origin or nationality. But the acute and active intellect of the Greeks, ever busy with the deeper inquiries of philosophy and eager for novelty, had poured forth a profusion of strange speculations which alarmed or embarrassed the duller Latins. Rome, cold and unimaginative, had been long accustomed to receive its abstract doctrines from the East, but it seemed quite time that these principles of faith should be accurately defined. Heresies of the wildest extravagance were widely popular. The Gnostics, or the superior minds, had covered the plain outline of the Scriptures with Platonic commentaries; the theory of eons and of an eternal wisdom seemed about to supplant the teachings of Paul.[1] Among the wildest of the early sectaries were the Ophites or snake-worshipers, who adored the eternal wisdom as incarnate in the form of a snake; and who, at the celebration of the sacred table, suffered a serpent to crawl over the elements, and to be devoutly kissed by the superstitious Christians.[2] The Sethites adored Seth as the Messiah; the Cainites celebrated Judas Iscariot as the prince of the Apostles; Manes introduced from the fire-worship of the Persians a theory of the conflict of light and darkness, in which Christ contended as the Lord of Light against the demons of the night;[3] and Montanus boldly declared that he was superior in morality to Christ the Messiah and his Apostles, and was vigorously sustained by the austere Tertullian. Yet these vain fancies might have been suffered to die in neglect; it was a still more vital controversy that called forth the assembly at Nice. This was no less than the nature of the Deity.[4] What did the Scriptures tell us of that Divine Being who was the author of Christianity, and on whom for endless ages the destiny of the church was to rest? The Christian world was divided into two fiercely contending parties. On the one side stood Rome, Alexandria, and the West; on the other Arius, many of the Eastern bishops, and perhaps Constantine himself. It is plain, therefore, that the Emperor was sincere in his profession of humility and submission, since he suffered the council to determine the controversy uninfluenced by superior power.

A striking simplicity marked the proceedings of the first council. Hosius, bishop of Cordova, presided, the only representative of Spain, Gaul, and Britain. A prelate opened the meeting with a short address,[5] a hymn was sung, then Constantine delivered his well-timed speech on harmony, and the general debate began. It was conducted always with vigor, sometimes with rude asperity; but when the war of recrimination rose too high, the Emperor, who seems to have attended the sittings regularly, would interpose and calm the strife by soothing words.

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1 Eusebius covers the faults of Constantine with panegyric. Gibbon, ii. 67–72, condenses Zosimus. He doubts the death of Fausta.

2 Eutropius, Hist. Rom., x. 6, 7, notices the change—the fall of Constantine. He is an impartial witness.

3 Constantine's dream or vision was affirmed by his oath to Eusebius, and was believed by his contemporaries. See Eusebius, Vita Const.

1 See Mosheim, Ecc. Hist., i. 169.

2 Mosheim, i. 180 *et seq.*, and note. 3 Id., i. 232.

4 Hefele, i. 266.

5 Eusebius, De Vita Const., iii. 11. Socrates, i. 8. The Emperor's speech is excellent, and the catechumen was wiser than his superiors.

The question of clerical marriages was discussed, and it was determined, by the arguments of Paphnutius, the Egyptian ascetic, that the lower orders should be allowed to marry. The jurisdiction of the bishops was defined; all were allowed to be equal; but Rome, Antioch, and Alexandria, the chief cities of the empire before Constantinople was built, held each a certain supremacy. The primacy of St. Peter was never mentioned; the worship of Mary, Queen of Heaven, was yet unknown; but the earlier form of the Nicene Creed was determined, and Arius was condemned. Twenty canons[1] were passed upon by the council, many of which were soon neglected and forgotten; and when, after sitting for two months, the assembly separated, every one felt that the genius and eloquence of Athanasius had controlled both Emperor and church.

Before parting from his Christian brothers—his "beloved," as he was accustomed to call them—Constantine entertained the council at a splendid banquet,[2] and spread before them the richest wines and the rarest viands of the East. The unlettered soldier probably shone better in his costly entertainment than in debate, where his indifferent Latin and broken Greek must have awakened a smile on the grave faces of his learned brothers. Here he could flatter and caress with easy familiarity; he was a pleasant companion and a winning host; but we are not told whether he was able to persuade James of Nisibis to taste his rare dainties, or to entice the anchorites of Egypt to his costly wine. The bishops and their followers left Nicæa charmed with the courtesy and liberality of their master. He had paid all their expenses, and maintained them with elegance at Nicæa, had condescended to call them brothers, and had sent them home by the public conveyances to spread every where the glad news that an era of peace and union awaited the triumphant church.[3]

Happy delusion! But it was rudely dissipated. From Constantine himself came the fatal blow that filled all Christendom with a perpetual unrest.[4] It was the Emperor who corrupted the church he had seemed to save. Soon after the council that dark shadow fell upon Constantine's life which was noticed by pagan and Christian observers, and he was pointed out by men as a parricide whose sin was inexpiable. The pagan Zosimus represents him as asking the priests of the ancient faith whether his offense could ever be atoned for by their lustrations, and to have been told that for him there was no hope; but that the Christians allured him to their communion by a promise of ample forgiveness. Yet from this period the mind of the great Emperor grew clouded, and the fearful shock of his lost happiness seems to have deadened his once vigorous faculties.[1] He became a tyrant, made and unmade bishops at will, and persecuted all those who had opposed the doctrines of Arius.[2] The church became a state establishment, and all the ills that flow from that unnatural union fell upon the hapless Christians. Pride, luxury, and license distinguished the haughty bishops, who ruled like princes over their vast domains, and who imitated the Emperor in persecuting, with relentless vigor, all who differed from them in faith. Bishop excommunicated bishop, and fatal anathemas, too dreadful to fall from the lips of feeble and dying men, were the common weapon of religious controversy. They pretended to the right of consigning to eternal woe the souls of the hapless dissidents. They brought bloodshed and murder into the controversies of the church. Formalism succeeded a living faith, and Religion fled from her high station among the rulers of Christendom to find shelter in her native scene among the suffering and the poor. There we may trust she survived, during this mournful period, the light of the peasant's cottage or the anchorite's cell.

Never again did the higher orders of Christendom regain the respect of mankind. Constantine himself, clothed in Oriental splendor, with painted cheeks, false hair, and a feeble show, seems to have sought oblivion for his crime in reckless dissipation. He became cruel, morose, suspicious. He was always fond of religious disputation, and his courtly and effeminate bishops seem to have yielded to his idle whim. At length he died (337), having been baptized not long before for the expiation of his sins, and was succeeded by his three worthless sons. A period of fierce religious controversy now prevailed for many years, of which the resolute hero Athanasius, bishop of Alexandria, was the author and the victim.[3] In 326 Athanasius became the Patriarch of that gay, splendid, and powerful city, the Paris of the East, and ruled at times with a vigor that awed the Arian Emperor at Constantinople, but oftener was a persecuted exile, hidden in Gaul or in the rocks and sands of Egypt. The fire of genius survived in this remarkable man the pains of age and the humiliation of exile. He never ceased to write, to preach, and to argue with unabated power. Constantius became sole Emperor, and the chief aim of his corrupt reign seems to have been to destroy the influence and the opinions of the greatest of polemics. The whole Christian world seemed united against Athanasius. The bishop of

[1] The number has been enlarged by numerous additions (see Conciliorum, ii. 233), and one clause introduced to imply the primacy, ii. 236.

[2] Eusebius, De Vita Const., iii. 15, 16.

[3] Rufinus, Hist. Ecc., i. 2. Eusebius, De Vita Const., iii. 16. Theodoret, i. 11.

[4] Sozomen, Hist. Ecc., i. 20. See Hefele, i. 427 *et seq.* Aber das häretische Feuer war damit noch nicht erstickt.

[1] His letters (see Socrates, i. 9) are wise and not ungentle; his conduct was different.

[2] Socrates, i. 14. He soon recalled Eusebius of Nicomedia from banishment—a measure of wisdom—but persecutes Athanasius.

[3] See Socrates, i. 29 *et seq.*, who defends Constantine.

Rome, Liberius,[1] and even the pious Hosius, joined with the imperial faction in renouncing the doctrine of the Nicene Council; yet Athanasius, sheltered in the wilds of Egypt, maintained the unequal strife, and may be safely said to have moulded by his vigorous resistance the opinions of all succeeding ages. But the period of Athanasius was one upon which neither party could look with satisfaction. The principles of Christianity were forgotten in the memorable struggle. Both factions became bitter persecutors, blood-thirsty and tyrannical. Even Athanasius condescended to duplicity in his argument and cruelty in his conduct; the most orthodox of bishops may be convicted of pious frauds or brutal violence; and the meek and lowly Christians of that unhappy age probably gazed with wonder and shame on the crimes and follies of their superiors.[2]

The second Œcumenical Council met in the year 381, at Constantinople, under the reign of Theodosius the Great. The story of this famous synod has lately been told by M. De Broglie, a moderate Romanist, and the grandson of the gifted De Staël.[3] His narrative is trust-worthy, although uncritical; and his honest picture of the stormy sessions of the great Constantinopolitan Council shows how corrupt, even in his guarded opinion, had become the exterior organization of the church. A similar account is given by all the other authorities. Happily, the people were always better and wiser than their rulers. The true church lived among the humble and the poor. The Cathari or early Protestants, the Waldenses, and the Albigenses indicate that moral purity was never wholly extinct, and that the industry, probity, and progress inculcated by St. Paul still shed peace and hope over the homes of the lowly. There was one eminent intellect, too, of that corrupt age, educated among the highest ranks of the clergy, who has painted with no gentle touch the harsher lineaments of the second council.[4] Gregory Nazianzen repeats in his letters, sermons, and autobiographical poems what was the popular conception of the rulers of the church. Gregory was the son of the bishop of Nazianzus. His youth had been spent in study and learned ease. He was himself already the titular bishop of Sasima, but he had contented himself with assisting his father in his rustic diocese, and shrank from public life with awkward modesty.[5] His wonderful eloquence and vigorous powers seem, however, to have become widely known, when a new field was suddenly opened to him for their practical employment, which his conscience would not permit him to decline. The magnificent city of Constantinople had, ever since its foundation, been in the hands of Arian prelates, and its crowded churches refused to accept the canons of the Council of Nice. But an orthodox emperor, the rough and honest Spanish soldier Theodosius, was now on the Roman throne; and a small band of faithful Athanasians at Constantinople thought this a favorable moment for attempting the conversion of the imperial city. They looked over the Christian world for a suitable pastor. They might have selected Basil the Great, but his age and infirmities prevented him from leaving his Eastern see; they sent, therefore, to claim the services of Gregory, as the next most eminent of the Oriental divines.

Little did Gregory foresee the cares and woes, the shame and disappointment that lay hidden in his future! Reluctantly he accepted the invitation, and left his rustic home to enter the luxurious capital. He was already prematurely old and infirm. His head was bald, except for a few gray hairs; his figure was bent with age, his appearance insignificant. His manner was modest and timid, and no careless observer would have discovered in the rustic old man the most splendid and successful orator of his age. When Gregory arrived in the city he found not one of all its numerous churches open to him. Its whole population was hostile, and nobles, artisans, monks, and nuns were prepared to argue the rarest questions in theology with eager volubility. Constantinople, in 380, rang with religious controversy. The feasts, the baths, the Hippodrome, and the most licentious resorts resounded with sacred names and thoughts.[1] If a shop-keeper was asked the cost of a piece of silk, he would reply by a disquisition on ungenerated being; if a stranger inquired at a baker's the price of bread, he was told, "the Son is subordinate to the Father." Into this disputatious population Gregory threw himself boldly. His orthodox friends had no church to offer him, but they provided a large hall or basilica; an altar was raised at one end; a gallery for women separated them from the men; choristers and deacons attended; and Gregory, full of hope, named his modest chapel Anastasia, the Church of the Resurrection.[2]

His success was indeed unbounded. The building was always crowded, the crush at the entrance often terrific; the rails of the chancel were sometimes broken down; and often the crowded congregation broke forth in loud congratulatory cheers as they were touched or startled by the eloquent divine.[3] Insensibly Gregory's vanity was inflamed and gratified by his wide popularity. Standing on his bishop's

1 Milman (Hist. Christianity, ii. 431), Mosheim, and Guericke assert the apostacy of the Pope. It is feebly explained by the Romish writers. So, too, Athanasius himself asserts it. See Hefele, i. 658.

2 Mosheim, i. 321, notices that most of the noted fathers of this period were capable of pious frauds.

3 L'Eglise et l'Empire Romain au IVme Siecle, v. 403 *et seq.*

4 Gregory, De Vita Sua, and in various poems and orations, describes the bishops of his time in no flattering terms. See his poem Ad Episcopos.

5 He celebrates his excellent father, his pious mother, and himself. Opera, vol. ii. 2.

1 Gregory Naz., Or. 22–27.

2 De Vita Sua, Opera, ii. 17. De Broglie, v. 408.

3 De Broglie, v. 382. Carm., De Vita Sua, 675–700 *et seq.*

throne in the eastern end of his Anastasia, the church brilliantly lighted, his presbyters and deacons in white robes around him, a crowded congregation listening with upturned eyes below, now fixed in deepest silence and now breaking into loud applause, Gregory enjoyed a transient triumph, upon which he was fond of dwelling in his later years, when, in the obscurity of Nazianzus, he composed his own poetical memoirs. Yet he was never safe from the malice of his foes. More than once a riotous mob of ferocious monks and nuns, of drunken artisans and hungry beggars, broke into the Anastasia, disturbed its worshipers and the preacher, wounded the neophytes and priests, and were allowed by the Arian police to escape unharmed; and it was only when Theodosius himself entered the city that the labor of conversion was attended with success.[1]

Theodosius was no hesitating missionary. He called before him Demophilus, the Arian bishop, and ordered him to recant his errors or resign. The honest bishop at once gave up his office. The see was now vacant. A wild Egyptian fanatic or impostor, Maximus, had already bribed the people to elect him their bishop; but the next day they had repented of their folly, and resolved to force Gregory into the vacant see. They dragged him in their arms to the episcopal chair. He struggled to escape, he refused to sit down, the women wept, the children cried out in their mothers' arms, and at last Gregory consented to be their bishop.[2] Maximus, however, still claimed the see. Demophilus had not yet been deposed, when Damasus, the bishop of Rome, advised Theodosius to summon the Second General Council. But the affair of the bishopric the soldier-emperor resolved to decide in his own way. He deposed Demophilus, expelled Maximus, and amidst the general lamentation of the Arian city, on a clouded day in November, carried the pale and trembling Gregory to the Church of the Apostles, where Constantine and his successors lay entombed, and proclaimed him bishop. Just then, it is said, the wintry clouds parted and a bright sunbeam covered Gregory's bare head with glory. The crowded congregation accepted the omen, and cried out, "Long live our bishop Gregory."[3]

To confirm or annul Gregory's election, and to correct the creed of the day, were the objects for which the Second General Council assembled. If we may trust Gregory's account of it, which he wrote in the obscure but not tranquil retirement of Nazianzus, we must conclude that it could scarcely compare favorably in moral excellence with that of Nice. A canonized saint, he rails against the bishops of his age.[4] All the gluttons, villains, and false-swearers of the empire, he exclaims, had been convoked in the council. The bishops were low-born and illiterate, peasants, blacksmiths, deserters from the army, or reeking from the holds of ships; and when in the midst of his vituperation the elegant Gregory remembered that of the same class of humble and unlearned men were the authors of his faith: "Yes," he cried, "they were true apostles; but these are time-servers and flatterers of the great, long-bearded hypocrites, and pretended devotees, who have neither intellect nor faith."[1] Of œcumenical councils the priestly satirist had but an indifferent opinion. Councils and congresses, he said, were the cause of many evils. "I will not sit in one of those councils of geese and cranes," he exclaimed. "I fly from every meeting of bishops; for I never saw a good end to any, but rather an increase of evils." It is indeed difficult to see how the canonized Gregory, had he attended the synods of Trent or Constance, could have escaped the fate of Huss or Jerome. Yet in the Second Council were gathered several eminent and excellent men. Among them were Gregory of Nyssa, a high authority in the church, and the worthy brother of Basil the Great; Melitius, the gentle bishop of Antioch, who presided at the council at the Emperor's request;[2] Cyril, the aged bishop of Jerusalem; and many others who scarcely deserved the bitter taunts of Gregory. But Melitius died soon after the opening of the council, and Gregory, who had been confirmed in his bishopric, presided as Patriarch of Constantinople. He was at the summit of his glory; his fall drew near. His vigorous honesty, his bitter denunciation, had made him many enemies, and it was suddenly discovered that there was a fatal flaw in his election. By an obsolete canon of the Nicene Council, which had been constantly violated ever since its passage, no bishop could be translated from one see to another; and Gregory was already the bishop of Sasima. The objection was made; the jealous council condemned their greatest orator; and the indignant bishop, deprived of his see, a disgraced and fallen churchman, was sent back to the repose of Nazianzus.[3] Theodosius lamented his loss, but refused to interfere in the clerical dispute. A few friends shared in Gregory's indignation. In his rural retirement he wrote those sharp diatribes on the Eastern bishops which introduce us to the clerical life of Constantinople, as those of his friend Jerome depict the vices and follies of Rome. Both capitals seem to have been equally tainted and impure.

The council now wanted a head, and Theodosius at once appointed Nectarius, a magistrate of the city, to the holy office of Patriarch of Constantinople. If Gregory had been ineligible, his successor was still more so. He

[1] De Broglie, v. 394. See Gregory's Dream of the Anastasia.
[2] De Broglie, v. 409.
[3] De Vita Sua, p. 1355–1390. See Migne, Pat. Græc., xxxvii. p. 1177, 1234.
[4] Ad Epis. (ii. p. 824–829), Carmen vii.

[1] Ad Epis., Migne, xxxvii., 1177, and see p. 226.
[2] De Broglie, v. 425, excuses the presidency of Melitius.
[3] De Broglie, v. 442. Gregory delivered a fine address in parting. See his congratulatory letter to Nectarius, Ep. 88. Migne, xxxvii, p. 162.

had never been baptized, was not even a Christian, and his morals were not such as to fit him for the apostolic place. But the Emperor insisted, the bishop was baptized, and his vices were hidden in the splendor of his patriarchal court. He presided at the council, which now hastened to finish its sittings. The real influence of the Council of Constantinople on the opinions of the church was not important; its decisions were rejected at Rome and neglected by its contemporaries. The "Creed of Constantinople," which has been erroneously ascribed to it, was probably the work of Epiphanius or Gregory of Nyssa.[1] The council condemned a vast number of heresies; it raised the see of Constantinople to the second rank in Christendom, next to Rome, and suggested the principle that the dignity of the Patriarch was to be determined by the importance of the city over which he ruled. Constantinople was now second only to Rome, and as the latter declined in power, we find the bishop of the Eastern capital first claiming an equality with the ancient see, and then, finally, seeking to subject the barbarous West to his own authority by declaring himself the Universal Bishop.[2] The Emperor, Theodosius, whose vigor had controlled most of the proceedings of the council, now, as head of the church, affirmed its authority by an imperial decree.[3] The "one hundred and fifty fathers," as they have been called, left Constantinople in the hot days of July, 381, for their various homes. The war of controversy had ceased; but the fierce disputes, the bitter invectives, the unchristian violence, and the infamous morals of many of the members of the Second Council are preserved to us by the unsparing satires of the honest but vindictive Gregory of Nazianzus.

It might seem to the Christian or the man of thought a matter of little consequence what the corrupt priests and bishops of this distant period said or imagined of their own prerogatives and powers; and no subtlety of argument can convert into a successor of the Apostles the fierce and blood-thirsty Damasus,[4] bishop of Rome, the dissolute Patriarch of Constantinople, or the ambitious and unprincipled prelates of Antioch and Alexandria; but it may be safely said that each asserted a perfect independence of the other, and that the bishop of Rome as yet held no general control in the exterior church. The wars and rivalries of the ambitious prelates, indeed, might almost convince us that Christian virtue had wholly died out, did not various casual notices of the historians of the time direct us to a different conclusion. The pagan, Ammianus Marcellinus, in his scornful picture of the luxury and vices of the clergy of Rome,[5] points to a pleasing contrast in the conduct of the rural priests. They, at least, lived in a purity and simplicity worthy of the best days of the church; they, perhaps, with their rustic congregations, were the true successors of the Apostles.[1] Gregory of Nazianzus and Jerome confirm and illustrate his narrative. The church still lived among the people; and while angry bishops raged in stormy councils, or hurled anathemas against each other in haughty supremacy, the good Samaritan still softened the hearts of humble Christians; the cup of cold water was still given to the weary and the sad; the merciful and the meek of every land were still united in a saintly and eternal brotherhood. Christian morality began to assert a wonderful power; the people everywhere grew purer and better. The barbarous gladiatorial shows were abolished; licentious spectacles no longer pleased; the vices of paganism disappeared; the sacred bond of marriage was observed; slavery, which had destroyed the Roman Republic, was tending to its decay; and some future historian of the church, neglecting the strife of bishops and councils, may be able to trace a clear succession of apostolic virtue from the days of Gregory and Jerome to those of Wycliffe, Huss, and Luther.

The third and fourth Œcumenical Councils grew out of a fierce struggle for supremacy between the Patriarchs of Alexandria and Constantinople.[2] Cyril of Alexandria, violent, ambitious, and unscrupulous, ruled over a wide and prosperous patriarchate. The city of Alexandria, in the decline of the Roman Empire, was still (431) the centre of letters and of trade. Rome had been ravaged and desolated by the Goth and the Vandal, and was fast sinking into a new barbarism; Constantinople, under its feeble emperors, trembled at each movement of the savage tenants of the European wilderness; but Alexandria was untouched by the barbarian, and its gifted bishop reigned supreme over the swarming population of the Egyptian diocese. He had resolved to crush Nestorius, Patriarch of Constantinople. It was the famous Nestorian controversy which gave rise to a Christian sect that still exists in its ancient seats. Nestorius refused to apply to the Virgin Mary the name of "Mother of God." Cyril denounced him with bitter malignity,[3] and began a holy war which he had resolved should end in the destruction of his powerful rival. Between the two hostile Patriarchs, indeed, there seems to have been little difference in character or in Christian moderation, and Nestorius[4] had persecuted with unsparing hand the hapless dissidents within his see. But he had scarcely equaled the vindictive cruelty of Cyril. Alexandria had already witnessed, under the rule of its intolerant master, a severe persecu-

1 De Broglie even adds the *filioque*, which was not heard of until a century or more later, v. 450, and note.
2 Milman, Hist. Lat. Christianity, i. 211.
3 Hefele, ii. 27, 28.
4 Rufinus, i. 10, describes the bloody scenes at Rome.
5 A. Thierry, Saint Jerome, i. 21.

1 Ammianus, xxvii. 3, 14. Tenuitas edendi potandique parcissime, etc.
2 Milman, Hist. Latin Christianity, i. 160. Baronius, v. 682.
3 Conciliorum, v. p. 6.
4 For the cruelties of Nestorius see Socrates, vii. 29.

tion of the gentle Novatians, whose simple piety seems to have attracted the bitter hatred of the ambitious prelates of the age; and Cyril himself led a throng of fanatics to the plunder and destruction of the harmless and wealthy Jews.[1] Forty thousand of the unhappy Israelites were banished from the city they had enriched; and when Orestes, the Roman prefect, complained of the persecuting bishop to the Emperor, a mob of monks assailed him in the street, and one of them, Ammonius, struck him on the head with a stone.[2] The people drove off the monks, and Orestes ordered Ammonius to be put to torture. He died, but Cyril buried him with holy honors, and enrolled his name among the band of martyrs. Sober Christians, says Socrates, condemned Cyril's conduct, but a still deeper disgrace soon fell upon the Alexandrian church from the rivalry of Cyril and Orestes. The fair Hypatia, the daughter of the philosopher Theron, had won the respect as well as the admiration of Alexandria by her beauty, her eloquence, and her modest life. With rare clearness and force she explained before splendid audiences the pure doctrines of Plato, and proved, by her refined and graceful oratory, that the gift of genius might be found in either sex. She was the rival of Cyril in eloquence, and the friend of his enemy Orestes, and her dreadful doom awoke the sympathy of Christians as well as pagans. The fierce and bigoted followers of Cyril dragged her from her carriage as she was returning to her home, tore her body to pieces, and burned her mangled limbs; and it was believed, even by Christian historians, that the jealous Patriarch was not altogether innocent of a share in the doom of his gentle and accomplished rival.[3]

Cyril denounced and anathematized Nestorius; Celestine, bishop of Rome, joined him in his war against the bishop of Constantinople, degraded Nestorius from his episcopal dignity, and asserted the divine honors of Mary as the mother of God. The feeble Emperor, Theodosius the Younger, alarmed by the furious rage of his powerful prelates, but friendly to Nestorius, summoned an assembly of the Christian world to decide the nice distinction. Ephesus was chosen as a convenient place for the meeting of the Third Council, and in June, 431, the rival factions began to gather in the magnificent city of Diana, now destined to become renowned for the triumph of the holier Virgin.[4] Yet to the sincere Christians of this unhappy age the conduct and character of the members of the Third Council could have brought only disappointment and shame. In vain the gentle Theodosius implored his patriarchs and bishops to exercise the common virtues of forbearance and self-respect; in vain he placed over them a guard of soldiers to insure an outward peace. The streets of the magnificent city were filled with riot and bloodshed; the rival factions fought for the honor of Mary or the supremacy of the hostile sees. Cyril, violent and resolute to rule, had come from Alexandria followed by a throng of bishops, priests, and a host of fanatics; Nestorius relied for his safety on the protection of the imperial guard; but to neither could the Christian world attribute any one of the virtues enjoined by its holy faith.[1] The Patriarch of Alexandria refused to wait for the coming of the Oriental bishops, and at once assembled a synod of his own adherents and proceeded to try and condemn his rival. Nestorius protested; the Emperor's legate, Candidian, who asked for a delay of four days, was driven with insult from the hostile assembly. The bishops delivered their opinions; Cyril presided; and at the close of a single day Nestorius was degraded, a convicted heretic; and the city of Ephesus resounded with songs of triumph over the fall of the enemy of Mary.[2]

It is painful, indeed, to contemplate the angry strife that rent the corrupt church of this early period, yet it is not difficult to discover its cause. The church, in its exterior form, had long been the instrument of the state; the bishops and patriarchs were the representatives of the vices and the intrigues of the imperial court. They had become earthly princes, instead of messengers from heaven. Their pomp and luxury shocked and alienated the true believer, and they had long abandoned every one of the principles of charity and benevolence inculcated by the faith they professed. The unity of the church had been lost in the contentions of its chiefs, and even in Constantinople itself three rival bishops ruled over their separate adherents. The Cathari or Novatians, the Protestants of this corrupt period, departing from the established church, had retained their organization ever since the age of Constantine;[3] the pure and spotless lives of their bishops, Agelius, Chrysanthus, or Paul, formed a pleasing contrast to the vices of Nectarius or Nestorius; and the modest virtues of this persecuted sect awakened the envy and the hatred of the orthodox bishops of Rome and Constantinople. The Novatians rejected the authority of the imperial Patriarch, but they observed the Nicene Creed. They lived holy lives in the midst of persecution or temptation. Chrysanthus,[4] the Novatian bishop of Constantinople, distributed his private fortune among the poor, and his only salary was two loaves of bread on each Lord's day from the contributions of the

[1] Socrates, Hist. Ecc., vii. 13.

[2] Gibbon exaggerates the assault into a *volley of stones*, Decline and Fall, iv. 460; but Socrates, vii. 14, mentions only one.

[3] Socrates, vii. 16, denounces the murder as an opprobrium to Cyril and the church.

[4] Concil., v. 7. Baronius, v. 682, raises the number of bishops to over two hundred.

[1] Milman, Hist. Lat. Chris., i. 133–140. For a full account of the council see Hefele, Zweiter Band, 162 *et seq.*

[2] Hefele, ii. 173. Die Sitzung hatte von Morgens früh bis in die Nacht hinein gedauert. Nestorius was called a new Judas.

[3] Socrates, H. E., v. 12–21. See Sozomen, i. 22, for the boldness of a Novatian.

[4] Socrates, H. E., vii. 12.

faithful. The Novatian Ablabius was one of the most elegant and vigorous preachers of the day;[1] the pious Paul was the friend of the prisoners and of the poor.[2] An Arian bishop also presided at Constantinople, and in their sufferings his followers learned virtue and self-restraint. It was against these rival sects that Nestorius had first turned his persecuting rage. He envied the spotless fame, the general love that followed the gentle Novatian bishop Paul as he passed through the city to intercede for the prisoner or to relieve the sick; he destroyed the Arian churches; and he deserved, by his cruel intolerance, the fatal doom which Cyril had prepared for him at Ephesus.

But Cyril's triumph at the council seemed about to be turned into a defeat by the arrival of John, bishop of Antioch, and the Oriental bishops, who at once denied the validity of the condemnation of Nestorius. Two rival councils sat at the same time in the City of the Virgin,[3] and the streets were again filled with riot and bloodshed by the contending factions. Churches were stormed and defended; the imperial guards fled before an angry mob; and for three months Cyril and Nestorius opposed each other with an almost equal prospect of success, and with all the weapons of corruption, violence, and fraud.[4] The Emperor Theodosius, the gentlest of rulers, was at length enraged at the vindictive fury of the holy council. He sent the disorderly prelates to their homes, and recommended them to amend by their private virtues the injury and scandal they had inflicted on the church. But the malevolence of Cyril was insatiable. His intrigues and his bribes won over the courtiers of Constantinople; and Nestorius, the haughtiest of patriarchs except his rival, was sent into exile, and died a convicted heretic. His name and his doctrine still survive in a sect of Oriental Christians, who are perhaps the natural fruit of the persecuting spirit of Cyril and the intolerant rule of the famous Council of Ephesus.

The heresy of Nestorius gave rise to the Fourth General Council, at Chalcedon, by exciting a speculation directly opposed to his own.[5] Eutyches, an aged monk, the chief or abbot of the ascetic throng of Constantinople, and a faithful follower of Cyril, proposed, in opposition to the two natures of Christ asserted by the Nestorians, a theory of the perfect union of the spiritual nature with the human. He was shocked to find himself denounced as a heretic, yet he boldly maintained his opinion.[6] Cyril was dead; his successor, Dioscorus, Patriarch of Alexandria, defended the theory of Eutyches. He was even more unscrupulous than his predecessor. His vices, his cruelty, and his ambition filled the Christian world with tumult. A synod met at Ephesus to decide the controversy. Dioscorus was present with a horde of monks, robbers, and assassins; the trembling bishops were forced by the violence of the Egyptians to adopt the opinion of Eutyches, and the "Robber Synod," as it was called, from the savage natures of its members, seemed to have fixed the rule of orthodoxy. But Leo the Great was now bishop of Rome, and the opponent of Attila did not fear the wild throngs of Egypt. A general council was summoned at his request, to meet, October, 451, at Chalcedon. Senators and nobles were mingled with the priestly throng to restrain their tumultuous impulses;[1] in the magnificent church of St. Euphemia, on the shores of the Thracian Bosphorus, five hundred bishops attended; the haughty Dioscorus was tried by his peers, and convicted of innumerable vices and crimes; he was deposed from his sacred office, and the aspiring bishop of Rome rejoiced in the fall of his powerful rival. For the first time, perhaps, the Nicene Creed was chanted as we have it to-day; the Eutychian heresy was condemned in the person of its chief defender; and various canons were passed that served to define the usages of the church. Yet Leo's triumph was marred by a memorable incident. Among the regulations introduced by the council was one that raised the see of Constantinople to an equality, in some particulars at least, with that of Rome; it asserted that the dignity of the city determined that of its Patriarch, and openly expressed what had been implied at the Second Council.[2] Leo rejected the canons with disdain; he asserted with rage and violence the primacy of Peter; but the incident is important as showing what was the opinion of this superstitious age as to the origin of the papal claims.[3] Another result of the Council of Chalcedon was the creation of a sect, the Monophysites, who still retain the dogma condemned by the synod, and whose faith still lingers among the Copts and the Abyssinians. So powerless are councils to produce a general unity of belief!

A bishop of Rome, Vigilius, lent his sanction to the Fifth Œcumenical Council, and its general character may be inferred from the life and conduct of its head. Vigilius was the creature and the victim of the corrupt women who ruled over the court of the feeble Justinian. He was accused of having caused the death of his predecessor, the gentle Silverius; of having killed his own nephew by incessant scourging; of being a notorious murderer, stained by countless crimes. He fled from Rome, pursued by the maledictions of its people. They threw

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1 Socrates, H. E., vii. 12. 2 Id., H. E., vii. 17.

3 Baronius, v. 687–719, looks upon Nestorius as a raging monster—a dragon or a fiend.

4 Evagrius, Hist. Ecc., i. 4, 5.

5 Milman, Hist. Latin Christianity, i. 204. Gibbon, iv. 476.

6 Concil. Chalcedonse, Labbei, viii. p. 4. Incredibile est, quanta animi acerbitate ac rabie exarsit Eutyches. Hefele, ii. 361.

1 Concil., Labbei, iv. p. 766. Turbas comprimerent. See Evagrius, ii. 3.

2 Concil., Labbei, iv. p. 767. The Jesuit editors say "second" to Rome; but why, then, Leo's indignation?

3 It is said that this canon was passed by a few bishops, and not by the whole council (Milman, Hist. Lat. Christ., i. 211); but it still indicates that the papal theory was not yet established.

volleys of stones after him as he left the city, and cried, "Evil thou hast done to us—evil attend thee wherever thou goest!"[1] At Constantinople he met with still worse treatment. His vacillation or his insincerity displeased his corrupt patrons; he was dragged through the streets with a rope around his neck; was shut up in the common jail, and fed on bread and water; and at length the unlucky pontiff, having in vain sacrificed his conscience to the tyranny of Justinian, died a miserable outcast at Syracuse.[2] The papal dignity had evidently sunk low in this degenerate age; and one can not avoid contrasting the humble slave, Vigilius, with the haughty Gregories and Innocents who ruled over monarchs and nations, and who so barbarously avenged his fate. Justinian ruled alone at the Fifth Council (553), and Pope and bishops were the servile instruments of the vicious court. The last, the Sixth General Council, assembled in 680, at Constantinople. The Emperor or the Pope Agatho presided; a throng of bishops attended; a band of soldiers enforced good order; and a fierce anchorite of the Monothelite faith attempted to perform a miracle as a proof of the sanctity of his creed. But the dead refused to come to life under his illusive spells; the Monothelite doctrine was condemned by the united council; and the faith in the infallibility of the papacy was forever shattered by the conviction of Pope Honorius as a heretic.[3] If a Pope can be a heretic, how can he be infallible? If his inspiration can once fail, when can we be ever sure of his perfect truth? Or if Pope Honorius erred in becoming the patron of the Monothelite creed, may we not conclude that Pope Pius IX. is wrong in opposing free schools and a free press? The Sixth General Council offers a happy precedent for a general synod of the nineteenth century.[4]

There now occurs in the course of history that solemn and instructive spectacle, the decline and death of the European intellect. Knowledge ceased to be powerful; the ignorant races subdued the intellectual; a brutal reign of violence followed; and truth, honor, probity, industry, genius seemed to have fled forever from the nations of Europe, to find their home with the Saracen or the Turk. From the seventh to the twelfth century the Arabs were the only progressive race. In Europe, by a strange perversion of common reason, to labor was held dishonorable; to rob the laborer was held the privilege of noble birth.[5] The feudal system was a not unskillful device to maintain a warrior caste at the cost of the laboring class; and the merchant, the scholar, the mechanic, and the inventor became serfs or villeins, whose scanty earnings were freely snatched from them to sustain the indolent license of their warrior lords.[1] Industry died out, and with it fell its natural offspring—the intellect. The warrior caste could neither read nor write; the miserable serfs had no leisure for mental improvement; while priests, monks, and bishops abandoned the study of classic literature, and, when they could read, employed their idle hours in conning their breviaries or in spelling out miraculous legends of the saints. In this dark period grew up the monastic system, the worship of images and relics, the adoration of Mary, the supremacy of Rome.

Heresies, indeed, had ceased to exist, except the greatest of them all, the papal assumption; and general councils were no longer held. A chain of circumstances had tended to make Rome the master of the intellect and the conscience of Europe. Its ancient rivals, the Patriarchs of Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem, had sunk into feeble subjects of the followers of Mohammed. No Cyril any longer thundered his anathemas from amidst his swarming hosts of Egyptian monks and bishops; no vigorous opponents of the papal assumptions arose among the persecuted Christians of Syria and the East. A feeble Patriarch reigned at Constantinople, who faintly defied his Italian brother, and chanted an uninterpolated creed;[2] but the whole Western world obeyed implicitly the spiritual tyrant at Rome, and the pure faith and morality of the age were lost to sight, and were hidden perhaps in the cottages of the Vaudois and amidst the glens and defiles of the Pyrenees.

The monastic system had now assumed a strange and overwhelming importance. Rome ruled by its monasteries, and over every part of Europe a countless throng of these clerical fortresses had arisen, engrossing the richest lands, drawing in the young and ardent, cultivating the grossest superstition, and forming, from Monte Casino to Croyland or Melrose, the firmest defense of the papal rule. In the third century a Paul or an Anthony, the famous solitaries of Egypt, had begun the system by their example of a perfect seclusion from the world, and often the gentle hermits were the purest, if not the most useful of their race.[3] A pale, slight, sickly, but impassioned and gifted missionary of the new practice, the austere, the bitter Jerome, had defended and propagated monasticism by his vigorous pen and his holy life.[4] But Jerome at least taught his followers

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[1] Milman, i. 340 *et seq.*

[2] Hefele, ii. 824 *et seq.*, gives a full account of the council. Vigilius was forced to confirm the acts of the council.

[3] Mosheim, i. 536, and note. Milman, Lat. Christianity, ii. 137.

[4] For the authorities on the condemnation of Honorius see Hefele, Con., iii. 264–284. The support of heresy, Honorius was vigorously anathematized.

[5] The Middle-Age chroniclers seem to have hated the working class intensely. See Commines, v. 5. Monstrelet.

[1] The Norman knights gave away carpenters and blacksmiths as presents. See Ingulphus, p. 174. The Norman kings sometimes presented their courtiers with a wealthy merchant.

[2] The Latins now added the *filioque*.

[3] The monks cultivated at first the useful arts. Sozomen, Hist. Ecc., i. 12.

[4] See A. Thierry's Saint Jerome, i. 145. An excellent portrait.

to labor with their hands, to dress plainly but neatly, to read, perhaps to think.[1] A Benedict and Pope Gregory the Great helped to spread the system over the West. Its rules of austerity, seclusion, celibacy, and ignorance grew rigid and immovable, and the monastery became the model of the Roman church. Celibacy, which had been condemned by the gentle ascetic Paphnutius at the Council of Nice, who proclaimed marriage honorable, was now enforced upon every priest.[2] The iron Hildebrand tore wives from their husbands, destroyed the happiness of countless families, and denounced the married clergy in every land: the priest was converted into a monk. The Roman church demanded a perfect submission from its servants. But the monastic system, which had seemed so harmless or so meritorious in its earlier adherents, began now to show its more dangerous aspect. Monasteries and nunneries filled the cities and the open country of Europe. They possessed half the arable land of England, and drew in the wealth of Germany and France. They grew rich by bequests and charities, lawsuits, forgeries, and fraud.[3] The monks were noted for their avarice, indolence, license, and encroaching pride. They crushed literature, discouraged industry, despised the claims of labor, and no burden pressed more heavily upon the working men of the Middle Ages than the general prevalence of the monastic system. A selfish and useless isolation made the monks the prey of idle fancies and superstitious dreams. They sustained the worship of images against the common-sense of Leo and Charlemagne, asserted the claims of the Virgin, and defended the tyranny of the Pope. A monk invented the Spanish Inquisition; another founded that of Rome; one produced the massacre of St. Bartholomew; a Jesuit drove the Huguenots from France; and scarcely one of those horrible persecutions and bloody wars that have made the name of Rome odious among nations but may be traced to the bitter and blind superstition engendered by the monkish rule.

A still darker infamy surrounded the convents and the nunnery.[4] Within their gloomy walls the abbot or superior reigned supreme; no person was permitted to hold intercourse with the monks and nuns; their nearest relatives were excluded forever from their sight; a severe discipline made them the slaves of the abbot or the confessor, and deeds of violence and crime, faintly whispered in the public ear, increased the unpopularity of the monastic system. At length, in the sixteenth century, the mighty voice of Luther awakened attention to the growing enormity; nation after nation threw off the terrible superstition, broke up its monasteries, and drove their swarming population to useful labor. Italy has just expelled its monks, to turn the monasteries into alms-houses and public schools; Spain follows in its path; and it is possible that these dangerous prisons of the young and the fair may be permitted to exist in all their medieval enormity only on the free soil of America or on the streets of Cracow. It seems, indeed, unsafe that they should be suffered to multiply any where, unless placed under the constant supervision of the state.

From the seventh to the sixteenth century the monks ruled the world. The haughtiest and most hated of the Popes, a Hildebrand or an Innocent III., were monks, and every assembly of the papal bishops was controlled in its deliberations by the monkish rule. In a Seventh Council (746), whose œcumenicity might well be admitted, image worship was condemned, and images declared the instruments of Satan.[1] The monks rebelled; the Pope led them against the Emperor and the church; a new council was assembled at Nice; and the indispensable idols were restored and defended in language that was adopted in the Council of Trent. Charlemagne dictated, he could not write, four books against the popular superstition, and the bishops of the East and the West seem to have sustained the imperial faith; yet the monks and the Pope were successful, after a conflict of a century.[2] We have no space to notice the various papal councils of this dark period; the warrior caste of the Middle Ages submitted devoutly to the monkish rule; and a war of extermination was incessantly waged against that large body of enlightened and humble Christians who, under the name of Vaudois, Lollards, or Cathari, seem in every age to have preserved the pure traits of the gospel faith. At length, however, a council was held whose important results deserve a momentary attention. Pope Urban II., in 1095, assembled at Clermont and Placentia an immense host of priests, knights, nobles, and princes, and preached in glowing eloquence the duty of snatching the Holy Places from the control of the iconoclastic Saracens. Europe caught his superstitious ardor, and for more than two centuries continued to pour forth its wealth of manly and martial vigor in a wasteful frenzy on the plains of Syria. The Curtian gulf was never filled. The energy of nations, which, if directed to honest labor and practical improvement, might have civilized and cultivated the world, was squandered in obedience to the cruel suggestions of a monkish dreamer. The Cathari or dissenters wrote, spoke, or preached against the wild delusion; they asserted that the Christian had no right to kill even a Saracen, and that the true way of spreading the Gospel in the East was by the gentle persuasion of a holy life. Their remonstrances were answered by the rude denunciations of the

[1] See Jerome, Regula Monachorum, cap. 14. Si monachus esse vis, non videri, etc. They were to dress plainly, cap. 17, to plant, to sow, to labor.

[2] Sozomen, i. 23.

[3] The forged charters and perpetual lawsuits of Croyland show how the acute abbots enlarged their wealth. Ingulphus, Chron., Introduct.

[4] For the gay license of Port Royal see Sainte Beuve, Port Royal, i. For a darker picture of an early period, Harduin, Con., i. 1398.

[1] Milman, Hist. Lat. Christ., ii. 171. [2] Id., ii. 184.

papal preachers, by the whip, the torture, and the stake. War and bloodshed became the chief employment of the papal church and its martial adherents, and for two centuries the Popes maintained their place at the head of Christendom by exciting general massacres of the protestants of Provence or Piedmont, and by driving the young generations of Europe to the charnel-house of the East.

One of the most startling effects of this monkish delusion was the Crusade of the little children. A band of fifty thousand children from Germany and France set out in 1212 to redeem the Holy Sepulchre. A peasant child of Vendome first assumed the cross in France, and soon an increasing throng of boys and girls gathered around him as he passed from Paris to the south, and with a touching simplicity declared that they meant to go to Jerusalem to deliver the sepulchre of the Saviour.[1] Their parents and relations in vain endeavored to dissuade them; they escaped from their homes; they wandered away without money or means of subsistence; and they believed that a miracle would dry up the Mediterranean Sea and enable them to pass safely to the shores of Syria. At length a body of seven thousand of the French children reached Marseilles, and here they met with a strange and unlooked-for doom. At Marseilles were slave-traders who were accustomed to purchase or steal children in order to sell them to the Saracens. Two of these monsters, Ferrers and Porcus, engaged to take the young crusaders to the Holy Land without charge, and they set sail in seven ships for the East.[2] Two of the vessels were sunk on the passage with all their passengers; the others arrived safely, and the unhappy children were sold by their betrayers in the slave-markets of Alexandria or Cairo. Other large bodies of children came from Germany across the Alps. Many perished from hunger, heat, disease; a few were enabled to die on the sacred soil of Syria; and it is estimated that fifty thousand of the flower of European youth were lost in this most remarkable of the Crusades.[3]

Constance, the scene of the next important council, stands on the shore of that lovely lake that feeds the romantic Rhine. It has long sunk into decay. In the last century the grass was growing in its principal street.[4] Its air of desolation and decline formed a striking contrast to the busy Swiss towns on the neighboring lakes, and it still slumbers under the fatal influence of a Catholic rule. The only noted spots in Constance are a dark dungeon, a few feet square, in which John Huss was confined, the rude Gothic hall where he was tried, the minster where he was condemned, the place where he was burned, the swift-flowing river into which his ashes were cast, and which his persecutors hoped would bear away all that remained of their illustrious victim into endless oblivion. Vain hope! Warriors and princes, priests, abbots, monks, conspired to blot from existence a single faint and feeble being, a child of poverty and toil. They burned his books; they cast his ashes into the Rhine. And to-day all Bohemia assembles to do honor to the names of Huss and his disciple Jerome, and to carry into execution the principles of freedom and progress they advocated four centuries ago.

The Council of Constance met in 1414. Three rival Popes were then contesting each other's claim to the papacy.[1] Each Pope had his adherents, and for nearly forty years priests, rulers, and laity had lived in doubt as to the true successor of St. Peter. It was plain that there could not be three infallible potentates on the same throne; yet each pretender asserted his claim with equal vigor. Gregory, Benedict, and John launched anathemas against each other; and a generation lived and died uncertain whether it had not adored and obeyed an heretical Pope.[2] John XXIII., in the opinion of his age one of the most abandoned of men, was persuaded or entrapped by the cardinals and the Emperor into summoning a general council; and Constance, on the borders of Switzerland and Germany, was selected as the place of meeting. The council met at a period of singular interest in history.[3] Not only was the papacy divided between three Popes, but that strong and wide opposition to the papal and the monkish rule, which seems to have existed in every age, was now showing itself in unusual vigor. England was half converted to the doctrines of Wycliffe; Bohemia and its king shared the free opinions of Huss; the new literature of Italy was skeptical or indifferent; France and Germany were already shocked at the vices of the monks; while industry and commerce were rapidly introducing ideas of human equality that must finally destroy the supremacy of the feudal lords. The warrior caste as well as the priestly was threatened by the religious reformers, and both united vigorously at the Council of Constance to crush the progress of revolution.[4] They strove to rebuild and reanimate the established church, to intimidate the reformers, and to destroy forever the rising hopes of the people.

For the moment they succeeded. The Council of Constance was the most splendid gathering of priests and princes Europe had ever seen. The Emperor Sigismund attended its sittings, with all the German chiefs and prelates. The Pope, John XXIII., came, followed by a throng

[1] This strange event is well attested. See Geschichte der Kreuzzüge, Wilken, vi. 7. So wunderbar diese Erscheinung war, so ist sie doch durch die Zeugnisse glaubwürdiger Geschichtschreiber so fest begründet, etc. And Michaud, ii. 202.

[2] Wilken, vi. 81, 82.

[3] Michaud, iii. 441.

[4] Coxe, Travels in Switzerland, Letter iii. The dungeon is eight feet long, six broad.

[1] Concilium Constantiensis, Labbe, xvi. 4 *et seq.* The Council of Pisa had attempted in vain to remove the schism, 1410. See Lenfant, Pise.

[2] Labbe, Con., xvi. 4.

[3] Lenfant, Histoire du Concile de Constance, Preface.

[4] Lenfant notices the influence of the laity on the council.

of Italian cardinals and bishops, hoping to control its proceedings. Almost every European sovereign was represented by an embassador.[1] The little city of Constance shone with the pomp of royal and noble retinues, with the red robes of cardinals, and the ermine and jewels of ecclesiastical princes; riot and license filled its streets; and the Council of Constance was noted for the corrupt morals of its members, and the shameless conduct of the prelates of the established church. Its sittings began November, 1414, and continued until April, 1418. Its proceedings were marked by a singular vigor. It deposed John XXIII. for his notorious vices and his alleged contumacy; removed Gregory and Benedict; and elected a new Pope, Martin V., who was finally acknowledged by all Europe as the successor of St. Peter. It declared that the council was superior to the Pope,[2] and heard with attention the eloquent sermon of Gerson, Chancellor of the University of Paris, in which he defended the privileges of a united Christendom against the claims of the bishop of Rome. It provided that a general council should be summoned every five or seven years; and it strove to limit the rapacity of Rome by relieving the clergy from its exactions. In order to prevent the undue influence of the Italians, the council divided all its members into four nations or classes; each nation had a single vote, and a majority determined the result. These revolutionary movements have made the Council of Constance odious to the succeeding Popes. Its canons have been disregarded, its authority denied; and no devout Roman Catholic would now venture to assert what was plainly the opinion of the Roman church in the dawn of the fifteenth century, that the Pope is inferior to the council.

Having ended the schism in the papal church, the Council of Constance next proceeded to crush heresy and reform. To the corrupt monks and priests of that barbarous age the chief of heretics was the pure and gentle Huss. A child of poverty, educated among the people, John Huss had come a poor scholar to the famous University of Prague.[3] His mother brought him from his native village to be matriculated, and on the road fell on her knees and recommended him to Heaven. Maintained by charity, he studied with ardor; his mind was fed with scholastic learning; he became a preacher vigorous and original; and in the Chapel of Bethlehem crowded congregations listened to the inspired lessons of the ardent priest. Huss had early formed a clear conception of a living Antichrist, a creature made up of blasphemy and hypocrisy, of corruption and crime; and of a pure and lovely form, the Church of the early age.[4] To the one he gave all his love and confidence, to the other an undying hate. The Antichrist was Rome. The vices and stupid ignorance of the monks, the shameless license of the clergy, the insolent pride of the bishops, the rivalry of the contending Popes, convinced the ardent reformer that the established church had long ceased to be Christian. He inveighed in vigorous sermons and treatises against every form of corruption. He denounced the monks and the Popes, indulgences, crusades, and a thousand enormities. Jerome of Prague, who had lived at Oxford, brought him over the writings of Wycliffe, and the two friends studied and profited by the clear sense of the English reformer.

At length the poor charity scholar became the most eminent man of his time. His native land acknowledged his merit, and all Bohemia adopted the opinions of its gifted son. The king and queen were his warm friends, and the nobility and the commons caught the ardor of reform.[1] Huss was made Rector of that great university, at that time the rival of those of Paris and Oxford, where he had won his education; and Prague became the centre of a strong impulse toward progress that was felt in every part of Europe. The doctrines and the Bible of Wycliffe were expounded at the only great seat of learning in Germany; England and Bohemia, united by friendly ties, seemed about to throw off the papal rule; the vigor of Huss, the genius of Jerome, had nearly anticipated the era of Luther. But it was too soon. The priestly caste and its ignorant instrument, the warrior caste, united to destroy the first elements of reformation, and the monks and bishops pursued Huss and his followers with their bitterest malignity. The archbishop of Prague denounced him as a heretic, the Pope excommunicated him; but Huss might still have escaped, supported by his sovereign, Wenceslaus, and the admiration of his countrymen, had he not been betrayed into the power of his foes. The Council of Constance met and summoned the reformer before its hostile tribunal. The chief vice of this infamous assembly was its shameless duplicity. The sentiment of honor, which we are sometimes told was the distinguishing mark of this age of chivalry, was plainly unknown to every one of the princes, knights, or priests who made up the splendid council. They deceived the Popes; they corrupted the feeble honesty of the Emperor Sigismund; they openly adopted the rule that no faith was to be kept with heretics;[2] they pledged the Roman church to a system of perpetual falsehood and deceit.

Huss was now in the full splendor of his renown. His name was illustrious throughout Europe, and his eminent talents and spotless life had made him the pride and oracle of Bo-

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1 Lenfant, Preface, 21. There were 150 bishops, 100 abbots, 30 cardinals, 3 patriarchs.

2 Lenfant, i. 22, Preface. Labbe, Con., xvi. S. Gregory and Benedict do not admit its claims.

3 Lenfant, i. 24.

4 See Huss, Opuscula, 14–23, where he paints the face and form of Antichrist, its mouth, neck, arms, tail.

1 Lenfant, i. 34.

2 Nec aliqua sibi fides aut promissio de jure naturali, divino, et humano fuerit in prejudicium Catholicæ fidei observanda. See Hallam, Mid. Ages, p. 398.

hemia.[1] He was nearly forty years of age. His appearance was fine, his countenance mild and engaging. His prominent features, his clear and well-cut profile, have in them an Oriental air. He wore his hair and beard carefully trimmed, and dressed in neat scholastic attire. In the society of fair women, kings, and princes his manners had become polished, his carriage singularly attractive; and his natural gentleness and piety threw around him an irresistible charm. As Rector of the University of Prague he held a position in the eyes of the world not inferior to that of many princes and nobles; but in all his prosperity he had ever been noted for his humility and his kindly grace. He lived above the world, and knew none of its inferior impulses. Yet had he not been able to avoid making many enemies. He had offended bitterly the German students and professors at Prague, and they had withdrawn, in number about five thousand, to found the rival college at Leipsic. He was the chief of the metaphysical faction of the Realists; the Germans and the French were chiefly Nominalists; and in the fierce quarrels that raged between the two scholastic parties a hatred even to death often grew up between the opposing chiefs. The Rectors of the University of Paris, Gerson, and of Leipsic, John Hoffman, looked on their opponent at Prague as abominable and accursed; and the Nominalists afterward boasted that the death of Huss was due to them alone. So brutal was the age that men killed each other for some shadowy difference in metaphysics!

Gerson was the chief theologian of the time, the new founder of the liberties of the Gallican church. Yet he took part in all the frauds of the Council of Constance, saw his illustrious fellow-rector pine in a horrible dungeon and die at the stake, and aided in his destruction. The Rector of the University of Leipsic also shared in the worst acts of the council. The crimes of nobles and priests were instigated by the most eminent Catholic scholars, and the principles of elevated churchmen were no more humane than had been those of their Gothic ancestors or the barbarians of a Feejee island. To such men the mild purity of Huss and Jerome was a perpetual reproach. They could not endure their existence upon the same earth. They strove to extirpate them forever, and cast their ashes into the rapid Rhine.

Fearless of their enmity, and strong in his consciousness of innocence, sustained by the friendship of his king and his country, and, above all, provided with a safe-conduct from the Emperor Sigismund, Huss set out from Prague in October to obey the summons of the council.[2] As he passed through Germany he was met and welcomed by immense throngs of the people. He was received every where as the champion of human rights. Men came to gaze on him as on a benefactor. Even the German ecclesiastics, it is said, saluted respectfully the arch-heretic. He passed safely through Nuremberg, attended by a guard of honor, and entered Constance almost in triumph.[1] He evidently feared no danger. He even imprudently defended the doctrines of Wycliffe in the midst of angry monks and priests, and courted their malignity. The Pope, however, John XXIII., had sworn to protect him, the Emperor Sigismund was bound for his safety, and all Bohemia watched over the life of Huss. But the rule had been adopted that no faith was to be kept with heretics. Within a few days after his arrival Huss was seized, cast into the horrible dungeon of the Dominican convent, and fastened by a chain to the floor.[2]

He was now in the toils of Antichrist, and was to feel all the extreme malice of the fearful being he had so often imagined or described. Its falsehood, its baseness, its savage and unsparing cruelty, he was now to realize, if never before. The Emperor Sigismund came to Constance soon after Huss's imprisonment, and remonstrated feebly against the violation of his safe-conduct; but the chiefs of the council soon convinced him that no faith should be kept with the heretic, and Huss was left to languish in his dungeon.[3] Articles of accusation were drawn up against him; false witnesses were brought to convict him of crimes he had never committed; he was persecuted with incessant questions; and for more than six months the great orator and scholar pined in a dreadful confinement. At length, on the 6th of July, 1415, he was dragged from his dungeon and led out to condemnation and death.

The council assembled in that sombre and massive minster whose gloomy pile still frowns over the silent streets of Constance.[4] The Emperor Sigismund presided, surrounded by his temporal and spiritual peers. A throng of cardinals, bishops, and priests assembled to take part in the proceedings, and to exult over the doom of one whose holy life seemed a perpetual reproach to their notorious profligacy and corruption. The church was filled in every part with eager spectators. It had been carefully arranged for that singular ceremonial with which the holy fathers intended to degrade their victim from his priesthood before they delivered him over to the secular power. In the midst rose a platform, on which were placed the robes and ornaments of a priest, and where Huss was to be robed and disrobed in presence of all the people. A solemn mass was performed, and while Emperor and priest bowed in adoration, their victim was kept waiting at the door under a guard of soldiers, lest his presence might desecrate the sacred rite.[5] He was then led in, pale, faint, and worn with a terrible imprisonment, and ascended the platform. Here he

[1] The Jesuit editors, Labbe, Con., xvi. 4, insinuate *simulatione sanctitatis*, etc.

[2] Lenfant, Constance, i. 39.

[1] Lenfant, i. 39, 40.

[2] Lenfant, i. 60. Coxe, Travels in Switzerland, Let.

[3] Lenfant, i. 76. [4] Id., i. 401. [5] Id., i. 401.

knelt in audible prayer, while the bishop of Lodi delivered a sermon on the enormity of heresy; and as the prelate finished his vindictive denunciation, he pointed to the feeble victim; he turned to the powerful Emperor and cried out, "Destroy this obstinate heretic!"

A perfect silence reigned throughout the immense assembly. Various proceedings followed. The charges against Huss were read, but he was scarcely permitted to reply to them. He listened on his knees, his hands raised to heaven. Once he mentioned aloud his safe-conduct that had been so shamefully violated, and turned his sad eyes upon the Emperor. A deep blush spread over Sigismund's face; he was strongly moved. It is said that long after, when, at the Diet of Worms, Charles V. was urged to violate Luther's safe-conduct, he replied, "I do not wish to blush like my predecessor Sigismund." Yet the anecdote can hardly be authentic, for Charles was never known to blush for any one of his dishonorable deeds. Sentence of degradation was next pronounced against Huss. The priests appointed for that duty at once approached him, put on him the priestly robes, and then took them off. They then placed on his head a paper crown, on which were painted three demons of frightful aspect, and on it was inscribed, "Chief of the Heretics." Huss said to them, "It is less painful than a crown of thorns." They mocked him with bitter raillery, and then led him away to execution.[1]

He went from the church to the place of execution guarded by the officers of justice. Behind him came, in a long procession, the Emperor, the Prince Palatine, their courtiers, and eight hundred soldiers. A vast throng of people followed, who would not be turned back. As Huss passed the episcopal palace he saw that they were already burning his books, and smiled at the malice of his enemies. He was bound to the stake, and the wood piled up around him. Before the pile was lighted the Elector Palatine advanced and asked him to recant and save his life. He refused. He prayed, and all the multitude prayed with him. The fire was lighted; he raised his arms and eyes toward heaven, and as the flames ascended he was heard joyfully singing a hymn of praise. Higher, higher rose his dying chant, until his voice mingled with the songs of angels above.[2]

All that remained of John Huss, his ashes, his clothes, his furniture, were cast into the Rhine, lest his followers might preserve them as relics of the martyr. But the Bohemians afterward gathered the earth on which he suffered and carried it away. His friend, Jerome of Prague, was burned the next year, by order of the Council of Constance. A scholar, a man of classic refinement and feeling, the learned Poggio, heard his eloquent defense before the council, witnessed his happy martyrdom, and declared that Jerome had revived in his genius and his philosophy the highest excellence of Greece and Rome: the modern pagan did not perceive how he had surpassed it. Bohemia has never ceased to lament and honor her gifted sons, and the world is just becoming deeply conscious of what it owes to Huss and Jerome of Prague, the forerunners of Luther.

In July, 1431, a council assembled at Basle still more revolutionary in its character than that of Constance.[1] The Pope, Eugenius IV., attempted to dissolve the council; the council deposed the Pope, and elected another in his place. A long controversy followed, and a new schism in the Roman church. Eugenius summoned a council of his own adherents, and thus two Popes and two councils contended for the supremacy of the Christian world. But the quarrel was terminated by the triumph of the papal faction. At the Council of Basle was formed a temporary union between the Latin and the Greek churches, which soon ended in their complete separation. The bold effort of this great council to control the papacy wholly failed, and from its dissolution Rome gained new strength. Each succeeding Pope enlarged his authority, defied public opinion, opposed every effort to reform the church, and threw the shield of his infallibility over the vices and disorders of the clergy. The monks again ruled mankind. The Dominicans invented the Spanish Inquisition, and persecuted heretics with subtle malice. Convents and nunneries became centres of corruption, and the favorite subject of the satires of Chaucer, of Rabelais, of Erasmus, or of Luther is the degraded and dissolute monk.

At length the Reformation came. The conscience of mankind, which had been apparently forever suppressed with the martyrdom of Huss and Jerome, found a new expression in the commanding genius of Luther, and the intellect of Europe awoke at his powerful summons.[2] He dissolved the spell of monkish delusion and tyranny. He consolidated into a powerful party that wide but disunited opposition which almost from the age of Constantine had looked with horror and shame upon the pride and corruption of the established church. The pure and the good of every land, the spiritual descendants of the Cathari, the Albigenses, the Vaudois, or the Wycliffites—the humble and gentle Christians of Bohemia, France, and even of Italy and Spain, now ventured to unite in a generous hope that the reign of Antichrist was over.[3] Tradition and false miracles, the indulgences, the worship of images and saints, the idolatry of the mass, the horrors of the monas-

[1] Lenfant, i. 408.

[2] Lenfant, i. 415. His voice sounded cheerfully above the flames.

[1] Lenfant, Council of Basle. Mosheim, ii. 502.

[2] Pallavicino (Bibliotheca Classica Sacra, Roma, 1847, Istoria, etc.) thinks the Hussites and the Waldenses blots on the fair face of the church that should long ago have been extirpated, i. 79.

[3] Pallavicino, i, 99. Sequaci di Giovanni Huss condonnato, etc.

tic system, seemed about to pass swiftly away before the voice of reason and of conscience; the pure faith and practice of the Gospel seemed ready to descend again on man. In the year 1540 a general and peaceable reformation of the whole Christian world was possible. Already Spain itself was filled with Protestants, Italy was sighing for a purer faith, the Scriptures were studied, and reform demanded in Rome and Naples.[1] France was eager for religious progress; the vigorous North was already purified and set free; and had some wise and gentle spirit controlled the papal councils, some pure Erasmus or a generous Pole, and from the Roman throne breathed peace and good-will to man, an age of unprecedented progress might have opened upon the world. The warrior caste which had so long preyed upon the people would have sunk into decay. The priestly caste would have lost its vices and its pride. The industrial classes, who in Spain, France, Italy, Germany, formed the chief part of the reformers, might have risen to control the state, and Europe would have been free.

The next, the last great papal council—the most mischievous of them all—came to destroy the rising hopes of mankind. It breathed war, not peace. It spread irreconcilable enmity among nations. It leagued the warriors and the priests in a deadly assault upon the working-man. It declared war against the factory and the work-shop, the printing-press and the school. It crushed the industry of Italy and Spain; it banished the frugal and thoughtful Huguenots from France; it strove in vain to make Holland a desolate waste, and to blight in its serpent folds the rising intellect of England; it aimed vain blows at the genius of Germany and the North; it held in bondage for three miserable centuries the mind of the decaying South. To the Council of Trent,[2] by an easy deduction, may be traced the great war which Charles V. waged against his German subjects, and the disastrous crusades of his son Philip against the Netherlands and Queen Elizabeth; the wild rancor of the League and the Guises; the persecutions, worse than those of Diocletian, of Louis XIV.; the Thirty Years' War, in which Wallenstein and Tilly made half Germany a blood-stained wilderness; the fatal bigotry of Austria; the tyranny of Spain. It was a flame of discord, a harbinger of strife; and to the student of history no spectacle is more startling than that torrent of woe which descended upon mankind from the deliberations and the anathemas of a scanty gathering of bishops and Jesuits in the rocky heights of the Tyrol.

In 1542 the moment of hope had passed. The Pope, Paul III., decreed death to the heretic and the reformer. Loyola and the Jesuits ruled at Rome, and the doctrine of passive obedience became the single principle of the papal faith. The Inquisition was rapidly exterminating every trace of opposition to the hierarchy in Italy; a dead and dull submission reigned in Venice or in Rome; and the papal missionaries, exulting in their success at home, trusted soon to carry the effective teaching of the Holy Office into the rebellious cities of Germany and the North. With what joy would they see Luther and Melanchthon chained to the stake, like Huss and Jerome! How proudly should the papal legions sweep over the land of Zwingli and the home of Calvin! With such fond anticipations a league for the extirpation of heresy was formed between the Pope, Paul III., and the Emperor, Charles V. The decrees of the Council of Trent were to be enforced by the arms of the two contracting parties; the Protestants of Germany were to be the earliest victims of the alliance; and all who had apostatized from the ancient faith were to be compelled to return to the bosom of the Holy See.[1] The meaning of this famous compact between the bishop of Rome and the Emperor can not be misunderstood. It was a project to crush freedom of thought and religious progress by wars and massacre, the rack and the stake; an effort to make the papal Inquisition universal.

If, as has been done by some modern historians and most of the Romish writers who have described the Council of Trent to the present age, we could separate it wholly from the history of its period, and look upon it merely as the gathering of a few bishops of more or less learning and piety anxious only to fix the faith of their church and to define the form of their belief,[2] we might excuse its rash judgments, its imprudent conservatism, and the intolerance of its countless anathemas; we might submit with a smile to hear the doctrines of Luther and the Bible pronounced forever accursed, and to be commanded to pay a deep reverence to images under the penalty of excommunication;[3] we might pardon the critical blindness, if not the want of taste, that placed the Book of Tobit on a level with the Gospel of St. John;[4] we might remember only as examples of monkish superstition in the sixteenth century the attempt to chain the press,[5] to promote the sale of indulgences,[6] the strange theory of the mass, the feeble reasoning on the sacraments; and we could admit that under the irresistible influence of that impulse toward reform begun by the anathematized heretics, the council strove honestly to correct some of the errors of the

[1] Among the noted Italian reformers were Peter Martyr, Bishop Vergerio and his brother, his friend Spira. See Middleton, Evan. Biog., i. 510; Sarpi, i. 101 *et seq.*; Ranke, Hist. Popes, i. 70 *et seq.*

[2] Concils von Trient Canones und Beschlüsse, von D. Wilhelm Smets, an authorized edition, gives all the proceedings; Sarpi and Pallavicino the history.

[1] Robertson, Charles V., book viii.

[2] Hallam, Lit. Europe, ii. 361, n., treats it merely as an intellectual agent. He does not allude to its results.

[3] Et nunc etiam damnat ecclesia. Sessio xxv. De veneratione sanctorum, etc.

[4] Sessio iv. De Canonicis Scripturis.

[5] De Libris Prohibitis, Reg. ii. 3 *et seq.*

[6] Sessio xxv. Decretum de Indulgentibus.

Romish church. But, unhappily for mankind, the Council of Trent had a far less innocent purpose. Its chief promoters were men who had already resolved on the destruction of its opponents. Every member of the synod knew that the principles it laid down, the practices it enjoined, were rejected and condemned by a large part of the Christian world; that they could only be enforced by fire and the sword; that they were about to be the occasion of a bitter war between the reformers and the papal faction; that every anathema uttered by the council would be written in letters of blood upon every Protestant land. Yet they proceeded calmly with their labors. They rejected every plan of compromise, every sentiment of mercy. They refused to listen to the tolerant suggestions of the Gallican church. They obeyed every intimation of the Pope and the Jesuits; and they were plainly prepared to bind to the stake not some eloquent Jerome or spotless Huss alone, but whole nations and generations of reformers.

At Trent, among the snow-clad hills of the Tyrol, on the banks of the rapid Athesis, the papal legates and a few bishops assembled in December, 1545, and Cardinal Del Monte, afterward Pope Julius III., presided at its first session. A second was held in January, when only forty-three members attended. At the third, February 4, 1546, the Nicene Creed was recited with its modern additions. But with the fourth session, April 18, 1546, the business of the council began by an authoritative determination of the foundations of the Roman faith; and it was decided, in a scanty assembly of forty-eight Italian, German, and Spanish bishops, a few cardinals, and the papal legates, that the Scriptures and tradition, the Old Testament with the Apocryphal books, the New Testament, and the opinions of the fathers, were the equal and the only sources of religious knowledge.[1] But it was carefully enjoined, at the same time, under severe penalties, that none but the church should define the meaning of the sacred writings. All private judgment was forbidden; and whoever ventured to think for himself was to be punished by the legal authorities.[2] Upon this broad but unstable foundation the council now proceeded to erect that religious system which for three centuries has ruled at Rome. The Pope was supreme at Trent through his acute agents; and however vigorous the opposition might appear, every decision of the assembly was prepared at Rome, and was carried through the council by the controlling influence of the legates, the Jesuits, and the Italian bishops. It was Paul III., Loyola, and Caraffa who spoke in the name of the church.

The sessions continued until April, 1547, when, on the pretext that an epidemic disease was prevailing in Trent, the Pope issued a bull transferring the council to Bologna, within his own territories, where it would be more perfectly under his control. The legates and the papal party obeyed the mandate, but Charles V. ordered his German bishops to remain at Trent. The schism continued until Paul died, when his successor, Julius III., once more convened the assembly at Trent.[1] It remained in session until April, 1552, when the success of Protestant arms in Germany and the brilliant exploits of the Elector Maurice drove the bishops in alarm from their dangerous locality.[2] The council was prorogued or dissolved; and for ten years the doctrines of the papal church remained hidden undefined in the bosom of Rome. They were years filled with remarkable events. The order of the Jesuits became a great power in Europe, and its acute and unscrupulous members had instilled into the minds of princes and priests the doctrine of passive obedience to Rome, and of relentless war against heresy. Loyola guided the policy of the papal church. In France a war broke out between the Huguenots and their oppressors, of which the result was not to be determined for many years, but which finally united the French bishops in hostility to reform. A great triumph was achieved by the papal party in England, that was followed by a signal overthrow. Mary succeeded to the English throne, and as the wife of Philip II. gave back her realm, filled with the blood of the martyrs, to the papal see. But in 1558 Mary died childless, and Elizabeth, the representative of a Protestant nation, defied the anathemas of the Pope. Philip II. was now enforcing the decrees of the earlier Council of Trent on the unhappy Netherlands, and the Prince of Orange was about to found a new nation. Of the early reformers few survived. Luther and Melanchthon slept side by side in the castle church at Wittenberg. Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, apparently less fortunate, had died like Huss and Jerome. The aged Calvin and his faithful Beza still ruled and studied at Geneva—the last of that brilliant company who had formed the day-stars of the Reformation.

Pius IV., in January, 1562, enforced the reassembling of the council at Trent. Loyola was dead, and the fierce Lainez ruled over the Jesuits. A new race of bishops filled the council. Its numbers enlarged; its intellectual character was respectable; but no brilliant Athanasius, no eloquent Gregory, appeared in the ranks of the papal prelates. It sat for nearly two years, and often its fierce debates and angry tumults revived the memories of Ephesus and Nice.[3] The French faction, the Spanish, and the papal, contended with a violence that seemed at times to threaten the dissolution of the council and an irreparable schism in the disordered church. The Spaniards de-

1 Sessio iv. Decretum de Canonicis Scripturis.
2 Qui contravenerint—pœnis a jure statutis puniantur. See Pallavicino, iii. 261–272.

1 See Bulla Resumptionis—Julio III., Smets.
2 Sessio xvi. Decretum Suspensionis, etc.
3 Torellus, in Le Plat, vii. 205, gives an account of a fray between the Spaniards and Italians; they were then forbidden to carry arms.

fended with vigor the Divine origin of the bishops against the claims of the papacy; the French suggested the superiority of the council to the Pope, demanded the cup for the laity, and even advocated the marriage of the clergy. A French embassador, Du Ferier, the Gregory of Trent, denounced with sharp satire the feeble superstition of the council, and declared it to be the author of the miseries of France;[1] the corrupt and politic Cardinal Lorraine, at the head of the French delegation, in tumid speeches defended the Gallican policy. Yet the papal party, led by the Jesuits, the haughty Lainez and the busy Salmeron, and sustained by the superior numbers of the Italian bishops, succeeded in nearly all their objects.[2] They threw aside with contempt the whole Gallican policy; they taught perfect submission to the papal rule. Lainez, in the midst of an excited assembly, declared that all who opposed the supremacy of the Pope in all things were Protestants in principle, and, with haughty looks, almost denounced his adversaries as heretics. The contest raged for a time with fierce bitterness, and often the streets of Trent were filled with riot and bloodshed from the encounters of the retainers of the different factions. But at length the corrupt Cardinal Lorraine, a true Guise, went over to the papal side; the Spanish faction sank into silence; and, one by one, the most extravagant dogmas of the medieval church were incorporated into the creed of the Romish clergy.[3] From the heights of Tyrol the fierce Jesuits and monks threw down their gage of defiance and of hate to the whole Protestant world, and to every project of reform. They offered to the heretic submission to the Pope or death.

Nothing was thought of but traditional observances; the usages of Rome were preferred to the plain teachings of the Scriptures. Images were declared sacred, when the whole Jewish and Christian theology had denounced their use; had commanded the soul to seek a direct and spiritual union with its God. The gentle lessons of the Sermon on the Mount were transformed into an endless series of anathemas that were full of bitter malevolence. The sacred feast of the disciples was converted into a pompous idolatry.[4] For the Apostles the council showed still less respect than for the lessons of their Master. Instead of the industry, temperance, and frugality inculcated by St. Paul, it advocated monkish indolence and priestly intolerance. It condemned the marriages of the clergy, when St. Peter himself, the fancied founder of the Roman church, had been a faithful husband, and in his missionary toils had been accompanied by his martyr wife;[5] when St. Paul had instructed his pastors or presbyters to be prudent husbands and fathers, and strict in the education of their children; when even at the Council of Nice the monkish observance had been rejected at the request of an ascetic. The invocation of Mary and the saints, the worship of relics, transubstantiation and interfusion,[1] the use of pompous robes and a pagan ritual, confession, indulgences, and endless modern observances, were enforced by dreadful anathemas, and he who ventured even to hesitate as to their propriety was abandoned to the care of the Holy Office. The use of the Scriptures by the laity was in effect forbidden; the prohibition was made total by succeeding Popes; and the instruction of the Apostle to the believer to search and try the grounds of his faith was treated with contempt by his pretended successors. Conscience and freedom of thought were to be wholly suppressed. On the question of the superiority of the Pope to the council, after long and violent debates, no open decision was made; but the matter was, in fact, determined by the reference of all the proceedings of the assembly to the revisal of the Pope. As the infallible head of the church he was empowered to reject or confirm every canon of the Council of Trent.[2]

Winters and summers had passed over the Roman bishops for nearly eight years[3] in their mountain fastness, as they groped amidst the endless controversies of the fathers and studied the acts of Chalcedon and Nice. We admit at least their perseverance and their weary toil. Trent and its environs do not seem to have been always an agreeable residence. In autumn the hot sun beat upon the narrow valley. In winter a deluge of snow or rain often poured down upon the little city, overflowed the rapid Athesis, and swept through the watery streets.[4] Disease was often prevalent,[5] and several eminent delegates died, and were buried with pompous funerals. The people of the mountains were rude, and not always respectful; the women were not attractive, and suffered from the goitre;[6] while the wits of the Holy City, as well as of the Protestant countries, followed the council with sharp satires, and declared that its inspiration was brought in a carpet-bag from Rome. Elizabeth called it a popish conventicle. The keen and ready Protestant controversialists denounced it as a band of persecutors. The Pope was enraged at its turbulent discord; and all Europe longed for its dissolution. Meantime, far below, surged on the wave of Reformation, and Germany, France, and the Netherlands resound-

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[1] Pallavicino notices with asperity the vigor of Ferier, xi. 17; xii. 20–23. Sarpi, viii. 54, 55.

[2] See Bungener, Council of Trent, trans. A useful narrative, 455.

[3] Bungener, 627.

[4] Sessio xxii. De Sacrificio Missæ.

[5] 1 Corinth., ix. 5. We might infer that all the Apostles had married; Peter's wife was martyred. Clemens Alex., De monog., 8.

[1] Sessio xvii. cap. xi. For anathemas see Sessio xxi. Can. i. ii., Sessio xiii. Canon iii.

[2] Sessio xxv. De fine, etc.

[3] The council sat nearly eighteen years, but of these ten are included in a prorogation, besides the schism at Bologna.

[4] Torellus, in Le Plat.

[5] An influenza sometimes determined the fate of a proposition for reform. See Sarpi, lib. 7.

[6] Torellus, Le Plat, vii. 159–161.

ed with the psalms of Marot and Beza; and the menacing voice of the enraged people often reached the ears of the drowsy prelates at Trent. The hardy North threw off the monkish rule, defaced its images, broke up the monasteries, and breathed only defiance to the cruel bigotry of the council. Mary of Scotland, in a piteous letter to the legates, lamented that her Calvinistic subjects would not suffer her to send bishops to the assembly of Antichrist.[1] Germany had secured freedom of thought by the valor of Maurice and the treaty of Passau. Geneva, with its twenty-five thousand impoverished citizens, shone a beacon of light among its Swiss mountains, and defied alike the hatred and the covetousness of France, Savoy, and the Pope. The Huguenots were fighting in France for toleration, and the council sang a joyous *Te Deum* over the ineffectual defeat of the Prince of Condé. It was time for the bishops to separate.

The proceedings were hurried to an end. Important matters of faith, affecting the destiny of immortal souls, were determined with imprudent haste. What could not be decided was referred to the Pope. A bishop of Nazianzum, whose dullness formed a bold contrast to the wit and pathos of the sainted Gregory, preached a farewell discourse in which he called upon mankind to adore the wisdom, the clemency, the Christian tolerance of the Council of Trent.[2] A parting antiphonal was sung; the Cardinal of Lorraine, the corrupt and ambitious Guise, intoned the praises of the dissolute Charles V., the immoral Julius, the bigoted Pius, and all the holy council, and pronounced them ever blessed. The bishops and cardinals responded with a loud concurrence. Once more the voice of Guise rang over the assembly, *Anathema cunctis hæreticis!* And all the bishops and cardinals poured forth an eager and malevolent response, *Anathema, anathema!*[3] Meanwhile, in many a humble cottage in the neighboring valleys of Piedmont, the gentle Vaudois, the children of the early church, were singing Christian hymns to the good Saviour, and, accustomed to persecution, prayed for freedom to worship God. Scarcely did they hear the curse invoked upon them from the heights of Trent. Yet it was to ripen into long years of untold suffering. The poor and humble were to be torn in pieces, tossed from their native crags into dark ravines, cut with sharp knives, burned in raging fires by the mighty and the proud; and Milton, in a fierce poetic frenzy, was to cry aloud to Heaven:

"Avenge, O Lord! thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold."

Such was the Council of Trent; and History would be unfaithful to its sacred trust—the cause of truth and of human progress—did it not point with unerring accuracy to the countless woes that have fallen upon man from the dull bigotry of the papal bishops. They met at a moment when the European intellect was strongly excited by a new impulse toward the good and the true; when men longed for a holier life, a purer faith than had been the possession of their fathers. They gave them instead war and bitter strife, the doctrine of persecution, the visions of the Middle Ages. It is sometimes said that a reaction in favor of the Roman church followed upon the Council of Trent, and that the reformers were driven back from their Southern conquests to their strongholds in the North. They lost, indeed, Bohemia and the south of Germany, the Netherlands and France. But neither of these triumphs of the council was an intellectual one; its doctrines were nowhere accepted unless enforced by powerful armies and the slow prevalence of the Holy Office. The followers of Huss were extirpated in Bohemia; the Vaudois were slaughtered on their mountains; Philip II. revived the mediæval church on the ruins of Antwerp and Ghent; the decrees of the Council of Trent were only triumphant in France when Louis XIV. destroyed Port Royal, and banished, with terrible persecutions, the gifted Huguenots.

For a brief period England was ruled by the earlier decisions of the famous council, and Mary enforced the faith in tradition by the fires of Smithfield. But not even the spectacle of Latimer, Ridley, or Hooper perishing at the stake could convert a nation that preferred the teachings of the Scriptures to those of the fathers of Trent. England shook off the yoke of the schismatic council with fierce abhorrence. Her vigorous intellect refused to submit to a monkish rule; and soon a Shakspeare, a Bacon, a Milton, and a Johnson proved that no medieval foe to genius enslaved the fortunate land. Throughout all Northern Germany the free school met and baffled the theory of persecution. Colleges and universities succeeded to the monastery and the cathedral, and the land of Luther repelled the dogmas of the Council of Trent. The Latin races were less fortunate. For three centuries Italy and Spain have slumbered under the monkish rule. Every anathema of the unsparing council has been enforced upon their unhappy people; the press has been silenced, the intellect depraved; industry had nearly died out; the Inquisition lingered long after it had been partially suppressed in other lands;[1] and swarms of monks and friars encouraged indolence and sapped the purity of nations. But within a few years even Italy and Spain have revolted against the decrees of the Tridentine Council. The people of the two most Catholic lands have destroyed the monastic system, established freedom of thought, of religion, and of the press, and have

[1] Le Plat, vii. 217.

[2] Audite hæc, omnes gentes, auribus percipite, omnes qui habitatis orbem. Smets, Concils von Trient, 201.

[3] Smets, 200.

[1] The Spanish Inquisition burned a poor woman for sorcery as late as 1780. See Bourgoanne, Travels in Spain, i. chap. 3. In 1680 an auto da fé was looked upon as a glorious spectacle—a festal scene for the faithful.

plainly made themselves liable to the severest anathemas chanted in the cathedral of Trent.

But while the people in every land have thus rebelled against monkish tyranny, the priests and the Pope, the only legal representatives of the Romish church, have proclaimed their unchangeable adhesion to the decrees of their last great council. To them the free school and the free press are as odious as they were to Lainez and Del Monte. To them the monastery is as dear as it was to Gregory and Jerome. They still heap anathemas upon the married clergy; they refuse the cup to the laity; they bow to the graven image; of the duty of persecution for opinion's sake they speak as openly as in the days of Loyola, and they modestly suggest, with their historian, Pallavicino, that had the doctrine been more vigorously applied to Luther and Calvin, as well as to Jerome and Huss, the medieval church would yet have reigned triumphant in every land.[1] They still assert the supreme authority of the Holy See, the boundless infallibility of the Pope. But, in reply to their extravagant assumptions, the surging waves of Reformation have swept over Europe, and at length the decrees of the Council of Trent are only received, in their full enormity, within the walls of the city of Rome. There a shadow of the Inquisition is still maintained; there the press and the school are still jealously watched; there no heretical assembly is permitted; there monks and monasteries abound; there the true Roman and patriot is shot down with the chassepot rifle; and the Supreme Pontiff, enthroned over an enraged and rebellious people, there summons his priestly legions to a final council of the papal church.

It will meet under strange and disheartening auspices. Amidst the shadowy grandeur of decaying Rome, yet not far from the Forum, the birth-place of modern and ancient progress, where freedom was once on every tongue; surrounded by a populace eager to revive the institutions of Cicero, the faith of St. Paul; hemmed in by the rising liberties of new-born Italy, and trembling before the open hostility of every Italian patriot, and of Italy's heroic son; saved only from his generous rage by a foreign legion, and perhaps by transatlantic alms; a waif from the faded wreck of medieval tradition and a dying past, the Pope will hold counsel with his bishops. It may be hoped that the place, the time, the genius of the scene will enter into their deliberations; that the Pontiff, weary of his temporal rule, may willingly bestow upon Rome that liberty of speech and thought which it enjoyed in the days of Cato and Fabricius;[2] that the Roman church, humbled and repentant, may lament the woes it once inflicted upon Huss and Jerome, the simple Vaudois, and the reformers of every land; that it may seek absolution for its guilt from Christianity and from civilization by an open condemnation of the doctrine of persecution; that Pope and priests may awake from their barbaric dream of infallibility and priestly pride, and rise to the practical elevation of benevolence, holy charity, and love. In this way only can they atone for the long and cruel tyranny of the temporal power, the fatal influence of the spiritual.

But should the Pope and his council still continue to defy the conscience of mankind, and refuse to repent of their errors in the past; should they still maintain their selfish policy of sacrificing the welfare of nations to the interests of the Holy See; still teach persecution, and struggle for political power; should they strive to control the politics of France and England, the elections of New York, or the revolutions of Mexico; should they, to maintain the power and the infallibility of their church, seek to sow anarchy in republics and tyranny in monarchies, to plunge Europe once more in bloodshed and America in civil war—then will History summon its œcumenical council from the distant ages to overwhelm the feeble malice of Rome; then will the mighty shades of Huss and Jerome rise from the blue waters of the Rhine; then the countless martyrs, who seem to have sprung up from their ashes around the shores of the beautiful river, will join in the sacred assembly; then the tortured Vaudois, the children of the early church, will awaken on their mountains, headless, eyeless, scarred by the persecutor's fire; then Dante shall aim once more his undying anathema against Rome, or Milton cry aloud to Heaven for vengeance; then will Luther and Melanchthon, linked by a common sentiment, rise side by side from the churchyard of Wittenberg, and judgment will be given against unrepentant Rome.

We have thus imperfectly reviewed the story of the various councils. We might scarcely admit, with the saintly Gregory Nazianzen, that no good result can ever flow from an assembly of bishops. Nicæa taught a lesson of comparative moderation. The genius and the honesty of the two Gregories relieved the dullness of the synod of Constantinople. Ephesus has become notorious for the vigorous orthodoxy of Cyril. Chalcedon was moderate and independent. Yet it is worthy of notice that the purest as well as the wisest of the sacred synods was the first; that its members, chastened in poverty and persecution, still retained something of the Apostolic dignity and grace; and that the Christian world, still free and self-respecting, had not yet been forced to look with disappointment and shame upon the ambition and the vain pretensions of its spiritual chiefs.

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[1] Pallavicino, i. 79, describes the opponents of the Roman Church as picciol gregge d'uomini rustici e idiotici che eran reliquie o degli antichi Waldesi, etc. He could not conceive of a Christian unless great and powerful.

[2] Pius IX., in the beginning of his reign, promised a free press and liberty of speech to Rome. See Facts and Figures from Italy, 1847, p. 131 *et seq.* He concludes it by denying both.

THE OLD FAIRY JOANNA.

I AM sure, to see her, nobody would have believed her a fairy, for she was tall and bony, and squinted a little, not to mention a terrible furrow between her eyebrows, which might be owing to the same cause as the squint, namely, a weakness of her visual organs, but had so much the look of ill temper that any body would have been excusable for calling it that.

And her name was Joanna—Briggs by way of a clencher; and though at one time in my life I was tolerably well versed in fairy lore, I never heard of an elfin monarch with a name like that; but, to be sure, a fairy might be supposed to have the right to call herself Joanna Briggs if she pleased, though I am certain I would not if I were in her place. Old Joanna was a fairy—there was no doubt of that, and a very potent one too, though she might in the eyes of the uninitiated have seemed an angular spinster, past forty-five, with a front tooth gone, hands that resembled claws more nearly than was agreeable, a voice that was almost a deep bass, and a habit of whistling ancient melodies very much out of time and tune.

By a single stroke of her wand she could rear a palace as splendid as Aladdin's, and furnish it much more comfortably than any house in his day, for the genii of this age have a great deal better ideas in the matter of easy-chairs. With a single blink of her green eyes she could fill a great rambling asylum with poor, helpless, decrepit people, and relieve them of care for the rest of their lives. She could found churches, and cause roads to be laid for iron steam-devils to run on. If the whim had seized her she could have turned a desert into a blooming garden, and converted the island of Cuba into a private yacht; and I do not remember any old fairy or enchanter in the whole range of Fancy's chronicles, Norse or Oriental, who could do so much.

It was only ignorant people, living beyond the pale of civilization—say forty or fifty miles out of Gotham—who were ignorant of her might, or would have dreamed of disputing the fact that she was a fairy of the most powerful order. Every body was afraid of her, and petted and courted her, and laughed when she condescended to make a joke, and offered her dinners, which she abused without the slightest scruple, and went down in the dust before her. She was an odd old fairy, and liked to dabble in the business of ordinary mortals; and those who knew said that she was frequently to be seen in a dreadful part of the enchanted city which all prudent people avoided, where great fat ogres lay in wait in a Wall to crunch the bones of the unwary to the sound of a church bell that rang at the head of the dangerous pass. But old Joanna was not a bit afraid, and the ogres were always wonderfully polite to her. The fiercest and fattest of them would rush out of his den at the approach of her chariot wheels, and prostrate himself before her with such humility that the soles of his shoes stuck straight up as if he were an unfortunate Mussulman ready to be bastinadoed.

But with all her greatness the old fairy Joanna did not seem to be particularly happy, nor, though she lived among men and women, did she appear to like the race much, for she reviled people without mercy; and very often, in the midst of one of those great dinners which she was invited to share, she would break out upon her host and the satellites he had gathered to do her honor, and tell them plain truths in a fashion which nobody but a fairy would have ventured to do. Behind her back a good many of her worshipers had a habit of calling her a witch; but she could not have been that, for every body who is in the least learned knows that witches were a very inferior set of beings, and rode on broomsticks, which was a vulgar amusement, whereas fairies had magnificent chariots and prancing steeds, like old Joanna; and her sleek, fat coachman looked sly and smooth enough to have been the original rat which Cinderella's godmother turned into a charioteer, and I think it quite possible that the old fairy Joanna bought him of her elfin sister after Cinderella married, and had the prince's lackeys at her beck and call.

She lived in an immense palace on the hill at the top of Gotham, and had rooms full of gold and velvets and pictures, and more beautiful things than I could name in an hour; and she ate her luncheon off a silver plate, and very often scolded her slaves ferociously while she was doing it, and said they wanted to ruin her with their extravagance, and that she believed they cooked and devoured more good things down in the dungeons where they were confined than they brought to her. Sometimes she went about dressed in purple and fine linen; at others, for days together, she would wear a dreadful, moth-eaten, brown robe, and a speckled shawl, and a bonnet so old that it was a mere grinning idiot of a bonnet, with tremendous flaps to it that bobbed about her head in a perfectly imbecile manner. She always whistled fierce, warlike tunes when she was dressed in that array, and people were more afraid of her than at any other time, for she would frequently refuse then to help them a bit, and had been known to turn a bishop out of doors, and send any quantity of strong-minded women off with their ears tingling from her sharp words. The ogres who congregated in holes in the Wall were in mortal terror when she came among them in one of those fits, I can tell you; and the way she made them account for the shekels she had placed in their hands was very confusing. Very frequently she was reported to have shaken her right claw in the faces of the fattest, and threatened to shut them up in a great white castle on a river above Gotham, reminding them that more than one of their brethren was confined there already by a grim old tyrant called Law, who had his eye on the ogres, when he was wide awake enough to keep it open. Fortunately for them this did not often happen, for he had lived

a great many thousand years and grown somewhat lazy, and if the ogres were content to be quiet about crunching the bones of their victims, he generally let them alone. But they were a rapacious race, and sometimes one would turn cannibal and try to eat up one of his brethren; then there was a pretty outcry, and all the rest used to bewail themselves as hapless innocents, and howl lustily for Law to come to their rescue.

This old Joanna was a tough old Joanna to deal with; there was no doubt of that, though it seemed much easier for people who told her the exact truth; but somehow most persons could not remember that, or perhaps they could not learn to tell the truth at all—it is so long since the accomplishment has been much taught among mortals. The consequence was that, year by year, Joanna appeared to believe less and less in any body, and grew more satirical and bitter, just as she did more yellow and wrinkled; and her gold seemed to have an effect the reverse of that the philosopher's stone possessed, for it turned every thing it touched—I should say every body—to dross.

I might not be so particular in detailing these things only that I know they are very original. Old fairies like Joanna, discontented and miserable in spite of their treasures and power, are seldom met with in this world, or ogres or enchanted princesses; so I am sure you will be glad to hear about them all; for there is an enchanted princess coming into my story. Here she is.

The old Joanna was fairy godmother to her; a young princess of barely eighteen; a pretty, sweet-voiced, bright-haired creature too, but somehow with a sadder look than a princess ought to wear at that age; a sly manner, a little thin and white, like a plant that has been kept where it is too dark and too cold. I think that was exactly what ailed our princess—mentally, I mean—and her very soul had got chilled thereby.

Meta Haverstraw she was always called; for in a glorious republic, governed by a wise Congress that never makes mistakes and never gets drunk, princesses are not allowed to retain their titles except in private. Congress can not afford to let any body be titled but itself, unless as a badge of servitude, like that given the white elephant, which once in four years it shuts up in a dreary old cavern, and names President, that it may always have a creature to abuse and poke sticks at. You might think the other white elephants would get out of the way after seeing how the prisoner is treated; but they never seem to learn wisdom. When, at the end of the four years, Congress turns the captive out of the cavern, so riddled and sore that he can scarcely move, all the animals of its kind bellow and kick each other aside, and each tries to be caught and chained in the cave. I note this as an interesting item in regard to the race for the benefit of future naturalists.

But the princess—pretty little Meta! Her father was an immense brass steam Boiler—I mean, he owned a great establishment where all sorts of brazen monsters were made—and he was almost as rich as the old fairy Joanna herself. He was a very ugly Boiler indeed, and his voice sounded as gruff and ill-tempered as if his chest was lined with copper, and I believe it was, or with something harder. His wife was a brown silk Pin-cushion; she could walk a little, and eat and sleep a great deal; indeed, she looked rather overstuffed; but to all intents and purposes she was a Pin-cushion. There were several sons and daughters, most of them married now; but there was neither prince nor princess among the number besides Meta; and I always thought they must have stolen her, for I can not understand how they ever came by her honestly.

I am almost ashamed to tell you where they lived—it is only the fact of the Boiler's being so rich that gives me courage to mention it. The castle was in a part of Gotham where civilized people dread to set foot; not near Murray Hill, but away off down in a narrow street in the neighborhood of Bleecker—a dull, dismal street with rows of sleepy-looking houses on either side, which have been left there and forgotten as well by Trade, that fumes and frets near at hand, as by Fashion, who, in the days of our grandmothers, condescended to dwell in those very mansions which now the mighty lady could hardly find, unless she were well paid for it.

The Boiler had lived in the house when he was a boy—though it was difficult to believe he had ever been one—and he could not be induced to move into a more Christian locality. There had been nothing new in the house for the last thirty years except the children; so the great rooms had a rather threadbare appearance, though the furniture was heavy and carved, and, I dare say, had cost a very pretty penny in its day. In that house they ate breakfast at seven o'clock in the morning, winter and summer, dined at half past two, and had tea at six or a little after—a mode of living enough to turn a delicate stomach; but the Boiler was obstinate, and as for the Pin-cushion, so she could eat often enough, little she cared about the times and seasons. The Boiler believed that young people should be strictly brought up, with not too much amusement and less society, and should "do something for their keep;" and many a set of towels had the princess hemmed with her own pretty fingers. The elder daughters had married rich monsters of the same type as their father.

One son remained a bachelor and lived at home, assisted in the business, and was more wheezy and brassy than his parent. There had been another son, but he was seldom mentioned—he had gone to the devil, and it was not proper to talk about a young man who had done that. Of course it must have been his own fault, for the Boiler reared his family on principles at least as old as the *Mayflower*—"Early

to bed and early to rise;" "Give children an inch and they will take an ell;" "A change of tasks is the best play;" "Always believe that a boy lies unless he can prove that he is telling the truth, then whip him for contradicting his elders;" and so on, through a longer list than I have room to set down or am wise enough to remember.

Old Joanna was rather fond of her goddaughter—perhaps I might say very fond—only she had learned to distrust humanity so generally that she hid every evidence of weakness as carefully as she could. She went to the castle at regular intervals, to solemn feasts which the Boiler devised for her honor; but she invariably quarreled with him, and never scrupled to talk to his face about his meanness, and once went so far as to get into a rage and tell him outright that it was no wonder his son elected to go to the devil—it was all his fault, and she should think any body would go any where to get rid him. Now, though the Boiler loved money, and hoped that the old fairy would leave a good big lump to her goddaughter, he was a very obstinate Boiler, and almost as much accustomed to plain speaking as Joanna herself. So they had something of a quarrel, and old Joanna would have liked him the better for his spirit, but unfortunately some imp whispered in his ear that he had better relent on account of her shekels, and the instant he attempted to soften his rough speeches out burst old Joanna.

"You're as mean as the rest of the world," quoth she, "for all you have millions, and know they can't make any body happy;" and out of the house she dashed, mowing like the Witch of Endor, and looking like a thunder-cloud.

Hence it happened that full three months passed without her going to the castle, and she only saw Meta twice or three times when she came to call; then not alone, for the Pin-cushion was with her, stuffed full of diamond brooches which stuck up like wens. But the last time old Joanna, being a sharp-eyed creature, noticed that the little princess looked pale and sad, and for a day or two after she could not get the child's altered appearance out of her mind. At last she mounted into her chariot and clattered off down Murray Hill, making ugly mouths at the world in general, any body might have thought, though she was only muttering to herself. As she had seen fit to put on a bonnet manufactured exactly ten years before, and a velvet cloak which had belonged to her grandmother, you may be sure she was a wonderful and fearful object to contemplate, and I could not undertake to answer for the consequences if any expectant mother of a family had happened to meet her.

She was in a bad state of mind, there was no doubt; she upbraided her slaves dreadfully before she went out, and declaring that they wished to ruin her by their extravagance, would take nothing for breakfast but oat-meal gruel and a long fiery prayer out of a great book that some Puritan got up a century ago; and I am sure either article of food by itself was enough to make even a fairy's stomach turn a little sour. Her chariot was stopped at the corner of a dangerous thoroughfare and the ignoble Bleecker by a street car, and old Joanna was so much enraged at the delay that she fairly shook her stick out of the window; but the car did not heed, and an evil-minded boy sitting on the curb-stone mocked her with nose-invested thumbs, at which Joanna began to laugh, and threw him some money. She was so sick of smooth speeches that I suppose a little impudence was rather refreshing than otherwise.

She reached the grim castle, and down her footman got from his lofty seat, and played a war march on the door-knocker, looking so gorgeous and big that he might have been taken for the king of giants. An ugly dwarf of a woman appeared, and he spoke to her in a very lofty way; but if she wanted revenge she had it, for when he returned to the chariot, old Joanna opened the door so suddenly against him that he tumbled across the wheel.

"Are these your manners?" cried the irate fairy. "I'll charge you for dirtying my livery! Next time you speak to a woman old enough to be your mother, standing on people's door-steps, take your hat off."

The gorgeous footman looked painfully subdued, and stood first on one foot, then on the other, and raised first one hand, then its fellow, as if some place on his person hurt, and he wanted to soothe it by a little dextrous manipulation, but did not dare.

"The man's an idiot!" grumbled Joanna, with an awful frown. "Why don't he speak?"

"The madam is out," moaned the muddy footman.

"Old fool of a Pin-cushion!" muttered Joanna. "Speak when you're bidden, Sir," added she; "I'm going in—help me out, Sir! Aren't you ashamed of your appearance, Sir? If you've torn your clothes, I'll have a gutta-percha suit for you, and tell the tailor to glue it fast, Sir!"

The giant looked frightened at the awful threat, as well he might, and helped his mistress up the steps without venturing to offer a single excuse; but he took his feelings out in a dreadful glare at the old woman in the doorway, who gave vent to a chuckle, and whispered behind Joanna—

"Pride shall sit in the mud—he, he! There's a boy at the corner with a blacking-brush."

"Send my goddaughter to me," ordered Joanna, striking her stick on the floor as ferociously as if she meant to summon up a whole troop of demons if her commands were not obeyed on the instant, and marched into a dull old room that smelled of leather on account of the hangings and chair coverings, which felt clammy to the touch, as if they knew they had a bad smell, and got into a perspiration from embarrassment thereat.

Presently the little princess came in, look-

ing as pretty as possible, though there were traces of tears about her eyelids, as sharp old Joanna saw at once.

"Hallo, Hop-o'-my-thumb!" said she; "how do you do?"

"I am very well, godmother, and I am glad to see you."

"I doubt that," said Joanna; "so kiss me on my nose by way of penance—I've neuralgia every where else in my face. And why haven't you been to see me?"

"I—I haven't been any where lately," returned the poor princess, hanging down her head till her bright curls covered her face as if she had thrown a veil of gold-thread over it.

"And why haven't you?" demanded Joanna.

"I don't quite know—I—"

"There, don't stammer; if you're tongue-tied I'll take you to a surgeon. And don't tell any stories—I hate 'em."

"I don't tell stories," retorted the princess, "and I do know why I didn't come—because I didn't wish to go any where or see any body—there!" And she nodded her head and set her lips hard together to keep from crying.

"Good!" pronounced Joanna, patting her shoulder. "Kiss me again—on my nose. I did want to go somewhere, and I wanted to see you, so I'm here. Where's the Pin-cushion?"

"Mamma has gone to spend the day with sister Jane—Jane has got a little baby, and oh! godmother, it has red hair!"

"Serves 'em right—I'll send it a lead comb, and that's all it will ever get out of me. I suppose the old dragon is down in his shark's nest, as usual," said the fairy, not in the least particular about confusing her metaphors.

"I don't think you ought to speak to me of papa and mamma in that disrespectful way," said the princess, opening her big blue eyes in a very solemn manner.

"Bah! They call me Old Squinty before you, I know—don't contradict!"

"I don't contradict," said the princess.

"But you're right to stand up for them, little pigeon. Now sit down. I came on purpose to see you. What makes your eyes so red? Now don't say you've a cold in your head, because you haven't, and you know it."

"Are my eyes red?" asked the princess, trying to speak as if she were exceedingly surprised.

"As a ferret's," replied Joanna; "and you can't be a ferret, you know."

"I wish I was," cried the princess, "or a caterpillar under a gooseberry-bush, or any thing poor and insignificant."

She began to sob, and distressed Joanna very much; for the old fairy could not bear tears when she perceived that they were real ones.

"Bless me, don't cry!" exclaimed she. "Smell of this!" She meant to hand her scent bottle, but in her haste she stuck her open snuff-box under the princess's nose, and made her sneeze violently. "Do you good, any way. There, don't you feel better?"

"Oh, tchee! tchee!" howled the princess, and began to laugh and sob all at once; then suddenly dried her eyes, and sat up as stiff as a little stone image.

"I'm making a fool of myself," snapped she.

"You're not used to snuff," replied Joanna. "This room smells like a shoemaker's shop—your mother's grandfather was a shoemaker. I wonder if he haunts the house?"

"The way papa goes on lately," said the princess, "you'd think all our ancestors wore gold crowns on their heads, and sat on ivory thrones."

"Ancestors!" repeated Joanna; "you never had any. Your grandfather got rich and built this house, but I doubt if he ever had a father. Pooh, don't tell me!"

"It's papa says it."

"If he says it to me I'll shut him up in one of his own boilers, and put the lid on!" exclaimed Joanna. "But that's not what you've been crying about."

"Oh, it's only that I'm silly—don't mind me. What a dreadful old bonnet, Miss Joanna!"

"Never you mind my bonnet! Do you think I am going to waste my substance on finery, Miss Impudence?"

"But you've lots and lots of handsome things—"

"And I mean to keep them so; that's why I wear the old ones," interrupted Joanna. "Where's your manners, talking about your visitor's clothes?"

"But you always say you hate polite people, and call them deceitful."

"Don't serve up my own speeches to me; I can speak for myself, you little yellow-headed serpent! I suppose you think you're pretty, you small, pink-cheeked simpleton!"

"Oh, I don't care!" cried the princess. "I did, but I don't any more. I might as well have the small-pox now."

"Here's resignation!" quoth Joanna, pretending to laugh, but looking a good deal troubled the while.

"I'm not a bit resigned!" exclaimed the princess, slapping her little white hands together. "Not a bit, and I won't be—I vow I won't!"

"You outrageous ounce of mortality! what do you mean?"

"I mean what I say—just! I shall do as they tell me—I must—but I'll not be resigned! They think I don't see what they're at, but I do; and old Dodson may come and come till he's grayer and uglier than he is now, but I'll never speak to him, not if they turn me out of doors."

By this time she quite lost her breath, and had to sob again, but controlled herself as soon as she could. Old Joanna took several pinches of snuff in rapid succession, and tapped the princess's head softly with her knuckles, dropping brown powder on the bright hair unconsciously.

"Now tell it all out from beginning to end,"

said she; "I came on purpose to hear the whole story."

"Who told you—how did you know?" demanded the princess.

"Of course I saw there was something wrong the last time you came to see me; I waited, thinking you would come up and tell me what was the matter; but as you did not, I came to you, for I like you, little spider, better than I do most people."

"Do you really? I wanted to tell you—but I was afraid! Oh, dear godmother, I am very wretched—I'm the most miserable girl in existence."

Joanna smiled a little at that, but was careful not to let the princess see that she did.

"Meta," said she, suddenly, "you're in love."

The princess hid her face.

"Who told—"

But old Joanna cut her beginning short.

"Why, you, of course! Do you think I'm a bat? Now who is it—not old Dodson, I conclude?"

"That nasty old thing—looks as if he was cut out of wood all in one piece, except his wig!"

"That settles him. Now who is it? Hurry up, because the Pin—I mean your mother, may come back."

But the princess could not "hurry up," and it took a long while to get the story out, but it was clear to Joanna at last. There was a handsome young clerk in her father's establishment—only arrived three months before, and the Boiler had made quite a pet of him and invited him to the house, and the little princess had fallen over ears in love with him. But the young man seemed, from her account, to be a very honorable fellow, though he was poor, and when he found he could not live any longer without telling her that he loved her, he did it; but never gave her a chance to say a word, and darted off like a man in a tragedy. And he had been straight to the Boiler and told him the truth, and the Boiler was in an awful rage, and forbade him the house, which was not necessary, and upbraided the princess, and brought old Dodson there four days in the week.

"He would have discharged Mr. Owenson—"

"Mr. who?" interrupted Joanna, for she never troubled herself about etiquette when she was excited.

"Mr. Owenson," repeated the princess—"only it was you, dear godmother, who got him the place—I did not hear that till since he stopped coming to the house. Do you know him?"

"Dare say not. I'm always getting people places—more fool I!"

"I never heard him mention you."

"Why should he?"

"But if you got him the place—"

"Oh, there! And so you love this young fellow, and are determined to be miserable?"

"No, godmother; I don't wish to be silly. But it is of no use for me to promise to forget him, because I can not; I'll not see him or talk of him—but I can't help thinking."

"Humph!" said old Joanna.

"As for marrying any body else, I never will," proceeded the princess, in a firmer voice. "Papa thinks me a baby, but I can see clearly what they are all at! Oh, godmother, isn't it wicked of them to want me to marry that wooden old man—selling me because he is rich?"

"Well," said Joanna, in a candid voice, "any sort of husband is bad enough, but I agree with you that a wooden one would be the worst of all."

She did her best to comfort the little princess, and promised her that at least she would do every thing she could to keep them from tormenting her about old Dodson.

"I can never, never be grateful enough," sobbed the princess.

"Pooh!" said Joanna. "As for this little romance, why that, perhaps, you'll get over in time—nobody could help you there—of course it would be insanity on your father's part to allow any such nonsense to go on."

"Just because Mr. Owenson is poor! Oh, godmother, what a hard, cruel world this is!"

"Some people find it so," replied Joanna, dryly.

"I'll wait—I'll be true to him," cried the princess; "I'll live an old maid for his sake."

"Some people do," repeated Joanna, in the same tone. "Better to end here, and be done; if you've any dead to bury, do it and be done! I once knew a girl who was not allowed to marry the man she wanted, and she agreed to wait for him in spite of her father; and the young man went off to India—for it was a good many years ago, and in those days people went to India to make fortunes—"

"And she waited? Oh, what a brave girl!"

"Very brave—yes, she waited."

"And he got rich and came back?" demanded the princess, much interested.

"He got rich and came back," repeated Joanna.

"And married her—how pretty!"

"I didn't say that."

"Do tell me the whole—I like to hear."

"She waited, this girl—she was a silly thing, and very fond of the man, and thought herself much wiser than her father. When he had been gone a year she came of age, and a relative died suddenly and left her a great fortune—"

"A great fortune!" interrupted the princess. "She wrote to her lover to come—I know."

"Yes, she wrote; she had just finished her letter, and was sealing it, when the post came in with an Indian letter for her."

"From her lover?" asked the princess, her great eyes purple with excitement.

"From her lover," said Joanna; and very oddly her voice sounded each time that she turned herself into an echo.

"What was it—what did he say?" questioned the princess, as much absorbed in the story as if it had been the work of some great romancer. "Was it a beautiful letter, begging her not to

wait for money, but to let him come for her at once?"

"Well, it was very poetical," said Joanna, slowly, rubbing her nose, "there was no doubt of that. But he didn't exactly say that."

"What then—what did he say, godmother?"

"The gist of all his fine blank-verse was, that he found waiting and poverty very troublesome—he thought it would be wrong to keep her bound so long, and, just to end matters, he had married a rich widow—that was all."

"The poor girl, the poor girl!" moaned the princess. "What a dreadful wretch he was, godmother!"

"I think most people would have called him very wise; you see he never dreamed of her inheriting an independent fortune," said Joanna.

"But what did the poor girl do, godmother?"

"Oh! the girl? I don't rightly know; I have heard that she went into a brain-fever, and made a goose of herself generally," replied the old fairy, taking a pinch of snuff out of her box.

"But did she die?"

"Well—yes—I think *she* died; there might have been a sort of mummy left that people called *her;* but, on the whole, I think she died," answered Joanna, finishing her snuff with a tremendous racket, and dusting her fingers carefully on her handkerchief.

The little princess stole one look at her godmother's face, and never asked another question. She even tried, like an artful puss, to lead the conversation toward pleasanter subjects, and told the old fairy amusing stories about some friends her father had lately entertained at dinner, and mimicked the peculiarities of each guest in a very wicked manner.

Finally, Joanna said that she must go away; and bidding the princess be a good child, she kissed her half a dozen times at least—a nonsensical performance in which young Owenson might have been expected to indulge, if he had got a chance, but was very surprising on the part of the fairy.

"I sha'n't forget you, poppet," said she, "and I'll do my best to invent some means for scaring off old Dodson."

"Never mind me!" cried the princess, heroically; "I'm not worth bothering about—but it's very kind of you, godmother."

"Bah! never was kind in my life—not even to myself," said old Joanna.

"That makes it all the nicer of you to be kind to other people," persisted the princess, and she kissed the fairy's wrinkled hand, from which the glove had been removed for convenience in snuff-taking. It was too absurd to be possible, but it really seemed as if the silly little princess pitied her elfin godmother in spite of her gold and power.

"Aren't you sometimes lonesome, living all by yourself in that great palace?" she inquired, timidly, as the fairy tweaked her little royal nose with the withered fingers those fresh lips had just pressed.

"What a monkey for asking questions!" exclaimed old Joanna; but she did not seem angry. "I'll tell you a secret, poppet! I think of building a beautiful castle up in the clouds, and carrying you off to live with me in it."

"Oh, that would be splendid!" laughed the princess. "I'll go to sleep and dream about it."

"Do," said the fairy. "And now good-by, little one; don't let me see any more shadows in those blue eyes, else you'll get so blind you can't look at my cloud palace."

Then old Joanna went away; but, before going home, she drove about a good deal, and paid several visits among her slaves, the ogres, and they thought the world must be coming to an end, she was so mild and amiable.

That evening young Owenson was sitting alone in his poor narrow chamber, away up under the roof of a great black caravansera, and life looked very dismal indeed as he peeped out at the clouds from his eyrie. He was thinking of the beautiful princess whom he should never see again, unless when he caught sight of her getting out of her carriage, or sitting in the opera box she would have after they sold her to old Dodson, with Dodson's diamonds blazing on her forehead, and only making her dear face sad and wan. He was growing more gloomy and desperate every moment, when one of the soiled demons doomed to spend his life plodding up and down the stairs of the caravansera entered with a letter. Young Owenson stared at the epistle in great astonishment, for there was nobody to write him letters, and from whom it came he could not imagine. At last he reflected that, if he wished to find out who sent it and what it was about, he had better tear it open; so he did, and this was what he read:

"Your mother was my half-sister; she chose to quarrel with me while you were a baby, and I never saw her after, because I always let people take their own course—if it leads them away from me, that's not my business.

"When you came here from California two years ago I happened to see you, and found out who you were. Since that I have been able to assist you a little about finding business, and have become convinced that you are a really honorable, sensible fellow, and the breed is scarce. I want you to come up to my house to-night, and see one of the ugliest old women you ever set eyes on. JOANNA BRIGGS."

A couple of days later John Owenson resigned his situation in the Boiler's establishment; and it so happened that the very same morning the old fairy Joanna appeared in the Boiler's private counting-room.

"This is unexpected, indeed," said the Boiler, bowing and scraping, "and the greater pleasure therefor."

"Humbug!" quoth the fairy.

"And how does my dear friend do?" asked the Boiler, with a grimace that he thought was a smile; but smiles found themselves so ill at ease on his face that they would not come if he tried to persuade them. "How does my dear friend do?"

"What does the troublesome old cat want,

you mean. Always say what you mean, Josiah Haverstraw."

"Ha, ha! Fond of your little joke—fond of your lit-tle joke," said the Boiler, as hesitatingly as if he hated even to give up words.

"If it costs nothing, I am; so are you."

"Ex-actly, ex-actly," said the Boiler, thoughtfully, and glared at her from under his bushy eyebrows, as if trying to make out what she would be at. But he might as well have glared at the sphinx.

"I have come to make a proposal," observed Joanna.

"Yes—a proposal—yes! Pretty sure to be a sensible one if it comes from you, Miss Joanna," returned the Boiler, rubbing his hands slowly together, as if he already felt a lump of the fairy's gold between them.

"Time will tell," snapped she; "so you needn't turn prophet in your old age, Josiah Haverstraw."

"But first you must tell me what the proposal is," said the Boiler, bowing as graciously as if she had paid him a compliment.

"I want your daughter to marry my nephew," blurted out the ancient elf.

The Boiler stood stupefied with astonishment.

"Why—why—I didn't even know you had a nephew, Miss Joanna."

"Well, I have—half a one—it was not necessary you should know it before."

"Ah—yes. And this nephew—half a one, did you say?"

"I did," returned Joanna, but stared at him in such a dreadful way that, for the life of him, he did not dare ask what she meant; so after a little he hazarded:

"A—a fortune, I suppose?"

"A business worth two hundred thousand dollars, my good will, and not a penny to Meta from me unless she marries him · now you have my ultimatum."

"She goes to the point," cried the Boiler, admiringly; "always to the point she goes."

"I wish it was sharp enough to stick into you," muttered Joanna.

"Hey?" said the Boiler, afraid she might be muttering about money, and eager not to miss the words.

"I say you've got my ultimatum, Josiah Haverstraw; and now I want yours."

"My dear lady—my respected friend! This is so very sudden—so exceedingly abrupt—a little time."

"Two hundred thousand down, and a house ready furnished on Murray Hill—not a penny otherwise," pronounced Joanna.

"At least," said the Boiler, "I should be charmed to see your nephew at my house—to consult with my wife—"

"A Pin-cushion!" broke in the fairy. "Fiddlededee!"

The Boiler had no idea what she meant, and looked helpless and nearly imbecile. He rubbed his spiky hair, and added:

"I should be delighted, of course, if the young people took a fancy to each other, and if Mr.—really, I think my dear friend omitted to mention the young gentleman's name."

"Isn't my name Briggs?" demanded Joanna, wrathfully. "I hope it's good enough for any body."

"A very good name," returned the Boiler, obsequiously; "it's got a rich sound—a rich sound."

"Don't repeat like a starling," snarled the fairy. "Now see here; I'm in a hurry. I want to settle this business in exactly ten minutes."

They talked in earnest then, and before old Joanna left the room every thing was arranged as she had wished. But, oddly enough, she seemed out of temper because the Boiler consented so readily to her plans; and while driving home she called him a great many unpleasant names in a conversation she held with some unseen familiar, and declared that he would sell his soul for money—if he had one, which she doubted.

That evening the fairy chariot drove down to the castle to convey the princess up to dinner at the palace.

"Company," wrote old Joanna. "So curl your wig, poppet, and get into your prettiest white dress."

The princess obeyed the summons, and looked as lovely as a princess well could when she entered the great drawing-room, where the fairy was seated in wonderful state, having put on a new black velvet robe in honor of the occasion.

"So here you are," said she, turning the princess round and round; "very well, poppet."

"You said there was company, godmother."

"There will be. Sit down. I've been to see your father to-day." (Great surprise on the part of the princess.) "I have rid you of old Dodson forever." The princess skipped for joy.

"You dear godmother!" cried she, hugging Joanna till the old fairy creaked.

"Hear me out," continued Joanna, crossly, pushing her away as if she did not like to be made to creak unexpectedly. "He always expected me to leave you money. I've told him I'd not do it unless you married my nephew."

Up started the princess in a fury.

"You wicked, wicked woman! And you want to sell me too! After pretending to be sorry for me, and getting me to tell you the truth—oh, how could you be so wicked?"

"Marry my nephew," persisted the fairy.

"I won't! I hate him! I'd sooner marry old Dodson!"

"Marry my nephew," was all the aggravating sprite would say.

"Never!" cried the princess. "I'll die first! I'll take poison! Let me go home! I'll never come into your house again! I'll never speak to you!"

She threw herself on a sofa and hid her face in the cushions, sobbing bitterly and uttering a great many frantic protestations. Old Joanna trotted across the room, opened the doors into another apartment, and beckoned somebody in.

"Meta," she said, as softly as if she had found another voice; "look up, Meta." She went close to the sofa, lifted the head with its glory of golden hair, and laughed aloud. "So you won't marry my nephew, you naughty girl? Very well; send him away yourself."

Meta looked, and thought she must be mad or dreaming; for there, beside the old fairy Joanna, stood the true prince, his face beautiful with smiles—the face of John Owenson. Another instant, and, with a laugh that was a sob and a sob that was a laugh, the old fairy took herself out of the room for a while. Her part in the story was done.

BORDER REMINISCENCES.

By RANDOLPH B. MARCY, U.S.A.

XII.

THE prairie Indians, who are probably as expert equestrians as the Bedouin Arabs, always go into battle well mounted, and when properly armed are most formidable enemies. Formerly, when these people possessed no fire-arms, but were solely dependent on the bow and arrow, which has a very limited effective range, they were far inferior to the white man in action; but now that they are well provided with rifles and revolvers this difference has greatly diminished, if not entirely disappeared. And why should not this be the case? The prairie warrior has sufficient courage, and is an adept in the art of war as taught and practiced in the school of his ancestors. He has made this his study from childhood, and has learned all the arts, manœuvres, and subterfuges necessary to prosecute a successful partisan warfare; and although his strategy may not in all respects coincide with the teachings of Vauban or Mahan, yet when we are forced to make war upon them we are compelled to adopt a portion of their tactics or make failures.

One of the reasons why the Indians fight so desperately when hard pressed may be attributable to the fact that they have the utmost horror of being taken prisoners and held in captivity. They themselves make slaves of their captives, and they have no other conception of the condition of a prisoner of war save that of the most abject and degrading bondage, which to them is more repulsive than death.

Some years ago our troops in Western Texas captured a party of Indians belonging to a band that had stolen Government animals, and among them was a chief who, with his wife and two children, were detained as hostages while the others were sent out and required to bring back the depredators with the stolen stock.

The chief and his family were put into a tent guarded by two sentinels, who were instructed to keep a vigilant watch over them and prevent their escape.

One dark night, after every thing about the camp had become hushed and quiet, and the squaw and her children were fast asleep, the chief took his knife, and, noiselessly crawling to their bedside, drove it to the hilt in the breast of each in rapid succession. After which he jumped to his feet like lightning, leaped through the door, lighting upon the astounded sentinel, whom he thrust to the heart with his knife, and giving a terrific war-whoop, bounded away into the darkness; but before he was out of range the other sentinel fired, and finished the bloody tragedy by dropping the murderer dead in his tracks.

The savage instincts of the Indian of the plains, and the wonderful control and mastery he acquires over the horse, were strikingly evinced during a bloody engagement between our troops and a party of Cheyennes, near Fort Wallace, in 1867.

In the heat of the battle a cavalry soldier was wounded, and fell from his horse out of reach of his comrades, when one of the savages rode up at full speed, reached down from his horse, seized the soldier by the hair of the head, and, without slacking his gait in the least, drew him up to his saddle-bow, and with his tomahawk beat out his brains; then tearing all the clothing from the mangled body, he dashed it upon the ground again, and giving a fiendish howl of exultation, rejoined his companions.

XIII.

The Indians, as a general rule, are eminently an imitative people, and when thrown in contact with white men, especially those high in rank and authority, they are prone to copy their manners and customs.

There still lives among the Winnebagoes an old Indian called "Dandy," who was a member of the first delegation from that tribe that ever visited Washington city. While *en route* to the National Capital the party was detained at Galena some time, in waiting for a steamer to descend the Mississippi; and as they were strolling about the town one day they came near a Methodist church, where service was being held during the season of a revival. Greatly astonished at the first glance of this strange novelty they hastily drew up around the windows, and saw the house crowded with people, many of them, under the influence of the preaching, becoming intensely excited, some clapping their hands, others stamping, jumping, and making mysterious gestures and contortions

of limbs and body, while at the same time the entire congregation were shouting at the highest pitch of their voices—all of which was perfectly incomprehensible to the Indians, who looked on the spectacle with wonder and amazement, and made various random conjectures as to the meaning of these unusual proceedings.

One of them suggested that the "Big Medicine man" (the preacher) might be exerting his powers of incantation to exorcise and drive away bad spirits which had got possession of the people. Another one surmised that possibly this was a big pale-face war-dance. And one even went so far as to pronounce the whole company stark raving mad. But none of their opinions seemed to meet the concurrence of the majority of the party until Dandy, who had looked on with great interest for some time, at length assumed an air of importance, and exclaimed, "I have it—I have it; I'll tell you what's the matter!" Then pointing his finger to his head, he added: "*Whisky too much! Whisky too much!*" And they all walked off in disgust, verily believing that the good disciples of Wesley were on a terrible spree.

On their return home after visiting their "Great Father," at the urgent entreaty of the people of Albany, they were prevailed upon to give an exhibition of their songs, dances, etc. A room was procured, and at the proper hour Dandy stationed himself at the door, and received twenty-five cents from each person admitted. A good house was secured, and the performance passed off to the satisfaction of every body, until the appreciative audience was about to disperse, when Dandy again took possession of the door, and demanded another quarter from each one before giving them egress, and it was with difficulty that the interpreter could convince him that this was not allowable.

XIV.

It is said of a distinguished former chief of the Choctaws, "Push-met-te-haw," who was probably one of the most talented Indians of whose history we have any knowledge, that upon an occasion after our authorities in Washington had used all their efforts to induce him to sign the "Dancing Rabbit Creek" treaty, by which they ceded to the United States all their lands east of the Mississippi River, and which he had persistently declined, that General Jackson, then President, called him to the White House, and, after exhausting all arguments without avail, placed himself before the chief, and, in a highly excited manner, thus addressed him:

"I'll have you to know, Sir, that I am Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, Sir; and by the Eternal you *shall* sign that treaty."

Push-met-te-haw was not in the least intimidated, but sprang to his feet, and, in imitation of the President's emphatic manner, replied:

"I know perfectly well who you are, Sir; and I'll have *you* to know, Sir, that I am Push-met-te-haw, head chief of the great Choctaw nation; and by the Eternal I'll *not* sign that treaty, Sir."

This Indian was not of royal parentage, but had risen from obscure origin to his lofty position in the nation solely upon his own merits; and being a proud, dignified man, he was somewhat sensitive on the subject of his lineage. On the occasion of his first visit to Washington his reputation preceded him, and he received marked attention from the principal dignitaries, and was even invited to dine at the White House. He accepted the invitation; and during the repast Mrs. Madison, the mistress of the Presidential mansion at that time, manifested a lively interest in him, making particular inquiries about his family; and she was especially desirous of knowing whether he was able to trace back his ancestry for many generations through a lineage of distinguished chiefs. His countenance clouded, and assumed a stern expression of displeasure at these interrogatories, and for some time he made no reply; but at length he said:

"Push-met-te-haw was not born like common mortals, and he never knew father or mother. But on one bright and beautiful summer's night, when all nature was hushed in profound and silent repose, suddenly a deep sound was heard approaching, like the rumbling of distant thunder; soon the sky became dark and lowering; heavy clouds driven by a furious tempest piled upon each other in the loftiest vaults of the heavens, and poured down rain and hail in torrents; ponderous peals of thunder exploded and reverberated, like continuous salvos of gigantic artillery, throughout the entire canopy of the sky; the lightning flashed in angular scintillations vivid streaks of fire; and every element of nature seemed in a mad frenzy to contribute toward the sublime and fearful chaos—in the midst of which a huge thunderbolt, directed by the hand of the Great Spirit, was sent down from heaven and struck a gnarled oak, shivering its gigantic trunk into ten thousand atoms; and from out of its heart bounded forth a full-grown Indian brave in complete war costume, with his rifle upon his shoulder. Thus entered the world, and such is the pedigree, of the warrior who now stands before the Great Chief's squaw."

XV.

During the existence of the "Lone-star" republic of Texas a white man was captured on the Brazos by the Comanches, who carried him away to their camp, and, in accordance with their custom, subjected him to all the menial offices of a slave. While in camp he was kicked about most unmercifully, forced to cut and carry wood, herd horses, pitch lodges, etc., etc.; and on marches they compelled him to pack enormous loads of kettles, frying-pans, and other rubbish, until his back and feet became terribly lacerated; and he was so much worn out by hard work, starvation, and cruel

treatment that at length he abandoned all hope of bettering his condition, and in agonizing despair wished himself dead.

About this time some of the chiefs of the band returned from a visit to Austin, where they had been kindly received by General Houston, the President, and were shown all the novelties of the capital; and among other places they were taken into the State-house, while the Congress was in session, and the mysteries of legislation explained to them. They were highly delighted with what they saw, and took especial pride in displaying their new acquirements to their people at home. And they even went so far as to propose that, in future, when any important tribal business was pending before the council of the nation they should, like the pale-faced law-makers, put it to vote and decide it by the majority.

This proposition was acceded to by all; but it so happened at the first meeting of their deliberative council that they had forgotten some of the details of the forms they had witnessed at Austin, and they were obliged to call upon the white captive to enlighten them. He consented to instruct them provided they would make him a member of the council, and permit him to introduce the first resolution. The request was acceded to, and a presiding chief was appointed, who informed the white member that his resolution was then in order; whereupon he took the floor, or rather the ground, and said: "Mr. President, I propose to the great council of the Comanche nation—the greatest nation on earth—[Cheers, with prolonged guttural how's! how's! how's! all over the lodge]—I propose, I say, Mr. President, that hereafter every gentleman Indian, in accordance with the customs of the pale-faces, be required, on marches, to pack his own kettles, and herd his own horses."

The resolution was received with applause, and carried unanimously, and thenceforth the captive was relieved of his burdens.

BY THE WAY-SIDE.

By a patient search I found it—
The grave of a man who died
In the bloom of his youthful manhood,
In the prime of his lofty pride.

He had done with life's vain striving,
Its praises, and its scorn,
And finished his strong endeavor
Long years ere I was born.

By the good deeds left behind him,
By the wrong he scorned to do,
I know that his earnest spirit
Was fearless and pure and true.

And I treasure his name as sacred,
His words as above my praise,
And love him as not one loved him
While he walked the world's hard ways.

The work that he did so nobly
Should have blessed his struggling days,
Should have brought him gold and honors,
And circled his brow with bays.

But the world is all ungrateful—
He gave his life for naught,
And his name, and his many sorrows,
Have faded from human thought.

His life was a battle with trials,
Temptations, and bitter needs—
His grave lies nameless and sunken,
A tangle of common weeds.

Even Nature forgets him,
And spreads no charm above
The rest of her fond disciple,
Who loved her with wondrous love.

Only a single flower
Above him has tried to bloom,
But choked by nettles, it withers,
A type of the sleeper's doom—

The struggle of young ambition
Unfavored by fortune's chance,
Cramped down by the pitiless pressure
Of cruelest circumstance.

But I treasure his name as sacred,
His words as beyond my praise,
And love him as not one loved him
While he walked the world's hard ways.

Ah me! when my life is over,
And faded to silentness,
When my grave is nigh forgotten,
And hidden by weeds, like this—

I wonder if some kind spirit
Will pause in the shadows dim,
To give me a tear and a blessing
Like these I drop for him?

If so, sweet friend, wherever
Thy beautiful feet may stand—
In the dull, tired ways about me,
Or far in some lonelier land—

On the dim hills of the future,
Where my own may never go,
Or—alas, my wretched blindness!—
Nearer than I may know—

Oh, tender and loving angel,
With light on thy bended brow,
Oh, heart which will hold me precious,
Would I could find thee now!

IN CLOVER.

I RECOGNIZED Margaret at once by the harmonious gray of her apparel and the graceful fall of her long veil; but dear Em, in an absurd, wide-spreading sea-side, puzzled me. Happily a gust of wind blew up one side of the straw extinguisher, giving me a glimpse of her bright, friendly face, and without further ado we flew into each other's arms, regardless of the smiling baggage-master, or of the round-eyed country lads contemplating us through the blurred windows of the waiting-room.

"Here she is, Maggie!" cried Em, in an ecstasy, turning me round and round; "the good little girl who found the luck-penny in her shoe!"

"Dearest Rhoda, how glad I am to see you, and how rosy and round the child has grown, to be sure!" said Margaret, clasping my hands, and bending to kiss me in her sweet way.

"Was there ever such a lovely retreat! It is not to be found on the map, and we were the only passengers in the car! What a delicious air! What green fields! Oh, I feel young again!" cried twenty-year-old Em.

"What a divine sky!" chimed Margaret, who was a Bostonian, raising her gray eyes, hazy with tears.

"A lucky woman art thou, Rhoda Johnstone," continued Em; "but I thought your estate lay five miles beyond the railway station. Prithee, are we to walk it?"

"If you will but let me edge in one word, rattlebox, I will instruct you. You must know that my noble charger, ycleped Finette, has but one weakness—an insurmountable objection to locomotive puff and confusion—so I tied him the other side of the green, where he awaits your convenience, fastidious Emily."

"I hope he is not spirited!" she ventured, a little tremulously.

"Of course he is!" I laughed. "I could not endure a stupid animal. I enjoy life, and like to feel the reins when I drive."

Em's countenance lengthened ruefully, by no means lightening as we came within sight of my pretty Canadian. There could not be found a fiercer-looking little beast; not a hair of his shaggy coat lay in line, fringes of dark gray hung about his hoofs, a voluminous tail swept behind, and as for his mane—there was no end to its unkempt profuseness, two wicked eyes gleaming in the midst.

"Little Em," said I, "is it possible you are such a coward! Look at Margaret! She is not afraid," for Margaret was stroking his neck with her white, ungloved hand.

"But I am dreadfully afraid," sighed Em. "Are you sure you can manage him, Rhoda?"

"I could drive him with my eyes shut," I declared, taking pity on the poor little coward. "Let me help you into the carriage. We must be off, or the evening will be on us."

"Now relieve our curiosity," said Margaret, when we were fairly started. "Tell us of this wonderful windfall of fortune that has fallen to you."

"Did I not explain in my letter?"

"Explain? Yes, but leading us through a bewildering labyrinth, and leaving us more confused than when we began. I am afraid writing is not your forte, Rhoda dear; every other line was in parenthesis. 'I must lay down my pen for a moment to see Joseph about sowing the melons,' or 'I must pause to attend to the cream,' and so on."

"You are cruel to laugh at me, for truly I have never been so busy in my life. Delightful labor, however—very different from the terrible drudgery of teaching. My story is not so very wonderful, although at first it seemed like a trick of Aladdin's lamp," snapping my whip at Finette. "Thus it happened—"

"Oh, pray be careful," gasped Em at my side.

"My mother had a father—" I continued.

"What an unusual blessing!" murmured Em.

"Yes," I continued; "consequently I enjoyed the honor of a grandfather, though, strictly speaking, it was hardly an honor, for a more crabbed, miserly, cantankerous old man never existed. Dear me! Margaret, is it disrespectful to speak so strongly of one's ancestors? Nevertheless, when my mother married, her parent forbade her his house, and publicly disowned her, from what cause it is impossible to divine, and sternly adhered to his decree to the day of her death. The old man lived for years and years, like his own cider, sharpening and hardening with age. I never saw him, but always fancied him a Wandering Jew grown stationary, and never imagined but that he would continue to live through all ages. Consider, then, my astonishment when he actually died, and I found myself the poor soul's heir. I ought not to abuse him, I am sure, for he has done me nothing but good. When we have turned the corner we will catch a glimpse of the old place; it is still strange to me. I am constantly discovering odd nooks and corners; and yesterday I found an old sock full of silver shillings. Now we are turning the corner; prepare to be enraptured."

"See this gorge on my right!" cried Emily. "There is a brook at the bottom, and a cascade. Would it not be horrible to roll over into it on a dark night?"

By this time we had gained the ascent, and a delectable land of river, meadow, and wooded slopes lay beneath us. I called upon Finette to stand, and pointed with my whip—

"Do you see the old-fashioned, long-roofed house nestling yonder among the elms? And the red barn? That is the homestead. In this valley lies my farm; is it not a fairy gift?"

"How can we congratulate you enough, happy Rhoda!" cried Margaret, her lovely face lightening with generous pleasure.

"It is the Elysium of the gods!" cried extravagant Em. "The Happy Valley of Ras-

selas. No, that was a stupid place; I mean it is an earthly Paradise. Were it not for that little imp of an animal before us, it would be perfection attained."

"There are any number of cows in the valley," I interposed—"horrible, lowing creatures, who enjoy nothing better than tossing innocent city folk over fences. I myself possess several of these monsters."

"Cruel Rhoda," sighed Em, "thus to destroy my transient vision of peace."

"Observe the rich color of that meadow," said Margaret, "and the river, and the noble hill forms beyond, melting into that ineffable sky! Was ever a lovelier scene?"

"The river marks my boundary," I remarked. "Mr. Thornton, the county magnate, owns the land beyond. Indeed, with the exception of my little corner, he seems to be the landlord of the whole country side. You see the tall chimneys toward the east, beyond the white road and line of poplars? There is his lordship's residence."

"What a pity! His meadow is much prettier than yours, Rhoda," said Emily.

I smiled philosophically.

"I am quite content that he should rule on that side of the river, for my land is infinitely the more profitable. Of course you can not see; but my meadow yields good mowing grass, and there is on it a fine orchard, while his is miserable marsh—nothing but marsh, flooded every spring. Those patches of vivid green you admire are useless bulrushes."

"Horrible! Bulrushes, did you say? I never heard of such a thing," laughed Emily, while Margaret interposed here her tuneful voice.

"You are altogether fortunate, Rhoda; you reap the benefits of both river-banks, the beauty and verdure of your neighbor's, and the profits of your own. Your old orchard is delightful, and so is that tall grove of trees stretching down to the water."

"There goes the sun!" I exclaimed, jerking Finette out of his comfortable nap. "We must proceed at once, or you will not see the old house by daylight."

Merrily we whirled along the grass-grown country road, between high banks of sumach, hazel, and virgin's bower, and all the loving, clinging sisterhood of way-side shrubs and vines—under dusky arches of forest trees, beds of yellow-pine needles muffling the roll of the wheels and Finette's brisk footfalls; so on to the meadow flats, catching the aromatic odors of woods and fields, and soon drawing rein before the time-worn porch of the Red House. Never had I felt so proud of my possessions. Every cracked little pane gleamed in the afterglow; the thriftless, delightful wood-moss shone emerald-green on sloping roof and tree-trunks and well-curb; the crumbling fences were laden with blossoms; meek-eyed cows stood chewing their cud in the yard; and old Joseph Smith, in blue overalls and tattered straw hat, came from the barn with a burnished milking-pail in either hand. I welcomed my friends with lofty courtesy, gave them a glimpse of my quaint little kitchen, parlor, and keeping-room, and then conducted them to the many-cornered guest-chamber under the eaves.

"Do not be disdainful, ye city damsels, of my country fare," I cried, as we gathered about the flower-decked table. "The strawberries are not large, but they are red to the heart and sweet as the clover in which they ripened. Need I say more for the bread than that it was made by my own hands? That is honey, dear Margaret, and I am quite ready to believe that our learned ignoramus never before beheld the *cælestia dona*, although she knows by heart the Fourth Georgic of her honey-tongued Virgil. Innocent little Em! I have here a goblet of new milk for you—I reserve the cups of fragrant tea for the stronger heads of Margaret and myself."

But poor Em made such an outcry at the curtailing of her favorite beverage that Margaret was fain to soothe her by exchanging cup for glass, and partaking herself of the despised milk.

After the joyous repast Emily and I polished the ancient blue and pink china-ware, admiring the wonderful pagodas and flying bridges portrayed thereon, while pensive Margaret strayed out upon the porch star-gazing, she being one of those rare mortals who find perfect enjoyment in nature and silence. As the twilight deepened we gathered in the music-room, still with no light save the glimmer of the fire-flies flitting in the sweet-brier at the window. I stood by the piano.

"This is the only link," I said, "which connects me with the old life; and, in spite of association, I could not well spare it. Margaret, this is the hour of all hours for music. Thrill us again, dear friend, with that beloved voice." Emily trod warningly upon my foot, but I did not understand her; I could see neither in the darkened room, and there was an awkward silence. Then Margaret spoke, softly and rather diffidently, as was her manner:

"I never felt in happier mood for music, Rhoda, but I can not sing. I have lost my voice."

"What do you mean?" I cried, bewildered.

"Yes," she repeated, "I have lost my voice. I can not tell how it happened; at church one evening my voice suddenly died; even the ghost of it has never returned to me since, so I must e'en take up the burden of life anew. I am now studying the piano, and hope to be able to teach some day."

I was too much shocked to find words of sympathy, and could only say:

"You must let me be your teacher while you are with me, although it is absurd for a mere routinist like myself to attempt to guide a genius." Margaret had no such scruples, however, accepting my offer with gratitude, and, to cover our painful emotions, we lit the candles, and Em and I proceeded to execute our most elaborate duet.

Poor Margaret, with all her rare gifts, seemed born to failure. Surrounded in childhood by love, wealth, and culture, a single month deprived her of every thing. A series of commercial disasters, followed by the base treachery of trusted friends, deprived her father first of reason and then of life; and before his lifeless remains could be consigned to their last resting-place his wife was laid beside him, and their only and adored child was left to the tender mercies of cold and hard-tempered relatives. They did their duty by her after the fashion of rich relatives. She was sent to an Institute, and having survived an institutional education, was directed to provide for herself henceforth. It was among the hollow corridors and desolate school-rooms of the Institute that we three met and tied our lasting friendship. Together we found courage to laugh in the face of toil, starvation, and cold; together confronted the august examining committee, and received our parchment diplomas—Margaret's tied with blue ribbon, Em's with pink, and mine, alas! with white. You do not, perhaps, comprehend the distinctions thus signified, but among the initiated the blue ribbon was known to be a delicate symbol of the school's choicest regard and commendation; the pink marked a gradation; the white another still lower. That bit of blue ribbon was, however, the only triumph that poor Margaret enjoyed, for she made a complete failure of teaching. While Emily—little, blushing Emily—could command order and industry in the most hoidenish school-room, beautiful, dignified Margaret would be utterly routed. She was too simple, too unsuspicious, too ignorant of the wiles and ways of the "Girl of the Period" to satisfy the exactions of the modern schoolmistress, and she was obliged to relinquish the advantageous position obtained for her by the influence of wealthy connections. We held a serious consultation upon the position. Well I remember the seat under the ailanthus-tree, the muddy fountain, and the nursery-maids airing their charges, as we there came to the unanimous decision that Margaret should cultivate her musical talents—the pure alto voice especially. This proved, at last, a solution of the difficulty, for she truly loved and enjoyed her art, and finally obtained a position in the choir of an up-town church—and now this also was lost to her. "Such is life!" I sighed, striking a discordant sharp.

A thunder-storm disturbed the serenity of the night, but how radiant was the morning! Every flower laden with fragrance, every leaf shining in dewy freshness, an invisible choir of birds making ecstatic music in the meadows, a few silver-winged clouds melting into ethereal blue! With unconscious care we donned our daintiest apparel in honor of the royal day. Margaret floated down in gossamer robes of palest violet, very old-fashioned, I fear, or perhaps no fashion at all, for the wide flowing sleeves and delicate neck-band displayed to perfect advantage the sculpturesque arms and hands and noble, creamy throat. Like Dante's beauteous lady,

> "Stately and soft she moves as Juno's bird,
> Erect and firmly poised as any crane,
> The utmost grace with modesty combined."

While Emily, with wonderful moderation, declared her a true-born Athenian, and bound myrtle and white roses on her hair. Margaret's hair is dark in shadow, but catches in the sunlight a burnished auburn tint. It waves also, not in a thousand curls and ripples, but in bright even swells from the moonbeam line of the crown through all its queenly length. Emily, as always, was dainty in the trimmest of white gowns, a bunch of pinks tied under her chin, and a bright ribbon about her waist.

After the coffee and toast had been discussed Margaret went about arranging the flowers, and it was curious to note how the lightest touch of her finger-tips brought into harmonious subjection the unruly vines and grasses which had defied my utmost skill the day before. With care and some assistance Emily placed herself under the extinguishing "sea-side," and sallied forth with me to explore the garden. A bed of bright, hardy plants on either side a graveled walk, terminating in a ruined arbor overrun with red roses, was the only attempt at floral decoration—the remaining ground being devoted to the utilitarian purposes of the vegetable garden, although even here an occasional clump of hollyhocks or sun-flowers diversified the formal beds. From the garden we proceeded across the yard, an open grassy space between house and barn, with branching foot-paths worn in the close, green turf, and peered through the bars at the cows and Finette, who were calmly grazing under the apple-trees. Em had even ventured to present a bunch of clover the eighth of an inch beyond the protection of the fence, with the terrifying delight of seeing Finette thrust forward his nose, when I saw Margaret on the porch waving her hand to us. Beside her stood a farmer-like gentleman, dressed in gray, with a riding-whip under his arm and a couple of sleek greyhounds at his heels. He walked directly across the yard toward us, raising his hat, and it did not require a second glance from either of us to discover a very handsome and pleasing countenance, with a curling brown beard, a ruddy complexion, and eyes both clear and keen. He spoke at once:

"Which is Miss Johnstone? I am pleased to make your acquaintance. I am Philip Thornton, of Summer Hill Farm, your nearest neighbor, and I rode over this morning to ratify my claim to that honor. I am quite in earnest," he added, quickly, seeing me smile. "I would not have troubled you to-day did I not know Joseph Smith to be the most stubborn and pig-headed of mankind. I understand you propose purchasing several of Kelton Evans's Western cattle?"

"Yes," I replied, a good deal puzzled.

"Accept my honest advice, Miss Johnstone, and have nothing to do with them. They are

a wicked, useless breed, and Kelton Evans a swindler."

"Good Heavens!" I cried. "Pray explain yourself! I did not know there was any difference in cows. I supposed they were all good."

He laughed heartily.

"I suspected that to be your condition of ignorance, and you would learn a lesson to your cost were those Westerners once in your pasture."

"But what am I to do? Where shall I find the right article?"

He replaced his Panama, as if it were a thinking-cap, and mused a while.

"I have it!" he cried, briskly. "Deacon Warner's estate is being settled, and doubtless the stock will be sold. They are a good breed —nothing remarkable, but sound."

"Oh, I would not for the world have any kinine prodigies on my hands," I laughed. "Thanks for your neighborly consideration. Will you walk into the house now?"

"I can not stay this morning, but with your permission will do myself the pleasure of calling at a more leisure time. How do you enjoy country life in Hillborough?"

"Very much," I replied. "We have never felt half the sweetness of life before. This is my friend, Miss Emily Lee," seeing a half question on his lip. "She and Miss Dale are passing the summer with me."

"I admire your good taste," he said. "I can not imagine an existence tolerable among city walls, although I confess I have never tried it. I wish you the fullest enjoyment of every bright hour!" With that he smiled beamingly upon us, and took his leave.

True to his promise, Mr. Thornton made his appearance among us in a few days, if any thing, earlier in the morning than the time before. As he entered our little dining-room, where the breeze through the open windows blew in the muslin curtains, he glanced quickly about, noticing, I felt, every detail. He strode over to a bracket whereon Margaret had arranged a fresh bunch of flowering vines, and, after contemplating them a moment, turned to me, saying,

"There is a great change here, Miss Johnstone. I remember calling upon your grandfather in this very room some years since, and the same change has passed over it as over yonder brown jug, simple enough, yet transforming the most unpromising object into a thing of beauty."

"You could not give us a more delightful compliment," I said; "but my friend Miss Dale is to be credited individually with that floral arrangement which so pleases you. Will you come into the music-room?"

Margaret was seated before the piano, where she had been practicing for three weary hours, her hands just then folded over the ivory keys, and the golden head bowed thereon; while Emily, seated by the window, puzzled perseveringly over an ancient spinning-wheel which she had brought from the garret. They both rose as I introduced Mr. Thornton. He accosted Margaret with his usual directness of speech, which would have been brusque were it not for the pleasant tone and genial face:

"Do you sing, Miss Dale?'

"No," she answered, flushing slightly.

"None of us sing," said Emily, coming to her aid; "but we can all play 'Weber's Last Waltz' on the piano, and paint landscapes in India-ink on Bristol-board."

"Is it possible," Mr. Thornton replied, "that, with such accomplishments, you deign to finger your grandmother's spindle?" pointing to her wheel.

"It is plain that Mr. Thornton rides hotly the fashionable hobby-horse of the day. Alas! alas! swells the chorus; let us weep for our grandmothers, for we shall never see their virtuous likes again."

He was ready with his quip, and they tilted merrily, I laughing with them, while Margaret, without a word, scarcely smiled. At parting, Mr. Thornton again approached her.

"Do you also execute upon this instrument?" he said, with vast disdain touching the piano.

"Yes—no—not well," she replied.

"I would rather hear you say not at all. To my mind it is at best an ingenious arrangement of cords and pretty keys and polished rose-wood legs; the work of mechanism, not of art."

"Convert the railer!" we cried.

Margaret turned and lightly touched the keys. She possessed what we music-teachers call a fine touch. Sweet and sympathetic sounds sprang to her faintest sign; they flowed melodious, instinct with purest feeling. We watched the effect on Mr. Thornton; for a moment he was silent, then rose, and extending his hand to Margaret, said:

"That is beautiful; but I insist that it is you who create it, and in spite of the instrument. Genius will call music from walls and stones; but you should use the flute or violin, Miss Dale. In them slumbers the soul of music."

We soon learned to look with great favor upon our new neighbor; indeed, he proved the kindest, most generous, and untiring of friends. Almost every morning he rode over from Summer Hill on his magnificent black horse, his riding-whip under his arm, and the never-absent greyhounds scampering behind. Meanwhile other friendly neighbors called upon us, and we learned from their gossip that Mr. Thornton was held in high esteem in the neighborhood, and yearly elected to magisterial honors — some, however, intimating that Philip Thornton's pride was rather overweening for a country farmer. Alack! we ourselves soon became the theme of gossiping tongues. How they learned of Mr. Thornton's frequent visits it is impossible to guess. Did the shrewish cat-birds shriek the startling intelligence? or the little brook which ran through our meadow babble the news over the mill-wheel four miles

below? 'Tis true Joseph Smith or his close-mouthed wife might have given the information; but that was by no means probable. Be this as it may, our neighborly gossips, by many a significant look and wink, and slily-dropped jest, betrayed their lively appreciation of, and interest in, our affairs. At last a sudden illumination solved for me the riddle. Hearing our neighbor's voice one morning I went to the window to greet him. A pleasing picture, framed by the vine-festooned window, met my eye. Margaret and Mr. Thornton stood by the mulberry-tree; he held lightly on his arm the bridle of his horse, while Margaret's white hand stroked the beautiful creature's glossy neck, bent low to her caress. He gazed eagerly into her face. I could see the light of his blue eyes, and Margaret raised hers—clear, gentle, trusting. Yes, yes! I felt sure I had discovered their sweet secret, perhaps before they themselves. It was just the right thing. I clapped my hands noiselessly and danced with delight. I longed to impart my surmises to Emily, but restrained myself, resolving not to breathe an indiscreet thought. I enjoyed this pleasing day-dream for nearly a week, when Margaret herself ruthlessly destroyed the whole fair fabric. She announced her immediate return to the city. Musical instruction and a long standing order of visitation from a crabbed rich relative were her pleas. Indeed, it was absolutely necessary that she should leave at once, she declared, with an obstinacy I had never before observed in our soft, gentle Margaret. My arguments, entreaties, tears, made no impression, save to mark her sweet, pale face with speechless sorrow. At last I left her, and wandered into the garden to cool my brain and devise some new method of attack. Emily came running out, and clasping her arm in mine, walked up and down the path with me. There was evidently something on her mind. Presently she whispered,

"Rhoda, I think I know the cause of Margaret's sudden resolve."

"Tell me at once," I demanded.

But Emily blushed and stammered, and finally blundered out,

"Rhoda, dear Rhoda, I hope you are not—don't—well, I mean do not care especially for Mr. Thornton?"

"What do you mean, you little goose?"

"I mean," gasped Em, desperately, "that you are not in love with him!"

"Of course I am not," I answered, too much vexed to laugh. "I hope you are not?"

"Not I," she answered.

We walked a few turns in silence. Then I spoke:

"What has this to do with Margaret? and how could you imagine such a thing of me? I do not think inconstancy is one of my failings, and you know my story, Emily. It is love once, love ever with me; and all my heart ever knew, or can know, was buried with George Lee three years ago."

"Forgive me! Forgive me!" cried Emily. "I knew you had not forgotten poor George; but Margaret was not with us then, you remember, and she has taken it into her dear soft head that you are in love with Mr. Thornton; and as he is, beyond question, in love with her, she proposes putting herself out of the way."

"I would have given Margaret credit for more sense," I said; "but, after all, it's like the dear Quixotic soul. I will go in and talk with her."

"Don't be cross," whispered Em, unnecessarily, as no one could be cross with Margaret. I found her on her knees before a trunk, packing. I called her into my room, and then opened the old chest, faint with the odor of dead flowers, the poor little bunches of violets and heliotropes, which had so delighted my heart years before, now faded into melancholy memories; showed her the photograph, explaining that it was Emily's brother; drew from its mildewed scabbard the sword, and from its soiled, yellow envelope the Colonel's letter of sorrowful tidings and sympathy, the dark ring of hair still inclosed. Margaret said nothing, but her tears fell eloquently, and she kissed me again and again, clasping me to her heart.

Need I add that Margaret did not finish her packing? Mr. Thornton came riding furiously over in the evening, the first time I ever knew him to visit at the usual lovers' hour, and the last too, for the morning was the golden time to him. Emily and I discreetly left the music-room to the two, and we were growing rather sleepy by ourselves, nodding over some stupid sewing, when the door opened and they appeared, hand in hand, radiant, walking upon air. Mr. Thornton stepped forward and delivered a rapturous eulogy upon Margaret's perfections, his own happiness, and our kindness. I would repeat it here at length; but there would be wanting voice and action, and I fear all sensible readers would rather hasten to the *dénouement*.

Dear, beautiful Margaret! Em and I arrayed her ourselves in the bridal veil and flowers. They were married in the little music-room where stands the piano, the only thing out of tune that bright day, and there was no denying its bad condition when Em tried to coax from it the Wedding March. The gay autumnal trees shook down before her dear feet a pathway brighter and fairer than any rich man's hall of the Cloth of Gold. Emily went back to her teaching with dry-eyed stoicism. I am happy to say, however, that this unnatural condition did not long endure. She became heartily homesick, relinquished her advantageous position as upper-governess in an up-town seminary for young ladies, and through the influence of Mr. Thornton, secured the little day-school of our district. She enjoys her humble duties notwithstanding her former lofty station. The little children love her, the big boys adore her, and she has never had occasion to call in the aid of Magistrate Thornton, as he mocking-

ly prophesied. Philip and Margaret are handsomer, kinder, and more devoted, if possible, than during the days of their first happiness. If ever marriage were made in heaven it was theirs. There are many rare and beautiful flowers in the gardens and conservatories of Summer Hill; but its master and mistress often walk down to the quaint Red Farm House to gather bunches of sweet-brier from a vine which grows there.

I shall be thirty years old this spring. Yes, it is already spring; and now let the blooming apple-boughs shake down a snowy curtain upon our simple little drama.

Editor's Easy Chair.

AT last we have the *Magnum Opus* of Mr. Jenkins, and we ought to be content. The chief domestic event of the month, from the Easy Chair's point of view, was the arrival of Father Hyacinthe, whom, in a few airy and prelusive touches at the head of his work, Mr. Jenkins calls the "Preacher Monk," "The Great Carmelite Friar." Mr. Jenkins brings to his task not only his peculiar and renowned natural gifts, but certain official advantages. For Mr. Jenkins was the Committee of Reception, and with his customary shrewdness he resolved to get the start of all other historians by beginning a little before the beginning. He therefore opened his narration upon shipboard. But at the very outset a remarkably vicious word for his purpose obtruded itself into his story, and imperiled the success of his labors. "The evening," says Mr. Herodotus Jenkins, "was so delicious, the scene around me so calm and grand, I fell into a reverie which was now and then disturbed by the whistling of the wind through the rigging. I heard a step behind, and looking round saw a low-sized, thick-set man, with a head like an inverted pumpkin, in dark clothes, approaching the taffrail, with his head buried in his breast, and a pair of bright black eyes shining and sparkling like diamonds."

It certainly shows great daring and conscious power to introduce your hero as low-sized and thick-set, with a head like an inverted pumpkin. But still more striking is Mr. Jenkins's bold confidence in a comma; for if that little punctuating point had failed to come in at the precise place, we should have had "the preacher monk" presented to us as a figure "with a head like an inverted pumpkin in dark clothes;" and nothing but the experienced skill of a Jenkins could have carried such a description to a grave conclusion. The low-sized man leans over the taffrail beside Mr. Jenkins, who, although he has minutely described the stranger's appearance, now remarks, "I did not take any notice of the stranger at first." But a voice in "full melodious French" is suddenly heard, whose "liquidity" and other vocal virtues now has the effect upon Mr. Jenkins's mind of the strawberry mark upon the left arm of a long-lost brother. There is a "flash of recollection" by which this "grand voice" is seen to have been heard before. The "inverted pumpkin" bent toward Mr. Jenkins "with marked courtesy." Also, the stranger, with a "courteous gesture," pointed to "the brilliant sky above us," and then said to the excellent Jenkins, "My son, this night is a beautiful one, and worthy of the great and eternal attributes of God's majesty." There could be no longer any doubt even in the severely judicious mind of a Jenkins; and "This, then, was Charles Loyson Hyacinthe, the wondrous Carmelite monk preacher."

When Mr. Jenkins heard him preach in the Madeleine in Paris five years before, he had seen him in "frock, cowl, and sandaled shoon." But now he beheld "a gentlemanly little person [with an inverted pumpkin head *passim*], in the black clothing of an ordinary American Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, wearing the most unmistakable French kid boots, and a modern hat of fashionable construction." This gentleman immediately proceeded to remark to Mr. Jenkins that "The Gothic structure with its groined roof and fretwork, its mural tablets and magnificent archways, may be forgotten after the vision has left them; but here the span of sky and the deep, deep ocean beneath, silently flowing on, and ever like the stream of eternity, can alone palsy the thoughts of an unbeliever and silence the reckless jests of the hardened scoffer. My son, think of these things; look not lightly upon Father Ocean; ponder and meditate; for our life is but a journey from Paris to Brussels; the terminus is reached; the passengers deposited at their resting-place, and then all is darkness and agony and bewilderment for those who have dreamed on their brief life-journey that the great All-Giver and Father of Mercies was but an accident of chance, a being to analyze and doubt of, as Voltaire did to his eternal destruction." He stopped. "I looked around," remarks Mr. Jenkins, "and I saw the form of the great preacher descending the companion-way into the saloon."

It is evident that, as hearing the "liquidity" of the voice recalled the Madeleine to Mr. Jenkins, so the spectacle of that gentleman recalled the church so vividly to the father that he immediately began to preach. Is this indeed the kind of familiar evening chat over the taffrail that gentlemen hear who go down to the sea in ships? Is this a specimen of the colloquy of the good Carmelite? Or must we say, in the words of a most worthy gentleman with a sad impediment in his speech, that "Mum-Mum-Mum-Macaulay was a goo-goo-goo-good writer," but that Macaulay must pale his ineffectual fires before Herodotus Jenkins?

An Easy Chair, of course, can only wonder at the historian, even as the historian wondered at the wondrous monk. His report belongs to the more fervid parts of the literature of travel, and it is certainly very much more entertaining than many of the most popular novels of the moment. Its title should apparently be The Man Who Preaches. And if, as the reader peruses the report, he must needs fancy the modest clergyman

who is the hero shrinking and wincing from such a glowing portraiture, yet he must remember that, as a Carmelite, he is devoted to self-renunciation and sacrifice. We have had a moonlight glimpse of the hero leaning over the taffrail and preaching a short sermon. Let us observe him as Mr. Jenkins describes him in a moment of silence. "The figure of the Father was often noticeable on deck, studying his breviary between meals, and promenading on the smooth polished wooden surface. Father Hyacinthe had some qualms of sea-sickness, but he managed to overcome them after the first two days of the passage out from Brest."

Mr. Jenkins had plainly resolved that this history should be, as we have called it, his great work—even surpassing his account of Mrs. Flummy's *recherché croquet matinée*, or Mrs. Dummy's last select and aristocratic *caudle dansante*. Evidently he took prodigious pains that his hero should be presented to the American world in a manner that should leave nothing to be said, and very little to be surmised. "At the dining-table," continues this most veracious and charming of chroniclers—"at the dining-table the great preacher ate sparingly of the plainest dishes, and seemed quite fond of celery and pickled onions; underdone roast beef and boiled mutton he also seemed to relish, and the dessert of raisins and other fruits were relished by him. He drank sherry in small quantities, and occasionally a glass of Medoc table-claret. A light breakfast of white hot French rolls and a cup of coffee served for his breakfast, and his lunch was nothing but a little soup and a boiled potato." Could an enlightened curiosity demand more? Alas! yes; for there are spots upon the sun. He relishes underdone beef and pickled onions. But does he take mustard with the former, and does he wipe his mouth with a napkin after the latter? Alas! Alps on Alps arise! If a napkin, does he handle it with both hands, and draw it from side to side of his mouth, as is the custom of his country, or does he mop the lips merely? And if he mops merely, does he use both hands or one only? And if one, which one? And if the right one, does his little finger stick out ornamentally, or does it assist in grasping the linen? And is it real linen? Or cotton and linen mixed? And how often are the napkins changed? And are they carefully washed? And who does the washing? And how much is she paid a dozen? And is she married? And how many children has she? And are they going to take in washing too? Herodotus Jenkins, like Macaulay, is a goo-goo-good writer, but there are some things that even he has omitted.

By an easy and natural transition the historian passes from pickled onions to the occasion of the Father's departure from his convent, and quotes the letter of one of his warm personal friends. "I give it just as I saw it in manuscript," characteristically says the author. By-and-by the voyage is ended, and the hubbub of arrival follows, and then the hero of the *magnum opus* "came on the dock unobtrusively, dressed in a plain black suit, with a broad felt hat." He is described as passing rapidly to a carriage, and the scene then shifts to the hotel at which he is to lodge. The hall of the Fifth Avenue Hotel at four o'clock in the afternoon is graphically portrayed. "The grand hall on the first-floor is but thinly populated, and presents a scene far less inspiriting than that which strikes the eye after the shades of night have come down, and the lamps of Madison Square shed their genial light across Broadway." Suddenly at this hour "the gentlemanly clerks behind the hotel desk" are taken by surprise. A carriage rumbles. It stops. What of it? It often happens. 'Tis at the side-door. What then? What then, unconscious gentlemanly clerks? Why, in that carriage there is a seat, and upon that seat there is a man with French kid-boots and an inverted pumpkin head in dark clothes, and that man upon that seat is the wondrous Carmelite monk preacher. Hist! he comes. "Although considerably fatigued by the voyage, the reverend Father stepped up to the desk, and with a hand that did not tremble in the least enrolled on the register the name *Fr. Hyacinthe*. As soon as he had done this little piece of chirography a number of gentlemen," etc. But the enrolling and chirographical Father escaped the civilities of "a number of gentlemen," and was "conducted up stairs to the apartments that he will occupy during his sojourn in this city." Other people may write their names and go to their rooms, but not those whom Mr. Jenkins attends. Mere mortals also upon the pages of other historians may wash their hands and faces. But the heroes of Jenkins are guilty of nothing monosyllabic. "Father Hyacinthe, like all good Christians, had no sooner entered the room than he paid his respects to the apparatus that is devoted to ablutionary purposes. He turned on the Croton, and was in the middle of a thorough wash when an invitation was received for him to come down to dinner." Whether the annalist observed these historical events from under the bed or through the keyhole he does not record; and, by a singular lapse of the sense of the fitness and symmetry of things, he does not even relate, O Muse! the wiping of the hands and face, nor stay to tell the number of the towels; nor whether they were fringed or bordered in colors; nor their probable cost; nor whether a liberal discount was allowed for their being taken by the quantity; nor, indeed, any of those details which an intelligent reader intent upon the great religious protest of the Carmelite Father has a moral right to know. But before we lose sight of the hero we hear, as it were, a reflected strain of the orator. "The distinguished guest, although suffering from fatigue, praised the dinner very highly, and with that peculiar eloquence which is decidedly his own [and which I, Herodotus Jenkins, so well remember in the Madeleine Church in Paris], bestowed many compliments on the style of *cuisine* which it was his pleasure to experience so soon after landing on the shores of the 'land of the free and the home of the brave.'"

What Dr. Johnson would have thought of Boswell's story of him we shall never know, but the good Father Hyacinthe was said, and doubtless with truth, to have been aghast when he saw his portrait by Jenkins. It may be supposed to have suggested to him that for a conspicuous man the United States are a whispering gallery walled with mirrors. Every motion is multiplied infinitely, and every word echoes and re-echoes without end. Mr. Jenkins, indeed, has, as he will doubtless be glad to hear, "a great

mission to perform," not unlike that of the skull of the old feasts. "Remember your mortality," it said to the revelers. "Mind your eye and your tongue and your pen," says Herodotus Jenkins to every distinguished visitor and lion. If Father Hyacinthe makes any serious blunder while he remains in this country, it will certainly not be the fault of the historian. If he does not weigh every word and guard every look, it will not be because he does not know that he is minutely studied through a thousand lorgnettes. Meanwhile, as Mr. Jenkins is of a genial and humane temper, whose purpose is to please his fellow-creatures, he ought to be satisfied with the reflection that while Thucydides and Sallust and Gibbon and Grote and Macaulay and Motley may be read through without a single smile, it is impossible to read Herodotus Jenkins without peals of laughter at every line. "Small service is true service while it lasts." Grimaldi, also, was a benefactor.

The precise result of Father Hyacinthe's departure from his convent can not yet be known. The course which the Superior of his order censured was approved by the Archbishop of Paris, in whose diocese the alleged improprieties were committed; and after the peremptory order from the Carmelite Superior to confine his preaching to certain topics, and to suspend all advocacy of measures not "exclusively Catholic," Father Hyacinthe, by declining to obey, and by throwing off the robe of his order and leaving the Carmelite convent, seems to have declared that if the Superior has a right to discipline him for conduct which the Archbishop approves, he renounces the vows of his order, and releases himself from the duty of obedience. It is not, as we write, known that Father Hyacinthe has made any appeal to a competent ecclesiastical tribunal, nor that the penalty which the Superior asserts that he has incurred has been enforced against him. Apparently he must take the first step if he would arrest judgment. But who shall assume to penetrate the ecclesiastical meshes of Rome?

The interest of the protest is its illustration of the instinct of moral liberty. Since Bossuet there seems to have been no preacher of such peculiar persuasiveness and renown as Hyacinthe. That there was a great deal of melodrama in the scenes at the Madeleine and Notre Dame may be true; but they were parts of a melodramatic system. That his preaching was emotional, and even sentimental, may also be true. But the best preaching has its source in emotion, and most great preachers have been in some degree sentimentalists. His gifts and graces as an orator would seem to be indisputable; and when it happens that a cowled and tonsured monk, whose vows imprison him from the most precious human affections, has a great tender heart, it gives his oratorical genius a power and pathos which may easily be resistless. Such a man, too, naturally idealizes with almost a lover's passion the Church, which stands to him for wife and mother and child. He clings to it, he defends it with immeasurable fondness. When, therefore, such a man seems to become its antagonist, or is in any way willing to provoke observation and criticism by a protest, and will not confine himself, as Father Hyacinthe's Superior besought him to do, to subjects upon which the whole Church agrees, it is plain that the attitude he takes has the deepest significance.

As long as a Church can control civilization it has an aspect of liberality and progress. It promotes improvements not inconsistent with its own supremacy, as it gladly encourages secular schools of which it can have the exclusive direction. Cedric the Saxon is not anxious in these days that Gurth shall wear the iron collar conspicuously on the outside of his coat. He may adjust it skillfully under the most rakish and fashionable scarf or cravat—but the collar must be there. An age which will not wear the collar, however, disturbs the placidity of the master, and his attempt to retain it reveals the fact that the iron collar is the main thing with him. The Gallican tendency, or the liberal spirit in Father Hyacinthe's Church, is disposed to fraternize with the religious world every where; to help what are called secular reforms; in a word, as the phrase goes, to accept the nineteenth century. But this is to dispense with the collar altogether. This is to release civilization from absolute ecclesiastical domination; to confound the faithful and the infidel, the sheep and the goats, and to plunge the world into ecclesiastical chaos. Now the ecclesiastical seal every where has always the same legend, "Heads, I Win; Tails, You Lose." The nineteenth century doubts, and questions, and philosophizes. To accept it, therefore, is to disregard the signet.

Father Hyacinthe represents the protest which a commanding part of the intelligence of Catholic Europe makes against the probable action of the Great Council. He and his friends fear that by a declaration of the infallibility of the Head of the Church, or by some denunciation of the spirit of the age, the Church will be overwhelmed in a reaction which will alienate from her embrace many of the best and most powerful of her children. With that complacent contempt which the adherents of a vast establishment, whether political or religious, always feel toward opposition—for the confidence of conservatism in the established order is as absolute as that of Sinbad's sailors in the solid land which proved to be a whale and dived—it is said that greater men than the good Carmelite have protested and succumbed to the mighty mother; that Fénelon made his peace, and that Passaglia, who broke with the Jesuits, recanted, and begged to be allowed to return.

But when we read the history of the American Revolution it is not the defeats at Long Island and Germantown that arrest our minds so much as the surrenders at Saratoga and Yorktown. Fénelon made his peace. How about Luther? Passaglia recanted. Did Savonarola? The ancient ecclesiastical establishment is very firm and solid; but are there no signs in Austria, for instance, of a disposition to dive? If greater men than the Carmelite have recanted, greater than they have persisted. And in these days, however they may be condemned by due ecclesiastical authority, still in these days can a Church which is to be as wise as a serpent, as well as guileless as a dove, safely alienate men like Montalembert and Hyacinthe and their friends and followers?

The precise position of these protestants against the probable action of the coming Council seems

to be not difficult to understand, although, as we said, the result in the particular case of Father Hyacinthe's alleged contumacy as a Carmelite friar can not be easily foreseen. The infallibility of the Church is a fundamental doctrine of the Roman establishment; but it has always been an undecided point whether it resided in the General Council or in the union of Pope and Council. In any case, however, the harmonious declaration of a dogma by Pope and Council together must be received as infallible. To this, as we understand, Father Hyacinthe and his friends do not object; but they say that the declaration of the Council, whatever it may be, must be the result of the most ample and the most unfettered deliberation. The voice of a coerced Council, or of a packed Council, is not the infallible voice of the Church. Father Hyacinthe, in his letter, protests against the doctrines and practices calling themselves Roman, but which are not Christian; against the attempted divorce between the Church and the century; and the dreadful opposition in the name of the Church to human nature. He then says that if France is given over to social, moral, and religious anarchy the principal cause is not Catholicism, but the way in which Catholicism has long been taught and practiced. Then, in a tone which must have caused the Carmelite Superior and the Holy Father to listen with open mouth of amazement, the monk cries: "I appeal to the Council about to meet to seek for remedies for the excess of our evils, and to apply them with as much force as gentleness. But if fears in which I do not wish to share come to be realized—if the august assembly has not more liberty in its deliberations than it has already in its preparation—if, in a word, it is deprived of the essential characters of an Œcumenical Council, I will cry to God and men to call another truly united in the Holy Spirit, not in the spirit of party, and representing really the Universal Church, not the silence of some men, the oppression of others."

This is to say that the Council is probably packed, and that its conclusions will not be the result of free deliberation, and therefore not binding. But the Father must see that the apparent harmony of Pope and Council is all that is essential to an infallible declaration, because actual harmony can never be known. When a Legislature passes a law by constitutional methods it is the binding action of the Legislature, whether the members are all conscientiously convinced, or whether a majority have been bribed or frightened. If the Church be infallible, the infallibility must reside in Pope and Council united, and when they speak their voice is final. Father Hyacinthe, in declaring in advance that he will not regard the united voice if it says what he does not believe, and that certain declarations will prove that the Council is not free, merely asserts what any other Catholic may assert of any Council that has ever assembled. It is a position incompatible with the acknowledgment of the infallibility of the Church, because it is a plain declaration that if the Church proclaims what Father Hyacinthe does not believe he will reject it. This is simple Protestantism. Every Protestant, the Rev. Dr. Prime, for instance, who called upon the Father upon his arrival in this city, will willingly accept any declaration of the Œcumenical Council which he believes to be true.

If Father Hyacinthe had protested that he feared the Council would not be free, and, having striven to rouse his fellow-churchmen to that fact, had trusted to the influence of the public opinion of the Church upon its deliberations, and had there paused, he would seem to be as good a Catholic as ever; because it would be presumed that, having done what he could to free the infallible decision from coercion, he would abide by it. But in going one step further, and saying that if the Council should make certain decisions he should deny its binding authority and strive for the calling of another Council, he makes every individual Catholic the judge of the infallible decisions of the Church.

If the Council should not declare what Father Hyacinthe fears, every thing will be well. If it should, and he cried in vain for a new Council, will he acknowledge the authority of the decisions, or will he continue to protest?

A SPECIAL meeting of the Sassafras Club was lately called to take into consideration an offense with which Woodchuck is charged—one of the most serious charges, indeed, which can be urged against any man; that, namely, of composing and uttering through the press a volume. The attendance was enormous, and proportioned to the gravity of the occasion. President Tung took the chair, and in a voice penetrated with emotion stated that the hour had arrived, and asked every member present to listen. He then remarked that brother Woodchuck was popularly charged with an act that necessarily fell within the cognizance of the Club—in fact, and without circumlocution, with the commission of a book. There was a certain interest manifested at this point, but mingled with an air of expectation and want of surprise, such as might be evinced in any intelligent ornithological circle upon the announcement that the meadow-lark had been detected in the very act of singing.

"I proceed, gentlemen," said President Tung, "to lay the *corpus delicti* upon the table." So saying President Tung produced a neat volume, which he held for a few moments as a connoisseur holds a glass of Tokay or of Lagrima Christi, tasting it with his imagination, as it were, and feasting expectation; but with the same mournful tone he added: "Here, gentlemen, is the offense." The Club at this arose and crowded toward the table to inspect the subject. It appeared, upon rapidly turning the leaves, to be a collection of lyrical poems—such as were formerly called occasional or fugitive verses. Fugitive, fugitive, why fugitive? Indeed what else than fugitive? How many of these neat, new little volumes, warm, as it were, from the press—and warmer still from the heart of the singer—has not an ancient Easy Chair, with vain sympathy and regret, beheld suddenly spreading all their pretty plumage of gold and blue and green—whatever it might be—and fluttering away, away, away to the sad fate of Ginevra? One flight, and they are seen no more. Or are they like little song birds which have made themselves all ready in the nest for flying and singing through a long, long summer, and, lo! when every thing is ripe, and they are, so to say, put to press, alack! over they go, whack, to the hard, pitiless ground, and

their poor little necks are broken, and their summer life is ended.

Some members of the Club have large collections of these little birds, which they have laid by, as it were, in sassafras. They are ranged upon shelves, often behind glass, sometimes under a fringe of scalloped leather, and it is touching to contemplate the tender songsters nipped untimely, whom nobody heard, and nobody will ever hear. Poor dead songs! And some of them so sweet and true, too! Some of them so well worth the hearing which they never had! Some that would have satisfied insatiable Echo much more than many that she turns over and over upon her tongue—some that haply might have seemed to her the voice of Narcissus relenting.

"Yes," said President Tung, "I call it an offense—but not in the usual sense of those words—an offense against us, who lovingly dwell with the offender in bonds of Sassafras, but still not offense in the sense of the police courts. Indeed, my Sassafras brethren understand that the offense is merely an appeal to our sensibilities—an apprehension lest the voice of our bard should not be heeded, and so our sympathies be taxed—lest the song of the meadow-lark be lost in the scream of gaudy jays and the coarse caw of crows."

"Pshaw! Mr. President," exclaimed Robin Hood, "do you think the lover of the lark can not hear and distinguish?"

"I hope he can," responded President Tung, "if he gets a chance to hear it. But how many books perish because they are never heard of!"

"Yes," cried several members, "but good books *are* heard of."

"Doubtless," returned President Tung, "the best books are. But there are many whose strain is delicate, and which expire unheard. They are crowded aside, perhaps by better; but still they had a reason-to-be, as the French say, and they would have been enjoyed if they could but have come into the proper hands."

"Meanwhile," said a member, "I call for the reading of the book."

"That is impossible, gentlemen," said President Tung, "for it is already getting chilly. I suggest the appointment of a committee to report."

The suggestion was vociferously approved, and a committee appointed. At the next meeting, also specially called, and as fully attended, they presented the following report:

"The book intrusted to us has been carefully and even fondly read, for we know the singer. From the placid proem:

'Now in the waning years of life,
Since Autumn crowns my lengthened days,
Apart from scenes of worldly strife,
And seeking light from Wisdom's ways,
I've gathered up from far and near
The records of my joy and grief,
And with a mingled hope and fear
Have bound them in an Autumn Sheaf.'

From these lines to the end it is a book of the utmost sincerity; full of woodland musings, a strain that Cowper would have loved. If the reader of these tranquil verses should fancy a shy, retiring lover of the woods and fields, familiar with all rural sounds and scenes, friend of the rabbit and the robin, with a simple delight in the most common aspects of nature, and a hearty loyalty to all the country bards and books; a musing loiterer, with so keen a sense of life, and so sincere an enjoyment of it, that he almost grudged the noiseless lapse of time, and clung to vanished days and scenes with a half-morbid, fond regret that gives his best song an elegiac strain; and if to this you add the truest humanity and the tenderest sympathy with every kind of suffering and every form of generous endeavor—with the most quaint and hearty geniality—why, then, gentlemen, the reader may have some fancy of the singer, and may anticipate the quality of his strain.

"As for the Committee, it can not turn a page of the little book but its author seems to be photographed upon it. A Yankee living by choice a placid rural life on the edge of a humming city, familiar with good books and the friend of good men; so intensely civilized that there is a slight reaction from civilization in his theories, perhaps, and a suggested preference of ways of living to which the serene comfort of his life gives a merrily mocking answer—if some such figure should show its outline upon the page the reader would not be startled, it would enable him the better to hear the inward music of the verse. It has a homely simplicity; and there is a sense of lonely pastures, and rustling autumn woods, and the clear orange of winter sunsets in it, with the kindly religious eye and softly remembering heart that contemplate them. There are touches as true to the characteristic New England landscape, wholly unidealized, except by association, as Cowper's to the English country. How good this is, gentlemen:

'On yonder hill an ancient farm-house stands,
With its old barn and sheds and crib for corn;
A broad o'ershadowing elm droops near the roof,
And sweeps the mossy shingles with its boughs.
Green meadows and old fields stretch far away,
Bounded by towering woods of oak and pine—
A pleasant picture 'neath the summer sky,
Seen from the lowlands on its southern marge.
And with the song of bird and insect hum
I heard the thumping of the busy flail—
A pleasant music in this rustling scene;
And just descry between the opening doors
The lusty threshers eager at their toil.
A group of rustic children in the shade,
All brown with berrying in the neighboring field,
Are making merry on the short green grass.
Beneath a maple's shade in yonder mead
A group of cattle seek the cooling breeze,
Some standing and some lying down at ease;
The old horse just apart, resting one foot,
Stands listless: nearer, a few straggling sheep,
The wether's tinkling bell just faintly heard,
Browse the short grass upon a verdant knoll;
While all around the air is calm and sweet,
And overhead the clear blue sky outspread
With fleecy clouds careering to the breeze—
The upper current felt not here below.'

"Here, gentlemen, is no special felicity of phrase, but a charming and most unmistakable picture of the plain Yankee landscape and figures; every detail is seen, because loved. With instinctive sympathy the bard concludes, moralizing upon the scene:

'Hence come our sweetest poets, for the muse
Delights to favor those of simple lives,
Who grow up 'neath broad skies in Nature's school,
And drink at well-springs of eternal truth.
Thus have I painted, in my homely way,
A scene such as may oft be witnessed
By those whose eyes are open to its charms—
A blessing on them wheresoe'er they be!'

"And it is precisely to these that the poet sings, and who will most gladly welcome his modest, unobtrusive book, murmuring with 'the still sad music' which is most familiar to them.

"Your Committee are of opinion that it is not difficult to picture the singer as choosing some little retreat, some wooden hut or 'shop,' as it is called upon the New England farm, which he would probably divest of all carpenter's tools, and furnish with an old sofa and some ancient table and antiquated desk, of the kind usually consigned to the attic as impracticable lumber. Well hacked and battered these should be in the vision, your Committee think, and they would suggest adding to them, as a probable part of the picture, a small iron stove planted in the middle of the floor, just large enough to be choked with a small 'chunk' of wood, and of a temper to roar dreadfully while it consumed its food. There should be three or four rough shelves for a few plain, leather-backed books; but chiefly there should be in this imaginary scene a tapestry hanging on the walls, more curious than the most wondrous Gobelin — a tapestry woven by the most famous men and women of all countries and times, in the form of scraps of paper inscribed with a sentence or a stanza from philosopher or poet, and tacked upon the boards that make the wall. Fancying the bird in such a cage your Committee can fully enjoy this song, which is called 'Winter Evening:'

'The snow falls on my shanty roof,
And fiercely drives against the door;
But my warm fire keeps harm aloof,
And flickers on the hard pine floor.

'Flickers upon the boards and beams
That form my humble rustic dome,
Where flies enjoy their winter dreams,
And wasps and spiders find a home.

'Companions of my solitude,
Ye're welcome to your chosen nooks,
In this my habitation rude;
Ye never on my peace intrude,
But leave me to my thoughts and books.

'So let the storm beat loud without,
If only peace may rule within;
All harping ills I'll put to rout,
And deem my solitude no sin.'

"Your Committee, gentlemen, are very sure that you now understand the character and worth of this little book. The fear hinted by the President that our Sassafras sympathies might be touched by some want of public recognition of it is unnecessary; for a man does not sit in a shanty musing upon life and men, and enjoying every natural sight and sound, to be troubled by the want of cheers under his window. The poet's dedication explains all:

'Whoso delights in quiet paths to stray,
To whom the Muses lend their quiet aid,
Who shuns the glare of ostentation's sway,
Within whose court a worship base is paid,
Whose soul by Nature's gentler voice is stayed:
To these my Muse would dedicate her strains,
Unmarked by classic lore or guileful art,
The simple music of the hills and plains,
And thus give pleasure to some kindred heart
That seeks to draw from life its better part.'"

As the Committee stopped reading there was no vote upon the report, for it was universally felt that it was accepted. Nor was there any formal vote to adjourn. The Club broke up quietly. The excitement of the earlier moments of the meeting was wholly passed, and it was observed that the members went away as if

"The beating of their own hearts
Was all the sound they heard."

Editor's Literary Record.

SANTA CLAUS AS A PUBLISHER.

WE have just returned from a visit to Santa Claus's printing and publishing establishment, or, to speak more accurately, his establishments. For, as Christmas-day draws on, this venerable and honored saint subsidizes almost every house, and sets every press at work preparing fruit for his winter tree and his annual feast-table. And the artist draws with cheerier care, and the engraver cuts with rarer skill, and the compositor's fingers fly with more marvelous celerity, and the very presses hum a merrier tune, inspired by the reflection that they are serving this kindliest of old saints, this very embodiment of the spirit of a cheery benevolence. We returned from our flying visit impressed with the fact that the old saint had made progress with the world he loves to visit, at least in book-making. And we congratulated him most heartily on the evidence of his increased taste and improved intellectual appreciation since the days when his entire stock in trade consisted of annuals and gift-books ornamented with garish binding without, and pasteboard portraits of heroines, sacred and secular, within.

In the press of J. B. Lippincott and Co. Santa Claus has a most charming volume of *Nursery Carols*, from the land whose Christmas celebrations are deservedly the admiration of the world. There is a picture and a verse of poetry on every page, making a hundred and twelve in all. Both picture and poetry are unmistakably German. The former, drawn with a few vigorous lines, are very striking. Look at this little youngster attempting to teach his dog the alphabet. You must be surly, indeed, if it does not bring a bright smile to your face. Or, see this troop of juvenile soldiers. You can almost hear the trumpeter. The verses are childish without being silly — a rare combination. But the Germans understand this better than either the English or the Americans. It is curious that the same land should furnish at once the most abstruse metaphysics and the children's literature of the most naïve and charming simplicity.

The same house, availing themselves of a peculiar process by which the finest specimens of art may be transferred without the expense which engraving entails, are bringing before the public some works of art which have hitherto been denied, by their costliness, except to the few. *Turner's Celebrated Landscapes*, *The Sheepshanks Gallery*, and *Master-pieces of English Painters*, are not cheap books, by any means, but they are not absolutely inaccessible to men whose artistic taste is greater than their means. If we may judge from the specimens we have seen, the "Master-pieces" has all the merit of the very best line engraving. In the picture, which we judge from our recollection of the place to rep-

resent the cliffs of Dover, Turner's inimitable contrasts are admirably reproduced. The dark clouds gather in the west; the wind caps the vexed sea with foam, and whistles through the rigging of the tossing vessels; while the sunlight falls athwart the white chalky wall of rock, and bathes it in a radiance which is almost dazzling.

Old Testament Shadows of New Testament Truths, by LYMAN ABBOTT (Harper and Brothers), is emphatically a book for the season, as well as a seasonable book. One who has fairly got hold of the spiritual fruitfulness and power of the Bible will be little endangered in his faith by any difficulties or apparent contradictions on the surface of its narrative. This is to be attained not only by dwelling on its statements of truth, but almost as much by a study of its histories. Its characters and events are too often vague and shadowy, almost problematical, to the ordinary religious apprehension. Any one who will connect these with what men appreciate as veritable fact, and embody them for our imagination, accomplishes an inestimable service. This Mr. Abbott does. He reproduces some of the Old Testament narratives in living language, and unfolds their spiritual significance. He has availed himself of the best results of historical and scientific criticism. But they are used only to intensify the reality and enforce the teaching. The field he works seems to the casual observer one of the most unpromising. It has been trodden to dust and mined into honey-comb by those who have sought flowers and dug treasure therein. And yet to every fresh, earnest, and devout seeker God makes it blossom as the rose—the very dust becomes fine gold. Not a small part of the good which this volume does is to make the reader feel he may possess some of this experience for himself, and secure returns of the purest spiritual thought and impulse from parts of Scripture hitherto almost barren. One of the pleasant things about the book is the absence of self-consciousness and pretense. There is none of that ambitious attempt at startling narration, that straining after oddity and surprising antithesis and general brilliant spirituality, which so shake a reader's confidence in an author's statement of fact, as well as his spiritual apprehension. The stories are told with a graphic power, the effect of which increases as they are re-read. The meaning is unfolded clearly and forcibly, and without any devotional finery or confectionery piety. There is, however, rather more of familiar thought and common expression than we should have expected, and also certain fallacies, quite usual perhaps in literature of this general description, but which we are surprised to find in pages coming from the author of the "Jesus of Nazareth." Does he really believe "that no Divine revelation was needed to assure us that God loves?" "The language of Nature and the experience of our own heart" may give us some reason to believe it. We totally dissent from his assertion that they are "*adequate*" witnesses. They say many other things of a very different tenor; and which of these seemingly contradictory testimonies is the more true, the mind in vain attempts to "assure" itself without a revelation. The tendency to reaction in society, mentioned on page 131, is an indisputable fact. There is partial truth in the illustrations adduced. But it is unsafe and misleading to attribute so much to temporary and local causes, ignoring the long train of previous influences, of which the facts cited are the culminations. It may be well doubted, too, whether the author is justified in describing the scene at the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah as "more awful than any that the world hath ever witnessed, or shall ever witness till the whole earth shall melt with fervent heat." Apart from the unwisdom of such sweeping declarations as to the future, the history of volcanic eruptions and earthquakes affords more than one instance of calamities affecting a wider extent of territory, occasioning probably greater destruction of life, and accompanied by phenomena quite as awful as any we have reason to suppose characterized the event the author so graphically depicts.

These are faults of a kind almost, apparently, inseparable from this kind of writing. But the book is remarkably free from those errors of wild assertion and far-fetched moral which so often disfigure attempts to possess the imagination with Bible scenes and affect the heart with their meaning. The style is clear, nervous, compact, distinguished by a depth of insight, a delicacy of perception, and a manliness of feeling which are really inspiring. It has that moral impulse which is the most valuable element in such a work. The prayer of Abraham's servant, the sufferings and blessings of Hagar, the lives of Joseph and Moses especially, have unfolded to us new meaning and power as we have read them here. They take a new hold of present life. Read, as Mr. Abbott reads them, in the light of the Cross, they have an unthought-of beauty, a helpfulness and refreshment for daily life not usually supposed to be found in this part of the Bible. Such a work brings out the unity of Scripture. We think that every one who reads it rightly will thank the author for much quiet comfort, much strengthening of faith, much stimulus of true life; and especially in this that these ancient tales are connected so intimately and so naturally with the words and life of Christ, and thus brought so directly home to our present spiritual necessities. The volume is very handsomely illustrated with eleven full-page pictures of Old Testament scenes, besides some smaller engravings, and is, on the whole, artistically superior to the "Jesus of Nazareth" by the same author, though it contains no single picture as powerful as the "Going to Calvary."

ONE might have imagined that the patron saint of the gift season of the year would have come to us laden with the spoils and inspired by the generosities of the tropics. We all know, however, that the reverse is the case. He is a resident, evidently, of the Arctic region. He travels always in a sleigh. He wears a thick robe of bear-skin. When the frost etches on our window-panes, and the ice and snow sparkle like diamonds on our trees, and the roaring fire in the great fire-place and the roaring wind without strive which can drown the music of the other, then Santa Claus issues from his summer retreat with his mysterious bag, which he is always emptying, but which, like Fortunatus's purse, is never emptied. Such a description of his home as is afforded to us in *The Polar World*, by Dr.

G. HARTWIG (Harper and Brothers), is very apt, therefore, for the season which he claims as peculiarly his own. It is singular that the Arctic zone, with its weird and fantastic beauty, its wild and desolate grandeur, its frigid sterility, which seems to forbid all life, and yet nourishes and maintains a life peculiar to itself—the most desolate and desert of all the uninhabited wastes which nature has left without a portion in the inheritance of fruit and flower—it is singular that this region should have been the scene of adventure as romantic, escapes as hair-breadth, and a martyrdom as sublimely sad as illuminate any portion of the earth's surface. It is singular that attractions so strong should have been found there to draw travelers so many to regions so barren and unblessed. Dr. Hartwig has undoubtedly given us by far the best and most complete description of both the Arctic and the Antarctic zones which is to be found in literature. It has less of personal adventure than the works of Dr. Kane and Charles Francis Hall. But it describes the whole zone, while their explorations give us but a glimpse of special localities. It introduces us to Iceland and the Icelanders; Lapland and the Lapps; Siberia, with its fur trade and its gold mines; the British and Russian possessions in America, with their curious inhabitants and yet more curious life; Greenland, Newfoundland, and the Esquimaux. It then carries us with the celerity of imagination from pole to pole, and gives us such glimpses as less careful, patient, and persistent explorations afford of the Antarctic zone, with its more wretched inhabitants, the Patagonians and the Fuegians. The American editor has added chapters on Alaska from Frederick Whymper's work, and on the Innuits or Esquimaux from "The Arctic Researches," by Charles Francis Hall. Nor is adventure wanting to add its interest to the volume. The stories not only of Hall, Kane, and Hayes are briefly told, but those of adventurers less widely known, at least to American readers, such as Wrangell, the Russian explorer, and Mathias Alexander Castrén, himself a native of Finland. The illustrations, which are numerous and of various degrees of merit, all possess the advantage of absolute truthfulness. They are not merely pictures. They are history written with the pencil, and will give to many a reader a conception of the polar world, its inhabitants and its life, which no pen, however graphic, could do. They appear to be in no case the artist's description of what he imagines that world to be, but an eye-witness's description of what it actually is.

A very appropriate addition to Santa Claus's library is afforded by Harper and Brothers' *Library Edition of George Eliot's Works*, to which we have in a previous number of the Magazine referred. Five volumes complete this edition, which is illustrated by some very striking designs. The same house also announce *Lost in the Jungle*, by PAUL DU CHAILLU, and *The Romance of Spanish History*, by JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. Both volumes will be handsomely illustrated.

From the Polar World we pass, by a very natural transition, to *The Desert World*, translated from the French of ARTHUR MANGIN (Nelson and Sons). By this title he means, not that which goes by the name of the desert, but the great uninhabited regions of the globe. He carries us through the landes, the dunes, and the steppes of Europe, the sandy deserts of Africa, the prairies and pampas of North and South America, the uninhabited forests of the tropics, the frozen wilds of the Arctic zone. Frenchmen write with peculiar zest on such subjects. They seize the poetic and romantic side of life. And Arthur Mangin's book, though it affords no new information and no striking adventure, though it is a compilation rather than an original contribution to natural history, yet contains an admirable grouping of much that is valuable to know and interesting to read. The descriptions are often very striking; and we certainly have never obtained so clear an idea of the grandeur of Nature's vast and inhospitable wilds as we have received from even a partial perusal of this book. Yet we like even better, and count as more valuable, *The Mysteries of the Ocean*, by the same author, and introduced to the American public by the same house. It is more valuable because it is more fresh, because it deals with a territory less known and more full of mysteries, because it opens to our view beauties as dazzling as the Arabian romancer ever conceived, and hidden in cavernous depths that have but recently opened at the talismanic word which science has disclosed to us. Both these books are translated by the anonymous translator of "The Bird." He has edited and enlarged, as well as translated, the original volumes. He has given us no indication of what is furnished by Mons. Mangin and what by himself. But we judge, partly from the style and partly from the English and American authors cited, that his additions are very considerable, and, we may add, valuable. The volumes are less glowing, pictorial, poetic, than "The Bird"—in an artistic point of view inferior. They are more scientific, practical, instructive—in an educative point of view more valuable. Both volumes are profusely illustrated and handsomely printed. The illustrations of objects of natural science—sea-weed, sponges, coral, shells, fossils—which enrich the pages of the "Mysteries of the Ocean" are not inferior to any work of their kind we have ever seen. But in most of them we miss that exquisite, that incomparable delicacy of execution which characterizes the work of Giacomelli's pencil.

SANTA CLAUS roams and rummages in all sorts of queer places, and has his laborers and assistants mining for him in the most unexpected quarters. One would hardly expect to meet his rubicund visage in that most hushed and solemn of places, the Astor Library. But, sure enough, he has been most busily at work there; and under the *nom de plume* of FREDERICK SAUNDERS—what a quantity of disguises he does assume, to be sure!—produces the fruit of his patient and persistent harvesting in *Evenings with Sacred Poets; or, Quiet Talks about Singers and their Songs* (A. D. F. Randolph). Who could better go through the centuries than this same aged and venerable saint, picking flowers of song as he goes? who more fit to weave such a garland as this book contains? Beginning with the poetry of the Bible, Mr. Saunders brings us down to the present day, culling from every sacred poet some of his choicest verses, and giving us just enough to provoke a most tantalizing appetite for more. Through it all the author keeps

himself wholly in the back-ground. He is a mere master of ceremonies. His talk is little or nothing. The poets are every thing. The collection is especially rich in Greek, Latin, and medieval poetry.

Hurd and Houghton record the pleasant musings of MARY LORIMER *Among the Trees*, aptly described in the title-page as "a journal of walks in the woods, and flower-hunting through field and by brook." The botany of nature is very different from the botany of the books. Gather about you a group of children. Read to them the definition of a calyx, of a corona, of a stamen, or a pistil. They learn with reluctance. They forget with ease what they have only half acquired with difficulty. But lay aside your book. Take up instead a flower. Point out the calyx, the corona, the stamens, the pistil. Explain their various uses. Select another flower. Compare the two. Engage them to go out into the meadow, to gather for themselves their specimens, to compare them with one another, to note the differences. They will listen with eager attention, and enter into the undertaking with the greatest zest. And after they have learned the *thing*, there is a reasonable hope that they will at least patiently, if not enthusiastically, study the names. Mary Lorimer carries us into the fields and the woods, and by description and picture invites her readers to study the flower itself, not merely the nomenclature of flowers. He who will follow the teacher into her chosen lecture-room, and examine with his own eyes the specimens of the science which grow all about him, will find no difficulty in comprehending the lesson, no lack of interest in pursuing it. Justice compels us to add that in nomenclature our authoress is frequently at fault. Her lists are often sadly inaccurate.

The same house provide for the children the best child's book we have seen for many a day —*Dame Nature*—translated from the French of X. B. SAINTINE. A devoted grandfather, who detects in nature transformations more marvelous and legends more romantic than those of imagination, and who has curiously discovered that children in their sports, as well as men in their labors, have to deal with those objects with which it is the duty of natural science to acquaint us, gives to his grandchildren with their dolls some evening lectures on various themes, the text of which is afforded by the objects which interest them most—candy, a lump of sugar, their dolls' furniture, and the like. Of books which disguise instruction in the garments of imagination we are generally shy; but having read the first nine chapters of this volume to a group of little ones, their eager demand every evening after tea for some more of "Dame Nature" testifies to their interest, and their ready answers to our extemporized examinations on past lessons prove that they are instructed as well as interested. The book is very prettily illustrated.

It is certain that both Santa Claus and the children are favorites with Hurd and Houghton, whose list includes a score more of children's stories in course of preparation; but as yet, like early blossoms in May, just budding out in advance sheets that tantalize us with promise of full-blown fragrance and beauty, and yet leave us incapable of judging what they will become when fully grown and ripe for picking. Of these, *A Little Boy's Story*, *Stories from my Attic*, and two volumes of *Hans Christian Andersen's Stories*, may be accounted as peculiarly belonging to the list of Santa Claus's publications.

Such a book as Scribner and Co.'s illustrated edition of *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, is necessarily amenable to one serious criticism. The public demand profuse illustrations. The publisher undertakes to provide them. He gives his order to the artist. He wants so many engravings. There must be an average of one to at least every two pages. The artist, thus commissioned, sits down, not to illustrate the poem, but to make pictures out of it. Whether the page contains a subject or not, the picture must be made. We have, as a necessary result, a certain proportion of meaningless figure-pieces. When the work is intrusted to one artist this difficulty is enhanced. He necessarily selects, not the best subjects, but those which he feels capable of illustrating. This criticism is the only one we have to offer on "Lady Geraldine's Courtship." The book is a credit to American art, a decided improvement on the "Kathrina" of last year. We see, indeed, some pictures in the poem which the artist did not, as in these lines, for example:

> "In the morning, horn of huntsman, hoof of steed,
> and laugh of rider,
> Spread out cheery from the court-yard till we lost
> them in the hills."

There are others where the artist thought he saw a picture where we think he was mistaken, as in the fashion-plate figures on page 10, for example. But on the whole the subjects are well chosen, and the work well done. If they are not always striking, they are always beautiful. Some of the engravings are of rare merit. No one but Linton could have depicted "the deer half in the glimmer" strewing the hollows of the park. The drawings, we forgot to say, are all by Hennessy; the engraving is done by Linton.

To these volumes, prepared more especially for the Christmas season, we may add the *Library of Illustrated Wonders*, of which the fourth volume, *The Intelligence of Animals*, from the French of ERNEST MENAULT, is quite equal to any of its predecessors. The subject admits of greater variety of anecdote, and the volume is, perhaps, superior in interest for the young to any other of the series. Of the other volumes promised we shall look with special interest for that on *Egypt under Rameses the Great*, and that on *Pompeii and the Pompeiians*. If this series shall succeed in giving us as graphic a picture of the ancient world as it has of the world of nature, it will render the youth of America a very great service.

The same house announce a re-issue of *Folk Songs*, in four parts; the first part—*Songs of Life*—to contain over thirty illustrations. Also, *Bible Animals*, by Rev. J. G. WOOD, and *The Universe*, from the French of F. A. POUCHET. We shall look with interest to see whether they succeed in reproducing, in the latter book, the exquisite beauty of the original French designs.

Leypoldt and Holt have in press, as their contribution to Santa Claus's library, *Across America and Asia*, by Professor RAPHAEL PUMPELLY, of Harvard. It is a book of adventure, written by one who was superintendent of the Santa Rita mines in Arizona when the country was inhabited by Indians and Mexicans, who cost

many a miner his life. He subsequently spent a year not in the outskirts but in the very heart of China, in the service of its government. After leaving China he crossed Siberia in an open sleigh in the depth of winter, reaching St. Petersburg in the spring. His book recounts what he saw and experienced, and is to be illustrated with engravings by Linton.

Appleton, and Fields, Osgood, and Co., both issue an *Illustrated Almanac*. We are sorry to see the latter, who had deservedly earned a good reputation for æsthetic taste in book-making, abandoning their laurels. Their Almanac, which is really valuable in a literary point of view, would be decidedly handsomer without the illustrations than with them. The colored pictures forcibly remind us of the highly-wrought lithographs which ornament the windows of third-class Catholic book-stores. Appleton's Almanac is a very handsome production in an art point of view, decidedly an improvement on last year, though it possesses no particular literary merit. The latter house announce nothing for the holidays. The former have a large list, among which are illustrated editions of *Owen Meredith*, *Scott*, and *Longfellow*, *The Ballads of New England*, by JOHN G. WHITTIER, uniform with the illustrated "Snow Bound," and an illustrated edition of *Gates Ajar*. Their children's list contains an announcement of ALDRICH'S *Story of a Bad Boy*, which will be completed in time to add it to Santa Claus's stock.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE "irrepressible conflict" between the classics and science comes before us in the form of a discussion between NATHANIEL SANDS and RICHARD L. LARREMORE. The former presents some radical views on education in a little volume entitled *The Philosophy of Teaching* (Harper and Brothers). To so much of this as demands the exclusion of the classics from college education Mr. Larremore replies in a published pamphlet of *Remarks upon the proposed Change in the Course of Studies in the College of the City of New York*. The result of this discussion was a nearly unanimous verdict in the Board of Trustees in favor of the classics. But the verdict of the public remains to be awarded. Neither advocate is entitled to it. We certainly can not afford to strike Greek and Latin from the list of American studies. It is not merely that we can not afford to close forever this fountain of literature and philosophy; nor merely that in forgetting classical literature we forget the best models of taste and culture; nor merely that science itself depends for its nomenclature, and the English language for many of its derivatives, on the Latin and the Greek. But the classics furnish the basis of English grammar, and he only knows the science of language philosophically who has studied it in its Greek or Latin form. On the other hand, it is to be remembered that the field of knowledge has broadened wonderfully within the last half century. A true linguist must know French and German as well as Latin and Greek; a true scholar science as well as language. And if America can not afford to close the book of the heroic past and forego the culture it affords, neither can it afford to live in ignorance of the living present, oblivious of the world which modern science reveals. We are foolish if, in deciphering the half-effaced inscriptions on earth's tombstones, we pass unnoticed the flower that blooms at our feet. There is but one solution—that toward which our American colleges are gradually groping. We must adopt Sydney Smith's forgotten motto, which Charles Dickens brings again to mind, "Have the courage to be ignorant of many things that you may avoid the calamity of being ignorant of all." There must be not a college course, but college courses. The Alma Mater must study the constitutions of her various children and adapt her diet to their various needs. She must educate young Hugh Miller in natural science, young Newton in the higher mathematics, young Gladstone in the classics. She must understand, in a word, that to educate is to draw out, that to develop is to unfold, and she must adapt her instruments to the faculties of her students. Thus every scholar will be of necessity —since life is short and knowledge illimitable— a partialist; but the scholarship of America will become rounded and complete.

We must be content to group together in a single paragraph half a dozen text-books that have been waiting on our table for a word of dismissal. WILLIAM H. WADDELL'S *Greek Grammar for Beginners* (Harper and Brothers), and JAMES HADLEY'S *Elements of the Greek Language* (D. Appleton and Co.), abridged from his larger work, are both aimed to supply the same want, that of a grammar of the Greek language for young students just commencing the study. In our judgment the former of these works is the more useful, because it is shorter, conciser, more simple. It is no small advantage to the boy who enters upon a new language with some dread to feel that he has a task which he can master, the end of which he can see from the beginning. He will lay hold of the little volume of Professor Waddell's with zest, while a more complete and comprehensive work would appall him. *The Parser and Analyzer for Beginners*, by Professor FRANCIS A. MARCH (Harper and Brothers), is the most ambitious of little books. It aims to make clear that most muddled and perplexing of all sciences, the English grammar. And it succeeds. Its definitions are remarkably clear, its rules of the very simplest kind, and, by the introduction of a peculiar method of illustrative diagram, it gives to exercises in parsing something of the interest which attaches to puzzles. We do not think any child can be carried by a patient and painstaking teacher through this book without becoming thoroughly acquainted with the first principles of grammar, and finding all his subsequent steps made comparatively easy. Professor WHITE'S *Elements of Theoretical and Descriptive Astronomy* (Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger) does not impress us as equal, as a text-book, to Professor Loomis's somewhat similar work to which we called attention some months ago. Professor STEELE'S *Fourteen Weeks' Course in Natural Philosophy* (A. S. Barnes and Co.) is clear, concise, and simple in statement, and is amply and handsomely illustrated. Yet, after all, no picture can take the place of real experiments; and therefore, in natural philosophy, no book is an adequate substitute for oral lectures. The same truth applies to Professor COOLEY'S *Text-Book of Chemistry* (Charles Scribner and Co.). Science can never be learned from books. We do not hesitate to say that

no student ever acquired any adequate knowledge of astronomy without a telescope, botany without flowers, chemistry without instruments for practical experiment. As a text-book, to form the basis of oral lectures and recall what the student has witnessed in the class-room, it seems to us to be what the author claims for it—simple, well systematized, and thoroughly modern.

BRIEF MENTION.

RENAN'S *St. Paul* (Carleton) is far inferior in dramatic and pictorial interest to his "Life of Jesus." This alone prevents it from being equally pernicious.—Rev. STOPFORD A. BROOKE'S *Sermons* (Fields, Osgood, and Co.) are unusually interesting; they would be admirable if they did not remind us of those of his friend Frederick Robertson, which are incomparably better. — Mr. BEECHER'S pulpit thoughts are his best thoughts. We are glad to welcome in book form, from the press of J. B. Ford and Co., a second volume of his *Sermons*. Nevertheless it would certainly be better for Mr. Beecher's reputation, we think also for his influence, if he would issue one volume a year of sermons, selected and revised, rather than two wholly unedited. — *Man in Genesis and Geology* (A. S. Wells) consists of discourses originally delivered by Rev. J. P. THOMPSON as Sabbath evening lectures. They discuss the much-vexed question of science and the Bible with considerable popular power, but seem to us rather colloquial for a book, and rather abstruse for sermons.—LANGE'S *Epistle to the Romans* (C. S. Scribner and Co.) is the eighth volume of this great work. It might more properly be called Schaff's Commentaries. When the first volume appeared the publishers of the English edition stopped their work, and arranged in lieu thereof for the simultaneous publication of the American edition in London and New York, a significant and deserved testimonial to Dr. Schaff's scholarship. — *Bible Wonders* (R. Carter and Brothers) is a volume of sermons to children by Dr. NEWTON. We like it so well that we have carried our copy home to read a sermon every Sabbath afternoon to our own household congregation.—*Songs for Christian Worship* (A. S. Barnes and Co.), a very wisely-arranged selection from the larger "Songs for the Sanctuary," is a capital book for the conduct of the musical service of family devotions; and to our thinking the church that is in the house should have its song of praise as well as the larger church.—*Letters from the East*, by W. C. BRYANT (G. P. Putnam and Son), is a disappointing book—perhaps because we expected too much. We looked with avidity for the American poet's impressions of the Holy Land. Of the Holy Land he has nothing to say; of the journey thither, little that we had not learned from other travelers.—*The American Woman's Home*, by CATHERINE BEECHER and Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE (J. B. Ford and Co.) is really a capital book, and deserves more than this mere mention. It discusses all sorts of topics, from the making of bread to the management of children, and can hardly fail to promote a healthier life, kindlier relations, and a purer, happier spirit in every home which it helps to form.—Harpers add to their list of Abbott's Histories an illustrated history of *Joseph Bonaparte*, by J. S. C. ABBOTT. These volumes were originally intended for children and youth. But many a man of business, many a woman immersed in household cares, has found in them restful and instructive reading, and turned to them with pleasure, frightened from the more ponderous volumes of Motley, Prescott, Hume, and Macaulay.—Appletons continue their Globe edition of the poets with *Mrs. Hemans's Works*, in two volumes. This is the fifteenth English classic brought within the reach of limited purses by this exceedingly useful though unpretentious edition.—*The Two Baronesses* forms the second volume in Hurd and Houghton's edition of Hans Christian Andersen. It is rich in quaintly beautiful conceits, and far more interesting than "The Improvisatore." We think neither volume possesses the charm of the smaller stories which have made Andersen such a favorite in American households.—We overheard some little folks reiterating the wish expressed in the little letter quoted in the preface of *Bessie at School* (Carter and Brothers) that there might be a hundred more Bessie books written, and were ready to unite with them in it when we heard them practicing among themselves some of the sweet and good ways which they liked in Bessie and Maggie.—We should not expect of GEORGE MACDONALD a sensational novel, which *David Elginbrod* (Loring) certainly is. Ghosts and ghost stories are as much out of place in his pages as in the busy streets in mid-day. David's strong character comes out in strong contrast with many weak ones; but, on the whole, the story seems to us crude and unworthy of its author.

Editor's Scientific Record.

NEW REVELATIONS OF THE SPECTROSCOPE.

THE very extraordinary capabilities of the spectroscope as an instrument of scientific investigation are becoming more and more developed. At the last meeting of the British Association, which took place at Exeter this year, the incoming President, Mr. Gabriel Stokes, who has been distinguished for his skill in the use of the instrument, and in interpreting its revelations, gave, in his inaugural address, an account of a new purpose for which the instrument may be made available, namely, that of ascertaining and measuring the "proper motion," so called, of the fixed stars—that is, of determining whether or not they are moving, either toward or from our system, and if so at what rate. The general principle of the method which he adopted may be explained thus:

If regular undulations of any kind, such as waves coming from a centre of disturbance upon a pond of water, strike an obstacle, as, for example, a body floating upon the surface, the encounters of the successive waves with the obstacle will succeed each other with a certain frequency. If, now, the floating body moves in a direction to meet the coming waves, it is easy to see that the

rapidity with which the encounters succeed each other will be increased; and, on the other hand, if it moves in the contrary direction, the frequency will be diminished; for, in the former case, the interval between one encounter and the next will not depend wholly on the advance of the waves, but will be shortened somewhat by the advance of the floating body to meet it, while in the latter case the interval will be *lengthened* by the floating body's receding from it.

It must be so, obviously, with undulations and vibrations of every kind, such as those of light and of sound. Now, in the case of sound, the musical pitch, as is well known, depends upon the degree of rapidity with which the successive impulses strike the ear. Increasing the frequency of these impulses raises the pitch, and diminishing the frequency depresses the pitch; and it makes no difference whether the increase or diminution of the impulses upon the ear is caused by changes in rate of vibration produced at the source of the sound or by the motion of the ear receiving them toward or from the source.

We all have occasion to perceive the operation of this principle in the case of a railroad train approaching and passing us rapidly while the whistle of the locomotive is sounding. So long as the distance between the whistle and the ear of the hearer is diminishing, either by the approach of the whistle or the advance of the hearer, or by both motions combined, the intervals between the crests of the sonorous waves, so to speak, are compressed, as it were, and the frequency of the impulses upon the ear is increased. When, on the other hand, the whistle and the ear are receding from each other, the intervals are expanded, and the frequency of the impulses is *diminished.* The consequence is, as most people have had occasion to observe, when two trains are approaching each other, and the whistle of one is heard by a listener on the other, that the pitch of the sound at the instant of the passing of the trains by each other suddenly changes, and the sound, after the passing, continues on a lower key than before, until it is lost in the distance. People not acquainted with these principles often imagine that the sudden change which is observed to take place at the instant of passing is produced by some sort of flourish upon the instrument by the performer, by way of salutation, perhaps, to his fellow-performer on the other train; but the true explanation is the one here given.

It follows from this principle—namely, that the pitch of a sound may be raised or lowered indefinitely by the mere motion of the ear taking cognizance of it—that we can conceive of the possibility, in theory, of a hearer's making any one sound vary its pitch at pleasure to the ear by simply varying his own motion toward or from it. Thus, we may imagine an insect darting in the air to and from a humming telegraph wire, deducing from the really uniform sound the effect of any tune—Yankee Doodle, for example—upon his ear, supposing always that he had the skill to regulate and time his motions aright, and also that he had an ear capable of appreciating Yankee Doodle. There is nothing in the nature or the laws of sound to render such an experiment as this impossible.

The foregoing reasonings in relation to sound are equally applicable to the undulations of light; only in this case the changes in effect, produced by increasing and diminishing the rapidity of them, manifest themselves in a different way. If Sirius, for example, and our system are stationary in respect to each other, the undulatory impulses striking the eye of an observer on the earth follow each other with a certain frequency. If Sirius is approaching us, or we Sirius, the frequency will be increased; and, on the other hand, if we are receding from each other, the frequency will be diminished. The difference, however, is not perceptible to the human eye, as that in the case of sounds is to the ear, but it can be observed and even measured by certain phenomena made sensible by means of the spectroscope. It would require in the reader a practical familiarity with the results of observations with the spectroscope to understand fully the details of this case. It is sufficient here to say that a great deal is to be learned in respect to the character and composition of distant sources of light from certain bright and dark lines in the telescopic spectrum produced by light coming from them; and that the position of these lines is affected by the degree of rapidity with which the successive luminous impulses arrive at the point of observation. And by recent observations made by the distinguished observer Huggins, lines corresponding to those of hydrogen have been found in the spectrum of Sirius; and a *slight displacement* of them, such as would be produced by a progressive movement increasing the distance between our system and Sirius, is also distinctly marked. The observation is an exceedingly delicate one, and a very nice mathematical calculation is required in such cases to determine, from the degree of displacement, the rate at which the source of light and the position of the observer are approaching or receding.

The result obtained inspires those most competent to judge with a feeling of great confidence in its correctness, though perhaps not absolute certainty. It gives us about *thirty miles per second* as the rate at which Sirius and our sun are receding from each other.

GAS IN MINES.

A very ingenious instrument has been devised by an English engineer, G. F. Ansell, for detecting and giving warning of the presence of deleterious gases in mines—whether hydrogen or carbonic acid—or, as the miners express it, whether *fire-damp* or *choke-damp*. The instrument depends for its working on the mysterious and in some respects inexplicable property of certain textures, such as animal membranes and other porous substances, to transmit gases through their pores, and even to convey two different gases at the same time in opposite directions. It is found that if two different gases are separated by a partition formed of a porous substance of this kind, each gas will slowly pass through the pores and mingle itself with the gas on the other side, so that after a brief period there will be found, on each side of the partition dividing them, a mixture of both gases. There is nothing surprising in the fact that a porous substance should absorb a gas into its pores, but it *is* surprising that the gas, after entering upon one side, should pass off from the other; as one would suppose that the same force which caused it to enter would operate to hold it after it was

in. It is also surprising that the two gases can pass through the pores of the same substance in contrary directions, and in a continuous flow, without interfering with each other. The fact, however, inexplicable as it seems, is incontestible.

The term given by scientific men to the force or process by which the gas enters the porous substance is *endosmose*, and that by which it leaves it *exosmose*.

The instrument referred to for detecting the presence of gases in mines is constructed on this principle. There are two forms of it, by one of which the change in the condition of things, which it detects, is made to give warning by a bell; in the other the indication is given to the eye. The construction of the former, as arranged with special reference to the inflammable gases, is shown in Fig. 1.

It consists of a stand containing a glass tube in the form of a short and very broad letter U. The upper ends of the two branches of the tube are seen rising above the stand, one on the right hand, and one on the left. The middle and lower part of the tube is concealed within the stand, and is filled with mercury—the mercury rising a certain distance in each arm of the tube.

The left-hand arm of the tube, as seen in the engraving, supports an iron cup or bowl, covered at the top with a porous disk, through which the gases are to pass. The space between this disk and the surface of the mercury in the left-hand arm is occupied with air. The other arm of the glass tube is formed into a bulb, which has upon the top of it a cap communicating with one pole of an electric battery. From this cap a wire extends down nearly to the surface of the mercury, but not so as quite to touch it. The other pole of the battery is connected with the screw-head seen near the centre of the stand.

Every thing being thus arranged, the apparatus is placed in the mine where the presence of hydrogen is suspected. If the gas is present it passes through the porous covering of the cup, and mingles with the air within. A portion of the oxygen and nitrogen of the air passes out also at the same time and mingles with the hydrogen without; but as the hydrogen is lighter and more tenuous than the other gases, it enters more rapidly than the others escape, and there

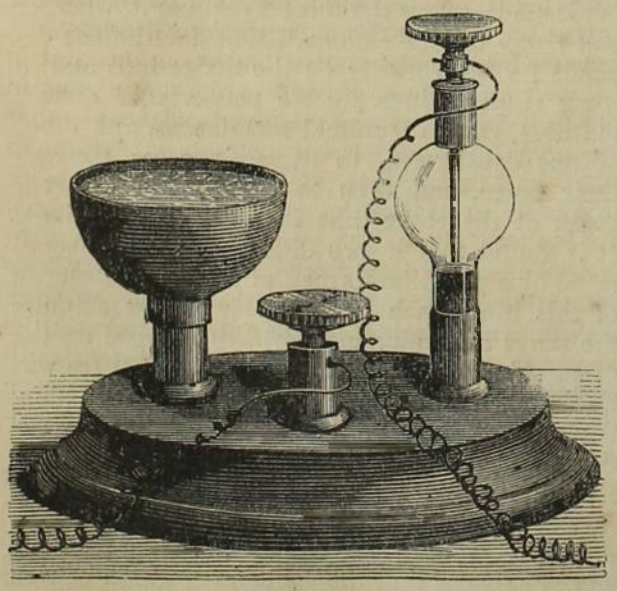

FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

is consequently an accumulation of pressure on the surface of mercury in the left-hand tube. This forces the mercury up in the other tube until it touches the wire, and thus establishes an electric communication, by means of which a bell is rung, or any other signal made, to give the alarm.

In the other form of the instrument, as seen in Fig. 2, the hydrogen passes through an animal membrane, which forms part of a receptacle of confined air within the instrument, in connection with an aneroid barometer, so that the gas, in passing through the membrane and accumulating within, increases the pressure upon the barometer, and makes the danger known by the movement of the index.

THE CONSTITUENTS OF WATER AS A SOURCE OF LIGHT OR HEAT.

From time to time a paragraph appears in the newspapers either suggesting the feasibility of obtaining light and heat from water, by decomposing it in some manner, and then *re*composing the elements, or else announcing the successful accomplishment of the object by some ingenious discoverer. The elements of water are, as is well known, oxygen and hydrogen. The chemical combining of these substances is attended by the development of great heat, which of course may be converted into power, and also (under certain combinations) into intense light. Sanguine inventors and discoverers are accordingly often arising, who say, "Why delve with such infinite labor into the earth for hundreds or thousands of feet through solid rocks after coal, when we have the elements of the most powerful combustion known, in exhaustless quantities, always at hand in the water of our brooks, cisterns, and wells?"

This seems to many persons who are but little acquainted with the scientific principles involved to be very plausible; so much so, in fact, that individuals of that class often sincerely believe that the problem may be solved, and sometimes make serious efforts, and spend much time and money in their attempts to solve it. Others, and these cases are probably the most numerous, make use of the plausibility of the idea as a means of procuring money from men who are in possession of more money than science, and who say to themselves, "It is not much that he wants. It will

be of no great consequence to me if I lose it; and the invention *may* come to something after all."

The real state of the case is, that the heat and light developed by the combustion of hydrogen—that is, by the chemical union of that substance with oxygen—is the measure and expression of the force with which *they come together;* and all that force—the whole of it—has to be overcome, in some way or other, in getting them separated. The hopeless impossibility, therefore, of accomplishing any useful end by this means is shown by the fact that there must be expended at least as much force in getting the oxygen and hydrogen of the water apart as they will give out by the energy with which they come together again; and so nothing will be gained. You must procure and expend the coal, or some other substance containing a latent store of force, to overcome the intense energy with which oxygen and hydrogen are, under favorable circumstances, drawn together, and by which, when once united, they are *held in combination.* This intense energy was the origin of all the light and heat—that is, the *force* developed by their union, and must now be overpowered by superior force before they can be separated.

The case is exactly analogous to that of a farmer who thinks he has a great water-power on his land because he has a large pond in a valley, and a long, descending ravine coming down a mountain by the side of it. "All that is required for a water-power," he says, "is a supply of water, and a descent down which it may flow." The scientific reply would be: "True, water and a descent are elements which can furnish power; but they can only furnish it while the water is *going down;* and your water, unfortunately, is at the bottom already. You must devise some means of getting the contents of your pond to the summit of the hill before you can derive any benefit from the descending flow; and in doing this you will expend at least as much force in raising the water as it will give back to you on its return."

It is precisely thus with all plans for obtaining light or heat, or any form of force, from the decomposition and recomposition of water. You must expend more force in the decomposition than the recomposition will restore.

LOSS OF POWER.

Force is measured among English-speaking people, as is perhaps generally well known, by *foot-pounds*—that is, the unit of force is that quantity required to raise 1 pound 1 foot high, against the action of gravitation, at the surface of the earth.

Heat is measured, among English-speaking people, by what is called the *Fahrenheit unit of heat*, which is that quantity required to raise the temperature of 1 pound of water 1 degree of Fahrenheit's thermometer.

The French measure heat and force in a similar manner, deriving their units, however, from the French standards of distance and weight.

The following facts are derived from statements made by the President of the British Association at the last meeting:

One unit of heat is equivalent to about 186 foot-pounds of force—that is, the heat necessary to raise the temperature of 1 pound of water 1 degree is sufficient, if employed as a mechanical force, and provided it could be *all* so employed, to raise about 186 pounds 1 foot from the ground.

The heat produced by the combustion of 1 pound of coal amounts to *twelve thousand* units—in other words, it is sufficient to heat 12,000 pounds of water 1 degree, or 1 pound of water 12,000 degrees, or the equivalent of that degree of heat in any form; and these 12,000 units of heat, if converted into force by being employed in expanding some substance capable of expansion, as steam, would be sufficient, at the rate above mentioned, of about 186 foot-pounds of force for every unit of heat, to produce over two millions of foot-pounds of force—the figures were 2,240,000. In other words, the combustion of 1 pound of coal yields force enough to lift 2,240,000 pounds of water 1 foot high, or over 1000 tons 1 foot high, or 1 ton 1000 feet high. It seems astonishing that so much force can be involved in so small an amount of combustion; but the proof of the fact is conclusive. Now of this force employed in the use of the best constructed engines *more than one-half* is lost. The best pumping-engines for the English mines raise only 1,000,000 pounds of water 1 foot for every pound of coal consumed, instead of 2,240,000 pounds.

The loss is still greater in other modes of utilizing heat in the mechanic arts. For example, in the use of coal for heating purposes in furnaces, 1 pound of coal should be sufficient to heat 33 pounds of iron up to the welding point; whereas in practice, in ordinary furnaces, not more than 2 pounds are so heated. The most of the heat is lost through the walls of the furnace, expended in driving the blast, or consumed or wasted in other ways. Thus, in pumping water, less than one-half the actual power developed by the combustion is realized in the actual result, and in heating processes only about one-sixteenth of it.

These facts are in one sense very encouraging, as they show what a field is open before future inventors and discoverers for improvement in the methods of utilizing the vast reservoirs of power contained in the earth's stores of coal.

ARTIFICIAL FOSSILS.

An English investigator, Dr. B. Richardson, has recently made some curious experiments in attempting to produce what may be called artificial fossils. One of the most successful of these illustrates how animal matter, under pressure and heat, may be made to leave a permanent record of its form in the mineral substance in which it is imbedded. Some plaster of Paris made into a fluid with water containing alum in solution was poured into an iron box or "flask" until the flask was half filled. The body of a dead fish, a common sprat, was cut in halves transversely, the two pieces were laid upon the plaster, and the flask was filled up with fluid plaster and closed. When the plaster was firm, the flask was placed in the iron chamber described below, with four ounces of water, and the temperature was raised to 340° Fahr., and was sustained at that degree for an hour. Twelve hours afterward the flask was laid open, and the plaster cut in halves, when two moulds were found, one of the upper, the other of the lower half of the fish. The markings of the body of the fish were delineated on the mould; a small portion of the spi-

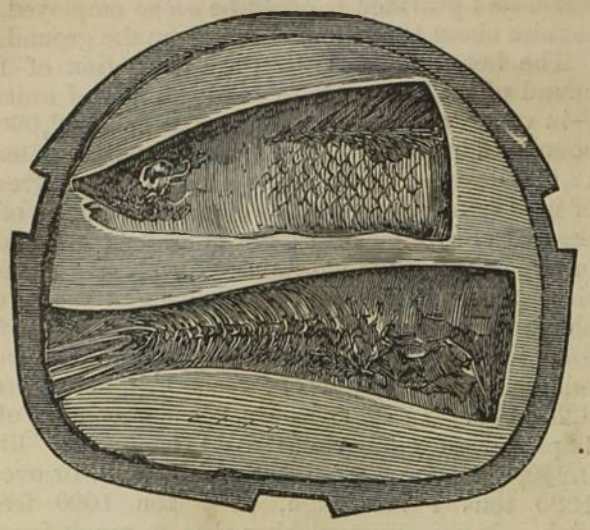

FIG. 3.

nal bone was left; a dark colored fine spot, surrounded by a shiny scaly substance, indicated the position of the eyeball; a little filamentous *débris* remained, consisting probably of the scaly covering of the animal. (Fig. 3.)

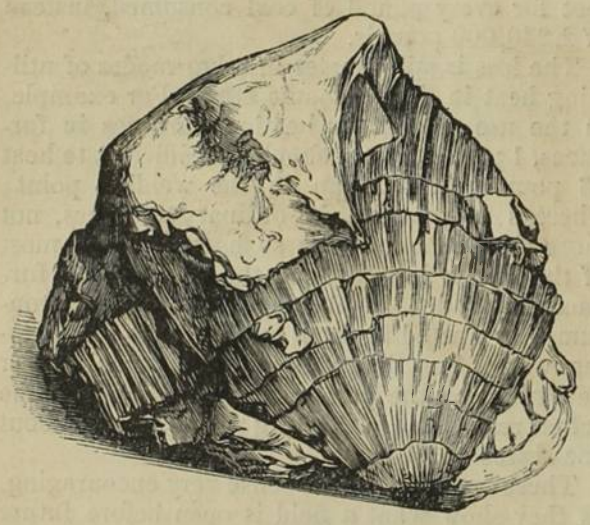

FIG. 4.

The body of a frog or toad submitted to the same treatment in vegetable carbon or in sand was altogether destroyed, and its form was wholly lost; but in plaster of Paris the impression of the body was beautifully marked. When an oyster-shell was imbedded thus in plaster of Paris the form was preserved as in Fig. 4.

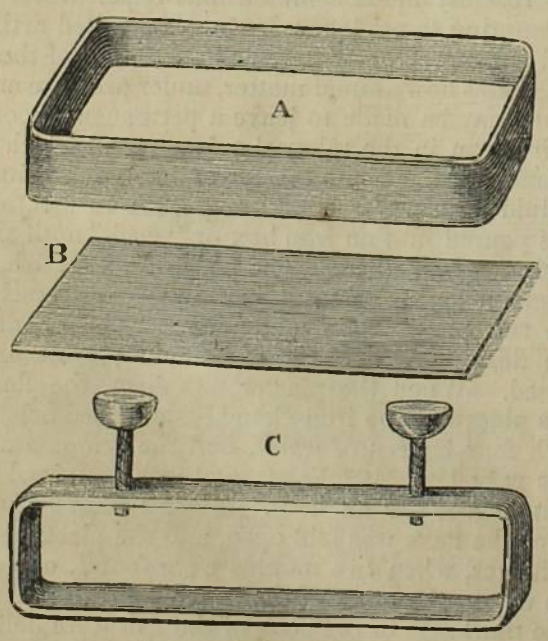

FIG. 5.

The apparatus used for these experiments is indicated in Fig. 5. A is the iron box or "flask;" B a loose lid; and C a band with compressing screws. The bottom is also loose like the lid, so that when the cast is to be taken out the top and the bottom of the flask can both be removed, and the block of plaster cut out with a fine keyhole saw. The flask, when thus prepared, was subjected to heat in the common vulcanizing apparatus used by dentists.

NEW PROTECTION FOR THE "GREAT EASTERN."

The *Great Eastern* is to be employed in laying a submarine cable through the Red Sea to make a telegraphic communication with India, in connection with the Suez Canal. A part of the preparation which she has to undergo consists of having her hull painted white, so that it may reflect instead of absorbing the intense heat of the sun in that torrid clime. It is supposed that by this means the temperature of the interior of the ship will be materially lowered.

SELF-REGISTERING CABS.

It is said that a style of street cab is about to be introduced into Paris which keeps an automatic record of its earnings, both in respect to time and distance. The details are not fully given, but the arrangement is somewhat as follows: There are two small clock faces in some convenient part of the cab, each with a hand like the hour-hand of a clock. These hands are each provided with its own mechanism, that of one being connected with one of the wheels of the carriage, and moves according to the distance run; while the other is carried by ordinary clockwork, and measures time. The dials are marked, respectively, with figures denoting the distance run, and the periods of time passed; and, also, more conspicuously with the numbers 5, 10, 15, 20, and so on, denoting the sum of money due corresponding to each portion of time or distance. Thus the passenger takes his cab at any time and in any place, and does what he pleases with it. He may go fast or slow. He may go on continuously or make long stops. In any case every thing is recorded. When he is still, that portion of the fare which depends upon the element of time is running on. When he is in motion, in addition to the expense for time he is adding to his bill the amount due for *work* done by the horses in traversing distance. At the end he has only to add together the two sums denoted by the two indices and give the driver the money.

It seems that such an arrangement as this would be entirely successful in settling the vexed question of cabs to the satisfaction of all concerned.

MAN AND THE MONKEY.

Since the publication of Darwin's views on the gradual development of new species in the animal and vegetable world, by slow and long-continued changes in species preceding them, and in consequence of the discussions to which these views have given rise, great interest has been felt among scientific men in the question how far any indications can be found, in any part of the



FIG. 6.—ANDAMAN MONKEY.

world, of the existence of links of connection between man and the lower animals. Thus far the general conclusion among naturalists seems to be that no such links and no indications of the existence of any can be found.

The nearest approach of the human to the animal organization—using the term animal in the restricted sense in which it is sometimes employed as antithetic to human—seems to be in the Andaman Islands, for here the race of men is of the lowest and most degraded type; while, on the other hand, there are some species of ape or monkey occupying the islands with him that simulate more perfectly, perhaps, than any other brute the functions of human intelligence. Thus in these islands the lowest men and the highest monkeys come into close juxtaposition.

The superiority of the Andaman monkey is shown strikingly in a recent specimen which has attracted some attention even among men of science. The case referred to is that of an Andaman monkey which, or who—for it is rather difficult to decide which relative ought really to be used—was received not long since at the Zoological Gardens in London. The monkey is a female, and her name is Jenny.

Jenny's history is somewhat romantic. She was procured at a port at the Andaman Islands by the sailors of the British ship *Vigilant* in 1864. She remained on board the *Vigilant* for four years, while that ship was cruising in the Eastern seas and engaged in co-operating with the Abyssinian army in the famous campaign for rescuing the English prisoners from King Theodore. The sailors made a great pet of her, and took quite an interest in her education. They taught her to smoke a pipe, to draw the cork from a soda bottle, after first carefully untwisting the wire, and then to drink the contents, holding the bottle by the neck with both hands, and lifting up the bottom of it with her foot to make the contents run into her mouth. The education which she thus received was no sham, but was genuine, for Jenny would really drink the soda-water and really smoke the pipe, and not merely make-believe. She was also intrusted with the charge of a chicken which the sailors had on board for one of their pets. Jenny took good care of this chicken in her cage at night, and often carried it about in her arms during the day.

The sailors, moreover, not properly appreciating, it seems, the importance of strict temperance principles for monkeys, taught Jenny to

drink grog, of which she learned to become immoderately fond.

At length, when in due time the ship returned to England, and the company separated, the sailors gave Jenny a certificate in due form of having well and faithfully served her Majesty during the war, and also decorated her with a silver chain and medal as a badge of her distinguished merit, and then consigned her to an honorable retirement in the Zoological Gardens of London, where, as the account from which we gather these facts states, she is waiting quietly for her share of the prize-money to be divided among the crew of the ship when the circumlocution office shall have completed its labors.

Jenny is about two feet four inches high. She has a mild and good-natured countenance, with no marks of savageness or ferocity in its expression. The character of her face was observed to be agreeably affected by her head-dress, which consists of a black mass of short, but very fine and soft hair, somewhat in the form of the letter V, and parted in the middle.

Notwithstanding the gentle, and quiet, and very innocent expression of Jenny's countenance, she is not always to be trusted in respect to propriety of behavior. On one occasion when the distinguished geologist Buckland was visiting the Garden, and came to pay his respects to Jenny, with a cigar in his mouth, which he was smoking, she suddenly seized the cigar, snatching it from his mouth, and began very coolly smoking it herself. She went on until she had finished the cigar, and then threw the end away in time to save burning her mouth.

Editor's Historical Record.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 30th of October. The domestic incidents of special importance relate to the October elections which have already taken place, and to the more numerous ones which will have occurred in November, the general issue of which will be known before this Number of the Record will appear; to the issues growing out of the late "gold panic;" and to the action of the Government of the United States in regard to the insurrection in Cuba.

On the 12th of October elections were held in *Pennsylvania* for Governor, State officers, and members of the Legislature; in *Ohio* for Governor, State officers, and members of the Legislature; in *Iowa*, *Indiana*, and *Nebraska* for various minor officers. The real point involved in these elections was the verdict of the people of these States upon the financial policy of the present Administration. This was clearly set forth by Mr. Boutwell, Secretary of the Treasury, in an elaborate speech delivered in Philadelphia on the 9th of October. The essential points, much abridged, were thus set forth by Mr. Boutwell:

"I doubt not that there are differences of opinion in the country as to whether the public debt should be paid exactly in the manner contemplated by the Administration; but as I understand the entire policy of the Administration, in regard to the public debt, it is that it is to be paid, principal and interest, in coin, or in that which men will receive as the equivalent for coin....There is but one way out of the difficulty; and that is to meet the obligations manfully."

The Secretary then proceeded to argue that the country is fully able to pay the debt. This was put down, in round numbers, at twenty-four hundred millions of dollars. Assuming our present population to be forty millions, this will be $60 for each person. The accumulated wealth of the nation is estimated at fifty thousand millions—something more than twenty times the amount of the debt. Now, with the present rate of taxation and expenditures, we can pay a hundred millions a year, which will extinguish the debt in fourteen years. If taxation is reduced, so that fifty millions a year is paid, the debt will be extinguished in less than twenty-two years; and if we still further reduce the taxation, and pay but twenty-six millions a year, the interest-bearing debt will be extinguished in thirty years. "The astonishment," continues the Secretary, "is that, under the circumstances, there should be any question as to what the course of the Government ought to be."

Mr. Boutwell then went on to treat further of the financial problem. We are now, he says, paying on a large part of the debt six per cent. interest. The events of the last six or seven months have rendered it probable that, unless there shall be some national calamity, we shall be able to re-fund at a rate of interest not exceeding four and a half per cent., thus saving to the country from eighteen to twenty millions a year. Upon these grounds Mr. Boutwell urged that the people should vote for the Republican candidates, and thereby sustain the Administration.

The result of the chief elections was, that in *Pennsylvania* General Geary was elected as Governor, by a majority of about 4500, his opponent, Mr. Packer, running about 4000 votes ahead of the general Democratic ticket; and the Legislature is Republican by a considerable majority. In *Ohio* the contest was still more significant, for Mr. Pendleton, the Democratic candidate for Governor, was put forward on the ground that he was the exponent of the doctrine that the principal of the debt should be paid in "greenbacks," not in gold. Mr. Pendleton was defeated by Mr. Hayes, his Republican competitor, by about 8000 votes, and the Republicans appear to have secured a small majority in both branches of the Legislature, which, it is supposed, will secure the vote of the State in favor of the proposed Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States; and this, it is presumed, will insure the requisite majority of three-fourths of the States in favor of the Amendment.—In *Iowa* the Republicans have succeeded by a considerable majority; but the official accounts of the vote have not yet been received.

Of still greater importance are the pending November elections, which will have taken place before this Number of the *Magazine* will have been published. In *New York*, State officers

and members of the Legislature are to be chosen, and the adoption or rejection of the proposed Constitution of the State will be voted upon. In *New Jersey*, county officers and members of the Legislature. In *Massachusetts*, Governor and State officers are to be elected. In *Illinois*, members of a Constitutional Convention will be chosen; and the question whether the word "white" shall be stricken out of the present Constitution, as fixing the qualifications of citizens, will come up. In *Minnesota* and *Michigan*, Governor and State officers are to be elected. In *New Hampshire* and *Maryland*, the elections are purely local. In *Mississippi*, where, by the proclamation of the President, the election is to take place on the 30th of November, Governor, State officers, and members of the Legislature are to be chosen; and also a vote is to be taken upon the adoption of the proposed State Constitution; and, moreover, the people are to vote upon three separate propositions relating to those who took part in the late rebellion, the test oath, and as to loaning the credit of the State. In *Texas*, on the same day, nearly the same questions are to be decided.—The most immediate interests centre upon the election in *New York*. Mr. Curtis having declined the Republican nomination for Secretary of State and Mr. Hillhouse that for Comptroller, General Sigel and Mr. Horace Greeley were named in their places. At the last election the majority of Seymour over Grant for President was about 10,000, and that of Hoffman over Griswold for Governor nearly 28,000. The Democratic majority came mainly from the cities of New York and Brooklyn, where it amounted to nearly 90,000. In the country the Republican majority was about 60,000. The essential contest will be for members of the Legislature. The last Legislature stood—*House*, 76 Republicans, 52 Democrats; *Senate*, 17 Republicans, 15 Democrats.

The final result of the great gold speculation, noted in our last Record, is yet to appear. Thus much is now evident: The prominent speculators believed that they had acquired the temporary control of all the coin in the country, beyond that which was held by the Treasury, and could raise the price to any sum—even to 200. Implicated in this "Ring" was Mr. Corbin, a brother-in-law of the President, who appears to have given them to understand that the Government would not interfere with their operations; and they even ventured to assume that the President was implicated. This he most emphatically denies.

In regard to the *Cuban* question our Government has had a difficult course to pursue. The great majority of the people are clearly in favor of the right of the Cubans to cut themselves free from the domination of Spain. But before acknowledging Cuba as a nation, the people must be able to give assurance that they had really won the position of an independent state. Thus far they have not succeeded in doing this; and hence our Government, as heretofore noted, has, as far as lay in its power, put a stop to expeditions from our shores. This effort has not been wholly successful, for it seems clear that several expeditions have left the United States and reached Cuba. The whole question came to an issue in the case of a steamer bearing the flag of the Republic of Cuba. This vessel, built upon the Clyde for a blockade-runner, was captured, and christened as the *Hornet*. She was not long ago sold to private parties, who, it appears, represented the Cuban Junta, and after some adventures appeared upon the high seas fully manned and equipped as a man-of-war, duly commissioned by the Cuban Republic, and under the command of Captain Higgins, once an officer in the United States Navy, and later in the service of the Confederate States; the greater part of her officers had also been in the Confederate service. For some reason, not as yet fully explained, she put into the port of Wilmington, North Carolina, where she was detained by the United States Marshal of the district. After some legal proceedings, formal possession was taken of her by the naval force of the United States, and her crew were put on shore and discharged. This was done by the special order of the Government; from which action it appears that, as yet, the Administration is not prepared to recognize the national existence of the Republic of Cuba.

The statistics of immigration to this country for the year ending June 30, 1869, have been prepared. The entire number landing on our shores was 389,651, of whom 240,477 were males, and 149,174 females. This includes American citizens returning, and foreigners who came here not intending to remain. The number of actual immigrants—that is, persons of foreign birth who propose to make this country their home—was 352,569, of whom 214,748 were males, and 137,281 females: 79,803 were under fifteen years of age, 232,198 between fifteen and forty, and 40,568 above forty years. Of these immigrants, in round numbers, 254,000 landed at New York; 36,000 at Huron; 23,000 at Boston, 13,000 at San Francisco; 11,000 at Baltimore; 4000 at Portland; 4000 at New Orleans; 3000 at Detroit; 1000 at Philadelphia; and the remainder, in every case less than 1000, at eight other ports.—Of the nationalities represented by these immigrants 132,000 were from Germany; 60,000 from Great Britain; 65,000 from Ireland; 24,000 from Sweden; 21,000 from British America; 16,000 from Norway; 13,000 from China; about 4000 each from France, Switzerland, and Denmark; about 2000 each from the West Indies and Belgium; 1000 each from Italy, Holland, and Spain; the remainder, in no one case reaching 500, from the Azores, Russia, Mexico, and other countries. It will thus be seen that the Germans proper furnished considerably more than a third of the whole number of immigrants; while those from Sweden and Norway were about two-thirds of the number from Ireland. Taking the word in its widest signification, as including the kindred Swedes, Norwegians, Hollanders, and Danes, the "Germans" compose more than a half of the entire immigration from abroad.—These statistics are of special political importance, as showing that in the ensuing decade the "foreign" vote will be very largely composed of the German element.—Of the occupations of the males, about 89,000 are put down as laborers; 25,000 mechanics; 10,000 merchants and clerks; 6000 miners.—The departures for foreign ports during the year were about 74,000, of whom 52,000 were males, and 22,000 females; of these 56,000 sailed from New York; 6000 from San Fran-

cisco; 3000 from Genesee; and the remainder from other ports.

Since the death of General Rawlins, General Sherman has performed the duties of Secretary of War. The President has appointed to that post General William M. Belknap, of Iowa. He was born in Hudson, New York, in 1831, but early removed to Iowa, and commenced the practice of law. On the breaking out of the civil war he entered the army as Major. He soon rose to the rank of Brigadier-General, leading the Iowa brigade in the Atlanta campaign. During Sherman's march to the sea he commanded a division of the Fifteenth Corps, and was present at the battle of Bentonville, the last action fought in the Carolinas. At the conclusion of the war he was offered the rank of Brigadier-General in the regular army.——The Legislature of Virginia convened on the 5th of October, the Conservatives having a majority in both Houses. Governor Walker, in his inaugural message, urged the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment, and there is every probability that this will be done; in which case there appears to be no further obstacle to the recognition by Congress of the reconstruction of the State.—In Tennessee there has been a protracted contest upon the choice of a United States Senator. During several ballots Andrew Johnson received a plurality of votes, but failed of an absolute majority. At length all those opposed to him concentrated upon a new candidate, Mr. Henry Cooper, who was chosen by a vote of 55 to 51.——Franklin Pierce, formerly President of the United States, died at Concord, New Hampshire, on the 8th of October, at the age of 65 years. There is now living no ex-President of the United States who became such by election.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

It is now more than a year since the insurrection in *Cuba* broke out, and the Spaniards have not made any real advance toward its suppression; on the contrary, it seems now more formidable than ever before. Notwithstanding the assurances of the Government in the island and in Spain, it seems hardly probable that Spain will succeed in retaining her hold upon Cuba, unless other European Powers should interfere in her favor. In spite of the efforts of our Government considerable aid in men, and, which is of more consequence, arms and munitions, have left this country, and safely landed upon the island. The latest of which we have any reliable accounts was organized by General Goicuria. The steamer *Lillian*, which had been lying at New Orleans, went to Cedar Keys, off the Florida coast, where about six hundred men and several cannon, and a large number of rifles, with appropriate ammunition, were embarked. The expedition safely reached its destination about the 20th of October. Returning, the *Lillian* put into the harbor of Nassau, where she was seized by the British authorities, but was released after a short detention. It is useless to give the accounts which reach us of various actions, or rather skirmishes, but the upshot seems to be that the Spaniards only hold the places actually occupied by their forces, while the Cubans are gradually extending their sphere of operations.

From *Paraguay* the latest accounts represent that Lopez, with the forces remaining to him, has posted himself in the interior; and that the Brazilians manifest no intention of following him. But as they hold almost all the inhabited parts of Paraguay, with little danger of being dislodged, it is presumed that the war, as far as active operations are concerned, is practically at an end.

A civil war has been for months waged in *Hayti*, with varying fortunes. The latest reports, which must be received with doubts, represent that the revolutionary party has gained the ascendency, and that President Salnave is on the point of leaving the island.

EUROPE.

In *France* the health of the Emperor continues to be the prominent topic of interest. The later reports are more satisfactory than those which have preceded.—Much excitement, in connection with the pending Œcumenical Council, has been excited by the course of Father Hyacinthe, an eloquent preacher lately ministering in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. He abandoned that position in a public letter, assigning as a reason that he could not in conscience obey some of the orders of the Holy See; and protested against some of the doctrines and practices of the Church, which he contended were contrary to the principles of Christianity. He has since arrived in the United States, where he has met with much attention.

In *Spain* no progress appears to have been made toward the establishment of a monarchy. The project of electing the Duke of Genoa as King appears to have been abandoned; and there is now no candidate prominently mentioned.——No sooner had the Carlist project been abandoned than a still more formidable reactionary movement was set on foot; this time by the Republicans. We give the substance of the principal telegraphic dispatches on this subject. Vague as they are, they are all that is as yet known of the matter: By the close of September this movement, which broke out simultaneously at many points, had assumed formidable proportions. On the 3d of October the Cortes passed a law suspending the constitutional guarantees of personal rights; and the Government proclaimed martial law in the provinces of Andalusia and Catalonia. Most of the attempts at rising are reported to have been put down with little difficulty. The main focus of the movement was the city of Valencia; which, however, was captured on the 19th. But the telegraphic dispatches are supervised by the Government; and it is currently believed that the suppression is far less complete than has been reported.—Additional troops, to the number of some thousands, have been sent to Cuba; and the Government profess confidence that the insurrection will speedily be suppressed; in which case it is promised that all proper reforms shall be made in the colonies.—General Prim, in the Cortes, announced that should any decrees of the Papal Church prove hostile to the Spanish Constitution, they will be declared null and void.

In *Rome* preparations are rapidly pushed forward for the Œcumenical Council, which is appointed to convene on the 10th of December. A large proportion of the American prelates have already departed for Rome. Most of these bear large contributions for the Holy See.

Editor's Drawer.

ONE of the droll scenes of the war, and one, on the whole, which *was* rather jolly in the monotonies of camp life, was the meetings—half dance, half prayer-meeting—of the negroes. One of these little gatherings has been deftly sketched by Colonel Higginson, down at Beaufort, in December, 1862:

This evening, after working themselves up to the highest pitch, a party suddenly rushed off, got a barrel, and mounted some man upon it, who said, "Gib anoder song, boys, and I'se gib you a speech!" After some hesitation, and sundry shouts of "Rise de sing, somebody!" and "Stan' up for Jesus, brudder!" irreverently put in by the juveniles, they soon got upon the John Brown song, always a favorite, adding a jubilant verse which I had never before heard: "We'll beat Beauregard on de clare battle-field." Then came the promised speech; and then seven other speeches, by as many men, on a variety of barrels. The most eloquent, perhaps, was by Corporal Lambkin, just arrived from Fernandina, who evidently had a previous reputation among them. His historical references were very interesting. He reminded them that he had predicted this war ever since Fremont's time, to which some of the crowd assented; he then gave a very intelligent account of that Presidential campaign; and then described most impressively the secret anxiety of the slaves in Florida to know all about President Lincoln's election, and told how they all refused to work on the 4th of March, expecting their freedom to date from that day. He finally brought out one of the very few really impressive appeals for the American flag that I have ever heard: "Our mas'rs dey hab lib under de flag, dey got dere wealth under it, and ebryting beau.iful for dere chil'en. Under it dey hab grind us up, and put us in dere pocket for money. But de fus' minute dey tink dat ole flag mean freedom for we colored people dey pull it right down, and run up de rag ob dere own." (Immense applause.) "But we'll neber desert de ole flag, boys—neber! we hab lib under it for *eighteen hundred and sixty-two years*, and we'll die for it now!" With which overpowering discharge of chronology-at-long-range this most effective of stump-speeches closed.

THE exact state of Biblical erudition extant among the colored warriors may be inferred from the exhortation of a dark saint at Beaufort, who, in his exhortation, said, "Paul may plant, *and may polish with water*, but it won't do." Possibly Apollos would decline to concur.

THE sense of humility that pervades the darkey breast, especially in his prayers, is fairly illustrated in this: "Let me so lib dat when I die I shall *hab manners*, dat I shall know what to say when I see my Heabenly Lord."

AND then Sambo's idea of thanksgiving: "O Lord! when I tink ob dis Kismas, and las' year de Kismas. Las' Kismas he in de Secesh, and notin' to eat but grits, and *no salt in 'em*. Dis year in de camp, and *too* much victual!"

AND then the power of music over him. Thus, when on a show-day they were joined by the band of the Eighth Maine, Sergeant Rivers said, ecstatically: "And when dat band wheel in before us, and march on—my God! I quit dis world altogeder!"

IN the Reminiscences of Crabb Robinson is a humorous story related by Fraser, of his meeting in a stage-coach with a little fellow who was not only very smart and buckish in his dress, but also a pretender to science and philosophy. He spoke of having been at Paris, and of having read Helvetius, Voltaire, etc., and was very fluent in his declamation on the origin of ideas, self-love, and the other favorite doctrines of the new school. He said, "I have no objection to confess myself a *materialist*." On this an old man, who had listened a long time to the discourse, and had more than once betrayed symptoms of dissatisfaction and scorn toward the philosopher, could not contain himself any longer. "D—n it, that's *too* bad! You have the impudence to say you are a *materialist*, when I know you are a *dancing-master!* It is too bad for a man to say he is of one *trade* when he is of another!"

A MARYLAND correspondent has enjoyed an interview with a Mrs. Partington of that locality. The topic of conversation was the approaching Œcumenical Council at Rome, which moved her to say that "these Romanists do some good things, after all. It was only the other day that one of their bishops put out his orders agin all this fine dressin' and extravagance in livin', and tellin' the people that it will bring them to ruin, which it will; and another bishop, or priest, told the people that all the pomp of funerals nowadays is wrong and sinful; and now here's an order right straight from the Pope himself calling on the whole world for an 'Economical' Council! They do set us an example in some things, I must say!"

THE entire compatibility of looking after the providing for one's household and a fair average of vital piety seems to be demonstrated by an Ohio correspondent, who sends us the original of a communication addressed by one of the saints of that quarter to a brother who had been oblivious as to the payment of a small balance. We quote a paragraph verbatim:

"I feel that I am not worthy, but that I am truly needy. I confess I need more grace to sustain me, and to create within me more Devine Truth and Devine light, that I may be more completely filled with Love and compassion for our suffering Lord and Master. I confess also that I need more of this worlds Goods, particularily what rightfully belongs to me, and if it would not be asking too much, and you feel that you can spare it, please have the kindness to leave it at Jones & Doolittle's $3 90, being a balance due me on chickens. I shall be from home, therefore shall not be able to see you. May the Holy Spirit ever attend you SYLVESTER SWEAT."

THE New York *Independent* calls Peter Cartwright "one of the famous Peters—Peter the Great, Peter the Hermit, Peter the Fisherman,

Peter the Cartwright." Which remindeth the Drawer of a little sentiment once given at a religious gathering, where the subject of the Gospel in its relations to Science was somewhat discussed. One good old gentleman took a pleasant view of matters, and closed a humorous and effective speech by giving as a toast: "The two great forces in the regeneration of the world, Gunpowder and the Gospel—Saint Peter and Salt Peter!"

Every thing that tends to add dignity and decorum to the transaction of business in our courts is so much added to the respect of the public for judicial decisions. It is gratifying to know that since Tennessee has been reconstructed the wearers of her ermine have determined that decency shall pervade the bench. As proof, we are favored by a correspondent in that State with the following order:

"State of Tennessee, } County Court,
——— *County.* } ——— Term, A.D. 186–.

"It is ordered by the Court that there be no *yow-yowin'* done by any of the Justices while the court is in session."

Squire Wattletods suggested that, as a mark of respect and dignity, the Justices of said court should uncover when entering the court-room. Whereupon the clerk entered upon the minutes the following:

"It is ordered by the Court that all Justices of this court take off their hats when they enter the court-room."

One of the Justices stated that Mr. Justice Wolf could not observe said order, as he had no hat, but wore a coon-skin cap.

It was thereupon further "Ordered, That Mr. Justice Wolf have leave until next term of this court to furnish himself with a hat that will not be a disgrace to his associate Justices, and that he proceed to burn the coon-skin cap now worn by him."

Furthermore "Ordered, That if the said Wolf, J., doth not burn said coon-skin cap, as required by order of this court, then the chairman of this court and his associates be and are hereby appointed by the court as special commissioners to act in the premises, to burn said coon-skin cap, and report to the next term of this court."

REPORT.

"County Court, ——— County, ——— Term, 186–.

"In pursuance of an order made at the last term of this worshipful court, we, the undersigned, special commissioners, etc., most respectfully beg leave to submit the following:

"In pursuance of said order we proceeded in the premises, and notified Mr. Justice Wolf that he must burn his coon-skin cap, which he refused to do. Whereupon commissioners Jones and Brown caught Mr. Justice Wolf and held him, and commissioner Thompson burned the said coon-skin cap quicker than h—— could scorch a feather. All of which is respectfully submitted.

"J. Thompson,
"P. Smith,
"L. Brown, } Comm'rs."

A clever book, "The Irish in America," by John Francis Maguire, M.P., has lately been published in London. It gives many interesting facts about his countrymen on this side of the water, interspersed with anecdotes. Writing of the late Bishop England, of Charleston, he says:

The clenching force of the Bishop's manner of reasoning may be illustrated by the following reply given by an Irishman, who was one of the warmest admirers of his distinguished countryman.

"Well, Pat," said a lady to the Irishman, "what do you think of your Bishop?"

"Think of him, ma'am! faith, ma'am, I think a deal of him, and why not? Isn't he grand, ma'am, when he crosses his two arms on his breast, and looks round at them all, after one of his regular smashers, as much as to say, 'Answer me that, and be d—d to you!'"

A volume recently published in Paris, "Les Soupers de mon Temps, par Roger de Beauvoir" (The Supping Men of my Time), gives an entertaining sketch of the wits of the French capital thirty years ago, when Dumas and Lamartine, Hugo and De Vigny, Deschamps, Béranger, Alfred de Musset, and Scribe, had the most delightful little dinners and suppers together. Of these Roger de Beauvoir was the only one, at that time, who had the great misfortune of being rich—three times rich. Dumas says he was "adorable at the dinner-table." In his iron body there was a spirit of fire that played during forty years the wildest pranks—a strong, solid, joyous man, who appeared to defy disease. But he was finally taken ill. The laughing philosopher was brought to his arm-chair, not to be wholly beaten at once, however. He must joke with the Doctor who came to operate upon him. He examined the surgical instrument, and decided that he would sooner die than submit to its use upon his poor body. Dr. Favrot agreed with him. "That being decided," quoth Roger, "let us have a glass of Champagne." Two bottles were drunk by the Doctor and his patient. Whereupon the man of art rose and said, "Let us embrace, my dear invalid, for it is probable we shall never meet again in this world." The Doctor added that all would be probably over within twelve hours. "In any case, come to-morrow," the patient called to the retreating physician. Dr. Favrot agreed to call, as a matter of curiosity. Roger settled himself in his arm-chair, waiting for death. But sweet sleep came; his dropsical limbs were suddenly relieved, and he felt cured. On the morrow he answered the bell when the Doctor rang. He invited the fourteen doctors who had attended him to dinner; and compared himself to the Republic putting fourteen armies in motion against Death.

Another of the "Supping Men" was the Count de Courchamps, a friend of Brillat Savarin, and an epicure of the first order. He frequented the Café des Frères Provençaux, then reputed to have the finest cellar in Paris. Here he had his appointed table. Bread was specially baked for him daily. He carried his own sauces in his pocket. His choice of wine was of the daintiest—in Burgundies chiefly. When he supped he began at ten o'clock and finished at midnight; and he went on supping and meddling with the kitchen to the end, even among the good sisters of Poitiers, who pitied him and let him die among them.

A third was Armand Malitourne, who lived "not wisely, but too well"—that is to say, lived beyond his means—until finally he became reduced to the writing of couplets for the confectioners. We allude to him for the purpose of

quoting De Beauvoir's witty though rather melancholy reflection, that with too many of the Bohemian fraternity "*the hospital appears to be behind every supper-table.*"

A fourth was Briffault, who wrote only in his shirt-sleeves, with his elbows upon a restaurant table, and with empty plates and glasses before him. He left a few *mots* behind him, and was the author of one that has come down to our day. A certain epicure observed to him, "There should be two to eat a chicken." "Exactly," said Briffault, "one's self and the chicken."

In the "dark days" of '64 there lived "Down East" two well-to-do Irish neighbors, each of whom had a son who had gone West to seek their fortunes. The old boys meeting one day, mutual inquiries were made about the youngsters.

"Well, Pat, how is Mickey making out wid his thrip out West?"

"Illigantly! tin dollars a wake, and bossin' himself. And how's your boy gittin' on, Dinnis?"

"Teddy, ye mane? He's doin' splendid, the darlint! Why, his lasht letther was bustin' wid granebacks, and made so asy, too."

"And what's he doin'?"

"Faix, I hardly know, but it's in the govvernment imploy he is."

"The divil ye say! the govvernment! What's he doin' for the govvernment?"

"Faix, I hardly know what it is, but I think it's what he calls *laapin' the bounty!*"

A few years ago the American Sunday-school Union in Philadelphia published a small tract, by Dr. Boardman, on the impropriety of church members going to the opera. Soon after, one of the leading officials of the Society was going past the opera-house one evening about the time the crowd were assembling, and was beset by a pack of newsboys trying to sell him a libretto of the play. One little fellow was particularly persistent, calling out, "Buy a book, Sir? buy a book?" At last the venerable Secretary turned upon the urchin with the indignant exclamation, "Do I *look* as if I was going to the opera?" The little fellow stood for a moment, eying the gentleman from head to foot with a roguish look, and replied, "I thought maybe you might have a better suit at home!"

A newspaper man of the South, who has a memory for odd occurrences, was on one occasion associated with the late Edward Everett in a public ceremonial where a surviving soldier of the Revolution was present. Mr. Everett, seeing with what effect the revolutionary patriot could be made tributary to the point of his oration, "interviewed" the old gentleman in private, telling him that at such a part he would turn to him and make a certain movement with his hand, at which he was to arise. Of course the revolutionary patriot had his eyes and ears open for the preconcerted signal. Mr. Everett having gradually and eloquently delivered the rhetorical preliminary gave the cue, and the revolutionary patriot gladly and proudly arose.

"Do not rise, venerable man," said Mr. E., with deprecatory gesture, "do not rise; it is for *us* to rise and pay deference to *you.*"

"Why, Mr. Everett, what *do* you mean? *You told me to git up, and now you tell me to sit down!* What *do* you mean?"

Alas, that the little tableau should have thus been made ridiculous!

Like hundreds of other good fellows, a correspondent in the White Pine region of Nevada writes that he is a constant reader of the Drawer; but he is a little in error when he says that he seldom sees any thing in it from that mining district. White Pine has contributed its full quota to the Drawer. Indeed, the Drawer is under many obligations to the hardy, enterprising men who have enthusiastically gone to rough it for gold as though they were on an extended Western frolic. A man of this sort, whose pencil-lines on a strip of white printing-paper show him to have been somewhere about a printing-office, says: "I thought I would send you my little lot of *Chloride.*" Thus:

Last winter we had a Justice of the Peace in our town, Treasure City, who hails from Ireland, as do most officials in this region. A subpœna had been issued from his court to another Irishman, to attend as a witness in a case where Joe B—— was plaintiff, and G. R——, *et. al.*, defendants. Mike appeared in court before the trial commenced, and asked, "Judge, who the devil is '*at. all?*'" To which his Honor, responsive, said, "I am surprised that an Amiricin citizen, of ordinary intilligence, should not know the maning of *at. all.* And for the binifit of the witniss and the gintlemin prisint in the coort, I will explain. It is dirivatid from two Latin words conthracted, and manes, in its litherary sinse, *at all at all!*"

The ingenuity of the Yankee advertiser, from "Knox the Hatter" down, is proverbial. Indeed advertising, as one may infer by looking at the wonderful posters on the "wooden walls" surrounding the new Post-office building at the lower end of the Park, has become a distinct branch of business. As a specimen of the progress that our Southwestern friends are making in the same line, we copy part of a hand-bill received from a correspondent at Belmont:

UPON THE FIELD
OF
BELMONT,

Twenty miles below the mouth of the Ohio, on the west bank of the mighty Mississippi,

IN THE GREAT STATE OF MISSOURI,

The Northern and Southern hosts met in deadly conflict. Those of the North were led by Grant, Sherman, M'Clernand, and Logan; and those of the South by Polk, Pillow, Cheatham, and others. Happily the roar of artillery has been hushed; Peace smiles upon the scene of the recent bloody contest; and the allurements of Commerce invite the

SONS OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH
AGAIN TO MEET UPON THAT FIELD,
Not in deadly strife, but to attend the

GREAT AUCTION SALE OF LOTS,

28th, 29th, and 30th of September, 1869.

How true it is, as was remarked a few evenings since in Brooklyn, by an eminent lecturer, that the happiness of children is to a large extent crushed out by the unnecessary sternness of parents! As an instance, the case was cited of an austere man, who, when his children laughed

too loudly, or were unruly, tied them to a bed-post with a rope, and lectured them on heaven. They grew up with the idea that heaven was an immense bed-post, with a rope dangling from it.

Not exactly of this style of "bringing-up" was a child of five years, who had been taught to look on the rose-colored side of life. On being permitted to accompany some little companions to Sunday-school, for the first time, he was in high glee, and cheerfully took his allotted place in the infant-class. He watched the proceedings with great attention and wondering eyes. It was a new era in his life. At length the teacher turned her attention to him, and asked if he had learned a verse. "Yes, ma'am," he promptly replied. "Then," said the teacher, "you may repeat it." Charley arose and delivered himself of the following couplet:

"Here I stand, as stiff as a stake;
Kiss me quick, or I shall break."

As an amatory effusion of youth this, at home, was not unedifying; but, as a Sunday-school exercise, it was perhaps useless.

It seems to us that, for statistical accuracy, the following inscription on a grave-stone in Rushville, Yates County, New York, meets every requirement:

"In my 23d year I married me a wife
And lived with her 35 years of my life.
Sixteen years after my life I resigned,
And *of* my 8 children left 7 behind."

The manners and customs of the ladies and gentlemen of the oleaginous metropolis of Petroleum Centre have been spitefully alluded to as "rough." It is true that now and then an occasional murder or two of an evening have diversified the monotony of the keroseners; nevertheless civilization and the arts even there are progressing, especially poesy, as may be inferred from the following lyric, "Written upon the Assassination of David Tate at Petroleum Centre, July 19, 1869. Containing a full account of the Tragedy. By A. S. Marsh."

A Foul Murder has been done, of which you soon shall hear,
It happened at Petroleum Centre, just below the Pioneer.
It was in a Free-and-Easy, and also late at night,
Where many congregate in sin; to drink and dance and fight.

This place has long been noted for its Rowdies and their train,
And People that did live there, have seemed almost Insane.
They thieve and fight and think it right—Prostitution holds high sway—
And their unconscious victims rob both in the night and day.

This place of bad repute and note, where they did fight and steal,
Was kept by a Pimp and Bloat from Buffalo; his name it was *Gus Rheil*.
The date of this transaction was the Eighteenth of July—
The murder was committed here, and on his soul does lie.

It was a young man from *Erie*, all in his youth and Prime;
He did not think his end was near nor did he think of dying.
He also had a Brother whom he thought was very dear:
They had both come down to Petroleum Centre, all for their sport and cheer.

And in this place of bad Repute his Brother *Charles* did go,
And with their Beer and much dispute they soon got up a row.
His Brother was then passing by, and heard the noise and din,
And to take his dearest Brother home, he quickly entered in.

As he was going out—and quicker than a dart—
This Murderous Rheil his Pistol pulled, and shot him through the heart.
Crowds came, all excited, and many on the run;
They saw the Blood upon the ground, and that murder had been done.

This young man stopped at Rouseville (I think a Store he did attend),
And in the time he'd been there he had made many friends.
As quick as they had heard the tale, a stout rope they did bring,
And swore by all, both great and good, his Murderer should Swing.

And in a band together they made up quite a crowd,
And as they ran they talked of vengeance, and they swore both fierce and loud;
And at Petroleum Centre, men of law and order heard their wail,
And Keneday the Constable took pity on Gus Rheil,
And just in time to save his life, put him in Franklin Jail.

A lucky chance it was for Rheil that this crowd it came too late,
For if this mob had caught him, he'd have been hung sure as fate.
When they saw they'd been too tardy, with disappointment and with *vengeance* they did frown,
And all at once the cry broke forth: "*We'll burn the Base Crib down!*"

But here again they had a balk—they could not burn it down—
For if they should, the fire would reach and likewise burn the town.
Their wrath was great to satiate in frenzy almost blind,
And they spent the night in drunken riot with Whisky, Gin, and Wine.

This Rheil is now in chains confined, safe in the Franklin Jail;
And as his crime is murder, his chance is slim for bail.
Now let this be a warning to all who in their crimes do dwell,
To shun those wicked places, for the devil is their father—they originate in Hell.

And kind friends for the living engage in deep prayer,
And call not down vengeance on the head of the slayer;
With mutterings deep disturb not the cold clay,
For the lord has said, "vengeance is mine, to repay."
Titusville, July 21, 1869.

The survivors of Company —, One Hundred and Seventh New York Volunteers, will not soon forget Mike C——. A more perfect specimen of the peculiar Irishman is seldom met. The reception of *any* order—save, perhaps, the order to fall in for dinner or for pay—always found him not quite ready. If he could invent no excuse, his chronic grumble was, "I'm bully-wragged to the devil!" He may have been in numerous battles, but that remains an open question. "A few mornings since," writes a New Jersey correspondent, "my door-bell gave an alarm before any one had arisen in the house. Hastily putting on a little clothing, I answered the summons in person. There, to my surprise, was Mike. After touching his hat, and thanking God 'for the privilege of seeing his ould commander agin,' he asked me to 'give him a bit of paper to git him a pension wid.' Not lik-

ing flatly to refuse a request he had come so far to prefer" (from Washington), "I evaded, and put him off. Next morning, at daylight, he was again at the door; again I temporized; so the next. Flesh and blood could stand it no longer; so I said, very decidedly, 'Mike, you are not entitled to a pension; you were never wounded.' Very deliberately he replied: 'Na, it's not so much the wounds I got, but' (speaking rapidly) 'ye might spake of *the chances* I had!'"

As a specimen of heavy grief we have seen nothing more heart-rending than the following obituary notice, published in a German paper:

"To-day red, to-morrow dead. So it was with my wife, who only seven days ago 'was springing over bench and table,' and was buried yesterday. During her life she was a live woman, who did not easily mistake an X for a W. For that reason every body can tell the extent of my sorrow; so young and so merry, and now buried. What is human life? I have said to myself repeatedly within the past few days, and also yesterday in the church-yard when I paid the sexton, who will also keep the grave-mound in order. So cheerful a wife I shall certainly never find again, and therefore my sorrow is a righteous one. I wish that heaven preserve every man from a similar sad fate, and thank for the flowers, as well as Herr Cantor for the grave hymn, which went through and through me, but was very well sung.

"ACKERMAN, Master-Locksmith."

THAT there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous received fresh illustration recently in Atchison, Kansas, where a grief-stricken mother was compelled to yield up her only child. She seemed entirely inconsolable; but, finally, summoning all her fortitude, she exclaimed: "Farewell! little darling, farewell! I must give you up now, but I'll meet you in heaven—*you bet!*" That is the "bleeding Kansas" style.

FEW persons who have traveled on the Iowa and Minnesota division of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad are ignorant of the luxurious comfort of a ride in the sleeping-car "Minneapolis," of which Grey is the well-known porter. The latter is a character in his way, and quite "ready" in the use of his mother tongue. A few days since, writes a St. Paul correspondent, he showed me a new pair of kid gloves of which he spoke as a present from one of his frequent passengers.

"Well, Grey, your position must be quite enviable; but I suppose you often receive presents which are not so welcome," alluding to the grumbling and fault-finding of some nervous and petulant passengers.

"I don't know what you mean, Mr. C——."

"For instance, when I was quite a small boy, I remember that a larger boy *presented* me with the toe of his boot."

"Well, Mr. C——, you must remember that it is not often *that one can prevent what is done behind his back!*"

THE anecdote in the last Number of the Drawer of the police of Chicago, who, in their descent upon a gambling-house, found the inmates all seriously engaged in reading religious papers, has a companion incident in Deacon F——, a notably grave old gentleman, who went to California in the early days to better his fortunes. Like many men who went to California, the Deacon was sometimes tempted to risk his money upon uncertain events. One night a friend, and member of the same church, found him "bucking a monte." With holy horror he nudged the absorbed player into a knowledge of his presence. "Deacon, do I find you gambling?" "No, no," replied the Deacon; "*not* gambling. You see this is a corrupt institution, and *I am doing my best to break it up!*"

LET us commend to our brethren of the Supreme Court, the Common Pleas, and such, an admirable ruling in a new work, not yet on the shelves of the law libraries, viz., vol. i. of Henry Crabb Robinson's Reports, p. 352: Baron Wood was a judge remarkable for his popular feelings. He had a very honorable dislike to prosecutions or actions on the game laws, and this led him to make use of a strong expedient to defeat two actions. A and B had gone out sporting together. The plaintiff brought two actions, and in the action against B called A to prove the sporting by B, and meant to call B to prove the case against A. This was apparent, indeed avowed. But the Baron interposed when the witness objected to answer a question that *tended* to convict himself. A squabble arising between the counsel, the Baron said to the witness:

"I do not ask you whether you ever went out sporting with the defendant, because, if I did, you would very properly refuse to answer; but I ask you this: Except at a time when you might have been sporting with the defendant, did you ever see him sport?"

"Certainly not, my lord."

"*Of course you did not.*"

Then the Baron laughed heartily, and nonsuited the plaintiff. No motion was made to set this nonsuit aside.

NOTWITHSTANDING the veneration with which most people, especially the young, regard the name of Benjamin Franklin, there are those who believe that his notions of vital piety were a "leetle touched." Of this class was William Cobbett, who has been made the subject of an elaborate sketch by Professor Thorold Rogers, in a work entitled "Historical Gleanings," just printed in London. His love of Benjamin was not like unto the love that was felt for the first Benjamin by the first Joseph; quite the reverse. Thus:

"Every one will, I hope, have the goodness to believe that my father was no philosopher. Indeed he was not. He never made a lightning-rod, nor bottled up a quart of sunshine in his life. He was no almanac-maker, nor quack, nor chimney-doctor, nor soap-boiler, nor embassador, nor printer's devil. Neither was he a deist; and all his children were born in wedlock. The legacies he left were his scythe, his reap-hook, and his flail. He bequeathed no old and irrecoverable debts to a hospital. He never cheated the poor during his life, nor mocked them at his death. He has, it is true, been suffered to sleep quietly beneath the green-sward; but if his descendants can not point to his statue over the door of a library, they have not the mortification to hear him daily accused of having been a profligate, a hypocrite, and an infidel."

Rather sharp. But we have in the same volume a repartee of Franklin quite as good. When Gibbon and Franklin were together in Paris the

latter sought an interview with the former. Gibbon replied that he had the highest respect for Franklin's genius and abilities, but that he could hold no communication with a revolted subject. Franklin replied that "whenever the historian wished to commence a new theme, 'The Decline and Fall of the British Empire,' he would gladly afford him the materials." The retort was at the time believed to be as just as it was severe.

From the same volume in which we find the preceding is a sketch of Sir Robert Walpole, and a little picture of royalty:

"The Queen is dressing, attended by Lady Suffolk or Lady Sundon; the Princess Caroline putting in a word now and then; and the Princess Emily pouting by the fire. Hervey, pallid and painted, is relating gossip, or discussing some fresh affront of the Prince, or commenting on the King's intrigues, and being bidden by the Queen not to call too much attention to his reputation as an *esprit fort*, but to speak low, because from the ante-chamber and through the half-closed door come the voices of the royal chaplains reading the daily service. One of these chaplains, less courtly than the rest, stopped when the door was too nearly closed; and on being asked why he did not go on, answered that *he would not whistle the Word of God through a keyhole.*"

That was a remarkable ovation to a remarkable man, given at Lincoln, Illinois, on the 24th of September last, to Dr. Peter Cartwright, on the completion of his fiftieth year as Presiding Elder, and his sixty-fifth year in the itinerant ministry. Many eminent men were there to speak, and many sent congratulatory letters. Of course there was much of reminiscence and anecdote, as there always is where Cartwright is present. Some of the good old man's sayings at this jubilee were so characteristic and humorous as to be well worth a place in the Drawer. Nothing could be more touching or beautiful than the allusion to his venerable wife. "I am thankful," says he, "that I have been permitted to associate in the toils of my itinerant life a worthy companion, one who has never hindered me from traveling or preaching, that never scolded me for leaving her destitute and lonesome, but always urged me on to do what I thought was duty. We have lived together rising sixty years, and I expect I have the oldest Methodist preacher's wife in the world [laughter], traveling preacher, I mean. I have seven children living, rising fifty grandchildren, twenty great-grandchildren, *and God only knows what is to come next.*" [Great laughter.]

The old patriarch says he was never officially complained of as a minister but once. "In those early days," said he, "we did not wear pantaloons as we do now. Our early bishops were old bachelors; they wore small-clothes and buckles at the knee, and if they could get a pair of long stockings and top-boots, and have their vests turned in, they felt very much like Methodist preachers, and, young as I was, they drilled me into it. M'Kendree was my presiding elder, and I was junior preacher the first time I ever traveled, and when we came to quarterly meeting conference he asked the questions that all presiding elders ask: Are there any complaints or appeals? There was a grave old class-leader, with straight coat and broad-brimmed hat, who rose and said, 'Yes, I have a complaint against the young brother.' Says M'Kendree, 'What is it, brother?' 'Why,' said he, 'the young brother is corrupting the morals of the young people, for he is following the fashions.' 'What fashion?' '*Why, he has got a pair of gallowses.*' [Laughter.] Well, now, green as I was, I could not get over it. It scared me prodigiously; I did not know but I was going to be put back on trial or sent home for wearing gallowses; but God always provides for the lazy, as they say in the backwoods, and so he provided for me. Now Bishop M'Kendree was broad in his rotundity, very full in front, and he was of necessity compelled to wear suspenders, or he could not keep his breeches on. [Laughter.] But I did not know it; I would have felt very happy if I had known it, and the bishop put off the old brother by saying, 'Never mind, brother, I will talk to the young man.' Well, when we went to bed, and the bishop — as he afterward became — *shucked off*, I saw the gallowses. [Laughter.] I need not say that I was pretty well comforted over that, any how; I thought I had achieved quite a victory. I only mention this to show how the fashions have changed; and they are changing now so fast that you can not hold them long enough to draw a bead on them. I see members of the Methodist church now, who, had they lived then, would have been turned out of the connection. Well, I am not going to deliver a lecture on dress, but if you can afford it, I say, wear decent clothes." [Laughter.]

We are inclined to think, from his own account, that one of the severest of his trials was when, through the influence of his venerable friend, Dr. Akers, he got D.D. stuck to his name. "I believe," says he, "the doctor labored hard to get it, more for his interest than my profit. [Laughter.] If I misjudge him, forgive me; but he was lonesome, for he was the only D.D. we had, and he wanted company. The very day I was presented with it I was taken with a pain in my back, and I did not know what I would do. [The doctor had been speaking rather feebly, and at this point several cried out, 'Speak louder, doctor, the reporters can not hear you.'] Let the reporters go to Halifax [great laughter]; I am talking to the people, not to the reporters, and I would not care if there were no reporter within ten miles of here. This reminds me of what some of the gentry did at Chicago. I could not preach a sermon or deliver a lecture—and they kept me at it pretty near every Sunday—but next day it would come out in print, and I found I had either to spread out or wear out. [Continued laughter.] Now, don't make too free with my remarks, gentlemen."

Before us is spread a copy of *The* (Sitka) *Alaska Times* of August 6, 1869, containing an account of the arrival there of ex-Secretary Seward, and his departure north for Chilcat Village, to look at that region of the Territory and to witness the eclipse, which at that point was total. In the same paper are divers and sundry advertisements, which show that not only has the "course of empire" taken its way westward, but has actually arrived there. It is worth while to

quote Bishop Berkeley's lines, written a hundred and twenty years ago, and contrast them with the actual present of Alaska:

"In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
The pedantry of courts and schools:

"There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

Sitka, "where nature guides and virtue rules," is about as far to the west as "empire" can go; and as advertisements in city papers are always fair indexes of the prevailing virtues, we clip a couple from the *Times* of the date before mentioned:

SITKA SALOON!

75 LINCOLN STREET, SITKA, A. T.

SAM MILETICH, the oldest Saloon-keeper in Sitka, never feels happier than when he sees lots of patrons around his place. His Billiard Tables are of the latest style, and his Liquors and Cigars are not surpassed any where.

Following are the advertisements of three other Saloons and a Brewery, after which this:

CITY MEAT MARKET,

38 MARKET STREET, SITKA, A. T.

ISAAC BERGMAN, the Butcher of Sitka, was never known to keep an empty Market. He keeps a large supply of Fresh Meat, WHEN HE CAN FIND IT, constantly on hand.

In the "good old New England times," when it was customary to ask public prayer in cases of accident or affliction, Mr. Delune, of Ainsdale, New Hampshire, fell from his horse, and applied to a waggish neighbor to write a suitable note to the minister, requesting the customary supplication. The note was duly sent, and gravely read from the pulpit on the following Sunday, as follows:

"Mr. Delune requests your prayer;
In falling off his little gray mare
He broke no bones, but bruised the meat
From the crown of his head to the sole of his feet."

Old Aunt Dinah was a shouting colored saint, of the city of Charleston, who would sing at the top of her voice, and cry "glory!" above all the rest of the congregation. It was common at the missionary prayer-meetings of the colored people to take up a collection while singing the hymn:

"Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel!"

in the midst of which Aunt Dinah always threw her head back, shut her eyes, and sang away lustily till the plate had passed. The sable collector observed her habit, and one evening stopped when he came to her, and said, bluntly: "Look-a-heah, Aunt Dinah, you needn't be a-singing 'Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel!' *if you doesn't give nothin' to make her fly!*"

A naval friend writes: During the latter part of the late war the gun-boat that I commanded was attached to the South Atlantic Squadron. When Charleston was taken I went to Port Royal for repairs. On the day that the grand salute in honor of the event was fired, I was out, with another officer, walking on St. Helena Island. (Vessels repairing do not fire salutes.) Just as the salute began I happened to be near the negro quarters of one of the plantations. Many negroes were about, and when they heard the guns, one of them stepped up to me and said,

"Massa officer, wat for de big guns bang?"

"Charleston is taken."

"Who take him?"

"General Sherman."

"Bless God! Massa Sherman he great man; he berry great man; seems like de Lord bé wid him whereber he go, *and he go just whar he mind to!*"

Our Tennessee correspondent, who furnished the "no yow-yowin' in court" anecdote on a previous page, sends the following verbatim copy of a warrant issued in his bailiwick:

State of Tennessee, } To the Sherif or any law-
Overton County. } ful ofiser of sed county gret-in:—Whereas information hath ben made befor me an active justice of the Pece that the ofence of Larsiny hath ben committed and accusing one B. C. Jones thereof "to wit," the afiant states that he contracted with Abe Lewis to put him up the frame of a saw mill fur $50. & went to the deft & told him he would give him ½ if he would help him and the deft said he would, & the deft sneaked off & went to Bob Sawyer & told him confidentially that he would build the mill fur $45. & give bond fur it, but not to say anything to affiant about it. Wilfully, wickedly, maliciously, feloniously, with malice aforethought, contrary to statute & against the peace & dignity of the State. These are therefore to command you to arrest said Jones, have him instantly if not sooner before some Justice of the Peace fur said county to be dealt with as the law directs.

Jones, having been arrested, was brought before Justice Beare, tried, found guilty, and bound over to the County Court, having given bond and security.

The Attorney-General, upon looking at the papers, told the court that he had no blank indictments for that particular offense; and as his hand was so sore that he couldn't write, he would therefore *nolle* the case. The case was therefore "*nollied.*"

What else could he do? With no blanks for that particular offense, viz., "larsiny" for not building a barn, and with a sore hand—what could he do but *nolle?*

After all there is nothing like prowess. Just after President Lincoln's proclamation, calling for more men, two old gentlemen, who had just had their bitters, were riding up town in a Third Avenue car and talking war. "I tell you what it is," said one of these bold persons, "if these men ain't enough old Abe 'll call for five hundred thousand more, and if that won't settle it he'll call out *all* the men, and if that won't do he'll get out the women and babies, and if *that* don't scare the rebs he'll get you and me, and *then the hair's* got *to fly!*" It was a tricopherous, *i. e.*, a hair-raising proposition, but patriotic.

We have seen nothing neater in the way of assurance than that of a most delightful person, "A Lady," who advertises in a morning paper that, "not wishing the care of housekeeping," she "desires to join a strictly private family who

can offer her a cheerful, well-appointed home." She objects to "boarding-houses," and cautions "those in needy circumstances" from hoping for her company, inasmuch "as the emolument would be insufficient to allow any profit." But, nevertheless, for this insufficient emolument "she requires one large or two small apartments, which may be unfurnished or partially so, and separate but adjacent accommodation for luggage." She avows herself to be "cheerful and young," and "would like to join the circle when mutually agreeable—*always at dinner.*"

How epigrammatic this conclusion!

As a specimen of the manner in which legal documents were sometimes drawn in Connecticut eighty years ago, we submit the will of an estimable citizen of that State, copied from the records of the New Haven Probate District, volume xvi. page 619, entered in 1789:

"In the name of God, Sole Governor of the World, Jesus Christ, The Holy Ghost, the Twelve Apostles, Saints, Thrones, Virtues, Angels, Arch Angels, Cherubims & Seraphims—Amen.

"I, D—— O—— of New Haven in the State of Connecticut, being in uncommon good health and spirits and in my right mind and wits, do in the following manner make this my last will and testament.

"Imprimis: My body, this mass composed of flesh, Blood, Arteries, Bones, Cartilages, Fibres and God wot not what all besides, I commit when drest in my best suit of black clothes to its deep dark Silent grave, tis a dismal House to dwell in, yea verily a mournful one, therefore the dress for mourning is the most proper for me. Thus let this body be drest for its coffin which I pray to be made of sound mahogany wood, and Not ornamented with brass nails and tin plates telling my name age or Death; my head will tell these things to the inquisitive in the grave

"When this mass of corruption is thus equipped let it be borne on the shoulders of 4 Hardy Youth to its long home, the narrow grave; whom I would should be rewarded for their trouble with a decent pair of gloves each.

"By the way should Doct E—— the Sunday, next after my last, conceive either my death or life to merit a sermon, a short prayer, or a few hymns to be sent up to the throne of an all pitying and merciful God; prythee let it be done, and for his trouble and good services in this solemn business, give him my best wishes for his welfare, accompanied by a compliment of £3 4s. New York currency.

"Item: My Soul, God grant if I have any or ever had, it may wing its flight to Heaven, be placed conspicuously among the Stars, Fly on the wings of the wind, Feed the beast of the field, the birds of the Air, the snails of the earth, or the Fishes of the ag—— Deep Waters,

"Upon the whole I give my Soul to God.

"Item: It is my will and pleasure that a monument worth £10 be erected in the burying Ground in New Haven to my Memory the matter and Epitaph for which I leave wholly to the discretion of my worthy Friend and Brother P—— E——, Esq

"To my sister P—— C—— O——, I give grant bestow and bequeath all my worldly concerns goods, Chattels, Lands muniments and hereditaments, which I, whilst an inhabitant of this planet was in possession of, in fee simple or otherwise, to her and her heirs forever, She first paying, satisfying, and cancelling all lawful dues debts and demands, against the same; Also paying to S—— E——, my lovely niece, the sum of £25—to be laid out for a mourning dress for her the said S—— by her the said S——.

"I appoint constitute and make P—— E—— and D—— D—— Esqrs of New Haven and A—— O—— Esq of Elizabeth Town in New York Executors of this my last will and Testament.

(Signed) "D—— O——"

One of those earnest rural preachers, who "stand no nonsense" in the house of God, was invited one hot Sunday last summer to officiate in one of our fashionable city churches, and was much annoyed by the operatic style of the singing. During the prayer that followed he took occasion to relieve his mind on the subject by saying, "O Lord, thou knowest, without doubt, what is the meaning of the song which has just been sung in Thy house; but Thou knowest that we know nothing about it. Nevertheless, we pray that it may, in some way, be blessed to us all."

A pertinent text was recently preached from by a young clergyman near Boston, who, returning to his parish after a month's vacation, brought with him a companion for life. It was of course a surprise and the subject of many remarks. Every body naturally wished to see the pastor's wife, and next Sunday the church was crowded. The attention of the congregation seemed turned more to the bride than to the service, until they were startled by the announcement of the text: "What went ye out for to see?" It seemed to meet the case. Thenceforth they looked upon the minister.

Returning from Divine Service in Chicago, one Sunday, good little Billy ——'s ideas of propriety had been shocked by the wonderful attire of some little female friends, who displayed uncommonly low-neck dresses, which moved him to say unto his maternal parent: "It's poor business for folks to go to church just to show their clothes." "Why, my son, we must not judge those little girls; we can not see their hearts." "Can't see their hearts!" exclaimed Billy; "well, I should think you might—their dresses were low enough, I'm sure!"

Marriage ceremonies vary according to locality. Last spring, for example, in the old African church at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, the nuptial service was preceded by a lengthy discourse, succeeded by a collection, and wound up by the choir falling upon their knees and singing—

"Plunged in a gulf of *dark* despair."

Let the facts speak for themselves! A young gentleman, living near Mendham, New Jersey, having arrived at that mature age when frocks give way to pants, on coming down-stairs, one morning, discovered in a capacious cradle three little specimens of humanity, contributed to our glorious country by his mother the previous night. After surveying them for half a minute he said: "*Ma, did any of 'em get away?*"

Here, now, is an advertisement, copied from the Philadelphia *Ledger* of September 29, 1869, that every body can understand. Unlike the *Herald's* "Personals" the names are given in full, and every thing is square and above-board:

MRS. ANNA MARIA KAHL, formerly Van Briessen, born Stuivenberg, natif from Amsterdam, in Holland, and who leaves that country in the summer of 1855, for Pittsburg, in the State of Pennsylvania, is prayed for to send her address in the quickest delay to the Communal Counsel of Gernsbach, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, with the allowance her son Anton Van Briessen could married there.

The subject of step-mother being under discussion in a social circle at Fishkill Landing, a little girl of six, indignant at that possibility, remarked, "Step-mother! I know what it is. All they do is to step around, just so, and leave us to do all the work! Step-mother! Not for Susan."

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCXXXVI.—JANUARY, 1870.—Vol. XL.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.



WILHELMINA.

II.—THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

WHILE Frederick William was confined to his room, tormented by the gout, he endeavored to beguile the hours in painting in oil. Some of these paintings still exist, with the epigraph, "Painted by Frederick William in his torments." Wilhelmina writes:

"For the most part one of his own grenadiers was the model from which he copied. And when the portrait had more color in it than the original, he was in the habit of coloring the cheeks of the soldier to correspond with the picture. Enchanted with the fruits of his genius he showed them to his courtiers, and

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

asked their opinion concerning them. As he would have been very angry with any one who had criticised them, he was quite sure of being gratified with admiration.

"'Well,' said he one day to an attendant, who was extolling the beauties of one of his pictures, 'how much do you think that picture would bring at a sale?'

"'Sire, it would be cheap at a hundred ducats.'

"'You shall have it for fifty,' said the king, 'because you are a good judge, and I am therefore anxious to do you a favor.'

"The poor courtier," Wilhelmina adds, "obliged to become possessor of this miserable performance, and to pay so dear for it, determined for the future to be more circumspect in his admiration."

While the king was thus suffering the pangs of the gout, his irascibility vented itself upon his wife and children. "We were obliged," says Wilhelmina, "to appear at nine o'clock in the morning in his room. We dined there, and did not dare to leave it even for a moment. Every day was passed by the king in invectives against my brother and myself. He no longer called me any thing but 'the English blackguard.' My brother was named the 'rascal Fritz.' He obliged us to eat and drink the things for which we had an aversion. Every day was marked by some sinister event. It was impossible to raise one's eyes without seeing some unhappy people tormented in one way or other. The king's restlessness did not allow him to remain in bed. He had himself placed in a chair on rollers, and was thus dragged all over the palace. His two arms rested upon crutches, which supported them. We always followed this triumphal car, like unhappy captives who are about to undergo their sentence."

We have now reached the summer of 1729. George II. was a weak-minded, though a proud, conceited man, who, as king of England, assumed airs of superiority which greatly annoyed his irascible and petulant brother-in-law, Frederick William. Flushed with his new dignity he visited his hereditary domain of Hanover. The journey led him through a portion of the Prussian territory. Courtesy required that George II. should announce that intention to the Prussian king. Courtesy also required that, as the British monarch passed over Prussian soil, Frederick William should furnish him with free post-horses. "I will furnish the post-horses," said Frederick William, "if the king apprise me of his intention. If he do not, I shall do nothing about it." George did not write. In affected unconsciousness that there was any such person in the world as the Prussian king he crossed the Prussian territory, paid for his own post-horses, and did not even condescend to give Frederick William any notice of his arrival in Hanover. The king of Prussia, who could not but be conscious of the vast inferiority of Prussia to England, stung to the quick by this contemptuous treatment, growled ferociously in the Tobacco Parliament.

The English minister at Berlin, Dubourgay, wrote to Hanover, urging that some notification of the king's arrival should be sent to the Prussian court to appease the angry sovereign. George replied through Lord Townshend that, "under the circumstances it is not necessary." Thus the two kings were no longer on speaking terms. It is amusing, while at the same time it is humiliating, to observe these traits of frail childhood thus developed in full-grown men wearing crowns. When private men or kings are in such a state of latent hostility, an open rupture is quite certain soon to follow. George accused Frederick William of recruiting soldiers in Hanover. In retaliation he seized some Prussian soldiers caught in Hanoverian territory. There was an acre or so of land, called the "Meadow of Clamei," which both Hanover and Brandenburg claimed. The grass, about eight cart-loads, had been cut by Brandenburg, and was well dried.

On the 28th of June, 1729, the population of Bühlitz, a Hanoverian border village, sallied forth with carts, escorted by a troop of horse, and, with demonstrations both defiant and exultant, raked up and carried off all the hay. The king of Prussia happened to be at that time about one hundred miles distant from Bühlitz, at Magdeburg, reviewing his troops. He was thrown into a towering passion. Sophie Dorothee, Wilhelmina, Fritz, all felt the effects of his rage. Dubourgay writes, under date of July 30, 1729:

"Her majesty, all in tears, complained of her situation. The king is nigh losing his senses on account of the differences with Hanover; goes from bed to bed in the night-time, and from chamber to chamber, like one whose brains are turned. Took a fit at two in the morning lately to be off to Wusterhausen. Since his return he gives himself up entirely to drink. The king will not suffer the prince royal to sit next his majesty at table, but obliges him to go to the lower end, where things are so ordered that the poor prince often rises without getting one bit, insomuch that the queen was obliged two days ago to send, by one of the servants who could be trusted, a box of cold fowls and other eatables for his royal highness's subsistence."

Frederick William, in his extreme exasperation, seriously contemplated challenging George II. to a duel. In his own mind he arranged all the details—the place of meeting, the weapons, the seconds. With a stern sense of justice, characteristic of the man, he admitted that it would not be right to cause the blood of his subjects to flow in a quarrel which was merely personal. But the "eight cart-loads of hay" had been taken under circumstances so insulting and contemptuous as to expose the Prussian king to ridicule; and he was firm in his determination to settle the difficulty by a duel. The question was much discussed in the Tobac-

co Parliament. The Prussian ministers opposed in vain. "The true method, I tell you," said the king, "is the duel, let the world cackle as it may."

But at length one of the counselors, baron Borck, urged the following consideration: "Swords will be the weapons used. Your majesty has been very sick, is now weak, and also crippled with gout. The king of England is in health and vigor. There is great danger that your majesty may be worsted in the combat. That would render matters tenfold worse."

The king was staggered. War seemed the only alternative. But war would empty his money casks, disfigure his splendid troops, and peril the lives even of his costly giants. One of these men, James Kirkman, picked up in the streets of London, cost the king six thousand dollars "before he could be inveigled, shipped, and brought to hand." Nearly all had cost large sums of money. Such men were too valuable to be exposed to danger. Frederick William was in a state of extreme nervous excitement. There was no rest for him night or day. His deep potations did not calm his turbulent spirit. War seemed imminent. Military preparations were in vigorous progress. Ovens were constructed to bake ammunition bread. Artillery was dragged out from the arsenals. It was rumored that the Prussian troops were to march immediately upon the duchy of Mecklenburg, which was then held by George II. as an appendage to Hanover.

All thoughts of the double marriage were for the moment relinquished. The czar of Russia had a son and a daughter. It was proposed to marry Wilhelmina to the son and Fritz to the daughter, and thus to secure a Russian instead of an English alliance. Harassed by these difficulties Frederick William grew increasingly morose, venting his spite upon his wife and children. Fritz seriously contemplated escaping from his father's abuse by flight, and to take refuge with his uncle George in England, and thus to secure his marriage with Amelia. The portraits of the princess which he had seen proved her to be very beautiful. All reports pronounced her to be as lovely in character as in person. He was becoming passionately attached to her. Wilhelmina was his only confidante. Regard for her alone restrained him from attempting to escape. "He would have done so long ago," writes Dubourgay, under date of August 11, 1729, "were it not for his sister, upon whom the whole weight of his father's resentment would then fall. Happen what will, therefore, he is resolved to share with her all the hardships which the king, his father, may be pleased to put upon her."

One night, about the middle of August, as the king was tossing restlessly upon his pillow, he sprang from his bed, exclaiming, "Eureka! I now see what will bring a settlement." Immediately a special messenger was dispatched, with terms of compromise, to Kannegiesser, the king's embassador at Hanover. We do not know what the propositions were. But the king was exceedingly anxious to avoid war. He had, in many respects, a very stern sense of justice, and would not do that which he considered to be wrong. When he abused his family or others he did not admit that he was acting unjustly. He assumed, and with a sort of fanatical conscientiousness, detestable as it was, that he was doing right, that they deserved the treatment. And now he earnestly desired peace, and was disposed to present the most honorable terms to avert a war.

Kannegiesser, at Hanover, received the king's propositions for reconciliation at ten o'clock in the morning of the 15th of August, 1729. George II. was then absent on a hunting excursion. The Prussian embassador called immediately at the council-chamber of the Hanoverian court, and informed M. Hartoff, the privy secretary, that he wished an audience with the ministry, then in session, to make a proposition to them from the Prussian court. Hartoff, who had met Kannegiesser in a room adjoining the council-chamber, reported the request to the council, and returned with the disrespectful answer that "M. Kannegiesser must defer what he has to say to some other time."

The Prussian minister condescended then so importunately to urge an audience, in view of the menacing state of affairs, that M. Hartoff returned to the council-chamber, and in seven minutes came back with an evasive answer, still refusing to grant an audience. The next day M. Kannegiesser called again at the council-chamber. "I let them know in the mildest terms," he writes in his dispatch home, "that I desired to be admitted to speak with them, which was refused me a second time." He then informed M. Hartoff that the Prussian court expected a definite answer to some propositions which had previously been sent to the council at Hanover; that he would remain two days to receive it; that in case he did not receive it he would call again to remind them that an answer was desired.

The next day M. Hartoff called at the residence of M. Kannegiesser, and informed him "that the ministers, understanding that he designed to ask an audience to-morrow to remind them of the answer which he demanded, wished to say that such applications were not customary among sovereign princes; that they dared not treat farther in that affair with him; that as soon as they received instructions from his Britannic majesty they would communicate to him the result."

The Prussian minister replied that he could not conceive why he should be refused an audience; that he should not fail to be at the council-chamber at eleven o'clock the next day to receive an answer to the proposals already made, and also to the proposals which he was prepared to make. He endeavored to inform Hartoff of the terms of compromise which the Prussian king was ready to present. But Hartoff refused to hear him, declaring that he had

positive orders not to listen to any thing he had to say upon the subject. We will give the conclusion in the words of the Prussian minister, as found in his dispatch of the 18th of August, 1729:

"At eleven this day I went to the council-chamber, for the third time, and desired secretary Hartoff to prevail with the ministry to allow me to speak with them, and communicate what the king of Prussia had ordered me to propose. Herr Von Hartoff gave them an account of my request, and brought me, for answer, that I must wait a little, because the ministers were not yet all assembled; which I did. But after having made me stay almost an hour, and after the president of the council was come, Herr Von Hartoff came out to me and repeated what he had said yesterday, in very positive and absolute terms, that the ministers were resolved not to see me, and had expressly forbid him taking any paper at my hands.

"To which I replied, that this was very hard usage, and the world would see how the king of Prussia would relish it. But having strict orders from his majesty, my most gracious master, to make a declaration to the ministers of Hanover in his name, and finding that Herr Von Hartoff would neither receive it nor take a copy of it, I had only to tell him that I was under the necessity of leaving it in writing, and had brought the paper with me; and that now, as the council were pleased to refuse to take it, I was obliged to leave the said declaration on a table in an adjoining room, in the presence of Herr Von Hartoff and other secretaries of the council, whom I desired to lay it before the ministry.

"After this I went home, but had scarcely entered my apartment when a messenger returned me, by order of the ministers, the declaration, still sealed as I left it; and perceiving that I was not inclined to receive it, he laid it on my table, and immediately left the house."

Having met with this repulse, Kannegiesser returned to Berlin with the report. Frederick William was exasperated in the highest degree by such treatment from a brother-in-law whom he both hated and despised. He had at his command an army in as perfect condition, both in equipment and drill, as Europe had ever seen. Within a week's time forty-four thousand troops, horse, foot, and artillery, were rendezvoused at Magdeburg. Fritz was there, looking quite soldierly on his proud charger, at the head of his regiment of the giant guard. Vigorously they were put upon the march. George II., who had already in his boyhood felt the weight of Frederick William's arm, and who well knew his desperate energy when once roused, was terrified. He had no forces in Hanover which could stand for an hour in opposition to the army which the Prussian king was bringing against him.

War between Prussia and England might draw all the neighboring nations into the conflict. There was excitement in every continental court. The Pope, it is reported, was delighted. "He prays," says Carlyle, "that Heaven would be graciously pleased to foment and blow up to the proper degree this quarrel between the two chief heretical powers, Heaven's chief enemies, whereby holy religion might reap a good benefit."

In the general alarm France, Holland, and other neighboring courts interposed and called loudly for a settlement. Frederick William had never wished for war. George II. was thoroughly frightened. As it was certain that he would be severely chastised, he was eager to escape from the difficulty through the mediation of others. An arbitration was agreed upon, and the quarrel was settled without bloodshed.

On the 8th of September Fritz returned to Potsdam from this his first military expedition, with his regiment of giants. He was then seventeen years of age. His soldierly bearing had quite rejoiced the king, and he began to think that, after all, possibly something might be made of Fritz.

Just as these troubles were commencing there was, in May, 1729, a marriage in the Prussian royal family. Some two hundred miles south of Brandenburg there was, at that time, a small marquisate called Anspach, next in dignity to a dukedom. The marquis was a frail, commonplace boy of seventeen, under the care of a young mother, who was widowed, sick, and dying. Much to the dissatisfaction of Sophie Dorothee, the queen-mother, Frederick William had arranged a marriage between this young man, who was far from rich, and his second daughter, Frederica Louisa, who was then fifteen years of age.[1]

Fritz went in the royal carriage, with suitable escort, to meet the young marquis on the Prussian frontier, as he came to his bridals. They returned together in the carriage to Potsdam with great military display. The wedding took place on the 30th of May, 1729. It was very magnificent. Fritz was conspicuous on the occasion in a grand review of the giant grenadiers. Wilhelmina, in her journal, speaks quite contemptuously of her new brother-in-law, the marquis of Anspach, describing him as a foolish young fellow. It was, indeed, a marriage of children. The bridegroom was a sickly, peevish, undeveloped boy of seventeen; and the bride was a self-willed and ungoverned little beauty of fifteen. The marriage proved a very unhappy one. There was no harmony between

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1 "It was a marriage much beneath what this princess might have pretended to. But Frederick William loved such alliances—first, because they were at hand and brought about without trouble, and thus his daughters were taken off his hands at an early age; and, secondly, because to these little princes the honor of obtaining a princess of Prussia was sufficient; whereas great sovereigns would have required a more considerable dower than the avaricious habits of Frederick William permitted him to give."—*Life of Frederick II., by* Lord Dover.

them. Frederick writes: "They hate one another like the fire" (*comme le feu*). They, however, lived together in incessant, petty quarrelings for thirty years. Probably during all that time neither one of them saw a happy day.

Fritz had now attained eighteen years of age, and Wilhelmina twenty-one. Fritz was very fond of music, particularly of his flute, upon which he played exquisitely, being, however, careful never to sound its notes within hearing of his father. A celebrated music master from Dresden, by the name of Quantz, was his teacher. He came occasionally from Dresden and spent a week or two at Potsdam, secretly teaching the young prince. The mother of Fritz was in warm sympathy with her son, and aided him in all ways in her power in this gratification. Still it was a very hazardous measure. The fierce old king was quite uncertain in his movements. He might at any hour appear at Potsdam, and no one could tell to what lengths, in case of a discovery, he might go in the intensity of his rage. Fritz had an intimate friend in the army, a young man of about his own age, one lieutenant Katte, who, when Fritz was with his music teacher, was stationed on the look-out, that he might give instant warning in case there were any indications of the king's approach. His mother also was prepared, when Quantz was at Potsdam, promptly to dispatch a messenger to her son in case she suspected his father of being about to turn his steps in that direction.

Fritz, having thus established his outposts, was accustomed to retire to his room with his teacher, lay aside his tight-fitting Prussian military coat, which he detested, and called his shroud, draw on a very beautiful, flowing French dressing-gown of scarlet, embroidered with gold and decorated with sash and tags, and, with his hair dressed in the most fashionable style of the French court, surrender himself to the indulgence of his own luxurious tastes for sumptuous attire as well as for melodious sounds. He was thus, one day, in the height of his enjoyment, taking his clandestine music lesson, when lieutenant Katte came rushing into the room in the utmost dismay, with the announcement that the king was at the door. The wily and ever-suspicious monarch had stolen the march upon them. He was about to make his son a very unwelcome surprise visit.

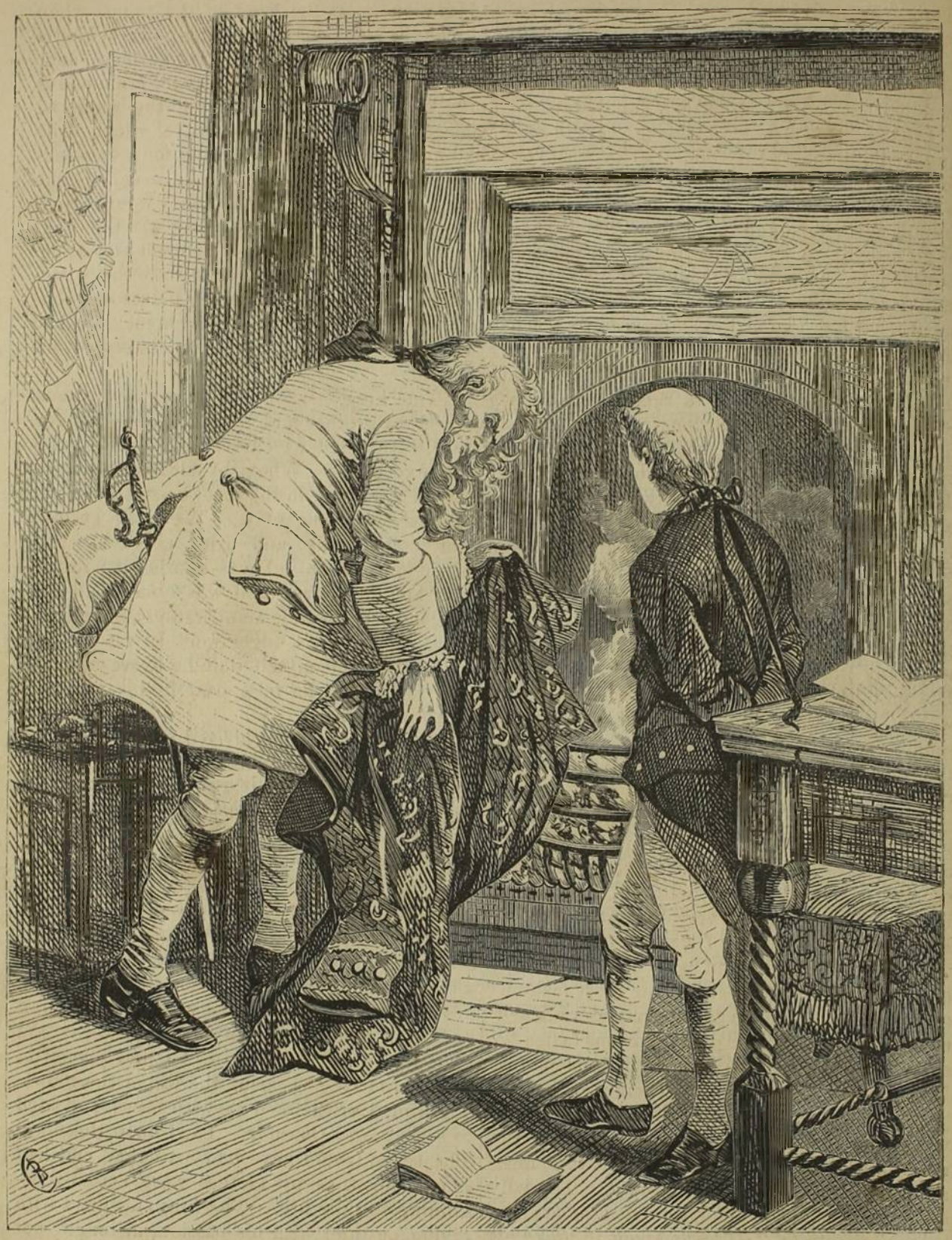
A bomb bursting in the room could scarcely have created a greater panic. Katte and Quantz seized the flutes and music-books and rushed into a wood-closet, where they stood quaking with terror. Fritz threw off his dressing-gown, hurried on his military coat, and sat down at the table, affecting to be deeply engaged with his books. The king, frowning like a thunder-cloud—for he always frowned when he drew near Fritz—burst into the room. The sight of the frizzled hair of his son "kindled the paternal wrath into a tornado pitch." The king had a wonderful command of the vocabulary of abuse, and was heaping epithets of vituperation upon the head of the prince when he caught sight of the dressing-gown behind a screen. He seized the glittering garment, and, with increasing outbursts of rage, crammed it into the fire. Then searching the room, he collected all the French books, of which Fritz had quite a library, and sending for a bookseller near by, ordered him to take every volume away, and sell them for what they would bring. For more than an hour the king was thus raging, like a maniac, in the apartment of his son. Fortunately he did not look into the wood-closet. Had he done so both Quantz and Katte would have been terribly beaten, even had they escaped being sent immediately to the scaffold.

"The king," writes Wilhelmina, "almost caused my brother and myself to die of hunger. He always acted as carver, and served every body except us. When, by chance, there remained any thing in the dish, he spit into it, to prevent our eating of it. We lived entirely upon coffee, milk, and dried cherries, which ruined our health. I was nourished with insults and invectives, and was abused all day long, in every possible manner, and before every body. The king's anger went so far against my brother and myself that he drove us from him, forbidding us to appear in his presence except at meals.

"The queen had contrived in her bedroom a sort of labyrinth of screens, so arranged that I could escape the king without being seen, in case he suddenly entered. One day the king came and surprised us. I wished to escape, but found myself embarrassed among these screens, of which several fell, and prevented my getting out of the room. The king was at my heels, and tried to catch hold of me in order to beat me. Not being able any longer to escape, I placed myself behind my governess. The king advanced so much that she was obliged to fall back, but finding herself at length near the chimney she was stopped. I found myself in the alternative of bearing the fire or the blows. The king overwhelmed me with abuse, and tried to seize me by the hair. I fell upon the floor. The scene would have had a tragical end had it continued, as my clothes were actually beginning to take fire. The king, fatigued with crying out and with his passion, at length put an end to it and went away."

These sufferings bound the brother and sister very intimately together. "This dear brother," Wilhelmina writes, "passed all his afternoons with me. We read and wrote together, and occupied ourselves in cultivating our minds. The king now never saw my brother without threatening him with the cane. Fritz repeatedly told me that he would bear any thing from the king except blows; but that if he ever came to such extremities with him he would regain his freedom by flight."

On the 10th of December, 1729, Dubourgay writes in his journal: "His Prussian majesty can not bear the sight of either the prince or



THE DRESSING-GOWN.

the princess royal. The other day he asked the prince, 'Kalkstein makes you English, does not he?' To which the prince answered, 'I respect the English, because I know the people there love me.' Upon which the king seized him by the collar, struck him fiercely with his cane, and it was only by superior strength that the poor prince escaped worse. There is a general apprehension of something tragical taking place before long."

Wilhelmina gives the following account of this transaction, as communicated to her by her brother: "As I entered the king's room this morning he first seized me by the hair and then threw me on the floor, along which, after having exercised the vigor of his arm upon my unhappy person, he dragged me, in spite of all my resistance, to a neighboring window. His intention apparently was to perform the office of the mutes of the seraglio, for seizing the cord belonging to the curtain, he placed it around my neck. I seized both of his hands and began to cry out. A servant came to my assistance and delivered me from his hands."

In reference to this event the prince wrote to his mother, from Potsdam, "I am in the



A ROYAL EXECUTIONER.

utmost despair. What I had always apprehended has at last come on me. The king has entirely forgotten that I am his son. This morning I came into his room as usual. At the first sight of me he sprang forward, seized me by the collar, and struck me a shower of cruel blows with his ratan. I tried in vain to screen myself, he was in so terrible a rage, almost out of himself. It was only weariness that made him give up. I am driven to extremity. I have too much honor to endure such treatment, and I am resolved to put an end to it in one way or another."

Wilhelmina well understood that her brother contemplated running away, escaping, if possible, to England. We have mentioned that the young prince, after his return from Dresden, had become quite dissipated. The companions he chose were wild young army officers of high birth, polished address, and, in godless lives, fashionable men of the world. Lieutenant Katte was a genteel man of pleasure. Another of his bosom companions, lieutenant Keith, a young man of illustrious lineage, was also a very undesirable associate for any young man whose principles of virtue were not established.[1] Of Keith and Katte, the two most intimate friends of Fritz, Wilhelmina writes, about this time:

"Lieutenant Keith had been gone some time, stationed in Wesel with his regiment. Keith's departure had been a great joy to me, in the hope my brother would now lead a more regular life. But it proved quite otherwise. A second favorite, and a much more dangerous, succeeded Keith. This was a young man of the name of Katte, captain lieutenant in the

1 "The sad truth, dimly indicated, is sufficiently visible. His life for the next four or five years was extremely dissolute. Poor young man, he has got into a disastrous course; consorts chiefly with debauched young fellows, as lieutenants Katte, Keith, and others of their stamp, who lead him on ways not pleasant to his father, nor conformable to the laws of this universe. Health either of body or mind is not to be looked for in his present way of life. The bright young soul with its fine strengths and gifts wallowing like a young rhinoceros in the mud bath. Some say it is wholesome for a human soul; not we."—CARLYLE, ii. p. 21.

regiment *Gens d'Armes.* He was highly connected in the army. His mother was daughter of field-marshal Wartensleben. General Katte, his father, had sent him to the universities, and afterward to travel, desiring that he should be a lawyer. But as there was no favor to be hoped for out of the army, the young man found himself at last placed there, contrary to his expectation. He continued to apply himself to studies. He had wit, book culture, and acquaintance with the world. The good company which he continued to frequent had given him polite manners to a degree then rare in Berlin. His physiognomy was rather disagreeable than otherwise. A pair of thick black eyebrows almost covered his eyes. His look had in it something ominous, presage of the fate he met with. A tawny skin, torn by small-pox, increased his ugliness. He affected the free-thinker, and carried libertinism to excess. A great deal of ambition and headlong rashness accompanied this vice. Such a favorite was not the man to bring back my brother from his follies."

Early in January, 1730, the king, returning from a hunt at Wusterhausen, during which he had held a drinking carouse and a diplomatic interview with the king of Poland, announced his intention of being no longer annoyed by matrimonial arrangements for Wilhelmina. He resolved to abandon the English alliance altogether, unless an immediate and unequivocal assent were given by George II. for the marriage of Wilhelmina with the prince of Wales, without any compact for the marriage of Fritz with the princess Amelia. Count Finckenstein, baron Grumkow, and general Borck were sent to communicate this the king's unalterable resolve to the queen. The first two were friends of the queen. Grumkow was understood to be the instigator of the king. Wilhelmina chanced to be with her mother when the gentlemen announced themselves as the bearers of a very important message from the king to her majesty. Wilhelmina trembled, and said in a low tone to her mother, "This regards me. I have a dreading." "No matter," the worn and weary mother replied; "one must have firmness, and that is not what I shall want." The queen retired with the ministers to the audience-chamber.

There they informed her that they had each received a letter the night before from the king, the contents of which they were forbidden, under penalty of death, from communicating to any one but to her. The king wished them to say to her majesty that he would no longer endure her disobedience in reference to the marriage of Wilhelmina; that in case this disobedience continued there should be an entire separation between him and his wife—a divorce—and that she and her daughter should both be banished to the château of Oranienburg, about twenty miles from Berlin, and there held in close imprisonment. The king was willing that Sophie Dorothee should write once more, and only once more, to her brother, George II., and demand of him a categorical answer, yes or no, whether he would consent to the immediate marriage of the prince of Wales and Wilhelmina. The king would wait a fortnight for an answer, or, if the winds were contrary, three weeks; but not a day more. Should no answer in that time be returned, or a negative or an evasive answer, then Wilhelmina was to make her immediate choice of a husband between either the duke of Weissenfels or the marquis of Schwedt, and to be married without delay.[1]

Weissenfels was a small duchy in Saxony. The duke, so called by courtesy, had before visited Berlin in the train of his sovereign, king Augustus, when his majesty returned the visit of Frederick William. He was then quite captivated by the beauty and vivacity of Wilhelmina. He was titular duke merely, his brother being the real duke; and he was then living on his pay as officer in the army, and was addicted to deep potations. Carlyle describes him as "a mere betitled, betasseled, elderly military gentleman of no special qualities, evil or good." Sophie Dorothee, noticing his attentions to Wilhelmina, deemed it the extreme of impudence for so humble a man to aspire to the hand of her illustrious child. She reproved him so severely that he retired from the court in deep chagrin. He never would have presumed to renew the suit but from the encouragement given by Frederick William.

The marquis of Schwedt was a very indifferent young man, living under the tutelage of his dowager mother. She was a cousin of the king of Prussia, and had named her son Frederick William. Having rendered herself conspicuously ridiculous by the flaunting colors of her dress, which tawdry display was in character with her mind, both she and her son were decidedly disagreeable to Wilhelmina.

There was no alternative left the young princess. Unless there were an immediate consummation of the marriage contract with the English Frederick, she was, without delay, to choose between Weissenfels and Schwedt. The queen, in response to this communication, said, "I will immediately write to England. But, whatever may be the answer, it is impossible that my daughter should marry either of the individuals whom the king has designated." Baron Grumkow, who was in entire accord with the king, "began," says Wilhelmina, "quoting Scripture on her majesty, as the devil can on occasion. 'Wives, be obedient to your husbands,' said he. The queen very aptly replied, 'Yes, but did not Bethuel, the son of Milcah, when Abraham's servant asked his

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1 "Never in any romance or stage play was young lady, without blame, without furtherance and without hinderance of her own, so tormented about a settlement in life—passive she all the while, mere clay in the hands of the potter, and begging the universe to have the extreme goodness only to leave her alone." —Carlyle.

daughter in marriage for young Isaac, answer, 'We will call the damsel, and inquire of her mouth?' It is true, wives must obey their husbands. But husbands must command things just and reasonable.'"

"The king's procedure," added the unhappy mother, "is not in accordance with that law. He is doing violence to my daughter's inclinations, thus rendering her wretched for the remainder of her days. He wishes to give her for a husband a brutal debauchee, a younger brother, who is nothing but an officer in the army of the king of Poland; a landless man, without the means of living according to his rank. I will write to England. But whatever the answer, I had rather, a thousand times, see my child in the grave than hopelessly miserable."

The queen, looking reproachfully at Grumkow, remarked, "I know full well to whom I owe all this." She then excused herself, saying that she was not well, and retired to her apartment. There she communicated to the anxious Wilhelmina the cruel message of the king. Sophie Dorothee then wrote a very earnest letter to queen Caroline, the wife of George II., imploring that all obstacles in the way of the marriage of Wilhelmina with the prince of Wales might be withdrawn. The idea of marriage with either Weissenfels or Schwedt was dreadful. But, on the other hand, the wrath of the king, the divorce of the queen, and the imprisonment of both mother and daughter in the château of Oranienburg, were also dreadful. Fritz was taken into the councils of his mother and sister. It was decided that he should also write to his aunt, urging his suit for the princess Amelia. It is true that George II. was ready to accede to this marriage, but Frederick William threw obstacles in the way. It was probably the hope of Fritz to secure Amelia notwithstanding his father's opposition. The ready pen of Wilhelmina was employed to draft the letter, which her brother submissively copied. As it was not probable, in the intricacies in which the question was now involved, that both marriages could take place together, Fritz wrote pleading for the marriage of Wilhelmina at once, pledging his word that he would remain faithful to the princess Amelia.

"I have already," he wrote, "given your majesty my word of honor never to wed any one but the princess Amelia, your daughter. I here reiterate that promise, in case your majesty will consent to my sister's marriage."

Sophie Dorothee dispatched a courier with these documents, to go with the utmost speed to England. It was a long journey in those days, and the winds were often contrary. A fortnight passed. Three weeks were gone. Still there was no answer. On the 25th of January, 1730—"a day," writes Wilhelmina, "which I shall never forget"—Finckenstein, Borck, and Grumkow again called upon the queen, with the following message from the king:

"Whatever answer may now be returned from England I will have nothing to do with it. Whether negative, affirmative, or evasive, to me it shall be as nothing. You, madam, must now choose between the duke of Weissenfels and the marquis of Schwedt. If you do not choose, you and Wilhelmina may prepare for Oranienburg, where you shall suffer the just penalty of mutiny against the authority set over you by God and men."

The queen summoned firmness to reply: "You can inform the king that he will never make me consent to render my daughter miserable; and that so long as a breath of life remains in me I will not permit her to take either the one or the other of these persons."

Then addressing Grumkow, she said, in tones deliberate and intense, "For you, Sir, who are the author of my misfortunes, may my curse fall upon you and your house. You have this day killed me. But I doubt not that Heaven will hear my prayer and avenge my wrongs."

The queen was at this time in a delicate state of health, and anxiety and sorrow threw her upon a sick-bed. The king, who felt as much affection for "Pheekin" as such a coarse, brutal man could feel for any body, was alarmed; but he remained obdurate. He stormed into her room, where in the fever of her troubles she tossed upon her pillow, and obstreperously declared that Wilhelmina should be married immediately, and that she must take either Weissenfels or Schwedt. As both mother and daughter remained firm in their refusal to choose, he resolved to decide the question himself.

Accordingly he made proposals to the marquise of Schwedt that Wilhelmina should marry her son. The lady replied, in terms very creditable both to her head and her heart, "Such a union, your majesty, would be in accordance with the supreme wish of my life. But how can I accept such happiness against the will of the princess herself? This I can positively never do." Here she remained firm. The raging king returned to the bedside of his wife, as rough and determined as ever. He declared that the question was now settled, that Wilhelmina was to marry the old duke of Weissenfels.

The unhappy princess, distracted by these griefs, had grown thin and pale. It was soon rumored throughout the court that the king had written to Weissenfels, and that the duke was on his way to seize his reluctant bride. In this emergence the queen's friend, baron Borck, suggested to her that, in order to get rid of the obnoxious Weissenfels, she should so far yield to the wishes of the king as to give up the English alliance, and propose a third party, who might be more acceptable to Wilhelmina. But who shall this substitute be?

About two hundred miles south of Berlin there was quite an important marquisate called Baireuth. The marquis had a good-looking young son, the heir-apparent, who had just returned from the grand tour of Europe. Upon the death of his father he would enter upon quite a rich inheritance. This young marquis, Frederick by name, baron Borck proposed as a

substitute for the duke of Weissenfels. It was understood that Wilhelmina was such a prize that kings, even, would be eager to obtain her hand. There could therefore be no doubt but that the marquis of Baireuth would feel signally honored by such nuptials. The worn and weary mother eagerly accepted this proposal. She suggested it to the king. Sullenly he gave it his assent, saying, "I will passively submit to it, but will take no active part whatever in the affair. Neither will I give Wilhelmina one single copper for dowry."

The queen, delighted in having obtained even this measure of acquiescence on the part of the king, now conferred with Wilhelmina. But, to her surprise and bitter disappointment, the young princess did not share in her mother's joy. She was not disposed to be thus bartered away, and presented sundry objections. The poor mother, harassed by these interminable difficulties, now lost all patience. She broke out upon her equally unhappy daughter with cruel reproaches.

"Take, then," she exclaimed, "the grand Turk or the great mogul for your husband. Follow your own caprice. Had I known you better I would not have brought so many sorrows upon myself. You may follow the king's bidding. It is henceforth your own affair. I will no longer trouble myself about your concerns. And spare me, if you please, the sorrows of your odious presence. I can not stand it."

Wilhelmina endeavored to reply. But the angry mother sternly exclaimed, "Silence!" and the tortured girl left the apartment, weeping bitterly. Even Fritz took his mother's part, and reproached Wilhelmina for not acceding to her plan. New troubles were thickening around him. He was in debt. The king had found it out. To his father's stern questioning, Fritz, in his terror, had uttered deliberate falsehood. He confessed a debt of about eight hundred dollars, which his father had detected, and solemnly declared that this was all. In fact, he owed an additional sum of seven thousand dollars. Should the king discover this debt, and thus detect Fritz in a lie, his rage would be tremendous. The king paid the eight hundred dollar debt of his son, and then issued a decree declaring that to lend money to any princes of the blood, even to the prince royal, was a high crime, to be punished, not only by forfeiture of the money, but by imprisonment. The king had begun to suspect that Fritz intended to escape. He could not escape without money. The king therefore took special precautions that his purse should be ever empty, and watched him with renewed vigilance.

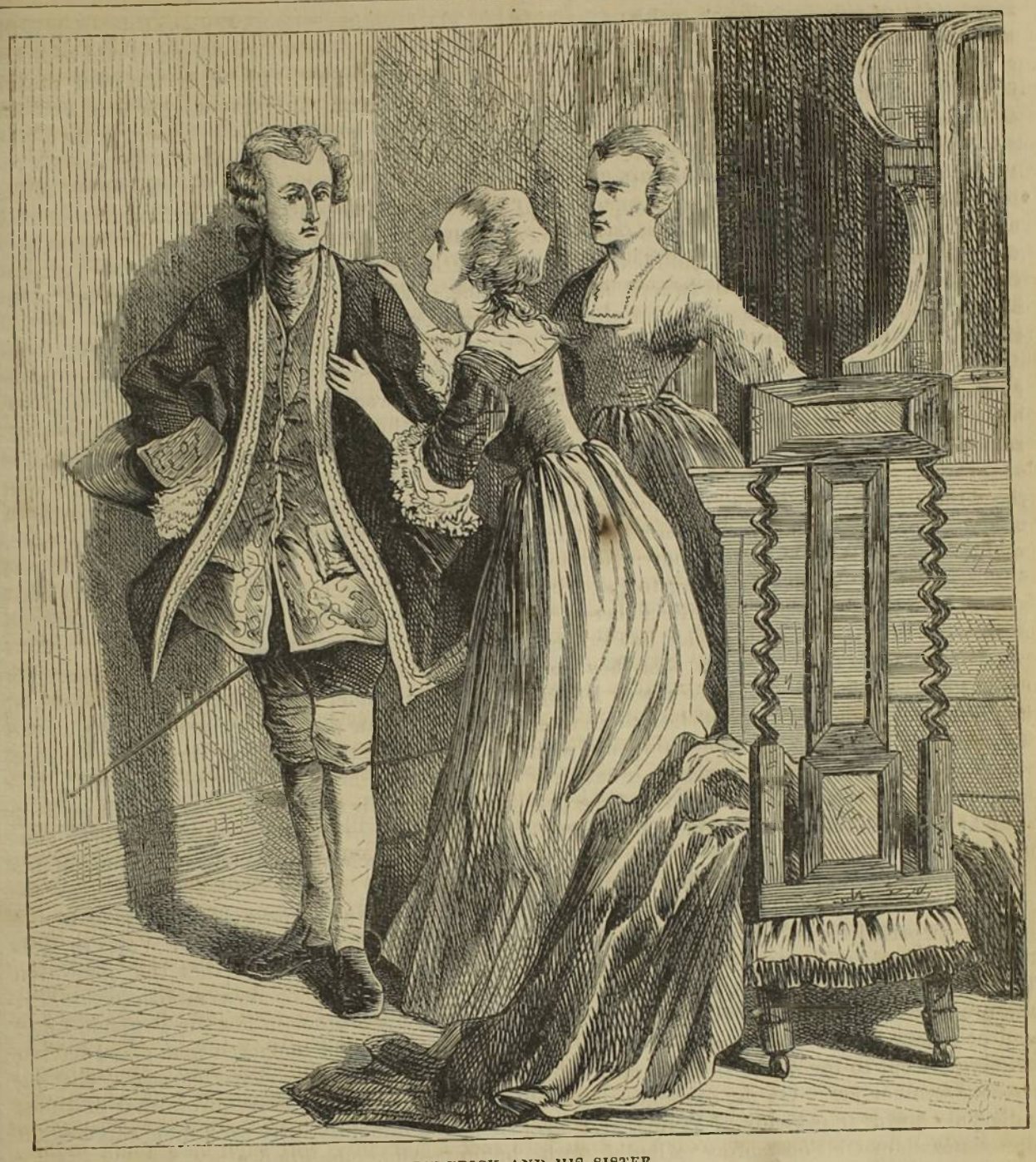
While matters were in this extremity the British minister, Dubourgay, and baron Knyphausen, a distinguished Prussian official, dispatched Rev. Dr. Villa, a scholarly man, who had been Wilhelmina's teacher of English, on a secret mission to the court of England, to communicate the true state of affairs, and to endeavor to secure some disentanglement of the perplexities. Dr. Villa was a warm friend of Wilhelmina, and, in sympathy with her sorrows, wept as he bade her adieu. The king was in such ill humor that his daughter dared not appear in his presence. If Fritz came within reach of his father's arm he was pretty sure to receive a blow from his ratan.

On the 18th of February, 1730, some affairs of state led the king to take a trip to Dresden to see the king of Poland. He decided to take Fritz with him, as he was afraid to leave him behind. Fritz resolved to avail himself of the opportunity which the journey might offer to attempt his escape. He was unwilling to do this without bidding adieu to his sister, who had been the partner of so many of his griefs. It was not easy to obtain a private interview. On the evening of the 17th of February, as Wilhelmina, aided by her governess, was undressing for bed, the door of the ante-room of her chamber was cautiously opened, and a young gentleman, very splendidly dressed in French costume, entered. Wilhelmina, terrified, uttered a shriek, and endeavored to hide herself behind a screen. Her governess, Madam Sonsfeld, ran into the ante-room to ascertain what such an intrusion meant. The remainder of the story we will give in the words of Wilhelmina:

"But she returned the next moment accompanying the cavalier, who was laughing heartily, and whom I recognized for my brother. His dress so altered him he seemed a different person. He was in the best humor possible. 'I am come to bid you farewell once more, my dear sister,' said he; 'and as I know the friendship you have for me, I will not keep you ignorant of my designs. I go, and do not come back. I can not endure the usage I suffer. My patience is driven to an end. It is a favorable opportunity for flinging off that odious yoke. I will glide out of Dresden and get across to England, where, I do not doubt, I shall work out your deliverance too, when I am got thither. So I beg you calm yourself. We shall soon meet again in places where joy shall succeed our tears, and where we shall have the happiness to see ourselves in peace and free from these persecutions.'"

Wilhelmina was appalled in view of the difficulty and danger of the enterprise. It was a long distance from Dresden to the coast. Headwinds might detain the vessel. The suspicious king would not long remain ignorant that he was missing. He would be pursued with energy almost demoniac. Being captured, no one could tell how fearful would be his doom. The sagacious sister was right. Fritz could not but perceive the strength of her arguments, and gave her his word of honor that he would not attempt, on the present occasion, to effect his flight. Fritz accordingly went to Dresden with his father, and returned.

In the mean time Dr. Villa reached England. In conference with the British cabinet the members deemed it very desirable, at all events, to effect the marriage of the prince of Wales with



FREDERICK AND HIS SISTER.

the Prussian princess. The main consideration was that it would tend to detach Prussia from Germany, and secure its alliance with England. It was also a good Protestant match, and would promote the interests of Protestantism. The king desired this marriage. But he was inflexible in his resolve that both marriages should take place or neither. The Prussian king was equally inflexible in his determination that, while he would consent to one marriage, he would not consent to both. Colonel Hotham, a man of good family and of some personal distinction, was accordingly sent, as envoy extraordinary, to Berlin to make new efforts in favor of the double marriage.

The queen of Prussia had recently given birth to another prince. She was on a bed of languor. The king was somewhat mollified, and was anxious to be relieved from these protracted difficulties. Colonel Hotham reached the palace of Charlottenburg on the 2d of April, 1730, and was graciously received by the king. The next day quite a splendid dinner was given in honor of the British envoy. All the notables who surrounded the table, the English and the Prussian, in accordance with the degrading custom of those times, drank deeply. Hotham, in his dispatch, without any apparent sense of shame, writes, "We all got immoderately drunk."

The object of colonel Hotham's mission was well known. The cordial reception he had met from the king indicated that his message was not an unwelcome one to his Prussian majesty. In the indecent hilarity of the hour it was assumed that the marriage contract between Wilhelmina and the prince of Wales was settled. Brains addled with wine gave birth to stupid jokes upon the subject. "A German ducat was to be exchanged for an English half guinea." At last, in the semi-delirium of their intoxication, one proposed as a toast, "To the health of Wilhelmina, princess of Wales." The sentiment was received with uproarious jollity. Though all the company were in the

same state of silly inebriation, neither the king nor the British ministers, Hotham and Dubourgay, for a moment lost sight of their settled policy. The king remained firm in his silent resolve to consent only to the marriage of Wilhelmina and the prince of Wales. Hotham and Dubourgay could not swerve from the positive instructions which they had received, to insist upon both marriages or neither. Thus, notwithstanding this bacchanal jollification, neither party was disposed to swerve a hair's-breadth from its fixed resolve, and the question was no nearer a settlement than before.

Still, most of the courtly carousers did not comprehend this. And when the toast to Wilhelmina as princess of Wales was received with such acclaim, they supposed that all doubt was at an end. The news flew upon the wings of the wind to Berlin. It was late in the afternoon of Monday, April 30. Wilhelmina writes:

"I was sitting quiet in my apartment, busy with work, and some one reading to me, when the queen's ladies rushed in, with a torrent of domestics in their rear, who all bawled out, putting one knee to the ground, that they were come to salute the princess of Wales. I fairly believed these poor people had lost their wits. They would not cease overwhelming me with noise and tumult; their joy was so great they knew not what they did. When the farce had lasted some time they told me what had occurred at the dinner.

"I was so little moved by it that I answered, going on with my work, 'Is that all?' which greatly surprised them. A while after my sisters and several ladies came to congratulate me. I was much loved, and I felt more delighted at the proofs each gave me of that than at what had occasioned their congratulations. In the evening I went to the queen's. You may readily conceive her joy. On my first entrance she called me her dear princess of Wales, and addressed Madam De Sonsfeld as 'Miladi.' This latter took the liberty of hinting to her that it would be better to keep quiet; that the king, having yet given no notice of this business, might be provoked at such demonstration, and that the least trifle could still ruin all her hopes."

The king, upon his return from Charlottenburg to Berlin, made no allusion whatever in his family to the matter. In the court, however, it was generally considered that the question, so far as Wilhelmina was concerned, was settled. Hotham held daily interviews with the king, and received frequent communications from the prince of Wales, who appears to have been very eager for the consummation of the marriage. Many of these letters were shown to Wilhelmina. She was much gratified with the fervor they manifested on the part of a lover who had never yet seen her. In one of these letters the prince says: "I conjure you, my dear Hotham, get these negotiations finished. I am madly in love (*amoureux comme un fou*), and my impatience is unequaled."

The question arises, Why was Frederick William so averse to the marriage of Fritz with the princess Amelia? Probably the real reason was his rooted antipathy to his son, and his consequent unwillingness to do any thing which would promote his interests or increase his influence. His advisers strengthened him in this sentiment. The English were very unpopular at Berlin. Their assumption of superiority over all other peoples was a constant annoyance. The Prussian king said to his confidential friends:

"If the English princess Amelia come here as the bride of my son, she will bring with her immense wealth. Accustomed to grandeur, she will look contemptuously upon our simplicity. With her money she can dazzle and bribe. I hate my son. He hates me. Aided by the gold of England, my son can get up a party antagonistic to me. No! I will never, never consent to his marrying the princess Amelia. If he is never married it is no matter. Fortunately I have other sons, and the succession will not be disturbed."[1]

The king had made many efforts to force his son to surrender his rights of primogeniture, and to sign an act renouncing his claim to the succession of the Prussian throne in favor of his next brother. His only answer was, "Declare my birth illegitimate, and I will give up the throne." But the king could never consent to fix such a stain upon the honor of his wife.

And why was George II. so averse to the single marriage of the prince of Wales to Wilhelmina? It is supposed that the opposition arose simply from his own mulish obstinacy. He hated his brother-in-law the Prussian king. He was a weak, ill-tempered man; and having once said, "*Both marriages or none*," nothing could induce him to swerve from that position. In such a difficulty, with such men, there could be no possible compromise.

George II. was far from popular in England. There was but little in the man to win either affection or esteem. The prince of Wales was also daily becoming more disliked. He was assuming haughty airs. He was very profligate, and his associates were mainly actresses and opera girls. The Prussian minister at London, who was opposed to any matrimonial connection whatever between the Prussian and the English court, watched the prince of Wales very narrowly, and wrote home quite unfavorable reports respecting his character and conduct. He had

[1] The Prussian minister Reichenbach, at London, wrote to M. Grumkow, under date of March 14, 1730: "Reichenbach flatters himself that the king will remain firm, and not let his enemies deceive him. If Grumkow and Seckendorf have opportunity they may tell his Prussian majesty that the whole design of this court is to render his country a province, dependent on England. When once the princess royal of England shall be wedded to the prince royal of Prussia, the English, by that means, will form such a party at Berlin that they will altogether tie his Prussian majesty's hands."

searched out the fact that Fritz had written to his aunt, queen Caroline, pledging to her his word "never to marry any body in the world except the princess Amelia of England, happen what will." This fact was reported to the king, greatly exciting his wrath.

To obviate the difficulty of the crown prince becoming the head of a party in Berlin antagonistic to the king, the plan was suggested of having him appointed, with his English princess, vice-regent of Hanover. But this plan failed. Hotham now became quite discouraged. He wrote home, on the 22d of April, that he had that day dined with the king; that the crown prince was present, but dreadfully dejected, and that great sympathy was excited in his behalf, as he was so engaging and so universally popular. He evidently perceived some indications of superiority in the crown prince, for he added: "If I am not much mistaken, this young prince will one day make a very considerable figure."

After much diplomatic toil the ultimatum obtained from Frederick William was the ever inflexible answer: "1. The marriage of the prince of Wales to Wilhelmina I consent to. 2. The marriage of the crown prince Frederick with the princess Amelia must be postponed. I hope it may eventually take place."

Hotham, quite indignant, sent this dispatch, dated May 13, to London, including with it a very earnest letter from the crown prince to his uncle, in which Fritz wrote:

"The crown prince begs his Britannic majesty not to reject the king's proposals, whatever they may be, for his sister Wilhelmina's sake. For though the crown prince is determined to lose his life sooner than marry any body but the princess Amelia, yet if this negotiation were broken off his father would go to extremities to force him and his sister into other engagements."

The return mail brought back, under date of May 22, the stereotype British answer: "Both marriages or none." Just before the reception of this reply, as colonel Hotham was upon the eve of leaving Berlin, the crown prince addressed to him, from Potsdam, the following interesting letter:

"Monsieur,—I believe that it is of the last importance that I should write to you, and I am very sad to have things to say which I ought to conceal from all the earth. But one must take that bad leap, and, reckoning you among my friends, I the more easily resolve to open myself to you.

"The case is this: I am treated in an unheard of manner by the king; and I know that there are terrible things in preparation against me touching certain letters which I wrote last winter, of which I believe you are informed. In a word, to speak frankly to you, the real, secret reason why the king will not consent to this marriage is, that he wishes to keep me on a low footing constantly, and to have the power of driving me mad whenever the whim takes him, throughout his life. Thus he will never give his consent.

"For my own part, therefore, I believe it would be better to conclude my sister's marriage, in the first place, and not even to ask from the king any assurance in regard to mine, the rather as his word has nothing to do with it. It is enough that I here reiterate the promises which I have already made to the king, my uncle, never to take another wife than his second daughter, the princess Amelia. I am a person of my word, and shall be able to bring about what I set forth, provided that there is trust put in me. I promise it to you. And now you may give your court notice of it, and I shall manage to keep my promise. I remain yours always."

In June, 1730, Augustus, king of Poland, had one of the most magnificent military reviews of which history gives any record. The camp of Mühlberg, as it was called, was established upon an undulating field, twelve miles square, on the right bank of the Elbe, a few leagues below Dresden. It is hardly too much to say that all the beauty and chivalry of Europe were gathered upon that field. Fabulous amounts of money and of labor were expended to invest the scene with the utmost sublimity of splendor. A military review had great charms for Frederick William. He attended as one of the most distinguished of the invited guests. The crown prince accompanied the king, as his father dared not leave him behind. But Fritz was exposed to every mortification and every species of ignominy which the ingenuity of this monster parent could heap upon him.

In the presence of monarchs, of lords and ladies, of the highest dignitaries of Europe, the young heir-apparent to the throne of Prussia, beautiful in person, high-spirited, and of superior genius, was treated by his father with studied contumely and insult. Every thing was done to expose him to contempt. He even openly flogged the prince with his ratan. It would seem that the father availed himself of this opportunity so to torture the sensibilities of his son as to drive him to suicide. Professor Ranke writes:

"In that pleasure camp of Mühlberg, where the eyes of many strangers were directed to him, the crown prince was treated like a disobedient boy, and at one time even with blows to make him feel that he was such. The enraged king, who never weighed the consequences of his words, added mockery to his manual outrage. 'Had I been so treated,' he said, 'by my father I would have blown my brains out. But this fellow has no honor. He takes all that comes.'"

It would seem that if ever there were an excuse for suicide it was to be found here. But what folly it would have been! Dark as these days were, they led the prince to a crown, and

to achievements of whose recital the world will never grow weary. Fritz, goaded to madness, again adopted the desperate resolve to attempt an escape. A young Englishman, captain Guy Dickens, secretary of the British embassador, Dubourgay, had become quite the intimate friend of the crown prince. They conferred together upon plans of escape. But the precautions adopted by the father were such that no plan which they could devise seemed feasible at that time. Fritz confided his thoughts to his friend lieutenant Keith, at Berlin. It is probable that the suspicions of the king were excited, for suddenly he sent lieutenant Keith to a garrison at Wesel, at a great distance from Berlin, in a small Prussian province far down the Rhine. The three had, however, concocted the following plan, to be subsequently executed. Immediately after the return from Mühlberg the king was to undertake a long journey to the Rhine. The crown prince, as usual, was to be dragged along with him. In this journey they would pass through Stuttgart, within a few miles of Strasbourg, which was on the French side of the river. From Stuttgart the prince was to escape in disguise, on fleetest horses, to Strasbourg, and thence proceed to London. Colonel Hotham, who had accompanied the Prussian king to the camp of Mühlberg, was apprised of all this by his secretary. He immediately dispatched the secretary, on the 16th of June, to convey the confidential intelligence to London.

At the close of these festivities at Mühlberg Frederick William and his suit took boat down the river Elbe to his hunting palace at Lichtenberg. Here they killed, in a grand hunting bout, a thousand animals, boars and deer. The crown prince, dishonored by insults which he could not revenge, and stung to the quick by innumerable humiliations, followed, dejected, like a guarded captive, in the train of his father. The unhappy prince had but just returned to his garrison at Potsdam, where spies ever kept their eyes vigilantly upon him, when his friend, captain Guy Dickens, brought him the answer, returned from London, to the confidential communication of the crown prince to his uncle, the British king. The substance of the document was as follows:

"Mr. Guy Dickens may give to the prince the assurance of the deep compassion which the king feels in view of the sad condition in which the prince finds himself, and of the sincere desire of his majesty to aid, by all the means in his power, to extricate him. While waiting the result of some negotiations now on foot, his majesty is of the opinion that it would be best for the prince to defer for a time his present design; that the present critical state of affairs in Europe do not present a favorable opportunity for the execution of the contemplated plan; that the idea of retiring to France demands very careful deliberation; and that there is not time now to ascertain how such a step would be regarded by the French court, which his majesty would think to be essential before he advise a prince so dear to him to withdraw to that country."

Soon after this colonel Hotham, having received a gross insult from the king, demanded his passports. The English embassador had presented the king with a document from his court. Frederick William angrily threw the paper upon the floor, exclaiming, "I have had enough of those things!" and turning upon his heel, left the room. Colonel Hotham, a high-bred English gentleman, could not brook such an indignity, not only to himself, but to his sovereign. The passionate king had scarcely left the apartment before he perceived the impolicy of his conduct. He tried to make amends. But colonel Hotham, justly regarding it as an insult to his court, persisted in demanding his passports, and returned to London. The crown prince in vain begged colonel Hotham to remain. Very properly he replied that the incivility was addressed to his king, and that it was for him only to judge what satisfaction was due for the indignity offered.

All negotiation in reference to the marriages was now apparently at an end. Lieutenant Katte remained at Potsdam. In the absence of lieutenant Keith he became more than ever the friend and confidant of the crown prince. Wilhelmina, aware of the dissipated character of Katte, mourned over this intimacy. The king was very much annoyed by the blunder of which he himself had been guilty in insulting the court of England in the person of its embassador. He declared, in his vexation, that he would never again treat in person with a foreign minister; that his hot temper rendered it unsafe for him to do so. He informed Wilhelmina that the question of her marriage with the prince of Wales was now settled forever; and that as she declined taking the duke of Weissenfels for a husband, she might prepare to retire to the abbey of Hereford, a kind of Protestant nunnery for ladies of quality who, for any reason, wished to be buried from the world. He mercilessly resolved to make her the abbess of this institution. This living burial was almost the last situation to suit the taste of Wilhelmina. The king was in the worst possible humor. "He bullies and outrages his poor crown prince almost worse than ever. There have been ratan showers hideous to think of, descending this very week (July, 1730) on the fine head and far into the high heart of a royal young man, who can not in the name of manhood endure, and must not in the name of sonhood resist, and vainly calls to all the gods to teach him what he shall do in this intolerable, inextricable state of affairs."[1]

As soon as Hotham had left Berlin the crown prince held a secret midnight interview with captain Dickens and lieutenant Katte, to devise some new plan of escape during the journey to the Rhine, which was to commence in a few

[1] Carlyle.

days. He made arrangements to leave all his private papers with Katte, provided himself with a large gray over-coat as a partial disguise, and, with much difficulty, obtained about a thousand ducats to defray his expenses. Lieutenant Keith was at Wesel. He was written to, with the utmost secrecy, as he might be able to render efficient aid, could the crown prince reach him.

On Saturday, the 15th of July, 1730, the king, with a small train which really guarded Fritz, set out at an early hour from Potsdam, on this memorable journey. Three reliable officers of the king occupied the same carriage with Fritz, with orders to keep a strict watch over him and never to leave him alone. Thus, throughout the journey, one of his guards sat by his side, and the other two on the seat facing him. The king was not a luxurious traveler. He seemed to covet hardship and fatigue. Post-horses were provided all along the route. The meteoric train rushed along, scarcely stopping for food or sleep, but occasionally delayed by business of inspection, until it reached Anspach, where the king's beautiful daughter, then but sixteen years of age, resided with her uncongenial husband. Here the crown prince had some hope of escape. He endeavored to persuade his brother-in-law, the young marquis of Anspach, to lend him a pair of saddle-horses, and to say nothing about it. But the characterless young man, suspecting his brother, and dreading the wrath of his terrible father-in-law, refused, with many protestations of good-will.

When near Augsburg Fritz wrote a letter to lieutenant Katte, stating that he should embrace the first opportunity to escape to the Hague; that there he should assume the name of the count of Alberville. He wished Katte to join him there, and to bring with him the



THE FLIGHT ARRESTED.

over-coat and the one thousand ducats which he had left in his hands. On Thursday, August 3, the royal party reached the little hamlet of Steinfurth, not far from the Rhine. Here, as was not unfrequently the case, they slept in barns, carefully swept and prepared for them. The usual hour of starting was three o'clock in the morning.

Just after midnight the prince, seeing his associates soundly asleep, cautiously rose, dressed, and crept out into the open air. He had secretly made arrangements with his valet, a brother of lieutenant Keith, to meet him with some horses on the village green. He reached the green. His valet soon appeared with the horses. Just at that moment one of his guard, Rochow, who had been aroused by a servant whom he had left secretly on the watch, came forward through the gloom of the night, and sternly addressing Keith, inquired, "Sirrah, what are you doing with those horses?" With much self-possession Keith replied, "I am getting the horses ready for the hour of starting." "His majesty," Rochow replied, "does not start till five o'clock. Take the horses directly back to the stable."

Keith, trembling in every limb, returned to the stable. Though Rochow pretended not to suspect any attempt at escape, it was manifestly pretense only. The prince had provided himself with a red over-coat as a disguise to his uniform, the gray one having been left with Katte at Potsdam. As Fritz was returning to the barn with Rochow, wearing this suspicious garment, they met the minister Seckendorf, whom Fritz and his mother thoroughly hated as one of the counselors of the king. Very coolly and cuttingly Rochow inquired of Seckendorf, "How do you like his royal highness in the red over-coat?" It was a desperate game these men were playing; for should the king suddenly die, Fritz would surely inherit the crown, and they would be entirely at his mercy. All hope of escape seemed now to vanish, and the prince was quite in despair.

The king was doubtless informed of all that had occurred. They reached Manheim the next night. Keith was so terrified, fearing that his life would be the penalty, that he there threw himself upon his knees before the king, confessing all, and imploring pardon. The king, in tones of intense agitation, informed the vigilance trio that death would be their inevitable doom if they allowed the prince to escape. Thus far the prince had been nominally free. Those who occupied the carriage with him—Rochow, Waldau, and Buddenbrock—had assumed to be merely his traveling companions. Their office of guardship had been scrupulously concealed. But henceforth he was regarded and treated as a culprit in the custody of his jailers.

The king, smothering his wrath, did not immediately seek an interview with his son. But the next day, encountering him, he said, sarcastically, "Ah, you are still here, then; I thought that by this time you would have been in Paris." The prince, somewhat emboldened by despair, ventured to reply, "I certainly could have been there had I wished it."

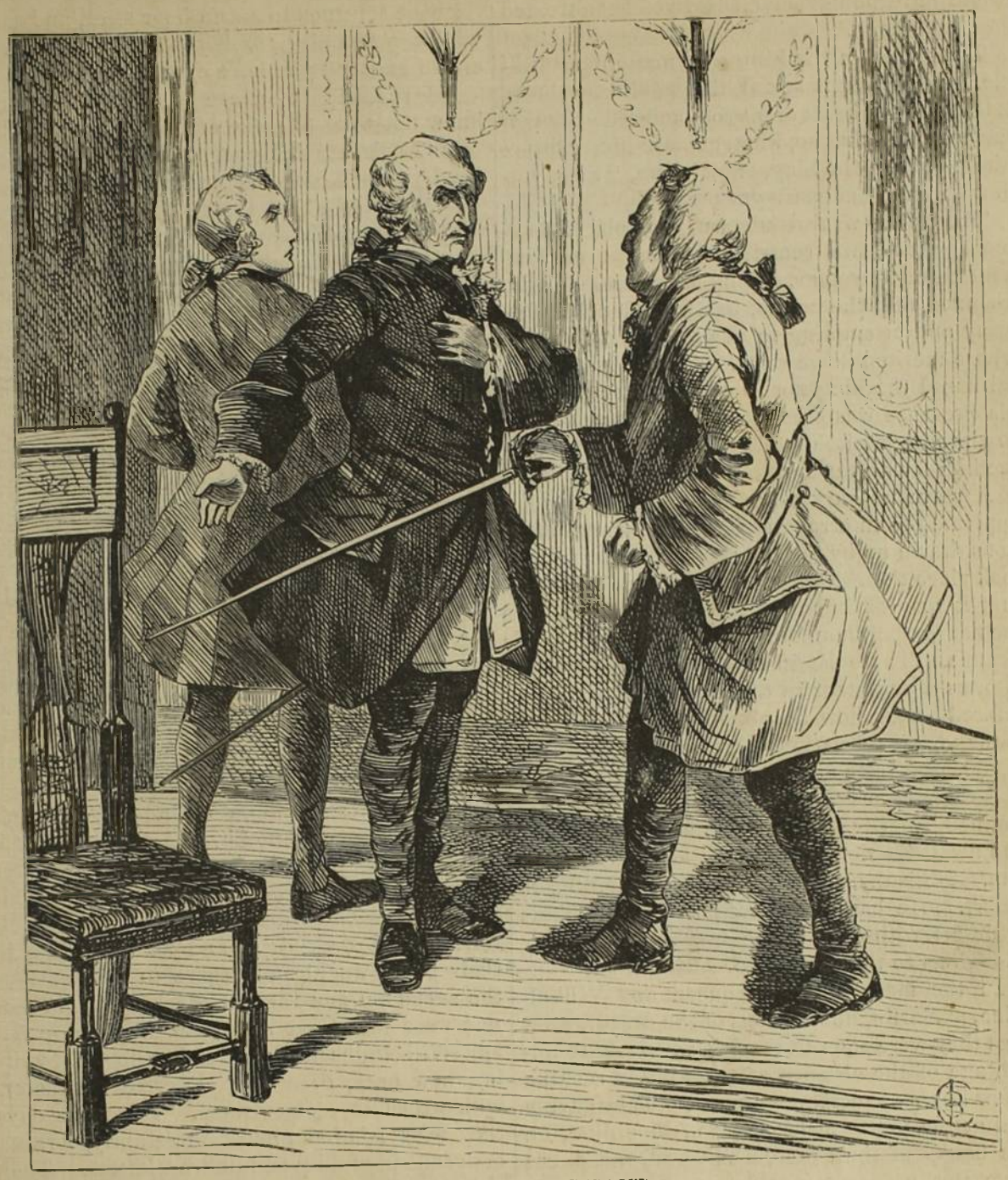
At Frankfort-on-the-Mayn the party were to take boats to descend the river. The prince was informed that the king had given express orders that he should not be permitted to enter the town, but that he should be conducted immediately to one of the royal yachts. Here the king received an intercepted letter from the crown prince to lieutenant Katte. Boiling with indignation he stalked on board the yacht, and assailed his captive son in the coarsest and most violent language of abuse. In the frenzy of his passion he seized Fritz by the collar, shook him, hustled him about, tore out handfuls of hair, and thrust his cane into his face, causing the blood to gush from his nose. "Never before," exclaimed the unhappy prince, pathetically, "did a Brandenburg face suffer the like of this."

The king then, having ordered his guard to watch him with the utmost vigilance, assuring them that their heads should answer for it if they allowed him to escape, sent his son to another boat. He was prevailed upon to do so, as no one could tell to what length the king's ungovernable passions might lead him.

The royal yachts glided down the Mayn to the Rhine, and thence down the Rhine to Wesel. Probably a heavier heart than that of the prince never floated upon that world-renowned stream. Lost in painful musings, he had no eye to gaze upon the picturesque scenes of mountain, forest, castle, and ruins through which they were gliding. At Bonn he had an interview with Seckendorf, whose influence was great with his father, and whom he hoped to interest in his favor. To him he said:

"I intended to have escaped at Steinfurth. I can not endure the treatment which I receive from my father—his abuse and blows. I should have escaped long ago, had it not been for the condition in which I should have thus left my mother and sister. I am so miserable that I care but little for my own life. My great anxiety is for those officers who have been my friends, and who are implicated in my attempts. If the king will promise to pardon them, I will make a full confession of every thing. If you can help me in these difficulties, I shall be forever grateful to you."

It is probable that even Seckendorf was somewhat moved by this pathetic appeal. Fritz succeeded in sending a letter to the post-office addressed to lieutenant Keith at Wesel, containing simply the words, "*Sauvez vous; tout est decouvert*" (Save yourself; all is found out). Keith received the letter but an hour or so before a colonel of gens d'armes arrived to arrest him. Seckendorf had an interview with the king, and seems to have endeavored to mitigate his wrath. He assured the infuriate monarch of his son's repentance, and of his readiness to make a full confession if his father would spare those who had been led by their sympa-



FREDERICK WILLIAM ENRAGED.

thies to befriend him. The unrelenting father received this message very sullenly, saying that he had no faith that his son would make an honest confession, but that he would see what he had to say for himself.

At Geldern, when within a few miles of Wesel, the king's wrath flamed up anew as he learned that lieutenant Keith had escaped. The imperiled young officer, warned of his danger, had saddled his horse as if for an evening ride in the country. He passed out at one of the gates of the city, and riding gently till darkness came, he put spurs to his horse and escaped to the Hague. Here, through the friendly offices of lord Chesterfield, the British embassador, he embarked for England. The authorities there received him kindly, and he entered the British army. For ten years he was heard of no more. The king dispatched officers in pursuit of the fugitive, and redoubled the vigilance with which Fritz was guarded.

Upon the king's arrival at Wesel he ordered his culprit son to be brought on shore and to be arraigned before him. It was Saturday evening, August 12, 1730. A terrible scene ensued. The despairing crown prince, tortured by injustice, was not disposed to humble himself before his father. Receiving no assurance that his friends would be pardoned, he evaded all attempts to extort from him confessions which would implicate them. General Mosel alone was present at this examination.

"Why," asked the king, furiously, "did you attempt to desert?"

"I wished to escape," the prince boldly replied, "because you did not treat me like a son, but like an abject slave."

"You are a cowardly deserter," the father exclaimed, "devoid of all feelings of honor."

"I have as much honor as you have," the son replied; "and I have only done that which I have heard you say a hundred times you

would have done yourself had you been treated as I have been."

The wrath of the king was now ungovernable. He drew his sword, threatening to thrust it through the heart of his son, and seemed upon the point of doing so, when general Mosel threw himself before the king, exclaiming, "Sire, you may kill me, but spare your son."[1]

The prince was withdrawn, and placed in a room where two sentries watched over him with fixed bayonets. The king malignantly assumed that the prince, being a colonel in the army and attempting to escape, was a *deserter*, whose merited doom was death. General Mosel urged the king not to see his son again, as his presence was sure to inflame his anger to so alarming a pitch. The father did not again see him for a year and three days.

A stern military commission was, however, appointed to interrogate the prince from questions drawn up by the king. The examination took place the next day. The prince confessed that it was his intention to cross the Rhine at the nearest point, and to repair to Strasbourg, in France. There he intended to enlist incognito, as a volunteer in the French army. He refused to tell how he obtained his money, or to make any revelations which would implicate his friends Katte and Keith.

As this report was made to the king he exclaimed, angrily: "Let him lie in ward, then, and await the doom which the laws adjudge to him. He is my colonel. He has attempted to desert. He has endeavored to induce others to desert with him. The law speaks plainly enough as to the penalty for such crimes."

In the mean time the queen and Wilhelmina, at Berlin, unconscious of the dreadful tidings they were soon to receive, were taking advantage of the absence of the king in seeking a few hours of social enjoyment. They gave a ball at the pretty little palace of Monbijou, on the banks of the Spree, a short distance out from Berlin. In the midst of the entertainment the queen received, by a courier, the following dispatch from Frederick William:

"I have arrested the rascal Fritz. I shall treat him as his crime and his cowardice merit. He has dishonored me and all my family. So great a wretch is no longer worthy to live."

Wilhelmina, in the following graphic narrative, describes the scene: "Mamma had given a ball in honor of papa's birthday. We recommenced the ball after supper. For six years I had not danced before. It was new fruit, and I took my fill of it, without heeding much what was passing. Madam Bulow, who with others, had worn long faces all night, pleading illness when one noticed it, said to me several times:

"'It is late. I wish you had done.'

"'Oh dear me!' I exclaimed; 'do let me have enough of dancing this one new time. It may be long before it comes again.'

"She returned to me an hour after, and said, with a vexed air: 'Will you end, then? You are so engaged you have eyes for nothing.'

"I replied: 'You are in such a humor I know not what to make of it.'

"'Look at the queen, then,' she added, 'and you will cease to reproach me.'

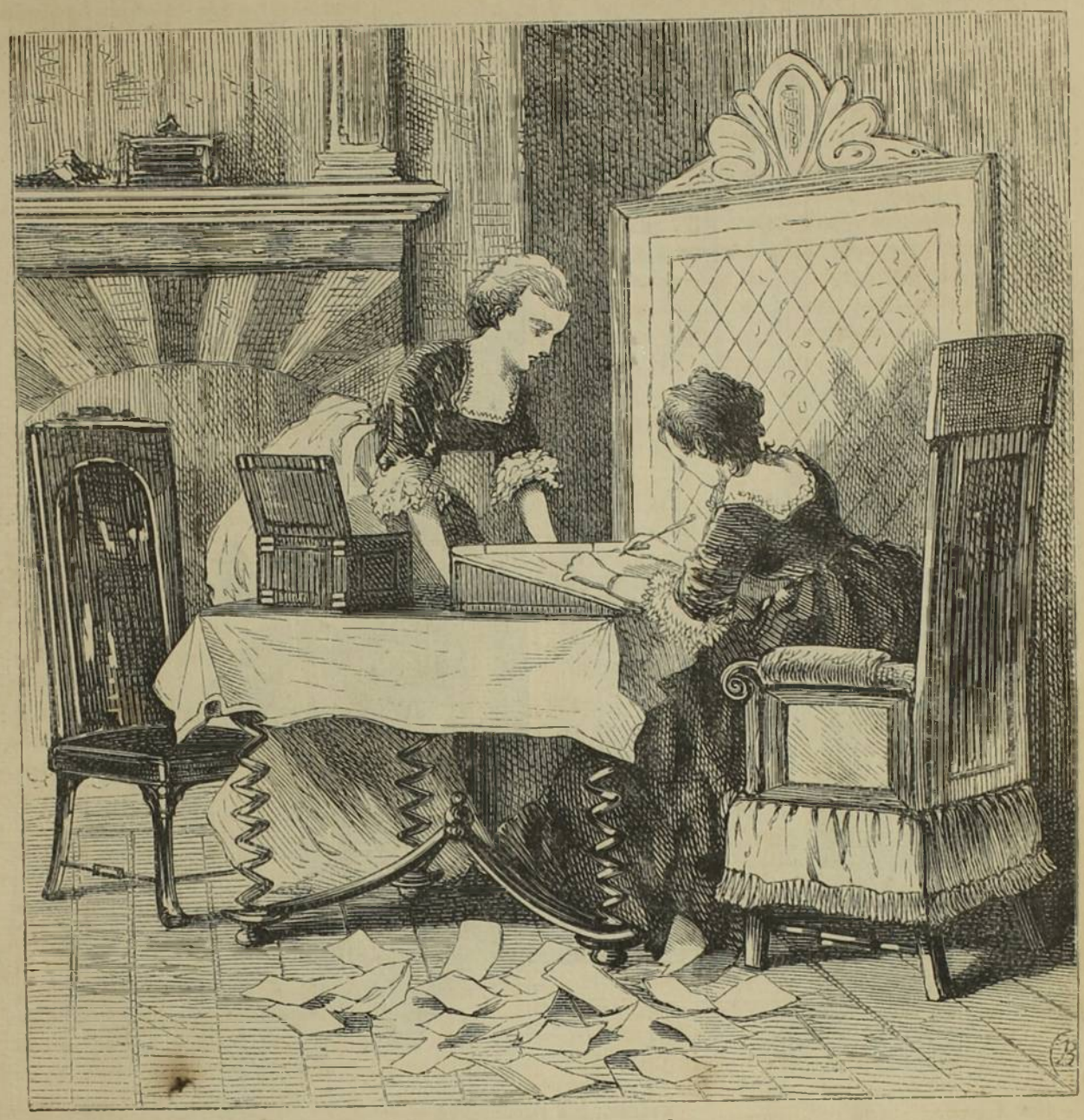
"A glance which I gave that way filled me with terror. There sat the queen, in a corner of the room, paler than death, in low conference with Madam Sonsfeld and countess Finckenstein. As my brother was most in my anxieties, I asked if it concerned him. Madam Bulow shrugged her shoulders, answering, 'I do not know at all.'"

They repaired to the carriage, which was immediately ordered. Not a word was spoken until they reached the palace. Wilhelmina did not venture to ask any questions. Fearing that her brother was dead, she was in terrible trepidation. Having arrived at the palace, Madam Sonsfeld informed her of the contents of the dispatch.

The next morning they learned that lieutenant Katte had been arrested. All the private papers of Fritz were left, under Katte's charge, in a small writing-desk. These letters would implicate both the mother and the daughter. They were terror-stricken. Count Finckenstein, who was in high authority, was their friend. Through him, by the aid of Madam Finckenstein, they obtained the desk. It was locked and sealed. Despair stimulated their ingenuity. They succeeded in getting the letters. To destroy them and leave nothing in their place would only rouse to greater fury the suspicion and rage of the king. The letters were taken out and burned. The queen and Wilhelmina immediately set to work writing new ones, of a very different character, with which to replace them. For three days they thus labored almost incessantly, writing between six and seven hundred letters. They were so careful to avoid any thing which might lead to detection that paper was employed for each letter bearing the date of the year in which the letter was supposed to be written. "Fancy the mood," writes Carlyle, "of these two royal women, and the black whirlwind they were in. Wilhelmina's dispatch was incredible. Pen went at the gallop night and day. New letters of old date and of no meaning are got into the desk again, the desk closed without mark of injury, and shoved aside while it is yet time."

Wesel was the fortress of a small province belonging to Prussia, on the Rhine, many leagues from Berlin. The intervening territory belonged to Hanover and Hesse Cassel. The king ordered his captive son to be taken, under a strong guard, by circuitous roads, so as not to attract attention, to the castle of Mittenwalde, near Berlin. The king then started for home, probably as wretched as he was making every body about him. After a very rapid journey he reached Berlin late in the after-

[1] *Memoires de la Margrave De Bareith.*



DESTROYING THE LETTERS.

noon of Sunday, the 27th of August, 1730. It was the evening after the fabrication of the letters had been completed. We give, from the graphic pen of Wilhelmina, the account of the king's first interview with his family:

"The queen was alone, in his majesty's apartment, waiting for him as he approached. As soon as he saw her at the end of the suite of rooms, and long before he arrived in the one where she was, he cried out:

"'Your unworthy son has at last ended himself. You have done with him.'

"'What,' cried the queen, 'have you had the barbarity to kill him?'

"'Yes, I tell you,' the king replied; 'but I must have his writing-case.' For he had already informed himself that it was in the queen's possession.

"The queen went to her own apartment to fetch it. I ran in to her there for a moment. She was out of her senses, wringing her hands, crying incessantly, and exclaiming, 'O God, my son, my son!' Breath failed me. I fell fainting into the arms of Madam Sonsfeld. The queen took the writing-desk to the king. He immediately broke it open and tore out the letters, with which he went away. The queen came back to us. We were comforted by the assurance, from some of the attendants, that my brother at least was not dead.

"Pretty soon the king came back, and we, his children, ran to pay our respects to him, by kissing his hands. But he no sooner noticed me than rage and fury took possession of him. He became black in the face, his eyes sparkling fire, his mouth foaming. 'Infamous wretch,' said he, 'dare you show yourself before me! Go and keep your scoundrel brother company.'

"So saying he seized me with one hand, striking me several blows in the face with the other fist. One of the blows struck me on the temple, so that I fell back, and should have split my head against a corner of the wainscot had not Madam Sonsfeld caught me by the head-dress and broken the fall. I lay on the floor without consciousness. The king, in his frenzy, proceeded to kick me out of a window which opened to the floor. The queen, my



WILHELMINA IMPRISONED.

sisters, and the rest, ran between, preventing him. They all ranged themselves around me, which gave Mesdames De Kameche and Sonsfeld time to pick me up. They put me in a chair in an embrasure of a window. Madam Sonsfeld supported my head, which was wounded and swollen with the blows I had received. They threw water upon my face to bring me to life, which care I lamentably reproached them with, death being a thousand times better in the pass things had come to. The queen was shrieking. Her firmness had entirely abandoned her. She ran wildly about the room, wringing her hands in despair. My brothers and sisters, of whom the youngest was not more than four years old, were on their knees begging for me. The king's face was so disfigured with rage that it was frightful to look upon.

"The king now admitted that my brother was still alive, but vowed horribly that he would put him to death, and lay me fast within four walls for the rest of my life. He accused me of being the prince's accomplice, whose crime was high treason. 'I hope now,' he said, 'to have evidence enough to convict the rascal Fritz and the wretch Wilhelmina, and to cut their heads off. As for Fritz, he will always, if he lives, be a worthless fellow. I have three other sons, who will all turn out better than he has done.'

"'Oh, spare my brother,' I cried, 'and I will marry the duke of Weissenfels.' But in the great noise he did not hear me. And while I strove to repeat it louder, Madam Sonsfeld clapped her handkerchief on my mouth. Pushing aside to get rid of the handkerchief, I saw Katte crossing the square. Four soldiers were conducting him to the king. My brother's trunks and his were following in the rear. Pale and downcast, he took off his hat to salute me. He fell at the king's feet imploring pardon."

The king kicked him and struck him several heavy blows with his cane. He was hit repeatedly in the face, and blood gushed from the wounds. With his own hands the king tore from Katte's breast the cross of the order of Saint John. After this disgraceful scene the interrogatory commenced. Katte confessed all the circumstances of the prince's intended escape, but denied that there had been any design against the king or the state. His own

and the prince's letters were examined, but nothing was found in them to criminate either. Katte was then remanded to prison. Wilhelmina, after receiving the grossest possible insults from her father, who accused her, in coarsest terms, of being the paramour of lieutenant Katte, was ordered to her room. Two sentries were placed at her door, and directions were given that she should be fed only on prison fare.

"Tell your unworthy daughter," said the king to the queen, "that her room is to be her prison. I shall give orders to have the guard there doubled. I shall have her examined in the most rigorous manner, and will afterward have her removed to some fit place, where she may repent of her crimes."

The whole city of Berlin was agitated by the rumor of these events. The violent scene in the palace had taken place in an apartment on the ground-floor. The loud and angry tones of the king, the shrieks of the queen, the cries of the children, the general clamor, had so attracted the attention of the passers-by that a large crowd had assembled before the windows. It was necessary to call out the guard to disperse them. Difficult as it was to exaggerate outrages so infamous, still they were exaggerated. The report went to all foreign courts that the king, in his ungovernable rage, had knocked down the princess Wilhelmina and trampled her to death beneath his feet.

THE SITE OF THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.



VIEW FROM THE CAPITOL GROUNDS.

OLD residents of Washington, when spoken to about the efforts making to remove the Seat of Government, say, "Oh, that is nothing; we are used to it; we have heard that all our lives." A review of the struggle does show that it dates back to the foundation of the city. Its phases are, moreover, full of interest as local history, and from the glimpses which they give of the character and anticipations of our forefathers.

In the Convention which framed the present Constitution of the United States, at Philadelphia, on Wednesday, 5th September, 1787, Mr. Briarly, from the committee of eleven,

made a report, a part of which reads as follows:

"4. Immediately after the last clause of Section 1, Article 7, insert, 'To exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever over such district not exceeding ten miles square, as may, by cession of particular States, and the acceptance of the Legislature, become the seat of the Government of the United States; and to exercise like authority over all places purchased for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals, dock-yards, and other needful buildings.'"

The foregoing quotation is from the notes of Mr. Madison, who states further: "So much of the fourth clause as related to the seat of Government was adopted, *nem. con.*"—no one contradicting, or without debate. It accordingly became part of the eighth section of the first article of the Constitution, and is all which that instrument contains upon the subject. Hence in this shape it passed to the first Congress, which met at New York city, on the 4th of March, 1789.

The Legislatures of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, which States comprised the entire area within which it was thought the Capital could be located, had each meanwhile passed laws transferring to the United States exclusive jurisdiction over any district within their respective States which Congress might choose for the seat of Government.

On the 3d of September, in the House of Representatives, Mr. Scott, of Pennsylvania, moved:

"That a permanent residence ought to be fixed for the General Government of the United States at some convenient place, as near the centre of wealth, population, and extent of territory as may be consistent with convenience to the navigation of the Atlantic Ocean, and having due regard to the particular situation of the Western country."

The House at once went into Committee of the Whole upon this motion. Mr. Goodhue, of Massachusetts, introduced the following:

"*Resolved*, That the permanent seat of the General Government ought to be in some convenient place on the east bank of the river Susquehanna, in the State of Pennsylvania; and that until the necessary buildings be erected for the purpose, the seat of Government ought to continue at the city of New York."

Mr. Lee, of Virginia, introduced the following:

"*Resolved*, That a place, as nearly central as a convenient communication with the Atlantic Ocean, and an easy access to the Western territory will permit, ought to be selected and established as the permanent seat of the Government of the United States."

This "place as nearly central" meant upon the banks of the Potomac; and it was so understood, and pitted against the former proposition for the Susquehanna. The Eastern members of the House were agreed on the Susquehanna; the Southern members were agreed on the Potomac. The two localities were rivals for the second choice of the remaining members, whose first choice would perhaps have been for Philadelphia. The debate was vigorous and interesting.

Mr. Sedgwick, of Massachusetts, declared "It is the opinion of all the Eastern States that the climate of the Potomac is not only unhealthy, but destructive to Northern constitutions." He thought "the centre and influence of government ought to incline to Northern interests and a poor soil, because such parts are the nurseries of soldiers and sailors, and the sources of that energy which is the best security of the Government."

Mr. Wadsworth, of Connecticut, "did not dare to go to the Potomac. He feared that the whole of New England would consider the Union as destroyed."

Mr. Ames, of Massachusetts, said: "The Susquehanna is the centre of common convenience.....West of the Ohio is almost an unmeasurable wilderness. Gentlemen will pardon me if I think it perfectly romantic to make this decision depend upon that circumstance .....It would give me no uneasiness to think that a hundred years hence it would be liable to be removed."

Mr. Vining, of Delaware, said: "I declare that I look on the Western territory from an awful and striking point of view. To that region the unpolished sons of the earth are flowing from all quarters; men to whom the protection of the laws and the controlling force of the Government are equally necessary. From this great consideration, I conclude that the banks of the Potomac is the proper station."

Mr. Stone, of Maryland, said: "Now the Potomac, as I am informed, connects with the Youghiogheny, a river less rapid than the Alleghany, and is itself communicable with the Atlantic. In that case the Potomac will be the highway for such vast quantities of wealth as to give every superiority.....It may be the more necessary as *we ought to keep the boundary line distinct between the Spaniards and savages.*"

Mr. Lee, of Virginia, said: "If it should be found that the Northern States did consult their partial interests, and form combinations to support them, the faith of all south of the Potomac would be shaken."

Mr. Madison, of Virginia, said: "If a prophet had risen in that body," the Convention of Virginia, "and brought the declarations and proceedings of this day into view, I as firmly believe Virginia might not have been a part of the Union at this moment."

Mr. Scott, of Pennsylvania, said: "If it were possible to promulgate our laws by some instantaneous process, it would be of less consequence where the Government might be placed."

Mr. Clymer, of Pennsylvania, said: "There was a communication by the Juniata, with a road actually laid out of about forty miles; hence you descend the Kiskiminetas to the

Alleghany, and thence to Pittsburg is thirty miles."

Mr. Lee moved to strike out "the east bank of the river Susquehanna," and insert "the north bank of the river Potomac," which was lost; and after several days' controversy, and numerous attempts to change its tenor, the original Susquehanna resolution passed the House by a vote of 31 to 17, and was so sent to the Senate.

On the 26th of September the bill came back from the Senate, where it had been, without recorded debate, amended to read: "A district of ten miles square, bounded on the south by a line running parallel at one mile's distance from the city of Philadelphia."

Thereon a good deal of wrath was expended in the House, which refused to concur in the amendment, and the matter dropped for the session. The action of the Senate was determined, after a tie vote in that body, by the casting vote of the Vice-President, Mr. Adams, but for whom the Capitol of the United States would now stand "on the banks of the Susquehanna," probably at Wrightsville, in York County, opposite Columbia.

On the 31st of May, 1790, a bill was introduced in the Senate by Mr. Butler, of South Carolina, "to determine the permanent seat of Congress and of the Government of the United States." This bill passed the Senate on the 1st of July, providing "that a district on the river Potomac, at some place between the mouths of the Eastern Branch and Conococheague, be and the same is hereby accepted for the permanent seat of the Government of the United States." This was by a vote of 14 to 12, and, as before, without recorded debate. The bill further provided that the temporary seat of Government should be at Philadelphia until the year 1800, buildings meanwhile to be prepared on the Potomac. Efforts were made to keep it at New York till 1800, till 1794, till 1792, but all without avail.

The President was also directed to appoint commissioners, who, under his direction, should survey and purchase lands within the District for the capital, and provide the necessary buildings. He was also, for defraying the expense of "such purchases and buildings," "authorized and requested to accept grants of money."

The acceptance referred to in the bill related not only to the phraseology of the Constitution, but also to the act of cession by the Legislature of the State of Maryland. The Maryland Legislature also granted $72,000, and the Virginia Legislature $120,000, in pursuance of the suggestion contained in the bill. So the bill went to the House.

Mr. Sherman, of Connecticut, at once moved to strike out the Potomac and insert "a district to include the town of Baltimore."

Mr. Burke, of South Carolina, preferred Baltimore. "There was no political necessity for removing from New York to Philadelphia. The measure would excite the most turbulent passions in the minds of the citizens of New York." He spoke in handsome terms of the State of Pennsylvania. "He had as high an opinion of the people of that State as any man whatever; but he was afraid of their influence. A Quaker State was a bad neighborhood for the South Carolinians."

Mr. Lawrence, of New York, "adverted to the *funding business*, and very strongly intimated that these and other important matters which remain to be decided on were to be determined according to the fate of this bill."

Mr. Madison, of Virginia, said: "It is not in our power to guard against a repeal. Our acts are not, like those of the Medes and Persians, unalterable. A repeal is a thing against which no provision can be made. I am not under apprehensions of repeal; but if danger of repeal does exist, it is of that kind against which we can not guard."

Mr. Gerry, of Connecticut, said: "It appears pretty evident the advocates of the bill are sure of a majority; it is very evident that it has had a very pernicious influence on the great business of funding the public debt." He ridiculed the idea of fixing the Government at Conococheague (just where it is now). "He did not think there was any serious intention of ever going to that Indian place. He considered the whole business as a mere manœuvre."

Mr. Hartley defended the Quakers, "remarkable for their moral laws, for the plainness of their manners, and their benevolence. Nay, should the gentleman go to Philadelphia, he will find that these people will treat him as well as any other society."

Mr. Page, of Virginia, with primitive credulity, remarked: "There is not a city in the world in which I would sooner trust myself and Congress than in New York; for it is superior to any place I know for the orderly and decent behavior of its inhabitants."

Mr. Gerry, of Connecticut, continued: "That taking so southern a situation [*i. e.*, as the Potomac] would amount to a disqualification of many of the Northern members, who would forego their election rather than attend the national Legislature on that river."

But the "determined majority" of which he spoke had their way nevertheless; and on the 8th of July, 1790, by a vote of 32 to 29, the bill became a law. Whence the majority came from is a curious piece of semi-private history.

The references to the "Assumption Bill" are full of meaning. In the compilation of Hamilton's writings it is stated that, "it being ascertained that in a certain contingency there was a majority in favor of the Assumption in the other House, a bill finally passed the Senate providing that the seat of Government should remain at Philadelphia until the year 1800; and that it should be permanently established, after that time, near the Potomac—a decision in which regard to the personal wishes of Washington had weight."

This may be true, but not such weight as the

"contingency," however. Mr. Monroe wrote from Virginia to Mr. Madison: "The Assumption will be disliked here under any shape it can assume. I believe, however, a satisfactory adjustment of the other business [the Potomac] would make this [the Assumption] more palatable here." But for a full explanation we must hear Mr. Jefferson:

"This game was over, and another was on the carpet at the moment of my arrival [from France to become Secretary of State]; and to this I was most ignorantly and innocently made to hold the candle. This fiscal measure was known by the name of the Assumption. Independently of the debts of Congress the States had, during the war, contracted separate and heavy debts. This money, whether wisely or foolishly spent, was pretended to have been spent for general purposes, and ought therefore to be paid from the general purse. This measure produced the most bitter and angry contest ever known in Congress before or since the Union of the States. I arrived in the midst of it. But, a stranger to the ground, a stranger to the actors in it—so long absent as to have lost all familiarity with the subject, and as yet unaware of its object—I took no concern in it. The great and trying question, however, was lost in the House of Representatives. So high were the feuds excited by this subject that on its rejection business was suspended. Congress met and adjourned from day to day without doing any thing, the parties being too much out of temper to do business together. The Eastern members particularly, who, with Smith of South Carolina, were the principal gamblers in these scenes, threatened a secession and dissolution. Hamilton was in despair. As I was going to the President one day I met him in the street. He walked me backward and forward before the President's door for half an hour. He painted pathetically the temper into which the Legislature had been wrought, the disgust of those who were called the creditor States, the danger of the secession of their members, and the separation of the States. He observed that the members of the Administration ought to act in concert; that, though the question was not of my department, yet a common duty should make it a common concern; that the President was the centre on which all administrative questions ultimately rested, and that all of us should rally around him, and support with joint efforts measures approved by him; and that the question having been lost by a small majority only, it was probable that an appeal from me to the judgment and discretion of some of my friends might effect a change in the vote, and the machine of government, now suspended, might be again set in motion. I told him that I was really a stranger to the whole subject; that, not having yet informed myself of the system of finances adopted, I knew not how far this was a necessary sequence; that, undoubtedly, if its rejection endangered a dissolution of our Union at this incipient stage, I should deem that the most unfortunate of all consequences, to avert which all partial and temporary evils should be yielded. I proposed to him, however, to dine with me the next day, and I would invite another friend or two, bring them into conference together, and I thought it impossible that reasonable men, consulting together coolly, could fail by some mutual sacrifices of opinion to form a compromise which was to save the Union. The discussion took place. I could take no part in it but an exhortatory one, because I was a stranger to the circumstances which should govern it. But it was finally agreed that, whatever importance had been attached to the rejection of this proposition, the preservation of the Union and of concord among the States was more important, and that therefore it would be better that the vote of rejection should be rescinded, to effect which some members should change their votes. But it was observed that this measure would be particularly bitter to the Southern States, and that some concomitant measure should be adopted to sweeten it a little to them. There had before been propositions to fix the seat of Government either at Philadelphia or at Georgetown on the Potomac; and it was thought that by giving it to Philadelphia for ten years, and to Georgetown permanently afterward, this might, as an anodyne, calm in some degree the ferment which might be excited by the other measure alone. So two of the Potomac members (White and Lee, but White with a revulsion of stomach almost convulsive) agreed to change their votes, and Hamilton undertook to carry the other point. In doing this, the influence he had established over the Eastern members, with the agency of Robert Morris with those of the Middle States, effected his side of the engagement." So "twenty millions of stock were divided among favored States," and the Capital went to the Potomac.

The above is from Jefferson's diary. Later, in a letter to Washington, he adds: "I was duped by the Secretary of the Treasury, and made a tool for forwarding his schemes; and of all the errors of my political life, this has occasioned me the deepest regret."

A later law, at Washington's suggestion, so changed the boundaries as to include a portion of Virginia with the town of Alexandria.

How far Washington had engaged in this contest does not appear, although the project was at the time denounced as his "hobby-horse." It is said the spot attracted him during his early life while surveying, and that he afterward encamped there during Braddock's campaign against the Indians. It is certain that he entered on the work with vigor, and that he did not grow less sanguine. Commissioners were appointed, and in March, 1791, he writes to the Secretary of State:

"The terms entered into by me, on the part of the United States, with the landholders of Georgetown and Carrollsburgh are that all the land from Rock Creek along the river to the Eastern Branch, and so upward to or above the Ferry, including a breadth of about a mile and a half, the whole containing from three to five thousand acres, is ceded to the public on condition that, when the whole shall be surveyed and laid off as a city (which Major L'Enfant is now directed to do), the present proprietors shall retain every other lot; and for such part of the land as may be taken for public use, for squares, lots, etc., they shall be allowed at the rate of twenty-five pounds per acre, the public having

the right to reserve such parts of the wood on the land as may be thought necessary for ornament; the landholders to have the use and profits of all the grounds until the city is laid off into lots, and sale is made of these lots, which by this agreement become public property. Nothing is to be allowed for the ground which may be occupied as streets and alleys. To these considerations all the principal landholders have agreed, and it is not doubted that the few who were not present will readily come into the measure, even the obstinate Mr. Burns."

The refractory personage last mentioned was appealed to by Washington, explaining to him the advantages he was resisting; to all which he replied: "I suppose you think people here are going to take every grist that comes from you as pure grain; but what would you have been if you hadn't married the widow Custis?"

The Father of his Country had no more to say. But the Maryland Legislature was in turn too much for Mr. Burns. The laws of Maryland were to have force within the District until Congress otherwise provided, so they went on to enact, that "whereas some of the proprietors of lots, as well as some of the proprietors of lands, have not, from imbecility and other causes, come into any [the above] agreement concerning their lands, therefore," the Commissioners were by law vested with the title to their lands on the same terms with the rest.

It does not appear that at this time Washington knew that the city would be called by his name. A few months later the Commissioners, Johnson, Stuart, and Carroll, wrote to Major L'Enfant, the French engineer who had been employed to lay out the city:

"GEORGETOWN, *September* 9, 1791.

"SIR,—We have agreed that the Federal District shall be called 'The Territory of Columbia,' and the Federal City 'The City of Washington;' the title of the map will therefore be, 'A Map of the City of Washington, in the Territory of Columbia.'"

In 1792 Washington writes: "It is with pleasure I add, as my opinion, that the roots of the permanent city are penetrating deep, and spreading far and wide. The Eastern States are not only getting more and more reconciled to the measure, but are beginning to view it in a more advantageous light, as it regards their policy and interests." In 1793 he writes: "The Federal City, in the year 1800, will become the seat of the General Government of the United States. It is increasing fast in buildings, and rising into consequence; and will, I have no doubt, from the advantages given to it by nature, and its proximity to a rich interior country and the Western territory, become the emporium of the United States."

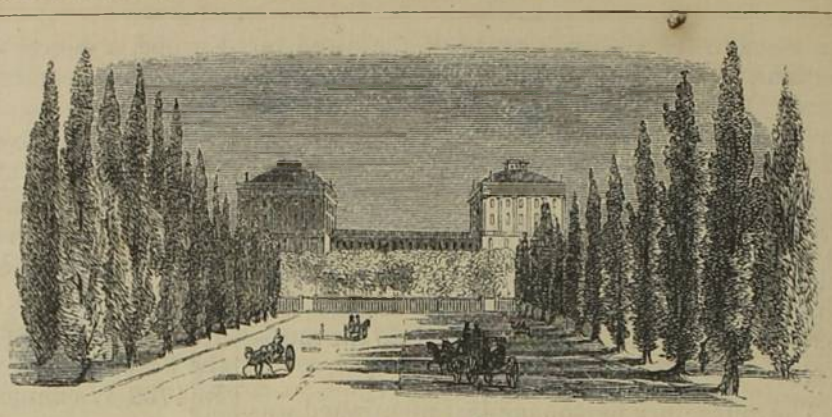
Mention was made in the Senate of "fifteen years since the Government removed here, during the first six years of which period there prevailed, not only in this country, but all over Europe, a degree of enthusiasm bordering upon madness respecting the future destinies of this metropolis."

Difficulties, however, attended the whole undertaking, and calamitous disaster overtook it. The French engineer, L'Enfant, was found to be as touchy as he was thought to be talented, and was proportionately troublesome. At the first sale of lots the rumor was industriously spread that Congress never would remove to the Potomac, but would remain at Philadelphia. In 1792 Washington wrote to the Commissioners, that unless great activity prevailed, their whole previous labor might be lost. Later he was obliged to make residence on the spot a *sine qua non* with the Commissioners. The want of money was severely felt. The $200,000 subscribed by Virginia and Maryland was all expended. In 1796 Congress authorized and guaranteed a loan by the Commissioners of $300,000, but the money was not to be had. The State of Maryland, at Washington's personal request, took two-thirds of it; but required the Commissioners to add their individual guarantee to that of Congress. In 1798 Congress added $100,000; and in 1799 the State of Maryland lent $50,000. As a result of all these efforts, however, the public buildings made fair progress.

The private owners did not fare so well. Of the seven thousand acres which the map of Major L'Enfant represented, its extraordinary plan took about one-half for highways. A series of avenues, diverging from several centres, was overlaid by a series of parallel streets, with a result of innumerable angles and impracticable spaces, in addition to the twofold roadway to be built and kept in repair, and to distend and retard the city. To one-half of the remainder of the ground the United States was entitled under the agreement. It took at the assessed value, in addition, five hundred and eight acres. A part of this was subsequently given away to local institutions. In 1793 the Commissioners sold to Robert Morris and James Greenleaf 6000 lots at $80 each; but in 1795 these parties became insolvent, having accomplished very little. "Long rows of brick houses were commenced at other points between the Arsenal and Navy-yard, and for many years the chimneys remained standing as monuments of the frailty of human judgment." Large sums of money were invested on that side of Washington next Georgetown, at several times the few cents per square foot the vacant property is worth in 1869. It is current that the Hon. Daniel Carroll, one of the Commissioners, who owned most of Capitol Hill, about one-third of the city, refused an offer of $200,000 from Stephen Girard and others for every alternate lot, and demanded $1,000,000 for the same. Also, that he died insolvent, leaving the property vacant, and $13,000 unpaid city taxes. This is the old fable of the boy's hand in the jar; but still, "the main reason for its slow growth in the first forty years is to be found in the uncertainty which so long

existed as to its being the permanent seat of Government."

In 1800, during the Presidency of the elder Adams, the transfer was effected, the executive offices being removed to Washington in June. It was not a very formidable transfer, so far as persons or materials were concerned. The "Oldest Inhabitant" assures me that a single "packet" sloop brought all the office furniture of the Departments, besides the "seven large boxes and four or five smaller ones" which contained the "Archives" of the Government. Fifty-four persons, comprising the President, Secretaries, and the clerical force, chose their own method of conveyance.*



THE CAPITOL, 1814.

The comfortable quarters and good living which Philadelphia afforded were not abandoned for the backwoods without severe discontent. On the 4th of July, the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Wolcott, gives his impressions in a letter to his wife:

"The Capitol is situated on an eminence, which I should suppose was near the centre of the immense country here called the city. There is one good tavern about forty rods from the Capitol, and several other houses are built and erecting; but I do not perceive how the members of Congress can possibly secure lodgings, unless they will consent to live like scholars in a college, or monks in a monastery, crowded ten or twenty in one house, and utterly secluded from society. The only resource for such as wish to live comfortably will, I think, be found in Georgetown, three miles distant, over as bad a road in winter as the clay grounds near Hartford.

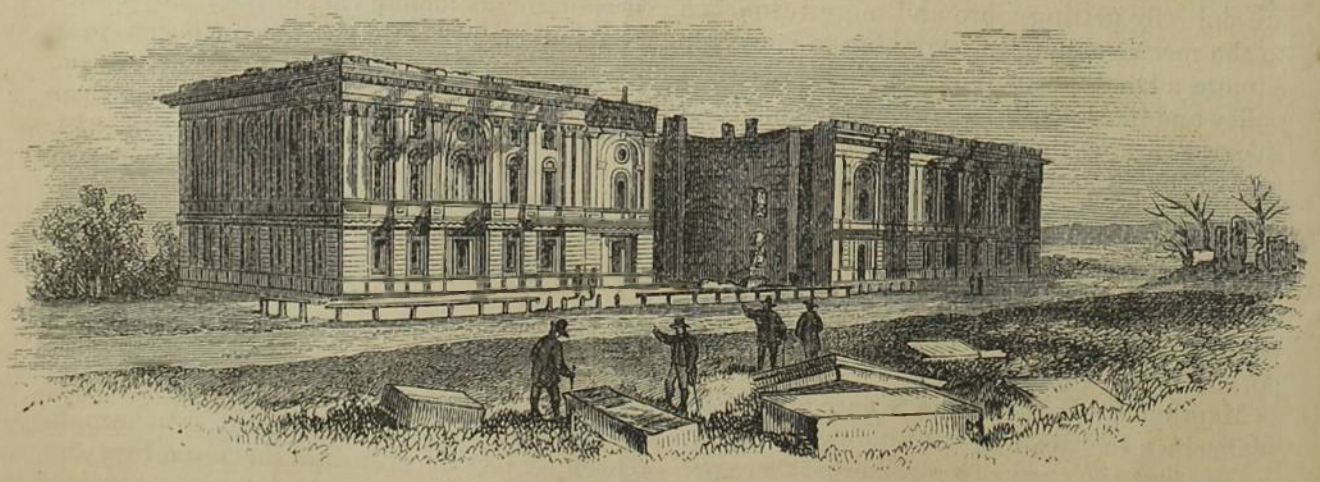
"I have made every exertion to secure good lodgings near the office, but shall be compelled to take them at the distance of more than half a mile. There are, in fact, but few houses in any one place, and most of them small, miserable huts, which present an awful contrast to the public buildings. The people are poor, and, as far as I can judge, they live like fishes, by eating each other. All the ground for several miles around the city, being, in the opinion of the people, too valuable to be cultivated, remains unfenced."

President Adams arrived with his family in November. On the 25th Mrs. Adams wrote to her daughter, Mrs. Smith:

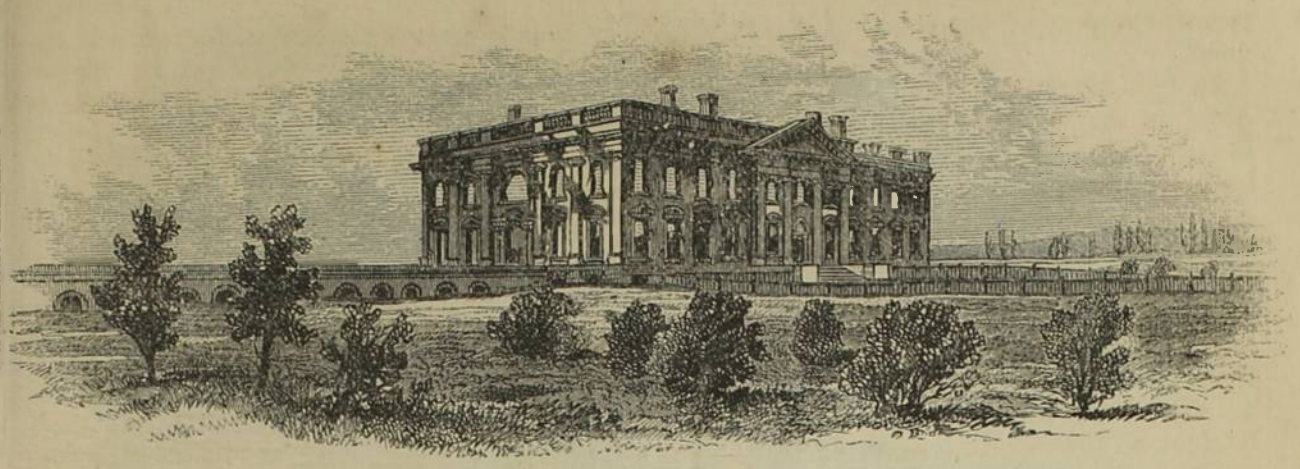
"I arrived here on Sunday last, and without

* This paper presents views of the National Capitol as it appeared at different periods. The corner-stone was laid by Washington, in 1793. Up to 1812 only the wings had been completed, and work was suspended during the war. After the destruction of the interior by the British, in 1814, a building was erected for a temporary Capitol. This building was used during the war of Secession as a prison, and was known as the Old Capitol Prison. It has received some alterations, and is now used as dwellings. The original Capitol was completed in 1825. The corner-stone of the extension, which constitutes the main portion of the present Capitol, was laid on the 4th of July, 1851, by President Fillmore, upon which occasion Daniel Webster delivered one of his most eloquent orations, and deposited under the corner-stone a document in his own handwriting, which reads:

"If, therefore, it shall hereafter be the will of God that this structure shall fall from its base, that its foundations shall be upturned, and the deposit beneath this stone brought to the eyes of men, be it then known that on this day the Union of the United States of America stands firm, that their Constitution still exists unimpaired, and with all its original usefulness and glory, growing every day stronger and stronger in the affections of the great body of the American people, and attracting more and more the admiration of the world. And all here assembled, whether belonging to public or to private life, with hearts devoutly thankful to Almighty God for the preservation of the liberty and happiness of the country, unite in sincere and fervent prayers that this deposit, and the walls and arches, the domes and towers, the columns and entablatures, now to be erected over it, may endure forever. God save the United States of America!"



RUINS OF THE CAPITOL AFTER THE FIRE.



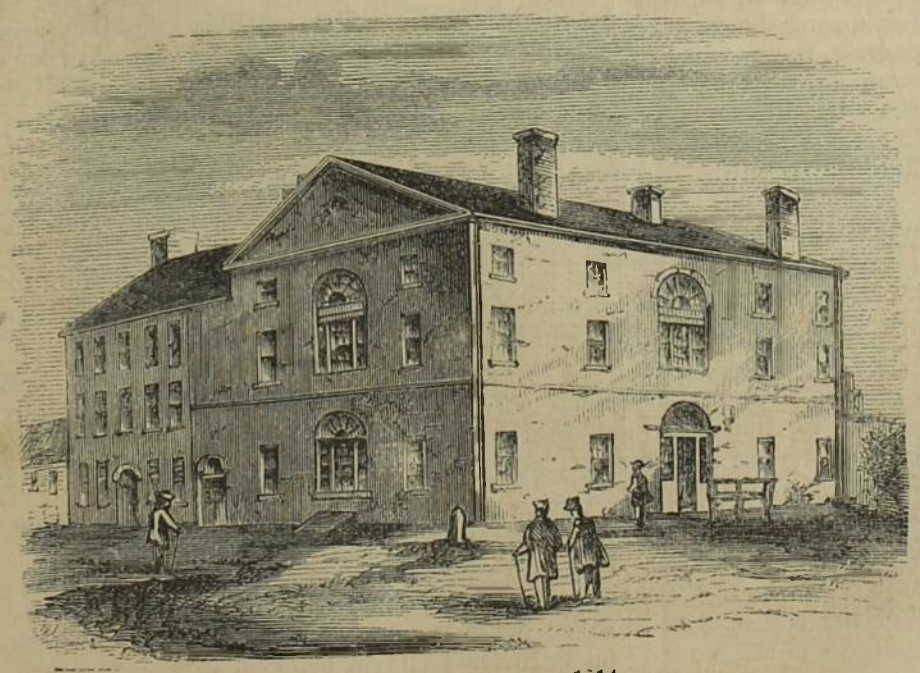
RUINS OF THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE AFTER THE FIRE.

meeting with any accident worth noticing, except losing ourselves when we left Baltimore, and going eight or nine miles on the Frederick road, by which means we were obliged to go the other eight through the woods, where we wandered two hours without finding a guide or the path. Fortunately, a straggling black came up with us, and we engaged him as a guide to extricate us out of our difficulty; but woods are all you see from Baltimore until you reach *the city*, which is only so in name. Here and there is a small cot, without a glass window, interspersed among the forests, through which you travel miles without seeing any human being.

"In the city there are buildings enough, if they were compact and finished, to accommodate Congress and those attached to it; but as they are, and scattered as they are, I see no great comfort for them.....

"If the twelve years in which this place has been considered as the future seat of Government had been improved, as they would have been in New England, very many of the present inconveniences would have been removed. It is a beautiful spot, capable of any improvement, and the more I view it the more I am delighted with it."

John Cotton Smith, a member from Connecticut, wrote also:



TEMPORARY CAPITOL, 1814.

"Our approach to the city was accompanied with sensations not easily described. One wing of the Capitol only had been erected, which, with the President's house, a mile distant from it, both constructed with white sandstone, were shining objects in dismal contrast with the scene around them. Instead of recognizing the avenues and streets portrayed on the plan of the city, not one was visible, unless we except a road, with two buildings on each side of it, called the New Jersey Avenue. The Pennsylvania, leading, as laid down on paper, from the Capitol to the Presidential mansion, was then nearly the whole distance a deep morass covered with alder-bushes, which were cut through the width of the intended avenue during the then ensuing winter.

"Between the President's house and Georgetown a block of houses had been erected, which then bore, and may still bear, the name of the *Six Buildings*. There were also two other blocks, consisting of two or three dwelling-houses, in different directions, and now and then an insulated wooden habitation; the intervening spaces, and, indeed, the surface of the city generally, being covered with *shrub oak bushes* on the higher grounds, and on the marshy soil either trees or some sort of shrubbery. Nor was the desolate aspect of the place a little augmented by a number of unfinished edifices at *Greenleaf's Point*, and on an eminence a short distance from it, commenced by an individual whose name they bore, but the state of whose funds compelled him to abandon them, not only unfinished, but in a ruinous condition.....

"One of the blocks of buildings already mentioned was situated on the east side of what was intended for the Capitol Square, and being chiefly occupied by an extensive and well-kept hotel, accommodated a goodly number of the members. Our little party took lodgings with a Mr. Peacock, in one of the houses on the New Jersey Avenue, with the



THE CAPITOL, 1825.

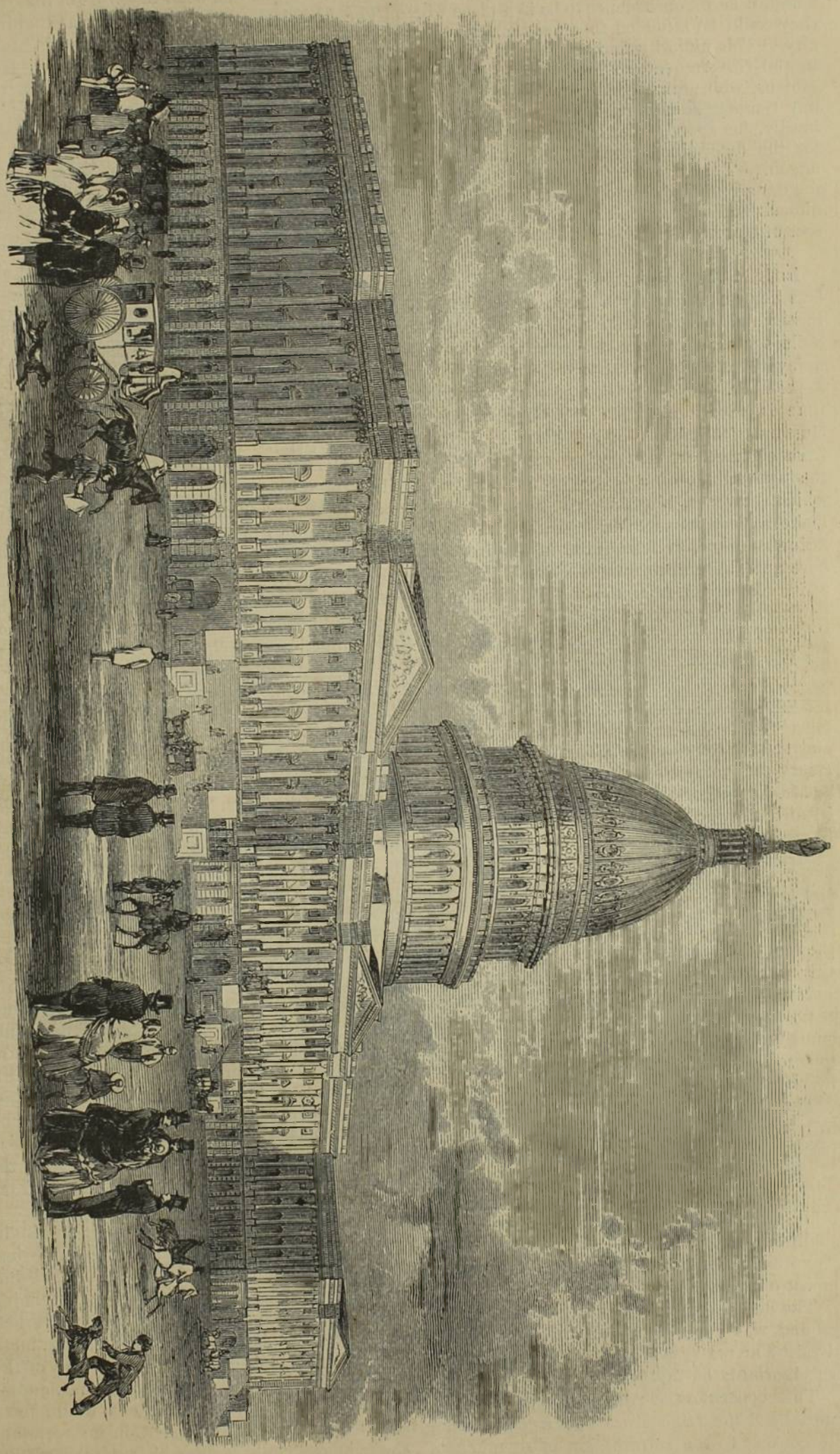
addition of Senators Tracy, of Connecticut; and Chipman and Paine, of Vermont; and Representatives Thomas, of Maryland; and Dana, Edmond, and Griswold, of Connecticut. Speaker Sedgwick was allowed a room to himself; the rest of us in pairs. To my excellent friend Davenport and myself was allowed a spacious and decently furnished apartment, with separate beds, on the lower floor. Our diet was various, but always substantial, and we were attended by active and faithful servants. A large proportion of Southern members took lodgings at Georgetown, which, though of a superior order, were three miles distant from the Capitol, and of course rendered the daily employment of hackney coaches indispensable.

"Notwithstanding the unfavorable aspect which Washington presented on our arrival, I can not sufficiently express my admiration of its local position.....Whenever, during the six years of my connection with Congress, the question of removing the seat of Government to some other place was agitated—and the proposition was frequently made—I stood almost alone as a Northern man in giving my vote in the negative."

The death of Washington, in 1799, spared him a knowledge of this discontent. He had anticipated its direction if it should at any time exist. Perhaps his death also had checked the preparations. His memory may have also checked the agitation for removal, but in 1808 it was openly renewed by a bill for the temporary removal of the seat of Government to Baltimore, which Mr. Wright, of Maryland, introduced in the Senate, avowedly as a spur to the inhabitants of Washington, and Mr. Jackson, of Georgia, denounced as a "bill to frighten the women and children" of the city, and calculated to defeat the very purpose of the mover. Mr. Anderson, of Tennessee, was in favor of the bill, but allowed that "in such an event an obligation would arise to indemnify the proprietors for the losses they would thereby sustain." Mr. John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, considered the measure as inexpedient as it was unconstitutional. Mr. Dayton, of New Jersey, said if a removal took place, Congress was bound to indemnify the proprietors. Mr. Jackson said further: "The time would come, though he hoped to God neither his children nor his children's children would live to see it when the population on this side of the Mississippi would pass that river, and the seat of Government would be translated to its banks. Centuries would, however, elapse before that period arrived." Mr. Maclay, of Pennsylvania, contended that no constitutional obstacle did exist. Mr. Adams insisted further, that from the foundation of the Constitution until the removal of the Government to this place, but one sentiment had existed, which was that the seat of Government, once fixed under the Constitution, became the permanent seat. The preponderance of opinion was against Mr. Adams, but the bill was nevertheless lost by a vote of 19 to 9, and Congress resumed its migrations between Georgetown and the Capitol.

About this time Sir Augustus Foster, the Secretary of the British Minister, gave *his* view of the feelings by which the powers that be were actuated:

"The richer and more respectable members of Congress had, for the most part, always inclined to vote for returning to Philadelphia, or selecting some other town of practical importance; but every such proposal had been distasteful to the majority, it being in a great measure



THE CAPITOL, 1870.

composed of rough and unfashioned persons, to whom it is of consequence to be in a place where they could be attended to more than in a large city. This majority had usually found support in the Government, so long composed of Virginians, who naturally preferred Washington to any remoter situation; but the removal could hardly, he apprehends, have been avoided but for the determined personal opposition of Jefferson. This President alleged as his reason the danger of throwing open again a question so difficult and delicate as that of the choice of the seat of Government."

In 1814 there was trouble again. The city had been captured by a force less than half that which disgracefully fled, and the public buildings were all sacked and burned, with many private houses. Congress assembled in September. The situation of the city at that time is thus described: "Twelve or fifteen clusters of houses, at a considerable distance from each other, bringing to our recollection the appearance of a camp of nomad Arabs, which, however, if connected together, would make a very respectable town, not much inferior, perhaps, to the capital of Virginia, and here and there an insulated house; the whole of it, when seen from the ruins of our public edifices, looking more like the place where proud Washington once stood than where humble Washington now lies."

Mr. Fisk, of New York, introduced in the House a resolution of inquiry into the expediency of removal. The country, he said, was alarmed for the safety of Congress—it was necessary that some steps should be taken.

Mr. Lewis, of Virginia, hoped, by rejecting it, an end would be put to similar attempts hereafter, "and that the good people of this District would be permitted to continue their improvements here without the dread of being sacrificed."

Mr. Macon, of North Carolina, said that "if the seat of Government was once set on wheels there was no saying where it would stop."

Mr. Oakley, of New York, said it was true a removal might injure individuals, but he presumed no gentleman in the House would hesitate to make a fair and liberal compensation by way of indemnity to such sufferers.

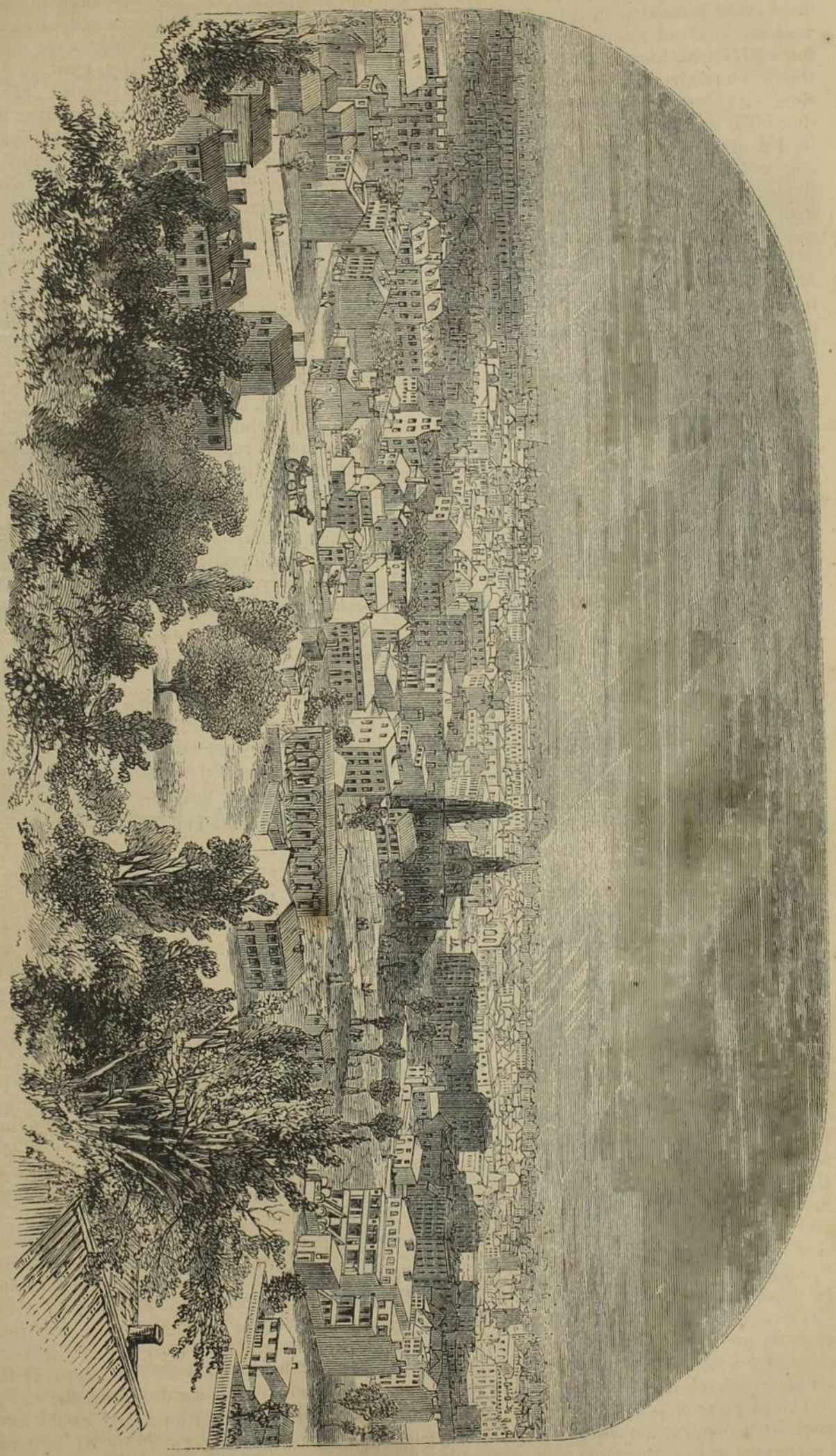
Mr. Stockton, of New Jersey, relied on the fifth section of the Constitution to prove his position. It is there provided that "neither House shall, without the consent of the other, adjourn for more than three days, nor to any other place than that in which the two Houses shall be sitting." This, Mr. Stockton said, "expressly admits and regulates the general power of removal."

The debate continued several days; the old ground was gone over, the proposition negatived by a vote of 83 to 74, and the rebuilding set vigorously on foot.

The corporation of Alexandria, in 1846, memorialized the Legislature of Virginia, asking its consent to the retrocession of so much of the District as had been taken from that State. The Legislature at once, and by a unanimous vote, approved the proposition; and in May of that year a bill to that effect passed the House of Representatives, after an animated debate, in which the question of constitutional power was not seriously raised. In the Senate, however, the debate turned largely on that point. Mr. Haywood, of North Carolina, and Mr. Miller, of New Jersey, doubted the power of Congress in that particular. But Mr. Reverdy Johnson, Mr. Calhoun, and Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, having carefully examined the subject, were clear that there was nothing in all of the proceedings relative to the establishment of the seat of Government to prohibit the retrocession of the ten-mile square to the States from which it was taken, or any portion thereof. Mr. Calhoun, in particular, considered the right to remove the seat of Government incontestable. He, however, stated that it happened at the Memphis Convention, a body composed of six hundred members, possessed of great intelligence, and representing almost exclusively the interests of those who lived upon the soil, a resolution was offered recommending a change of the seat of the General Government. A most extraordinary sensation was produced, and when the resolution was submitted there was one loud-toned overwhelming "No" opposed to the solitary voice of the giver.

Since then, till now, the question has not been seriously raised. The "instantaneous process," which Mr. Scott reckoned the least possible of "ifs," was actually nursed to life by a Congressional appropriation, and now "disseminates the laws." The "seven large boxes" which contained the archives are increased by many thousand tons, and the personnel has become a real army. The President's wife is not now lost on the high-road from Baltimore, nor is it indispensable to live in Georgetown, nor yet do members generally have to lodge in pairs, or frequently decline election on account of the destructive climate. And though the Western traveler does not seek the Kiskiminetas, or frequent the Youghiogheny, he comes from California in less time than it took the member from Connecticut to come in 1791. All of the old objections are removed but one. And as to that, vast as the growth of population in the West has been, there still is force in the old apothegm that "as the West is to the East in point of territory, so is the East to the West in point of population."

Still, Washington is a sparse built and indifferent city. The "good people of this District" have not been "permitted to continue their improvements here without the dread of being sacrificed." Even after 1846 the proverbial timidity of capital required something more than a cessation of debate. The returns of the investments were not flattering, so far, and it may be doubted whether the city would have sold for the amount expended on it; certainly single houses could be bought for less than cost.



WASHINGTON, FROM THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL.

The account between the city and the Government stood somewhat in this wise: The Government received from sales of lots, to 1834, some $750,000, besides $200,000 worth of lots which it had given away, or still held in possession. Against this, Government at different times had granted to the city, in all, $430,000 in lieu of local taxes, none of which it pays, and which would have amounted to several times as much. If the public were not pleased with the city, the city, in its turn, had little reason to be grateful to the public. The account of the past was not encouraging. For the first forty years of its life the growth of the city is reckoned at 550 per annum, a rate of increase almost unworthy the capital of a single American State.

During the ten years following 1840 a general renewal of the public buildings was projected and begun upon a scale which shut out from the minds of most men the idea they would ever be abandoned. The Post-office, the Treasury, the Patent-office, and, above all, the Capitol, were made to loom up as the fit abode and representatives of an enduring government. The result told at once upon the city. Slavery had brought the surrounding country to comparative decay, and repressed at once commerce and manufactures. Yet the annual increase trebled, and after 1850 was increased to 2000. Permanent and costly buildings were the evidence of faith and of activity, until, in 1860, Washington had over 60,000 people. The war did more for it than simply double these; it has brought in freedom and the universal Yankee. The place did not fall off, as was expected, after the cessation of hostilities and the removal of the troops. The workman's house replaced the soldier's tent. Street railroads now afford convenience, as the parks and public buildings educate the taste and offer recreation. There is commerce, and incipient manufactures. The finest school-house in the country indicates the change; the cemetery at Arlington denotes a portion of the cost. The investments in property in Washington have grown beyond a hundred millions, as against the eighty millions which the public has at stake. These it is proposed to throw into the sea. If the public good requires it, it will be rightly done. But if the motive be a different one, it will be felt by the people, as was said in the Senate, that the man who could propose this change from personal considerations deserves the execration of the country. National considerations alone should decide the site of the National Capital.

LADY FORTUNE.

Lady Fortune! careless Fortune! look, your treasures are unbound;
All the way behind you glitters with the gold upon the ground.
See the many thronging after—"Lo! the goddess," hear the cry:
May be wiser men among them—but not Greatheart and I!

Lady Fortune! queenly Fortune! let them keep their easy gains;
Not so easy, always stooping, we can pity for their pains!
Wrestling, jostling as they gather, all forgetful of the sky.
Better things in open vision have Greatheart and I!

On your lofty steps attending is a crowd with eager palms,
Patient of your scornful glances, not ashamed to take your alms;
Wanting more, if they but knew it, what your riches can not buy:
We have courage for our future—this Greatheart and I!

Lady Fortune! scornful Fortune! what you give you throw away;
And you would not care if Merit waited at your feet all day.
Not with you dwells kindly Honor; noble Praise hath passed you by
We'll go on and seek them higher—my Greatheart and I!

After all, my lady Fortune, do you own the world to give?
Is it worth our while to follow, humbly asking leave to live?
Is it you or Providence whose throne is set on high?
We appeal to truer judges, say Greatheart and I!

As you please, my lady Fortune! if we take a gift from you
It must come an honest guerdon for the honest work we do.
If your ways will still be crooked we can let this world go by;
We can wait the next, if need be—my Greatheart and I!

BEAST, BIRD, AND FISH.

[Third Paper.]

BEASTS OF THE EARTH.



Fig. 1.—Antelope Oreotragus. (*From Schinz.*)

CAREFULLY note and analyze your sensations as you emerge from the water upon the shore, and you have the main points of difference between aquatic and terrestrial locomotion.

You were *in* the water; you are now *upon* the land. The former pressed upon you equally from all sides, and you moved forward or backward, upward or downward, with equal ease so far as the water alone was concerned. You are now supported at only two points if standing erect; at only four if you assume the attitude of a quadruped; and upon only one of the four sides of your body even if you lie at full length upon the ground. You climb with difficulty; you fall with facility; but, having again reached the surface of the earth, you encounter almost insuperable obstacles to your further progress in that direction.

Now all these changed conditions are briefly expressed when we say, You are now transferred from an elastic fluid medium of equal specific gravity with your body to one of about 815 times less specific gravity, and so much more perfectly fluid and yielding that it offers no support at all, and allows you to come at once in contact with a very different substance —hard, unyielding, and so much heavier that your progress into or through it is attended with the greatest difficulty.

This, the second medium of existence for living things, is the earth—the dry land so called, although the driest spots contain more or less water; and it is this upon which they move, and with which we have chiefly to deal in describing their various modes of locomotion; for although the air surrounds them upon all sides, and presses upon them with a weight which is absolutely great, yet when compared to that of the water, and still more when contrasted with the resistance offered by the earth, it may be wholly ignored.

Our point of departure is, then, any spot upon the surface of the earth. The same directions are theoretically open to us as in the water—upward or downward, forward, or obliquely upward or downward, we may go or attempt to go. That is to say, we may climb a tree, which is practically an extension of the solid earth upward; we may delve into wells or mines, or burrow, as do the moles and other beasts; we may ascend obliquely, or we may

descend obliquely; but owing to the facts which have already been mentioned concerning the peculiarities of air and earth as means of resistance, and owing to other facts, which this is not the place to mention, concerning what is called the attraction of gravitation, none of the above modes of terrestrial locomotion are so easy or so commonly employed as that in a forward direction upon a horizontal plane, which is walking, including all its multifarious varieties as to rate of speed and the organs employed.

But there is such a thing as getting over the ground without any legs at all, and at no particular rate of speed: a very awkward and inconvenient way, as the seal would say, if he could, when obliged to hitch his round fat body along upon the land; as would be asseverated in still louder tones by the unfortunate whale left ashore by the tide in a bar-locked bay; and as any man may prove to his own satisfaction by tying feet and hands securely and attempting progress. This is the lowest and simplest mode of terrestrial locomotion, and it consists in the alternate pushing forward of the front part of the body and pulling up of the hinder part; and as the entire lower side of the body is in contact with the supporting surface, it can only be employed to advantage where the friction is reduced to a minimum, as when the seals slide themselves along upon the ice.

There is, however, one beast of the earth condemned forever to go upon its belly, which, though still farther from the possession of limbs than even the seal and the whale, has nevertheless such length and flexibility and muscular power as to make it a dangerous pursuer of any other creature. It is true that the serpent has no limbs; yet it can outclimb the monkey, outswim the fish, outleap the jerboa, and, suddenly loosing the close coils of its crouching spiral, it can spring into the air and seize the bird upon the wing. All these creatures have been observed to fall its prey. The serpent has neither hands nor talons, yet it can outwrestle the athlete, and crush the tiger in the embrace of its ponderous overlapping folds. Instead of licking up its food as it glides along, the serpent uplifts its crushed prey, and presents it, grasped in the death-coil as in a hand, to its slimy, gaping mouth.

It is said—and in one sense it is true—that serpents have no limbs; but some of the boas and pythons have at the base of the tail, on each side of the vent, a little hook, which is supported by a bone imbedded in the flesh; and this rudimentary limb is no doubt the insignificant representative of the hinder leg of the ordinary quadruped, and of our own lower limb; just as the nipples of the male mammalia answer to the fully developed breasts of the female; and just as our eye-teeth correspond to the canine tusks of the lion.

Nor is the serpent restricted to a single method of progression, or even to two or three. There are even four or five distinct ways in which its lithe and slender body may be used. The slowest, but least conspicuous, is the stealthy glide of retreat, when you can scarcely perceive a movement of any one part, and yet the whole body does advance steadily; but if you have the courage to place your hand quietly in the serpent's path, and allow it to pass over it, you will perceive a sensation as of a series of dull edges, like those of paper-knives, striking the hand backward. Each edge is that of one of the broad overlapping scales, or "scutes," which cover the belly of the snake, and each scute is moved forward and backward by a corresponding pair of ribs, of which there are from one hundred to two hundred and fifty in different species; and so, though completely covered by skin, and capable of but slight individual motion, each pair of ribs is a pair of legs, and each scute is a single foot, which slips forward without hindrance, but whose hinder edge catches upon the least inequality, and so serves as a point of resistance by which the body is pushed forward a little. And this little, multiplied by the hundred pair of ribs, is enough to propel the snake slowly but steadily onward, and in a straight line.

The above arrangement of the scute also enables the serpent to move in several other ways, in which the ribs are less directly, or at any rate less individually concerned; for the backward-projecting edges hinder a movement in any other than a forward direction, whether the serpent merely fixes one region of the body and then drags the others after it, or throws itself into vertical or lateral undulations, by the successive straightening of which a more rapid movement is effected. The greatest speed is attained when it elevates the body in a lofty arch, and then projects the head forward, draws up the tail, and repeats its steps, after the fashion of the so-called geometer or measuring caterpillars.

It is commonly believed that some serpents can take the tail in the mouth and roll along like a hoop; but no such proceeding is scientifically described. Many species, however, may spring by suddenly uncoiling themselves into a nearly erect position, and using the tail as the point of resistance. The rapidity of this movement is less remarkable than its precision, when it is considered that every change in the position of any part of the spiral must tend to affect the position of the head.

It may be remembered that the first kind of serpentine motion was in a straight line; and the fact is not a little significant when we recollect that, morally as well as physically, serpents are accused of crooked ways; and yet, owing to the arrangements of the limbs in the other animals, not one of them—not even man himself—can move, as does the serpent, in a literal "path of rectitude."

So much for locomotion without any limbs at all. We have now to inquire how many and what kinds of movements upon land are performed by their aid.

The possible agents in locomotion are six:

two arms, two legs, a head, and a tail. The two latter are by no means to be despised; witness the parrot, which hangs by one foot and its powerful hooked beak, and grasps its prey with the other foot, or extends it for a further progress. Remember that the tail was the sole propelling organ of the fish, and then you will not be surprised when I say that the kangaroo would be poorly off without his tail, and that some monkeys would not readily exchange it for an ordinary arm or leg.

So, then, we may have Unipeds, Bipeds, Tripeds, Quadrupeds, and Quintopeds, according as they move upon one, two, three, four, or five legs—according as they require for locomotion so many supporting or propelling organs.

This extension of the term leg recalls the riddle of the sphinx, in which man is mentioned as moving upon four, two, and three legs at successive ages; the third being a cane to aid his tottering steps. But man *may* both stand and move upon one leg, and in many birds—the waders—the feet are so broad and

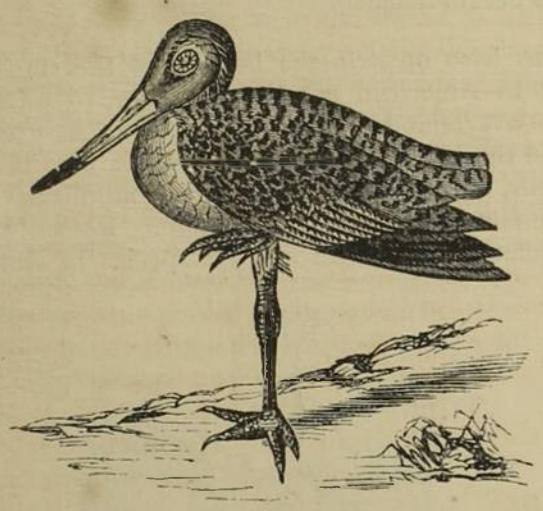


Fig. 2.—Marbled Godwit. (*From Terney.*)

the joints so firm that they can stand for a long time upon one foot, and even sleep in that position. But while the spreading toes and light body of the bird may render this position possible, yet even they become bipeds in order to advance; and man finds hopping upon one foot very irksome even for a short distance.

Technically both men and birds are bipeds; but in a higher sense the term applies to man alone; for although the bird has only two legs, the wings are also organs of locomotion, and nothing else; while the hand and arm of man are wholly released from the duty of supporting or propelling the body, and subserve the highest physical and moral purposes.

Let us then consider bipedal locomotion as it exists with man.

"As if every body does not know already how he walks." Very well. Let "any body" sit down here in my place and explain it if he can. It is safe to assume that five out of every ten could not do it at all; and that the other five would offer as many *different* and conflicting explanations. Let us, however, at the risk of disagreement with higher authorities, ascertain a few of the facts, and let them explain themselves.

Fact Number 1.—We *stand* upon two feet.

Fact Number 2.—In walking or running, the feet move alternately forward and backward.

Fact Number 3.—The foot *swings forward* like a pendulum, with little if any muscular effort; but it is *pulled backward*, and being then in contact with the earth, it is fixed, and the body is propelled forward.

So much any body can see, and nobody can deny: the three facts also apply equally to both walking and running. Now what is it that makes a walk or a run? Three differences will suggest themselves:

1.—Running is faster than walking.

2.—In running the body is more inclined forward.

3.—There is a greater spring in running.

But although these distinctions generally exist, they are not essential; for, (1.) You *may* walk much faster than you *may* run; although you *can* run the faster. (2.) You can walk with the body bent forward, and you can run with the body nearly erect. (3.) You can spring more, and so rise higher, in walking than in running.

There is, however, one difference between walking and running, which is less apparent, but is really the only essential difference. It is, that at every period of the step in walking some part of one or both feet is upon the ground; the body is always supported; but in running there is a moment when the body is wholly unsupported, when both feet are off the ground.

Let us prove this by going through the successive movements of walking and running very slowly, and note how the body is supported at each part of the step. Standing upon the right foot the left is lifted; at this instant we are supported by one whole foot. As it swings forward we slightly raise the right heel; at this instant we are supported by one-half of a foot. Rising still higher upon the ball of the right foot, so that the foot is nearly vertical before it leaves the earth, the heel of the left foot has reached a spot in advance of it, so that we are now supported upon the toes of the right foot and the heel of the left; the left now comes wholly to the ground, and at the same instant the right foot leaves it and begins to swing forward in its turn, so that the body is now supported by the left foot alone. In the three successive stages of the walking step, therefore, the body is supported first by one whole foot, next by the half of that foot, and last by the toes of that foot and the heel of the other. As shown in the figure all these points are exaggerated, the feet being lifted high, and the heels and toes unnaturally elevated.

Now let us note the movements in running. We may start from a standing position upon the flat of one or both feet; but after once starting the heels rarely, if ever, touch the ground, and the ball of the foot both receives the weight

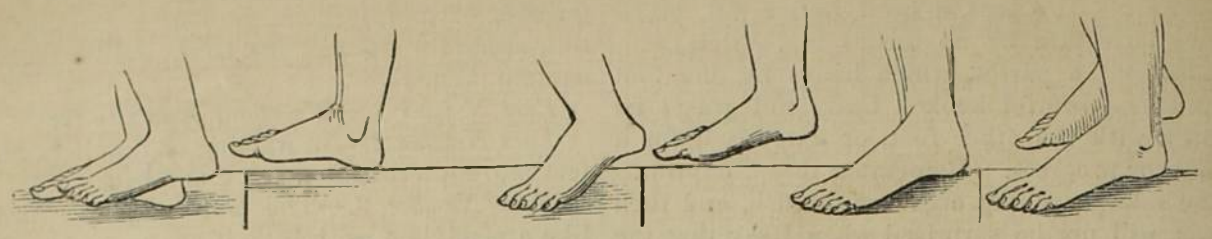


Fig. 3.—Movements of the Feet in Walking.

and makes the spring. In running, too, there seems to be only two real stages instead of three: one when the right foot is springing and the left is swinging forward; the other when the left is still in the air and the right also has left the earth; then the left comes down and makes the spring, while the right swings forward in its turn. The result is, that at one instant the body is supported by the ball of one foot, at the other instant by nothing at all; and this constitutes the main and essential difference between walking and running.

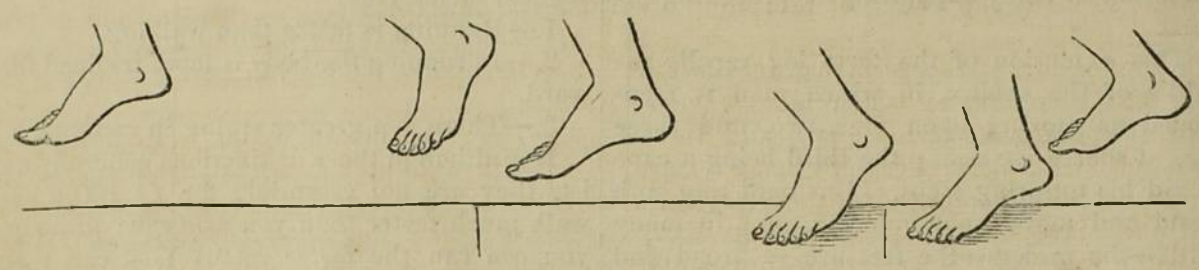


Fig. 4.—Movements of the Feet in Running.

There is another thing to be considered in human locomotion. The oscillation of the body in three directions—forward and backward, upward and downward, and from side to side. The first movement is really forward all the time, but it is more rapid at one instant than at another; the vertical movement varies according to the kind of spring made by each foot; but in an ordinary walk the body rises and falls successively a little more than one inch. The lateral movement is made in order to balance the body upon one foot; and is greatest in very fleshy people, as also in ducks and other wide-bodied birds.

The result of the combination of these three movements is that any one point of the body, say the tip of the nose for instance, will describe in walking a very curious line, a little upward and to the left as the body rises on the left foot, then downward to the right, then upward to the right as the body rises on the right foot, and all the time it is advancing forward, but less rapidly between each two springs from the alternate feet.

There are several other modes of human locomotion. We may hop upon one foot, or jump upon two; we may also leap upon two, but in leaping the two feet are not together as in jumping; and, finally, we may vault from one or both feet, aided by one or both hands. Springing, bounding, and skipping are varieties of leaping, according to the relative height and length of the movement.

So far as I know, the walking and the running of birds are like the same movements in man; but some of the running birds (*Cursores*, as they are called) derive great assistance from their wings, which, though neither large enough nor vigorous enough to raise their heavy bodies into the air, yet by their flapping enable the ostrich to outstrip the horse, and the smaller South American species, the *Rhea*, to escape the greyhound. The Cassowaries of Australia and the Indian Archipelago, too, are non-flying birds, and only use their wings as auxiliaries to the feet in terrestrial locomotion. But in New Zealand are several smaller species in which



Fig. 5.—African Ostrich.

the bones of the wing are much reduced in size, and bear only a few stiff quills, which can be of little if any use; the *Dodo*, too, a bird like a gigantic pigeon of fifty pounds weight, which lived in the Mauritius two centuries ago, had an equally rudimentary wing, and moved so slowly that it was soon destroyed, and all that now remain of it are two feet in two English museums and a skull at Copenhagen. But there is a painting of the bird in the British Museum, and also one at the Hague.

Still more remarkable, however, as to both size and absence of flying organs, were the gigantic birds whose fossil remains are found in Madagascar and New Zealand. They seem to have had no wing at all; but their size, and the



Fig. 6.—The Kangaroo.

enormous length and strength of their legs, must have rendered them pretty secure from injury. The Moas (*Dinornis*) of New Zealand ranged from five to nearly fifteen feet in height, and the *Epyornis* of Madagascar may have been even taller. They were really feathered beasts of the earth.

Birds are also said to hop; but it must be remembered that hopping is a movement on one leg, and that the so-called hopping of sparrows, robins, and the like, is really jumping.

There are a few animals which are not, strictly speaking, bipeds, but which, nevertheless, move upon two legs: such are the little dormouse of our own country and the great jerboa of Europe, which is said to clear nine feet at a bound. Their hind legs are very long, and their front legs very short, so as to be used only to support the head and shoulders in feeding.

The kangaroo resembles them in the disproportion of the two pairs of legs, but it is really a triped rather than a biped, and rests upon the base of its thick tail as upon a third foot; it will even balance itself securely upon one foot and the tail, and deal vigorous blows with the other foot. It is said that in Australia the strength of the animal has been made useful by inclosing him in a kind of treadmill, by working which there is turned a grindstone, chaff-cutter, bean-mill, turnip-cutter, and washing-machine, all at the same time.

We find still more perfect examples of tripedal locomotion among the climbing birds; for, as every one has observed, the parrot uses its strong and hooked beak as a third foot; and the woodpeckers, while clinging to the bark of the tree with their feet, derive great support by forcing the sharp ends of the stiff tail feathers into crevices, and so work with far less fatigue.

There are tripeds among the reptiles also, and even among the fishes; for the little salamander, cheirotes, has only two legs, and they can support only the front part of the body, all the rest being upon the ground, and forming a third point of support. And among the fishes are several species which can and do habitually leave their native element, and emerge upon the land, either for the purpose of migrating, as do the eels when their ponds dry up, or to catch insects upon the beach. In the latter case the fish shuffles itself along by means of its stiff and spiny pectoral fins—the hinder part of the body being supported by the tail, which may also aid in locomotion. Such are the members of the Gobioid family, and the Lophioids, or fishing frogs, which, in addition to their extraordinary method of enticing smaller fish into their gaping mouths by means of a long rod-like appendage projecting beyond the head, are also said to come upon the shore and remain there for a considerable time.

The climbing perch or anabas, of Tranque-

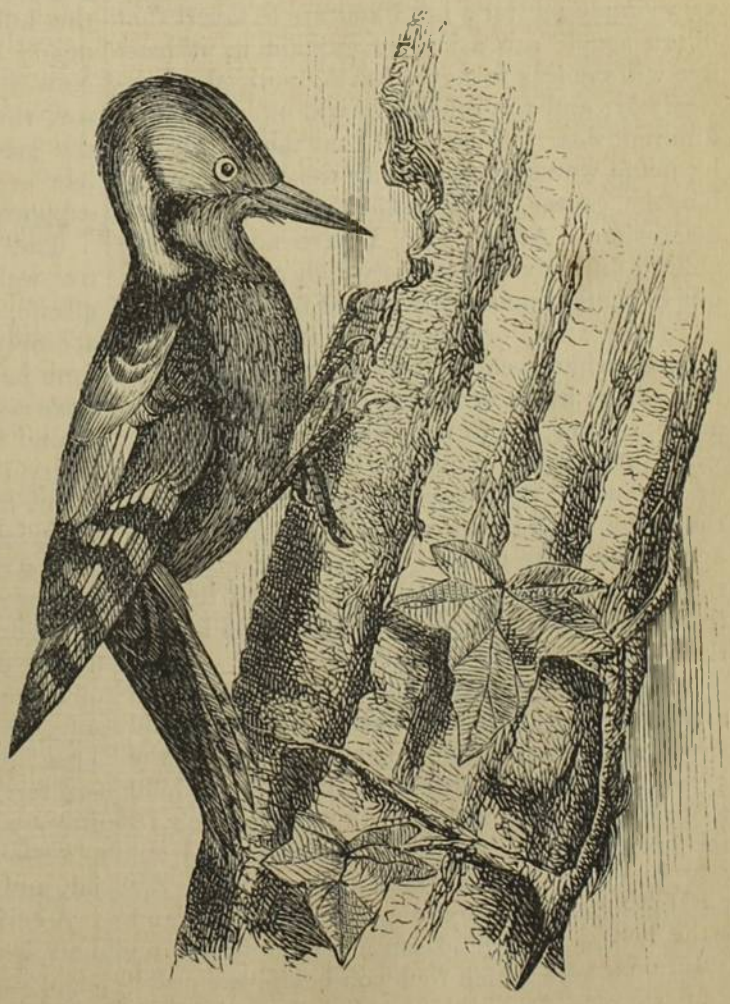


Fig. 7.—Woodpecker.



Fig. 8.—Marbled Angler, climbing.

bar, was mentioned in the first paper, and there are several South American species which have a similar habit.

Leaving now these rather ambiguous as well as amphibious modes of terrestrial locomotion, let us study the movements of the more numerous animals, the quadrupeds. As the term implies, they move upon four limbs, which are generally placed at or near the two ends of the body, but the head and neck always project more or less beyond the front legs, so as to throw upon them most of the weight of the body, whether at rest or in motion, while the hind legs are both placed and constructed as organs of propulsion rather than of support.

The walking of a horse or a cow may seem a very simple matter; but I venture to assert that if ten people are asked to explain it, at least five will confess to never having noticed it particularly, and the other five will offer as many different descriptions; and that the matter will be made worse by proposing the trot, the amble, the canter, or the gallop as the subject of discussion. At any rate, I have not yet been able to find any two books which agree, unless one of them is manifestly copied from the other.

In the stall, or when standing merely for rest, or when wearied or under restraint, the legs of the horse or of the cow assume almost any position; but in the intervals of motion, or when preparing to move at either a trot, a walk, or an amble, their relative position is always the same. The legs of one side are farther apart than those of the other, so that either the right front leg is a little in advance of the left front leg, and the right hind leg a little behind the left hind leg, or the reverse.

In the walk, the trot, and the amble the feet always move and succeed each other in one and the same order: after a front foot comes the hind foot of the opposite side, but after a hind foot comes the front foot of the same side. If, for instance, the horse moves his right front foot, you know that the next to be moved is the left hind foot, the next the left front foot, and the last the right hind foot; and it makes no difference with which foot you begin, the order of the succession is the same. To express it briefly, we may say—succession backward, that is, from before backward, is diagonal, or upon opposite sides of the body; but succession forward, that is, from behind forward, is always direct, or upon the same side of the body.

Now, in ordinary regular walking, the feet not only move in the above order, but each moves in the same time, and there is an equal interval of time between the successive movements of any two legs. Moreover, the front leg always moves first, the opposite hind leg second, the other front leg third, and last, the hind leg of the same side with the one first moved. But there are two kinds of irregular walks, which differ from each other and from the regular walk by the less length of the interval between either the hind legs and the fore legs, or the fore legs and the hind legs.

One of these irregular walks may be called the "trot-walk," because it leads to a trot. In it the front leg is moved, and the opposite hind leg is moved very quickly after it, while the interval between the movement of either hind leg and the front leg of the same side may be much longer. This happens in grazing. The animal steps with a front leg, and then with the opposite hind leg; it may rest in that position for some time; and the next movement is of the other front leg, followed immediately by the opposite hind leg. In this kind of walking the direct interval, therefore, is relatively long, and the diagonal interval is relatively short; and if it becomes so short as to almost or quite disappear, then the front leg of one side and the hind leg of the opposite side will move nearly or quite together; and this is a trot. Now the trot differs from the walk in this, too, that in the latter only one foot was off the ground at a time; but in the former two feet are in the air at once, and the body is supported by the other two.

The horse and the cow move at a walk, a trot-walk, or at a trot. But the camel and the giraffe, the elephant, and some horses, move in a different way—by lessening the interval of time between the movement of the feet of the *same side*, and by beginning the movement with a hind leg instead of a front leg. The direct interval is then the shorter; and in the elephant the hind feet step into the tracks of the front feet, which forces the latter to rise just before the others come down, so that both the feet of one side are in the air together. This is the amble-walk; because, by still further diminishing the interval between the movements of the hind leg and the front leg of the same side, they finally move nearly or quite together. This is the "amble" or "pace." As in the trot, two feet are always off the ground; but in this they are two of the *same* side. The body swings, as a whole, from side to side; but there is little jar, and it is an easy movement.

A curious comparison may be drawn between the movements of the human and the quadrupedal limbs. In walking the heel of one foot strikes the ground, then the toe of the same

foot; and then, in turn, the heel and the toe of the opposite foot. The order of succession, then, of the two heels and the two toes is precisely that of the four limbs of a quadruped. And, moreover, since each heel strikes the earth before its toe, and since the heel and the toe of one side move more nearly together than either does with the toe or the heel of the other foot, therefore the movement of our feet is really an amble-walk.

But if we regard the feet as single organs, and note the movements of the arms at the same time, then, since the left arm moves with the right leg, and the right arm with the left leg, and since the arm always begins to move a little before the leg, therefore the movement is like the trot-walk of the quadruped.

The above accounts of the five more common and more easily studied movements of quadrupeds are by no means to be taken as final and conclusive. They represent the opinions of one observer, and he is as liable to error as any of the five out of ten who were supposed to disagree. More careful and extensive observation may show that some other account is correct. At any rate, the whole subject is well worth investigation.

But if our knowledge is slight in amount and doubtful in quality respecting the three modes of walking, the trot, and the amble, what shall be said of the canter and the gallop? The greater rapidity of each movement renders them difficult to study, and the total discrepancy of opinion between different authors only increases the perplexity; for what one man calls a canter another calls a gallop, and one distinguishes three kinds of gallop, while another thinks there are only two. Probably our only sure way to ascertain the whole truth is to take an "instantaneous photograph" of animals in the different parts of the steps, as has been so successfully done by Dr. O. W. Holmes in studying human locomotion.

The common monkeys and baboons, in which the four limbs are of nearly equal length, probably walk and trot upon them like the ordinary quadrupeds. But all their movements are so commingled with climbing that no very satisfactory statement can be made. The long-armed apes, however, including the orangs, the gibbons, the chimpanzee, and the gorilla, are said to plant the hands upon the ground together, and, resting upon the knuckles, to swing the body and legs forward between them, just as if we used a pair of crutches and swung the body between them—a kind of exaggerated canter.

But the gibbons progress in a yet more remarkable manner, using only their prodigiously long and strong arms; grasping a branch with one hand, they swing to and fro, and then launch themselves through the air with such force as to clear a space of even forty feet, and with such precision as to seize a bird in their passage with one hand and a branch with the other. We have never heard, however, of a gibbon essaying the perilous feat of the human "zampilærostator"—namely, turning a somersault in passing through the air from one trapeze to another.

Monkeys are the typical climbers, but they are not the only animals that ascend trees. All the smaller cats, and the martens and weasels, and some of the bears, can climb by means of their sharp claws, especially if the tree is a little inclined, so as to afford some support to their bodies. Our figure represents a marten in the act of despoiling a bird's nest. The bears support their proportionately greater weight by hugging the trunk of the tree.

But the monkeys climb by grasping small branches, not by means of claws. Their fingers are long and strong, and the absence of a thumb in many of them does not interfere with their action as hooks for supporting the body, so that the arms may pull it up. Their thumbs are really upon their feet, for the great toes are long, and stand out at an angle from the side of the foot, so that they not only have a broad and flexible tripod to rest upon when in the trees, but are able to use the foot as an organ for grasping objects for food.

Some monkeys have a tail, too, which serves as a fifth organ of support. It is long and strong, and very flexible, so that it may be coiled about a branch and even bear the entire weight of the animal; and these monkeys, which are found chiefly in South America, move from bough to bough, and swing themselves from one tree to another with astonishing celerity.

Some other quadrupeds have prehensile tails. Such are the opossums, which not only climb and suspend themselves by their aid, but when young are carried upon the mother's back, twist their little tails around hers, and thus cling firmly to her even while she is in rapid motion. Many lizards, also, have prehensile tails.

The reverse of climbing is burrowing, and there are burrowers in each of the vertebrate classes; the mole, the marmot, the rat, the bear, and the ornithorhynchus among the mammals; the sand-swallows and others among the birds; the smaller tortoises among the reptiles; and among the fishes the lepidosiren or mud-fish, of Africa, which at the approach of the dry season buries itself in the earth, and there remains until the rains fall again.

We see, then, that there are both mammals and birds, reptiles and fishes, which may in one sense be called beasts of the earth, since they move upon the surface of the earth or ascend trees, which are simply prolongations of it upward; they descend below the surface, and they move along upon it by means of one or two or three or four or five organs of locomotion or support.

Nature stops here; but man, impelled by a desire to represent to the eye the organs by which the soul moves in the other life, and forgetting that man lives a man after death, and is in the human form, though independent of

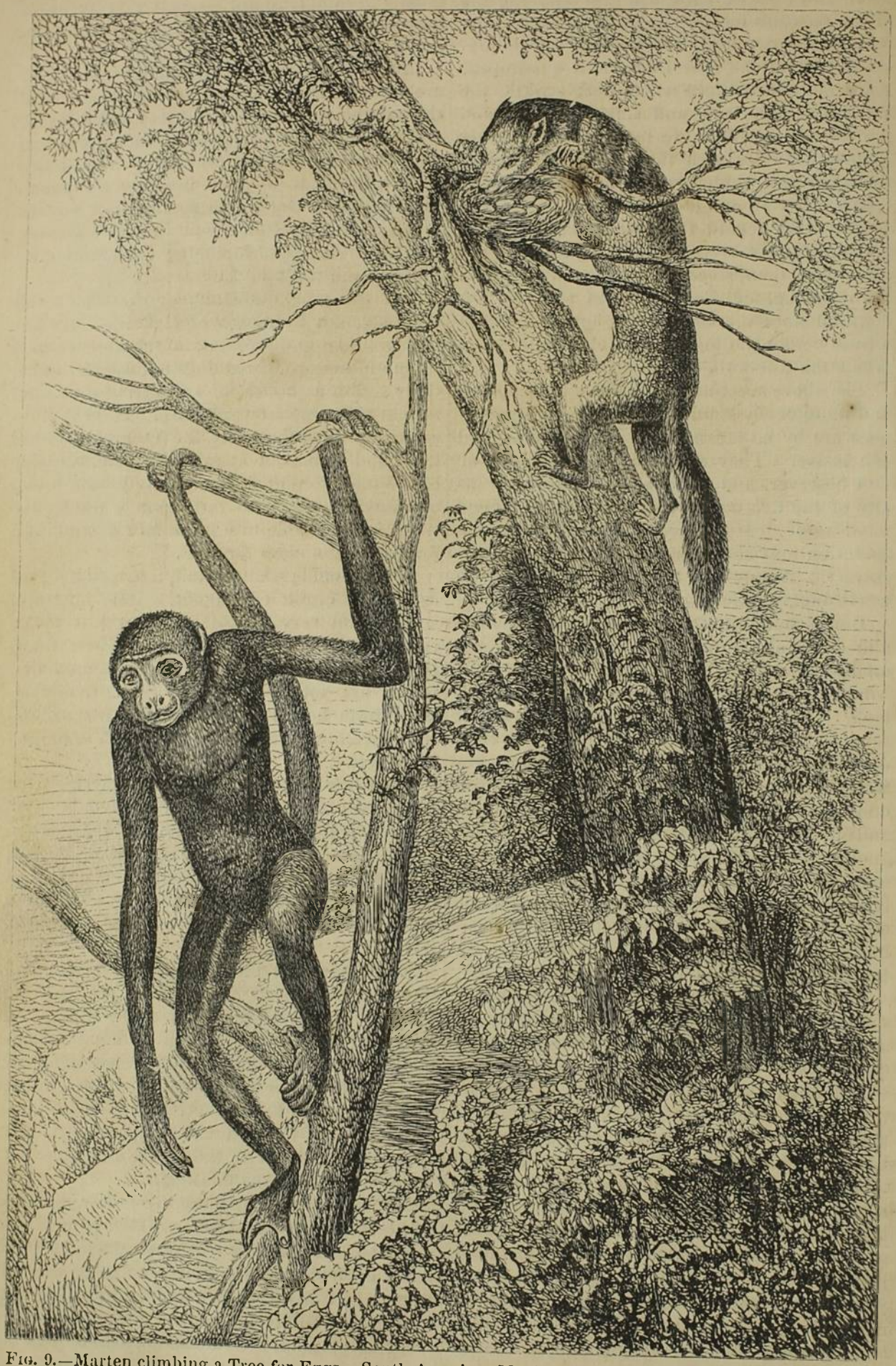
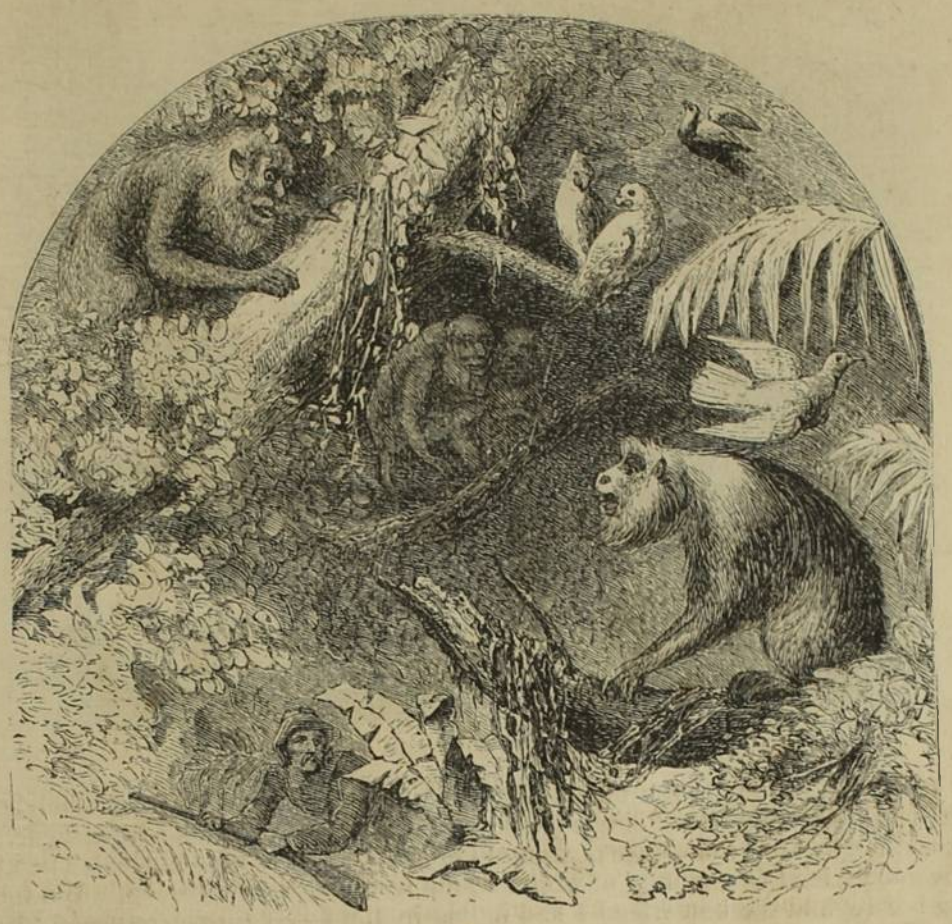


FIG. 9.—Marten climbing a Tree for Eggs.—South American Monkey, with prehensile Tail. (*From Schinz.*)

space and time, has peopled the heaven and the hell of his imagination with six-limbed beings, having two legs, two arms, and two wings; and which, whether beautiful cherubs or hideous fiends, are alike monsters—anatomical impossibilities—since the wing of a bird is the same organ with the arm of a man.

The true winged things, the "birds of the air," which we know to exist, will be described in the next paper.

PAUL DU CHAILLU ONCE MORE.



IN THE JUNGLE.

NEXT to hearing Our Friend Paul du Chaillu tell the story of his adventures is the pleasure of reading them, as set down in his own racy and idiomatic language, in the main excellent English, with just enough of Gallicisms to indicate the French descent of the writer. A man's style is a part of himself; and Monsieur Paul has done wisely to dispense with the services of an editor, and tell his story in his own way. He takes those who read his books, as well as those who hear his lectures, into his personal confidence. This in his new book* he thus begins:

"My dear young folks,—In the first book† which I wrote for you we traveled together through the Gorilla Country, and saw not only the gigantic apes, but also the cannibal tribes which eat men. In the second book‡ we continued our hunting, and met leopards, elephants, hippopotami, wild-boars, great serpents, etc., etc. We were stung and chased by the fierce Bashikouay ants, and plagued by flies.

"Last spring your friend Paul, not satisfied with writing for young folks, took it into his head to lecture before them. When I mentioned the subject to my acquaintances many of them laughed at the notion of my lecturing to you, and a few remarked, 'This is another of your queer notions.' I did not see it. I thought I would try. Thousands of young folks came to your friend Paul's lectures, in Boston, Brooklyn, and New York. Not only did my young friends come, but a great many old folks were also seen among them.

"When he asked the girls and boys of New York if he should write more books for them, the tremendous cheers and hurras they gave him told him that he had better go to work.

"Before writing this new volume I went to my good and esteemed friends, my publishers in Franklin Square, and asked them what they thought of a new book for Young Folks. 'Certainly,' they said; 'by all means, Friend Paul, write a new book; for *Stories of the Gorilla Country* and *Wild Life under the Equator* are in great demand.' I immediately took hold of my old journals, removed the African dust from them, and went to work; and now we are going to be *Lost in the Jungle*."

We propose to make a few extracts from this book, which will give some idea of its character:

A VOYAGE ON THE REMBO.

"The sun is hot; it is mid-day. The flies are plaguing us; the boco, the nchouna, the ibolai are hard at work, and the question is, which of these three flies will bite us the hardest; they feel lively, for they like this kind of weather, and they swarm round our canoes.

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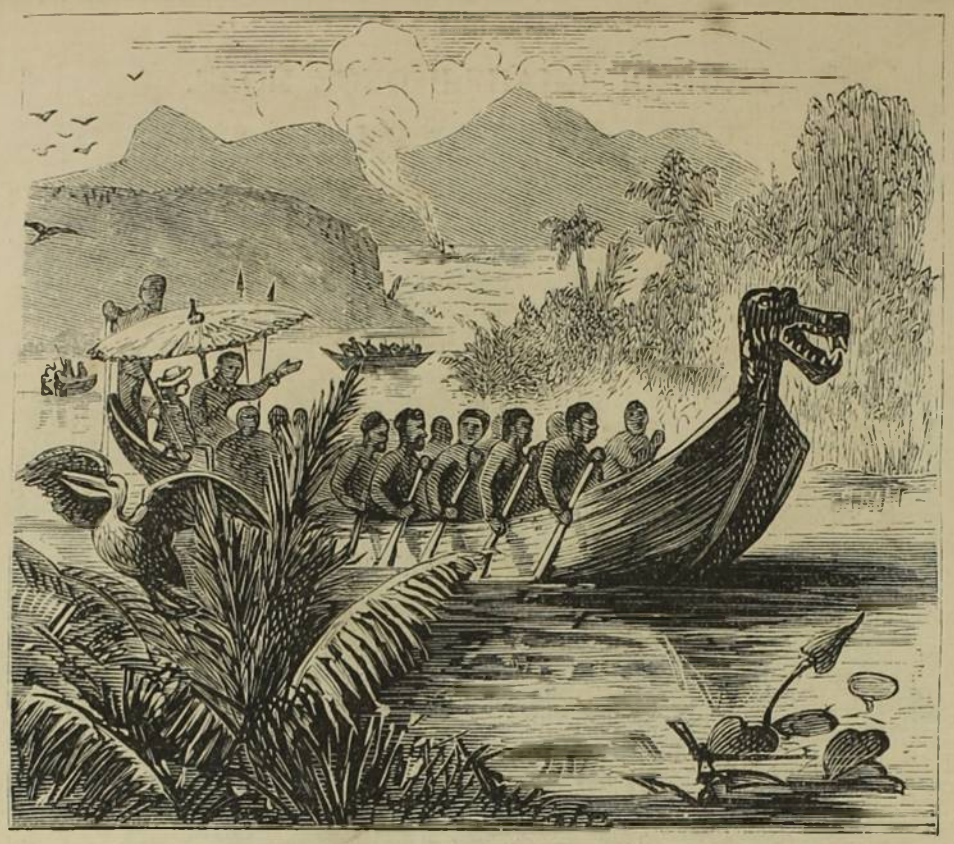
* *Lost in the Jungle.* By Paul Du Chaillu. Harper and Brothers.

† *Stories of the Gorilla Country.*—See Magazine, April, 1868.

‡ *Wild Life under the Equator.*—See Magazine, January, 1869.



A ROYAL CANOE.

"I wish you could have seen the magnificent canoes we had; they were made of single trunks of huge trees. We had left the village of Goumbi, where my good friend Quengueza, of whom I have spoken before, and the best friend I had in Africa, reigned.

"Our canoes were paddling against the current of the narrow and deep river Rembo. You may well ask yourselves where is the place for which I am bound. If you had seen us you might have thought we were going to make war, for the canoes were full of men who were covered with all their war fetiches; their faces were painted, and they were loaded with implements of war. The drums beat furiously, and the paddlers, as we ascended, were singing war-songs, and at times they would sing praises in honor of their king, saying that Quengueza was above all kings.

"Quengueza and I were in the royal canoe, a superb piece of wood over sixty feet long, the prow being an imitation of an immense crocodile's head, whose jaws were wide open, showing its big, sharp, pointed teeth. This was emblematic, and meant that it would swallow all the enemies of the king. In our canoe there were more than sixty paddlers. At the stern was seated old Quengueza, the queen, who held an umbrella over the head of his majesty, and myself; and seated back of us all was Adouma, the king's nephew, who was armed with an immense paddle, by which he guided the canoe.

"How warm it was! Every few minutes I dipped my old Panama hat, which was full of green leaves, into the water, and also my umbrella, for, I tell you, the sun seemed almost as hot as fire. The bodies of the paddlers were shining with the oil that exuded from their skin."

A YOUNG GORILLA.

"Now let us follow that young gorilla, whom I called Jack.

"Jack, to begin with, was the most untractable little beast one could possibly get hold of. Jack was a little villain, a little rogue, very treacherous, and quite untamable. The kinder I was the worse he seemed to be. We took him with us in the forest till we returned to our village, and then many of the women disappeared.

"Jack was smart in his wickedness, and was quite as treacherous as any of the gorillas I had met before. He would not eat any cooked food, and every day I had to send into the forest for berries and nuts. I wish you could have seen his eyes glisten, you would have noticed how treacherous and gloomy they were. Jack was cunning; he would look at me right straight in the face, and when he did that I learned that he meant mischief, and, if close at hand, meant an attack upon me.

"Of course, once in the camp, the forked stick had been taken away, and a little chain tied round the neck of Jack; the chain was about six feet long. Then I had a long pole fastened in the ground, and the chain was tied to an iron ring which had been used as a bracelet on the upper arm of a native, by which means he could turn all around without entangling the chain.

"One day I had come to offer Jack some tondo (berries) which friend Malaouen had just collected for him (I wanted always to feed Jack myself, to see if I could tame him), and I approached the little fellow to within the distance which I thought the utmost length of his chain would allow him to go. He looked at me straight in the face, and I waited for him to extend his arm to get the nice tondo I was offering him, when, quick as lightning, he threw his body on the ground on one arm and one leg, the chain drawn to its full length, and then, before I knew it, he seized my leg, and with his big toe got hold and fast of my *inexpressibles*, which were rather old, and a portion of them was soon in his possession. I thought in my fright that a piece of my leg had also been taken away, which I am glad to say



CAUGHT BY JACK.

was not the case. Still holding the piece of my pantaloons, he retreated to his pole, then gave a howl, and started at me again. This time I knew better—I was off. He held the piece of my pantaloons for a long time, it having passed from his big toe into his hand.

"Jack looked at times almost cross-eyed, and was as ugly a fellow as any one could wish to see. He was not so strong as friend Joe, the account of which you have read in 'Stories of the Gorilla Country,' but he was a pretty strong chap, and I should not have liked to be shut up in a room alone with him. Several times I had narrow escapes of a grip from his strong big toe.

"When evening came Jack would collect the dry leaves I had given him, and would go to sleep upon them, and sometimes he did look almost like a child."

HUNTING LAND-CRABS.

"We have come down to the river. We are off in our canoes to hunt for ogombon (land-crabs), each one of us being provided with a basket and a short cutlass, and are paddling for some spot not far from the banks of the river where the land-crabs are found in abundance. There are several canoes full of women, for catching crabs is the special business of the women, as hunting is the special work of the men.

"The land-crabs burrow in the ground. Their holes are found in very large numbers in some parts of the country. The burrows form the subterranean homes of the crabs, into which they retire when alarmed—and the slightest noise does that. They remain in their burrows until hunger drives them out in search of food, or when they fancy danger is averted.

"We landed at last on a swampy bottom, the soil of which was very black. I immediately saw an innumerable quantity of crabs running in all directions—making for their burrows—alarmed at our approach and the sound of footsteps; and as they ran they displayed the two large claws with which they were ready to bite any one bold enough to seize them. The ground was covered with burrows.

"These land-crabs are curious creatures. They are found in various parts of the world, and Equatorial Africa has a fair share of them, in goodly variety. The natives have any number of wonderful tales to tell about the ogombons.

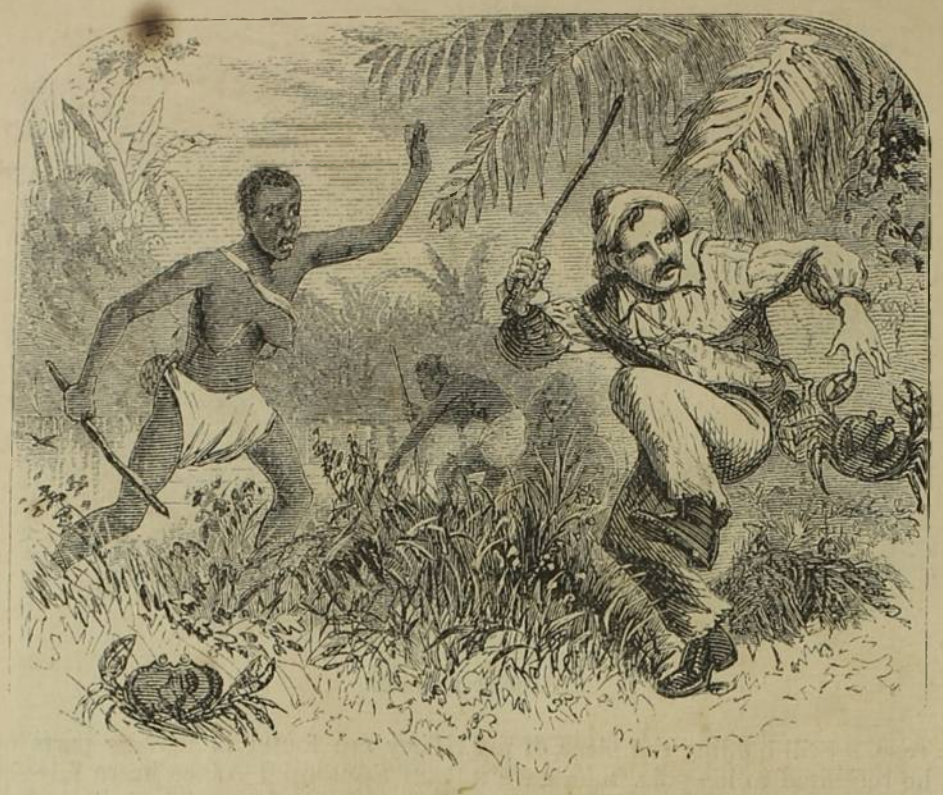
"There was a wild shout of joy among the people at having come to the right spot. The baskets were immediately opened, the short heavy sticks and cutlasses were got in readiness, and we scattered all over the thickly-wooded island, for it was an island where only mangrove grew. Not far from the island I could see huge hippopotami playing in the river, but we had taken it into our heads to come down the river and make a great haul of these crustaceæ.

"There was, as I have said, a general skedaddle of crabs, for at the least noise they ran away, having a counterpart in the women, who ran to and fro with great shouts, which were soon taken up by the men, in their wild excitement after land-crabs.

"These crabs were of tremendous size, and were the real ogombons, the largest species found in the country, and the only ones the natives will eat. They were gray, almost of the color of the mud on which they walk. They were armed with tremendous claws, which warned us to be very careful in handling them, or we should get a good bite.

"This island was celebrated as the home of the ogombons, and the whole of that part on which we landed was entirely covered with their burrows, which were in many places so thick and so close together as to communicate with each other. In these retreats the crabs remain in darkness. They never venture far from home. How Master Land-Crab knows his own habitation from those of his neighbor I can not tell, but now and then he would make a mistake and go into 'somebody else's house,' thus getting into the wrong box.

"At this time of the year the land-crabs were fat, but the shells were somewhat hard, but not so hard as later in the season, when the crab is left to himself, not being so good to eat. Hence, in the season, land-crab parties start from every village for the spots where they are to be found.



AN AFFECTIONATE CRAB.

"When the crabs are ready to cast off their shells they shut themselves up in their burrow, which they have stocked with leaves, closing the entrance with mud, and they remain there until their new armor is on. After quitting its old armor a crab is very soft, but in course of time the new shell becomes hard, even harder than the preceding one. I was never able to ascertain the age a land-crab could attain.

"So we were racing in every direction after the land-crabs, which fled with the utmost speed for their burrows. Now and then one would be caught. We had to be very light of foot when approaching them, for at the least noise they would go and hide in their dark abodes.

"Of the two large claws one was a tremendous thing, and it was amusing to watch the crabs walking leisurely round their holes, as if there was no foe in their neighborhood, but yet holding up one of the large claws as if they were ready for any thing that might come along. This claw nodded backward and forward in a very comical manner.

"I approached one very big fellow without his having perceived me, and, before he was aware, I laid my stick heavily on his back, and then seized him with my hand, to place him in the basket which hung at my side. I roared out with pain, for he had got hold of one of my fingers with its large claw, and shook it as if he would have torn it off. With my other hand I quickly seized the crab and twisted the claws from the body, which I thought would release me; but lo! although the body lay on the ground, the rascally claws gripped harder than ever. 'Oh! oh!! oh!!!' I shouted—which cries brought two or three of the women to my assistance. The muscles of the claws had retained their contractile power after they were separated from the body.

"In the mean time the rascal had retired into his burrow, no doubt in a good deal of pain, but saying to himself, 'What do I care; a new limb will soon come out!' for among the crustaceæ such is the case—a new limb soon springs out, and takes the place of the one lost; so I was left without my prize. The women again warned me to be very careful, instructing me how to catch crabs by seizing the big claw and severing it from the body; but, before doing this, the stick must be placed on the middle of the back, where the claws can not reach, as they can not move backward."

THE LEOPARD OF THE AIR.

"One morning I hear a strange cry high up in the air. I look, and what do I see?—what do I see yonder up in the sky? An eagle. But what kind of an eagle? for it appears to me so much larger than any eagle I have ever met with before. And as I asked this, my men exclaimed, 'It is a *guanionien;* the leopard of the air; the bird that feeds on gazelles, goats, and monkeys; the bird that is the most difficult of any to find and to kill.' 'Yes,' said Querlaouen; 'in my younger days I remember that my wife and myself were on our plantation, with some of our slaves, and one day we heard the cries of a baby, and saw a child carried up into the sky by one of these guanioniens. The baby had been laid on the ground, and the guanionien, whose eyes never miss any thing, and which had not been noticed soaring above our heads, pounced on its prey, and then laughed at us as he rose and flew to a distant part of the forest.' Then Querlaouen showed me a fetich partly made of two huge claws of this bird. What tremendous things those talons were! how deep they could go into the flesh!

"Then came wonderful stories of the very great strength of the bird.

"The people were afraid of them, and were compelled to be very careful of their babies. These grand eagles do not feed on fowls; they are too small game for them. Monkeys are what they like best; they can watch them as



THE EAGLE AND HIS PREY.

they float over the top of the trees of the forest; but sometimes the monkeys get the better of them.

"'People had better not try to get hold of the guanionien's young if they want to keep their sight,' said Gambo; 'for, as sure as we live, the old bird will pounce upon the man that touches its young.'

"For a long time I had heard the people talking of the guanionien, but had never yet had a glimpse of one.

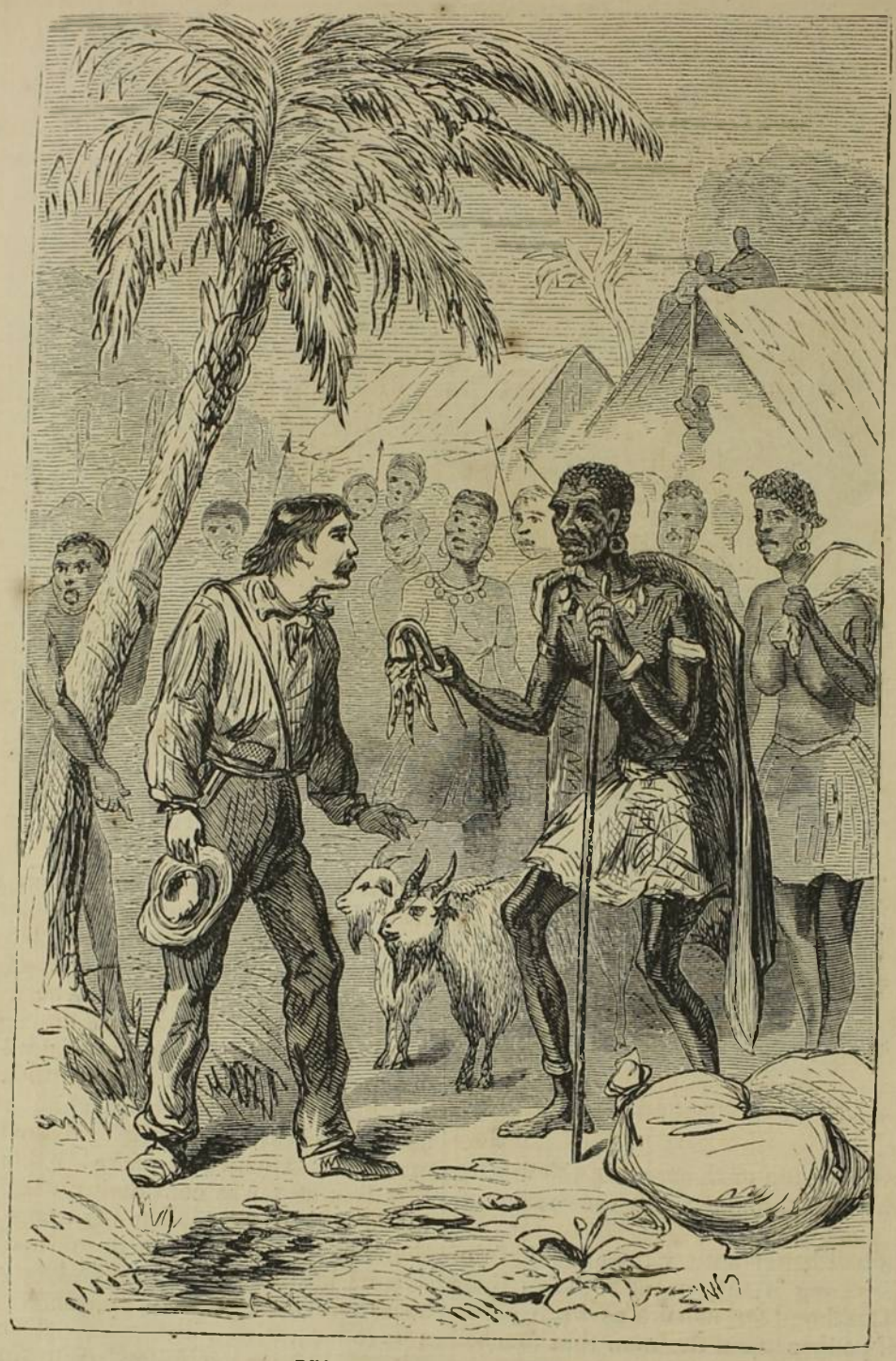
"Now, looking up again, I saw several of them. How high they were! At times they would appear to be quite still in the air; at other times they would soar. They were so high that I do not see how they could possibly see the trees; every thing must have been in a haze to them; monkeys, of course, could not be seen. They were, no doubt, amusing themselves, and I wonder if they tried to see how near they could go to the sun. Some at times flew so high that I lost sight of them.

"In the afternoon I thought I would ramble round. I took a double-barreled smooth-bore gun, and loaded one side with a bullet in case I should see large game; the other barrel I loaded with shot No. 2. Then I carefully plunged into the woods till I reached the banks of a little stream, and there I heard the cry of the mondi (*Colobus Satanus*), which is one of the largest monkeys of these forests. From their shrill cries, I thought there must be at least half a dozen together. I was indeed glad that I had one barrel loaded with big shot. If the mondis were not too far off, I would be able to get a fair shot, and kill one.

"I advanced very cautiously until I got quite near to them. I could then see their big bodies, long tails, and long, jet-black, shining hair. What handsome beasts they were! what a nice-looking muff their skins would make! I thought.

"Just as I was considering which of them I would fire at, I saw some big thing, like a large shadow, suddenly come down upon the tree. Then I heard the flapping of heavy wings, and also the death-cry of a poor mondi. Then I saw a huge bird, with a breast spotted somewhat like a leopard, raise itself slowly into the air, carrying the monkey in its powerful, finger-like talons. The claws of one leg were fast in the upper part of the neck of the monkey; so deep were they in the flesh that they were completely buried, and a few drops of blood fell upon the leaves below. The other leg had its claws quite deep into the back of the monkey. The left leg was kept higher than the right, and I could see that the great strength of the bird was used at that time to keep the neck, and also the back, of the victim from moving. The bird rose higher and higher, the monkey's tail swayed to and fro, and then both disappeared. It was a guanionien. Its prey was, no doubt, taken to some big tree where it could be devoured.

"The natives say that the first thing the guanionien does is to take out the eyes of the monkeys they catch. But there must be a fearful struggle, for these mondis are powerful beasts, and do not die at the eagle's will. There must be a great trial of strength; for if the monkey is not seized at an exact place on the neck, he can



RECEPTION OF A MONARCH.

turn his head, and he then inflicts a fearful bite on the breast of the eagle, or on his neck or leg, which disables his most terrible enemy, and then both, falling, meet their death.

"I looked on without firing. The monkeys seemed paralyzed with fear when the eagle came down upon them, and did not move until after the bird of prey had taken one of their number, and then decamped. When I looked for them they had fled for parts unknown to me in the forest. I was looking so intently at the eagle and its prey that for a while I had forgotten the mondis. I do not wonder at it, for monkeys I could see often, but it is only once in a great while that such a scene as I witnessed could be seen by a man. It was grand; and I wondered not that the natives called the guanionien the leopard of the air. As I write these lines, though several years have passed away, I see still before me that big, powerful bird carrying its prey to some unknown part of the forest."

We must certainly place our friend Paul at the head of all narrators of hunting adventures; not merely that he has killed kinds of game that never before came within rifle range, but because, also, he invests each scene with an artistic coloring derived from his own poetic nature. Snakes and such like vermin excepted, he seems to have a fondness for the creatures he shoots. He treats them as old Izaak Walton urges anglers to treat the worms which they must impale in order to tickle the tastes of the finny tribes—"tenderly as though he loved them." We own to having been somewhat wearied with the way in which most famous Nimrods tell us how they "kecled over" an elephant or a lion, a buffalo or a bear, to say nothing of such gentle creatures as deer and antelopes. But we are never wearied with Paul's hunting stories. We were sorely tempted to



THE SONGS TO ILOGO.

extract from his book several more hunting scenes. But we forbear with giving only one more; and that mainly for the reason that it gives some information touching an article of food which we imagine will not come into general use for the present. Almost every thing that walks or crawls, swims or flies, has now and then been eaten by civilized man. We do not, however, call to mind any account of the flavor of roast lion or tiger; and Du Chaillu is the first, as far as we know, to report upon the merits of leopard steak. Therefore we quote from him:

SOMETHING ABOUT LEOPARDS.

"In the afternoon, just after descending a hill, we came to a very thick part of the forest. We were all silent, for we wanted to kill game, when suddenly one of the men close to me made us a sign to stop and keep perfectly still, his face showing excitement and fear. I stopped and looked at him. Without saying a word, he pointed me to a tree. I looked, and could see nothing; I was looking at the wrong tree. He came close to me, and whispered the word ngègo (leopard). I looked in the direction indicated. Truly there was a magnificent leopard resting flat on the immense horizontal branch of a tree not more than fifteen or twenty feet from the ground.

"We had narrowly escaped, for we had to pass under that tree. The leopard had seen us, and was looking at us as if to say, 'Why do you disturb me in my sleep?' for I suppose, as they move but seldom in the daytime, he intended to remain there for the day. His long tail wagged; he placed himself in a crouching position, ready to spring on some of us, hoping, I dare say, thus to secure his dinner. His glaring eyes seemed to look at me, and, just as I thought he was ready to spring, I fired between his two eyes, and the shot went right through his head, and down he fell with a heavy crash, giving a fearful groan. He tried to get up again, but another shot finished him, and then the tremendous war-shouts of the Ashiras rang through the forest. I shot that leopard at a distance of not more than eight or ten yards.

"The leopard was hardly on the ground before we rushed in with our knives. A heavy blow of the axe partly severed his head from his neck. We cut off his tail to take it back to town, and then took his claws off to give them to Olenda for a necklace. The leopard was cut in pieces, and we lighted a big fire, or, rather, several big fires.

"This leopard was fat—very fat, but smelt very strong—awfully so. The ribs looking the best, I thought I would try them and have some cutlets—real leopard cutlets. I flattened them and pounded them with the axe in order to make them tender. By that time the fire had burned up well, so I took from it a lot of bright burning charcoal, and put my cutlets on it. The cutlets soon afterward began to crisp; the fat dropped down on the charcoal, and a queer fragrance filled the atmosphere round. Then I put on the cutlets a little salt I had with me, rubbed them with some Cayenne pepper, and immediately after I began to go into them in earnest. The meat was strong, and had an odor of musk which was very disagreeable. I found it so at the third cutlet, and when I had done I took some salt in my mouth, mixed with Cayenne pepper, in order to see if I could not get rid of the taste; I could not. I wished then that the leopard had been some other animal.

"I began to feel weaker and weaker, and when I awoke two days after killing the leopard



QUERLAOUEN AND HIS IDOL.

I rose with difficulty from my bed of leaves. We set forward without breakfast. I dared not send men in the forest for berries; we must be contented with those we should find on our route, for every hour was precious, and they might not find any after all. So we walked on with empty stomachs, longing for a sight of the Ashira country.

"I could not be mistaken; my compass was in good order; I had taken into account its variation. We were going south, if not right straight, at least in a general southern direction. On, and on, and on, through the gloomy jungle, no man saying a word to the other, and every man looking anxiously for the first sight of prairie-land, which, with my diseased brain, weakened by hunger, was to me like a fairy-land.

"At last, on the afternoon of a day which I have never forgotten, a sudden lighting of the forest gloom told us that an open country was near at hand. With a certain renewal of strength and hope we set off on a run, caring not how the jungle would tear us to pieces, till we reached a village at the very bounds of the bush. Here the people were much alarmed at our appearance and our frantic actions. 'Food! food! food!' shouted the Ashiras. That was all they could say. When they discovered that we did not mean mischief they approached. The chief had seen me at Olenda, and he made haste with his people to supply our necessities with all manner of food in their possession—plantains, pine-apples, cassada, yams, fowls, smoked fish. The chief gave me a royal present of a goat, which we killed in the wink of an eye. I ate so much that I feared I should be ill from putting too large a share into my so long empty stomach."

We leave the wild beasts of the jungle in which Du Chaillu was lost, in order to devote the remainder of our space to some descriptions of the manners and customs of the still

wilder human denizens of these jungles. Giving due precedence to royalty, we shall narrate, greatly abridged, the account of Paul's reception of Olenda, the great king of the Ashiri tribe. Olenda's country must be a beautiful one in itself: a broad prairie land, girt by lofty mountains, whose summit no one had climbed; the hills and valleys streaked with ribbon-like paths, while here and there was the sheen of a brook winding through the undulating land, with groves of large-leaved plantains and bananas, and plantations of cassada and pea-nuts —dear to juvenile America. Beautiful as this land was in itself, how beautiful it must have seemed to Paul, who had been long wandering through the lonely forests and jungles!

Olenda's village was situated upon a high hill. News had preceded Paul that some strange visitors were coming, and nearly all the inhabitants had fled. But the king remained behind, prepared to meet the new-comers. In a little while the monarch appeared, ringing a *kendo* to announce his approach. The kendo is a kind of bell, made of iron, with a long iron handle. We remember one of these in the collection of curiosities which Du Chaillu, years ago, brought to this country. Saving the long handle, it looks much like a rude cow-bell. When not in use, the mouth is stuffed with a skin, which onwraps magical charms to keep away the *aniemba*, or evil influences. Rude as the kendo is, it is in Central Africa the symbol of royalty, which no one but a king may possess.

So, ringing his cow-bell, the monarch approached. Never had Paul seen a man so old; never did he dream that a man could be so old. His wool was as white as snow; his face a mass of wrinkles. His skin was like parchment, and every rib was clearly visible. He was bent almost double, and his emaciated arms and legs were hardly bigger than broom-handles. His haggard old face was painted in streaks, one side white and the other red. He leaned on a long staff as he gazed on his visitor. It would be hard to say which was most astonished.

At length the monarch began his speech of welcome: "I have no bowels," he said; "I am like the Ovenga River; I can not be cut in two; I am also like the Niembai and Ovenga rivers, which unite together. Thus my body is united, and nothing can divide it." This gibberish has been from time out of mind the invariable proem to the royal speeches of the Ashiri kings. Exactly what it means would be hard to say. Then the king came to matters of fact—all the while beating his bell. "You," he said, "the spirit, have come to see Olenda; you, the spirit, have put your feet where none like you have ever been. You are welcome."

Then the king's son, also an old white-headed negro, presented Paul, in his majesty's name, with two slaves, three goats, twenty bunches of plantains, twenty-five fowls, five baskets of pea-nuts, and several bunches of sugar-cane. "This," said the king, "is to salute you. Whatever else you want, tell me. I am the king of this country. I am older than any tree you see around you!"—and indeed he must have looked so.

Paul replied that he did not want the slaves, but would gladly accept the food and other presents.

Then came up more of the king's children—all of them old and white-wooled. They were followed by crowds of the people of the surrounding villages, who had recovered from their fright. All gazed in mute wonder, only broken by low whispers, upon the strange visitor.

At length the king turned to his people, and said: "I have seen many things in my life, and am now ready to die; for I have received the Moguiza spirit, from whom we receive all things. It will always be said in our nation, by those coming after us, that in the time of Olenda the first spirit appeared and dwelt among us. Keep this spirit well; he will do us good."

Then, beating his kendo again like a farewell salute, the old monarch hobbled away. Do not his words somehow strangely call to mind the utterance of the aged Simeon: "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation?"

But this scene of quiet beauty is an exception to the general course of the experience of Du Chaillu in Africa. The next which we present is of a different character.

Among Du Chaillu's friends was Quengueza, a chief whose head village was called Goumbi. Quengueza had accompanied Paul on an expedition, and had been left behind sick. Paul went on to the village. When the people saw that their chief was absent they made earnest inquiries for him. "Our king," they said, "went out with you. Why have you not brought him back? When he went with you he was well; why has he been sick?" Something, they thought, was wrong; and they had further grounds for this belief. The king's nephew, Mpomo, lay sick in the village. He had also been a friend of Du Chaillu, who, as soon as he saw him, perceived that his last hour had come. Paul was urged to give the dying man medicines. He declined, for he knew that in the inevitable event of death the fault would be laid to him. Mpomo died, and there was a great commotion in the village. The death must have been occasioned by witchcraft; and the first thing after the burial was to discover the bewitchers. They sent for a doctor famous for his skill in discovering wizards. After due ceremonies the doctor was ready to give his decision. The scene which ensued must be told by Du Chaillu, in his own words:

FATE OF THE BEWITCHERS.

"Every man and boy was armed, some with spears, some with swords, some with guns loaded to the muzzle, some with axes and huge knives, and on every face I could see a determination to wreak a bloody revenge on those who should be

pointed out as the criminals. The whole people were possessed with an indescribable fury and horrid thirst for human blood. I shall never forget the sight. There I stood, alone in the midst of this infuriated populace, looking at those faces, so frightened, but, at the same time, so thirsty for blood. A cold shudder ran through me, for I knew not what would come next. I knew not but the whole village of Goumbi might be deluged in blood. I am sure you would have felt as I did.

"For the first time my voice was without authority in Goumbi. No one wanted to hear me when I said that nobody must be killed; that there were no such things as sorcerers. 'Chally, we are not the same people you are. Our country is full of witchcraft. Death to the wizards!' shouted they all, in tones which made the village shake. 'Death to the *aniembas!*'

"They were all surrounding the doctor, as I have said before, when, at a motion from the stranger, the people became at once very still. Not a whisper could be heard. How oppressed I felt as I looked on! This sudden silence lasted about one minute, when the loud, harsh voice of the doctor was heard. The people did not seem to be able to breathe, for no one knew if his name would be the one that should be called, and he be accused of the crime of witchcraft.

"'There is a very black woman—a young woman—who lives in a house having one door only, with a large bunch of lilies growing by the door. Not far off is a tree to which the *ogouloungou* birds come every day.'

"Scarcely had he ended when the crowd, roaring and screaming like so many beasts, rushed frantically for the place indicated, when, to my horror, I saw them enter the hut of my good friend Okandaga, and seize the poor girl, who looked so frightened that I thought she had lost her reason. I shouted with all the power of my voice, 'You are not going so kill the beautiful and good Okandaga—the pride and beauty of the village? No,' said I, 'you are not to kill her.' But my voice was drowned. They dragged her from her hut, and waved their deadly weapons over her head. They tore her off, shouting and cursing; and as the poor, good African girl passed in the hands of her murderers, I thought the big tree behind which I was looking might hide me from her view. But lo! she saw me, and with a terrible shriek she cried, extending her arms toward me, 'Chally, Chally, do not let me die! Do not let these people kill me. I am not a witch. I have not killed Mpomo. Chally, be a friend to me. You know how I have taken care of you—how I have given you food; how often I have given you water.'

"I trembled all over. I shook like a reed. It was a moment of terrible agony to me. The blood rushed toward my head. I seized my gun and one of my revolvers which was in my belt. I had a mind to fire into the crowd—shoot people right and left—send dismay among them—rescue dear and kind Okandaga, who was now poor and helpless—who had not a friend; put her in a canoe, and carry her down the river. But then, run away—where? I too would have murdered people. Perhaps some of the nephews of my friend Quengueza would be among those I should kill. Then what should I say to Quengueza? They were too frantic and crazed. The end would have been, I should have been murdered without saving the life of Okandaga. How I cried that same evening. I remember it so well. I cried like a child. I would have given all I had to save Okandaga's life.

"They took her toward the banks of the Rembo and bound her with cords. Presently silence fell again upon the crowd. Then the harsh and demon-like voice of the doctor once more rang over the town. It seemed to me like the hoarse croak of some death-foretelling raven:

"'There is an old woman not far from the king's place. She lives in a long and narrow house; and just in front of the house are plantain-trees which come from the sprouts that were planted by Oganda, the king's eldest brother, who is now dead. There is also, back of her house, a lime-tree which is now covered with fruit. She has bewitched Mpomo.'

"Again the crowd rushed off. This time they seized a princess, a niece of King Quengueza, a noble-hearted and rather majestic old woman. As they crowded about her with flaming eyes and threats of death, she rose proudly from the ground, looked them in the face unflinchingly, and, motioning them to keep their hands off her, said, 'I will drink the mboundou, for I am not a witch; and woe to my accusers if I do not die!'

"The crowd shouted and vociferated. Then she too was escorted to the river, but was not bound. She submitted to all without a tear or a murmur for mercy; she was too proud. Belonging directly to the families of the chiefs of the Abouya tribes from times of which they had no record, she wanted to show that she was not afraid of death. Pride was in her features, and she looked haughtily at her accusers, who left a strong guard, and then went back to the doctor.

"Again, a third time, the dreadful silence fell upon the town, and the doctor's voice was heard: 'There is a woman with six children—she lives on a plantation toward the rising sun—she too bewitched Mpomo.'

"Again there was a furious shout, and the whole town seemed to shake under the uproar of voices clamoring for vengeance. A large squad of people rushed toward a plantation not far from the village. They returned soon after, appearing frantic, as if they were all crazy, and went toward the bank of the river, dragging with them one of King Quengueza's slaves, a good woman who many and many a time had brought me baskets of ground-nuts, bunches of bananas, and plantains. Her they took to where the two others were.

"Then the doctor descended the street of the village. How fierce he looked! He wore round his waist a belt made from the skin of a leopard; on his neck he wore the horn of an antelope, filled with charmed powder, and hanging from it was a little bell. Round his belt hung long feathers of the ogouloungou bird; on his wrists he wore bracelets made from the bones of snakes; while round his neck were several cords, to which were attached skins of wild animals, tails of monkeys, leopards' and monkeys' teeth, scales of pangolins, and curious-looking dry leaves mingled with land and river shells. His face was painted red, his eyebrows white, and all over his body were scattered white and yellow spots. His teeth were filed to a point, and altogether he looked

horrid. I wish I could have shot that monster; but then they all think alike—they all believe in witchcraft. He approached the women, and the crowd surrounded them.

"Silence again succeeded to that great uproar; the wind seemed to whisper through the boughs of the trees; the tranquil river glided down, whose waters were soon to be stained with blood. In a loud voice the doctor recited the crime of which the three women were accused. Then, pointing to Okandaga, he said that she had, a few weeks before, asked Mpomo for some salt, he being her relative. 'Salt was scarce,' said he, looking toward the frantic multitude, 'and Mpomo refused her; she said unpleasant words to him, for she was angry that he had refused her salt. Then she vowed to bewitch him, and had succeeded, and by sorcery had taken his life.'

"The people shouted, 'Oh, Okandaga, that is the way you do—you kill people because they do not give you what you ask. You shall drink the mboundou! That sweet face of yours is that of a witch. Ah! ah! ah! and we did not know it!'

"The crime of Quengueza's niece came next to be told. She had been jealous of Mpomo for a long time because he had children and she had none. She envied him; therefore jealousy and envy took possession of her, and she bewitched him. The people screamed, 'How could a woman be so wicked as to kill a man because he had children and she had none? We will give you mboundou to drink, and we will see if you are not a witch.'

"Quengueza's slave had asked Mpomo for a looking-glass. He had refused her, and therefore she had killed him with sorcery also. As each accusation was recited the people broke out in curses. Each one rivaled his neighbor in cursing the victims, fearful lest lukewarmness in the ceremony should expose him to a like fate. So Okandaga's father, mother, brother, and sisters joined in the curses. The king's niece was cursed by her brothers and their sons, and the poor slave by every body. It was a fearful scene to contemplate.

"Then a passage was formed in the vast crowd, and the three women were led to the river, where a large canoe was in waiting. The executioners went in first, then the women, the doctor, and a number of people well armed with huge knives and axes. By this time the sweat ran down my face. I must have been deadly pale as I followed each motion of these people. Then the tam-tams beat, and the proper persons prepared the mboundou. Quabi, Mpomo's eldest brother, who was to inherit all of Mpomo's property, held the poisoned cup. At sight of it poor Okandaga began again to cry, and Quengueza's niece turned pale in the face, for even the negro face at such times attains a pallor which is quite perceptible. Three other canoes, full of armed men, surrounded that in which the victims were.

"A mug full of mboundou was then handed to the old slave woman, next to the royal niece, and last to the young and kind Okandaga. As they drank, the multitude shouted, 'If they are witches, let the mboundou kill them; if they are innocent, let the mboundou go out!'

"It was the most exciting scene in my life. My arrival in the cannibal country was as nothing compared with this. Though horror froze my blood my eyes were riveted upon the spectacle. I could not help it. Suddenly the slave fell down. She had not touched the boat's bottom before her head was hacked off by a dozen rude swords, the people shouting 'Kill her! kill her!' Next came Quengueza's niece. In an instant her head was off, and her blood was dyeing the waters of the river.

"During all this time my eyes had been riveted on poor Okandaga. I hoped that she would not fall, but soon she too staggered, and struggled, and cried, vainly resisting the effects of the poison in her system. There was a dead silence—the executioners themselves were still—for Okandaga was the belle of the village, and had more lovers than any body else; but, alas! she finally fell, and in an instant her head was hewn off. Then all was confusion. In an incredibly short space of time the bodies were cut in pieces and thrown in the river.

"I became dizzy; my eyes wandered about; the perspiration fell down from my face in big drops; I could hardly breathe, and I thought I would fall insensible. One scene more like this, and I should have become mad. The image of poor Okandaga was before me, begging me to save her. I retired to my hut, but it felt so hot inside that I could not stay. When all was over, the crowd dispersed without saying a word; the clamor ceased, and for the rest of the day the village was silent."

King Quengueza, as we have said, was also sick; and not long after the scene just described sent word that his people must try to find out from *Ilogo* why he was sick, and what he must do for his recovery. The proceeding was thus conducted:

THE SONGS TO ILOGO.

"Ilogo is believed by the people to be a spirit living in the moon—a mighty spirit, who looks down upon the inhabitants of the earth—a spirit to whom the black man can talk. 'Yes,' they said, 'Ilogo's face can be seen; look at it.' Then they pointed out to me the spots on the moon which we can see with our naked eye. These spots were the indistinct features of the spirit.

"One fine evening, at full moon (for, to consult Ilogo, the moon must be full, or nearly so), the women of the village assembled in front of the king's house. Clustered close together, and seated on the ground, with their faces turned toward the moon, they sang songs. They were surrounded by the men of the village. I shall not soon forget that wild scene. The sky was clear and beautiful; the moon shone in its brightness, eclipsing by its light that of the stars, except those of the first magnitude; the air was calm and serene, and the shadows of the tall trees upon the earth appeared like queer phantoms. The songs of the women were to and in praise of Ilogo, the spirit that lived in ogouayli (the moon). Presently a woman seated herself in the centre of the circle of singers and began a solo, gazing steadfastly at the moon, the people every now and then singing in chorus with her. She was to be inspired by the spirit Ilogo to utter prophecies.

"At last she gave up singing, for she could

not get into a trance. Then another woman took her place, in the midst of the most vociferous singing that could be done by human lips. After a while the second woman gave place to a third—a little woman, wiry and nervous. She seated herself like the others, and looked steadily at the moon, crying out that she could see Ilogo, and then the singing redoubled in fury. The excitement of the people had at that time become very great; the drums beat furiously, the drummers using all their strength, until covered with perspiration; the outsiders shouted madly, and seemed to be almost out of their senses, for their faces were wrinkled in nervous excitement, their eyes perfectly wild, and the contortions they made with their bodies indescribable.

"The excitement was now intense, and the noise horrible. The songs to Ilogo were not for a moment discontinued, but the pitch of their voices was so great and so hoarse that the words at last seemed to come with difficulty. The medium, the women, and the men all sang with one accord:

"'Ilogo, we ask thee,
Tell who has bewitched the king!
Ilogo, we ask thee,
What shall we do to cure the king?
The forests are thine, Ilogo!
The rivers are thine, Ilogo!
The moon is thine!
O moon! O moon! O moon!
Thou art the home of Ilogo!
Shall the king die? O Ilogo!
O Ilogo! O moon! O moon!'

"These words were repeated over and over, the people getting more terribly excited as they went on. The woman who was the medium, and who had been singing violently, looked toward the moon, and began to tremble. Her nerves twitched, her face was contorted, her muscles swelled, and at last her limbs straightened out. At this time the wildest of all wild excitement possessed the people. I myself looked on with intense curiosity. She fell on her back on the ground, insensible, her face turned up to the moon. She looked as if she had died in a fit.

"The song to Ilogo continued with more noise than ever; but at last comparative quiet followed, compelled, I believe, by sheer exhaustion from excitement. But the people were all gazing intently on the woman's face. I shall not forget that scene by moonlight, nor the corpse-like face of that woman, so still and calm. How wild it all looked! The woman, who lay apparently dead before the savages, was expected at this time to see things in the world of Ilogo—that is to say, the moon—to see the great spirit Ilogo himself; and, as she lay insensible, she was supposed to be holding intercourse with him. Then, after she had conversed with the great spirit Ilogo, she would awake, and tell the people all she saw and all that Ilogo had said to her. For my part, I thought she really was dead. I approached her, and touched her pulse. It was weak, but there was life. After about half an hour of insensibility she came to her senses, but she was much prostrated. She seated herself without rising, looking round as if stupefied. She remained quite silent for a while, and then began to speak:

"'I have seen Ilogo, I have spoken to Ilogo. Ilogo has told me that Quengueza, our king, shall not die; that Quengueza is going to live a long time; that Quengueza was not bewitched, and that a remedy prepared from such a plant (I forget the name) would cure him. Then,' she added, 'I went to sleep, and when I awoke Ilogo was gone, and now I find myself in the midst of you.'

"The people then quietly separated, as by that time it was late, and all retired to their huts, I myself going to mine, thinking of the wild scene I had just witnessed, and feeling that the longer I remained in that strange country the more strange the customs of the people appeared to me. Soon all became silent, and nothing but the barking of the watchful little native dogs broke the stillness of the night. The moon continued to shine over that village, the inhabitants of which had run so wild with superstition."

One more extract, and we close. In this case it shall be about gorillas in general, and especially about the little Jack, whom we have seen making a clutch at Paul.

Du Chaillu, in company with his trusty friends Querlaouen and Malaouen, was one day out in the forest, when they heard the voice of a young gorilla crying for his mother. They watched in breathless silence, but for a time could only hear the noise of the mother moving among the trees, apparently now and then picking fruit or breaking off branches. All at once a loud cry burst from the rear. It was the roar of the father gorilla, who had perceived them watching his wife and child. They fired all at once, and the huge creature fell dead. They then set out in search of the female and her cub. At length they came in sight of them. The mother was tending her young in a manner almost human. Now and then she would pick a berry, and give a chuckling invitation for the young one to come and eat it; when she would caress the creature with her big black hand; and he would seat himself between her legs, gazing queerly up into her face. Soon the pair perceived their watchers, and started to run; but too late, for Querlaouen fired, and the mother fell dead. They gave chase to the young one, and at last succeeded in running him down. They secured him, much as boys do a snake, by putting a forked stick over his neck, and managed to carry him along with them. What follows, Paul shall tell in his own words:

QUERLAOUEN AND HIS IDOL.

"How proud we felt of our prize! We returned by the way we had come, being guided by the broken boughs of young trees and the leaves we had thrown on the ground. As soon as we came to the female gorilla, and the little fellow saw his mother, he tried to rush toward her. I dropped the forked stick and let him go. He at once jumped on his mother, and began sucking her breasts, and then looked in her face, and appeared to feel quite sorrowful. When he saw she was dead, he gave a howl at us, as if to say, 'You fellows have killed my mother!'

"It was utterly impossible for us to carry to our camp all our spoil, so we concluded to hang her

to a branch of a tree, and come for her the next morning, which we did. Then we continued our march, and toward sunset came to the large male we had killed in the morning. We were so tired that we did not wish to do any thing with the big gorilla that night. I felt I was too tired to take his skin off. The little fellow did not seem to care for his father; he looked at him well, and gave only a single plaintive cry. I could not help thinking of the poor old fellow. How many times he had slept at the foot of some big tree, and kept watch over his wife and baby! Now he was dead, nothing but his huge body and his tremendous face showed the giant strength he once possessed; now a little insect was stronger than he was.

"What had he died for? He had died bravely defending his wife and baby from an enemy whom he knew had come to do them harm. He was right. May I and every man of us always have the same motive that big gorilla had! I could not help feeling sorry. Here lay dead before me a wonderful beast, one of the most strange creatures of the forest God has created. His mate lay dead in another part of the forest, and their offspring was my prisoner. How strange his huge shadow looked as he hung by the neck to the limb of a tree near our camp, and how small our bodies looked by the side of his!

"That night I could not sleep. That big gorilla was always before my eyes. He seemed to grin at me; his long, powerful arm, his huge hands, appeared as if they were moving and trying to seize me. I could see his big black nails ready to go into my flesh; his mouth seemed ready to open and give one of those terrific roars which shake the whole forest. And then I would see his enormous canines come out from his sharp-cut lips, and how red his mouth was inside. There were his deep sunken eyes, wide open, looking at me, and, though dead, he had a scowl of defiance and intense ferocity on his face. It so happened that his face was turned toward the bed of leaves on which I lay, and he was hung not far from me.

"The young gorilla during the whole night moaned for his mother. He would look at the fires before him, then at us, and then give a howl, as if he was saying, 'What have I before me?' I decidedly frightened him more than Malaouen and Querlaouen could, for, in despite of the noise the young gorilla made, and of the shadow of the big gorilla, they had fallen sound asleep. But now and then they would awake, look at the fires, put on more wood to make a blaze, would perhaps smoke a pipe, and then go to sleep again.

"Toward four o'clock in the morning Querlaouen arose, took from his bag a little idol, and put it on the ground, muttering words I could not hear, all the time thinking I was sound asleep. Then he took a piece of chalk of the Alumbi, and rubbed it on his forehead between his two eyes; then he rubbed it in the hollow of his chest, and along both his arms; then he chewed a piece of a certain soft cane, which he spat on the idol; and then he talked to it. Now and then he muttered my name. At last I understood that the ignorant but good fellow was begging his idol to take care of me. Then, with his sharp-pointed knife, he cut his two hands slightly in many places, and took the blood that fell and rubbed his body with it, also the idol, and then lay down once more by the fires and took another sleep."

THUNDER-STRUCK.

IT was five o'clock in a summer's afternoon, and the sun's western rays still fell hotly upon and around a clumsy, square, unpainted, wooden building, which, isolated and lonely, stood upon the outskirts of a country village.

The district school-house (for, for what other earthly purpose than a district school-house could the ingenuity of man have designed that desolate, dreary place?) stood a little removed from the dusty highway, from which, however, no trim paling divided it; the stone-walls which bounded the adjacent lots were in a neglected and tumble-down condition; the turf around the door was bare, trodden, and dead; the few shade trees (originally left by the "Building Committee" to shelter their work, and possibly hide its deformities) were hacked and hewed, broken and dead; and the place had altogether that unhappy, deserted look which so often, in the country, distinguishes these outer courts of the temple of literature, and sometimes suggests the inquiry whether, if there is "a royal road to learning," it might not be well to erect station-houses more suitable to the comfort of the young travelers on the route.

The door burst open, and a noisy crew of half-grown boys and girls came trooping out, followed by a score or two of more juvenile aspirants to literary distinction, with clumsy, graceless gambols, elfish or apish grimaces, rude shouts and jeers and cries and yells, and all the various unmeaning and unnecessary noises which vulgar boyhood finds delight in giving utterance to. They spread themselves out into the road, and gradually dropping off at their several turnings, the rude clamor lessened by degrees; until, as the latest straggler (whose steps had been impeded by the enforced companionship of a brace of younger brothers) disappeared in the sunny distance, silence settled again upon the scene of their exodus.

But see—they have left the door open behind them; and we may venture a survey of the interior of the place where these rough young colts, who are perhaps training for the heights of Parnassus, are first broken in and taught their paces.

The door-step, a broken millstone, is littered over with chips and stones, shells, stalks, and leaves; and the door-sill is broken and settled; but never mind, we can enter. Inside is a large, bare, high room, with its numerous and unshaded windows high up in the walls, which, once whitewashed, are now yellow, weather-stained, time-worn, and scarred by jack-knives, and grim with the imprint of successive hundreds of little, dirty hands. The unpainted floor is strewed with bits of waste paper, straw, and other rubbish—all the name-

less débris which seems naturally to collect around the roots of literature, and from which, perhaps, it vegetates.

No sound disturbs us here, save the sharp monotonous "tick-tack, tick-tack," of the coarse wooden clock in the corner, the tarnished pendulum of which swings back and forth with a nervous, spasmodic jerk, as if, irritated by the dullness of the place, it counted the time grudgingly, and with a sharp bitterness, feeling it might be doing something better with all its weights and wheels; and the hum of the idle flies, droning lazily in the dim window-panes where the sun shines hottest, rising occasionally to a sharper, shriller sound, when some rope-walking spider, disdaining a balance-pole, darting along his air-hung path with the assured agility of a second Blondin, clasps the luckless singer in his treacherous embrace, and, despite struggles and resistance, calmly pinions legs and wings, and spins a shroud over the still living victim.

But the room, though silent, is not wholly deserted. Look around. In the master's desk sits a graceful and fashionably dressed young man; he is leaning forward, with his white, gentlemanly hands clasped together, and resting upon the corner of the desk before him; on them rests his head, his fine hair falling over the clasped hands, his handsome features clouded with care or grief, and his downcast eyes humid with a moisture which only his strong, earnest, manly self-control could keep from freely breaking forth in unmanly tears; for Robert Middleton, though he sat there in his chair of state, legally constituted ruler and teacher, and duly chosen, elected, and invested with authority by the sage school committee of L——, to rule with undivided sway as principal of their district school, was himself an undergraduate in a far higher school — the school of adversity.

Up to the age of eighteen years Robert Middleton had been the pet and favorite of Fortune; and then, with that sudden fickleness which has been said to be one of her feminine characteristics, the capricious goddess had cast him off, and flouted him, and frowned upon him, and turned her face away like a very coquette, not even letting him know how or when he had offended her.

The father of the young teacher, the elder Mr. Middleton, a prosperous and wealthy merchant, was early left a widower; and Robert, his only child, was the pride and delight of his heart; but his parental love, though natural and blameless in feeling, had been unfortunate in its mode of expression. The father had commenced life in obscurity, and under the restraints of poverty; he had made his own wealth, and attaching perhaps undue importance to its advantages, he was desirous that his only child should enjoy all the accessories to comfort which wealth could procure, and escape all the annoyances which stern poverty entails. This was the object with which he had commenced his patient accumulations, and though the end had long been attained, he still continued to regard it as his object; but, unconsciously to himself, his motive had gradually become changed, and the pursuit of wealth, which had been the business of his earlier life, had become in later years its pleasure. It had for him all the excitement of the gaming-table or the turf, without a consciousness of wrong-doing, or consequent self-reproach; for he was an honest and liberal man, exact and punctilious in all his business transactions, giving bread to many, and wronging no man; but when he had made a sagacious venture, or a successful speculation, he still flattered himself it was all for Robert that he still plodded on in the trammels of business—all for Robert's ultimate good that he kept himself too much immersed in commercial pursuits to give the boy his personal attention, or even to cultivate his acquaintance; and, consequently, Robert knew his father only as the latter knew his banking-house, as the institution from which he was entitled to draw his funds.

But money, even when honestly made and worthily used, is not always to be securely held. The wheel of fortune is always turning, and two or three revolutions of its spokes served to dissipate the labored accumulations of years. Fortunately, the merchant did not live to see it; he died quite unconscious of the impending ruin; died supposing he left Robert to the enjoyment of a princely fortune; and the world (the commercial world, in which he lived) believed so too, and hastened to offer its allegiance to the young millionaire. But when an investigation took place startling revelations were made; and when his affairs were wound up it was found there was scarcely enough to satisfy the creditors; and the young man who had been taught to regard himself as the heir to inexhaustible wealth was left penniless.

Robert heard of his father's death with awe and some natural grief; to be sure he had known but little of him, but that little had all been pleasant. From his days of boyhood, when his father had patted his head and tendered him silver dollars and gold pieces, up to the times when he shook hands with him and presented him with a check on his bank, he had been uniformly kind to him; besides, his father had been the only family tie he had ever known, and he felt the loss which sundered that.

The second shock—the news of his own altered fortunes—affected him far less, simply because he did not comprehend all which it involved. His personal friends gathered about him with their regrets and their condolences, but the young man himself was calm and self-possessed, and dealt in philosophical and proverbial resignation.

"Poverty was not the worst of ills," he said; "he had youth, and health, and hope, and energy; his father had made all his money, why should not he? the world owed a living to all

its inhabitants, and would not deny one to him; and perhaps his sluggish temperament needed just this to rouse it," etc., etc. And his friends listened, and applauded, and told him he was "a hero! a philosopher! a Spartan!" And he believed them.

But all this was nothing. What did it amount to? Simply that the young dreamer was talking theoretically, and not practically. What did the young neophyte know of the life he was about to enter upon? He, who had looked upon the world through the rose-tinted windows of the drawing-room, what did he know of poverty? He had never realized the comforts his father's wealth had surrounded him with, but had taken it for granted that his own easy, luxurious life was the natural state of man. He had seen poverty, the dirty, squalid, vicious, reckless poverty which a great city holds in her bosom like a festering sore, and had given money freely to relieve it; but that was low, vulgar poverty, not the poverty of a gentleman; he felt he could never descend to that. Possibly his ideas of respectable, gentlemanly limitation would have been the exchange of his club-room and opera box for a seat at the casement window of some vine-hung cottage; to eat strawberries and cream instead of oysters and ices; and listen to the song of the birds instead of the notes of a Piccolomini. And with an abundant wardrobe, and his pocket-book still filled with his last quarter's ample allowance, he could afford to romance and philosophize—for a while.

But the time was coming, and soon came, when, his supplies being exhausted, he called upon his late father's bankers, and was civilly referred to the executors, where he was met by the delicately conveyed but startling information that they had no funds for him.

Robert hastened to explain: "He did not mean a fortune; that he knew he was not to look for; but money for his own necessary expenses—he meant money for his own, immediate, daily use." They were very, very sorry to say they had none to advance. Robert was astonished. "Where, then, should he apply for it?" he very innocently inquired. "Really, they did not know; most unfortunately, they had not a dollar in their hands."

Robert walked thoughtfully back to his rooms; now was the time to act upon his theories; but they did not seem so feasible. "The world owed him a living." True; but how was he to recover the debt? His claim was a good one, undoubtedly; but to whom was he to present it? This is a question which has posed wiser heads than his.

He thought deeply on the subject; he applied to his friends—his father's friends and his own; they sympathized, and temporized, and held out vague hopes of some golden opportunity in the far distance; but all their plans required time or money to realize them, and Robert could give neither; and, like "the hare with many friends," he found he must, after all, depend upon himself. Fortunately, he had not overestimated his internal resources; he had, as he had said, youth and health, and energies which only needed rousing; he had received a good classical education, though, having no decided turn for any profession, he had not been educated for one; and he had inherited from his father a clear sense of equity and honesty. His resolves were decided, and his action prompt. The sale of his horses and his yacht, with the many luxurious trifles of a gentlemanly leisure (to be his no longer), procured him ready money to meet his present wants. Debts he had never contracted: that was the only point upon which his father had insisted.

Just at this juncture one of those chances which will occur in a lifetime brought to his notice an advertisement of the school committee of L—— for a teacher in their district school. Of course the emolument was small—scarcely more than he had given his "tiger;" but it was out of town, it was bread and occupation until he had time to fix upon something better; and, provided with letters from his late father's physician, who had friends and interest in the town of L——, he proceeded there at once, offered his credentials, underwent an examination, and was accepted.

Mr. Middleton had now been installed in his new position a few weeks, and the excitement of novelty being over, the consequent reaction of depression was upon him; and, as he sat in his desk that warm June evening, unmindful of flies or clock, he had been taking a sad review of the past, and a still sadder view of the future.

Strangely alone—like some star struck out from its orbit, and neither mourned nor missed by the constellation from which it had fallen—he felt himself isolated and changed, until he almost began to doubt his own identity. Were these rough, uncouth, loutish, yelping boys (stupid in every thing but the art of annoyance), these loud-voiced, bold, hoidenish girls, destitute alike of the refinements of polished society and the graceful simplicity of rustic life, to be his sole companions and only objects of interest—he, whose Sybarite nerves had ever shrunk tremblingly from a discordant voice, an ill-chosen word, or ungraceful gesture? Could he live on so (for nothing else had offered)—could he live, and grow old, and die in his present distasteful occupation? And, as he asked himself this question, there came across his mental vision, clear and distinct as if daguerreotyped there, a scene of the preceding summer, when, riding out with some of his gay friends, he had passed on the road a poor teacher coming out of much such a school-house as the one in which he now sat. He had made no observation at the time, scarcely noticing the man, except courteously to return the bow with which he moved aside for him. But now, strangely enough, the whole scene returned to him, vivid as a picture—the road, the trees, the sky, the very feeling of the atmosphere; the pale face and bent form of the man, his threadbare coat and worn visage; the

near-sighted frown on the otherwise mild brow; the habitual patience in the clear gray eyes. Strange how this picture had been unknowingly stored away in some dim gallery of his brain, to start out *now* in such full coloring and bold relief! In vain he tried to turn it aside; it seemed to haunt him. Was that sad figure indeed a prototype of himself? Vexed, at last, by the pertinacity with which the idea would return to him, Mr. Middleton roused himself and left the house, determined to drive off this shadowy gloom by active exercise.

He had walked for some little time without gaining his object; but he was a true worshiper of Nature, and gradually and imperceptibly her softening influences stole over him, and the beauty of the scenery and the weather were winning him from himself, when he reached a turn in the road which wound around a little bank or high ground crowned with bushes. Lost in a still gloomy reverie, Robert was passing on, his eyes bent upon the ground and his thoughts far away, when from a little thicket on the other side of the road a bird poured forth his musical vespers.

Absorbed in thought as he was, Robert would scarcely have noticed it, had it not been that even as the gushing melody died away it was caught up and repeated, note by note, from the little bank above him; and then, with scarce an interval of pause, came the blithe notes of the robin and the mournful cry of the whip-poor-will; and these, again, were followed in their turn by the quavering trill of the golden oriole, the glad gossip of the merry bobolink, with its "chee, chee, chee," and the plaintive "more wet" of the quail—till it seemed as if the little bank above him must be a very aviary of feathered minstrels.

Glancing up into the place from whence all this varied melody seemed to issue, Robert saw only one solitary tree, and only one shadowy bird stirring among its quiet branches; and remembering to have heard a recent debate in which it had been asserted that the male American cat-bird is often a mocking-bird of rare powers, he determined to climb the bank and try to discover if the creator of all this musical olio was indeed one of that most despised race.

He ascended the bank with little effort, and was pressing on, with his eyes raised to the tree which had seemed the orchestra of this unique performance, when his steps were suddenly arrested by a peal of low, clear, ringing human laughter, sweet and soft as the fall of a chime of silver bells, which came bubbling up from the ground at his very feet; and there, cradled in the fresh, blossomy grass, whose flowery tops, pink and white, nodded around the brink of her rustic nest, lay a child, a little girl of apparently not more than six years old.

She was a child of singular loveliness and beauty, with a complexion of that pure, firm, ivory whiteness rarely seen beyond the fresh young life of healthy infancy; and its brilliancy was heightened by long, loose curls of that rare, peculiar tint of auburn so hard to describe, but so universally admired when seen.

The child lay at her easy length upon the ground, in a careless attitude of perfect freedom and abandon; but her position had all the unstudied grace which the pliant form of unconscious childhood often assumes. The small feet were lightly crossed, and one little dimpled hand was thrown over her head, the snowy whiteness of the delicate, blue-veined wrist relieved by the rich masses of curls upon which it rested, and in the soft gleaming rings of which the small ivory fingers had unconsciously lost themselves. The other little hand was held up before her, on a level with her eyes, and upon the back of it (smooth and white and finely grained as the unique petal of the calla lily) rested a gorgeous summer butterfly, calmly lifting and depressing its burnished wings, and furling and unfurling its graceful antennæ, with seemingly the same quiet sense of enjoyment as if perched on the bosom of some newly-opened blossom. It was doubtless the advent of this little winged visitant which had called out that burst of low, sweet, childish laughter.

As Robert's feet approached the couch of this little woodland nymph, the insect, taking alarm, rose slowly on its rainbow wings, and sailing round in graceful gyrations, as if unwilling to depart, soared aloft on the still summer air, followed by another peal of silvery laughter from the child, whose sweet eyes watched it till it was lost in the blue heavens, scarcely purer or more intensely blue than themselves; and then, without changing her attitude in the least, she turned her sweet glances full upon the new-comer; but, to Robert's surprise, she manifested no emotion, either of fear or wonder, at his close proximity, regarding him with a sort of regal calmness and self-possession—an air of even greater indifference, perhaps, than she had bestowed upon the butterfly.

Infinitely amused at what he supposed to be the incipient coquetry of this little rustic beauty, Robert dropped upon his knee by her side, and regarded her for a moment with fixed attention, curious to discover how long she could maintain the dignity of her royal silence; and for a little space neither of them spoke; but he could detect in her no wavering, no change, no sign of emotion, unless it were in a nervous dilatation and contraction of the pupils of the sweet, humid eyes, which gave to them a tremulous motion, like the radiant scintillations of a dew-drop, and the varying color on the fair cheek, which deepened and faded, like the passing shadow of a rosy cloud, with every breath she drew.

Finding the child did not mean to speak to him, Robert was at last the one to break the silence.

"Well, little one," he said, laughingly, alluding to her prolonged gaze at him, "you mean to know me when we meet again, don't you?"

No answer; only a faint, scarcely perceptible sigh parted the sweet, rosy lips.

"And so, my little singing bird," continued the young man, "was it really you who made all that music? I expected to find a whole treeful of birds, and I find only one little ground-sparrow nestling in the grass. Will you sing for me again, as you did just now?"

Still no answer; and as Robert observed the child closely, he saw that her gaze was growing wandering and abstracted, the color in her face and lips fading away, and a heaviness as of sleep stealing over the soft eyes and weighing down the white lids, with their long, silken fringes.

"Why, Bobolink," he said, in surprise, "you are not going to sleep, are you? Tell me where you live, and if you are tired I will carry you home."

Still no answer came, unless the deepened breathing and the closing eyes answered him.

"Why, child," said the young man, still more earnestly, "I tell you you *must* not sleep here in the grass; why, the dew is beginning to fall already. Tell me where you live, and I will carry you home in my arms; but you must not sleep here;" and as he spoke he attempted gently to raise her.

"No," said the child, speaking in languid, sleepy tone, and with a repellent gesture of her little hand.

"But I must," said Robert. "I can not go and leave you here alone; it is almost night. Are you not afraid?" And again he attempted to raise her.

"No!" repeated the little one. "*No!*—no; Ella—*no!*"

But at this moment the interview was interrupted by a new arrival. Even as the child spoke, and as if in answer to her voice, a quick, panting sound was heard, and a huge Newfoundland dog, coal-black and shaggy-coated, dashed up the little hill, and crashing through the undergrowth of bushes, stood over the prostrate form of the child, bringing his huge jaws and red tongue into a very unpleasant proximity to Mr. Middleton's face, and gave a short, sharp, and most expressive growl, which served to show a white and very determined-looking set of teeth; and then, dropping his head, he began to fondle the face of the child, who seemed to recognize the new-comer as a familiar friend, for, without unclosing her eyes, she clasped her arms fondly about his neck, and uttered again that low, sweet, musical laugh; and then, springing suddenly to her feet, she twisted her hand in his rough mane, and the two oddly-assorted companions began slowly to descend the hill on the other side.

"At least you will let me go with you, I hope," said Robert, advancing to the other side of the child, and attempting to take her hand in his. The little girl did not again repulse him, but the dog stopped short, fixed his eyes on the intruder, and gave another of those meaning utterances, so wholly unmistakable in its import that Robert thought it safest to withdraw, and leave the little one to the care of a guardian who seemed fully competent to his office; and he stood still, while they proceeded leisurely down the pathway, catching from the lips of the beautiful child as she retreated only the broken and disconnected words, "Pretty Ella! pretty baby! good Max! pretty puppy!"

Mr. Middleton stood silently contemplating the ill-matched pair as they moved slowly out of sight, without, as it seemed, one thought of him. "Heigh-ho!" he said, at last. "Times have changed with me, indeed! I think I must be a descendant of the estimable but drowsy little woman who encountered that most ungentlemanly itinerant Strout; 'for is it not written in the Book of Chronicles that it was when *the dog began to bark* that she began to cry, 'Lord 'a massy on me! I don't believe it's I?' And surely she had not more strangely lost her identity than I have mine! This time last year the belles of Newport and Saratoga were pleased to accept my attentions, and now this little rustic beauty, baby as she is, declines me as an escort, and prefers a puppy to me. Can it be that my fallen fortunes have set their mark on me so soon? Ah, well, well, well; never mind! The schoolmaster has got lessons to learn as well as to teach, I find."

As he spoke Mr. Middleton retraced his steps, and sprung down the little bank, but he had scarcely regained the road when a cheerful voice called him by name, and he saw coming toward him a gentleman whom he recognized as Doctor Mayne, the physician of L——, to whom he had brought a letter of introduction.

"On my word," said the Doctor, with an air of affected caution, looking at him suspiciously as he spoke, "are you sure, now, it's really you, and not Jack Sheppard? You sprung out of that little thicket with such an air of desperate resolve that I had serious thoughts of flinging away my purse, and swallowing my watch, and running for life. But now, if it is really you, how are you? I've just been to your room to ask you to pass Friday evening at my house; but, pray, what were you doing in that thicket from which you emerged so abruptly? May I ask if you were enjoying the sentimental alone there?"

"Not entirely," said Robert, in the same bantering tone. "Keep my secret, I entreat you! I was not alone; I had youth and beauty with me."

"Now is not that too bad?" said his companion; "and so you have been beforehand with us. My wife and I intended to introduce you to our fairest natives on Friday evening; but you, it seems, have forestalled our kind intentions."

"I think not," said Robert, gravely. "The young lady in question would not, I think, have been one of your guests. I have the impression she does not go into company at present."

"Ah! indeed; may I inquire why not?"

"Certainly—from her extreme youth, I presume. In fact, Doctor, my companion was a little child."

"Indeed! That's another affair."

"Yes; a beautiful child, whom I found half asleep in the grass. I never saw any thing so lovely. An infant Aurora, in grace and in coloring; with clear sapphire eyes, and true auburn hair; attended by a huge black dog only. Who is she?"

"Baby Ella, I suppose," said the Doctor, gravely.

"Yes; I think that is her name; but she would not talk to me. Who is she?"

"I can not tell you," said Mayne. "I do not know who she is."

"And yet you knew at once whom I meant," said Robert, coldly.

"Of course I did. It is not a description to fit every body, certainly. I did know who you meant at once; but, as I said before, I can not tell you who she is, for I do not know that myself. Poor little thing! we can say what she is, but not who she is."

"Oh! very well, then," said Robert, laughing. "If that is the necessary form of adjuration, then tell me, I beseech you, what is she?"

"A foundling," said Doctor Mayne, hesitating, "and—an innocent."

"Innocent!" repeated Robert. "Of course she is; babies usually are that, I believe—unless she comes in for her share of original sin; but what else is she?"

"Nothing else," said Doctor Mayne, with an air of grave rebuke. "I used the word in its Scottish sense. You understand, I suppose, what the Scottish term 'an innocent' is meant to express?"

"An innocent! what—an idiot?" said the young man, recoiling in sudden horror. "Oh! not an idiot! that beautiful child! It can not be; you do not mean—" He paused abruptly; for the singularity of the child's manner, her strange, persistent silence, her prolonged gaze, all recurred to him; and as he thought of her loveliness and beauty the Doctor's words fell heavily upon his heart.

"No," said the Doctor, hastily; "she is not an idiot. Poor little Ella's misfortune is the result of accident, not a natural deficiency. She has been bereft of reason, but she was not born without it. Her little history is a sad one; if you will walk on with me, I will tell you what I can of it:

"Three summers ago my intimate friend, Tom Otis, who is a capital fellow and an honor to our profession, wrote me that he was to attend a consultation some miles beyond here, and could pass through this place in such a train; but if I would meet him at the station, he would leave the cars and skip one train to spend an hour with me. I kept the appointment, and thus learned what I know of little Ella.

"Doctor Otis told me he had been in the cars some time, and was dozing over a magazine, when a sweet, childish voice, asking to look at the pictures in his book, roused him, and he found a beautiful little girl of three or four years old standing by his side. Tom, who is fond of children, and has two little ones at home, was struck with the child's remarkable beauty, and talked with her for some time; and he said she was uncommonly intelligent, almost precociously so, and full of life and vivacity. She told him her name and age, where she came from, and where she was going; but, unfortunately, not attaching to the information thus given the sad importance subsequent events have given it, he can not now recall it. He said he was first struck with the child's beauty, but was still more struck and interested (as a medical man) by a peculiarity in her eyes—a remarkable dilatation and contraction of their pupils, which he had always noted as indicative of a highly nervous temperament. The child remained with him a quarter of an hour, and then returned to her seat at some distance; and my friend noticed that her companion was a female dressed in very deep mourning, and who seemed too much overcome by sleep or grief to pay the child much attention. Black is a leveling dress, and Tom, who did not see the woman's face, could not judge of her position in life, but he had an impression she was only an attendant, and not the child's mother.

"As the train drew near this place they encountered a sudden and violent thunder-storm, and, from the peculiar indications I have mentioned, Doctor Otis was not surprised to find the child nervous and terrified. As the storm increased in violence, so did the child's excitement and alarm, every display of the electric fluid eliciting from her a scream of nervous terror.

"The woman who had her in charge now did all in her power to soothe and pacify her, but in vain; she took the child on her lap, bent over her caressingly, and tried to quiet her, without success; and at last, clasping her closely to her, she hid the child's face on her bosom, and wrapped her shawl and arms tightly round her, to try to blind her to the fierce glare of the lightning.

"Another blinding flash illuminated the cars; an almost simultaneous and most appalling crash of thunder; and the woman and child sunk heavily from the seat they had occupied; and at the same moment the train entered the dépôt.

"Of course all was instant terror, bustle, and confusion; the bodies were lifted out and carried into the station-house; the few who were to leave here were hurriedly disembarked; and as the storm had now spent its weight, the train with its living freight rushed on to its destination.

"Doctor Otis and I, being upon the spot, were requested to examine the bodies, which were supposed to be equally lifeless. We found the woman much burned; she had probably died instantaneously; but the child had received no external injury whatever, and was

soon restored to life, though not to consciousness.

"A worthy couple belonging to this town, Deacon Howe and his wife, chanced to be in the cars, and had, like Otis, been interested in the child, and now offered to take the helpless little creature to their own house, and nurse and keep her until she was reclaimed, which we supposed she would be immediately. But though extensive advertisements were at once resorted to, and every means taken which could be suggested to discover her friends, no development has yet been made. The woman, who was buried here, had nothing about her person to give us any clew. If they had any baggage it had either been sent on or left behind, for none was forthcoming, and the mystery remains still unsolved.

"Otis, who retains his interest in the child, and often writes me about her, has always held the opinion that she would recover. He regards it as a case of partial mental paralysis, occasioned by extreme nervous terror, and not the effect of the electric shock. He says time and growth will do wonders for her, but I doubt. Her improvement is very slow, almost imperceptible; it is now, as I said, three years. She has, indeed, regained the power of speech, of which she was deprived for months, but it is only the broken, imperfect, baby speech of a very little child; and her bodily health has much improved; but the most I can say is, we have hopes.

"The Howes have become so much attached to her I really think they could not give her up now. And, by-the-way, you asked me where you could get board in a private family. If the Howes will take you, it is the very place. Auntie Howe is the salt of the earth; and the Deacon—well, he is auntie's husband, and does just what she bids him, and thinks just what she thinks, and says just what he hears her say. And so, walking through this world in the light of her wisdom and virtue, he makes a very respectable figure, and has not an idea that he does not originate all that he thinks, and says, and does, and is. There you see, young man, the advantage of a good wife! You may say I sent you to them, and I hope they may take you in. And now, good-evening. I may tell Mrs. Mayne she may expect you on Friday?"

The next morning saw Mr. Middleton early at Mrs. Howe's door, where, claiming a hearing in Doctor Mayne's name, he proffered a request for board and lodging.

Mrs. Howe, a fat, comfortable, motherly-looking woman, listened mildly to his request, but expressed her doubts if her accommodations would suit him, a young gentleman so. She wa'n't like city folks, and did not know city ways. She expected he'd want lots of things she didn't know about. City folks were full of notions, she'd heard; and they were on'y plain kinder folks, and had on'y very plain fixings.

Mr. Middleton assured her this was just what he wanted; he had been three weeks at the tavern, and was sick of its noise and confusion, and wanted rest. This was a chance shot, but, as is often the case, it took great effect.

"You been at Sam Hunt's three weeks? Do tell! why, I want to know! for the pity's sake! Well, I donno but I can do as well for you as Hunt's folks, any day. I used to know Hunt's wife. Why, Pamely Hunt is— Lor! well, no matter; on'y I guess if you could stand her cooking three weeks I sha'n't pizen you. You jest wait till I call father, and see what he says, won't you?"

The Deacon, a smiling but unmeaning looking man, came and stood, with a placid air, and listened like an upright and benevolent justice of the peace to the parties before him; and when Mrs. Howe ended with, "Well, father, what do you say?" the worthy man rubbed his chin thoughtfully, and made answer: "Well, I'm sure, Marthy, I don't know as I know justly what to say about it—I declare I don't rightly know. 'Tain't a thing of my seeking, and nuther I hain't no objections, as I know of. Our young folks being all married and out of the way, as you may say, 'twould be company like to have the young gentleman here. And then, on the other hand, I don't want you to go to overdoing yourself, and getting run down, and laid up sick, and nothing of that sort. I guess you may do as you're a mind to; I ain't against it, and I ain't for it. I guess you're the best judge, seeing the heft of it will come on you; so you'd about as good make up your mind about it, and I'm agreeable either way." And with this strictly impartial and non-committal opinion, the Deacon, smiling blandly, returned to his place of business, like the full moon behind a cloud. A few moments more settled the question. Mrs. Howe having done her duty, like a virtuous and discreet wife, in thus supporting her husband's dignity and authority in the eyes of his new inmate, decided the point for herself, as she usually did; and Mr. Middleton was accepted as a boarder.

"I met your little girl out last evening," said Robert, when the business was settled; "she got home safely, I hope?"

"She did, Sir, I thank you," said Mrs. Howe, concisely.

"She is very lovely," said Robert.

"She is that," replied Mrs. Howe.

"Doctor Mayne has told me her history," pursued Mr. Middleton. "Poor little thing! it is a very sad one."

"He is a good man, Doctor Mayne is," said Mrs. Howe, in a softer tone; "and he has been real kind to poor little Ella."

"Yes; he seems much interested for her, and she certainly is very engaging. I think I never saw a more beautiful child. Where is she now?"

"Oh, she is out, about on the hills somewheres."

"What, alone? do you trust her out alone?"

"Oh dear no! bless your heart! no; Max is with her."

"What, the dog? do you trust her with him? Is there not danger in it?"

"No, Sir!" said Auntie Howe, decidedly; "not a mite of danger! don't you believe it! I guess them as has her in charge isn't beholden to us for our aid, nohow. I used to feel just as you do—feared of my life to have her out of my sight one minute; but you see I have learned better now; I guess I've got more faith; for I know, just as sure as can be, that nothing wouldn't harm her; nor it wouldn't be allowed to, if it would! Now there's our minister, Mr. Tucker (good man he is, too, as ever lived!—we'd oughter be better a great deal than what we are, with such privileges in the way of preaching), and he told me, himself, he thought there was a special Providence took care of such innocent, helpless, loving things as she, and kept its own watch over them. And finally, I declare I believe he is about in the right. Why, now I want to tell you," continued Mrs. Howe, now fairly launched on her favorite topic. "You just hear this, and I guess you'll say so too: Two summers ago—Baby Ella hadn't been with me but about a year then, and I hadn't got quite used to her little ways—well, I had her out here, a-setting on this very door-step, as it might be where you are a-stan'ing now, a-playing with her kitten, as safe as could be, I thought; and I just left her one minute to go into the house. I hadn't been gone long—well, I had some little chores to do in the kitchen, but I didn't think I'd been gone but a minute or two—but when I come back she wasn't here.

"Well, I thought, she can't be far off, any way; and I called, and I looked, and I listened, to hear her kind of humming round, as she does when she's alone. And when I couldn't find her nowheres, I tell you I was scared! Well, I rooted round, high and low, and find her I couldn't, nowheres. My gracious! if I warn't all in a breeze! Well, at last I went into the barn—no, I couldn't find her, nor no traces of her. So then, finally, what does I do but go up, all in a twitter, to the top of the barn, and look out of the little winder there, 'cause yer see that kind of overlooks the whole lot; and from there, goodness sakes! I seen her, sure enough! You know that narrow lane out there, back of our barn, don't you?—well, no, I don't know as you do, nuther, as you're a stranger in this place, and— Well, it ain't much of a lane, after all; it's only a kind of private passage-way up from our wood lot and meadow land; nobody don't go there, only our men-folks, when we haul in our wood and hay; and so it ain't nothing of a lane, really, only two deep wheel-ruts, where the wheels has cut when the ground was soft, till now the wheels are a'most up to the hub in them ruts.

"Well, our hired man, Mike Dooley, he was a-bringing in hay that day; and when he come to the end of the lane (we call it the lane) he just turned the old horse in an' driv him along, 'cause he knowed there wasn't no turning out, them ruts was so deep; and he lagged behind for something or other, trusting to our old Dobbin to go on by hisself, as he often did, seeing he couldn't go out of his way nohow, if he wanted to; not that I mean to say he would have tried, for he is a real stiddy, good horse, old Dobbin is. And what do you think? When I looked out, there sot Baby Ella right in the very track, and the horse coming right along with his heavy load.

"I declare if I warn't fit to drop when I seen it; you might have knocked me down with a feather. And there was I, up to the very tip-top of the barn, and Mike ever so far off behind. I was so dumfounded and flabbergasted I couldn't even scream; and, to be sure, it wouldn't have done a mite of good if I had—poor Ella wouldn't have understood. And there that child sot, unbeknowing of her danger, holding up her little hand towards old Dobbin, and just talking on in her pretty, silly, baby way—'Pretty Ella! Pretty baby! Good Dobbin! Pretty—baby—love—good Dobbin!' with her little hand almost touching his old nose.

"Well, now, what do you think that blessed old creature did? that cute old horse—bless him! He's jest as sensible as a Christian, and better than half of us is. Well, I declare to you I seen it, my own eyes, and I've told on't over and over agen, and I know it's as true as the Gospel; and yet it seems now as if I couldn't half believe it myself. Well, he stopped short, and he looked at her, and then he looked all round to see who was coming to help her; and then he put his head down close to her, and she stroked his old face, and laughed, and talked on; and then, as sure as you're alive, he took hold of her clothes in them old teeth of his, and lifted her right up out of the track, and dropped her safe on the bank, out of the way; and then he went on, just as if nothing hadn't happened. It takes time to tell it; but, goodness me! 'twarn't a minute a-doing. And then I couldn't stand no longer; my strength all give right out; and down I went on my knees, and blessed God for His mercy. And I knew then that them that took charge of that poor little innocent was of the kind that 'don't slumber nor sleep.'

"Well, I got down to her as quick as I could, for I was all of a tremble, just as weak as a rat, and crying for dear life, I had been so mortal flustrated. And jest as I got to her, our Mike he came along; and I up and told him—I couldn't help it, my heart was so full. And our Mike—why, he sot as much by Ella as I did, nigh-about. And what do you think he said? (Them Irish is queer, ain't they?) Says he: 'Faith, Mrs. Howe, and ye'll be promising me this one thing, won't ye now? Whin old Dobbin dies (if he ever do die) ye'll mind and have him buried wid a good set of shoes

on him; for if iver a horse wint to heaven, old Dobbin will be the one for it. And wouldn't it beat the world for meanness and we'd be letting him go there barefut, if it were on'y for this one day's work, letting alone all the rest he has iver done in his life; and that's not small, good luck to 'um!' Well, I don't know about the shoes; but many a good feed extra old Dobbin has got for that job, I know."

Just at this moment little Ella and her dog came slowly wandering up; one little hand of the child laid upon the neck of old Max, the other full of wild flowers. She stopped a few yards from where Mr. Middleton stood, and regarded him earnestly, still retaining her hold of her canine friend. Robert smiled and held out his hand to her, but she still stood apart from him, with her singularly beautiful eyes fixed full upon him, in a prolonged gaze.

"Is she afraid of strangers?" asked the young man.

"She, afraid? No! not a bit," said her kind old protectress. "Lor, no! not she; she isn't afraid of any body or any thing. Poor dear! I guess she don't know enough to be afraid of any thing."

Resolved not to annoy the little one by any sudden or too demonstrative an approach, Robert loitered a few moments in unnecessary remarks to Mrs. Howe, but quietly and furtively regarding little Ella. Surely there is something in the partially-understood and much-abused theory of affinities. Gradually the child's hand was withdrawn from the neck of the dog; gradually, by coy, slow approaches, she drew nearer and nearer to Robert; till at last, shy, blushing, and beautiful, she crept close to his side, put her tiny hand confidingly into his, and laid her little bright head against him.

Softly and silently Robert's caressing hand played for a moment with the sun-bright rings of her chestnut hair; and then, suddenly stooping, he pressed a warm, brotherly kiss upon that pure, upturned brow. And at that moment, though no word was uttered, no promise given, a tacit compact of love and trust was formed between these two young beings—each so desolate; each of whom had been struck out of their natural sphere by a sudden calamity; and who stood, each isolated and lonely, in a changed world, surrounded by strangers. As they stood thus a moment, silently, hand in hand, old Max, evidently thinking that Mrs. Howe's presence relieved him of his responsibility, relaxed his vigilance; and renouncing his belligerent intentions, walked round them, sniffing at Mr. Middleton's feet with a canine friendliness of manner which Robert, who entertained a city-bred dislike to dogs in general, could quite as well have dispensed with.

As Mr. Middleton walked on toward his school-house, after leaving the little object of his new interest, his thoughts still recurred to her; those sweet, sad eyes, with the patient look of wistful tenderness in their clear, soft depths, haunted him. As in the legends of olden times the sleeping princess, in the enchanted castle, heard from afar the trumpet-tones of her coming champion, and stirred and smiled through all her leaden slumbers, so it seemed as if the sleeping beauty of the child's spirit instinctively recognized a deliverer, and reached toward him with a vague yearning, blind and dumb indeed to outward seeming, yet audible and eloquent to him.

After school in the afternoon Robert, who was already established at the Deacon's, had seated himself on the porch, when little Ella came to him, and throwing her arm across his knee, as she was accustomed to do across her dog's neck, looked up into his face with a quiet smile; and remembering her singular musical powers, which he had heard in the little wood, Robert, without a word, lifted her upon his lap and began to sing to her.

Wonderful is the power of music! In all aberrations of mind, from the olden times, when the harp of David could soothe the gloomy mind of Saul, and charm away the fitful despondency of a king, down to modern days, when medical science has ennobled music by making it a soothing and remedial agent in our establishments for the insane, harmony has been the first to wind its way to the beclouded intellect and the crushed heart, and has been the blessed pioneer of returning light and reason.

As Robert hummed a little, light, French air, Ella listened for a while unconcernedly; then the restless, wandering eyes grew more steady, and the slightly inclined head, and the nervously working fingers, unconsciously clutching and twining in empty air, told of its impression upon her. Gradually and carefully noting the effect of his experiment, Robert changed to a low, plaintive measure; the twisting fingers stopped their motion, the fair round cheek flushed and paled, the breath grew deeper, and the soft eyes moistened; and at last she flung herself upon his shoulder, convulsively sobbing.

Robert was satisfied. "She has feeling, taste, and sensibility," he said, mentally. "The Doctor was right. The casket is locked, and the key may be lost, but I am sure the sacred contents are still safe within."

Long after Auntie Howe had carried the little one off to bed, Mr. Middleton sat in the porch, deep in thought, silently recalling all he had ever heard or read of mental pathology.

"Has any attempt ever been made to teach her?" he said at last, abruptly, turning to his hostess, who sat in the doorway behind him knitting by moonlight.

"Teach? who? Baby Ella?" asked the good woman, surprised at the question. "Laws! no; I guess she couldn't learn nothing. Do you s'pose she could?"

"It might be tried," said Robert. "Has she ever been sent to school?"

"To school? Gracious, no!" said Mrs.

Howe. "I s'pose the other children would kind o' pick at her, and tease her, wouldn't they? If I had any older child to send with her, to take care of her, I might; but I wouldn't have her teased and put upon, not for nothing in the world."

"No, indeed; of course not," said Robert; "but I think she might learn something from just being with other children of her own age. Now she has no companion but her dog; this must be bad for her. Would you like to trust her with me?"

"What! at school, Mr. Middleton?"

"Yes; we can but try it. If you are willing, I will take her with me; that is, if you think she will go."

"Oh laws! yes, she'll go, no doubt on't; but won't she trouble you?—a gentleman so, to be bothered with the care of such a baby. It don't seem right, somehow."

"Oh, it will be quite an amusement to me. I should like to try it; and if you are willing, I'll take her with me to-morrow."

"Oh, I'm willing enough," said Mrs. Howe, upon whom Doctor Mayne's recommendation and Robert's own gentle manners had made great impression. "But I'll tell you what, Mr. Middleton, you had best take old Max along with you; and then, if you're tired of her, or she troubles you any, you just put her hand on his collar, and you say 'Home!' to him, and he'll bring her home as safe as a watchman."

The next day Mr. Middleton and Baby Ella, hand in hand, and followed by Max, walked quietly to school. Fearing the numbers and noise of his pupils might alarm or agitate the little, hitherto companionless child, Robert took her first into his own desk; where, seated, with her upon his knee, he waited for her to become accustomed to the sights and sounds around her; but he soon found this precaution was entirely needless; for her sunny eyes roved over the many new and strange faces, all regarding her with curiosity, without betraying the slightest emotion of any kind.

When this fact became apparent to him, Robert, being about to call up a class to recite, led Baby Ella to a seat occupied by little girls, placing her among them, where she would be full in his own view; but he had scarcely regained his desk ere the child, quietly rising, crossed the room silently and stood by his side again. This experiment was repeated two or three times, with a like result; and at last he suffered her to remain. She stood silent, content and quiet, her little arm across his lap. Only once, when her eye fell upon Max, who lay in the sunshine in the open door, with his eyes fixed upon her, and his patient nose black with flies, she startled the whole school by exclaiming aloud, in her sweet tones, "Good Max! Good dog! Pretty puppy!" At which all the scholars tittered; and the faithful dog, half rising on his fore-paws, responded to the call by thumping on the floor with his huge tail until the dust rose; but finding no farther demand for his services, he quietly subsided to his rest, his flies, and his sunshine again.

Two or three times in the course of the day that strange heaviness crept over her, and Robert learned to know the premonitory signs—the worn, weary look, the changing color, the deepened breathing. And as the soft eyelids fell he would lift her to a seat beside him, where, with her head on his lap, she would sleep for five or six minutes, and awake refreshed and smiling.

At recess he took her out into the open air; and when they had shared the lunch of fruit and cake which Auntie Howe's care had provided, he sung or talked to her, or calling some of the other children round him, he tried to fix her wandering eyes and awaken the slumbering mind.

And this, which was the experience of one day, was the experience of many. During the whole of that long summer they might be met, hand in hand—the young man and the little, helpless, beautiful child—in their quiet walks to and from school. Little Ella had found a new friend, and Robert had found a new object of interest, and they were thus mutually benefited.

Ella's progress, however, if indeed she made any, was infinitesimally small. Sometimes Robert would flatter himself that there was an advance, that the wandering eyes were becoming more fixed and steady, the slow and imperfect utterance more plain; and then the next hour he would feel it was his hope, not his judgment, which had told him so; and thus summer faded into autumn, and autumn had passed into winter.

It had been settled between Mr. Middleton and Mrs. Howe, early in the season, that Ella should not attend school through the winter. They had agreed that her slight progress in learning would not warrant the risk of exposing so delicate a child to the rigors of one of our New England winters; but still, from day to day, her removal from school had been postponed; for Ella had learned to depend upon it; and her "brother," as Robert had taught her to call him, felt that much as he should miss her, she would miss him still more; and he shrunk from inflicting a disappointment on the little, gentle, loving being, whose enjoyments were so limited. But when December actually came in with a chilling storm of sleet and snow, Auntie Howe decided that Ella must go no longer.

But some strange mental arithmetic, which even idiots have been known to possess, had always given Ella a perception of the school hours, and all in vain good Mrs. Howe tried to put her off, or mislead her as to the time of day—her little hand was promptly in Robert's at the usual moment, drawing him toward the door. In vain he attempted to leave her; coaxing and promises availed him nothing. "No, no! Baby Ella go! Good baby; go with brother." These simple words, repeated again and again, in the varying tones of entreaty and decision, were her only answer.

"Could you not wrap her up warmly and let me carry her in my arms?" suggested poor Robert, fairly weary of the conflict to which there seemed no chance of any conclusion.

"Oh no; it is not safe, Mr. Middleton," said Mrs. Howe; "only see how it storms! Doctor Mayne told me last week it was very imprudent, and I know it is; and besides, there must be a first time, if she is not going all the winter, and it may as well be to-day as any other. You're late now; you jest go, and leave her to me, and I'll do the best I can with her." And taking the child in her arms, she carried her into another room, while Mr. Middleton, hastily equipping himself, left the house.

There were two roads to the school-house—one by the highway, usually taken by Robert and Ella; the other, and nearer way, led through fields at the back of the house, and across the mill-stream; and sometimes, in very hot weather, when the road was dusty, they had taken the shorter path, which wound under trees and by the mill-stream.

Delayed by his useless debate with little Ella, Robert chose the nearer way; and, as blinded by the snow and cutting sleet he hurried on over the now untrodden and slippery path, he acknowledged the truth of Mrs. Howe's remark, that it would have been very unsafe for Ella; though he felt a pang at the thought of the child's disappointment, and thought how much he too should miss her silent companionship.

He had been in the school less than an hour, and was thinking what a sad void the little one's absence had made to him, when the door was burst hastily open, and a late scholar rushed in, and exclaiming, "Baby Ella! Oh, the mill-stream; I saw her—quick!" sunk breathless upon the floor.

Robert waited to hear no more; one bound and he was gone. He needed no words to tell him the story. He saw it all with quick, intuitive perception. The child had managed to elude Mrs. Howe's vigilance, and had set out to come to him. A blind instinct had led her to follow his half-effaced footsteps. Alone, unused to the way, and blinded by the driving storm, her little feet had slipped on the narrow, icy bridge, and—Robert dared think no farther. Plunging, slipping, staggering on in headlong haste, half blinded by the icy sleet, half bewildered with terror, he reached the deep mill-stream, swollen, black, and turbid with cakes of broken ice. He was just in time to see the dark, ravenous waters closing over the little, bright head so dear to him—to see the little, helpless hands beating vainly upon the surface. Without one thought of his own breathless condition he plunged into the seething waters, and succeeded in grasping the child's clothing.

Fortunately the stream, though deep, was narrow. He neared the bank, but, encumbered by the weight of the child and his own saturated garments, he would not have been able to regain the steep, icy bank alone, and must himself have perished, had not the widely spread alarm brought him timely assistance. Strong, willing hands drew him up, and offered to relieve him of his precious burden; but, declining all farther aid, Robert, clasping the little lifeless form closer to his bosom, and trembling with terror lest he were too late, hurried on, breathless and blind, and deaf to all entreaty, until he reached the house, and laid down his ghastly little burden on the wide hearth-stone in Auntie Howe's kitchen, and knelt to chafe the rigid limbs. In a moment Mrs. Howe herself was at his side, using all the restorative means which her skill and experience could suggest.

"Oh, it is of no manner of use, Mr. Middleton," said the Deacon, sadly, as he lifted up one of the little, nerveless hands, and held a glass to the cold, blue lips. "It is no use; the breath has returned to Him who gave it, and you can do no more. Come with me, Mr. Middleton, and change your own clothes. You are bound to take some care of your own life, and you can do no more here. It is of no use; it's no use."

"There is use, I tell you," thundered Robert, almost fiercely, pushing the good man out of the way. "See here, Doctor Mayne," he said, as that gentleman, hastily summoned, now entered the room—"see here, Doctor Mayne; put your hand here."

Another half hour of skillful care and fearful suspense, and then a slight convulsive twitching round the pale lips; a few moments more, and a faint sob struggled up from the little marble bosom.

"Thank God, she will live!" said the Doctor, cheerfully, turning to Robert. "The danger is over, and you have saved her. Now go, my dear fellow, and change your wet clothes. Nay, if you do not," he continued, seeing that Robert still hesitated, "I shall leave my little patient here and devote myself to you, in which case I shall charge double fees."

Reassured by the Doctor's playful manner, Robert rose to obey him; but dizzy, stiff, and faint, he had to accept the support of the friendly Deacon, who put him into bed and administered a very hot draught of his own preparing, the component parts of which, and their exact quantities, as he was the respected deacon of a very respectable church, it is as well not to give at full length. Suffice it to say, it had all the virtues the Deacon claimed for it; a profuse perspiration took the chill and stiffness from Robert's trembling limbs, and a heavy slumber weighed down his eyelids in complete and refreshing oblivion.

When Mr. Middleton again opened his eyes it was nearly night, and he was startled at finding Doctor Mayne standing at his bedside.

"Ella! is she worse?" he asked, half afraid to hear the answer.

"No, no; she's first rate, Mr. Middleton," said the Doctor. "I only hope you may come

off as well. Can you rise and dress now? I want you to come in and see her."

"What is it, Doctor?" said Robert, hastily springing up and arranging his dress. "Is there any change—for the worse?"

"None at all for the worse, but I think a decided change for the better. It is for that I want you. You have studied her so closely you would be sure to see; in fact, my dear fellow, I fancy this cold plunge may have brought about the crisis that Doctor Otis has always insisted upon; but you can judge better than I can. Come in and see her, and give me your opinion."

Robert was at Ella's side before his friend had ceased speaking. One look was convincing. The clear, calm light of recovered reason shone at last in those beautiful eyes. He had thought them beautiful before, but now, as he saw them smiling with intelligence, he felt they had been but dumb witnesses hitherto. Silently kissing her, for he would not trust himself to speak, he took the Doctor's arm and left the room.

"Am I right?" said Doctor Mayne, earnestly; "and do you see it too?" But Robert had no words to answer him; the sudden revulsion of feeling was almost overwhelming. As he had battled with the angry waters for their prey, or struggled on with her unconscious little form clasped to his heart, life, her life, such only as he had known her, was all he had asked, or even hoped for; and this blessed change, beyond all hope, so overcame him that, already weakened by the sudden shock and the succeeding anxiety, the strong man broke down and wept like a nervous girl; but they were happy, blessed tears of joy and thankfulness, and they brought speedy relief.

"And now listen," said the sympathizing Doctor, when Robert had controlled himself; "I have a few directions to give you. Remember this: do not let her see by any change of manner in you that there is any change in her; be sure you do not overtask the reawakened intellect, or try the renewed sensibilities. Above all, beware of any excitement, it might be fatal to all our hopes. Remember she is still a baby in progress and intellect, and let her mind have time enough, and expand slowly, day by day, as the mind of an infant naturally does. Ella will learn fast enough when the time comes, no fear about that; but for this winter let her mind have rest and peace."

This advice, which he earnestly reiterated to Mrs. Howe, was faithfully followed. The cold and weakness consequent upon her fearful accident, by confining the little girl to her bed for a day or two, broke up the habit of going to school with Robert, and it was not resumed until the spring opened.

During the winter, whenever Mr. Middleton was in the house, Ella was ever at his side or on his knee; while he, ever singing, talking, laughing, or playing with her, amused both himself and his little companion. And when he was at school, still old Max was, as before, her constant and devoted attendant; but it was touchingly beautiful to see how the two had gradually and unconsciously changed their relative positions: how quietly and unquestioning the mere brute instinct (limited in its powers and its perfection from the day of its creation) yielded to the supremacy of the human intellect; how meekly and naturally he who had been the protector sunk into the dependent; how docilely he followed the steps he had formerly guided—watching her glances with earnest, patient, loving eyes, and obeying the slightest motion of the little hand once laid in loving helplessness upon his neck.

When the spring came, and Ella could again accompany her "brother" to school, the happiness of both seemed perfect. Mindful of the Doctor's caution, Robert would not allow her to study—it was enough for him to see her in her old place at his side once more. But, gifted with quick perceptions and a retentive memory, Ella learned rapidly by hearing others recite. Her true instruction, however, was not from books, but gathered in the open air, where, wandering hand in hand with Robert, or seated by his side, her clasped hands resting upon his knee, and her sweet, intelligent eyes raised wonderingly to his face, she listened; while he, from leaf or flower, from bird or insect, drew forth varied instruction for her, often smiling to find how his sweet, self-imposed task called up from the oblivion of years the forgotten lore of his own childhood.

There was, deep in Robert's nature, and unsuspected even by himself, a vein of romantic tenderness almost superstitious; inherited, not indeed from his father, but from the young mother he had never known; and this feeling grew around and consecrated to him the child he so loved. There seemed to him something holy and sacred, something apart from common life, in the young life thus twice rescued from the very arms of death; something, it might be, of the feeling which has found embodiment in the words:

"Know that the lightning sanctifies below
Whate'er it strikes; your head is doubly sacred now."

And in all that related to little Ella no mother's instinct could have been quicker, no womanly delicacy a finer guide, than was the deep devotion of the love, half romantic, half religious, with which he regarded her.

Robert had received from nature a fine voice and a correct musical taste, which, during his father's life, had received full and artistic cultivation, and he was thus fully competent to train the rare musical powers which Ella had so early developed; but here, too, his taste and feeling were singularly fastidious—no puerile sentimentalities, no fashionable frivolities, however blameless in themselves, seemed to him worthy of that seraphic voice; no "Meet me by moonlight alone," no "Dark-eyed one!

dark-eyed one!" must come from those pure lips; he would have felt it a desecration.

The inspired language of the royal Hebrew he taught her; the plaintive music of the simple church melodies, anthem or chant, or glorious old psalm, she sang with him. The "Gloria in excelsis," or the "Jubilate," were varied with the simple music of the "Evening hymn."

Often they sang together at evening in the open air, on the hills, or in the grand old woods; their pure, flexible young voices blending together in perfect harmony; and often beneath the quiet stars some casual passer-by would catch the sounds and pause, and turn, and listening stand, thrilled with an unwonted religious awe, as from the deep heart of the dim woods floated up the solemn, fervent words, "O Thou who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy, have mercy upon us! O Thou who takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer!" or caught the soft southern music of the "Ora Mater" or the "Ave Maria."

One bright and beautiful October evening, when the shortening days and soft, misty light began to tell of the approach of winter, though the glowing air was still soft and mild, they had wandered thus together, hand in hand, over the now brown hills, from which the summer's freshness had already flown; and, returning, they had stopped to rest in one of their favorite haunts in the deep wood, where, seated side by side upon a fallen tree, they watched the gorgeous sunset, and saw the soft, purple light fade from the distant hills. And their conversation (usually somewhat desultory in its nature) had been as changeful as the many-hued autumn leaves around them; for on this occasion Ella had led, not followed, as was their usual habit. And her sweet, versatile fancy, having thus free play, had roved at will from one subject to another, like the gem-winged humming-bird which flits from flower to flower, extracting the one sweet honey-drop from the cup of each; while Robert replied kindly, but more abstractedly than was usual, to her gay remarks.

"Come, Ella," he said at last, as she paused a moment, "we must have *one* song to-night." And he commenced the sublime anthem, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Instantly Ella's voice was joined with his, and higher and higher, from those sweet, blended voices, rose the exultant song; while the soft odorous leaves stirred above their heads in the soft evening air as if with the rustling of angel wings, hovering there to bear up to heaven's gate that melody of fervent song.

As the last notes trembled on the air Robert rose hastily. "Come, Ella," he said, "we are sitting here too long; it is growing chill, *very* chill;" and he shivered as he spoke. "I was wrong, my child, to let you stay out so late."

"I am not cold, brother," said Ella, rising as she spoke in ready obedience to his wishes. "I am not cold at all; and I should not think you were either," she added, laughingly, as she slipped her little hand into his, "for your hand is warmer than mine is now."

"But I *am* cold, darling," he answered, and again he shivered from head to foot. "It is getting too late and damp for our evening walks any longer; but never mind, I dare say Auntie Howe will have a bright fire and a hot cup of tea."

As they resumed their walk Ella recommenced her conversation; but as Robert seemed lost in thought, answering her questions briefly, her mood (which was as responsive as an Æolian harp to every change in his) grew thoughtful too, and they walked back to the house in almost unbroken silence.

Mrs. Howe met them at the door. She had, indeed, as Robert had predicted, prepared herself for their refreshment; and she had also prepared herself with a fitting reproof for their imprudence.

"It is too late, Mr. Middleton," she said, as, seizing Ella's hand, she drew the laughing girl within the fire-lighted circle of the warm hearth, and felt of her hair and dress with motherly tenderness. "I say it's too late in the season to be out so of evenings. 'Tain't now as 'twas two months ago—then I did not say one word; but now evenings is getting cold and damp, and unwholesome, and I do think it's noways prudent in you to keep this child out in the dew. See here, now! her dress is all slinky and wet, and so is her curls—jest as damp as damp can be; and I don't think it's noways prudent. Stan' by the fire, Ella child—do, and warm yourself."

"But I am not cold a bit, auntie," said the laughing little girl, laying her firm, round cheek, rosy and glowing with health and exercise, fondly against the soft, withered face of her motherly old friend. "See! I am not cold at all; but I think brother is, and I did hear him say something about a cup of hot tea."

"Well thought of, I declare, Ella! sure enough! if that don't beat all! I never!" said Auntie Howe. "And here I am a-standing and talking when I'd oughter been a-getting of it—now, did you ever! Well, there, set right up, Ella child; set right up, Mr. Middleton; tea is all ready an' a-waiting, and it's jest the very best thing for you both—of course it is." And in two moments more Mrs. Howe was in her element, busily dispensing the comforts of her well-filled table. "Why, Mr. Middleton, for the goodness sake!" she broke out, as she passed Ella a second cup of tea; "ain't you a-going to eat nothing at all? Why, you hain't eat a mouthful; and I fried these turnovers a-purpose for you, 'cause you said t'other night they was good. Well, I declare! that's too bad, now; and can't you eat none of the toast nuther? Why, I declare! I'm real sorry. What will you have?—do, for the gracious sake, let me get you something or ruther—don't, pray, go fasting. Can't you eat some cake?—do, now."

"No, no, auntie," said the young man, pleasantly. "Do not get any thing more, I beg of you; your turnovers are excellent, I do not doubt—they always are; you must keep one for my lunch to-morrow. But I have a headache to-night; I think I will not take any thing but my tea; you may give me another cup of that, if you please."

When tea was over, and Mrs. Howe had cleared the table, "and brightly trimmed her evening lamp," Robert took his book as usual, and began to read to Ella, who, with some pretty feminine work in her hands, had taken her place at his side. Presently he stopped—"Ella darling, will it be too cool for you if I open that door? It seems to me this room is very warm."

"Oh no," said the little girl, jumping up with cheerful readiness to open the door for him; "not too cool for me, at all; but, do you know, brother," she said, laughingly, as she came back to his side, "what you make me think of? Do you remember the little fable you and I read the other day, of the man who could blow hot and blow cold? Only a few moments since you were cold and shivering, and now the room is too hot for you."

"I believe I am rather capricious to-night, dear," said Robert, laughing at her remark; "but you must excuse me, I am not quite well to-night;" and as he spoke he pushed aside his book. "My head aches, and I have a strange bewildering sound in my ears—'I hear a rushing and a roaring.' I think I will not try to read any more, Ella; I will play lazy, and lie on the sofa here."

In an instant little Ella was at his side, carefully adjusting the pillows; and as he settled himself down upon them she drew a low seat to the side of the couch, and sat tenderly pressing her cool, soft little hand upon his temples.

"I ruther guess, Ella, you'd as good go to bed," said Mrs. Howe, who was standing with her back to the fire, reflectively regarding them. "You ain't a-doing of him not a mite of good, nor yourself nuther; s'pose you go off to bed now, and leave me to take care of Mr. Middleton."

"Yes, Ella, I think you had better go to bed," said Robert. "Good-night, my darling!"

The obedient girl rose with sweet docility, bent over Robert and kissed him, then quietly gathering up her work, she was leaving the room, when Robert called her back.

"Ella," he said, rousing himself as her hand was upon the door, "come back a moment, darling; you have forgotten to bid me good-night, Ella."

"Why, Robert, no!" said the laughing child, bounding back to him, and dropping on her knees by the side of the couch; "indeed, I did not. Why, I kissed you, and you kissed me back again; you are the one, brother, who has forgotten it."

"Did you, Ella? Really, I do not remember, my head is so confused with this dull, ringing noise. I really thought you had forgotten it."

"Never mind, brother," said Ella, laughing, "I have plenty more for you. Good-night—good-night, dear brother. There, will that do?" she said, playfully pressing her loving lips to his cheek, his brow, and his closed eyelids.

Suddenly Robert took both her little hands in one of his, and holding them prisoned in an almost painfully tight clasp, he laid his right hand solemnly upon her head—"Ella," he said, "little sister—my darling! my child! May God—our God, the God of the fatherless—keep you and bless you for evermore. Amen."

Impressed by the strange solemnity of his words and manner, Ella's young head bent tremblingly beneath this fervent benediction, like a delicate flower surcharged with heaven's sweet dew. Then, rising slowly, she pressed another loving but silent kiss upon his brow, and walked, subdued and thoughtful, from the room.

"And now, Mr. Middleton," said Mrs. Howe, coming forward, "I ruther guess you'd as good go off to bed too. You've got a real heavy, bad cold, there's no mistake about it; and consid'able fever too, I mistrust; and the sooner you're took hold of the better. I did not want to set that poor child a-worrying, goodness knows; but I want you to take some strong, hot sage-tea, with some 'white balsam drops' in it; and if you ain't no better come morning, I shall send for the doctor, right of, out of hand, for I ain't a-going to have you sick, if I can help it."

"I do not think I am going to need him," said Robert. "But I am not subject to the headache, and this roaring in my head confuses me. The fact is, I am not used to sickness of any kind. I never kept my bed a day in my life, and I dare say I make too much of it. Little Ella would bear it better, I doubt not. Oh, it is only a cold, I dare say; but my limbs ache, and I feel very tired; so I think I will take your advice, and go to bed. Only don't alarm Ella, and I'll take just what you think best for me."

But not all Mrs. Howe's motherly care and long experience could avert the threatened danger, and the next morning found poor Robert tossing and moaning in all the delirium of fever, and Doctor Mayne was hastily summoned by Mrs. Howe.

"It's only a cold, Doctor, ain't it?" she said, as she followed the medical friend out of the sick-room, and duly escorted him down stairs. "He's took a very heavy cold, Mr. Middleton has, and no wonder. Him and Ella they was out last night, trapesing round them hills and in the woods till after sundown; and I made free to tell him when they come in 'twan't right. Evenings is getting dampish like now, and them woods is jest as full of colds and agres as they are of dead leaves—don't you say so? But law, there! what is the use of my talking; they're young and imprudent, and you

may talk your head off, and you can't make young folks see with old folkses eyes, nohow you can fix it. But I dare say it's on'y a cold; he'll be over it in a day or two." But to this flattering augury the Doctor did not reply.

"You don't mistrust it's any thing more than a bad cold, do you, Doctor?" added the poor anxious woman, vainly hoping his opinion might help her to put down her own forebodings. "You don't calculate it's going to be any thing worse than a cold, do you?"

"I can not say," answered the Doctor, gravely. "Mr. Middleton has a great deal of fever, and his mind is much clouded. There has been much fever in the lower part of the town, and some of the children of those families have attended his school; but we can not judge yet," he added, more cheerfully, as he marked her look of deep dejection. "He is young and strong, has an excellent constitution, and is of very simple and regular habits—all this is in his favor. Indeed, his chances are better than nine-tenths of my other patients have. Besides," he added, kindly laying his hand on Mrs. Howe's broad shoulder, "he has got one of the best and kindest nurses in the world; and a good nurse is often more important to the sick than a good doctor. You have, too, the comfort of knowing that you took hold of this illness at once; no time was lost, and what you did for him was very judicious. If I had been here myself last evening, I should have ordered nothing different. So keep up a cheerful spirit, let us both do our best for him, and I trust we shall be enabled to pull him through."

But these kind intentions, although followed up by all the devotion and care which love and skill could offer, were powerless to arrest the force of the disease. And ever, day by day, as the friendly physician and his faithful co-adjutor, Mrs. Howe, stood by the bed of the young invalid, and listened to his delirious ravings, in which his mind seemed to recall with vivid distinctness the scenes and habits of his luxurious and indulged boyhood—talking ever of his father, his servants, his horses, his dogs, his boat, his gun—so ever, day by day, sadder and graver, grew the professional face of the one and the loving heart of the other.

"You should not let the little girl be with him," said Doctor Mayne one day, at the conclusion of his visit, when he had seen little Ella gliding out of the sick-room as he had entered it. "It is not prudent, or proper for her; she is too young to be of any use there, and she is too delicate a child to be exposed to contagion; and much too impressible and nervous in her temperament to be allowed to listen to his ravings. You remember, my good friend, that I cautioned you about it from the first."

"I know it—you did—I know you did," sobbed the poor woman. "And I did try; but there! I can't help it, nohow. Bidable as she is in every thing else (and there never was a better child, or a sweeter-tempered one, I will say that for our Ella), she won't mind me in that, say what I will to her. If I turn her out of his room she sets by the door and listens, and looks so pale and wobegone that I can't stand it. She always thinks he wants her, and sure enough it seems as if he did; for though he don't seem to know her, nor nobody else, not even me, and has never so much as named her name since the night he was took, yet when she sits by him, with her little hand on his head, and sings one of their hymns kind of low and soft like, it does seem to soothe him more'n any thing. But then I know it ain't safe for her, poor dear; and I drive her out all I can, any ways. She'll go quick enough if she thinks it's for him, so I send her down to the 'potecary's shop half a dozen times in the day for some little nothing or ruther, and into the neighbors' just to beg a few herbs, or to borrow something, as often as I possibly can, jest to get her out into the fresh air."

"Do you think, Mrs. Howe," said Doctor Mayne, when he and Mrs. Howe had re-entered the parlor and closed the door—and he spoke sadly and hesitatingly—"do you think she—little Ella, I mean—is at all prepared? Does she know, is she aware, how very ill her brother is? Ought you not to speak to her, and try in some degree to prepare her for what may—"

"No, no," interrupted Mrs. Howe, bursting into tears as she spoke; and sitting down she covered her face with her apron, while her ample form shook with the vainly-repressed emotion. "No, no; I hain't; I can't; I can't; and I won't! There, don't ask it of me; 'tain't no use to, for I can't, nor I won't! I ain't a-going to be her ex'cutioner, for 'tain't nothing else; 'twill kill her; 'twill kill her; I know 'twill. You might ask me to take a pistol and shoot it at her, and I'd as soon do it—jest as soon; 'twouldn't be no worse for nuther of us. I don't see that I've any call to up and tell her what the good Lord in His wisdom sees fit to keep from her. If it was best for her to know it, I expect He could do His own work without my agincy. 'Prepared'—prepared? there ain't no preparation for sich things! I guess them as can be prepared to part with their friends wouldn't ha' died of grief without their preparation. I'd risk 'um! Preparation? I don't believe in no sich nonsense. You may go fussing round and telling a poor fellow-creature what you think or guess is going to happen to them (and after all, mind you, it's on'y guess, for the wisest of us don't know nothing), and you let them worry themselves out before it comes, and what then—what have you gained? Well, they may be so run down and numbed like, and kind of stupefied, they may not have a realizing sense of it when it does come; but I don't see no great use in that, I must say—it's being murdered by inches instead of at one blow, and I donno as that's any easier to bear. No; I say let her keep her strength aginst the hour of need—a poor lamb! let her keep her hope as long as God

sees best to let her keep it. He knows best—I guess His wisdom and love are better than ours; and when He in His wisdom takes it from her, He can give her such comfort as she needs; and that's what we can't do, none of us!"

As Mrs. Howe's view of the case, though roughly and quaintly expressed, was nevertheless a reasonable one, it was adopted; more particularly as all shrunk from the sad duty of informing little Ella of the extent of their fears. But the time when even hope must be relinquished was very near. Robert Middleton breathed his last sigh in the arms of his motherly old friend, without one moment's consciousness—one gleam of recognition.

"And now—the poor child—our poor little Ella," said the sympathizing old pastor, as he turned sadly from the death-bed, to which Mrs. Howe's affectionate zeal had summoned him, vainly hoping for some lucid interval, even at the last, when his pious offices might be available. "The poor little girl, what is to be done about her, Mrs. Howe?"

"Oh, I don't know—I don't know," sobbed poor Mrs. Howe. "I can't tell her; I ain't got no words to tell her in. Oh, Doctor Tucker, would you? You are used to sich things, sort of; and you'll know what to say, and how to say it; and I'm sure I don't. And maybe you can kind of cheer her up with holy words, somehow. And I, laws sakes! I'm all run down, and kind of heart-broke myself, and I'd only make her feel worse, maybe, if that was possible. Will you tell her, Doctor Tucker? Oh, do please say you will; for I can't, and father can't, and who else is there that can?"

"I will, if you desire I should, certainly," said the kind old man, turning reluctantly upon his sad errand. "Where is she now, poor little thing? Where shall I find her?"

"Out in the garden, I guess; I sent her out for some flowers for his room, just to get her out of the way."

Grave and thoughtful, the kind-hearted old man walked sadly down the little garden, which lay before him bright in all the morning beauty of a fine, golden, autumn day. As he looked across the valley to the grand old hills, steeping in soft, misty light, or turned his glances to the woods, now gorgeous with the many-hued glories of the changing year, and felt the soft, breezy, autumn wind lifting his thin gray locks, he thought of the young life thus suddenly cut off in its morning hour, and of the other and younger life, thus early saddened by the spoiler Death, and he murmured sadly the words:

"Some flowers of Eden we still inherit,
But the trail of the serpent is over them all."

And there rose in his heart an irrepressible yearning for that promised land where "death" and "farewell" shall be words no more uttered.

A turn in the path brought him suddenly upon little Ella, who, with her arms full of flowers, was coming toward him, and, with a sad heart-pang for the grief he was bearing to her, he advanced to meet her.

"What are all these flowers for, my little girl?" he said, uncertain how to commence his sad embassy.

"They are for my brother, Sir," she answered with a grave, sweet smile. "Robert is very sick, Doctor Tucker, and Auntie Howe says he likes fresh flowers better than any thing else; but all the flowers we love the best, all the sweetest ones, are dead and gone—there is not any thing nice left now. Does it not seem a pity the frost should come and kill them all? I wonder why it is?"

"It may seem sad to us now, my dear child," said the pitying old clergyman, "because we do not see clearly yet. But you must remember, Ella, the same kind, loving Father who sends us the flowers, sends also the killing frost which you lament. Should you think Him unkind or unjust because He sees fit to take back the good gifts His mercy gave us?"

"Unkind! unjust! who? our Father in heaven?" said Ella, looking up into his face in grave wonder. "Oh no."

"No, indeed, my poor child," said the old man, looking at her with sad meaning in his tearful eyes; "He is never unkind, never unjust, even when he takes from us what we love the best. Remember, Ella, if there were no winter in the year there could be no spring, no blossom; if there were no death in the world there could be no resurrection, no heaven."

Little Ella gazed at the venerable speaker for one moment in a wondering unconsciousness; and then, as the terrible meaning of his words gradually revealed itself to her mind, her face paled, flushed, and grew pale again; her wide, dilating eyes fixed their full gaze upon his, like one fascinated by the deadly glance of a rattlesnake; and from her scarce moving lips came the half-audible words, "My brother! I must go to my brother!"

"But, my dear child, my poor little Ella," said the kind old man, now fairly weeping himself, "you can not—your brother has left you. He has gone to that beautiful land where the flowers do not fade—where there is no more winter, and no more death! You can go to him there. 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord!' Can you not put your trust in His fatherly love, my poor child?"

Doctor Tucker ceased speaking; but Ella did not answer him—she did not even hear him; she stood still, her wide, stony eyes fixed vacantly upon him. Slowly the nerveless, relaxing hands unclasped, unconsciously dropping their flowery burden at her feet, and the drooping arms sunk powerless at her side. Presently her lips moved, but vainly—no words came. Another effort—and, as if the pale, quivering lips had rather shaped the sounds than uttered them, came the slow words, "Oh! let—me—go—to—my"—brother, she would

have added, but the terrible recollection swept over her like a tempest, and, with a shudder which shook her whole frame, she substituted the words—"to Auntie Howe!" And, passing by him with recoiling action and averted face, as if he were some abhorrent thing which she dared not trust herself to look upon, with wavering and uncertain steps, and wide, unseeing eyes, like the eyes of a sleep-walker, she passed on toward the house.

At the open door poor Auntie Howe, herself weeping piteously, stood waiting to receive her, and held out her arms to her without a word. Ella gave one shuddering, questioning look into that sad face, and laid her head on that kind, motherly bosom; one sigh broke from her pale, blue, quivering lips, and, as the strong, sustaining arms closed around her with their loving, pitying clasp, she swooned into utter unconsciousness.

"How is little Ella to-day?" asked Doctor Mayne, looking in upon the Howes, one morning, about a week after Robert's death, in a call which purported to be not professional so much as friendly.

"She's pretty well, Sir; thank you kindly," said the Deacon, rising as he spoke, and slowly smoothing and folding up the newspaper he had been reading. "She's pretty comfortable, Ella is, consid'ring. She bears up full as well, or better, than we had any reason to expect she would."

"Pretty well!" repeated Mrs. Howe, who was standing at the table washing up the breakfast things, turning upon her lord and master with a rebellious sharpness almost fierce, and gesticulating as she spoke, with a damp napkin in one hand and an unwashed saucer in the other.

"Pretty comfortable, indeed! That's jest like you—that's jest as much as you know about it. Now, father, what's the use of you talking so? But there, that's the way with you men, though, always. If a gal or a woman don't faint, nor scream, nor sob and cry, men always think they don't feel nothing. But I tell you 'tain't so—I know better; them that cries and sobs gets relief. Why not? ain't it nat'ral? You can't pour out your grief and keep it too, can you?

"I wish our Ella would take on more; I'd a thousand times druther she did; it would be more nat'ral, at her age. It's your silent grief that kills; and I don't like her looks, Doctor, not a mite. I see the old look in her eyes she used to have when she was a child. You know what I mean—a sort of a kind of onstiddy, wandering sort of a look—the old, pale, weary look. It comes and goes in her face jest as it used to do then; and I mistrust she'll never get over it. I think her poor little heart is breaking; and if she should lose her reason agin, and be as she used to be—oh, Doctor Mayne, it's a hard thing to say, but I'd ruther she'd die.

"When she was only a little child it didn't seem so much, 'cause children, you know, they are nat'rally helpless, and we expect to do for 'um, and take care of 'um. But now, when she's getting to be sich a fine, tall gal, and so pretty, and sensible, and so womanly in her ways—to have her lose it all, and go back, and be a little helpless child agin, with no one living now to shelter her or take care of her, only us two old folks—and we growing older, and sillier, and more helpless every day ourselves—oh, Doctor Mayne, I'd ruther have her die, I'd rather have her die, than that."

"Marthy! Marthy!" said the Deacon, reprovingly, although his own voice was tremulous and husky—"Marthy, woman, where's your trust in God?"

"Well, there, 'tain't right, is it?" said poor Mrs. Howe. "I know it is wrong. I had not oughter said it, Deacon, I s'pose; but the fact is, that child's looks do worry me so, and I don't know what in the world to do for her."

"Where is the poor child now?" asked the Doctor, kindly.

"Out in the grave-yard, I s'pose," said Mrs. Howe, with a fresh burst of grief; "she spends most of her time there, she and old Max. I've been down there two or three times, to look after her, and bring her home, and see what she was about there. But, law! she wasn't a-doing nothing in the world, only sitting close by Mr. Middleton's grave, with her hands on her lap, and her eyes set and vacant, as if she was in some kind of a way—a trance or something or ruther, I don't know what."

"But this ought not to be," said the Doctor. "Can you not keep the child from going there? It is very bad for her. Can't you prevent it?"

"No; I can not," said Mrs. Howe, very decidedly. "I have said all I darst to to her, and she jest stands and looks at me, with that strange, sad look in her eyes, and I'm afraid to cross her. Seems to me she'd drop right down and die before my eyes if I said one word too much to her; and I'm sure I have not the heart to say it to her, nuther, poor little motherless lamb! God help her!"

But a few days more put to the test Auntie Howe's professed resignation in view of parting with her little charge. Poor Ella was stricken down by the same dread messenger who had called away her adopted brother, and again the professional services of Doctor Mayne were in requisition.

"I didn't know what I was saying," sobbed the faithful and affectionate Mrs. Howe, "when I told you, Doctor, I could better bear to lose her than to see her as she was before. I re'ly thought I felt so; but I didn't know nothing what it would be to part with her; and now that she is going away, I feel the difference. I should be glad to keep her, any how. But the Lord's will be done; and I know she is fitter for that world than she is for this. It's well for her, no doubt—no doubt of that; but, oh! what will it be to us?"

"You are too desponding, Mrs. Howe," said Doctor Mayne; "Ella's case is quite an alarming, but not yet a hopeless one, by any means."

"Don't go to tell me that, Doctor Mayne," said poor auntie; "for I know better—and so does old Max," she added, in a voice of tearful mystery.

"What does Max know about it?" said the Doctor, turning and regarding that excellent quadruped with a kind but scrutinizing glance, as if he were a consulting physician of only less professional acumen than himself.

"Well," said Mrs. Howe, wiping her fast tears with her apron, "I s'pose you'll on'y jeer at me as father does, and say I'm horrid superstitious—which I ain't, no more than he is—but I will say, dogs know a sight; and our old Max in especial. Why, he's as sensible as a great many folks, and knows more than most of 'um do—only he can't tell what he knows—can't express himself, somehow. Now old Max he has always sot every thing in the world by our Ella, ever since she first come here. Why, he used to go round with her—you remember that—when she was little, and take care of her, as good as any body.

"And now since she has been sick he has pestered me to pieces; he wants to be in her room all the time, and he's in the way there. He's a real good dog, and loving and faithful as can be; but the poor creature is old now, and clumsy like and heavy, and he can't get out of the way as spry as he used to. And he seemed always under foot; and in her dark room—why, I nigh about stumbled over him twice. So, as I couldn't keep him out no other way, I told Mike last night to shet him up in the barn.

"Well, so he did; but, if you'll believe it, though he give him his supper and fixed him up a good bed on the hay, that creter he warn't content to stay; and he scratched and whined and howled so piteous that Mike said he couldn't sleep in his bed nohow, and he thought he would disturb us all, sick and well. So, he says, he got up about twelve o'clock, and went down and let him out. And what does he do but come right under Ella's winder and give three long howls! And them I heard myself; they made me creep all over. And then off he sot, straight out of the yard and down street.

"'Twas clear moonlight last night, and Mike says he followed him down to the gate, jest to see where he was heading to in such a hurry; and, as sure as you are alive, he went right down to the grave-yard, and Mike see him go right over the stone-wall! Well, of course Mike he didn't care to go follow him no furder then; but this morning, as soon as he was up, he sot off to see after him; and there, he says, he found him, laying, moaning like, in a great hole by the side of Mr. Middleton's grave, and his poor old paws they was a'most wore off a-digging of it.

"Now you need not tell me that that dog didn't mean nothing: he knowed what he was about; he knowed well enough who he was digging that grave for; and he knowed well enough where she would best like to have it dug. Dogs has reason—don't tell me!"

It was no use to contend with such facts as these. There is no mind which has not some pet and cherished superstition, latent or acknowledged. But Science herself can not fight against shadows. And with a few kind and sympathizing words, and a few medical directions, little likely, he well knew, to be of any avail, Doctor Mayne departed.

There was one singular coincidence in the illnesses of Robert and Ella—the more noticeable, perhaps, because their delirium took such widely different forms (his being the wild ravings of excitement, and hers the dull stupor of exhaustion)—that in the case of each the clouded mind seemed to have retrograded to some past period of life; and while Robert talked incessantly of his boyish habits and companions, Ella, if roused to speak at all, murmured languidly in the slow, imperfect, fragmentary speech of her childhood, invariably speaking of herself as "Baby Ella," or "Pretty baby"—words long since banished from her lips, and almost forgotten by others, but coming back now fraught with sad meaning to the friends who loved her best. Gently, very gently, life ebbed away—gently and peacefully as the retreating summer tide lapses from the silent shore:

"Why should not He whose touch dissolves our chain
Put on His robes of beauty when He comes
As a deliverer? He hath many forms;
They should not all be fearful."

So they stood around her bed (the few who loved her best), in the still, calm beauty of an autumn evening, when the last radiance of the setting sun streaming into the room showed the changed outlines of the sweet young face, and lighted up with its gorgeous beams the trembling auburn hair, where it nestled like a halo round the still white brow.

At Auntie Howe's request Doctor Tucker had offered up a prayer, brief but full of feeling, beautifully touching in its childlike simplicity and loving faith.

The prayer was ended, and they stood silent, calmly weeping; for that white-robed, scarcely-breathing figure, in its graceful, statue-like repose, seemed to rebuke the vehement expression of any earthly feeling, and the quiet room seemed hushed and holy, with a sense of calm, religious exaltation, as if unseen vibrations from that prayer of love and faith still pervaded it.

Suddenly as they stood around her she started; a quick, bright flush rose to the sad, wan little face; the pale, silent lips parted in a rosy smile; the sweet, clear blue eyes flashed widely open, full of intelligence, and gazed upward with an earnest look of glad surprise; while, extending her feeble arms, she exclaimed, in joyful tones of wondering recognition, "*Brother!*" Then, with scarce a moment's pause, she sung, in low, but clear, untrembling tones, the glorious words:

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Suddenly the sweet voice faltered, and—ceased! More closely they bent above her. Slowly the pale hands sunk drooping on the little, quiet bosom; slowly the light of life faded from the blue eyes; slowly the rich flush paled on the soft cheek. For, with that glad burst of triumphant song upon her lips, "Baby Ella" had passed through the gates of the grave!

THE WIFE OF JOHN CARVER.

I.

"A FAIR wind and a strong! Shame it were that it should be wasted as those before have been! Sit you here, Dame Kate, while I go up to the change-house and speak again to Master Jones, who of a truth is treating us but scurvily in thus delaying. You do not fear to tarry here a short half hour, with Roger Wilder for guard and Elizabeth Tillie for company—eh, Kate?"

"Surely not, John. Go your ways, and we will spend the time in walking up and down the pier. This same fair wind blows somewhat shrewdly for sitting still."

"Nay, if it is cold to thee, sweet-heart," replied the husband, a grave man already in middle life, and dressed in the sombre garb of the Puritans, turning back and looking somewhat anxiously into the face of his wife, a young and lovely woman, whose blonde beauty proclaimed her English birth, as her sad-colored and demure garments did her adhesion to the strait sect of which her husband was a prominent member. And yet had Dame Katherine Carver allowed herself the aid of all the coquettish appliances distinguishing the toilet of the gayest beauty among the cavaliers, she could hardly have selected head-gear so becoming as the hood of dark purple velvet shaped around her face in the fashion first introduced by Mary the unhappy Queen of Scots, and followed at intervals by the whole female world for almost three hundred years. Against the back-ground of this hood the pale, pure face, with its delicate features, faint coloring, and sweet calm expression, showed in almost angelic loveliness; while the glimpse of a throat whiter than ivory, vouchsafed by the handkerchief modestly crossed upon the bosom, and the delicate hand, foot, and ankle, displayed at intervals by the "shrewd wind" of which the lady complained, were, if not so angelic, perhaps equally admirable points of beauty.

Fair and winsome as she was, who can wonder that John Carver's thoughtful and somewhat anxious gaze softened as it rested upon her face, and that a loving smile stirred the gravity of his expression? But to the tender expostulation, seconded by a movement to lead her away from the pier, Dame Katherine hastily replied:

"I said not it was too cold, goodman, and I am overweary of staying within doors. We two, Elizabeth and I, can walk or rest here in all safety until your return, and Roger Wilder shall guard us if you will. Come, Bess."

And putting her hand within the arm of her companion, a stout, rosy English lass, not yet past her seventeenth summer, and fresh and blooming as an English spring, Mistress Carver led her down the pier, while John Carver, the smile still lingering upon his lips, walked rapidly back toward the town.

"There he is again, dame," said Elizabeth, suddenly, as the two women approached the end of the pier.

"He? And what he, my girl?" asked the elder lady, a little coldly.

"Why, the young man of whom I was speaking yester-eve. I said that he looked in desperate case, and as if but little more were wanting to send him off the end of the pier, where he sits to-day as he sat then, gazing now into the water at his feet, now at our vessel riding there at anchor. I marvel if he may be wishing to join himself to us."

"If he does, he should make his petition to Master Bradford, or Master Carver, or Captain Standish. Of a truth he does look in evil case; and what is worst of all, he seems too downcast to bestir himself to the mending of his condition. I would that my goodman were here, that I might ask him to give the poor soul opportunity to speak with him."

But chance and the wind at this very moment presented another opportunity to the object of this conversation; for, as Mistress Carver drew from her pocket a handkerchief somewhat heretically embroidered, the breeze snatched it from her hand, and would have whirled it into the water, had not the young man sitting at the end of the pier caught it as it flew past him, and, rising, come toward the two ladies with an eagerness of manner immediately noted by the younger.

"Beshrew me, mistress, but he is glad enough of the chance to speak with us," said she, softly.

"Hush, Bess," replied the other, and the next moment returned the obeisance of the young man, with a gesture courteous, but full of dignity and reserve, while she said:

"Truly, Sir, I am beholden to you, and render you my thanks."

"It is nothing, madam. If I might venture to say it, I am myself your debtor in being permitted even so simple a service."

"You have my thanks, Sir, and good-even to you."

"Pardon, madam, if my foolish words have offended you. I spoke only as I felt."

"I am not offended, young man, but I and my husband, and this my companion, are of the adventurers in yonder vessel, and, as perhaps you know, we of that sort hold not to compliments and courtly phrases, such as you seem to have been bred in."

And the young woman could not or did not restrain a swift, scrutinizing glance at the soiled and disorderly dress which would have placed this stranger very low in the social scale, while his manner, words, and expression were unmistakably those of a gentleman. The object of

this look caught and read it as rapidly as it was given.

"I have, indeed, been bred to other things than I have attained, madam," said he, gloomily; "and, although not yet past my five-and-twentieth birthday, have come to the end both of my patrimony and my friends. Poor as this suit may be, it will last my life out, and serve for grave-clothes too."

The last words, muttered to himself as he turned away, and not intended for the lady's ear, reached it, nevertheless, and she exclaimed:

"What is that? A full-grown man, hale and sound of limb, and not untaught, and speak after that fashion! Nay, Sir, you shall give me warrant for your words, and if I have not skill or means to help your hurt myself, it may chance that I know those who can. What is this deadly trouble which has turned your brain, as it seems to me?"

As the sweet, somewhat imperious, but kindly and womanly tones fell upon the young man's ear, he turned suddenly, and, raising his haggard eyes to the lady's face, exclaimed:

"You are the first woman, madam, who has spoken to me for mine own good since my mother died."

"Poor lad! And will it help you to tell me something of your case? I would not intrude, but it may be I or mine can help you."

"What there is to tell, madam, I will gladly narrate; but there is not much chance of help."

"Say not so. Had we, whom you call Puritans, been thus easily daunted and dismayed, I had not been here to-day to listen to you," said Mistress Carver, seating herself upon a bench beside a pile of merchandise, and motioning Elizabeth to sit beside her. "Know you not, young man, that we sailed out of the Low Countries nigh upon two months by-gone, and that since we finally bade farewell to home and friends we have twice been turned back from the unknown road we are bound to travel, putting in once at Dartmouth, and now here at Plymouth, where we have been forced to give up one of our ships and part of our company, but yet are steadfast to proceed with what is left, although we journey whither we know not, and to what ending no man can tell? And of our company are the aged and infirm, little children, and women to whom God has denied such strength as they earnestly desire, but yet are none afraid, or willing to turn back. Is this spirit yours as well? But come, get thee to the story, for my husband will be here anon to take us on shipboard."

"First, then, madam, my name it is John Howland, and I come of a good family in Essex; but my father and mother being dead, and my elder brother in possession of their estate, I, with my younger son's portion, have long been a stranger to the house where I was born; and it is now three years since the last sixpence of that portion left my pocket. How it went it would be shame for me to tell, and unfitting for you to hear; but my brother, who looked coldly upon me while I was wasting my patrimony in riotous living, turned his back outright when I went to tell him that I would fain adopt some honest course, and be put in the way of earning a decent livelihood; so, being turned off by frowning Virtue, I e'en returned to smiling Vice, and danced to the devil's piping until I had no longer a groat to pay the piper; since when I have lived I know not how, save that I have never begged or stolen, or done aught of which I need to be ashamed. For this week past I have watched your vessel there at anchor, and wondered if by any chance it might befall that those adventurers would receive among them an adventurer desperate as myself; but I have no money, and no recommendation; and now that the *Speedwell* is condemned, and her passengers crowded upon the *Mayflower*, I should never dare to ask to be taken."

"I said, Dame Carver, that he fain would go," murmured Elizabeth Tillie; and John Howland turned his hollow, hungry eyes upon her for the first time.

"Said you so, mistress?" asked he, kindly; and the girl, blushing scarlet, murmured assent; while the elder lady slowly said:

"Of a truth, we are crowded overmuch, but it seems a question of saving a man body and soul, and— Ah! here is my husband. Elizabeth, take Roger and walk down the pier, and Master Howland may accompany you if he will, while I speak to Master Carver."

And rising, with a delicate flush upon her cheek, Katherine Carver went to meet her husband, who received her wonderingly, and listened to her story, at first with some distrust, but finally with grave sympathy.

"And, John, if you would take him for your servant, and bear his charges until we come to Virginia, he will repay you amply with his service. I am sure of it," said the young wife, in conclusion, and so earnestly that Carver smiled.

"Why, dame, if he was thy brother thou couldst not plead more earnestly," said he. "How can you be so sure of a stranger all at once?"

"I know not, but I am; and I have set my heart upon snatching this goodly brand from the burning; and you will not refuse me your aid, goodman?" replied the wife, with so subtle a smile that it was reflected upon the grave face of the Puritan as he replied:

"Why, no, Kate, I will not refuse thee; for thou art such a shrew that indeed I dare not."

"That is well, and as it should be," replied Mistress Carver, merrily; "and now call John Howland and settle matters with him, while I speak with Elizabeth Tillie."

And so it fell out that when, in the course of the next day, Captain Jones was prevailed upon to set sail from Plymouth in England toward what was to be the Plymouth of New England, John Howland was enrolled among the passengers of the *Mayflower* as "servant to Mr. John Carver."

II.

The annals of that voyage have descended to us; and simple and unconscious as they are, every page is filled with such a story of sublime faith, heroic endurance, and indomitable resolution as never in the world's history has been excelled, and is only equaled by the inspired voyage of Columbus toward these same shores.

In the story of the *Mayflower's* winter passage occurs one mention of our hero not to be omitted here. William Bradford says:

"In sundrie of these storms the winds were so feirce and ye seas so high as they could not beare a knote of saile, but were forced to lie at hull for diverce days together. And in one of them, as they thus lay at hull in a mighty storme, a lustie younge man called John Howland, coming upon some occasion above the gratings, was with a lurch of ye ship throwne into ye sea; but it pleased God yt he caught hold of ye tope-saile halliards which hunge overboarde and ran out at lengthe; yet he held his houlde, though he was sundrie fadomes under water, till he was haled up by ye same rope to ye brime of ye water, and then with a boate-hook and other meanes got into ye ship againe, and his life saved; and though he was something ill with it, yet he lived many years after, and became a profitable member both in church and commone-wealthe."

Before the Pilgrims landed upon the famous rock, now become the Mecca of the New World, Master John Carver was formally chosen Governor of the colony about to be founded, and accepted the office in the primitive spirit which ordained that he who would rule should also serve, and that the chief among a people should be he who labored most anxiously and untiringly for its good. No man, accordingly, wrought more laboriously than the new-made Governor at the arduous tasks of unloading the ship, landing the passengers and their effects, felling trees, hewing timber, and building first the common-house, to serve as a temporary refuge for those who first landed, and then smaller cabins for the accommodation of separate families. When these families were small, it was adjudged that they should receive the addition of two or three of the single men, of whom there were quite a number, and in this manner the hundred and one persons comprising the colony were divided into nineteen households. The Governor, partly out of deference to his position, partly because his family already numbered eight, viz., himself, his wife, Desire Minter, and another maid-servant, John Howland, Roger Wilder, a servant lad named William, and a little adopted boy called Jasper More, was allowed to occupy his cabin alone; and it was hardly completed before it began to assume a certain air of refinement and delicate care hardly to be accounted for by the few articles of handsome furniture John Carver had indulged his wife by saving from the wreck of their household plenishing in Leyden. Chief among these *meubles* was a great arm-chair, richly carved and quaintly fashioned, which may still be seen preserved in the Pilgrim Hall of Plymouth, Massachusetts, where still is venerated the memory of this her earliest Governor and faithful servant.

But it was not the chair, the table, or even Katherine Carver's dainty sewing-stand and carved foot-stool which gave to the unfinished sitting-room of this cabin its air of taste and elegance; it was the presence of the woman herself; it was the gentle and refined atmosphere which surrounded her—the impress of her own pure and womanly delight in all that was graceful, beautiful, and fitting. Elizabeth Tillie, coming often hither for refuge from her own noisy and utilitarian home, more than once asked, not without a sigh:

"What is it, dear Mistress Carver, that makes this house so different from the rest? Certain it is that my mother and I toil more than enough to bring our own home into order, and we too have some little furniture from over seas, but our place it is forever in a hurley, or else so cold and formal and forbidding. What is the secret, mistress?"

"Truly I know not, except tha John Carver dwells here, and not there," the wife would sometimes reply; but Elizabeth only shook her head, until at last one day John Howland, waiting until Katherine had left the room, said to the despondent girl:

"Do not be cast down, Elizabeth, because you can not be like the Governor's dame, or make your home like that which takes its hue from her. Do the flowers droop and die because they are not the moon, who shines over all, and whom all may love and admire, even though they never may come anear her, or even imitate her?"

"And you hold the Governor's wife even thus above all other women?" asked Elizabeth, sharply.

"Even as the papists hold their saints," replied the young man, gravely. "A being to be loved, venerated, followed humbly and awfully—a light set above the path of sinful man, even as a lamp unto his feet and a guiding beacon to his weary eyes."

"It is well that Elder Brewster hears you not, young man," said Elizabeth, dryly. "He would surely deal with you somewhat straitly for giving that adoration to a fellow-creature which is only fitly placed above."

"I did think, Elizabeth, that you too loved Mistress Carver heartily and singularly," replied Howland, a little severely.

"And so I do. Who dares say I do not? But—but—that is another matter. Good-even to you, John Howland."

And as Elizabeth quickly left the house, her face flushed, her eyes brimming with tears, the young man looked after her in astonishment, muttering:

"Truly the ways of women pass a man's understanding. How have I angered her by praising our lady and mistress?"

But now came the pestilence, which in three terrible months carried off half of the little band of Pilgrims, leaving barely fifty alive when it passed away. Day after day, when Carver and his two assistants returned from laboring with,

or in the service of the sick, they had a new story of death or disease to relate, and Dame Katherine, her sweet eyes overbrimming with tears, would hasten from her own household duties to such offices at the bedside of her neighbors as she could with her slender strength perform, until she herself was stricken down; and Carver, returning home at night, found her and Desire Minter stretched upon their beds and groaning with pain, while in the next room Roger Wilder and the little Jasper lay dead, the boy William and the maid-servant being in almost as bad case in the loft above.

"Here is work enow for us at home, John," said the Governor, sadly. "And if we could but have a woman's help—"

"John Tillie and his wife died yesterday, and Edward, his brother, and his wife are dead to-day, and Henerie Sampson and Humility Coper are better, so that Elizabeth Tillie has naught to do at home but mourn, and might come hither, if Mistress Carver wills it," suggested John Howland, his hand upon the door-latch.

"Go and ask her to come, John," replied the Governor, his wistful gaze fixed upon the flushed face of his darling.

And Elizabeth, wiping the tears of orphanhood from her eyes, came at John Howland's bidding; and they two nursed not only Katherine and the others, but the Governor himself, who shortly after fell sick, more of weariness and over-effort than of the disease, which at last left only seven persons able to perform the offices for all the sick and dying and dead about them.

But with the sharp spring winds came a change. The pestilence passed, and its victims crawled out into the pale sunshine, and, finding some uncertain strength returning to their gaunt frames, applied it to the great task, still scarce begun, of building a home in this wilderness for themselves and their children.

Among these laborers was Carver, who, still feeble from long illness and anxious attendance upon his wife, who was now in a measure restored to health, daily led forth the laborers, under the direction of Squanto, an Indian, who alone surviving the pestilence which had some years before desolated this region, still lingered about his birth-place, and became very serviceable to its new inhabitants. Squanto it was who taught his pale-faced friends how and when to sow their scanty crop of corn, where to catch fish, how to net the abundant shoals of herring with which to dress the poor and exhausted soil, and many another savage art, known and practiced by his fathers upon this very spot for centuries before the Pilgrims, or even Columbus, saw the shores of the New World.

Squanto too it was who brought his adopted chief, Massasoit, to make a treaty with the white men, and later on warned them of hostilities meditated against them by the Narragansets, and other hostile tribes and factions, proving himself from first to last their firm and faithful friend. Squanto too it was who, opening the door of the Governor's cabin while the family sat at breakfast, stepped lightly inside, and said, in the broken English he had rapidly acquired:

"Good-morning, master. Want plant corn again to-day?"

"Yes, Squanto, yes. We must be up and doing—must labor while it is yet day, for the night cometh—"

And not finishing his sentence, the Governor stood still in the middle of the floor, fastening a strange look upon his wife, who felt it, and rising, came toward him, inquiring tenderly:

"John, must you work so hard again to-day? You are not yet strong from that terrible illness, and you overwrought yesterday."

"Dear heart, be not alarmed. It is my place to set a good example to my brothers, and the Lord will uphold his servants. Come, John, Squanto is already gone."

But John lingered still, until he could say to Katherine, unobserved by her husband:

"I will stay by his side, dame, and lighten his burdens if I may, and though he look something pale and meagre, he has the strength and spirit of two yet in him."

"I thank you, John, and I trust him to you for so much as he will allow you to do; but it is this very spirit that leads him on enterprises beyond even his strength."

"I will do my best, dame," repeated John, mournfully, and hastened to follow his master to the field; while Elizabeth Tillie, watching the private conference, bit her lip, turned red and pale by turns, and finally left the room, muttering:

"I know not what to think of this saint-worship. No—not I."

III.

The April day rose soft and sweet, but rapidly increasing in heat as the hours marched on, arrived near noon at the sultry fervor of July. Such another day as that famous 19th of April, a hundred and fifty years later, when the British, retreating from Concord and Lexington, beneath the fire of every stone-wall, dropped exhausted in their march, overcome as much by the intense heat as by their enemies or their own panic.

"Truly if this is the spring, what shall we expect of summer weather?" panted the choleric Captain, as he vigorously broke the matted sod with his heavy hoe. Beside him toiled Winslow and Carver, side by side, John Howland close at the Governor's right hand. Both, all three indeed, had been gently nurtured; all were of the class whose habits inure to luxury rather than to toil; but no three men among the twenty or thirty laboring beneath that scorching sun kept even pace with these that day. It is not the large-boned, heavy-limbed draught-horse who bursts his heart in voluntary emulation or endeavor, but the fiery thorough-bred, whose superb muscle and sensitive nerve are but the electric wires between his

noble spirit and his wonderful deeds; and among men, the heroes and martyrs are not they who simply do their duty, but those who see in duty only the broad foundation of aspiration and endeavor.

The sun had reached its meridian, and already some of the toilers straightened their bowed backs, and glanced at their cumbrous watches, when John Howland, about to request his master to follow their example, saw his face turn deadly white, then flush of a dark red, while his eyes glared wildly, and one trembling hand wavered uncertainly toward his head, then grasped wildly at the air. The arms of the young man were already about him, and Master Winslow, seeing his comrade's case, threw off the sick dizziness besetting him also, and came to Howland's help.

"It is a return of the sickness," said one.

"Nay, it is a flow of blood upon the brain," cried another.

"It is a sun-stroke. The great heat hath been too much for his weakened condition," said John, tremulously. "But let us get him home to—nay, who shall warn the poor wife of the terrible calamity that hath befallen her and us? You, Master Winslow? Where is the Elder?"

"He went home with a bitter pain in his head an hour or more agone," said one of the men; while Winslow, kneeling beside the insensible body of his comrade and chiefest friend, groaned aloud.

"I can not, John; no, I can not. This new cross is bitterer than all the rest, and I lie crushed beneath it. Oh, my friend, my friend, my more than brother! The hand of the Lord is very sore upon us this day!"

"Then it is I who must bear the tidings!" exclaimed Howland, in a voice of anguish. "Tarry for yet a few moments, friends, then bear him home, and I will hasten forward to prepare—"

The next words were smothered in the great sob that all unconsciously rose in the young man's throat, and then he sped away, running as fast toward the scene he dreaded scarcely less than death as ever hastened guest to joyous festival.

The frugal dinner was already upon the board as Howland entered the house, and Elizabeth Tillie was putting the last touches to the little decorations with which she had learned to embellish these simple feasts. She turned as she heard the familiar step, but stopped short in the cheerful greeting that first rose to her lips, and stood staring into the ghastly face of the messenger, the rich color slowly fading out of her own.

"What is it? Oh, John, what has happened?" gasped she.

"Where is the mistress? I must see her this moment."

"She went to lie down quite worn out but now. What is it? Hath aught befallen—"

But at this moment the door from the inner room suddenly opened, and Katherine Carver stood before them, a smile upon her lips.

"Truly, dear Bess, I am but a loiterer—" began she. But John Howland, stepping forward, took her passive hand in his, and leading her to the great arm-chair, seated her therein, saying, sadly:

"Dear mistress, I am the bearer of ill tidings; but I beseech you not to be utterly dismayed, for the Lord yet reigneth, and He will guide His own."

"My husband! Is he—"

"No, dear lady, he yet lives; but he is very, very ill—stricken down but now, even at my side."

"And you promised to guard, to save him! Oh, false friend and careless servant, who did not see that this was coming upon him—did not warn him, save him!"

"Nay, dame, what man can foresee the hand of the Almighty, or guard against his decrees—" began Elizabeth, half indignantly. But Howland silenced her with a look, and turned again to the bereaved and almost desperate woman, who was rising from the chair, casting an indignant and contemptuous look upon him, and moving toward the door; but Howland threw himself in her path, crying:

"Dear lady, go not forth to meet them! The feet of them who bear him hither are already at the door. Dear, dear mistress, be strong, be steadfast; arm thy soul with courage such as it hath already shown among us. Oh, beloved mistress, he is sorely, sorely ill!"

"He is dead—tell me the truth!" demanded Katherine, hoarsely—but still she tottered toward the door.

"Not dead, but smitten very sorely. They are here. Elizabeth, where shall he be laid? Rest upon this chair, mistress; cover thine eyes, and pray for strength; for verily thy need is at the greatest."

"Lay him upon his own bed, his marriage-bed, the bed where I, his widow, will lay me down to die," whispered Katherine, shuddering from head to foot, and suffering herself to be put gently back into the deep chair as the shadow of those who bore her husband home fell across the sunny room. Then came the solemn, heavy footfalls, the suppressed question and answer, the passage of that mournful group; and then they laid him down, a dying man, upon the bed his death should widow. Then Katherine, pushing aside the trembling hands that would have detained her, arose and followed, saying, in a voice no longer like her own:

"It is my right. Let be; I am his wife."

And she and Elizabeth ministered to him as best they might, the maid weeping and shivering, but she, the wife, with a rigid calm of face and manner awful to those who looked upon her.

"He will never speak again—he will scarce outlive the day," murmured Standish, who was reputed to have more knowledge of leech-craft than the rest. And John Howland, listening,

shook his head, and looked with eyes of anguish at the wife, who, pale and cold as marble, stood holding one of the icy hands, her stony gaze fixed upon the deathly face. The brave and gentle soldier caught the glance and followed it, then moved toward Dame Katherine's side, and took her other hand.

"Sister," said he, "you spoke words of marvelous comfort to me when Rose Standish died three months agone. Think upon them now, for I can speak none half so sweet or wise."

But Katherine never moved her eyes from their set gaze, or changed her frozen calm, although she muttered:

"Let be; I am his wife."

"As Rose was mine; but God took her, and you bid me bow before his judgment. You told me she was safe and happy now—"

"I prithee peace, friend! Vex not mine ears with words whose meaning I can not guess. Oh, leave me, all of you—leave me with my husband—my husband!"

And with a wild sob she flung herself upon her knees, and buried her face one moment; but as a faint moan broke from the lips of the dying man she rose, and stooping toward him, seemed to still even her own breathing, lest by emotion she should shake ever so lightly those last few grains not yet run out of Death's hour-glass.

But it was not until three more days had passed that the noble and heroic Carver drew his last painful breath, and passed from beneath the cross to receive the crown he so well had earned.

"Our brother sleepeth in the Lord," solemnly announced the reverend Elder Brewster, who watched beside the bedside of the dying man; and then he turned to Katherine and laid a hand upon her arm, saying:

"Come away, daughter; thy work is ended here. Come and pray for comfort to Him who alone can give it."

But breaking from his hold the bereaved and stricken woman, with one wild cry of such agony as few are called to endure, fell prostrate upon the bed, her head upon that heart which had pillowed it so tenderly and so faithfully through the bright brief years of her wifehood, and never, never had met her with coldness or with silence until now.

"My husband; oh, my own; my treasure; my darling; my life! My husband, my husband!" And clinging there she swooned so utterly, and so long, that they thought she too had died. But after weary hours of waiting, and of unceasing effort, those who watched beside her saw her eyes open slowly, at first with only a heavy unconscious sadness in their depths, across which presently shot a gleam of sharpest anguish, and then the dull apathy of hopeless suffering. It was John Howland who first ventured to address her, and he said:

"God be praised, dear mistress, that you have come back to us, else had we been like lost children indeed, lacking both a father's guidance and a mother's love."

But Katherine only moaned, and turned her face upon the pillow, where it lay for hours cold and white and still, as that of the husband sleeping his last sleep upon his marriage-bed in the room beyond.

IV.

The funeral over, William Bradford, upon whom, as men already whispered, should devolve the governorship of the little colony, and the personal supervision of its private as well as public interests, came to see the widow; and after certain wise and kindly sayings, mingled with exhortations to resignation, or at least submission, whose only fault was that they were somewhat hard and strong for the nature to which he would adapt them, the Governor-elect inquired:

"And how will it suit you to live, Mistress Carver? Will you continue here, with John Howland and Elizabeth Tillie for company, or would it be easier for you to be conjoined with the fragments of some other broken family, as hath been done already in several cases?"

"I will stay here in the home which my husband made, and where he died; and if these will tarry with me—"

"I, for one, will tarry with you, mistress, until you send me from you," said John Howland, his honest eyes fixed upon the delicate face of the young widow, and his own cheeks glowing with eagerness. William Bradford looked scrutinizingly at the young man, and drew his eyebrows deeper above his keen eyes, as if to shield the thought suddenly arising behind them. In the *Mayflower*, which some two weeks before this date had sailed for home, went a letter from William Bradford to Alice Southworth, his early love, telling her that he was a widower, and beseeching her to come out to him as his second wife, and not yet four months had rolled over the watery grave of poor Dorothy May, so that the mind of him who had been her husband would not naturally be startled overmuch at thought of second nuptials somewhat speedily arranged.

"Thank you, friend," said Katherine, gently; "I shall not long keep you from gayer company."

"I pray thee, mistress—" began John, and stopped. Bradford took up the word:

"Nay, dame, such intimations are but rebellious, or, at the least, weak and cowardly. You will doubtless live out the days appointed for you, and it may be that the affliction which to-day seems to touch your very life, will in time become but a chastened memory, above which may be built the structure of a fair, new life."

Neither of his hearers replied, and after a few more words Bradford arose to go. Howland left the house with him, and as the two walked down the steep street toward the water-side, the elder said:

"We who are men, friend Howland, are bound to protect and guide the weaker vessels who are conjoined with us, and it has become

your especial duty, it would seem, to have a care for this sad and weeping sister of ours. Should it even seem as if this end could best be reached by a marriage between you two, I for one should consider such marriage a wise and advisable step. It is much for the interests of the colony that every man should rear a family to succeed to his work and his possessions; and also that women, bereaved of their natural protectors, should receive others as soon as may be. It is needless to say more at present upon these matters. You apprehend my meaning and my object in speaking to you at this time?"

"Yes, Sir. You thought I should have considered such a hope too wild and too high, and should have crushed rather than encouraged any yearning I might find in my heart toward a lady so far above me—"

"No man in this desert is above another!" sternly interposed Bradford. "Did not we leave all that was easy and comfortable and dear, all save our own souls and those of our wives and children, and brave a thousand deaths, that we might also leave behind us the vanities and godless rule of the Old World? Each man, and each woman too, stands here to-day as he shall one day stand before God, answering only for himself, founded only upon himself, worthy of respect or love only from his own deeds and efforts."

So spake the Governor of the infant republic dropped like an acorn upon the shores of the New World, and destined one day to develop into the oak whose roots grapple the round earth, and whose crest rises free and glorious in the light of the rising and the setting sun.

Returning homeward John Howland met Elizabeth Tillie, who had been present, although silent, during Bradford's visit to her friend and mistress, Dame Carver. She paused as John was about to pass her, compelling him to do the same.

"You staid not long at the water-side," began she.

"No; we did but go to look at the fare of fish the men took this morning. It is a goodly one."

"Ah! And did you hear news of the marriage that is to be?"

Howland started and turned pale. Elizabeth, watching him narrowly, tossed her head and bit her lip, and, before he could reply, continued:

"Nay; I know not why it should go so near your heart, seeing the bride is to be the widow Susannah White, whose good man died but two months since; while Master Edward Winslow, who is to marry her, buried his wife Elizabeth four weeks agone come Monday. It is the fashion of the colony, you see, to bury a man's memory along with his bones; and the first decays sooner than the last. I think not overmuch of widows like that, even though Master Bradford lend himself to make the match."

"It is not well to judge too hardly of our brethren, Elizabeth—" began the young man, in a troubled voice; but the girl snatched the word from his lips.

"Lest we make for ourselves a law against our own inclinations," said she, sharply; and, without waiting for reply, kept on her way, leaving Howland to slowly and thoughtfully climb the hill and enter the house, where he found Katherine still seated as he had left her in the Governor's great chair, her pale face laid against the back, and the great tears slowly gathering upon her lashes and rolling over her thin white cheek. The young man stood looking at her for a moment, then slowly approached, and stood close beside, but without touching her.

"Dear mistress, your sorrow breaks my heart. If I could soothe it in any fashion—if the knowledge that one man at least would give all else to pleasure you and bring you comfort—"

"Thanks, good friend, and more than thanks. I know that you would think any trouble light, if by it you could ease mine; but oh, John, it is my life that is crushed, my heart that is broken; and for that trouble what balm can even your kind and brotherly affection devise? Stay with me until the end, John, and soothe my dying bed as you did his—no more is possible."

"I will never leave you while we two live, Katherine," said the young man, solemnly; and between those two full hearts fell a deep silence, broken only by the sound of the stormy waves lashing the shore hard by, and the solemn voice of the clock telling of Time speeding momently toward Eternity.

V.

Another month passed over, and May was softening into June, when Governor Bradford, meeting Howland a little way from the town, abruptly inquired:

"How is Mistress Carver now, and how comes on thy wooing, man?"

"My mistress is but poorly, Sir; and I have never dared intrude such a thought as that of another marriage upon her sorrow," replied John, with such a change of color that the elder shrewdly remarked:

"But you have thought upon it yourself, and the idea is a marvelously sweet one to your mind."

"I can not deny so much, Sir, but—"

"Leave 'but' to keep company with peradventure, and go home and speak your mind to the widow. You are but a young man, and know not women as your elders do, John. They love to be importuned, and persuaded, and urged even against their own commands. Many a man has lost his chance from too great a modesty and distrust of his own worth, like our gallant Captain with Priscilla Mullins. Go you home and ask Dame Carver to promise to become Dame Howland by-and-by, and you shall see that the roses will bloom again upon her cheek, and the tears dry from her eyes. I fain would see that matter settled."

And the Governor, assuming a little more than his usual dignity, as if to compensate for the frivolous nature of the discourse in which he had just indulged, strode up the Burying Hill to search the offing for the ship of supplies then anxiously expected, and Howland meditatively pursued his way.

"It is all but hopeless, and yet—it might give a change to her gloomy thoughts at least," said he; and finding Katherine alone, sitting, as was her wont, in the great chair, her hands locked upon her lap, her sad eyes fixed upon them, and an air of abstraction and melancholy veiling her from head to foot like a garment, he seated himself beside her and gently said:

"Dear lady, I wish that I might see you less sad."

Katherine looked up with a wan smile.

"I am not so sad as I have been, John."

"God be praised if your sorrow is lightened."

"God be praised that He is answering my prayer."

"Your prayer for resignation?"

"Nay, but to be allowed to follow him who hath gone before."

"You do not mean that you would die!" exclaimed the young man, turning pale. A gentle smile alone replied to him, and, covering his face with his hands, he groaned aloud.

"Nay, John, why grieve that I am at last to be happy once more, after so many days of suffering and despair?"

"Because—oh mistress of my heart and my life—because I love you with all the strength that is in me, and have loved you since first you spoke to me that black day long since, when I did but wait until you should be gone before I drowned myself; and you it was who saved me and made a man of me, and brought me hither, and I worshiped you saint-wise, nor thought of earthly love until now that you are all alone in the world, and I at least might stand between you and suffering and want; and oh, Katherine, if all the love and all the worship that are possible from man to woman would move you—if the thought that you were leading me heavenward day by day, if—"

"Oh, stop—stop! Cruel, false, unfaithful that you are, how dare you thus insult my wifehood! How dare you think of me or speak to me as other than John Carver's faithful wife, whom God hath for her sins divided from him for a while, and after will bring into his presence for an eternity of bliss? Oh! John Howland, you have bitterly disappointed me, for I did think that in you I had a true and trusty friend and brother; and now—"

"And now you hate and despise me, and will withdraw even the liking and the confidence that you have entertained for me so far," broke in the young man, bitterly.

"But how could you, John—how should you even dream of such a matter? And I had thought to see you wedded to Elizabeth before I died."

"Elizabeth?"

"Yes, Elizabeth Tillie, who loves you, and has loved you for all these weary months; and you never saw it?"

"Nay, dame, I thought not of her, at any rate," replied Howland, sadly and abstractedly. Mistress Carver, her short-lived indignation changing to milder feelings, sat looking at him for a while, then said, kindly:

"Think not overmuch of my reproaches but now. I might as well have answered you more kindly; for you did not mean to wound me, and I am not so rich in love that I should trample upon an honest heart, though it may be that I could not so much as think of accepting it; but, John, it is true that I am soon to leave you, and I fain would see the two I love best happy together before I die. John, you said you would do much for my pleasure."

"God knows I would, Katherine," groaned the young man.

"Then will you marry Elizabeth?"

"Oh, mistress, will no less satisfy you?"

"Naught else would give me half the pleasure, or add to the delight I have in following my husband."

A long silence followed, and then John Howland laid his cold and trembling hand upon his mistress's knee.

"I am all yours, lady," said he. "Do with me as will best pleasure yourself."

"Thank you, dear friend. Shall I speak for you to Elizabeth?"

"An you will. But profess not that I love her other than as a kind friend and sister. Let her not mistake."

"I shall ask her, as I have asked you, to do this for the love and satisfaction of a dying woman who holds you two dearer than any now on earth."

And forth into the chill and damp spring night the young man rushed, and wandered for hours, wrestling with a man's strength against his own rebellious heart and disappointed hope.

Four weeks later Elizabeth called her betrothed to the bedside of the beloved mistress, whom now all confessed to be a dying woman. She hold out her thin, hot hand, and looked into his face with a tender smile.

"Dear friend, be not so sad and downcast in seeing the day of my deliverance at hand. Would you weep if you saw a dear sister wedded to the man she loved? And I go to rejoin the husband dearer than any bridegroom. But first—for still will the cares of this life follow us even to the gates of the next—first I fain would see my poor Bessie happier than she is. John, you do not love her overmuch."

"I strive to be kind to her, Katherine; and I did ask you to tell her at the first that I was no lover," replied the youth, struggling for composure.

"But, John, that is but keeping the word and breaking the spirit of your promise to pleasure me in this matter. I would see you love her as well as be kind to her."

"Oh, Katherine, you are very hard, very

cruel with me! You know that your word is as a law to me, and you are pitiless as the grave!"

"John!"

"Nay, pardon me! I am but a savage to speak thus, and you lying there; but oh, Katherine, if you had bid me die for you, it had been easier."

"Yes, dear friend, for it is easiest of all to die when one is called to prove a great love; and so, because your love was yet greater than enough for that test, I have put it to a sharper one, and asked you to live for me—yes, and to be happy, and to make another happy, and all for love of your poor heart-broken sister, who can do naught for you. John, did I count too far upon that love of yours?"

"Dear lady, if it may be that the blessed spirits look down from heaven upon this sad earth of ours, you, so looking down, shall see your friend Elizabeth a happy and an honored wife—yes, and a beloved one in time, if love will grow by care and will."

"I would fain see the beginning now, if it might be. Will not you wed her here at my bedside this very night, for I doubt me if I see to-morrow's sun."

John Howland reverently raised the wasted hand he held to his lips. It was the first approach to a caress he had ever offered to the woman he so passionately loved, and it was also the seal of the abnegation he had made of that forbidden love. Then he said:

"I will speak to Elizabeth and to the magistrate, and all shall be appointed as you wish. I will go this moment; but—"

"I will not depart before you return, dear John," murmured the dying woman, reading his thought; and with one glance of anguish this man, whose love, as Katherine herself had said, was greater than that of him who dieth for his friend, went out to do her bidding.

When he returned, Elizabeth, pale and silent, sat beside the bed. Katherine lay with her eyes closed, yet not asleep, and, as he entered, gently asked:

"Has Master Winslow come?"

"Yes, mistress; he is waiting in the outer room."

"And is all in readiness, Elizabeth?"

"All, dear mistress, so far as I am in question."

"And you, John?"

"I am ready, mistress."

"Then hasten, for the time grows short."

Howland, without replying, summoned the magistrate, and in a few minutes more he had become the husband of Elizabeth Tillie, who, pale and silent, looked as little like a bride as he like a bridegroom. The ceremony over, and Winslow gone, Katherine called the two to her bedside, and, giving a hand to each, whispered a few words of thanks and love; then, closing her eyes, lay still and silent, until, as the beautiful light of the pure morning broke over sea and sky, touching the sombre forest and the rugged hills with glory, and transforming the wilderness of waters to a golden highway leading straight from earth to heaven, Katherine Carver's faithful soul went gently forth, seeking reunion with its mate, and entering, as who shall doubt, into that eternal joy of which the purest and the happiest earthly love is but a dim reflection.

John Howland and his wife lingered beside her grave when all else were gone—she weeping, he still and self-contained. All at once she said:

"You loved her better than me, John, and you married me to pleasure her."

The husband was silent for a while, then passing his arm around his wife's waist he softly said:

"And as we both of us loved her, and she loved both of us, that love shall be a holy tie between us, Elizabeth, and out of it shall grow a happy and a loving life, if you will help me to cultivate it."

"And all for love of her?" persisted Elizabeth.

"She is now an angel in heaven, and you are my wife, and all that I have on earth to love me or to love. Elizabeth, will you love me, and help me try to make a happy life out of this our great sorrow?"

And the young wife laid her hand silently in his, and they two went down the Burying Hill together, and home to the lonely house.

THE SWIFT MESSENGER.

O Ariel, tricksy and dainty,
You spirit of finest air,
That was given the first man Adam
The breath of his mouth to bear;
Well suited the pair in Eden
Your happy, wandering will;
But the world is wider and sadder,
And you are a trifler still.

O Hermes, with winged sandals,
O teacher of tongues and arts;
That came to the craving nations
As the world grew in their hearts;
Unbarring the gates of learning
To stores for the people's need,
And teaching the cloistered bookmen
To write for the world to read.

Fly swiftly the wide earth over,
O Hermes, whose feet are wings!
Before you the darkness lightens,
Behind you the desert sings.
But the world spins faster and faster,
And blessing must strive with ban,
And where shall we find a swifter
To carry the words of man?

On him in the latter stages
(And his signals all are dumb)
The train of the thundering ages,
The ends of the world, are come.
Forth on the wild steam-horses
He rides to the last affray;
But whom shall he send before him,
And who shall prepare his way?

His cry came up to the Watcher
That sits for the help of men,
And He said, "I must send another,
Or the world must halt again."
So He sought in the host of spirits
The spirit that swiftest ran,
And "Go," He said to the Lightning,
"And carry the words of man!"

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A BRAVE LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

With Illustrations.

CHAPTER XIV.

DITCHLEY opened its eyes wide with unfeigned astonishment when it learned that its sometime curate was suddenly transformed into the Reverend Edward Scanlan of Oldham Court, master of a fortune which, even allowing for gossiping exaggerations, was still sufficient to make him a county magnate for the rest of his days. True, his position was in one sense merely nominal, Mr. Oldham having taken the precaution to tie the fortune safely up in the hands of two trustees, Dr. Waters and Mr. Langhorne, so that Mr. Scanlan had little more to do than to receive twice a year his annual income, while the principal was secured to his wife and children. But these arrangements were kept private, especially by himself; and he burst out, full-blown, as the ostensible owner of one of the finest estates and most picturesque mansions in the county.

Oldham Court, one of the few Elizabethan houses now remaining in England, had remained, almost unaltered, both within and without, for generations. Its late possessor had never lived in it—but had carefully preserved it, just as it was—letting the land round it to a gentleman-farmer, and by good management doubling the value of the property. The house itself, with the little church adjoining, wherein slept generations of Oldhams, was far away from town or village: Ditchley, eleven miles off, being its nearest link to civilization. But it sat in the midst of a lovely country, hilly though not bleak, solitary yet not dreary—the sort of region to which any lover of nature is speedily attracted, and loves with a strong adhesiveness that people who live in streets and squares, or in neighborhoods without any salient characteristics, can not in the least understand. And though Mr. Oldham had never resided there—at least never since he had inherited it—from the wording of his last will he had evidently loved it much.

In his will he expressly desired that the Scanlans should immediately remove thither: that, unless upon great emergency, it should neither be sold nor rebuilt, but that Mrs. Scanlan should inhabit it just as it was as long as she lived. That, in short, it should be made into the family home of a new family, which should replace the extinct Oldhams.

To account for his having chosen Mrs. Scanlan as his heiress, various old tales were raked up, and added as excrescences to the obvious truth—such as Mr. Oldham's having been once in love with a Frenchwoman, Mrs. Scanlan's mother, or aunt, or cousin—nobody quite knew which. There might or might not have been a grain of fact at the bottom of these various fictions; but they were never verified; and common-sense people soon took the common-sense view of the subject: namely, that when a man has no heirs he is quite right in choosing for himself what Providence has denied him, and endowing with his fortune the most suitable person he can find: who is also the one to whom it will do most good, and who will do most good with it. And these qualifications—every one agreed—were combined in Mrs. Scanlan.

It was a curious fact, showing how in course of years all people find their level—even in the eyes of the outside world—that no surprise was expressed at Ditchley because Mr. Oldham left his fortune to Mrs. Scanlan rather than to her husband; indeed some people sagely remarked "that it was just as well." This was all; for Mr. Scanlan still retained much of his old popularity; and, besides, many who would have been ready enough to criticise the poor curate at Wren's Nest, looked with lenient eyes on the master of Oldham Court.

The migration was accomplished speedily; Mr. Scanlan himself taking little part therein. He was in feeble health for some weeks after the shock of his good fortune; so that he had to leave to his wife the management of every thing. He left to her, almost without a single inquiry, the management of one thing—which, with terrified haste, she accomplished within the first few days of her new inheritance. She got possession of the school accounts, went over them, found the exact amount of her husband's defalcations, and replaced it out of a sum which she obtained from her trustees for her own immediate use. Then she breathed freely. There had been but a hair's-breadth between her and ruin—that utter ruin which lost honor brings; but the crisis was over, and she had escaped.

He had escaped, that is; but she had ceased to divide, even in thought, her own and her husband's fortunes. The strong line which needs to be drawn between deliberate wickedness and mere weakness—even though they often arrive at the same sad end—she now saw clear. She never for a moment disguised from herself what sort of a man Edward Scanlan was—but as long as she could protect him from himself, and protect her children from him, she did not fear.

It was with a full heart—fuller than any body

dreamed of—that she left Wren's Nest and its associations behind forever. The very words "for ever" seemed to hallow them, and make her shrink with pain when Mr. Scanlan declared that he "shook the dust of it from off his feet, and hoped he might never again re-enter that horrid hole." But she said nothing; and drove by her husband's side, in their own comfortable carriage, across the smiling country, to the old gateway of Oldham Court.

It so chanced she had never seen the place before. Mr. Oldham had sometimes planned to take her there, but the visit had never come about; now, at the very first sight, her heart leaped to it, as to the ideal home for which she had been craving all her days. Gray, quiet, lonely—with its quaint old-fashioned gables, and long low Tudor windows—no palatial residence or baronial hall, but just a house—a house to live in; and to live in contentedly till one died—Josephine felt with a sudden thrill of ineffable thankfulness that here indeed was her rest; where no storms could come, and out of which no cruel hands would uproot her again. For surely now her husband would be satisfied. She asked him the question.

"Satisfied? Well—yes. A nice house; but rather queer-looking and old-fashioned. What a pity we are obliged to keep it as it is, and can not pull it down and build it up afresh as a modern residence!"

"Do you think so?" was all Mrs. Scanlan replied. She never argued with her husband now.

At the door stood all her children waiting—a goodly group; justifying Mr. Oldham's choice of the family which should succeed his own. Behind them was an array of new servants, men and women, with Bridget at their head—Bridget, now promoted to "Mrs. Halloran," and having with true Irish adaptability taken her place at once as confidential servant and follower of the family. A position greatly against her master's liking: indeed he had proposed pensioning her off, and dispatching her at once to Ireland, till he considered that a "follower" implied a "family;" and to be able to speak of "our housekeeper, who has been with us twenty years," gave a certain character of antique respectability to his establishment. Therefore, as he passed her in her black silk dress and neat cap—Bridget was, especially in her latter days, that rare but not impossible anomaly, a tidy Irishwoman—he acknowledged her courtesy with a patronizing "How d'ye do?" and said no more concerning her proposed dismissal.

Theoretically and poetically, the sudden translation from poverty to riches is quite easy, natural, and agreeable; practically it is not so. Let a family be ever so refined and aristocratic, still if it has been brought up in indigence, its habits will have caught some tinge of the untoward circumstances through which it has had to struggle. I once knew a lady who confessed that she found it difficult to learn to order her servant to "bring candles," instead of "the candle;" and no doubt the Scanlan family on its first accession to wealth were exposed to similar perplexities.

The younger branches, especially, found their splendid new shoes rather troublesome wear. Accustomed to the glorious freedom of poverty, they writhed a little under their gilded chains. They quarreled with the new nurses, made fun of the dignified butler and footman, and altogether gave so much trouble that it was a relief when, César having already gone to Oxford, the two other boys were sent off to school, and the three girls alone remained to brighten Oldham Court. But with these, despite all their father's arguments about the propriety of sending them to a fashionable London boarding-school, the mother point-blank refused to part. A governess was procured—the best attainable: and so the domestic chaos was gradually reduced to order.

This done, and when she grew accustomed to see her children in their new position—no longer running wild like village boys and girls, but well-dressed, well-taught, and comporting themselves like a gentleman's sons and daughters—their mother's heart swelled with exultant joy. Her seven years of terrible suspense seemed blotted out: and the future—her children's future, for she had long ceased to have any other—stretched itself out before her clear as a sunshiny landscape. The happiness was worth the pain.

It had only been her own pain after all. Now, she sometimes smiled, half bitterly, to think what useless pangs had wrung her tender conscience about keeping that secret from her husband. He himself did not seem to feel it in the least. After the first outburst of wounded vanity he had never once referred to the subject; seemed, indeed, to have quite lost sight of it. To do him justice, he was not one to "bear malice," as the phrase is; he forgot his injuries as quickly as he did his blessings. Besides, so many sensitive troubles are avoided, and so many offenses condoned, by people whose law of conduct is—not what is right or wrong, but what is expedient.

Therefore, as soon as he recovered full health, which he did to all appearance ere long, Mr. Scanlan begun to enjoy his changed fortunes amazingly; accepting them not so much as a gift, but a debt long owed to him by a tardy Providence. Within a few months—nay, weeks—he had ignored his Ditchley life as completely as the butterfly does his chrysalis exuviæ, and burst out full-winged as the master of Oldham Court. He talked about "my place" as if he had possessed it all his days; only grumbling sometimes at the house itself—its dullness, its distance from any town, and, above all, its old-fashionedness. Edward Scanlan, who had been brought up in that phase of modern luxury in which the cost of a thing constitutes its sole value, did not approve of the Gothic style at all.

But to his wife, from the first minute she crossed its threshold, Oldham Court felt like home—her home till death, and that of her descendants after her. For she had come to that time of life when we begin involuntarily to look forward to our own secession in favor of the young, coming lives, who will carry on into futurity this dream of our life—which already begins to seem to us "like a shadow that departeth"—and backward on those past generations to whom we shall ere long descend. Thus, even while thinking of her children and children's children who would inherit this place, Josephine, wandering about it, often saw it peopled with innumerable gentle ghosts, into whose empty seats her bright, living, young flock had climbed. She felt a great tenderness over these long-dead Oldhams; and took pains to identify and preserve the family portraits which still hung in hall and staircase. In her idle hours, only too numerous now, she liked to go and sit in the little church, which was so close to the house that, much to her husband's horror, one of the dining-room windows looked on to the church-yard. He had it boarded up immediately; but still, from her bedroom casement, Josephine would, of moonlight nights, or in early sunrises, gaze upon that tiny God's acre, and think, almost with a sense of pleasure, that she should one day be buried there.

These vanished Oldhams, they slept in peace—from the cross-legged Crusader with his hound at his feet, to the two medieval spouses, kneeling, headless, side by side, and behind each a long train of offspring; and then on through many generations to the last one—Mr. Oldham's father, over whom a very ugly angel, leaning on a draperied arm, kept watch and ward. Mrs. Scanlan often amused herself with making out the inscriptions, old English or Latin—she had taught herself Latin to teach her boys. These epitaphs were touching memorials of a family which, though not exactly noble, had been evidently honorable and honored to the last. Necessarily so, or it could not have kept itself so long afloat on the deep sea of oblivion; for it is astonishing how quickly a race which has in it the elements of degradation and decay can dwindle down from nobility to obscurity.

As she pondered over these relics of an extinct but not degenerate race, Josephine felt stirring strangely in her the blood of the old De Bougainvilles. The desire to found, or to revive, a family; to live again after death in our unknown descendants; to plan for them, toil for them, and bequeath to them the fruit of our toils—a passion for which many men have sacrificed so much—came into this woman's heart with a force such as few men could understand, because thereto was added the instinct of motherhood. Her ambition—for, as I have said, she was ambitious—quenched inevitably as regarded the present, passed on to the days when, she and their father sleeping in peace together, her children should succeed to those possessions which she herself could never fully enjoy. Especially she used to dream of the time when César, reigning in her stead, should be master of Oldham Court.

"Yes," she thought, "my son"—she usually called her eldest boy "my son"—"must marry early: he will be able to afford it. And he must choose some girl after my own heart, to whom I will be such a good mother-in-law. And oh! how proud I shall be of the third generation!"

Thus planned she—thus dreamed she: looking far into the future, with stone-blind eyes, as we all of us look. Still, I think it made her happy—happier than she had been for many years.

One little cloud, however, soon rose on her bright horizon: strangely bright now, for in the sudden novelty of things, in the great relief and ease of his present lot, and in his power of getting every luxury he wished for, even Mr. Scanlan seemed to have taken a new turn, and to give his wife no trouble whatever. He was actually contented! He ceased to find fault with any thing, became amenable to reason, and absolutely affectionate. His good angel—who, I suppose, never quite deserts any man—stood behind him, shaking ambrosial odors over him, and consequently over the whole family, for at least three months after their change of fortune.

And then the little cloud arose. The three Misses Scanlan, now requiring to be educated up to the level of the county families, among whose young ladies they would have to take their place, were put under a first-rate governess, who had, necessarily, a rather forcing system. It worked well with Gabrielle and Catherine—clever, handsome, healthy creatures, who learned wholesomely and fast—but with Adrienne, now nearly old enough to enter society, the case was altogether different.

Alas, poor Adrienne! she would never be a show daughter to introduce into the world. She was neither a bright girl nor a pretty girl; nay, her appearance was almost worse than insignificant, for her poor weak spine had grown a little awry, and stooping over her studies made it much worse. Already she required to have her figure padded and disguised in various ingenious ways, which took all her mother's French skill to devise; and already her gentle pale face had that sad look peculiar to deformed people.

Of that she herself was painfully conscious. Beside her mother's stately dignity, and her sister Gabrielle's reed-like grace, she knew well how ill she looked, and this made her shy and shrinking from society. Other things, which she was only too quick to find out, added to this feeling.

"I can't imagine why you are always wanting Adrienne in the drawing-room," her father would say, not always out of the girl's hearing. "She does not care to come, and really she is not very ornamental. Keep her in the shade—by all means keep her in the shade."

And into the shade Adrienne instinctively retired, even from the first day she set foot in Oldham Court, especially when there happened to be visitors—a circumstance that occurred seldom enough—which much surprised and displeased Mr. Scanlan.

"Of course every body will call upon us—all the county families, I mean," he kept saying; and impressed upon his wife that at certain hours every day she was to sit prepared for their reception. Indeed, he was always laying down the law of etiquette for her in minute things, and telling her that she did not properly recognize her position. "For, my dear, you have been so long out of the world—if, indeed, you were ever fairly in it—that you can not be expected to understand the ways of society as I do."

"Possibly not," she would answer, half amused, yet with a lurking sarcasm in her smile. But she obeyed, for it really was not worth her while to disobey. She never cared to quarrel over small things.

Visitors came: only, alas! they were principally Ditchley people, driving over in hired flys and pony-chaises; not a single carriage and pair had as yet passed under the Gothic gateway. Nevertheless, Mrs. Scanlan welcomed her guests with all sorts of kindly attentions.

"Why should I not?" said she, when her husband remonstrated; "they were friendly to me when I was poor. Besides, they are all worthy people, and I like them."

"Which are not sufficient reasons for cultivating them, and I desire that they may not be cultivated any more than you can help," said Mr. Scanlan, with the slightly dictatorial tone which he sometimes used now.

Josephine flushed up, but made no answer. Indeed, she rarely did make answers now to things of which she disapproved. It was astonishing how little of actual conversation—the rational, pleasant, and improving talk which even husbands and wives can sometimes find time to indulge in, and which makes the quietest life a continual entertainment—passed between this husband and wife, who had been married so many years.

Just when his eager expectation of visitors—suitable visitors—had changed into angry surprise that they never came, Mr. Scanlan entered the house one day in eager excitement. He had met on the road the two young sons of his nearest neighbor, the Earl of Turberville, coming to call, they said, and ask permission to shoot over his preserves.

"I should have invited them to lunch, but I feared you would not have it nice enough; however, they have promised to come to-morrow—both Lord Cosmo and Lord Charles. So be sure, Josephine, that you have every thing in apple-pie order, and dress yourself elegantly" (he still, when excited, pronounced it "iligantly"). "For who knows but the Earl and Countess themselves might come. Lord Cosmo said he knew his father had something very particular to say to me."

And for the next twenty-four hours poor Mr. Scanlan was in a perpetual fidget, worrying his butler and footman, till they civilly hinted that they had always lived in high families, and knew their own business; and especially worrying his wife, who did not participate in this idolatrous worship of rank and title, which had always been a strong characteristic of the Irish curate. Long before luncheon time he insisted upon her taking her seat in the drawing-room: dressed—with elegance, certainly—though with not half the splendor he desired.

"Ah!" said he, sighing; "you may take a horse to the water, but you can't make him drink. I fear, Josephine, I shall never succeed in raising you to the level of your present position. I give you up!"

The hour arrived, but not the guests; and, after waiting till three o'clock, Mrs. Scanlan insisted on going into luncheon. She had scarcely taken her place there when the two lads entered—rather roughly-clad and roughly-behaved lads, any thing but young lords, apparently, until they caught sight of the lady at the head of the table. Then their instinctive good-breeding told them that they had been guilty of a discourtesy and a mistake. They were full of apologies, Lord Cosmo especially, for being so unwarrantably late; but they gave no reason for their tardiness, and neither made a single excuse for the non-appearance of the Earl and Countess—indeed, seemed not to have an idea that these latter were expected. Nor did Josephine refer to the fact, being long accustomed to her husband's great powers of imagination.

She rather liked the youths, who were fresh from Eton—pleasant, gentlemanly fellows, and conversation soon became easy and general. Lord Cosmo tried in various quiet ways to find out who Mrs. Scanlan was, and how she came to inherit Oldham Court. At last he put the question whether she was not distantly related to Mr. Oldham; and when his curiosity gained only a brief No, he covered his confusion by darting into a long explanation of how the Oldhams and Turbervilles were the two most ancient families in the county, and had gone on quarreling, intermarrying, and quarreling again, ever since William the Conqueror.

"They were Saxons and we Normans, so we could not help fighting, you know."

"Of course not," said Mrs. Scanlan, and turned the conversation by some unimportant remark; but Mr. Scanlan brought it back eagerly.

"My wife also is of Norman descent. She comes of the Vicomtes de Bougainville—a very old and honorable family."

"Oh!" replied the young man; and added, with a slight bow, "Cela va sans dire."

"What was that your lordship said?" inquired the host, eagerly; but the hostess, with a hot cheek—alas! her cheeks burned very

often during that afternoon — stopped the answer by inquiring if Lord Cosmo had ever been in France, and so leading the talk widely astray from herself and her ancestors.

Calm as she sat—looking, in her fine Gothic dining-hall, like a medieval picture—she sat, nevertheless, upon thorns the whole time; for it was the first time for many years that she had seen her husband as he appeared in general society, and the sight was not agreeable. The court suit of prosperity is only becoming to courtly figures. Many a man, decent enough in common broadcloth, when dressed up in velvet and point lace, looks painfully like a footman. Corporeally—or I should say sartorially—fate had denied Mr. Scanlan the pleasure of wearing bright colors—"Once a clergyman, always a clergyman" being, unfortunately, English law. But in his manners he assumed a costume of startling vividness and variety. "All things to all men," was his maxim, and he carried it out with great unction, appearing by turns as the gentleman of fashion, of wealth, and of family; never knowing exactly which character to assume, for all were equally assumptions, and equally unfamiliar. The simple plan of avoiding all difficulties, by being always one's own honest self, did not occur to this ingenious Irishman.

He could not help it—it was his nature. But it was none the less painful to those belonging to him. People tell of the penitential horsehair which lovely women have worn under their velvet and minever, cambric and lawn. I think I could tell of one woman who knew what it was to wear it too.

When the guests and Mr. Scanlan had quitted the drawing-room, Adrienne crept in there, and her mother, who was standing at the window watching the shadows come and go over the hill-sides, wistfully—as we look at a view that we hope to watch unchanged until we die—felt her daughter take her hand. She turned round immediately.

"My little girl!" stroking her hair—Adrienne had very pretty hair; Bridget often used to speak of it with sad pride—"My little girl, I wonder if you will ever be married! I almost hope not." Then she added, quickly, "Because I should miss you so; and, besides, women can live quite happily without ever being married."

"I know they can; above all when they have got such a dear mother to live for as mine," said Adrienne, tenderly, but turning rosy-red as she spoke; so that Mrs. Scanlan, a little surprised at the child's sensitiveness, changed the conversation immediately. She even repented having alluded to a subject upon which Adrienne could as yet only have theorized. Though she was nearly seventeen, she was still very childish; and she had scarcely spoken to a young man in her life—except Mr. Summerhayes, who, compared with her, was not a young man at all.

This Mr. Summerhayes, the great bugbear of Josephine's married life, had apparently quite disappeared from her horizon. Among the congratulatory letters which had reached them of late was one from him, but Mr. Scanlan had read it and put it in the fire, and "wondered how the fellow could presume," so no more was said upon the matter. She learned accidentally that the artist was living from hand to mouth at Rome, or some other Italian city, so she had no fear that, in their present circumstances, he would be any longer a snare to her husband. Nay, she felt a little sorry for him, scamp as he was, remembering all his amusing ways at Wren's Nest, when they were as poor as he was now. In the almost preternatural calm which brooded over her life now—at least, her external life—she could afford to be pitiful even to a poor scoundrel.

Mr. Scanlan came back in the highest spirits, having seen his guests away on their horses, and exhibited his own, which were far finer animals.

"And they owned it, too, both Lord Cosmo and Lord Charles, and wished they had as good; but the Earl is as poor as a rat, every body knows. Exceedingly nice young fellows their lordships are! and I hope we shall see a great deal of them. You must be sure to be at home, Josephine, when the Countess calls. These are the sort of friends that we ought to make. Not your horrid, commonplace, Ditchley people; who were well enough once, but don't suit us now, and will suit us less and less, I prophesy. Ha—ha—my dear, you don't know what I know. How should you like me to get a handle to my name? What do you say to being called 'My lady?'"

He took his wife round the waist and kissed her with considerable excitement.

"Edward," she answered, in her quietest and gentlest tone, "sit down here and tell me what you mean."

With difficulty, and at first entire incredulity, she got out of him something which, though it seemed to her too ridiculous seriously to believe, was yet a possibility; and a note, or memorandum, which her husband showed her, which at the last minute had been given him by Lord Cosmo, confirmed it as a possibility. Lord Turberville, though very poor, was a keen politician, and deeply in the confidence of the government, to whom, as well as to himself, it was necessary to secure the influence of the large landowners of the county. Among these, almost the largest was the owner of the Oldham Court estates. His lordship had, therefore, concocted a scheme for selecting Mr. Scanlan as the most suitable person to go up to London, as head of a deputation to present an address on a certain expected Royal event—I am intentionally obscure as to what that event was—the presenters of which address generally received the honor of knighthood. It was a "job," of course; but not worse than hundreds of political jobs which are perpetrated every day in our free and independent country; and Mr.

Scanlan was delighted with the idea, nor in the least astonished that such a tribute should be paid to his own exceeding merit.

"And what shall I answer the Earl?" said he, when he had expended his raptures on the advantages in store for him.

"Have you answered?" his wife asked, with a keen look.

"Well—to tell the truth—as I never imagined you would be so foolish as to object to the thing, I sent word to Lord Turberville—"

"Yes, yes—I understand. You have answered. Then why go through the form of consulting me on the subject?"

It was one of his small shams, his petty cowardlinesses, which so irritated this woman, who would any day rather have been struck on the cheek openly, than secretly stung to the heart. But it had to be borne, and it was borne. As to the thing itself—the question as to whether or not she should be called "my lady"—she did not, in truth, care two straws about it. I think she would have been proud, exceedingly proud, had her husband earned a title in some noble way; but in this way—for she saw through the mysteries of the matter at once—it affected her in no possible degree.

"Do as you like," she said. "It is much the same to me whether I am Mrs. or Lady Scanlan."

"Scanlan! ah, that is the nuisance! Ours is such a horrid common name. If Mr. Oldham had only given us his own—Lord Cosmo expressed surprise that he did not. Don't you think, Josephine, we could assume it?"

Josephine regarded her husband with unfeigned astonishment. "No; certainly not. If he had wished it, he would certainly have said so. Besides, to give up your own name—your father's name—"

"Oh—but the old man is dead; he'll never know it. And what did well enough for my father is different for me. I have risen in the world; and who cares for my antecedents? Indeed, the less we speak of them the better."

"Do you think so?" said Josephine once more. And there flashed upon her the remembrance of the kind old woman—certainly not a lady, but a true, kind woman, whose grandmotherly arms had received her own first-born babe; and of the old man, who, common and vulgar as he was, had yet a heart, for it had broken with grief at having reduced to poverty his wife and only son. These two in their lifetime Josephine had not loved much; had only put up with them for the sake of her Edward; but she recalled them affectionately now. And even for herself, the years she had borne the name, through weal and woe—alas! more woe than weal—seemed to consecrate it in her eyes. "No," she continued, after a pause, "do not let us change our name: I could never fancy myself any thing but Mrs. Scanlan."

"Josephine! how can you be so stupid?" said her husband, irritably. "I hope I am at least as wise as you, and this seems to me an excellent scheme. In fact," he added, folding his hands and casting up his eyes—those effective black eyes which did no pulpit-duty now—"I think that to let it go would be to fail in my gratitude to Providence, and lose an opportunity of distinguishing myself in that sphere of life to which, as our noble catechism says, it has pleased God to call me. For I am comparatively a young man still; much under fifty, you know, and I may live to seventy, as my father did. And your father, was he not seventy-four or seventy-five? By-the-by"—and he started up, struck with an idea so sudden and brilliant that he could not keep it to himself one moment. "Since you so strongly object to our taking this name of Oldham, what say you, my darling wife, to our taking one that actually does belong to us—at least to you? Suppose we were to call ourselves by your maiden name, De Bougainville?"

Josephine turned pale as death. All the blood in her heart seemed to stand still a moment, and then rush on in a frantic tide. She tried to speak, but her throat contracted with a sort of spasm.

"Wait. It is so sudden. Let me think." And she sat down, a little apart, with her hand over her eyes. These never sought her husband's; they never did now, either for help, counsel, or sympathy; she knew it would be only vain, seeking for what one can not hope to find. All she did was to sit in silence, listening, as to the noise of a stream of water, to the flow of his voluminous talk. It harmed her not; she scarcely heard it.

But Mr. Scanlan's sudden suggestion had as suddenly and powerfully affected her. There was in Josephine a something—hitherto conscientiously and sternly suppressed—which her husband never dreamed of; the strong "aristocratic" feeling. Not in his sense—the cringing worship of a mere title—but the prejudice in favor of whatever is highest and best, in birth, breeding, and manner of life. Though she never spoke of it, her pride in these things, so far as she herself possessed them, was extreme. The last of the De Bougainvilles cherished her name and family with a tenderness all the fonder because it was like love for the dead; the glory of the race had departed. To revive it—to transmit to her children, and through them to distant descendants, not merely the blood, but the name, was a pleasure so keen that it thrilled her almost like pain.

"Well, Josephine? Bless me—how you start! You quite frightened me. Well; and what do you say, my dear?"

"Don't tempt me!" she answered, with a half-hysterical laugh. "As Bridget says, 'Let sleeping dogs lie.' If once I begin thinking of such a thing—of seeing my boy César another César de Bougainville—there were six generations of them, all named César, and all honest, honorable men; my father was the last. Ah, mon Dieu! mon père—mon père!" She burst into tears.

Mr. Scanlan was a little discomposed, almost



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displeased; but, not being a sensitive man, or quick to divine motives, he set down his wife's extraordinary emotion to the excitement of possibly becoming "my lady," to say nothing of "Lady de Bougainville," which was such a charmingly "genteel" name. He patted her on the back, and bade her "take things easily, she would get used to them in time;" and then, as he especially disliked any thing like a scene, he called Adrienne to attend to her mother, and took himself off immediately.

And his wife?

She had no one to speak to, no one to take counsel of. Unless her little daughter, who, sitting at the further end of the room—whither Adrienne usually crept when her father appeared—had heard all, might be called a counselor. The girl, so simple in some things, was in others much wiser than her years—eldest daughters of sorely-tried women often are. Adrienne, being called, said a few wise words which influenced her mother more than at the time either were aware. And she told a few things which her brothers had in confidence told to her—how Louis and Martin, in their grand school "for noblemen and gentlemen," were taunted perpetually about the "Scanlan and Co." porter-bottles; and even César, fine young fellow as he was, found that, until he had established his character as a reading man, so that nobody asked who his father was, all his wealth failed to be a sufficient passport into the best Oxford society. In short, the family were suffering under the inevitable difficulties of *nouveaux riches*, which of course they would live down in time—but still it would take time. To shorten this—especially for the boys, who were of an age to feel such difficulties acutely—would be advisable if possible. And it was possible that things might be easier for the three lads, just entering the world, if they entered it as the sons of Sir Edward and Lady de Bougainville.

Weak reasoning, perhaps! It would have been stronger and braver to hold fast to the paternal name, ennobling and beautifying it by such tender fidelity. And so doubtless would have been done, by both wife and children, had the father been a different sort of father. But—as I have oftentimes repeated—life is not unlevel, and in it people usually get what they earn. In this family, as in most others, things were—as they were, and nothing could make them otherwise.

When the mother and daughter went down stairs to dinner the matter was quite decided.

"Papa," said Adrienne, mustering up a strange courage, for she saw her mother was hardly able to speak, and going straight up to her father as he stood on the hearth-rug with a slightly ill-used and dignified air. "Papa, mamma has told me every thing, and I am so glad. I hope all will come about as you wish. How nice it will be to hear you called 'Sir Edward!' And just look at mamma in that new dress of hers; she put it on to-night to please you. Will she not make a beautiful Lady de Bougainville?"

CHAPTER XV.

It was all settled at last, though after much delay, and very considerable expense. One fine morning the *Times* newspaper announced, in advertisement, to all the world that "the Reverend Edward Scanlan, of Oldham Court, meant thenceforward, in memory of his wife's father, the late Vicomte de Bougainville" (he inserted this paragraph himself, and Josephine first saw it in print when remonstrance was idle), "to assume, instead of his own, the name and arms of De Bougainville." These last he had already obtained with much trouble and cost, and affixed them upon every available article within and without the house, from letter-paper and carriage-panels down to dinner-plates and hall chairs. His wife did not interfere: these were, after all, only outside things.

But when she saw, for the first time, her new-old name on the address of a letter, and had to sign once again, after this long interval of years, "Josephine de Bougainville," the same sudden constriction of heart seized her. It seemed as if her youth were returned again, but in a strange, ghostly fashion, and with one vital difference between the old days and the new: then her future lay all in herself, all in this visible world; now, did she, who had long ceased to think of herself and her own personal happiness, ever look forward to the world invisible?

I have said Josephine was not exactly a religious woman. The circumstances of her married life had not been likely to make her such. But we can not, at least some people can not, live wholly without God in the world. Sometimes, in her long leisure hours among these old tombs, or still oftener in the lovely country around Oldham Court, where she wandered at her will, feeling thankful that her lines had fallen in pleasant places, the longing for God, the seeking after Him, though in a blind, heathen sort of way, came into her heart and made it calmer and less desolate. Pure it always was, and the love of her children kept it warm. But still it needed the great plow-share of affliction—solemn, sacred affliction, coming direct from God not man—to go over it, so as to make the ground fit for late harvest, all the richer and lovelier because it was so late. As yet, under that composed manner of hers, sedulously as she did her duties, complaining of nothing, and enjoying every thing as much as she could, for it seemed to her absolutely a duty to enjoy, she was nevertheless conscious of the perpetual feeling of "a stone in her heart." Not a fire, as once used to be, an ever-smouldering sense of hot indignation, apprehension, or wrong, but a stone—a cold dead weight that never went away.

Dr. Waters had given her two permanent private advices respecting her husband: to keep him from all agitation, and never to let him be alone for many hours at a time. To carry out this without his discovering it, or the necessity for it, was the principal business of her life, and a difficult task too, requiring all her patience and all her ingenuity. Mr. Scanlan—I beg his pardon, Mr. de Bougainville—was exceedingly well now; and, with care, might remain so for many years. Still the solemn cloud hung over him, which he saw not, and never must be allowed to see, or his weak nature would have succumbed at once. But to his wife it was visible perpetually; leveling alike all her pleasures and all her pains; teaching her unlimited forbearance with him, and yet a power of opposing him, when his own good required it, which was almost remorseless in its strength. As the wifely love departed, the motherly pity, as of a woman over a sick or foolish child, which she has to guard with restrictions that almost look like cruelty, and yet are its only safety, rose up in that poor, seared heart, which sometimes she could hardly believe was the heart of the girl Josephine de Bougainville. It would have broken long ago, only it was a strong heart, and it was that of the mother of six children.

She was sitting one day in the oriel window of the drawing-room, writing to her boys at school, when her husband rushed in and kissed her in one of his bursts of demonstrative affection.

"Give you joy, give you joy, my lady. You'll be my lady this time next week. I have just heard from Lord Turberville. The address is quite settled at last, and the deputation, with myself at its head, starts to-morrow for London."

"To-morrow! That is soon, but I dare say I can manage to get ready," said Mrs. de Bougainville, with a smile.

"You!" her husband replied, and his countenance fell at once; "my dear Josephine, there is not the slightest necessity for *your* going."

"But I should like to go. I want to be with you; it is surely not an unnatural wish;" and then she stopped, with a horrid consciousness of hypocrisy. For she knew in her heart she would much rather have been left at home with her children. But with Dr. Waters's warning ringing in her ears, there was no alternative. She must go with her husband; and once more she said this.

Mr. de Bougainville looked extremely disconcerted, but the wholesome awe he had of his wife, and his real affection for her, though it was little deeper than that of the tame animal which licks the hand that feeds it and makes it physically comfortable, kept his arrogance within bounds.

"I am sure, my dear Josephine, nothing is more natural than for you to wish to be with me, and I should be very glad of your company. But you dislike London life so much, and I shall have a great deal to do and much high society to mix in, and you do not like high society. Really you had better stay at home."

"I can not stay at home," she said, and putting aside all wounded feeling she looked up in his face, which happened to be particularly sickly that day, and saw only the creature she had charge of, whose whole well-being, moral and physical, depended upon her care. It was a total and melancholy reversal of the natural order of things between husband and wife; but Providence had made it so, and how could she gainsay it? She had only to bear it.

"Edward," she entreated—it was actual entreaty, so sharp was her necessity—"take me with you. I will be no burden to you, and I do so want to go."

He made no resistance, it was too much trouble; but saying, with a vexed air, "Well, do as you like, you always do," quitted the room at once.

Doing as she liked! I wonder how many years it was since Josephine enjoyed that enviable privilege or luxury, if indeed to any human being it long continues to be either. As her husband slammed the door, she sighed—one long, pent-up, forlorn, passionate sigh: then rose, and set about her preparations for departure.

She left her eldest daughter a delighted queen-regent at Oldham Court, with Bridget as prime minister, promising to be home again as soon as she could. "And remember you'll come back 'my lady,'" whispered Bridget, who of course knew every thing. She had a dim impression that this and all other worldly advantages had accrued solely through the merits of her beloved mistress: and was proud of them accordingly.

Her mistress made no answer. Possibly she thought that to be the wife of some honest, poor man, who earned his bread by the labor of his brains or the sweat of his brow—earned it hardly, but cheerfully; denied himself, but took tender, protecting care of his wife and children; told the truth, paid his debts, and kept his honor unblemished in the face of God and man—was at least as happy a lot as that of Lady de Bougainville.

The husband and wife started on their journey: actually their first journey together since their honey-moon! Traveling *en prince*, with valet and maid and a goodly array of luggage, which greatly delighted Mr. de Bougainville. Especially when they had to pass through Ditchley, where he had never been since they left the place, nor had she. She wanted to stop at Priscilla Nunn's, but found the shop closed, the good woman having given up business and gone abroad.

"A good thing too, and then people will forget her; and forget that you ever demeaned yourself by being a common seamstress. I wonder, Josephine, you were ever so silly as to do such a thing."

"Do you?" said she, remembering something else which he little suspected she had been on the very brink of doing, which she was now thankful she had not done; that almost by miracle Providence had stood in her way and hindered her. Now, sweeping along in her carriage and pair, she recalled that forlorn, desperate woman who had hurried through the dark streets one rainy night to Priscilla Nunn's shop-door, bent on a purpose which she could not even now conscientiously say was a sinful purpose, though Heaven had saved her from completing it. As she looked down on the face by her side, which no prosperity could ever change into either a healthy or a happy face, Josephine said to herself for the twentieth time, "Yes; I am glad I did not forsake him. I never will forsake him—my poor husband!"

Not my dear, my honored—only my "poor" husband. But to such a woman this was enough.

Their journey might have been bright as the May morning itself, but there was always some crumpled rose-leaf in the daily couch of Mr. de Bougainville. This time it was the non-appearance of the Earl and Countess of Turberville, with whom he said he had arranged to travel. True, he had never seen either of them, nor had his wife; the inhabitants of Turberville Hall and Oldham Court having merely exchanged calls, both missing one another, and there the acquaintance ended. Apparently, Mr. de Bougainville asserted, his lordship's delicacy prevented his coming too prominently forward in this affair at present, but when once the knighthood was bestowed it would be all right. And he was sure, from something Lord Cosmo said, that the Earl wished to travel with him to London, starting from this station.

So he went about seeking him, or somebody like what he supposed an earl to be, but in vain; and at last had to drop suddenly into a carriage where were only a little old lady and gentleman, to whom, at first sight, he took a strong antipathy, as he often did to plain or shabbily-dressed persons. This couple having none of the shows of wealth about them, must, he thought, be quite common people; and he treated them accordingly.

It is a bad thing to fall in love at first sight with your fellow-passengers—in railway carriages or elsewhere; but to hate them at first sight is sometimes equally dangerous. Josephine tried vainly to soften matters, for she had always a tender side to elderly people, and this couple seemed very inoffensive, nay, rather pleasant people, the old lady having a shrewd, kind face, and the old gentleman very courteous manners. But Mr. de Bougainville was barely civil to them: and even made *sotto voce* remarks concerning them for a great part of the journey. Till, reaching the London terminus, he was utterly confounded by seeing the guard of the train—a Ditchley man—rush up to the carriage door with an officious "Let me help you, my lord," and a few minutes after, picking up a book the old lady had left behind her, he read on it the name of the Countess of Turberville.

Poor Mr. de Bougainville! Like one of

those short-sighted mortals who walk with angels unawares, he had been traveling for the last three hours with the very persons whose acquaintance he most wished to cultivate, and had behaved himself in such a manner as, it was plain to be seen, would not induce them to reciprocate this feeling. No wonder the catastrophe quite upset him.

"If I had had the least idea who they were!—and it was very stupid of you, Josephine, not to find out; you were talking to her ladyship for ever so long. If I had only known it was his lordship, I would have introduced myself at once. At any rate, I should have treated him quite differently. How very unfortunate!"

"Very," said Mrs. de Bougainville, dryly.

She said no more, for she was much tired, and the noise of the London streets confused her. They had taken a suit of apartments in one of the most public and fashionable "family" hotels—it had a homeless, dreary splendor, and she disliked it much. But her husband considered no other abode suitable for Sir Edward and Lady de Bougainville; which personages, in a few days, they became, and received the congratulations, not too disinterested, of all the hotel servants, and even of the master himself, who had learned the circumstance, together with almost fabulous reports of the wealth of Sir Edward in his own county.

Nevertheless, even the most important provincial magnate is a very small person in London. Beyond the deputation which accompanied him, Sir Edward had no visitors at all. He knew nobody, and nobody knew him; that is, nobody of any consequence. One or two of the Summerhayes set hunted him out, but he turned a cold shoulder to them; they were not reputable acquaintances now. And as for his other circle of ancient allies, though it was the season of the May meetings, and he might easily have found them out, he was so terribly afraid of reviving any memories of the poor Irish curate, and of identifying himself again with the party to which he had formerly belonged, that he got out of their way as much as possible. *Honores mutant mores*, it is said: they certainly change opinions. That very peculiarity of the Low Church—at least of its best and sincerest members—which makes them take up and associate with any one, rich or poor, patrician or plebeian, who shares their opinions—this noble characteristic, which has resulted in so much practical good, and earned for them worthily their name of Evangelicals, was, in his changed circumstances, the very last thing palatable to the Reverend Sir Edward de Bougainville.

So he ignored them all, and the "Reverend" too, as much as he could; and turned his whole aspirations to politics and the Earl of Turberville—to whom, haunting as he did the lobby of the House of Commons, he was at last introduced, and from whom he obtained various slight condescensions, of which he boasted much.

But the Countess never called; and day by day the hope of the De Bougainvilles being introduced into high society through her means melted into thin air. Long, weary mornings in the hotel drawing-room, thrown entirely upon each other, as they had not been for years; dull afternoon drives side by side round Hyde Park; dinner spun out to the utmost limit of possible time, and then perhaps a theatre or opera—for Sir Edward had no objection to such mundane dissipations now—these made up the round of the days. But still he refused to leave London, or "bury himself," as he expressed it, at Oldham Court, and thought it very hard that his wife should expect it. One of the painful things to her in this London visit was the indifference her husband showed to her society, and his eagerness to escape from it; which fact is not difficult to understand. I, who knew her only in her old age, can guess well enough how the small soul must have been encumbered, shamed, and oppressed even to irritation by the greater one. Many a woman has been blamed for being "too good" for a bad husband—too pure, too sternly righteous; but I for one am inclined to think these allegations come from the meaner half of the world. Lady de Bougainville had a very high standard of moral right, an intense pity for those who fell from it, but an utter contempt for those who pretended to it without practicing it. And to such she was probably as obnoxious as Abdiel to Lucifer. And so she became shortly to a set of people who, failing better society, gathered round her husband, cultivating him in coffee-rooms and theatres: new friends, new flatterers, and those "old acquaintance" who always revive, like frozen snakes, in the summer of prosperity, and begin winding about the unfortunate man of property with that oily affection which cynics have well termed "the gratitude for favors about to be received." These Lady de Bougainville saw through at once; they felt that she did, and hated her accordingly. But have we not sacred warrant for the consolation that it is sometimes rather a good thing to be hated—by some people?

Longing, nay, thirsting for home, Josephine implored her husband to take her back thither; and he consented, not for this reason, but because their weekly expenses were so large as to frighten him; for it was a curious thing, and yet not contrary to human nature, that as he grew rich he grew miserly. The money which, when he had it not, he would have spent like water, now, when he had it, he often grudged, especially in small expenditures and in outlays for the sake of other people. His "stingy" wife was, strange to say, now becoming much more extravagant than he.

"Yes, we'll go home, or I shall be ruined. People are all rogues and thieves, and the richer they believe a man to be the more they plunder him." And he would have departed the very next day but for an unexpected hindrance.

Lady Turberville actually called! that is,

they found her card lying on the table, and with it an invitation to a large assembly which she was in the habit of giving once in the season; thereby paying off her own social and her husband's political debts. It was a fortnight distant, and Josephine would fain have declined, but her husband looked horrified.

"Refuse! Refuse the Countess! What can you be thinking of? Why, hers is just the set in which we ought to move, where I am sure to be properly appreciated. You too, my dear, when people find out that you come of good family—if you would only get over your country ways, and learn to shine in society."

Josephine smiled, and there came again to her lips the bitter warning, which she knew was safe not to be comprehended, "Let sleeping dogs lie!" For lately thrust against her will into this busy, brilliant, strong, intellectual life—such as every body must see more or less in London—there had arisen in her a dim, dormant sense of what she was—a woman with eyes to see, brains to judge, and a heart to comprehend it. Also, what she might have been, and how much she might have done, both of herself and by means of her large fortune, if she had been unmarried, or married to a different sort of man. She felt dawning sometimes a wild womanly ambition, or rather the foreshadowing of what, under other circumstances, that ambition might have been—as passionate, as tender, as that which she thought she perceived one night in the eyes of a great statesman's wife listening to her husband speaking in the House of Commons. Even as she, Josephine de Bougainville, could have listened, she knew, had Heaven sent her such a man.

But these were wild wicked thoughts. She pressed them down, and turned her attention to other things, especially to the new fashionable costume in which her husband insisted she was to commence "shining in society."

When, on the momentous night, Sir Edward handed his wife, rather ostentatiously, through the knot of idlers in the hotel lobby, he declared with truth that she looked "beautiful." So she did, with the beauty which is independent of mere youth. She had made the best of her beauty, too, as, when nigh upon forty, every woman is bound to take extra pains in doing. In defiance of the court milliner, she had insisted upon veiling her faded neck and arms with rich lace, and giving stateliness to her tall thin figure by sweeping folds of black velvet. Also, instead of foolish artificial flowers in her gray hair, she wore a sort of head-dress, simple yet regal, which made her look, as her maid declared, "like a picture." She did not try to be young; but she could not help being beautiful.

Enchanted with her appearance, her husband called her exuberantly "his jewel;" which no doubt she was; only he had no wish, like the tender Scotch lover, to "wear her in his bosom"—he would much have preferred to plant her in his cap-front, in a gorgeous setting, for all the world to gaze at. Her value to him was not in herself, but what she appeared to other people.

Therefore, when he saw her contrasted with the brilliant crowd which straggled up the staircase of Turberville House, his enthusiastic admiration of her a little cooled down.

"How dark you look in that black gown! There's something not right about you, not like these other ladies. I see what it is, you dress yourself in far too old-fashioned and too plain a way. Very provoking! when I wanted you to appear your best before her ladyship."

"She will never see me in this crowd," was all Josephine answered, or had time to answer, being drifted apart from her husband, who darted after a face he thought he knew.

In the pause, while, half amused, half bewildered, she looked on at this her first specimen of what Sir Edward called "society," Lady de Bougainville heard accidentally a few comments on Sir Edward from two young men, who apparently recognized him, but, naturally, not her.

"That man is a fool—a perfect fool. And such a conceited fool too!—you should hear him in the lobby of the House, chattering about his friend the Earl, to whom he thinks himself of such importance. Who is he—do you know?"

"Oh, a country squire, just knighted. Not a bad fellow, Lord Cosmo says, very rich, and with such a charming wife! Might do well enough among his familiar turnips, but here? Why will he make himself such an ass!"

To be half conscious of a truth one's self, and to hear it broadly stated by other people, are two very different things. Josephine shrank back, feeling for the moment as if whipped with nettles; till she remembered they were only nettles, not swords. No moral delinquency had been cast up against her husband; and for the rest, what did it matter?—she knew it all before: and, in spite of her fine French sense of *comme il faut*, and her pure high breeding, she had learned to put up with it. She could do so still.

Pushing with difficulty through the throng, she rejoined Sir Edward. "Keep close to me," she said. "Don't leave me again, pray."

"Very well, my dear; but—Ah! there are two friends of mine!" And in his impulsive way he introduced to her at once the very young men who had been speaking of him.

Lady de Bougainville bowed, looking them both right in the face with those stern unflinching eyes of hers; and, young men of fashion as they were, they both blushed scarlet. Then, putting her arm through her husband's, she walked deliberately on, carrying her head very erect, to the select circle where, glittering under a blaze of ancestral diamonds, and scarcely recognizable as the old lady who had traveled in such quiet, almost shabby simplicity, stood the little, brown, withered, but still courtly and dignified Countess of Turberville.

"Stop," whispered Sir Edward, in unwonted timidity. "It is so very—very awkward. I do hope her ladyship has forgotten. Must I apologize? What in the world am I to say to her? Josephine, do stop one minute."

Josephine obeyed.

And here let me too pause, lest I might be misconstrued in the picture which I draw—I own in not too flattering colors—of Sir Edward de Bougainville.

It was not his low origin, not the shadow of the Scanlan porter-bottles, which made him what he was. I have known gentlemen whose fathers were plowmen—nay, the truest gentleman I ever knew was the son of a working mechanic. And I have seen boors who had titles, and who, in spite of the noble lineage of centuries, were boors still. What made this man vulgar was the innate coarseness of his nature, lacquered over with superficial refinement. He was, in fact, that which, in all ranks of life, is the very opposite of a gentleman—a sham. I do not love him, but I will not be unfair to him; and if I hold him up to contempt, I wish it clearly to be understood what are the things I despise him for.

Did his wife despise him? How can one tell? We often meet men and their wives, concerning whom we ask of ourselves the same question, and wonder how they ever came to be united; yet the wives move in society with smiling countenances, and perform unshrinkingly their various duties, as Lady de Bougainville performed hers.

"Shall we go on now?" she said, and led her husband forward to the dreadful ordeal. But it passed over quite harmlessly—rather worse than harmlessly; for the Countess merely bowed, smiling upon them as upon all her other guests, and apparently scarcely recognizing them, in that dense, ever-moving throng. They went on with it, and never saw their hostess again all the evening. The sole reward they gained for three hours of pushing and scrambling, heated rooms and an infinitesimal quantity of refreshment, was the pleasure of seeing their names in the paper next day among the Countess of Turberville's four hundred invited guests.

This was Lady de Bougainville's first and last experience of "shining in society"—that is, London society, which alone Sir Edward thought worth every thing. He paid for it with several days of illness, brought on by the heat and excitement, and perhaps the disappointment too, though to the latter he never owned. After that he was glad enough to go home.

Oh, how Josephine's heart leaped when she saw, nestling among the green hills, the gray outline of Oldham Court! She had, more than any one I ever knew, the quality of adhesiveness, not only to persons but places. She had loved Wren's Nest, though her husband's incessant schemes for quitting it, and her own constant terror for the future, made her never feel settled there; but Oldham Court, besides being her ideal of a house to live in, was her own house, her home, from which fate now seemed powerless to uproot her. She clung to it, as, had she been one of those happy wives who carry their home about with them, she never might have clung; but things being as they were, it was well she did do so—well that she could accept what she had, and rejoice in it, without craving for the impossible.

After their return she had a wonderfully quiet and happy summer. Her children came about her, from school and college, enjoying their holidays the more for the hard work between. And her husband found something to do, something to amuse himself with; he was appointed a magistrate for the county, and devoted himself, with all his Irish eagerness after novelty, to the administration of justice upon all offenders. Being not only a magistrate but a clergyman, he considered himself bound to lay on the moral whip as heavily as possible, until his wife, who had long lost with him the title of "Themis," sometimes found it necessary to go after him, not as Justice, but as Mercy, binding up the wounds he made.

"You see," he said, "in my position, and with the morality of the whole district in my keeping, I must be severe. I must pass over nothing, or people will think I am lax myself."

And many was the poor fellow he committed to the county jail for having unfortunately a fish in his hat or a young leveret in his pocket; many was the case of petty larceny that he dealt with according to the utmost rigor of the law. It was his chief amusement, this rigid exercise of authority, and he really enjoyed it exceedingly.

Happily, it served to take off his attention from his three sons, who were coming to that age when to press the yoke of paternal rule too tightly upon young growing shoulders is sometimes rather dangerous. All the boys, César especially, instinctively gave their father as wide a berth as possible. Not that he ignored them as he once used to do; on the contrary, to strangers he was rather fond of talking about "my eldest son at Oxford," and "my two boys who are just going to Rugby." But inside the house he interfered little with them, and had no more of their company than was inevitable.

With their mother it was quite different. Now, as heretofore, she was all in all to them, and they to her. Walking, riding, or driving together, they had her quite to themselves: enjoying with her the new-found luxuries of their life.

"Mamma, how beautiful you look in that nice gown!—the very picture of a Lady de Bougainville!" they would say, in their fond boyish admiration. And she, when she watched them ride out on their pretty ponies, and was able to give them dogs and guns, and every thing that boys delight in, exulted in the fortunate wealth, and blessed Mr. Oldham in her heart.

In truth, under this strong maternal influence, and almost wholly maternal guidance, her sons were growing up every thing that she desired to see them. Making all allowance for the tender exaggerations of memory—I believe, even from Bridget's account, that the young De Bougainvilles must have been very good boys—honest, candid, generous, affectionate; the comfort and pride of their happy mother during this first year of prosperity.

Even after she had dispatched them, each by turn, to school and college, she was not sad. She had only sent them away to do their fitting work in the world, and she knew they would do it well. She trusted them, young as they were, and oh! the blessing of trust!—almost greater than that of love. And she had plenty of love, too, daily surrounding her, both from the boys away and the three girls at home. With one or other of her six children her time and thoughts were incessantly occupied. Mothers, real mothers, be they rich or poor, have seldom leisure either to grow morbid or to grieve.

Of all the many portraits extant of her, perhaps the one I like the best is a daguerreotype by Claudet, taken during this bright year. It is not a flattered likeness, of course—the gray hairs and wrinkles are plain to be seen—but it has a sweetness, a composed, placid content, greater than any other of the various portraits of Lady de Bougainville.

It came home from London, she once told me, on a very momentous day, so much so that it was put aside, locked up, and never looked at for months and years.

Some hours before, she had parted from her eldest boy, who was returning to Oxford, sorry to leave his mother and his home, but yet glad to be at work again. She had seen him off, driving his father, who had to take his place for the first time on the bench of magistrates, to the county town, and now she sat thinking of her son—how exactly he looked the character of "the young heir," and how excessively like he was to her own father—outwardly and inwardly every inch a De Bougainville. He seemed to grow up day by day in her sight, as Wordsworth's Young Romilly in that of his mother, "a delightful tree"—

"And proudly did his branches wave."

She felt that under their shadow she might yet



LADY DE BOUGAINVILLE AND THE COUNTESS.

rejoice, and have in her declining age many blessed days. Days as calm and lovely as this October afternoon; when the hills lay quiet, transfigured in golden light, and the old gray house itself shone with a beauty as sweet and yet solemn as that of an old woman's face; the face that sometimes, when she looked in the glass, she tried to fancy, wondering how her sons would look at it some of these days. Only her sons. For the world outside, and its comments upon her, Josephine, from first to last, never cared two straws.

Yet she was not unsocial, and sometimes, both for herself and her children's sake, would have preferred a less lonely life than they had at Oldham Court—would have liked occasionally to mix with persons of her own sphere and on the level of her own cultivation. Now her only friends were the poor people of the neighborhood, among whom she went about a good deal, and who looked up to her as to the Lady Bountiful of the whole country-side.

But that day she had enjoyed some pleasure in a long talk with the last person she expected to see or to fraternize with—Lady Turberville. They had met at the cottage of an old woman, to whom Josephine had been very kind. The Countess also; only, as she herself owned, her charities were necessarily limited. "You are a much richer woman than I," she had said, with a proud frankness, as she stood tucking up her gown-skirt to walk back the three miles to the Hall, and eyed with good-natured, but half-satirical glance, Lady de Bougainville's splendid carriage, which had just drawn up to the cottage-door.

Josephine explained that she had intended to take the paralytic old woman a drive.

"But, since it rains so fast, if Lady Turberville would—"

"If she would give you the chance of being kind to one old woman instead of another? Well, as I am rheumatic, and neighborly kindness is pleasant, will you drive me home?"

"Gladly," said Lady de Bougainville. And they became quite friendly before they reached the Hall.

Altogether the strong shrewd simplicity of the old Countess—she was about sixty-five, but looked older, from her worn face and plain, almost common style of dress—had refreshed and amused Josephine very much. While heartily despising the doctrine, that it is advisable to pull one's self up in the world by hanging on to the skirts of great people, she yet had acuteness enough to see that, both for one's self and one's children, it is well to cultivate good, suitable, and pleasant society; not to hide one's head in a hole, but to see a little of the world, and choose out of it those friends or acquaintance from whom we can get, or to whom we can give, the best, the most sympathy and companionship.

"My girls have no friends at all now," thought she, "and they will want some. Adrienne must come out this winter; poor little Adrienne!"

And she sighed, reflecting that in their present limited circle Miss de Bougainville's "coming out," would be in a very moderate form indeed. "Still she must in time get to know a few people, and she ought to learn to make friends, as Lady Turberville said. If Lady Susan and Lady Emily are like their mother, they might be good companions for my poor Adrienne!"

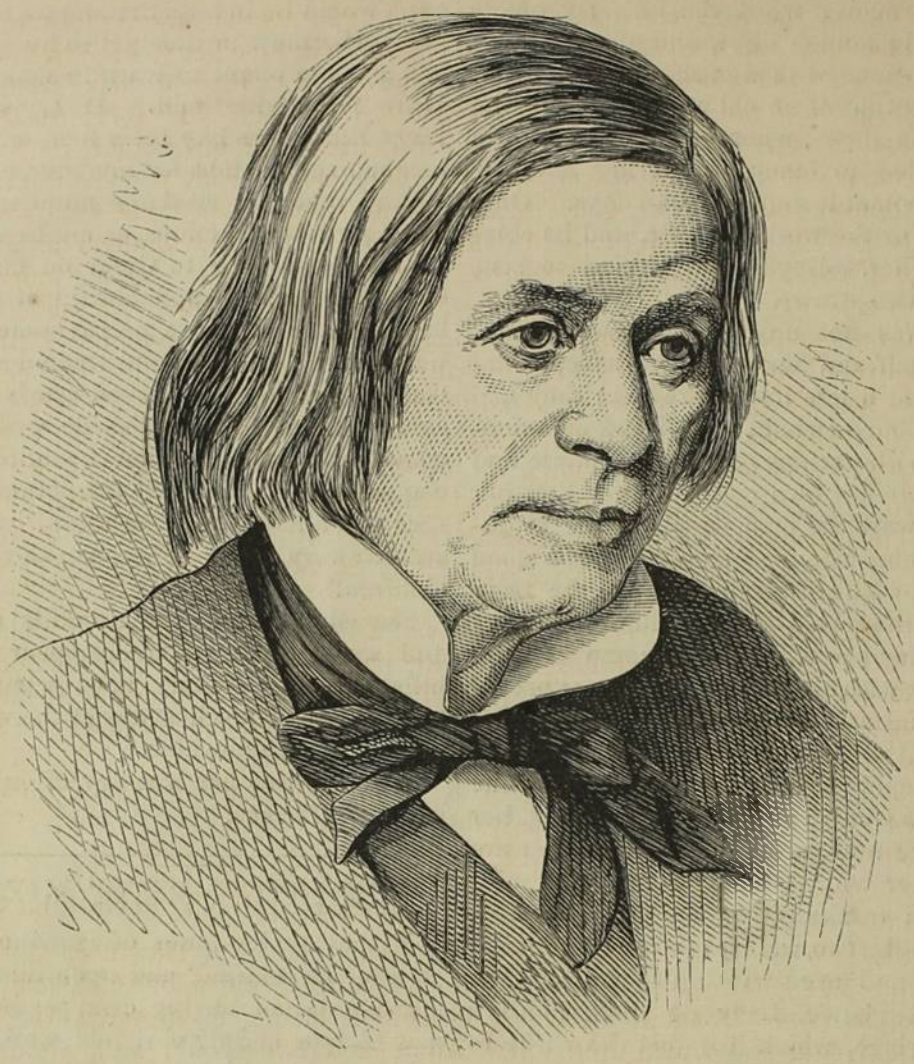
And then the mother's mind wandered off in all sorts of directions, as mothers' minds and hearts always do: to César on his journey to Oxford; to Louis and Martin at school; and back again to her little girls at home. Catherine was still "the baby," and treated as such; but Gabrielle at thirteen looked nearly as womanly as Adrienne. And Gabrielle would certainly grow up beautiful — how beautiful, with her coquettish and impulsive temperament, the mother was almost afraid to think. Still she was secretly very proud of her, as she was of all her children.

She sat a long time thinking of them all, and watching the sun disappear behind the hills, setting in glory upon what seemed to have been the loveliest day of the whole season, and the most enjoyable.

Alas! it was her last day of enjoyment, her last day of peace.

THE LEIGH HUNT MEMORIAL.

IF that quaint fancy of Hawthorne's should ever be realized, and upon this planet—the last inhabitant having disappeared from it—a new Adam and Eve should walk amidst the ruins of our cities, seeking to spell out from their relics the character and occupations of those who had dwelt here, it is sad to think what they would conclude from the statues and monuments of London. The columns raised to warriors, to stupid and licentious kings, to wily diplomatists, would meet them on every hand, while it would require geographical exploration to discover that by the side of such had lived and thought the men who bequeathed to the English-speaking race its literature and its liberties. The most prominent monuments that look down upon the children growing up in the streets of London say to them: "If you would be great, shed the blood of your fellowmen gallantly. Wear a badge on your breast, or a jeweled bauble on your head, and leave behind you as many records of intrigue, stupidity, and folly as you will, you shall be set up for the homage of posterity." But to-day it is given us to note happier signs. The unveiling of a memorial tomb in honor of Leigh Hunt reminds us that the case of Captain Pen against Captain Sword, which he once argued, is not yet decided in favor of the latter. A year or two ago I remember going to Kensal-Green Cemetery to visit the grave of the author of "Abou Ben Adhem," but could not find it. The sexton had some fine tombs to point out, but he had never heard of this Mr. Hunt. So I could only remember that it was said of old, "The right-



LEIGH HUNT.

eous dieth, and no man layeth it to heart." But to-day was unveiled there that almost saintly face, whose pure intelligence only the purest marble and the most loving art could express.

The occasion (October 19, the eighty-fifth return of Leigh Hunt's birthday) was a peculiar and interesting one in many ways. There were, indeed, some conspicuous absences, but no less significant presences, among the faces of those who gathered in the little room of the chapel to listen to what Lord Houghton had now to say of the old friend whom he knew and loved in the days when he was Richard Monckton Milnes. They were brought together when Lord Houghton was writing the biography of John Keats, whom Leigh Hunt so dearly loved. It was a member of the English Cabinet whom we came to hear speak of one for whom an English Government of former years had nothing better than a prison. Very few of the veterans who fought for religious and civil liberty by the side of Leigh Hunt remained to rejoice in this homage of a new generation to their old leader. The venerable Barry Cornwall could only send a tender letter from his confinement, but he was reverenced in the presence of his daughter, Adelaide Procter. There were some aged men of letters, who, like Hunt, had long struggled with poverty, old playwrights and bookworms —as Ollier, Hall, Châtelaine, and Horne; but the company was principally made up of the younger generation of journalists and magazinists, among them the descendants of Leigh Hunt —his sons and their wives—on whom the world smiles far more than it did on him who has made their name famous to some, dear to many more. There was something very genuine in the whole affair; there were no ceremonies or conventionalities. The company stood, and Lord Houghton delivered his simple and impressive address standing on a chair. In that address he gave a true and discriminating portrait of the poet and critic. He recognized the silvery threads of association that bound that spot with the resting-places of the great men to whom Leigh Hunt was intellectually related. "This scene," he said, "will beckon many an observer to the marshy shores of Greece, where the tumultuous spirit of Byron passed away; to the beautiful Roman cemetery, where the autumnal flowers are at this moment growing over the young form of Keats and the storm-bowed, storm-cast heart of Shelley; it will lead many a one to those pleasant hills among the Westmoreland lakes, where the placid fame and frame of Wordsworth rest; it will take many

of us to the more familiar grave-yards not far from this, where the witty tongue of Charles Lamb is silent, and the busy brain of Coleridge speculates no more." In his estimate of Leigh Hunt's genius, Lord Houghton regarded him as unequaled in poetical criticism. "With him criticism, which is too often an enemy or a detective, was a gracious patron and a faithful friend." Alluding to his private struggles and sorrows, the speaker remarked on his fidelity and courage through them all, describing him as having "a superstition of good." "He was unwilling to believe in the existence of evil; and when it pressed upon him, even in its bitterest form, he shut his eyes to it and believed it to be good." In closing, the speaker quoted, felicitously, two of the poet's lines:

"The woe was short, is fugitive, is past;
The song that sweetens it may always last."

When the address was concluded we all repaired to the grave. Here the bust of the poet, veiled, stood beside a dais or platform. The sculptor, Durham, stood before his work. Lord Houghton, accompanied by Leigh Hunt's son, Thornton Hunt (editor of the *Daily Telegraph*), mounted the platform, and there the former withdrew the covering, saying, as he did so: "In the name of the subscribers to this monument, and of the friends of Mr. Leigh Hunt, who remember him, and are careful of his fame, I present this monument to his family, to the country, and to posterity." The people started as the beautiful face beamed upon them; for the moment it seemed to smile like a spirit, newly descended. Eyes grew moist; there was a pause of silent homage. We read the simple inscription, taken from his most imperishable poem:

"Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

It was a sight about which the shades of Hood, and Jerrold, and Thackeray—whose dust lay so near—might have hovered, to witness this latest testimony to the truth of old Shirley's lines:

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

It is difficult for us in this Victorian era to realize the state of things amidst which this gentle poet was required to do the service of a hero and martyr. "From the beginning of this century," said Sydney Smith, "to the death of Lord Liverpool, was an awful period for any one who ventured to maintain liberal opinions. He was sure to be assailed with all the Billingsgate of the French Revolution; 'Jacobin,' 'Leveler,' 'Atheist,' 'Incendiary,' 'Regicide,' were the gentlest terms used; and any man who breathed a syllable against the senseless bigotry of the two Georges was shunned as unfit for social life. To say a word against any abuse that a rich man inflicted and a poor man suffered, was bitterly and steadily resented; and in one year 12,000 persons were committed for offenses against the game laws." In France the reaction from the Revolution had borne Napoleon to the height of his power; and in England a panic about the possible revolution had given a despotic authority to the Prince Regent, the weakest and meanest man that ever sat on the English throne, whose idea of government and order was to cut down men, women, and children, as at Peterloo, while they were solemnly and quietly discussing their rights. This was the age in which Leigh Hunt, armed with types—types charged with ideas and principles—began his siege against the bastions of wrong. No newspaper in any age of the world was ever wielded with more terrible effect than the *Examiner*, which his brother published and he edited in those days; its brilliant paragraphs, poetical outbursts, scathing exposures, shafts of polished satire, above all its absolutely brave and direct tone, became familiar to every household in Great Britain. "I well remember," said Carlyle to me lately, "how its weekly coming was looked for in our village in Scotland. The place of its delivery was besieged by an eager crowd, and its columns furnished the town talk till the next number came."

How could the Prince Regent reply to all that? He had but one argument that was unanswerable. He shut up Leigh Hunt and his brother in Surrey jail for two years. This was the Georgian logic, but it was much like the plan of the gentleman who built his garden-walls very high in order to keep out the crows. The occasion of the incarceration has a touch of historic irony about it. At a public dinner on St. Patrick's Day the Prince Regent's health was received coldly. Mr. Sheridan arose to vindicate the Regent, but the audience hissed him. The *Morning Post* next day spoke of the Prince as "the Mæcenas of the age," and "an Adonis of loveliness!" The *Examiner* compared the flattery with the facts. So John and Leigh Hunt must pay a thousand pounds and go to prison for two years. The Government offered to forego both fine and imprisonment if the *Examiner* would promise to abstain for the future from criticising the Prince and his actions; but there was a brief and easy reply for *that*.

Milton compared those who attempted to suppress freedom of speech and of printing to those who should try to put out a lively fire by trampling on it; they send the sparks all the more into their own faces. If any thing had been needed to make the *Examiner* irresistible it was that it should be edited from a prison. The walls around the royal parks might do to keep out pigs; hardly eagles. The winged thoughts of Leigh Hunt had freer course than ever; and now with their daring flight came such vigorous spirits as Brougham, Keats, Shelley, Lamb, Godwin, and the hosts they severally commanded in the world of thought. When Leigh Hunt came out of prison it was not chiefly he, but the Government, which breathed more freely. But their relief was only momentary. They had now thoroughly sprung upon the na-

tion the question of its right to free thought and a free press; and when Leigh Hunt came out of prison it was to lead in that conflict which finally leveled this last fortress in which oppression in England had taken refuge. It was he, above all others, that won the victory.

The reader of Leigh Hunt's poetry and of his poetic prose can hardly realize that he who wrote them lived amidst such storms as these, or that he was all his life struggling with poverty, and suffering under the severest domestic afflictions. His most promising son died early; another son came to what was worse than death. During all this time he was as cheery as the cricket of which he sung. "I never saw," said Carlyle, in my hearing, "a more happy, indomitable soul." He was an inveterate hoper, his face ever toward the sunrise. When one thinks of the gloomy madness of the wealthy and titled Byron, by the side of this cheerful and undaunted man, amidst his lowliness and poverty, there is room for more reflections than can be written down here. Few poets have managed to scatter so much sunshine as Leigh Hunt. In this respect, perhaps, more than in any other, he seems to have been commissioned to his countrymen. The English are not a merry, but rather a melancholy people. As old Froissart said, they even amuse themselves sadly. This may be partly in their temperament, but it is, I think, still more attributable to the severity of the struggle for existence in these crowded islands. Few were the struggles and sorrows which Leigh Hunt did not undergo; yet how he transmuted them in the alembic of his hopeful heart, his readers need not be told. Characteristic is the happy strain of "The Grasshopper and the Cricket:"

"Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June—
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass!
Oh, sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth,
To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song—
In doors and out, summer and winter, mirth."

In one other thing Leigh Hunt had a message for the English, and also for the American people (for, as Lord Houghton reminded us, he was by blood half an American). On both sides of the ocean the Anglo-Saxon man is too generally so practical that he cares little for visions and dreams, and counts that to be frivolous that can not be harnessed to his cart. We must have sunk much further into this coarsest form of utilitarianism but for the poets who have perennially cast their ideal tints around and above us. And of these who has served us more than he who uttered the "Chorus of Flowers?"

"Uselessness divinest,
Of a use the finest,
Painteth us, the teachers of the end of use,
Travelers weary-eyed
Bless us, far and wide;
Unto sick and prisoned thoughts we give sudden truce:
Not a poor town window
Loves its sickliest planting,
But its wall speaks loftier truth than Babylonian vaunting."

There was something very appropriate in the selection of the biographer of Keats to unveil the monument of Hunt. The friendship between Keats and Hunt constitutes the most beautiful episode in the sorrowful lives of both of them. The imprisonment of Hunt, whom he had known but slightly if at all, kindled the heart of Keats, who, on the undaunted editor's release, wrote the following sonnet:

"What though, for showing truth to flattered state,
Kind Hunt was shut in prison, yet has he,
In his immortal spirit, been as free
As the sky-searching lark, and as elate.
Minion of grandeur! think you he did wait?
Think you he naught but prison-walls did see
Till, so unwilling, thou unturn'dst the key?
Ah, no! far happier, nobler was his fate!
In Spenser's halls he strayed, and bowers fair,
Culling enchanted flowers; and he flew
With daring Milton through the fields of air:
To regions of his own his genius true
Took happy flights. Who shall his fame impair
When thou art dead, and all thy wretched crew?"

From this time they were as brothers. They walked and read together, and wrote verses sometimes on the same subject — as, for instance, on "The Grasshopper and Cricket." It was after sleeping at Hunt's cottage, in Hampstead Heath, that Keats wrote his "Sleep and Poetry." "No imaginative pleasure," wrote Hunt of those days, "was left unnoticed by us or unenjoyed, from the recollection of the bards and patriots of old to the luxury of a summer rain at our windows, or the clicking of the coal in winter time." There is something at once touching and heroic in seeing these two men, amidst so many disparagements and griefs, joining to build their little ideal world on bleak Hampstead common, and dwelling in it so happily. The early death of his friend was a heavy blow to Leigh Hunt. "Tell him," he wrote to Sivern, who was watching at the death-bed in the Piazza di Spagna, "tell that great poet and noble-hearted man, that we shall all bear his memory in the most precious part of our hearts, and that the world shall bow their heads to it, as our loves do." How little did he dream when he thus wrote that soon he would be under the sunny skies of Italy, only to see the ashes of the next dearest friend he had on earth—Shelley—laid by the side of his beloved brother-poet! Leigh Hunt was about thirty-seven years of age when he went to Italy to join Byron and Shelley in the publication there of the periodical from which so much was expected. Five years afterward, when he returned to England, stricken by the tragical death of Shelley and grieved by the wretched behavior of Byron in skulking out of his engagements concerning the proposed

publication, he was already aged. Yet there was immense power of work in him, and it was destined to make itself felt. He lived to be seventy-three, and the works he has left constitute the completest and most interesting record of the strange transitional period which we now know to have been the seed-time of the fairest fruits of the present liberal and literary generation. It is pleasant to remember that the homage just paid to his dust was not in Leigh Hunt's case a satire on the denial of the same to his living presence. The great world was indeed to a large extent ignorant of how worthy and faithful a son was passing beyond the reach of its praise or blame in that bent, silken-haired old man who paced the roads around Chelsea in the afternoons in company with his neighbor and friend, Thomas Carlyle—that man of whose errors they will speak most reticently who know that no aspiring scholar or earnest thinker has dwelt in England during his long career who has not reason to call him blessed, and around whom has gathered the love and faith of every high spirit of his time, even of those who differ from him. But whatever neglect he may have suffered at the hands of the million, every home in London where letters were honored welcomed him; the arms of all who belonged to the fraternity of thought were locked around him; and his brilliant conversation, his genial wit, his wealth of reminiscences and anecdotes, are the most treasured souvenirs of many homes which have never ceased to mourn his loss.

It was my privilege to know in his last days, and to pass some memorable evenings with, the late William Johnston Fox, Member of Parliament for Oldham, who, as editor of the *Monthly Repository*, had been the first to recognize and declare the genius of Browning and Tennyson. Among the memories on which he dwelt most fondly were those relating to his long friendship with Leigh Hunt, whom he regarded as having represented the real faith and sure destination of the English people. My recollections of that matchless orator of the Corn-Law reform, under whose voice all England bent, as Froude has described it, like a forest beneath the strong wind, have given a certain mournful interest to the following two letters—the occasion of which was the death of the poet's son Vincent—which contain nearly the last, if not the very last, correspondence of Leigh Hunt:

"3 Sussex Place, Regent's Park,
7th Nov., 1852.

"My dear Hunt,—Experience might have hardened me to it by this time; but I still have a melancholy surprise at seeing how greatly my juniors take precedence of me in the final journey. Both feelings came strongly over me when I read a late announcement as to one in whom what little I saw of him (some years ago) made me take a lively interest for his own sake as well as yours. Forgive the sympathy of a fellow-veteran in the battle of life, if it express itself inopportunely during the season of your domestic calamity. You and I have lived through the same stormy and changeful times; we have fought under the same banner, though you with finer weapons, and winning the more enduring wreaths; and it may probably be about the same time that we both make the 'great experiment.' Allow, therefore, the mournful hand-shake of an old comrade, whose sympathy for you in this trial will not be satisfied with entire quiescence. I will say no more, for you know quite as well as myself all that is to be said on such sad events. Ever yours, affectionately,

"W. J. Fox."

To this the following answer was returned:

"Kensington, *11th Nov.*, 1852.

"Most welcome was your letter, my dear friend, though I have not had the courage to open it until this moment. I felt the letter like your presence, and wrung your hand, as it were, looking away from you. There is only one point in it with which I can differ, and that concerns yourself; but how can I do any thing but thank you for it, and love you the more, and consider it a new bond for the remainder of life between us? I can not proceed for tears; but you have helped to make them sweeter. He was all you fancied him. God bless you and yours, my kind friend, prays your grateful and affectionate Leigh Hunt."

But, above all, in these last years the friendship of Carlyle sweetened life for Leigh Hunt. He once wrote what will probably be the verdict on Carlyle of all who really know him: "I believe that what Mr. Carlyle loves better than his fault-finding, with all its eloquence, is the face of any human creature that looks suffering, and loving, and sincere; and I believe further, that if the fellow-creature were suffering only, and neither loving nor sincere, but had come to a pass of agony in this life which put him at the mercies of some good man for some last help and consolation toward his grave, even at the risk of loss to repute, and a sure amount of pain and vexation, that man, if the groan reached him in its forlornness, would be Thomas Carlyle."

Mr. R. H. Horne, author of "Orion," etc., who was the most venerable friend of Hunt's, perhaps, at the unveiling of the bust, gives the following account of a conversation which occurred between the two in a company of which he was one: "Leigh Hunt had said something about the Islands of the Blest, or El Dorado, or the Millennium, and was flowing on his bright and hopeful way, when Carlyle dropped some heavy tree-trunk across Hunt's pleasant stream, and banked it up with philosophical doubts and objections at every interval of the speaker's joyous progress. But the unmitigated Hunt never ceased his overflowing anticipations, nor the saturnine Carlyle his infinite demurs to those finite flourishings. The listeners laughed and applauded by turns, and had now fairly pitted them against each other as the philosopher of hopefulness and of the unhopeful. The contest continued with all that ready wit and philosophy, that mixture of pleasantry and profundity, that extensive knowledge of books and character, with their ready application in argument or illustration, and that perfect ease and good-nature which distinguish both of these men. The opponents were so well matched that it was quite clear the contest would never come to an end. But the night was far advanced, and the party broke up. They all sallied forth, and, leaving the close room, the can-

dles, and the arguments behind them, suddenly found themselves in presence of a most brilliant starlight night. They all looked up. 'Now,' thought Hunt, 'Carlyle's done for; he can have no answer to that!' 'There!' shouted Hunt; 'look up there; look at that glorious harmony that sings with infinite voices an eternal song of hope in the soul of man!' Carlyle looked up. They all remained silent to hear what he would say. They began to think he was silenced at last—he was a mortal man. But out of that silence came a few low-toned words, in a broad Scotch accent. And who on earth could have anticipated what the voice said? 'Eh! it's a sad sight!' Hunt sat down on a door-step. They all laughed—then looked very thoughtful."

Carlyle loves no truckler: his near friends are not servile, and he knows the feel of their fists. Leigh Hunt and he were antipodal; it was the direct encounter of optimist with pessimist; but, as Emerson says, we like the *otherest;* and the idea might have come to him out of seeing the love of Carlyle and Hunt.

Such were the sympathies that blossomed along the declining path of the aged poet. Victoria (prompted, indeed, vigorously by T. C.) contributed with the rest her commentary on the course of her predecessor, the "Adonis of loveliness," by a pension which relieved him from anxiety about his worldly affairs. And so gently and tenderly his life closed ten years ago. And now the beautiful monument rises over his grave; but we leave it with the reflection that it is but as a finger pointing to the real monument—the seventeen volumes, replete with beauty, freighted with thought and knowledge, crowned with that last one—the "Religion of the Heart"—whose name and essence represent the pervading spirit and final flower of the life and work of Leigh Hunt. To read these works—and I am glad to say that with his usual and unusual enterprise Mr. John Camden Hotten has just brought out a Memorial Edition of some of the finest though least accessible of them, which is most admirable in every way—is, one would say, almost a liberal education in itself, so far as sentiment and expression are concerned. Only the letters of Lamb are comparable for delicacy of feeling and for style with those of Leigh Hunt. Above all, no one can be said to understand the history and substance of the literature of this century who has not studied the "Autobiography of Leigh Hunt, with Reminiscences of Friends and Contemporaries," published in 1850. Nor do I know how to close this sketch better than with a letter written by Carlyle to Leigh Hunt (who at the time had left Chelsea and was living in Kensington) concerning that work:

"Chelsea, *June* 17, 1850.

"Dear Hunt,—I have just finished your autobiography, which has been most pleasantly occupying all my leisure these three days; and you must permit me to write you a word upon it, out of the fullness of the heart, while the impulse is still fresh to thank you. This good book, in every sense one of the best I have read this long while, has awakened many old thoughts which never were extinct, or even properly asleep, but which (like so much else) have had to fall silent amidst the tempest of an evil time—Heaven mend it! A word from me once more I know will not be unwelcome, while the world is talking of you.

"Well, I call this an excellent good book, by far the best of the autobiographic kind I remember to have read in the English language; and indeed, except it be Boswell's of Johnson, I do not know where we have such a picture drawn of a human life as in these three volumes.

"A pious, ingenious, altogether human and worthy book; imaging, with graceful honesty and free felicity, many interesting objects and persons on your life-path, and imaging throughout, what is best of all, a gifted, gentle, patient, and valiant human soul, as it buffets its way through the billows of time, and will not drown, though often in danger; can not be drowned, but conquers and leaves a track of radiance behind it: that, I think, comes out more clearly to me than in any other of your books; and that, I can venture to assure you, is the best of all results to readers in a book of written record. In fact, this book has been like a written exercise of devotion to me; I have not assisted at any sermon, liturgy, or litany, this long while, that has had so religious an effect on me. Thanks in the name of all men. And believe, along with me, that this book will be welcome to other generations as well as ours. And long may you live to write more books for us; and may the evening sun be softer on you (and on me) than the noon sometimes was!

"Adieu, dear Hunt (you must let me use this familiarity, for I am now an old fellow, too, as well as you). I have often thought of coming up to see you once more; and perhaps I shall one of these days (though there are such lions in the path, go whither one may); but, whether I do or not, believe forever in my regard. And so, God bless you, prays heartily

"T. Carlyle."

A PLAIN STATEMENT OF FACTS.

THERE has been a great fuss made lately over a certain revelation; but I really believe that it is another proof of the superiority of the author over the majority of the human race that she didn't make the exposition long ago. See how tempting and comfortable it was to have a bomb-shell ready at any time to throw among the *hoi polloi!* They had to be interested; they had to be amazed, horrified, instructed, amused, scandalized. They couldn't help themselves for that once, any way. That was an article that suited every body; that publishers leaped at, and the public swallowed, greedily crying for more. Happy woman! Thus at once to perform a moral obligation and gorge a rapacious public! What an iron will she must have to have kept it all this while! Why, only to think, every body dies—she might have died too! I can not help allowing myself a moment's pause here to contemplate a delicious possibility. Not *probability*, mind, for I never saw the distinguished woman, nor do I expect to; but if I *had* known her, *had* been honored with her confidence, esteem, admiration, and some lucky—that is, unlucky accident had befallen her, so that she also had felt the grim monster near at hand, and had been compelled to look about in search of another heir to the wonderful, astounding, valuable secret, and she had lighted upon me! Ah!!!

I should not then have been compelled to write this article. I might have rested upon my laurels, or upon an honorary pension.

But such was not to be. However, all I want to say is, that I admire her, honor her! She has exposed one impostor; now I'm going to expose another!

My name is Minerva Hobbs! I do not know what induced my parents to give me such an appellation. They are, however, only accountable for the Minerva part of it, and I am usually called Minnie. That isn't so bad. As for Hobbs—I suppose Augustus can't help his name; he was a well-to-do, handsome fellow when I married him, and I got used to it, and didn't mind it.

I don't think any girls of my acquaintance would have objected to changing their names under the circumstances. Papa was not very well off, and mamma was, to say the least of it, rasping! Every one was delighted when Augustus and I settled down in our neat little cottage in a pretty suburb. We planted out fruit trees, rose vines, and honey-suckles; and at the christening party we gave when Araminta was six months old, every body conceded the place was a paradise. Araminta is the youngest, and I don't mind saying I'm the mother of five. I don't profess to be a modern Cornelia, but certainly they are very nice children in their way.

You might have looked the wide world over and not have found a happier family than ours. We were like birds in a nest, so snug and cozy. I might make some allusion here to the adverse hour when the nest was nearly tumbled from its comfortable security, but I refrain—a plain, unvarnished statement is the best.

One would suppose that in a household like ours it would be difficult for Satan to "find some mischief still for idle hands to do." There was house-cleaning twice a year, preserving and pickling in the fall, oceans of work on the machine, and quilting besides. I was generally as busy as a whole hive of honey-bees; but there occurred an unfortunate lull somehow. My eldest daughter, Jenny, is of a wonderfully energetic disposition, and that summer she was a great help to me. The younger children went to school; our two servants were models in their way; every thing went like clock-work, and sometimes I had nothing in the world to do. I began to read the magazines, and expended a great deal of eloquence in writing to my old school-mates. I received one or two replies that closed the correspondence. The letters were wishy-washy and dull.

"How is it, mamma," I said one day, "that so few people write a nice letter?"

"Because so few people have the capacity, Minerva," said mamma, in her sententious way.

"Well, mamma, now certainly I *can* write a good letter."

"You could write more than a letter, if you chose to try," said mamma.

Yes, it was mamma, now that I remember it; it wasn't poor old Satan at all. Mamma's words sunk deep into my heart. I lay awake at night and thought about it.

Why shouldn't I? Why couldn't I? If I should! If I could! Well, the end of it was, I wrote a story, sent it to a magazine, and *it was accepted!*

Yes, indeed, incredible as it may seem, this was really the case. I can't tell why the editor did such a thing. Perhaps his faculties were a little obfuscated by the effects of a Champagne supper the evening previous. (If the poor wretches get a chance to drink Champagne, they surely can't be blamed for once in a while taking advantage of it.) Perhaps he had himself been accepted by a large fortune, and the success rendered him incapable just then of rejecting any thing. Perhaps he mistook my handwriting for that of a well-known contributor, and was too lazy to look over the MS.; or that this one effort of my brain paralyzed the interior of the cranium forever afterward.

I can't tell, I'm sure, how it was; but the fact remains. The story was accepted, and *paid for!* Never shall I forget the emotions that filled my being when I signed the check. My hand trembled, my eyes became suffused with happy tears. Could it be possible that I, Minerva Hobbs, was elevated to this wonderful, this noble position?

"My dear children! my own Augustus!" I cried, dropping the pen, and holding out my arms. They rushed to my embrace. We remained for one ecstatic moment clasped together. Then Augustus extricated himself, declaring that his collar was ruined, and he should lose the train.

While he was getting another collar I signed the check. "How many," thought I, pensively leaning my head upon my hand, and contemplating the order before me—"how many of these shall I sign again? Shall this become a mere mercenary transaction to me, and shall I be able to affix signature after signature to these little slips of paper without even a tremor? Is it possible I can ever forget the importance, the solemnity, that attaches itself to these bonds with the people? Can human nature, can I, be degraded enough to view this affair as a mere money transaction?"

Well, it's impossible to answer any of these pathetic questions, for I never was brought into that trying situation again. It would have been extremely gratifying to know if one could be superior to these sordid temptations; but the trial was denied me. I never signed another check! I never had another story accepted!

Augustus hunted out a collar for himself, and went away, making some playful remark about men with literary wives being compelled to look out for themselves. Mamma came and congratulated me, and immediately settled it among the children and servants that I was not to be disturbed with household affairs. If there was any

thing that Jenny could not attend to, let them appeal to her.

Then she darkened up the room, and embracing me solemnly, left me. Jenny came up a few minutes afterward, and whispered that I must pound on the floor if I wanted any thing. Then she went away also. Presently I heard little Araminta scream "Mamma!" upon the stairs; but the poor child's voice was immediately smothered, and she was carried off to the regions below.

I was left alone. The room darkened; not a sound in the household. I heard Bridget going up the stair, and, in her endeavor to step lightly, nearly wrench the balusters from their sockets. She told Araminta in a stentorian whisper to "Whisht!"

I was beginning to feel really ill, when mamma entered softly.

"What *is* the matter, mamma?" I said, piteously.

"Nothing, dear; I will not disturb you. Here is some coffee."

"Coffee at this hour of the day, mamma?"

"Yes, dear," she replied, placing a large bowl of intensely black fluid under my nose. "You must remember that you are exempt from ordinary customs and rules now; you require something stimulating, and yet soothing—something to soothe the nerves and excite the imagination!"

"Fiddle-sticks! mamma," I said. "I never have any thing the matter with my nerves, and I don't want to excite myself."

Mamma stopped midway in the room, and looked upon me sternly.

"Are you going to stop upon the threshold of fame?" she said, fiercely. "Are you going to disgrace yourself in the eyes of your family, your friends, your acquaintances?"

"Gracious, mamma, you haven't told any body?"

"Of course I have told *every body*," said mamma. "Why should I conceal so gratifying, so flattering a success? Come, dear, drink your coffee. It will inspire you to write; you'll get used to it, and like it."

Of course I took a sip of the nauseous liquid: none of mamma's children had ever been able to rebel successfully even against castor-oil.

"Now, dear," she said, not noticing the wry face that I made, "compose yourself. Augustus will bring you paper, and arrange every thing to-night. All you need do is to sit here and write at your ease." Then she left me again. I was allowed to go down to dinner. There was a dispiriting lugubriousness about the meal, but the look of the room was cheering. I never noticed before the luxuriant bloom of the oleander, and how prettily the sun shone upon the roses in the carpet.

"Never mind if it does fade it a little," I said to Jenny; "let the sunshine come into the room. It almost seems as if that bunch of roses felt the warmth and gladness of it."

Heaven knows I was only thinking of the wretched gloominess of the room up stairs; but mamma and Jenny exchanged glances.

"That is a pretty idea," said mamma; "how do you think of such things, dear? It seems so odd to people who have no fancy nor imagination."

And that was the way with every thing I said. If I made a remark about the weather, it was twisted into something charming; once I made an ordinary observation about the beauty and melancholy of autumn, and, to my surprise, I found Jenny and mamma in tears. If I told Augustus to "get out," or "shut up," it was simplicity of style; and the only time I ventured upon a joke, I had the mortification to hear it retailed by my family, amidst shouts of laughter, as "that excellent thing of Minerva's."

Augustus fitted up a room as a "study," evincing a hitherto hidden and wonderful aptitude for an undertaker's line of business. It was on the gloomiest side of the house, and completely shaded by a great willow-tree that had sucked every bit of vegetation from that part of the garden. I had a heavy mahogany writing-desk, filled with all kinds of direful stationery implements; and there I sat, day after day, losing health and spirits rapidly. I lost the courage even to fix my hair, and went down to the table with it bound in a careless knot on the back of my head. Augustus looked a little aghast, but mamma quelled him immediately with a triumphant glance at my untidy, ink-stained fingers.

For I did finish a good many articles, which were promptly returned to me, and stared at me from the pigeon-holes in my desk as so many witnesses to my misery and humiliation.

Mamma persistently ignored the fact that I had been only successful in the one effort. She would not even allow me to explain to her. She declared that she would not interfere with me, nor have me interfered with. Day after day I heard her speak of me to visitors as being so busy writing that she hated to disturb me; and gradually my reputation grew and grew, until I became, in my way, an enormous impostor. I made frantic endeavors to merit even a tithe of the admiration bestowed upon me. I chose the dreariest and gloomiest spots, and wandered there alone, striving to infuse into my soul the sombre and pathetic reveries in which poets delight. But my soul wouldn't be infused. I came home forlorn and draggled, and would have given the world for a romp with the children. But the frightful attributes of my wretched position compelled me to shut myself up in my den, and try to write something of the emotions which resolutely refused to exist.

Had I not in a moment of despair yielded to an uncontrollable impulse, and confided every thing to Augustus, I should certainly have put an end to myself. He was not, truth to say, so manly and protecting as one might wish. He looked a little horrified, and stammered out that he was "afraid it wouldn't do to give it up so, Mrs. Brown."

"Perhaps if you'd oil the wheels a little they'd work better!" said Augustus, inanely.

I looked at him, wondering if he meant that I might try whisky as a beverage instead of coffee; but he explained that something in the way of a *douceur* to the editor might be useful. The poor fellow had dabbled a little in politics, and had not that purity of faith in human nature that was desirable under the circumstances.

"Don't be an idiot, Gus," I groaned. "Can't you try to help me a little? Can't you think of a plot?"

"Lord!" cried Augustus, with such an impossible look in his face that I fell to laughing. Then he burst into a roar, and we had one comfortable laugh, any way.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Minnie," said Gus, when we recovered gravity again: "I'll get you the *Police Gazette*, only don't leave it around where the children may see it."

"No, no, Gus," I replied, a little consoled by this marital confidence. "I'll make them take the next thing I write."

"All right, Minnie," said he; "hit upon something startling, capital, that 'll amuse people and stir 'em up a little. Do it up brown, you know." With these valuable suggestions he went to bed.

The next day I went to work in earnest. It was a lovely morning in September, one of those hazy, delicious, dreamy days that elevate the soul and purify the mind. I looked out of the window, and saw through the funereal switches of the willow the grocer's boy bringing in two baskets of peaches. A pang darted through my heart. Was I to be excluded from canning my peaches, from preserving my plums, from making my catchup? Had the season come for all these delights, and was I to be shut out from this paradise?

For a moment the very fountains of my being were moved. A strong feeling of rebellion arose within me. I was upon the point of darting out of my prison and proclaiming to the world that I must and would be free, when suddenly through the back gate there stalked a majestic figure, clad gloomily in black. It was mamma! I sank back, conquered, cowed! She could can the peaches. She would preserve the plums, make the catchup. Farewell paradise! Welcome tortures of perdition! I seized a pen; I pounced upon some paper; I concentrated all my thoughts upon one giant effort!

"Algernon Fitz-Allen," I wrote, "in that one moment was plunged from the height of felicity to the depth of despair!" There I paused. Why was Algernon Fitz-Allen in this condition of despondency? I hadn't the least idea. What was his felicity? And what was his despair? Couldn't tell, for the life of me. I was thinking of the peaches, and wondering if they knew that the rubber rings belonging to the Hartell jars were on the third shelf in the right-hand corner of the closet.

Was Algernon to be rescued from his despair, or was he forever to be deprived of his felicity? Ah, that was the question! What was to be done with him? Miserable wretch, how I hated him! One thing I determined upon—to pour out the vials of my wrath upon his devoted head. But, after all, what would the rabble care about Algernon Fitz-Allen? The humiliating, torturing probability was that they wouldn't care a rush if I should flay him alive. What upon earth was I to do? If I could only hit upon something that would make them leap, and jump, and devour, and ask for more! If only that dear, clever lady had handed me over her revelation at that moment, I would have fallen upon my knees, I would have embraced her feet! And, after all, what did she want with it? Her fame was secured. She had the public under her thumb. When I last went to see "Uncle Tom's Cabin," so many people were "dissolving into their pocket-handkerchiefs" that the dampness of the theatre put my hair out of curl.

I heard Jenny bid mamma good-by, and I saw the majestic figure again glide out the back gate. What could it mean? Was she going to desert the peaches? Didn't she know that this was a dangerous proceeding? If the fruit was ripe, it would decay; if the peaches were green, they were not fit to can.

"I'll be here the first thing in the morning," said mamma.

"Yes, grandma," said Jenny. Then the house was silent again.

I bound a wet towel around my head, and sat fixedly gazing at the paper before me. How about Algernon Fitz-Allen?

The poor man was in the same condition of misery. I was unable to extend to him a helping hand. I didn't even know what was the matter with him. I remained gazing upon the sentence at the top of the sheet, feeling that the white glare of the blankness underneath was gradually reducing me to ossification.

Presently a grateful odor stole into the room, spread itself under my nostrils. It was the boiling of peach sirup! I knew it in an instant. Was it possible Jenny was doing them herself? Rash child! How I envied her! Suddenly a light footstep came rapidly through the hall, entered, and Jenny threw herself almost at my feet. I never noticed how pretty she was before. Her hair had tumbled itself in little curls about her forehead; an irresistible, shy, pleading look shone in her brown eyes.

"Mamma, mamma!" cried the dear child, "pray forgive me for disturbing you, but I've commenced the peaches, and I can't find the rubber rings. Oh, mamma, if you'd only come, just for a minute, and help me look!"

I embraced her; my heart was too full to speak. I took off the wet towel; I left poor Algernon Fitz to get out of the scrape as best he could; I flew to the kitchen. Gracious Heavens! what a delicious, cozy, inviting little room it was, to be sure! How the kettle danced, and the cat purred! When little Minty put up her hands for mamma I kissed her with rapture.

"I do wonder where are the rubber rings?" said Jenny.

"On the third shelf in the right-hand corner of the closet," I replied, handing them down.

"Oh, you dear mammy! how nice it is to have you down here again! Don't go back, mamma, please don't! We're so tired of grandmamma; ain't we, Bridget?"

Bridget appealed to the Holy Virgin to support her in the protest that she was thoroughly tired of poor mamma.

What a happy day it was! When the boys came home from school they shouted with delight, scarcely knowing the reason why. Such a delicious little supper we had ready for papa!

"Hallo!" he said, stopping on the threshold with astonishment.

"On a strike, Minnie?"

"Yes, Gus; I'll never go back again, never!"

"Well, it's right jolly to get you down here," he said, looking at me with all his might. "How nice your hair looks!"

It gave me a pang to think I was almost like a resuscitated corpse to them all.

"I'll never go back again, never, Gus!" I repeated, vigorously.

"But how will you explain to the ancient dragon?" said Gus, alluding irreverently to mamma.

"I'll make a plain statement of facts, Gus, and she can read it with the rest."

THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

"DOWN WITH THE BOURBONS!"

THE 30th of September, 1868, witnessed a singular scene in the quiet little village of Biarritz. The railroad station was crowded. The waiting-room was thronged. Eager and curious faces peered out at the windows. The road leading from the village to the station was filled with carriages. It was not merely the peasantry who had been assembled here. Among those who were drawn to the dépôt on this occasion, by the general expectancy, were several representative families of the nobility.

The little village of Biarritz, so insignificant that it is not to be found on any of the ordinary atlases, lies on the southern borders of France. It is on the direct road from Paris to Madrid. If the reader will find Bayonne he will not be far from Biarritz. On our latest atlases the railroad is left unfinished. It is now completed.

A little before one o'clock the waiting-room of the station is cleared by orders from some superior. Peasantry and nobility are turned out together into the court-yard. A tall, handsome lady, with commanding figure, occupies, with one or two companions, the first-class *salon*. This is the Empress of the French. Her companion and confidante is the Marchioness of Javal-Quinto. A solitary man, with a thoughtful but expressionless face, paces to and fro the platform where, ordinarily, none but railroad officials are allowed, except on the arrival and departure of trains. This is the foremost man in European politics—Napoleon III., Emperor of the French. He has come to attend the funeral of the Bourbon dynasty. He is not a mourner. But he is an adept in the art of dissimulation. He will seem to mourn.

It is a little after one o'clock. The sound of an approaching train is heard. It is from the south. An eager expectancy is every where observable. Even the passionless face of the imperturbable emperor lights up with a momentary gleam. A special train rolls into the station. On the balcony of the saloon carriage, as if impatient to descend, stands a stout, burly woman, who shows in her rather coarse face, and presently in her rather harsh voice, some of the features which belong to her masculine character—shrewdness, obstinacy, a certain degree of courage. Alas! they are mated to a sensual disposition, to a superstitious nature, to an inveterate ignorance, to a persistent contempt of the people, and to that singular inability to comprehend the course of events which is the fatality of the Bourbon family. This is Isabella, Queen of Spain; from this day forth queen no longer.

Just behind her stands the favorite, for whose sake she is now abdicating her uneasy throne, Marfori, the object of the peoples' just hatred and contempt; as pompous in his adversity as he ever was in his prosperity. He wears over his black coat the broad ribbon of the order of Charles III. Just behind him, and in the doorway of the carriage, stands the king. Within are the members of the royal family.

Almost at the same moment with the arrival of this train there rolls into the station from the opposite direction the express from Paris to Madrid. It is filled with Spanish refugees, who have heard of the revolution, and are returning to their home to participate in it. If the object of the queen's haste is to avoid this rencontre she is too late. The rumor of her flight has preceded her. She is recognized. The car windows are thrown open. Angry faces glare at her and her infamous companion. Curses loud and deep salute her. "Fuera! fuera!"—"Out with her! out with her!" This is the greeting which this most illustrious queen receives on this day of her departure from her native land.

It is not in the power of a shameless life utterly to extinguish in any woman that woman's nature with which God has endowed her. Tears start to the queen's eyes at this salutation from her subjects in this hour of her humiliation. It was not characteristic of chivalric Spain. But Spain had suffered too much at this woman's hands to be chivalric. The queen quickly descends to the platform. The court favorite, the king, and Father Claret, the queen's confessor, follow her. They are cordially greeted by the emperor and the empress. The royal party then enter alone the first-class waiting-room. The attendants remain without.

What occurred during that interview no one but those who participated in it knows. And only the four royal personages were present—the Emperor and Empress of the French, the King and Queen of Spain. Had the queen hoped for a French intervention? Did the empress add her entreaties to those of the guilty and unfortunate queen? If so, it was in vain. The emperor was immovable. His life-long purpose had been to execute what his uncle failed to accomplish. He has been bent on destroying the Bourbon dynasty which destroyed Napoleon I. He is not the man to be swerved from a life-long purpose by the tears of two women and the sympathies of an hour. In twenty minutes the interview was ended, the last hopes of the Bourbon queen were at an end. "We have nothing left but to depart," said an officer of their suit, as the royal party issued again from the waiting-room to the platform. He read this conclusion upon the tearful face of the empress, upon the resolute but ineffectually masked face of Isabella. The latter ascended again the gallery of the car. The king and suit followed her. The empress mounted for a moment to the gallery to give to her royal guest a parting kiss. She then resumed her place at her husband's side. Her eyes were full of tears. His face was as imperturbable as ever; but he stood with head uncovered, as is the French fashion in the presence of death. It is no fantastic fancy that perceives in this carriage a hearse, containing the last mortal remains of a once powerful dynasty. The bell rings out a funeral knell. At the sound of the signal the train moves off. The reign of Queen Isabella is ended. Spain is free.

To understand the real significance of this event and the causes which led to it, we must go back a little.

HISTORY.

Sixty years before, Bayonne, a few miles from Biarritz, as we have said, was the scene of an interview equally significant and memorable. The parties were the Emperor of the French and two rival Kings of Spain—father and son. The tramp of Napoleon's armies was shaking all Europe. The cannon of the French revolution had echoed among the Pyrenees. Even lethargic Spain was awakened from her slumber of centuries. One bright spring morning the king was astonished to find his palace surrounded by an infuriate mob. His favorite prime minister, Manuel Godoy, barely escaped with his life. Charles III. of Spain was glad to avoid the fate of Louis of France by an act of abdication. He resigned his throne in favor of "our dear son Ferdinand." To his "well-beloved subjects," howling before his balcony, he declared with trembling lips, "I never performed an act with more pleasure in my life." On the same day he appealed to Napoleon I. to be reinstated. "I have been forced to abdicate!" he cried. His "well-beloved son Ferdinand" was a Spanish Absalom. He had instigated the mob. He is accused of an attempt to murder both his parents and the prime minister. His character and subsequent conduct render the charge not improbable. He appealed on the same day to the same patron.

In answer to these appeals, Napoleon I. invited both father and son to meet him at Bayonne. It was the invitation of the spider to the fly. It was accepted. The king and prince met their gracious patron in answer to his gracious invitation. The result was the dethronement of them both. Joseph, King of Naples, was declared by Napoleon's decree King of Spain. Napoleon's failures were as sublime as his successes. The Spanish intervention was one of those blunders which state craft accounts as worse than a crime. It aroused all the pride of the Spanish nobility. They arose as one man to resent the insult and expel the invader. The peasantry armed themselves with knives, scythes, axes, whatever came to their hand. The priests marched at their head. For once Spain was united. What was more astonishing, for once Spain was aroused.

The peninsular war ended in the re-establishment of Ferdinand on the throne of his father. But the six years which had intervened wrought the work of a century in his subjects. They had mingled first with the French, then with the English, the two foremost nations of Europe. For the first time in their national existence they fought not for their king, not for their creed, but for their country. For the first time they formed voluntarily an alliance with a Protestant nation. They had before been loyal. They now experienced a new sentiment, that of patriotism. War is a wonderful educator. Her schooling is painful, but efficacious. Old Spain was buried in this earthquake. A new Spain arose from its ruins.

Of all this Ferdinand was profoundly ignorant. He was a true Bourbon. "Our son," said his affectionate mother, "has a mule's head and a tiger's heart." His reign justified this estimate of his character. He commenced at once to administer his government in the nineteenth century on the same principles upon which it had been administered by his forefathers in the sixteenth. He abolished the constitution by an imperial decree. He revived the Inquisition. He restored the Church to all its ancient privileges and prerogatives. He reinstated Jesuitism in its former power. The very men by whose swords his right to his father's throne had been maintained were exiled or executed for their liberal principles. They had learned to love their country more than their king. This is an unpardonable sin in the eyes of a Bourbon. But the principles of liberty had grown too strong to be eradicated by fire or sword. The history of Ferdinand's reign was one of almost continuous insurrections. When they threatened success he swore to respect the popular constitution. When they

failed, he persecuted with the utmost severity all who had participated in them.

ISABELLA REGINA.

The death of Ferdinand added a new insurrectionary element. By the Spanish constitution no woman could inherit a crown. Ferdinand had no sons. His eldest brother, Don Carlos, was therefore heir-apparent to the throne. But Ferdinand never suffered a constitution to stand in his way. As old age began to indicate unmistakably that his own troubled reign drew to its close, he issued an imperial decree rescinding the obnoxious provision. This was the last important act of his life. He died, leaving Isabella queen at the tender age of three years and two months. Christina, her mother, was made regent. Don Carlos at once raised the standard of revolt. More absolute even than his despotic brother, he gathered about him the extreme absolutists. His ranks were increased by the same sort of volunteers that gathered about David in the wilderness of Engedi. "Every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him." From its earliest days, Spain has been famous for its brigandage. The Carlists, taking the name of their leader, were in numbers formidable. Fortunately for Spain, they possessed none of that union in which is strength. They were not united by any principle. Don Carlos had not the power to unite them by any personal enthusiasm for himself. After five or six years of desultory campaigning, their military forces melted away. Don Carlos fled the country. Christina, driven from her throne, followed him shortly after. At the age of thirteen or fourteen, Isabella was declared by legislative enactment to be of age, and assumed the reins of government.

She inherited from her father a revolutionary kingdom. On the one side were the Carlists, who represented the despotism of the past; on the other stood the party of progress—often divided in councils among themselves—who represented the hopes of the future. A man of genius might perhaps have brought order out of the chaotic kingdom. A woman of transcendent virtues might have secured the affection, and so the adhesion, of her subjects. But Isabella possessed neither genius nor virtue. She is a genuine Bourbon—every way worthy of her illustrious parentage. She inherits from her grandfather his sensuality, from her father his superstition, from both cupidity. That she is guilty of drinking habitually to intoxication is universally believed in Spain. That she has contrived to carry out of the country sufficient public moneys to provide handsomely for herself in exile is generally believed in Paris. She has obstinacy without firmness, cunning without intelligence, rashness without courage, superstition without religion. Her conscience is in the keeping of her father confessor; her affections in that of her court favorite. Father Claret and Marfori have been the rulers of Spain. Isabella has only been queen. From the day of her accession to that of her abandonment of the throne, Spain has never known a day of true peace. Revolution has followed revolution. Rarely has any administration lasted more than a few months. One, eminent for the brevity of its life, ruled Spain just twenty-four hours, then expired. It is known derisively as the "lightning ministry."

And we, forsooth! are commended to monarchy, because it gives us a *stable* government.

Yet, though administrations changed, the Jesuits never ceased to control the conscience and the policy of the queen. The triumphs of their adversaries were always short-lived. It even passed into a Spanish proverb: "The same dog with different collars."

GONZALEZ BRAVO.

The last of these changing administrations was that of Gonzalez Bravo. To the intolerable badness of his rule Spain is indebted for the present revolution. In youth a republican, in mature life an absolutist, Gonzalez Bravo combines the zeal of a renegade with the cunning craft of a professional politician. To the gifts of nature he has added the advantages of an education in the court of Madrid, notorious for its corruption even among the corrupt courts of Europe. In an age and country infamous for intrigue, he has attained a disgraceful notoriety. Unrestrained by principle, bold to audacity, he knows not even the fear of detection, which often withholds public men from scandalous vices. He never hesitates to sacrifice his reputation for substantial power. His advent into political circles in 1833 was signalized by a lie so audacious that no one credited it, yet so supported that no one dared resist it. The president of the first council of Queen Isabella was Olozaga, then the foremost man, still perhaps the foremost man, in Spanish politics. His first act was a proclamation dissolving the Cortes, and ordering a new election. It was almost instantly followed by a royal proclamation revoking it, and dismissing the minister in whose name it had been issued. The Cortes and the country waited impatiently for an explanation of this singular phenomenon. Gonzalez Bravo, the successor of Olozaga in the ministry, appeared on the appointed day to make it. He presented to the astonished nation the first official document ever signed by the young Queen of Spain. It consisted of a charge against her late prime minister that by personal violence he had extorted the decree of dissolution at her hands. The character of Olozaga was above impeachment. No one credited the falsehood. But the axiom, "The queen can do no wrong," was too deeply rooted in the Spanish mind to be impugned. The port-folio of Olozaga passed into the hands of Gonzalez Bravo.

Such is the man who, in April, 1867, at the death of Narvaez, succeeded, for the third time,

to the prime ministry of the most restless and uneasy kingdom in Europe. For thirty years he had been familiar with the intrigues of the court. He knew the dangers which environed him. He prepared to grapple with them. Under his administration and that of his predecessor, whose spirit he imbibed, absolutism ran mad. The Cortes were treated as a nullity. The president and vice-president were arrested and imprisoned. Marshal Serrano was sent in close custody to the castle of Alicante. The Duc and Duchesse de Montpensier were notified to leave the kingdom within twenty-four hours. General Dulce was banished to Teneriffe. Olozaga retired to Paris. General Prim fled to Belgium. Espartero escaped the fate of his companions only by living in absolute retirement. In less than two years nearly every Spanish general or statesman of note, of whatever party, who was not already committed to the support of Gonzalez Bravo was in prison or in exile. Spain was reduced to the merest despotism. Gonzalez Bravo was the despot.

In the eighteenth century these energetic measures might have quelled the incipient revolution. In the nineteenth they only accelerated it. All previous revolutions had been directed against the ministry. Now, for the first time, the project of ridding Spain of the Bourbon queen was agitated. The excessive despotism of Bravo united all parties against the government. His treatment of tried and favorite officers disaffected the army. The people had been long disaffected. Olozaga was the first to suggest, what became the war-cry of the revolution, "Down with the Bourbons!" Desperation begets boldness.

His followers at first were few. But Gonzalez Bravo very kindly recruited for him. The country, sick of changing dynasties that brought no relief, wearied of Jesuitical control which ruled alike in almost every cabinet, caught eagerly the cry. The army began secretly to re-echo it. Olozaga is more than a man of genius—he is a man of patience. He restrained his colleagues from that impetuosity of action which had rendered so many revolutionary attempts nugatory. He quietly waited the opportunity which he was sure the infatuated administration would afford him. He was not mistaken. Three acts, either of which might have precipitated a revolution, combined to render this a bloodless one.

The greatest want of revolutions is money. Capital is loth to invest in them. They can not issue bonds and borrow in foreign markets. Gonzalez Bravo considerately supplied the revolutionists with means by driving the Duc de Montpensier to their ranks. The duc is perhaps the most unpopular man in Spain. He is of French descent; and the Spaniards hate the French. He is married to Maria Louise, the younger sister of Queen Isabella; and the Spaniards hate the daughters of Ferdinand. By birth and by marriage he is connected with the Bourbon family; and the Spaniards hate the Bourbons. He is an intense and intolerant bigot; and all the progressive element in Spain is rising up in indignant protest against bigotry. His personal qualities are not such as to awaken popular enthusiasm. He has the reputation of being both parsimonious and cowardly. He lends his money at interest, and woe to the debtor that falls into his clutches! He buys at the lowest cash prices, and delays payment to save interest. He rents out his orchard, and is derisively called the "orange peddler." His life has been spent in the midst of revolutions, yet he has never participated in them. At the fall of Louis Philippe he fled from the Tuileries, leaving his young wife to take care of herself. At a local outbreak in Seville he fled to the sea-coast, though no violence was threatened him. Such at least are the Spanish stories of him. His reputation, if not his character, robs him of all personal influence. But he is one of the wealthiest grandees in the kingdom. His palace in Seville rivals in its tasteless decorations any in Spain. His wealth is his only power. The jealousy which impelled Bravo to exile the duc was therefore a peculiarly unreasonable one. By driving Montpensier from the kingdom he did nothing to weaken the revolution; he only removed one whose personal presence would have proved a hindrance to its leaders. At the same time he deepened, if he did awaken, Montpensier's enmity. Though the duc would not commit himself personally to the revolt, he was moved by revenge to contribute liberally to a cause which motives of patriotism never could have induced him to support.

As we have already said, Gonzalez Bravo alienated the army by his treatment of its leading officers. In all previous revolutions the navy had remained loyal. With singular infatuation Bravo succeeded in overcoming that loyalty. He reduced the rank and pay of many of its officers, and suffered its sailors to go utterly unpaid. That he might be extravagant where he should have been economical, he was economical where he should have been extravagant. The flame of discontent, enkindled among the people, ran through the navy. When the leaders of the revolution were ready to act, the fleet of Spain was at their disposal.

Only an opportunity for united action was wanting. That, also, the considerate prime minister afforded the revolutionists. The uneasy queen, perhaps foreboding new trouble, perhaps only mindful of past revolutions, sought an alliance with France. She proposed to furnish to the emperor an army of forty thousand men, and a naval squadron. She requested in return his protection in case her dynasty was attacked. The negotiations halted. She proposed an interview. It was granted. Early in September the Emperor of the French left Paris; the Queen of Spain left Madrid. They were to meet at San Sebastian. The journey of the one was a series of ovations. The other

traveled, unheralded, through the midst of a silent and sullen people. An alliance with France, to support her tottering throne, was utterly unendurable to the haughty Castilian. The hour had come. On the 18th of September, 1868, Isabella met Napoleon III. at San Sebastian. On the following day the flag of free Spain was unfurled in the port of Cadiz.

THE REVOLT.

While Isabella was traveling from Madrid to San Sebastian, Generals Prim, Serrano, Dulce, Zabala, Cabalero de Rodas, and others, were meeting at Gibraltar to initiate the campaign. The plan of the revolutionists was very simple. Madrid is the centre of a circle from which radiate four railways. Santander, Cadiz, Cartagena, and Barcelona are in the circumference of this circle. A simultaneous rising at each of these points was determined upon. The people, ripe for insurrection, waited only the signal from their leaders. Topete, the admiral of the Spanish fleet, was already committed to the revolutionary cause. Captain Malcampo, of the iron-clad *Saragossa*, joined him. One or two shots from the fleet sufficed to overawe the few royal troops in the barracks at Cadiz. A landing was effected without opposition. Marshal Serrano, who headed the movement, was received with acclamation by the citizens. They flocked in crowds to his standard. It is said that in three days fourteen thousand volunteers were enrolled under his command. In compliance with the general plan agreed upon, Serrano marched immediately toward Madrid. Seville received him with open arms. Two regiments of royal troops, sent down to oppose him, revolted and went over to the rebel ranks. The first serious opposition which he encountered was at the bridge of Alcolea, between Seville and Cordova. This, the most considerable battle of the revolution, was really little more than a skirmish. The royalists retreated in disorder. The Marquis de Novaliches, who led them in person, fell mortally wounded. If Marshal Serrano had wished to follow up his success he might easily have routed the whole corps d'armée. It was, however, the policy of the revolutionists not to vanquish the army, but to win its support.

Almost at the same time with this movement in Southern Spain a part of the fleet appeared upon the northwest coast in the harbor of Santander. This was the signal for a popular rising in the town. The northern provinces of Spain are monarchical; the southern republican. The queen was about one hundred miles distant at San Sebastian. The Emperor of the French was just across the border. The news of General Serrano's movements had not yet traversed the kingdom. The people were timid. They hesitated. Two sharp but not severe engagements took place between the undrilled but enthusiastic inhabitants and the well disciplined but disaffected army. In these engagements the fleet were unable to co-operate without firing upon their friends. Nevertheless, in ten days after the appearance of the revolutionary flag in the streets of Cadiz, it floated over the military barracks of Santander. At the same time the city of Valladolid, the former capital of Spain, and in the direct road between San Sebastian and Madrid, declared against the queen. The ports of Corunna, Pontevedra, and Vigo, followed almost immediately the example of their sister cities.

While these events were occurring upon the southern and western coasts, events equally important were taking place upon the eastern. On the 27th of September three ships of the revolutionary fleet appeared in the harbor of Cartagena, which only awaited their appearance to join the revolt. A successful rising in Saragossa severed the railroad connection between Madrid and Barcelona. And when General Prim appeared with a portion of the rebel fleet in the harbor of the latter city, and Count de Cheste, whose royal forces had been barely adequate to prevent a popular uprising, retreated, the city rose *en masse* to welcome their deliverer. Thus, in less than ten days from the firing of the first gun at Cadiz, the revolutionists had occupied almost the entire sea-coast, and most of the important centres in the interior. Madrid alone remained quiet. This was not because the court party was more popular in the capital than elsewhere, but because the revolutionists wisely perceived that the quickest way to secure the capital was by simultaneously seizing the sea-port towns.

FLIGHT OF THE QUEEN.

The first news of the insurrection struck terror to the guilty prime minister. He did not even await the return of his queen. He telegraphed his resignation. General Concha, Military Governor of Madrid, assumed the reins of government, organized the royal army, and took energetic but unsuccessful measures to quell the outbreak. He telegraphed to the queen to return instantly to the capital. With military frankness he advised her of the conditions on which alone she could do so with safety. These were to dismiss her favorite, Marfori, and to establish religious liberty — conditions which she instantly and indignantly rejected. She preferred Marfori to her throne. Like Philip II., she would rather not reign at all than reign over heretics. Perplexed by the suddenness and the success of the revolutionary movements, deserted by her chief counselor, and unable to call to her aid any other one on whom she could rely, she hesitated, vacillated, adopted conflicting policies, pushed none of them to a conclusion. At one time she attempted to recruit, and expressed her determination to resist the insurgents to the death; but no soldiers flocked to her standard. At the next instant she offered to resign, if the revolutionists would accept the Prince of Asturias, her son, as their king.

On one occasion she actually took her place in the train to return to Madrid. A rumor that the road was in possession of the insurgents terrified her, and she abandoned her purpose. Every day she furnished the French press with the intelligence that the insurrection was substantially quelled. Every day brought to her intelligence of a new outbreak, and revealed, to her bewilderment, the proportions of the revolution. The defeat of her army at the bridge of Alcolea determined at once her course and that of her new prime minister. The day following, a deputation from the revolutionary committee waited on General Concha, and represented to him the hopelessness of further resistance. He assented, resigned the government into their hands, and retired. The military was disarmed. The arms of the soldiery were distributed among the people. They were organized into a temporary militia. In twenty-four hours the streets were patrolled by the newly-enrolled members of the army of the revolution. From every window hung festive decorations. In every street were banners with the mottoes, "Down with the Bourbons," "Sovereignty of the People," "Religious Liberty," "Free Education." From every steeple the bells rang out a joyous peal. Thus quietly, without the firing of a shot, the capital of Spain passed from the government of the Bourbons to that of the people.

Queen Isabella, with a heavy heart, abandoned the kingdom which afforded no longer even a safe refuge to her. On the 30th of September she left San Sebastian for the interview at Biarritz, which we have already witnessed. On the 3d of October Marshal Serrano entered the city of Madrid. The revolution was accomplished; Spain was free. Probably not five hundred lives had been lost, either in battle or by mob violence, in the entire campaign. It lasted less than a fortnight.

It is doubtful whether the world has ever witnessed so sudden and so successful an uprising of the people. It is true that the movement was inaugurated by the navy, and prosecuted by the army; but the popular sentiment gave to it its power. The energies of the few loyal troops were all employed in preventing popular outbreak. In consequence, General Concha had no troops to meet the forces of Serrano and Prim. The fleet could not easily have effected a landing at Santander, had it not been for the popular rising at Valladolid; perhaps not at Barcelona, had there been no outbreak at Saragossa. Wherever the flag of freedom appeared, it was greeted with acclamation. Nothing could resist the tumultuous joy of a people who for more than thirty years had been kept in subjection by the arms of those who now became their deliverers. "General Prim and his escort," says an eye-witness of his entrance into Barcelona, "were surrounded by thousands of men, women, and children, who poured in waves from every street to join in the glorious procession. These struggled one with another for a chance to embrace the soldiers who formed the escort. Stern men hugged their knees, and kissed their boots in adoration; women embraced the horses, clung around their necks as if they could speak or share in the general enthusiasm; every article of the horse's equipage was either regarded with mute idolatry, or, in a transport of feeling, was kissed with as much fervor as ever holy image was." This scene was repeated in every town—Seville, Saragossa, Valladolid, Santander, Madrid. Emphatically, the Spanish Revolution is a popular movement. The army and navy have been the servants, not the masters of the people.

THE REVOLUTIONARY LEADERS.

Nevertheless it has not been an aimless revolution. It has been led by men of genius, and conducted to its consummation with admirable skill. Its bloodless success is due, first, to the insane policy of the infatuated Gonzalez Bravo; next to the wisdom of Olozaga, Prim, Serrano, and Espartero. Generally, revolutions educate their own leaders. Cromwell was born of the civil wars; Napoleon of the revolution, which at last he mastered. But Spain for thirty years had been educating her emancipators. When the time for action came they were already men of matured experience.

Of these the foremost man in the whole movement is probably Señor Olozaga. A statesman, not a warrior, he has not been prominent in the revolution which he has promoted. Throughout his career a consistent liberal, he is one of the few politicians of Spain who has not changed his principles to secure office, and possesses in a peculiar manner the confidence of the people. Driven from court and from his country by Gonzalez Bravo over thirty years ago, charged by him with an infamous offense against his queen, too much of a Spaniard to forget such a wrong, motives of private revenge have mingled with purer motives of patriotism in securing his participation in the rebellion. Radical in principle, conservative in method, a republican at heart, yet a sufficient statesman to perceive that the constitution of a country must be adapted to the condition and wants of the people, as restive as any of his comrades under the evils which have cursed Spain so many years, yet more patient in enduring them until the time for action should arrive, he was the first to recommend the expulsion of the Bourbons, while he held back his comrades from striking an impetuous and therefore unsuccessful blow. Though he has declined office in the counsels of the new government, he is in fact one of its chief counselors. To his spirit of combined caution and courage its success is largely due.

It is impossible to feel the same confidence in Marshal Serrano. He is a professional revolutionist. For half a century he has been consistent as an office-seeker—consistent in little else. He has been in turn conservative and

liberal. In various revolutions of the past he has intrigued or fought against every one of his companions in arms. He is now placed in office less, probably, by reason of any public confidence in the man than because he is one of those men whose name, whose influence, and whose powers can be purchased for a cause only by appointing them to prominent positions. Seemingly the leader of the movement, he is really borne upon the wave which he could not, if he would, control. Probably he has no inclination to control it. In the present he is a good liberal, as in the past he has been a good conservative. He belongs to a class of men whose convictions are not their own, but those of their party. He is as honest as such a partisan can well be.

The most popular man of the hour is doubtless General Prim. He occupies in public esteem something the same position which Zachary Taylor occupied with us. A soldier by profession, bold, dashing, generous, open-hearted, he is characterized by that impetuous bravery which at once renders him the idol of the people and unfits him to be their leader. He is doubtless the foremost military man in Spain. Most of his life has been spent in war. Campaigns in which he could not participate he has made haste to visit. He was at the Crimea in 1854, and a spectator of the peninsular campaign in Virginia in 1862. He was the commandant of the Spanish forces in the Mexican expedition, which he abandoned, without orders, because, as he said, he was not content to be the tool of France. Always a soldier, rather than a politician, his sympathies have invariably identified him with the party of progress. His visit to the United States confirmed his republican predilections. He regards our government as a model, though he strenuously maintains that Spain is not prepared for its adoption.

Such are the men under whose leadership Spain has thrown off the yoke of centuries.

For Admiral Topete, Minister of the Marine in the new government,* is one of the leaders of the revolution rather in consequence of his previous position as admiral of the Spanish navy than by virtue of any inherent force of character. General Dulce, though one of its instigators, has had no prominent position in its prosecution. And Espartero, whom all the people honor as a father, too advanced in years to take an active part in movements so stirring, lends to them only his sympathy and his counsels.

THE NEW AND THE OLD.

The flight of Queen Isabella ended the rebellion. It is not easy to overestimate the perplexities with which that flight left her apparently victorious foes surrounded. Spain was absolutely without a government. There was no general accord among the people, or even among their leaders, what the government should be. Its form, its character, the principles which should underlie it, were all to be determined. Its chief executive—king, dictator, or president—was to be chosen from half a score of rival claimants.

The finances were in a desperate condition. There was no money in the treasury. No loan could be negotiated in foreign markets. The experiment was tried and failed. The taxes were intolerable. They must be lightened. To neglect them was to breed another revolution. And yet, burdensome as they were, they did not meet the current expenses of the kingdom.

The poverty of the people was extreme. The streets of the city were thronged with ragged men and women, clamorous not for charity, but for labor. It is estimated that in the latter part of the seventeenth century there were over twenty thousand mendicants in the streets of Madrid. Little had been done to improve the condition of the people in this respect. The highways swarmed with strolling beggars, the mountain passes with brigands. Hunger does not make men reasonable. The peasantry expected the new government instantly to abate their taxes, to provide them with remunerative labor, to furnish their families with bread. An established government can quell a causeless *émeute*. The revolutionists could not afford to suffer one to spring up.

New relations between the Church and State were all to be established. They could not be settled upon purely abstract principles, however just, however simple. It is impossible for an American to comprehend the intense bigotry of the religious portion of Roman Catholic Spain. With them the Church was synonymous with Christianity. A heretic was regarded with that superstitious dread with which an infidel was regarded in a Puritan village half a century ago. The proposition to dissever the Church and State was considered by the religious people to be equivalent to a proposition to abandon wholly the Christian religion. A petition, signed by fifteen thousand ladies, besought the provisional government not to be guilty of laying desecrating hands upon the Most Holy Catholic Church. "Do not," they cried, "permit impiety to enter into Spain." "Recollect, even the mighty die. Those who rule and govern the people have to give a strict account to God. Oh, that when your children go to pray at the tomb of their father, they may not recollect with horror that his hands opened the gates of his country to impiety." It is impossible to doubt the genuineness of the sentiments thus expressed. It is equally impossible for a statesman altogether to disregard the honest convictions of the people, however little he may sympathize with them. And yet the leaders of the revolution were wise enough to see that, if the priesthood were left in control, the real king of Spain would not be discrowned, whatever form the government might assume.

Education was to be provided for the common people. Their ignorance is something incredible. It is estimated that less than one-

* He has recently resigned.

fifth of the entire population of the kingdom can read or write. The schools were entirely under the control of the clergy. The *curriculum* consisted almost entirely of the catechism. In the eighteenth century a prominent Spaniard declared that he who was learned in all the wisdom of the Spanish schools was only "more ignorant than he was before he began." "And there can be no doubt," says Mr. Buckle, "that he was right. There can be no doubt that in Spain the more a man was taught the less he would know. For he was taught that inquiry was sinful, that intellect must be repressed, and that credulity and submission were the first of human attributes." All this was to be changed. No nation is free unless the minds of the people are emancipated.

Local abuses, long borne in patience, demanded instant redress. To the statesman and the philosopher, who perceive how readily such wrongs correct themselves under a good government, they are matters of secondary importance. To the people who suffer from them, and who are often absolutely incapable of comprehending the secret and remote causes which produce them, they are of the first importance.

Above all, the revolutionists had to maintain in victory that harmony which had been produced only by common sufferings, and a common purpose of self-vindication. In this campaign men fought shoulder to shoulder who had fought for half a century only face to face. Prim was exiled by Espartero in 1842, and participated in the combination which drove Espartero from office and the country in 1844. Marshal Serrano united with Gonzalez Bravo in the overthrow of Olozaga in 1834, and with O'Donnell against Espartero in 1856. Nor were these divisions merely historical. Some of the revolutionists were ardent republicans; some sincere monarchists; some were churchmen; some, schooled in the French philosophy, had no faith in any church—scarcely faith in God. Some were anxious only to correct individual wrongs and local abuses; others to expel the Bourbons without changing the form of government; others to drive out the Jesuits without disturbing the Church; others demanded a new government founded on the sovereignty of the people, and patterned on the model of the United States. Different candidates, too, had their adherents. The Duc de Montpensier; Ferdinand, ex-King of Portugal; Don Juan, ex-King of Saxony; Amadeo of Savoy, and Prince Alfred of England, to say nothing of Don Carlos and the young Prince of Asturias, were all pressed for the throne. In the neighboring empire of France, the queen, protesting against the revolution which had dethroned her, watched the issue of these divisions. Wily priests and politicians were ready to foment them. To keep these discordant elements united, to make the government represent the average sentiment of the kingdom, to spur up the laggard, and restrain the impetuous, this required no ordinary measure of statesmanship.

Juntas were at once organized. These are self-constituted vigilance committees. They are born of the revolution. A central committee at Madrid served the purpose of a national government. How fully this entire movement was a popular one is evident from the fact that these juntas sprang up in almost every municipality. Over five hundred were organized almost simultaneously. Entirely independent, they were imbued with one spirit, and worked in harmony. How little any spirit of absolutism pervaded them is evident from the fact that later, on the election of the Cortes, they all voluntarily disbanded, and resigned their authority into the hands of the constituent assembly. A national cabinet was formed by proclamation of Marshal Serrano. The chief executive was offered by unanimous consent to Espartero. He declined. Wisely, therefore, the revolutionists agreed to dispense with a chief executive. The government thus formed announced itself to be temporary only. It proclaimed its purpose of submitting all questions to a Cortes, to be elected by the general suffrages of the people. Meanwhile it proceeded energetically to meet immediate exigencies. Within six days after Marshal Serrano entered Madrid the Central Junta issued the following sententious and significant declaration of rights, in a few short sentences sweeping away the traditions of centuries, and proclaiming for Spain the inauguration of a new civilization:

"The Junta, faithful to its elevated origin, makes the following declaration of rights: Universal suffrage, liberty of worship, liberty of instruction, liberty of reunion and peaceful association, liberty of publication without special legislation, decentralization of administration that shall devolve authority to the municipalities and to the provinces, judgment by jury in criminal affairs, unity of power in all the branches of the administration of justice, judicial immobility."

Measures were immediately taken to carry out in detail these principles, as well as to take the other necessary steps for the temporary organization of the government. A voluntary loan was called for. In less than six weeks the subscription by the people amounted to three hundred and nineteen million reals—nearly forty million dollars. The various subordinate offices were filled by men in sympathy with the new movement. The regular army was reduced. The royal guards, an expensive but useless branch of the service, were disbanded. An order was issued for the election of municipal officers. Justices of the peace were appointed throughout the state. A decree was promulgated disbanding all monastic establishments organized since 1845, and expelling the Jesuits. Liberty of worship was secured. Protestant chapels were opened at Madrid and Seville, and the distribution of Bibles commenced by English and American missionaries. Ini-

tiatory steps toward the abolition of slavery were taken by a decree that all children born of mothers in slavery should be free. A council was appointed to take possession in the name of the new state of all the property of the crown. By previous law all schools were under the care of the Church. This law was annulled. Education was made free. Evening-schools were opened in the cities. It was announced that public schools would be established at the expense of the state in every district, to be under control of the local municipalities. And in less than a fortnight from the consummation of the revolution an order was issued for the election, by universal suffrage, of a Cortes—a Spanish constituent assembly—to receive the powers temporarily assumed by the provisional government, to frame a new constitution, and to organize, upon a permanent basis, a new government, founded upon the sovereignty of the people, and framed in accordance with their will.

A REVOLT AGAINST THE REVOLUTION.

Of course the new government met with serious opposition. This came chiefly from two classes—the republicans and the reactionists. The term republican secures the sympathy of Americans. But words do not always accurately represent realities. The republicans of Europe are its impracticables. They are possessed of sublime ideas. They do not know how to realize them in actual institutions. They agitate, but can not govern. They are leaders of public sentiment. They are not competent to frame political institutions. The republicans of Spain, indignant at the monarchical purposes of the new government, and dissatisfied because their party was not represented in the councils of the nation, instigated the first popular revolt against the new administration.

In the incipient stages of the revolution the people had been supplied with arms by the military leaders. They had been organized as a volunteer militia. Though they had done little or no fighting, they had materially contributed to the success of the revolt. In the reorganization of the army the new government ordered the disarmament of this volunteer force. This order may have been necessary. It was certainly very unpopular. It was said that this would leave the people again at the mercy of the military; that the cabinet meditated a *coup d'état;* that General Prim was to be dictator; that Spain would only change King Log for King Stork. The discontent of the republicans was fomented by the priesthood and the absolutists. Liberals and Carlists joined hands; a curious illustration of the truth that extremes meet.

The first outbreak occurred, singularly enough, in the city where the flag of new Spain was first unfurled—Cadiz. The port of the finest wine district of Spain, its commerce is considerable, though its commercial facilities are insignificant. Its beautiful harbor, its vine-clad hills, its weather-beaten fortifications, its Oriental architecture, its Moorish domes, and its grand old trees, in the midst of whose luxuriant foliage the latter are half hidden, combine to make it the most beautiful city in the kingdom. But its streets are narrow and crooked, its houses high and overhanging; and thus its antique structure affords every facility for barricades. The commercial metropolis of the Andalusian provinces, it is the heart of Spanish republicanism. On the 5th of December the intelligence flashed across the wires that a new revolution had broken out in Cadiz. Barricades were thrown up in the streets. Between five and six hundred, built of earth and stone, guarded all the principal avenues. The resolute people, maddened by an order that was unfortunate if not unnecessary, misled by false reports that were plausible though untrue, determined to surrender their arms only with their lives.

The movement took not only the government, but the city itself by surprise. It was unpremeditated. It had no leader—none certainly competent to direct. No attempt had been made to prepare for it by correspondence with other cities. The insurgents were not supplied with any store of provisions. They took no measures to keep open their communications. They had not even accumulated ammunition. The fleet commanded the harbor; the army cut off all supplies by land. The *émeute* must have inevitably died of mere exhaustion. But the commanding general had not the wisdom of patience. He ordered at once an assault. The forts turned their fire upon the city. The infantry attempted to carry the barricades. They were repulsed with heavy loss. The fire of the artillery battered down some public buildings, killed some women and children, but produced no perceptible effect upon the insurgents. From Saturday till Tuesday night the city was a battle-field. The air was thick with flying shot and shell. The insurgents were left masters of the field.

Meanwhile General Rodas was dispatched by the provisional government with a large force to the scene. He did not arrive till Thursday. Hostilities in the mean time ceased. By a sort of tacit consent a truce was observed. The gates of the city were opened, and non-combatants were allowed to pass out. Over thirty thousand made their escape. This truce saved further bloodshed. The insurgents had time to reflect. Their appeal to other cities had not been responded to. They were without food, ammunition, or the possibility of receiving recruits. It was one city against all Spain. The offices of the American consul were called for. The American flag was regarded with respect by the government, with enthusiasm by the people. Our consul, Captain Farrell, proved himself a worthy representative of his government. He appealed to the citizens to cease a struggle that was hopeless. He carried to the army proposals for a surrender. He received the arms of the insurgents, which, with Spanish

pride, they refused to deliver to General Rodas. After a week of siege the *émeute* was ended. A few of the ringleaders were arrested. Some of them were at last advices still in prison.

A less serious outbreak in Malaga, more easily quelled, ended the Andalusian revolt. In it, however, more lives were lost than in the revolution itself. It is estimated that between five hundred and a thousand were killed or seriously wounded.

While the republicans opposed the new government because it was too conservative, the old régime, whose adherents were not only numerous but strong in wealth, influence, and ecclesiastical power, opposed it because it was too radical. Mr. Buckle has shown that all the early wars of Spain were for the Church or for the monarch. The revolutionists struck first at the queen, next at the priesthood. The loyalty and the conscience of ancient Spain armed itself to resist the assault. Fortunately for freedom, that resistance outraged even the conscience of all true Roman Catholics, less by the murderous violence it offered to a public official and estimable man, than by its desecration of a holy place. By the assassination of the Governor of Burgos the priesthood did more to disenthrall the people than the government could have done by any decree.

For centuries the riches of the richest country in Europe have been concentrated in the Church. At the commencement of the seventeenth century there were upward of nine thousand monasteries in Spain, besides nunneries. The clergy increased in proportion. The Cathedral of Seville had one hundred ministers; the diocese fourteen thousand. The universities of Spain were under the control of the Church; their libraries, museums, art galleries, were all in the possession of the clergy. The cathedrals were magnificent repositories of buried and useless wealth. Jeweled robes, costly altars, gold, silver, and diamond furniture, were here accumulated to grace the Church ceremonies, and redound to the glory of the Holy Mother, who induces her children to renounce the pomp and vanities of this wicked world by seizing them all herself. This property—uncounted millions, the sum total of which it is impossible to estimate—belonged to the people of Spain. They had paid for it. The government proposed to take possession of it in their name. For this purpose a decree was issued. It directed the civil authorities to repair to the churches, monasteries, and colleges in their respective districts, to prepare a careful inventory of this public property; to take possession of it in the name of the people; and to recommend to the central government a proper place for its future custody. "Objects of immediate application or frequent use in the worship" only were excepted. This order was to be simultaneously executed throughout the kingdom, on the 25th of January.

On that day Señor De Castro, Governor of Burgos, appeared before the cathedral door of that city to carry into execution this decree. Threatenings of assassination had been previously made. He never passed through the streets without a guard, never slept in the same house two nights in succession. But on this occasion he was unattended, save by his private secretary, a notary, and one or two policemen. Perhaps he thought that the presence of the church officials, and the sacredness of the church itself was a sufficient protection. The church door was closed and locked. He was admitted, however, through the archbishop's palace which adjoins the Cathedral. Accompanied by several ecclesiastical dignitaries, he commenced to make out the required inventory. Meanwhile a mob was assembling in the cathedral square. It rapidly increased. Knots of men discussed with angry gesticulations the order of the government. A word of the archbishop would have dispersed them, but it was not spoken. At length a leader furnished a war-cry: "Viva Carlos VII.! Viva la religion!" With this sacred word upon their lips the mob, with a few heavy blows, forced open the doors of the church. The infuriated crowd rushed in. The governor was seized, stabbed, thrown down, stamped upon. His blood flowed down upon the church steps. His body was dragged out into the open square. His head was crushed, his eyes cut from their sockets, his heart torn out, his whole body fearfully mangled. Not a word of remonstrance was uttered by the priests. Were they accomplices? or were they only cowards? History, perhaps, can never tell.

Horrible as was this event, it was fortunate for free Spain. By its very violence it produced a strong reaction in favor of religious liberty. The mob was quelled almost as soon as it had arisen. The archbishop himself was put under surveillance. The ringleaders were promptly arrested, tried, and sentenced to imprisonment and hard labor for life. Nothing but the resolution of the Central Junta to abolish capital punishment saved their lives. The reaction against the clerical party was intensified. In the streets of Madrid an immense throng waited upon the government, and demanded the immediate issue of a decree declaring absolute and unconditional freedom of worship. The house of the papal nuncio was visited, the coat of arms was torn from the door, and the nuncio himself escaped only by seeking refuge with one of the foreign embassadors.

For the subsequent passage by the Cortes of the constitutional provision for a free religion, Spain is principally indebted to the assassination of the Governor of Burgos.

THE CORTES.

Meanwhile the election of a Cortes had taken place. The assembly—the Constitutional Convention of Spain—met for organization on the 11th day of February, 1869, in the city of Madrid. It was elected by universal suffrage. For years no election has passed off so quietly in the

United States as did this one which ratified the revolution in Spain. The leaders appealed to the people. The people sustained them. In a body of a little over three hundred men, two hundred and thirteen were supporters of the ministry. They constituted a conglomerate party. They embraced men of all shades of opinion. But they were united in a resolute purpose to emancipate Spain, and they were agreed to intrust the helm in the hands of those who had thus far held it. There were about seventy-five radical republicans. These numbers do not, however, indicate their power. Among them were some of the ablest men of the kingdom. America has no statesman of more advanced and liberal views than Señor Orensè; no orator more gifted than Señor Castellar. The republicans have won few party triumphs in the Cortes. But they have intoned the whole assembly. They have educated the people. They have really won lasting triumphs, not for themselves, but for their principles.

The ecclesiastical party were represented by fifteen delegates.

The Cortes organized by the election of Señor Rivero. A democrat in principle, he possesses that characteristic which distinguishes a statesman from a reformer. He is willing to take what he can get when he can not get what he desires. His election was a concession to the progressive wing of the dominant party. Señor Serrano surrendered the government to the Cortes. He was authorized to form a new ministry. He did so by retaining the old one. Standing committees on various subjects were appointed. Within a month after the organization of the assembly the draft of a new constitution was submitted for its consideration. By this proposed constitution freedom of speech, of person, of education, and of worship was secured; the responsibility of all public functionaries was declared; the Catholic Church was continued as the state Church, but the exercise of all other forms of faith was permitted; suffrage was made universal; the Cortes was to be composed of two bodies, the provisions relating to its election, its procedure, its duties, and its privileges being borrowed from the precedents of the English Parliament; the government was declared to be a limited monarchy, based upon the sovereignty of the people; the crown hereditary; and the army was permitted to be maintained only by an annual vote of the Cortes.

For four months this constitution was under discussion. The fullest liberty of debate was maintained. Every important provision was fully considered. The ablest representatives of all parties had the opportunity to argue, to object, to offer amendments. In these discussions the fundamental principles of liberty in Church and State had full and eloquent exposition. Into the history of those discussions we do not propose to enter. The eloquence which has electrified not only the breathless assembly and the listening nation, but other peoples, looking on with wonder at this birth of a new nation, can not be epitomized in a single paragraph. Suffice it to say that this constitution, substantially as first proposed, was adopted. Its adoption was ratified by public rejoicings. Spain was declared a monarchy. In the absence of a monarch, Marshal Serrano was appointed regent. He still continues to be the nominal head of the Spanish government. General Prim, the idol of the people, continues to be the power behind the throne. Spain is still a monarchy, but without a monarch.

THE PRESENT SITUATION.

The situation of the present government is one of the utmost difficulty. Its difficulties are little apprehended by those who witness the commotions of the kingdom from afar. They are little appreciated even by the Spanish people themselves. The administration represents, as we have said, no party, but a conglomerate of many parties. The Spanish people, agreed in ejecting Isabella and the Jesuits from the kingdom, were agreed in nothing else. Marshal Serrano and General Prim hold the balance of power; but that is all. Their constituencies are a plurality, not a majority, of the people. On the one hand, the absolutists, led by Don Carlos, and encouraged and supported by the priesthood, agitate for a return to the ancient order of things. On the other, the republicans, impatient of all delay, unable to obey, and so proving themselves incompetent to command, demand a republic. The future is theirs, but not the present. It is not the part of statesmanship to expect to gather fall fruit in the spring, or to climb the tree for green apples when time will drop them gently on the sward. Whatever be the imperfections of the present constitution, doubtless it is the best Spain has ever possessed. Singularly enough, it has encountered its most violent opposition from the earnest but too impetuous friends of freedom. The opposition of the Carlists has produced only riots; that of the republicans has resulted in an unsuccessful revolt.

On the 21st of September, Lieutenant-General Blas Pierrad, a republican member of the Cortes, addressed a vast concourse of Spaniards in the city of Tarragona. This address was part of a political campaign, which had for its object the stimulation and development of republican sympathies throughout the nation. Similar mass meetings were being held at about the same time in Saragossa, Barcelona, Seville, Malaga, Cadiz, and Alicante. The Spanish people are fiery, impetuous, subject to heats of passion, not easily restrained by the dictates of reason. Such a people need sedatives, not stimulants. The impassioned eloquence of the too enthusiastic orator inflamed the passions of the populace. From thousands of throats welled up the cry, "*Viva la Republica!*" To the young Señor Raimundo Reyes, the Civil Governor of Tarragona, these cries seemed seditious.

It is certain that they were ominous. It is by no means certain that the wisest course would not have been to pass them by unnoticed. There are some things which it is wise for a governor not to know. Señor Reyes had not, however, the wisdom of patience. He hastened to the spot, interrupted the address, commanded the people to disperse, threatened them with the military. It was an act of audacity rather than of courage. The infuriated mob fell upon him with swords and daggers. The intervention of a few reasonable republicans was not sufficient to save his life. The mass-meeting broke up in the greatest disorder.

General Pierrad was at once arrested. At the same time an order was issued for the disarmament of the volunteers in Tarragona. The republicans, inflamed and in no condition to listen to reason, were outraged by these measures. In the Cortes, a resolution was introduced by President Rivero for the appointment of a committee to inquire whether the privileges of General Pierrad as a deputy had not been violated. This was not satisfactory to the republicans. They demanded that he should be set at liberty without investigation. The more moderate action prevailed. At the same time a bill was introduced to suspend certain guarantees of the constitution and to authorize the government to declare any part of Spain in a state of siege. The administration was, however, to give an account to the Cortes of the use they made of their authority when the occasion for its exercise passed. That occasion consisted in armed resistance offered to the order for the disarmament of the volunteers. It was not confined to Tarragona. The republicans of Saragossa, of Barcelona, of Valencia, united in a protest against this action of the government. Their protest, it may be imagined, was not altogether respectful. It was presented with menacing words. Armed bands marched to and fro through the streets. The signs of an approaching revolt were ominous and unmistakable. The government desired to be prepared for any contingency which might arise. In fact, some local revolts had already taken place. Streets had been barricaded. Don Gonzalo Serraciara, a deputy, had been arrested upon one of these barricades in Barcelona. His enemies assert that he was leading the mob; his friends that he was attempting to pacify it.

If to the government this action of the Cortes seemed necessary, to the republicans it seemed full of danger. They could not forget how many paper constitutions Spain had enjoyed, and how useless they had proved. The present constitution is the sixth in sixty-seven years. They declared that if the authority which was requested were given, they would leave the Cortes in a body. They would have no further part or lot with a government which, they declared, with excited language, gave itself over by such action to absolutism. In vain General Prim expostulated. In vain he besought them to reconsider their determination. In vain he reminded them that such a course at such a time was tantamount to an act of civil war. In vain he pointed to them the example set by England when threatened by the Fenian movement, and by the United States during the late civil war. In vain he pledged his honor to use this authority only to protect the temple of liberty from its most dangerous foes, and to return intact to the Cortes the liberties thus intrusted to his hands for preservation. The measure was passed. The republicans, led by Señor Castellar, withdrew in a body. Deputy Salvochea issued an appeal to all republicans to prepare for a new revolution. "To arms!" he cried; "not to conquer or die, but to conquer alone." All Southern Spain responded to the call. The volunteers every where refused to submit to the disarmament. The streets of Barcelona, of Saragossa, of Valencia, were barricaded. The very capital itself was threatened. For a week the whole of the Andalusian provinces were in a state of siege.

It is not necessary to recount in detail the results of this last attempt at a second revolution. It was as futile as it was ill-timed. The republicans fought with desperation, but without wise leadership. They were every where defeated. Their leaders are in prison, in exile, or in their graves. The regency still wields the sceptre over a nation which perpetually oscillates between absolutism, despotism, and absolute anarchy, which has yet to learn that liberty involves the necessity of obedience.

No man knows what a day will bring forth, is a very trite remark. It is peculiarly applicable to Spain in the present condition of affairs. We write as historians, not as prophets, to tell what has been, not what is to be. But, whatever happens, the past is fixed. Spain may go forward to republicanism. It may halt half-way at a constitutional monarchy. It is hardly conceivable that it will ever return to the prison-house from which it has emerged; that the extinguished fires of the Inquisition will ever be relighted, or the broken sceptre of the Bourbons mended. Spain may indeed elect a king, but its monarchical days are ended. For whatever the future may have in store for her, the comment of the *Pall Mall Budget* upon the past is indisputably and unalterably true: "When a nation deliberates for many months upon the question whether it prefers one form of government or another—when at last it decides to have a king, and then sets about in a deliberate, business-like way to consider what king it shall have—it is obvious enough that the age of royalty, as it used to be, is passed forever."

ANTEROS.

By the Author of "Guy Livingstone," "Sword and Gown," "Sans Merci," "Breaking a Butterfly," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"A GRAND old place!"

Under this formula all Loamshire men bred and born spoke of Templestowe; and if any stranger sojourning within their gates, on the occasion of his first visit, expressed dissent or disappointment, the same was always set down to the natural captiousness or envy of the alien. And yet—excepting perhaps the ruined tower of a dove-cot, and two or three brasses in the church, which had been altered and restored till above the foundation scarcely a stone remained as the builders placed it—the place can boast nothing so old as the elms flanking the main avenue.

The ground slopes gently upward from the park gates to the portico; and seen from the furthermost end of the vista—the avenue is hard on a mile in length—the house does look rather imposing; but the nearer you approach the more clearly you recognize that it has no real claim to grandeur, beyond that which attaches to all things solid and vast. It is, indeed, one of the ponderous edifices in whose sadness of aspect there is no solemnity; bearing the stamp of the early Georgian era, when disciples less artistic than their master followed in the track of the respectable architect, to whom even his coevals allotted no kinder epitaph than—

> "Lie heavy on him, Earth; for he
> Laid many a heavy load on thee."

Where there is a wealth of flowers and greenery it is not possible beyond a certain point to trammel nature; but formalism has done nearly its worst in the planning of the gardens; and in the square methodical parterres there is no more rest or refreshment for the eye than in any other piece of gorgeous patchwork.

Within doors things are not much better. There are some fair family portraits, marked for the most part, both male and female, by a certain hardness of feature that even Lely could only partially tone down. Among the other pictures lining the state-rooms and galleries there is scarcely one that would tempt an amateur to linger before it, or a dealer to loosen his purse-strings. However useful otherwise in their several generations, it is abundantly clear that Art has never been largely patronized by the Ashleighs of Templestowe. Nevertheless, at the time whereof I speak, the Loamshire people stood by their show-place with commendable fidelity, and would hear naught in its disparagement. This was somewhat remarkable, considering their relations with its tenant.

Ralph, Baron Atherstone, had, singularly, little honor in his own county, and few men had better earned unpopularity. In early youth he had sown the seeds of enmity far and wide, among high and low, not only by a haughty, overbearing demeanor, but also by frequent outbreaks of a violent temper, in which he showed scant respect to the age or station of such as thwarted him. People grew shy of inviting him to their houses when they found by experience that it was always an even chance that before the night was out Ralph Ashleigh would make the place too hot to hold some one or more of their guests; and though his tall figure and clear-cut face and gloomy eyes were picturesque enough when seen for the first time, they rather marred than heightened the conviviality of the county gatherings.

Neither was he one of those who contrive to balance by favor with the other sex disfavor with their own. For a while the Loamshire matrons were disposed to condone the eccentricities of the heir of Templestowe; but there are limits even to diplomatic indulgence, and ere long there were frowns and significant waggings of the head at the mention of his name, and from the list of "eligibles" it was virtually erased.

Surely it was better to watch humbler fruit red-ripe for plucking than to waste time in trying to find a passage through the briers and thorns encompassing the rich grape-cluster, which, if more attainable, would still have seemed hard and sour. As for the maidens, after a few experiments, they, so to speak, shook off the chalk-dust from their sandals—such things were in fashion then—in testimony against Ralph Ashleigh. His bearing toward womankind was not boorish or rude, and in their presence his unruly temper was invariably curbed; but shyness or positive aversion would have been far easier to deal with than that hopelessly unsympathetic reserve. The most wily or winning coquette could not boast of having drawn from him any greater encouragement than the indulgent, half-contemptuous smile that grown men bestow on the gambols of tricksy childhood.

Lord Atherstone—a sober, stolid widower, entirely wrapped up in agricultural pursuits when he was not embroiled in politics—looked upon his heir with mingled fear and dislike, much as a placid old spaniel may regard a wolf-cub by some accident or freak of nature mixed up with her long-eared litter. He was shrewd enough to guess that, even if Ralph's misdemeanors were not openly cast in his teeth at the next contested election, the weight of his son's unpopularity would, in more than one case, turn a wavering scale for the Yellows. And this

when for generations past the heir of Templestowe, if he did not personally seek to sit for the county, had always headed the Blue canvassers. That the sins of the children should be visited on the fathers was a conversion of terms by no means squaring with his simple creed. Altogether it was no wonder if the baron rose freely at the first hint of his son's predilection for soldiering, and forwarded that purpose with all alacrity. Before he attained his majority Ralph Ashleigh was gazetted to a cavalry regiment which soon after was very suddenly ordered to India.

According to the regular roster, their turn ought not to have come for three years at least, and there was much grumbling at the caprice of the War Office—unaccountable to such as did not happen to know that the great house to which the chief of that famous corps belonged was more liberal of its influence than of its purse toward its cadets; and that he himself, being proud as he was poor, preferred economizing on double *batta* to exchange or retrenchment at home. But the news excited little consternation or regret in Loamshire, and when Ralph came down for a hurried farewell visit, though many were charitable to wish him "God-speed!" few were hypocrites enough to wish him "quick return." At his departure no tears were shed, unless it were by his old nurse —a fat and foolish person much given to strong waters—and by one other—a strange flighty girl, the neighbors called her—daughter to the tenant of the home-farm at Templestowe. Mary Gilbert never held up her head thenceforth, but pined and dwined away till a fever, somewhat prevalent in those parts, took her off within the year. Whatsoever her secret was, she held it fast; fast as she held a ring—not a wedding-ring—round which her fingers were locked, as they grew stiff and chill.

Time passed on, and only by hearsay was the link maintained between Ralph and the folks at home; for his father and his agent were the sole recipients of his rare, formal letters, and they contained nothing interesting to the world at large. But his name ere long became familiar to many who had not so much as heard of Templestowe. Though no great war was just then a-waging, there were troubles and fierce flashes of revolt all along the Beloochee and Afghan frontiers, and in gazette after gazette he was mentioned with still increasing honor. Indeed, Ashleigh owed his rapid promotion much less to powerful influence than to his real deserts. He had thrown himself from the first heart and soul into his profession, and if Fortune chose to befriend him, she found him neither slothful nor self-indulgent. The vulgar vices to which so many subalterns on foreign service, endowed with few counteracting resources of their own, have succumbed, seemed to have no hold upon him, and the violence of temper, which was still his besetting fault, was utterly subjugated to a sense of duty. He could show his teeth, and use them too savagely enough on occasion; but, in all matters of discipline, he was as thoroughly and unconditionally submissive as a trained blood-hound. In the exploits by which his renown was won and sustained, there was evidence not only of valor verging on recklessness, but of cool foresight and a certain strategic skill; and before he got his troop, those who were rarely wrong in such predictions averred that this man would assuredly set his mark upon his time. Considering how often by necessity, oftener by choice, he was in the forefront of danger, Ralph had rather exceptional luck in keeping out of serious harm's way. He had had plenty of flesh wounds, but he esteemed these as lightly as a seamstress does a needle-prick, even if not as actually conducive to his general health. However, in a certain skirmish he got separated from his men, and before they dragged him out of the mellay, the tulwars had cut deeper than usual—so deep that they almost reached the life. As soon as he could safely be removed, Captain Ashleigh was invalided to the hills, under positive orders not to attempt to return to his duty till convalescence was complete. He had the option of going home on sick leave, but would not hear of it.

Though his brother-officers were certainly proud of him, and though he had never actually quarreled with any one of them, he was certainly any thing but a favorite. This, added to his own inveterate dislike to putting pen to paper even when in rude health, made it unlikely that he would keep up much correspondence with the regiment. Some six months later an eminent civilian, traveling down country, lodged for the night in the cantonment of the —th Hussars, and was naturally questioned as to the last scandals afloat in the hills.

"There's nothing worth speaking of," the collector said. "There has been rather a stagnation in gambling since that general order came out; and all the immorality goes on in a humdrum, domestic way. I think when I came away people were talking about a legitimate engagement as much as any thing else; and that will be stale news here, for the man is Ashleigh of yours."

The colonel of the —th Hussars was a thorough disciple of the *nil admirari* school, and had many imitators in the corps, especially, it is needless to say, among the subalterns; but a murmur of surprise ran round the mess-table at this intelligence, and the chief himself opened his sleepy eyes wide, and actually sat upright in his chair as he said:

"Ashleigh engaged? Impossible! Unless some Begum has drugged him. Surely none of those sabre-cuts could have touched his brain."

"There's no Begum in the case," the other replied; "and no foul practice either that I've heard of, unless sick-nursing comes under that head. She's the daughter of Bertram of our service—the Busy Bee they call him, because

he's always at every thing in the Ring. But clever as he is, the young lady—they're all young ladies till they are married, you know—has hung rather long on hand, and I didn't think he would have placed her so well. She's safe for a coronet, I believe?"

"Yes, and a well-gilt one too," the chief said, with a slight sigh of envy—his own possible peerage was a very empty honor—"it's one of the best estates in the shire, and improving every year. The girl's a beauty, I suppose, or a genius, or a wonder of some sort?"

"Not a bit of it—a pale piece of affectation, with no voice, even if she knew how to sing, and has a temper, unless she is belied. But some of these affinities would beat the devil to explain."

Whether these last words were literally true does not much signify; but assuredly both then and thereafter human speculation utterly failed to unravel the process of Ralph Ashleigh's entanglement. Probably his somewhat fantastic nature had been cleverly worked upon; but this is the merest conjecture, for he took no man or woman into his counsel; even Lord Atherstone did not hear of the marriage till long after it was an accomplished fact.

It was not, strictly speaking, a happy match, though it was troubled by no domestic broils—indeed, an occasional storm or two would have been rather a relief to the dead monotony of that couple's existence; but Mrs. Ashleigh, like many spiteful people, was exceeding timorous, and stood in too great awe of her husband to favor him with any displays of the temper hinted at above. She vented it pretty freely upon her native household, and occasionally got up a very pretty quarrel on a small scale with some one or other of her military or civil compeers. In Ralph's own demeanor there was but little change, except that he had grown, if any thing, rather more brusque and stern, though he seemed more inclined to frequent the company of his comrades, and sat later in the ante-room than had been his wont in his bachelor days; certainly, when on active service, his new responsibilities made him not a whit more careful of life or limb.

He was husband and father within the same year. No living child was born to him besides this one; and the boy, weakly from his birth, throve so ill that, before he was five years old, it was deemed expedient to try what an English climate could do toward rearing the heir-presumptive of Templestowe. Colonel Ashleigh (he had got a second brevet step by this time) supported the separation from his family with singular equanimity; indeed, it was noticed after their departure he brightened up till he became almost companionable. Would he have been as well content if he had known that he would never look on that pale peaked face of his wife again? Perhaps he never cared to ask himself that question, much less to answer it.

Mrs. Ashleigh's first impressions of Templestowe were not rose-colored, nor did her after-experience of the place greatly tend to alter them. When the news of his son's marriage first reached him Lord Atherstone fell into a fury quite foreign to his stolid nature. The mere fact of his not having been consulted was in itself a grave offense; and when afterward he was certified that the bride's father was an impoverished civilian of rather shady repute, and obscure, not to say ignoble, descent, it is not to be wondered at if many suns went down on the old baron's wrath, and if to the end of his days he never doubted whether he did well to be angry. Though any thing but a polished person at the best of times, he was old-fashioned enough to be incapable of actual rudeness toward any woman who had not willfully erred either against him or against society; but his courtesy toward his daughter-in-law was of the cast-steel order; and upon the rare occasions when they were alone together, it was, if possible, stiffer than when the world's eye was upon them. Lord Atherstone had two daughters, both some time married; and these, when they visited Templestowe, took little pains to make the atmosphere of the place more genial to their new relative.

Querulous almost from her birth, that poor woman never before had such real cause for bemoaning herself. How often, and with what regretful longing, her dull weary eyes turned back toward that far East, is not to be told. Life in the dullest cantonment, the most desolate station to which either as maid or matron she had been condemned, seemed enviable compared to vegetation in the big dreary mansion, wherein, during the height of summer, a chronic chillness seemed to prevail, and where, after a year's sojourn, she felt more of a stranger than on the first day when she set foot in its great echoing hall. The wives and daughters of the neighboring squirearchy, when they paid their rare formal visits, seemed to take their cue from Lord Atherstone, and were so inflexibly civil that a quarrel with any one of the set, had she been that way inclined, would have been as impossible as intimacy; even the mild excitement of bullying her dependents was denied her, for she was almost as much afraid of the pampered menials of Templestowe as of their lord; and even her own ayah, after a brief residence on free soil, acquired unholy ideas of independence, and did not always submit so passively to persecution as in aforetime. She was fond of her boy in her weak superficial way; but he was not a boy that even a doting mother could have been proud of, and even at that early age showed signs of having inherited no small portion of her own fractious temper and incapacity for disinterested attachment.

All things considered, during her residence at Templestowe, Louisa Ashleigh must have laid up no small store of expiation of her divers offenses—they were not grave ones, be sure—against written and unwritten codes; and when the wan Apparitor, with scant notice given,

knocked at her chamber-door, he found her, if not so fit as could be wished, not very loth to follow him.

Independently of the suddenness of the catastrophe, Lord Atherstone was much shocked and disconcerted by his daughter-in-law's demise; but, if the truth must be spoken, with the regret that he had not shown her more kindness while it was in his power, there mingled a vague sense of injury. He considered there was a want of *savoir vivre*, in more senses than one, in her having thus precipitately shifted on to his shoulders all the responsibilities attaching to the education of a weakly, willful child. However, his letter of condolence to his son was couched in much more cordial language than he was wont to employ, and he was a good deal disappointed at the formal reply, wherein he was entreated to manage the little Philip in all ways as should seem to him good. Colonel Ashleigh offered no suggestion on the subject, except that the boy should be sent to school whenever he became troublesome at Templestowe.

Though he grumbled not a little at first, Lord Atherstone never found the charge so troublesome as to be tempted so to relieve himself thereof; and, after a while, even if the boy's health had not given fair excuse for not exposing him to the small hardships of public school life, the grandsire would probably have found some other pretext for keeping him under his own roof and eye. The two got on well enough together, in a queer way. No one could call Philip troublesome; he had not spirit enough to be insubordinate—his fits of temper were the veriest crackle of fire among thorns, and his acts of disobedience were committed in such a cautious, unobtrusive fashion that a less complaisant tutor might have afforded to ignore them. It was not in Lord Atherstone's nature to pet or spoil any living creature; but he certainly was more indulgent to his grandson than he had been to any one of his own children, and the boy probably felt as much grief as his nature was capable of when the old man's death left him, for the nonce, entirely destitute of natural guardians.

The new Lord Atherstone was never troubled with home-sickness since the day when he sailed from the Downs; but, under ordinary circumstances, he would probably have considered that the urgency of private affairs demanded his immediate return. However, the circumstances in India were any thing but ordinary. The embers of revolt strewn all along the frontier of the Suliman range no longer smouldered; and few who had watched the progress of events there doubted that ere long there would be a blaze not to be quenched without much bloodshedding.

Lord Atherstone was no politician; but, from long frontier experience, he was less likely to err than many endowed with more sagacious foresight; and besides this, natures like his are not often misled by their instinct, when they scent battle from afar. He had now for some time been in command of his regiment, and had brought it to a state of efficiency remarkable even at that epoch, when more than one famous cavalry corps chanced to be stationed in India. He assuredly did not rule by love, and though his sense of justice was seldom swayed either by temper or prejudice, it was utterly merciless. He was unsparing both of his tongue and of the lash—the triangles were an honored institution in those days, you will remember—and yet officers and troopers, though they grumbled without ceasing, were wonderfully proud of their chief, and would scarcely, had the choice been given them, have wished him exchanged.

Now—when the results of his labor were to be put to sharp practical proof—was it likely that Ralph Atherstone would let another reap, and mayhap spoil in the reaping, all that he had sown, only that he might go and tend at home a puling child and a fair inheritance—ay! though the child was his only heir, and the inheritance was his family's long before the Great Charter was signed? Was it likely that he would sit still in his place and listen to sedate deliberations—interested in diatribes against rampant radicalism, and exhortations to rally round the constitutional standard, were these couched in eloquence more sonorous than often echoes through the Upper House of St. Stephen's—knowing all the while that at that very moment, through the cold clear air of Eastern dawn, his own trumpets might be ringing, and that before the hour was out his own guidon might be rocking to and fro in the centre of the fray, while the troopers whom he loved, perhaps better than they wist of, were approving whether their right hands had lost the strength and skill taught on so many field-days and patient parades?

Of the many passions that possess a man there is probably not one so engrossing, when it has thoroughly gained the mastery, as the lust of war. During all the fifteen years of the Italian campaigning, I doubt if Hannibal, when he was at his weariest, ever looked longingly back on the palace towering above the gardens of Megara, or on the vast stretch of fertile domains that called him master, beyond the Punic Sea. More grateful to his eyes was the ghastly marsh by Trasimene, or that dreary plain watered by Aufidus—the burying-ground of Æmilius the consul and forty thousand more.

Lord Atherstone never hesitated as to the course he should pursue. He sent a packet home by the next mail, containing his will duly attested, and certain necessary instructions and powers expressed at greater length and in more business-like form than might have been expected from one of his habits. In the event of his own death there were named as his son's guardians his eldest sister and a cousin—Arthur Ashleigh by name—who held a family living not far from Templestowe. He wished

the sole charge of the boy, for the present, to be offered to the said cousin, annexing to the offer such a liberal maintenance as a comparatively poor parson would be very unlikely to refuse. There were probably many other documents of like nature, though scarcely of like importance, penned that night, for on the morrow the march to the front was to begin, that ended on the banks of the Sutlej. Some, had they been so minded, or had they had heart for the jest, might have imitated the quaint testament ascribed to Rabelais—"I owe much; I possess nothing; the rest I leave to the poor." Yet none of these lay down on his camp-bed with a lighter sense of responsibility than did the twelfth Baron Atherstone when all was signed and sealed.

Throughout the stirring times that ensued Ralph did his duty—it may be not a whit more thoroughly than many who did not achieve one tithe of his renown. He had always had exceptional luck in his way, and it clave to him still. His daring was proverbial, in an army whose besetting fault of rashness was encouraged by its chief's example; and he seemed to have a knack of always being in the right place at the right time; but this would not altogether account for it. Certain figures in some *tableaux* always stand out prominently, however the grouping may be changed. In the lull that, as all men know, happened after Sobraon, while the Sikh leopard lay a-licking his wounds and preparing for a last struggle that was to end in his taming, Lord Ashleigh's regiment was ordered home. He himself, traveling overland, reached England some weeks before his men, and spent the interval, as might have been expected, almost entirely in setting his house in order at Templestowe.

There is no reason to doubt that, had he so willed it, he might at this time have become exceedingly popular in the neighborhood. Graver offenses than the rudeness or violence of youth are forgotten or annulled in sixteen years; and it was some time since Loamshire had been able to boast of a real native hero. So olive branches from all parts of the county were strewn before the gates of Templestowe, and its master only needed to stoop and gather them. Active conciliation was needless. If he had met congratulations with the merest form of acknowledgment, or even submitted to them passively, the result might have been different; but this was precisely what Lord Atherstone would not or could not do. He declined to receive all addresses, except one from his own immediate tenantry; and when, upon the first occasion of their meeting at quarter-sessions, the Duke of Devergoil, as the mouthpiece of his brother-magistrates, began a set complimentary speech, Ralph cut him short at the third sentence with the remark "that he was infinitely obliged, but that he could not admit that a soldier deserved any thanks for carrying out the orders of his superiors."

The shock of an irreverence to which he had not been accustomed since he left Eton, interfered for a week at least with the great magnate's digestion; and though he did not deem it advisable absolutely to put Ralph under a social ban, he always considered him as a most pernicious person, much more likely to lower than to elevate the credit of his order. It is hardly to be supposed that any sane man would deliberately set himself to alienate the goodwill of his fellows; and it may be that Lord Atherstone himself saw, and even regretted, his mistake when it was too late. Nevertheless, up to the time of which we are speaking, he had not exerted himself to amend it.

For some three years after his return from India they saw little of him in Loamshire, for he was always with his regiment. But a difficulty with one of his officers brought Lord Atherstone into collision with the War Office; and the authorities, for once espousing the weaker side, appended to their decision something very like a reprimand. Ralph made no remonstrance at the time, and never was heard to allude to the subject again; but within that same week his papers went in for exchange to half-pay. Thenceforth he resided almost constantly at home.

CHAPTER II.

Templestowe was not much cheerier than it had been in the old hand's time. Philip Ashleigh, of course, had been brought back so soon as a permanent establishment was again organized there; but he did not get on nearly so well with his father as he had done with his grandsire. The two differed, physically and morally, as widely as any two created beings can differ, having nation, language, and station in common. Setting other dissimilarities aside, Philip Ashleigh was endowed with a constitutional caution verging on timidity; and this unlucky failing was a perpetual exasperation to his father. You may fancy whether it was pleasant to a man who had spent his life in the saddle, and whose cross-country riding, up to very late in his life, was a sort of standard of "hardness" in more counties than one, to see his heir clutching nervously at the pommel whenever the quiet beast that bore him increased its pace beyond the steadiest trot or the smoothest canter. Patience and judicious encouragement might have done somewhat—not much perhaps—to amend all this; but Lord Atherstone was by no means equal to the occasion; he chose rather to allow his son to grow up in his own way, and follow his own caprices, furnishing him with ample means to gratify them had they been much more extravagant.

Philip Ashleigh was neither dull nor especially weak-minded. Though his intellect was not large or elastic enough to any wide range, he was possessed of a certain astuteness of observation and correctness of insight into matters passing immediately around him. He very

soon recognized that he was no favorite with his father, and was never likely to be. The discovery did not much afflict him; but it produced a certain sense of injury not altogether unpleasant. He was very like his mother in some things, and even at that early age never felt really comfortable without a grievance. Considering that he might have been idle from year's end to year's end had he been so disposed, it was rather creditable to him that he should have made such good use of his time with his tutor. He was a great reader, besides, on his own account; and by the time he went up to Oxford, had amassed a larger store of general information than nine out of ten can boast of who have not to work for their living. At college he made few friends, and not very many acquaintances. Though his conduct was perfectly blameless, even his tutors were fain to allow that they liked men better who gave them more trouble. Somehow you could not look at his cold, cunning, supercilious face without feeling sure that if he walked uprightly it was because it suited his convenience and inclination for the nonce; and if by any chance he did stumble, it was not likely that any kind or brave or genial impulse would set him straight again. He took a fair though not a brilliant degree, and within a year was returned for a borough, just without the borders of Loamshire, that happened opportunely to come into the market. Lord Atherstone was not a little astonished when he was made aware of his son's political aspirations; but he was pleased to boot. Ambition, ever so mildly developed, was a sign of manhood, at all events; and ever after that he treated Philip with more outward consideration than he had yet displayed upon him. Ere long a much greater surprise awaited him. In the autumn next but one ensuing he was informed that, subject to his consent, his son proposed to contract an alliance with Lady Marian Kerneguy, sole unmarried daughter of the Earl of Dalwhinnie.

The process of Philip's wooing must have been rather curious to witness. Probably some such thought crossed his father's mind as he pondered over the announcement, bending his thick grizzled brows the while; but he asked no questions on this point, nor indeed on any other, beyond what were absolutely necessary. There were no valid objections to the match: the fact of the bride's being portionless could not be considered as such when the bridegroom was sole heir to Templestowe; and in point of descent the Ashleighs could claim no advantage. Two of the other sisters had married honorably—one magnificently; and if, judging from the photograph produced then and there, the Lady Marian's outward charms were not equal to her reputed mental advantages, that was a matter emphatically for Philip's consideration.

So Lord Atherstone's consent was not hard to gain. In the matter of settlements and allowances, he behaved with a liberality that almost staggered the canny but conscientious Scotch lawyer acting for the other side; and before the marriage took place a wing of Templestowe was newly furnished and arranged for the residence of the young couple whenever they should choose to inhabit it. They did choose to do so pretty often—always, indeed, out of the Parliamentary season when they were not visiting in Scotland or elsewhere; for Philip Ashleigh was far too prudent to keep up an establishment of his own when he could live at free quarters, and his wife was not likely to put extravagant ideas into his head, or to grumble at any reasonable economy.

On the whole, things went on much more smoothly under the new arrangement. The household, of course, was entirely maintained by Lord Atherstone; but the Lady Marian managed it precisely as she pleased, and, to do her justice, she did not abuse her authority.

She was not prepossessing certainly; at first sight her sharp eager face produced rather a disagreeable impression; but she improved on acquaintance; her keen eyes, if sometimes satirical, were rarely—very rarely—spiteful; and her off-hand manner, when you got used to it, had a certain piquancy. Not that she did often speak or act off-hand: she had much more cleverness than she had the credit for, even with those who were supposed to know her best; and had thus far rarely failed in carrying out any one of her fixed purposes. For instance, she had set her mind while almost a girl on being mistress in her father's household so long as she should remain unmarried, and in this, without the advantage of being either the eldest or the youngest child, she had succeeded. She had also determined to marry in due course of things; and not only this, but, if possible, to marry a particular class of husband. In the furtherance of this purpose she displayed an infinite tact and patience. She was perfectly aware of her personal disadvantages when placed in daily comparison with her sisters—two of whom were strikingly handsome, while the third was almost faultlessly beautiful—and was won't to avow this in their family circle. The most suspicious of the other three never thought of imputing to Marian any thing so absurd as rivalry: she strove too earnestly and unaffectedly to help the course of their several wooings to run smooth to be accused even of envy. But truly none of those who carried away brides from Dalwhinnie quite squared with Marian Kerneguy's ideal of a consort. She had no fancy for being a cipher, or even a subordinate power in any household howsoever magnificent; and yet nothing was further from her intentions than to stoop to a needy or plebeian alliance, where by mere virtue of her maiden rank she might expect to rule.

Altogether the odds were tolerably heavy against the Lady Marian's being soon suited. Nevertheless, these long shots do occasionally come off. In her twenty-second summer the

shadow took form and substance in the shape of Mr. Ashleigh. She never, from the first, deluded herself as to his character, or set him up on a pedestal whence sooner or later he must have tumbled. She guessed him to be selfish, and cold-hearted, and fretful; of narrow, though fairly cultivated intellect—anything but the stuff, in fine, out of which a woman's or a people's hero is moulded. But, with judicious management, she felt sure something—enough, at least, for her purpose—might be made of him; and feeling confident in her own nerve and address, no more thought of rejecting him as a suitor than a trainer would of casting a promising though plain colt for showing temper in his first rough trial.

The thread running through Philip Ashleigh's matrimonial intentions would be much harder to follow. There was not a grain of passion or romance in his nature: even when moved to anger, he always delivered himself with a certain reticence and reserve; and it was scarcely to be presumed that any softer emotion would tempt him to speak unadvisedly. He had liked Marian Kerneguy from the earliest days of their acquaintance. There was similarity in their literary tastes, and she could talk well on many or most of the subjects in which Philip was interested; but he was never absolutely fascinated, and it is not probable he would ever have offered her his hand, if he had not, after mature consideration, come to the conclusion that he might look long and far before he found any helpmeet so likely to be useful to him in his future career. Being exceedingly opinionated, and not specially sagacious, Philip made many mistakes in life; but in this instance he assuredly made none.

The world only saw in Marian a cleverish, managing sort of a woman, with a ready tongue and a certain knack for making rough places in conversation smooth; and her husband himself never acknowledged her aid except by a few words of careless thanks; but this did not make it the less valuable. The member for Heslingford's oratorical displays were still hampered by the pragmatic formalism which had marked his maiden efforts; but the accuracy of his statistics was always unimpeachable: if he seldom threw any new light on a subject, he not seldom brought to bear upon it one or two facts which had escaped the notice of abler debaters; and his points, such as they were, were put with a certain neatness. Thus much even his depreciators were fain to allow—confessing, moreover, that they "didn't think he had it in him." How some of these would have triumphed if they could have guessed what infinite pains it had cost Marian Ashleigh overnight to instill into her statesman the result of her own patient toil and research! But none ever did guess it. Philip himself, as was aforesaid, accepted his wife's assistance as a matter of course, scarcely worth acknowledgment; and the wife was more than content it should be so. She had abundance of ambition, but it was vicarious, like that of myriads of women who have lived before as well as after *sic vos non vobis* was penned.

When Lady Marian came to reside at Templestowe, she determined, if it were possible, to establish the same supremacy there, so far as household matters were concerned, that she had maintained at Dalwhinnie; and this her intention was carried without the semblance of a struggle. Furthermore, she earnestly desired to bring her father-in-law under her dominion; and it is very probable that here, too, she would have succeeded, had it not been for the peculiarity of Lord Atherstone's habits, which, to a great extent, rendered him inaccessible to domestic affinities. The fierce physical energy had not abated within him when no more real work was left to do: it was bound to find vent somehow, and it did so in the commonest of all ways—indulgence in the rough outdoor sports that send a man home weary, if not satisfied. Among these, hunting stood first and foremost with Lord Atherstone. He was a six-days-a-week man in the most literal sense of the word. Very often, hours before Philip Ashleigh had summoned up courage to face a raw gusty morning, his father would be sending his cover-hack along, right in the teeth of the squall, toward some distant meet in the heart of the great grazing grounds that lie beyond the Loamshire border. Frequently, if he returned late after a hard day, Lord Atherstone would dine in his own rooms; so that sometimes a week would pass without the other inmates of Templestowe once seeing his face. This was the manner of his life throughout the winter and the early spring. As soon as the weather was open enough to give an outside chance of sport, he was off to a salmon river in Norway, whence he came back straight to his grouse moor. The autumn was the Ashleighs' visiting season, so that they were not likely to be at Templestowe when Lord Atherstone returned thither.

So perhaps it was more from lack of opportunity than from any other cause that Lady Marian had thus far failed in attaining any substantial influence over her father-in-law. That Lord Atherstone could treat any woman residing under his own roof otherwise than courteously was impossible; but his manner toward Marian, from the first, was marked by a certain deference, and it was evident that he entertained no small respect for her opinion in matters both great and small. On one point only was Lord Atherstone utterly inaccessible. He never could be induced to accompany Marian to any one of the ceremonious festivities given in her honor, when she came into Loamshire after her marriage; and when she hinted that Templestowe ought to make some hospitable return, she was met by such a hopeless negative that she never ventured to repeat the suggestion. Lord Atherstone was not at all incensed—he was simply impracticable.

"You may fill the house to the roof-tree with county people, if it pleases you," he said;

"only wait till I'm out of it. I shall go to Norway early this year, and you may have a dinner here every day through the Whitsuntide recess, you know. The Loamshire folks and I understand one another pretty well by this time. I can't alter my ways to suit such an occasion as this."

Lady Marian was far too wise to argue the question; neither did she avail herself of the permission to throw open Templestowe in the absence of its master. Somehow it was perfectly understood throughout the county that the seeming discourtesy was in nowise to be imputed to the Ashleighs, but people shook their heads more disparagingly than ever when they spoke of Lord Atherstone. The interdict extended only to Loamshire people; and both Philip and Marian knew that they were at perfect liberty to invite to Templestowe any one of their kinsfolk or acquaintance; but they used the privilege very sparingly, and during the three years that elapsed between their marriage and the opening of this tale, almost the only guests who sojourned there were certain of Ralph's ancient brethren in arms.

CHAPTER III.

It was set down above, that, in the height of the hunting season, sometimes a whole week would pass without Lord Atherstone and his children meeting face to face. But this is scarcely correct, for there was no exception to the rule of the three breakfasting together on Sunday morning. This was part and parcel of the day's routine, just as much as was attendance afterward at morning church, irrespective of the state of the weather. It is to be feared that deep religious feeling had little to do with the baron's exactitude on this point; neither on other points did he seem specially solicitous to set a good example to his dependents; but somehow or another he had come to look on the whole performance in the light of a duty, and—this once settled—he would no more have neglected any portion thereof, than when on service he would have omitted to hold church parade.

It is one of those dark, raw, wintry mornings on which things, both animate and inanimate, are apt to look their worst, with the exception of the fire, which is quite imperiously attractive. On Philip Ashleigh's sharp, narrow face there are evident signs of discontent as he trifles listlessly with his toast and coffee. He is a poor breakfast eater at the best of times, and now his appetite has entirely failed before the prospect of a chilly drive, followed up by a two hours' sitting in about the draftiest church in Loamshire, during the latter half of which he will have the privilege of listening to a divine with whom he chances to differ on every conceivable point—theological, social, or moral. He is debating in his own mind whether he really does not feel unwell enough to give himself a sick-certificate; but somehow—though he is sure the excuse will pass unquestioned—he does not feel equal to encountering the cold, half-incredulous smile that will be certainly seen on Lord Atherstone's lip when he accepts the evasion.

Lady Marian, though tolerably cheerful, all things considered, is not precisely chirping. She has not the remotest idea of shirking her duties; but they are none the pleasanter for that; and Philip has been unusually tiresome this morning. She has kept her temper admirably, as she always does; but it is up-hill work, and the drag will tell sometimes.

Lord Atherstone's face, as he sits over against her, though changes of temperature can not be supposed to affect him, looks unusually set and stern. There is a good deal to study in that same face, though assuredly little to admire. The features are too marked ever to have been handsome, even before the brow was so furrowed, or the hollows under the temples and prominent cheek-bones so deeply sunken. The eyes are very keen and bright, but bright with a hard metallic lustre, and appear smaller than they really are, from being set so far back under overhanging brows. The mouth signifies little, for it is almost entirely hidden under a huge gray mustache, of such dimensions as are seldom seen in Western Europe, trailing almost to the shoulder-blade; and this is the more remarkable from the rest of the face and chin being closely shaven. Lord Atherstone is not much above the middle height; but an extreme erectness of carriage, added to an angular gauntness of outline, rather enhances his stature. The lack of flesh has plainly nothing to do with ill health; but is partly natural, partly produced by incessant violent exercise. Whether on foot or in saddle, Ralph Ashleigh carries his years exceedingly lightly; yet, if it must be owned, he looks them all.

"I wonder why the post is invariably late on Sundays," Philip began. It was rather hard that he was not allowed to finish even his complaint in peace; for, while the words were on his lips, the door opened, and the letters were brought in.

If, as many men assert, the inevitable post is among the crosses of life, it is one which may be much alleviated or aggravated, according to the times and seasons of its befalling us.

I remember a certain country house, attractive in all other respects, that, for not a few, was utterly marred as a place of sojourn by reason of the manner of the postal delivery. With a terrible punctuality, in the very middle of the breakfast, the ominous leathern satchel appeared, and its contents were distributed to whomsoever they may concern by the white hands of the châtelaine herself. Any one fond of studying the weaker side of human nature might gain some useful hints by watching this ordeal—no lighter word is sufficiently expressive. The womankind, as a rule, came

out of it jauntily enough. If there is any matter dark or dangerous hidden under those dainty envelopes, they carried it off with the superb placidity of absolute innocence, or of experienced diplomacy; but the men bore themselves far otherwise. Out of many I can only recall one who seemed exempt from the general embarrassment and discomfort. He was an elderly bachelor of untold wealth, and of such a repellent exterior that no human creature was likely to address him except on business pure and simple. The miserable subterfuges and attempts at dissimulation practiced by the others were painfully comic to witness. The worst, perhaps because it was most transparent, of all was the assumed carelessness of one individual, who, after just glancing at his letters, always laid them aside as if they could contain nothing worth prompt perusal. Now this man was in the bonds of fealty, more or less legitimate, to a despotic beauty, who also was numbered in that fair company; but all prohibition notwithstanding, he persisted in keeping up communication with a favorite cousin, with whom, according to his own account, he maintained quasi fraternal relations. Every letter, however harmless, issuing from this especial quarter, was considered by the reigning power as nothing less than absolutely treasonable; and the criminal's condition, whenever the post-bag brought one of these contraband missives, was a caution to all conspirators present and to come. Without interchanging one glance with the imperial eyes that watched him from the other side of the table so scornfully, he knew that his assumed indifference did not for a moment impose upon her, or even upon other less interested spectators. He probably felt a real curiosity to see what the letter might contain, and nothing is so provoking as small futile sacrifices. Yet day by day he used to enact the same dreary farce, with a power of self-abasement truly wonderful. And all this took place in a house whose hospitality is limitless, and where every guest has the largest license to amuse himself according to his own good pleasure.

It was only on Sunday morning that the post-bag reached Templestowe at such an inconvenient hour; and the letters were always sorted before they were brought into the breakfast-room. This morning there is a large packet for Philip Ashleigh, a smaller one for his wife, and one single note for Lord Atherstone.

He opened it hastily, but read it very slowly, for it only contained about four lines, and it was fully a couple of minutes before he laid it down. Lady Marian, after just glancing at the outside, threw down her own letters, and looked forth, so to speak, from her ambushment behind the great silver urn.

Lord Atherstone's face was singularly impassive as a rule; even when he was very wroth its expression seldom altered, and the words, hard, bitter, or cruel, as they might be, issued from lips that moved scarcely more than an automaton's, and his complexion was too deeply tanned and weather-stained to change. Nevertheless there was one sign whereby a very close observer might guess that emotion of some sort or other was stirring within him. This was a slight darkening of color round the prominent cheek-bones; you could not call it a flush; it was rather as if the skin had suddenly become strained there, and so had checked the free circulation of the blood. The effect never lasted above a second or two, and very few even of those who had known Ralph most intimately had ever noticed it; but of these few Lady Marian was one. Her eyes rested now on her father-in-law's countenance as long as they could do so unobserved, and then they fell on the half-open letter on the table, and rested there yet longer. Lord Atherstone had not followed the direction of her glance, and it was more mechanically than because he had any suspicion of being scrutinized that he folded up the note and thrust it into his breast-pocket; but before he did so Lady Marian had had time to satisfy herself that the handwriting was unmistakably feminine. If she had read the note through it probably would not have helped her much in her mystification. It was dated from a quiet West End hotel, and contained only these words:

"DEAR LORD ATHERSTONE,—You have probably forgotten that I promised to let you know when we were passing through town. It is to clear my own conscience that I write to tell you that we are here for a week, on our way to Devonshire.—Very truly yours,

"ISABEL SHAFTON."

Never in all her life had Marian Ashleigh been so thoroughly *intriguée*. She was not in the habit of judging any of her fellow-creatures by a very high standard, and did not give her father-in-law credit either for blameless morality or exalted philosophy. Under the influence of violent or vindictive passion she held him capable of committing himself even to the verge of crime; but from any temptation proceeding from womankind she had till now supposed him safer than most saints that have flourished since the time of Saint Simeon of the Pillar. For three years she had watched narrowly, though quite unobtrusively, his goings-out and comings-in, and had contrived to be furnished with tolerably accurate accounts of his demeanor and way of life when he was absent from Templestowe; and neither personal observation nor report had led her to believe that Lord Atherstone had ever lingered in female society a minute longer than was absolutely required of him by courtesy, much less that he had ever shown the faintest predilection for the company or conversation of any individual.

But Lady Marian was too astute not to be aware that her chain of evidence was not altogether perfect. There were two or three weak places, if not gaps, that prevented the other links from being quite trust-worthy. She could

only argue on probabilities, after all; but these made up a strong case—so strong that now with her surprise and apprehension there mingled something of the disgust of a mathematician who, after working out a long problem in dynamics, finds the result vary materially from his calculation. She was very careful to prevent her eyes, when they met Lord Atherstone's, from betraying either curiosity or vigilance; nevertheless she was aware that he avoided them, as he addressed himself to his meal with a haste and eagerness quite disproportioned to his apparent appetite. There was a conscious look about him which provoked Lady Marian intensely. When she spoke it was with a peevishness quite foreign to her usual manner.

"I wish I could afford to keep a town-correspondent, as the country papers do; then one might have a chance now and then of getting a letter worth reading through. I can guess at the contents of all mine without opening them; they are all written to pattern. Philip, I hope you have had some bad news this morning; that would be so much better than none.

Her husband looked up at her rather sulkily. He was so unused to any thing like a display of temper on his wife's part that he supposed she was jesting, and, considering the weather and the circumstances, thought the jest ill-timed.

"What nonsense you talk, Marian!" he said. "It would serve you right if you were to be taken at your word. But I've no news—good, bad, or indifferent. My letters are all official—all on business. You may look through them if you like."

"And answer them too!" she said, shrugging her shoulders. "It's a great proof of confidence, Philip, certainly. I'm hardly so grateful as I ought to be, especially as to-day is popularly supposed to be a day of rest. And *you* haven't a crumb of news for me, Monseigneur?"

There was a gleam of intelligence, if not of mischief, now in her bright black eyes; and for the second time Lord Atherstone's cheek darkened as he looked up and met them.

"I'm sorry to say not one," he answered, slowly. "Mine was but a scrap of a note, and the writer is no acquaintance of yours."

Marian Ashleigh was a very intrepid person, and stood in much less awe of her father-in-law than did most of those over whom he had authority; nevertheless she was not bold enough to push questioning further just now. Breakfast was soon over; and during the drive to church only a few desultory remarks on indifferent subjects were exchanged between the three. The sermon was rather above the dead-level of rural eloquence; but the good seed fell on stony ground that was scattered over the manor pew. Philip Ashleigh being, as has been aforesaid, in a state of chronic antagonism to the rector, invariably made a point of looking bored from first to last, even if he refrained from overt movements of impatience; but his wife as invariably tried to counteract this by a show of attention admirably acted, if it were not sincere; on this occasion she was quite unequal to the task; and the rector could not have conscientiously commended the example of any one of these his chief parishioners. There was no mistaking the meaning of Lady Marian's restless wandering glances; and the most confident of preachers would scarcely have supposed that Lord Atherstone, as he sat motionless with folded arms and bent head, was pondering over the discourse then in delivery.

The burden of the leaden sky had begun to descend in a sharp sleet-shower as they drove homeward. The look of injury deepened on Philip's face, and Lady Marian, by no means so sensitive, could not repress a shudder as she drew her sables closely around her.

"I don't envy you your ride to cover to-morrow, Monseigneur," she said. "Is the meet very far off? Don't you almost hope it will freeze?"

Lord Atherstone gazed out of the carriage window as he answered:

"I don't think there will be a frost, at least not a lasting one; but it don't affect me for to-morrow. I'm going to London for two or three days. If you have any commissions for me, Marian, you'd better let me have them to-night."

He did not look round till he had quite finished speaking. If he had done so a second sooner he would have seen the lady's firm white teeth press her lower lip somewhat sharply; but she replied in her usual careless, off-hand way:

"Thanks. It's very kind of you, especially as I dare say you have quantities to do. It must be real business that takes you up to town just now. I won't be troublesome. If you will bring down two or three tiny parcels, that will be all."

Throughout his life Lord Atherstone had cherished a singular dislike to any form of evasion. He carried this to an extreme, and had been more than once involved in a serious scrape simply because he would blunder on straightforward, instead of availing himself of a side-door of escape invitingly open. Even now, though evidently disinclined to talk, and though he did not for an instant admit her right of questions, he did not choose to leave Lady Marian under what he, knowing nothing of her secret thoughts, held to be a false impression.

"It isn't exactly business that takes me up," he said, gravely; "still I may be a good deal occupied. However, you needn't scruple about your commissions. I shall have time enough for them and to spare."

She muttered a few more words of thanks, and then dropped the subject; neither was it renewed. It was only at dinner that the others saw any thing of Lord Atherstone.

When Marian had any threads of thought to unravel she infinitely preferred being alone; but to-day this could not be. Philip had got

into a fashion of doing most of his letter-writing in his wife's morning-room—why, it would be difficult to say, for he rarely consulted her, and still more rarely employed her as his secretary—feeling a sort of satisfaction in getting through his own work in his own way. Perhaps it was pleasanter to vent his peevishness on another person, howsoever unsympathetic, than to waste it on empty air; for Marian, though she humored and managed her husband wonderfully well, declined to encourage mere fretfulness. As a rule, she rather encouraged his presence than otherwise; but on this particular afternoon he was decidedly in her way.

With a real anxiety in her mind, it was inexpressibly irritating to see Philip disquieting himself about such trifles as how best to answer the vague application of some meek constituent who "hoped Mr. Ashleigh would not forget him if any thing turned up in his line." However, she kept silence, and her temper to boot, till the last epistle was finished; and Philip, cowering over the fire, indulged in a steady bout of grumbling.

"If there's one thing I hate more than another," he began, "it's being hurried over one's correspondence. What with church-going in the morning, and the absurdly early hour the post leaves at, it is a scramble from first to last; and of course there are more things to answer on Sunday than on any other day; but it's quite of a piece with all the other arrangements or disarrangements of this house. To get the least possible amount of comfort and convenience at the highest possible price has been the rule ever since I've known it."

Marian Ashleigh's voice, though generally cheery enough, was not soft in any of its inflections: there was an incisiveness in it now which even to her husband sounded strange.

"You have always disliked Templestowe, I think, Philip. Would you like to make the experiment of living elsewhere? If you would really be happier it might be worth trying."

He glanced askance at her, much as he had done that morning at breakfast; but this time it was quite evident she was not jesting.

"What have my likes or dislikes to say to it?" he inquired. "Beggars can not be choosers. You don't suppose I'm Quixotic enough to think of setting up house for ourselves while we can live at free quarters?"

"Scarcely beggars," she said, in the same cold tone; "at least I have not been brought up in such magnificent notions of penury. When the settlements were drawn, our allowance was considered by those who ought to know best as amply sufficient to maintain a separate establishment; and so it would prove, I don't doubt, with fair management. I have never hinted at such a thing because I'm perfectly content here, and because I see the wisdom of laying by for a rainy day; but we *have* laid by—not a great *magot*, but enough to start us if we chose, or if we were obliged, to walk alone."

"What on earth are you driving at?" he said, more fretfully than ever. "Of course we don't choose; and as for being obliged, what reason have you for supposing we have outstaid our welcome? You are rather a favorite with my lord; and, to do him justice, he would never want to get rid of me unless we quarreled. I have steered clear of that so far, and I am not likely to begin at this time of day. Is it only a crotchet you have got into your head? or have you taken offense at something?"

She smiled—not quite so pleasantly as was her wont.

"I'm not given to crotchets that I'm aware of, or to take offense either, especially when none can possibly have been meant. Monseigneur and I are, as we have always been, the best friends conceivable. But, Philip, with your talent for finding rocks ahead, I do wonder that it has never occurred to you that our tenure here need not necessarily depend on your father's good-will. Suppose he were to marry again?"

Ashleigh started from his stooping posture as if he had been galvanized; but he so far controlled himself as to mask his astonishment under an angry laugh.

"That *is* a crotchet with a vengeance," he said. "Why, I should just as soon expect to hear of my father's playing the mountebank in Heslingford market-place, as of his proposing to any woman, gentle or simple. Look at his age!"

Lady Marian's eyes, as they rested on her husband, gleamed with covert satire. She could not help realizing how many more of all the essentials of youth were still to be found in Lord Atherstone than in his son. If it were a question of a hard day's work, comparison between the two would have been utterly absurd; for Philip, from his childhood upward, had been something more than an imaginary invalid; but in point of vitality and freshness of energy his inferiority would have been equally evident. It was somewhat mortifying to Marian to recognize the fact; nevertheless, she did recognize it fully; and Philip's cool way of ignoring it almost provoked her to the retort uncourteous. But she had never yet said a severe, scarcely ever a sharp word to him; and she refrained herself now—only saying quietly:

"I don't think his age has much to do with it; his elders marry every day. But I own that up to this morning I had as few misgivings on the subject as yourself. I don't feel quite so confident now. I am not going to keep you in suspense about it. You didn't notice, I suppose, that Monseigneur only got one letter this morning; indeed, it was not a letter, it was only a short note; but it brought a change on his face that I've noticed only twice before. On both those occasions he was angry, fearfully angry; this time the change was more marked than I have ever seen it; but he was not vexed; I am certain of that—just as certain as that the note was in a woman's hand-

writing. He's going to town to-morrow—not on business."

Philip was one of those who, up to a certain point, are very stocks and stones of dogmatism; but who, directly they feel the ground giving way under their feet, begin to flounder about, miserably invoking assistance from far and near. Though he never by any chance deferred to it in public, and very seldom in private, he had an immense respect for his wife's judgment; and his blank, helpless stare betrayed a conviction that she had not shot far wide of the mark now.

"Suppose—suppose it is so," he stammered; "what can we do?"

Probably some indefinite idea relative to the statute *de lunatico* was floating in his brain; but it took no substantial shape. Lady Marian laughed in her turn—with all her consideration for her husband she really made the best of him to herself, no less than to others—the sight of his complete and sudden discomfiture was too much for her sense of humor.

"Do? Why, absolutely nothing but watch and wait; and we shall not have long to wait. Monseigneur could not keep a secret if his life depended on it, unless perhaps it were the secret of his failure. It may be a false alarm, after all. At any rate, as the rector observed this morning—I don't believe you heard it, and I confess I heard little more myself—'Sufficient unto the day is the evil.' It applies to wedding-days as well as to others, I suppose. I don't mean to fret until I know what or whom I have to fret about; but I've been all this morning puzzling over this till I've got a headache. Weak—to say the least of it. I am going to try to sleep it off after I've sent the letters away; so if you mean to stay here, you must ruminate silently."

Ashleigh was very discontented. He would have liked to have gone on speculating and complaining in his purposeless way indefinitely; but he knew by experience, when his wife made up her mind to be left alone, she was as inaccessible as an obstinate ancient oracle. So, muttering and mumbling, he took himself off to the library, which, next to the room he had just quitted, was his favorite place of resort—he was still a great reader in a desultory fashion—and got through the afternoon as best he could. He and Lady Marian did not meet till dinner-time, when the head and front, not only of the house, but of the offending, was present.

Philip was remarkably silent throughout the meal; but whenever he could do so unobserved, leveled at his father such furtive suspicious glances as a timid person might cast at a man supposed to carry about him some terrible weapon that might easily explode unawares. However, Lord Atherstone seldom troubled himself about his son's good or evil temper; and Lady Marian made as much conversation as he cared for. So that the evening passed off smoothly enough on the whole.

CHAPTER IV.

This will be as convenient time as any to take up, for your benefit, the link wanted in the chain of Lady Marian's reasoning concerning her father-in-law's proclivities or antipathies in the question matrimonial.

On his way southward from Scotland in the previous autumn, Lord Atherstone had fulfilled a promise of some standing, by turning aside to the shooting-lodge of an ancient comrade who dwelt on the hither side of the border. General Percy was a bachelor, utterly inveterate and irreclaimable; and one might almost have expected as much to hear under his roof the echo of ghostly footsteps as the rustle of silk or muslin. Indeed, he himself looked somewhat ashamed when he confessed to his friend that their party was not purely masculine.

"They are about the only relations I have left," he said, apologetically, "and blood's thicker than water, especially up here in the north; but I wish they had chosen any other time for their visit. Women never seem to think it possible they can crowd you either in a house or in a carriage. I couldn't well refuse to receive them, either. It would have seemed unkind just now, for Isabel Shafton has had a good deal of trouble lately about that boy of hers; and she's always asking my advice about him. I wish she'd asked for it before she put him into the —th Hussars. They went a fair pace when you and I remember them; and they have made it much hotter since—a great deal too hot for Miles Shafton to live with. I hope my cousins won't bore you. We haven't found them much in the way so far—indeed we scarcely see them except at dinner."

Whatever his private prejudices might have been, Lord Atherstone's misogyny—if such a word ever really expressed the state of his feelings—was negative, not positive. Marian Ashleigh was quite right in believing that for many years he had never sought or willingly put himself in the way of feminine society; but when it was inevitable he accepted it with perfect equanimity; and in spite of a certain taciturnity and reserve, appeared sufficiently at his ease therein.

"I am not quite such a savage as I look, Percy," he said, "or as they make me out in Loamshire. I wish you hadn't taken the trouble to account for your cousins' presence here. It would have been very unlike you if you had put them off. It 'll be rather a relief to hear something talked about at dinner besides shooting. I've had nearly a surfeit of that lately."

Though when at home Lord Atherstone, as you know, kept most irregular hours, in another man's house he was the pink of punctuality. An echo was still lingering in the dinner-gong as he crossed the stone-paved hall. The other inmates of Kirkfell, it seemed, did not keep quite such military time, for, passing through the half-open door, he perceived that the drawing-room had only one occupant. He had cer-

tainly no eye for artistic effect, but on the threshold he stopped still, almost holding his breath while he stood agaze.

A woman's figure, thrown out in relief against the dusky red light streaming through the westward window—nothing more, for the face was averted. It was a remarkable figure, to be sure. Too tall even for the heroic standard of female proportion, yet of such wonderful symmetry that few would have taken an inch from its stature, or wished an outline fuller or finer. The lady's head was bent over some flowers that she was tying together; but from the curve of the neck it was easy to guess that when erect it would be carried not less haughtily than gracefully.

This was the picture that Lord Atherstone studied, with more attention, perhaps, than he had yet bestowed on any master-piece either of nature or art. His footsteps had made no sounds on the flags of the hall, so that his entry was unnoticed, and his contemplation was only disturbed by his host's voice close to his shoulder.

"You are more than punctual, Atherstone. I am glad of it; for I needn't make this first introduction so formal. We are too old comrades for you and any of my kin to meet quite as strangers. Lena, I rely on your help to make Lord Atherstone thoroughly at home at Kirkfell."

The lady had turned with a start; but, as she came forward very slowly, and swept nearer and nearer—her ample skirts of filmy white seeming to bear her up like a cloud—her manner was remarkably self-possessed, and her few words of welcome did not sound like a mere form of courtesy. The autumn day was closing in fast, and Lena Shafton's back was turned toward the fading western light; yet Ralph Atherstone perused her face not less thoroughly than if they met under the broad glare of noon.

The first feeling of many men looking on that face, after they had admired the figure, would have been disappointment. Except a pair of large, brilliant brown eyes, it hardly contained a feature which a critic, and not a captious one either, might not have deprecated. The nose, though not ill-shaped, was something too broad, and wanted clearness of outline; the cheeks, though soft and smooth, wanted roundness; the lips, ripe and tempting as they were, might have been more delicately chiseled; and two ranges of faultless white teeth did not help to make the mouth—decidedly too large—look smaller. It had been matter of wonderment to many of Lena's fast friends, to say nothing of her rivals, that from her *débutante* days until now so few had been found to contest her right to rank among reigning beauties. Perhaps it was her imperial self-assertion that imposed on people irresistibly; and it was only in her absence—when they were looking at her photograph, for instance—they confessed that they had admired in spite of their judgment. Ralph's keen glance took in all the defects set down here, only it was not as defects that he noted them, but rather as items harmonizing perfectly with the entirety of a type of womanhood differing from, if not excelling, any that he had looked upon yet. So, and never otherwise—sleeping or waking; in despite of all the changes which passed over it; whether it were frowning or smiling, passionate or cold, enticing or repellent—that face appeared to him while his life endured.

If there be such a thing as love at first sight—I believe that modern science has not eliminated it from morbid pathology—it would be rather difficult to fix a term of age which insures to either man or woman perfect safety from infection. But it was nothing approaching to this that Ralph experienced now. It was rather such a dazzling and confusion of the senses as might have assailed one of the champions of Scandinavian story, who, after long wandering through desolate lands, where sparse sun-gleams scarcely lit the sullen horizon, and scanty lichens seldom peer above the eternal snow, suddenly found himself over against the gate of a witch-garden, wherein all manner of strange fruits and flowers seemed to blush and blossom under a tropical glow.

Partly by choice, partly from force of circumstances in former days—wholly by choice of late—Lord Atherstone's life had been very solitary; but if through all these years fair faces had been as plenty round him as bluebells in spring-time, it is very possible that he might have kept the even tenor of his way till he met Lena Shafton. If the horoscope of such men could be read it would be seen that a singular—perhaps one single—conjunction of influences is needed to bring about a certain end. This conjunction may occur only after long delay—it may be never; but when all the conditions are fulfilled the result is inevitable.

Whatever Ralph felt, you may easily believe that he betrayed it by no sign. Indeed, his manner was so remarkably formal that Miss Shafton thought within herself that, with the best possible intentions, it would be rather difficult to make such a guest feel himself at home any where. Nevertheless, her first impressions were not unfavorable. Lord Atherstone's appearance struck her as being decidedly picturesque in the *vieux grognard* style; and her big brown eyes dwelt on him with a curiosity rather less languid than they usually deigned to bestow upon strangers. Before the three could have begun a conversation, had they been that way minded, the door opened again, and Mrs. Shafton came in.

A handsome woman decidedly—handsomer, perhaps, if judged by the rule and canon of beauty, than her daughter, in spite of her forty odd summers. But that she had known care and trouble was evident; and she carried these less lightly than she did her years; for though her brow was still smooth, and her complexion fresh and clear, her face, when the features were not in active play, would settle down into

an eager vigilance, disagreeably suggestive of a purpose underlying the outward amenity. For Mrs. Shafton's manner was much more cordial than Lena's, and there was a mixture in it of vivacity and *câlinerie* that was wonderfully attractive at first, if the fascination did not always endure. In spite of prejudice, and, what is much more to the purpose, in spite of present preoccupation, Lord Atherstone was fain to acknowledge this; and within the next ten minutes he took himself pretty sharply to task for having in the privacy of his own chamber spoken unholy words concerning feminine intruders.

"There is no order of precedence among cousins," General Percy said, when dinner was announced. "Atherstone, will you take in Mrs. Shafton? I mean to keep Lena by me till I finish what I've got to say to her; and there's no one here likely to be jealous, I think."

There was a gruff laugh of assent, for it chanced that the speaker and his guests were as nearly as possible of the same standing; but one man did not smile. It was not that he was inclined more than the others to resent his old comrade's jest. What kept him grave was an uneasy doubt, lasting no longer than the flicker of summer lightning, whether under circumstances different from these it would be so certain that Ralph Atherstone had utterly outlived jealousy. Nevertheless, he was rather pleased than otherwise at having to take charge of Mrs. Shafton. He and Lena sat at opposite ends of the table, of course; and for that first evening, at all events, he preferred studying at his ease, from that safe distance, the picture which, when first seen, had affected him so powerfully. Neither was his contemplation often disturbed; for Mrs. Shafton, when she found him inclined to be taciturn, had the tact to fall in with that humor rather than attempt to force it, and, besides a passing remark or two dropped at judicious intervals on her right, turned the current of her conversation entirely on her left-hand neighbor—a portly veteran, who, albeit the father of a large family, and in all points of the matrimonial law blameless, was noted for his admiration of mature beauty, and was disposed to make the very best of his present opportunity.

Among other antique customs kept up at Kirkfell was that of sitting late and long after dinner. There was no deep drinking, for every man there was too stanch a sportsman to imperil steadiness of hand or clearness of eye on the morrow. But the host and his guests, all of whom, with one exception, had shot there for many seasons, liked lingering over their wine, recalling old times and old friends and old stories, with an occasional spice thrown in of modern scandal; and when they did adjourn they tarried in the drawing-room only long enough to swallow their coffee up-standing, on their way to the smoking-room beyond. It was perfectly understood that the womankind were not expected to preside over this refreshment, unless they fancied it; and as the sitting was unusually late on that especial night, nobody but Lord Atherstone was surprised to find them gone to their rest. It was something more than surprise that he felt, if the truth must be told. Chafing at his own weakness, he was fain to confess that he was really disappointed when, on entering, he saw that no gleam of snowy drapery relieved the darkness of the half-lighted room. He saw that gleaming more than once before morning broke in the course of his troubled dreams.

MISS BRIDGET'S CHRISTMAS-BOX.

MISS BRIDGET was an old maid; that is, she had been so long recognized and known as "Miss Bridget" that her friends and neighbors would have scouted the idea of her ever being called by any other name. There had been, to be sure, vague rumors of an early fondness on her part for some curly-headed youth; but whether that fondness had been reciprocated or not was a question only set at rest by the general opinion that no one could ever know Miss Bridget without loving her; so it was generously conceded that the curly-headed youth had gone to sea and been shipwrecked and drowned, and that Miss Bridget had "worn the willow" ever since, and would always continue so to do, for his sweet sake.

The only reason for this sad and catastrophical supposition rested in the known possession, by Miss Bridget, of a miniature representing a young man having large blue eyes and curling light hair, and clad in a *blue jacket;* yet on this slender hypothesis was erected a complete sea-faring romance, which the younger of Miss Bridget's friends delighted in rehearsing for her edification whenever they felt in a peculiarly tantalizing humor—delighted chiefly because of the perfectly charming blush the story brought to Miss Bridget's cheeks, and the marvelously tender smile with which it softened the rather sad lines of her mouth.

Miss Bridget lived in a large old stone house in a street which had once been in the suburbs of the great city, and where residences had been sparsely scattered about, and were of a more substantial character than those usually erected.

But the great city in its progress had caught up with this street, lined it with blocks of flaring red brick houses, and rushed onward, far out into the country.

Miss Bridget could have disposed of her property at a very high figure if she had felt so inclined; but she did not, and no inducements could change her opinions on this question; so she continued to live there, isolated, though in the midst of a constantly changing crowd of inhabitants, and her dwelling stood out from among its modern neighbors — among them, but not of them.

It was a stately, solid, square-built mansion,

with a home-like and comforting look, not shared with any of "those others."

It stood in the centre of several lots of ground, was possessed of a lawn and fine old shade trees in front, and a flower and fruit garden behind, and was shut in from the outside world, and all noise and confusion, by a high stone-wall and a strong oaken gate, studded with big iron nail-heads.

From the polished iron mastiffs that guarded the portal, to the brass knobs and the brass knocker of the front-door, all was shiny and in order. The interior of the house was a marvel of neatness and comfort. The massive furniture, darkened by age and daily friction, though unfashionable and out of date, was stately and comfortable.

The bright cannel-coal fire in the sitting-room, that flashed in the large open grate as soon as the brown leaves in the garden began to fall, was a charm in itself.

The polished brass fire-dogs and fender—more for ornament than use—reminded one of the stability and security of olden times. And when Miss Bridget could be seen sitting in front of the fire at dusk, with some of her young friends about her, the scene of home comfort and quietude was complete.

Miss Bridget's household was orderly through a system which had been followed for forty years—in fact, ever since she was a baby, and a beautiful young mother and a strong manly father sat in the room she now occupied.

The same highly-respectable butler—white-haired and time-worn—waited at table; the same fat and equally respectable housekeeper managed her domestic concerns who had managed them for her mother before her. The life in the stone house was, in fact, one of the last relics of the life of a half century before, when it was a hope and a joy to have lived at all, instead of a disease and an insanity, as it is nowadays.

Miss Bridget formed, in truth, a connecting link between the old and the new. Her recollections were of the past and of the old—but rather by tradition than by actual experience, for she was only forty—while her associations seemed ever with the young.

With old people she did not assimilate; and almost daily she would be found surrounded by young, charming, and gaudy creatures—butterflies of the fashionable world—who sought in Miss Bridget's society a nameless charm which seemed to soothe the feverish excitement under which they lived, and to remind them of an existence more beautiful if less brilliant, and tender and sweet in its every element of orderly repose and refinement. Miss Bridget was possessed of a competence, and of competent servants, honest withal, to dispense it; therefore her domestic avocations were few.

Many of her friends wondered how she occupied her time, since she was never seen with crochet or Berlin-wool employment in her hands. True, she read much, and of the newest; and her music was something to be remembered, as of the utterance of an harmonious soul through sympathetic fingers. Still, the greater portion of her time was unaccounted for to the curious.

Meanwhile there was wretchedness and sorrow and starvation in the by-ways of the great city that recognized in her an angel of mercy and a constant savior from the worst of evils.

There were poor, down-trodden creatures who could have told how many of Miss Bridget's hours were dispensed.

But she held conversation between her right and her left hand on such topics to be a vanity and unworthy, and therefore these acts of hers passed into the Divine record, unknown of men.

That she was ever amiable, kindly, and generous, was a general reputation which she had achieved by the mere force of her personality; but those who so believed her would have been at a loss for details to attest its truth.

Meanwhile there were none who did not esteem her happy above most, for that she was tranquil and uncomplaining. And these would have marveled had they read her heart, and known that hers had been a life of bitter disappointment, as well as of entire self-abnegation; yet such it was.

The intuition which grasps at truth, even unknowingly, had seized the secret of her heart in its furtive decision on the merits of the hidden miniature romance.

Twenty years before Miss Bridget had loved and been loved by the curly-headed young man whose portrait she preserved; and the separation of the threads of their lives, which ought to have been woven together perpetually, had been the sad, sore episode which had chastened and saddened a spirit full of bright enjoyment and capacity for the perfection of earthly happiness. He had been poor, and she had been rich; and their story, like most sad ones, was a short one.

A few months of constant association and of growing love, and then the sickening disappointment of blighted hopes, and the young man had donned the blue jacket in which the artist had painted him, and had departed across seas, and they had never met since.

Even correspondence was forbidden them by her parents—who loved their only child with that ignorant love that does not foresee; and, as she was dutiful and he was proud, the thread had been cut, and they had drifted widely asunder.

It had been in the autumn that he had gone away from her; and ever since, and now, when the season had returned, and the brown leaves pattered on the stone walks in the garden, she had felt the sadness of her crushed-out longings and hopes press heavily upon her.

Now, when the shrill blasts were wailing mournfully outside, and the Christmas-tide—which promised to be green that year—was only a day off, the depression of her spirits seemed

almost beyond the control of her dearly-bought self-command.

It was toward dusk on Christmas-eve, and she sat alone by the bright fire in the sitting-room, and that she might for once accept the painful pleasure of reminiscence, she let her memory carry her back to those halcyon days twenty years gone.

She had been surrounded by a group of young and happy beauties all the afternoon; but they had dropped away and left her alone; and so she sat, deep in thought, when a loud rap of the knocker startled her for a moment, and she came out of her reverie, thinking it might be the return of one of her late visitors, or a new one; and so her face, which had for a few moments become hard with lines of unrest, softened into its usual placidity.

The door of the sitting-room opened, and the butler appeared, bearing a small, rough-looking box.

"It's a box, marm, just left here by a sailor-chap, who said he was sent by the captain of a ship, and told to leave it, and no answer. Will I bring it in here, marm?"

"Yes, Joseph," said Miss Bridget. "You may place it here at my feet, and bring something to open it."

The butler placed it on the rug at her feet and left the room. Miss Bridget examined the direction curiously.

It read thus:

"To Miss Bridget Culver,
No. 2 —— Street,
New York."

It was bound with hoops of iron, and bore the appearance of having traveled; but the outside gave no clew to its source.

The butler returned, and after some trouble removed the lid, and retired.

The contents of the box were wrapped in a covering of oil-silk; and Miss Bridget removed this, and found beneath—a worn-out and faded blue jacket, a sailor's hat and knife, and, wrapped in a bit of the same silk, the companion-picture of the miniature of the curly-headed young man—a portrait of a beautiful girl, apparently about twenty years of age.

Miss Bridget held these things for a moment in her hands; then she folded them slowly together, and rising from her knees, walked quietly out of the room and up stairs, leaving the empty box on the floor.

When the maid knocked at her bedroom door, half an hour later, to call her for tea, Miss Bridget answered that she was ill, and desired not to be disturbed until morning.

That Christmas-eve the winds mounted higher and higher, and whistled more and more drearily about the old stone house, and rattled the window-panes, and banged the blinds of the flaring brick houses in the neighborhood, and was altogether wild and uncomfortable and pitiless.

And at about midnight there came up a terrific snow-storm, and at once annihilated all the possibilities of a "green Christmas," which, according to ancient superstition, "makes a fat church-yard."

And on the Christmas morrow the snow lay heavily upon the trees, and was banked up in drifts all about the stone house; but the sun shone merrily, and flashed brilliantly on the bright crystals; and early sleigh-bells awoke Miss Bridget, where she had thrown herself, in her clothes, on the couch in her bedroom, with her head resting on the old, torn, and weather-stained blue jacket, and the *two* miniatures clasped in her hand.

And late she rose and made her toilet, and went down stairs to eat her lonely Christmas breakfast; and on the stairs she was met by the maid, who said there was a gentleman in the sitting-room who insisted on seeing her. And so Miss Bridget, who, though in trouble herself, would inconvenience no one else, entered the sitting-room, and saw by the window a tall gentleman, with thick, curling brown hair, who, turning and seeing her, made three steps and took her in his arms, and held her so close to his breast that, if he had not had the curling brown hair, and the large blue eyes, and the frank, open face of the miniature we wot of, we should have deemed it strange, believing, as Miss Bridget had, that he was buried in the sea, and had sent his blue jacket home to her as a token—a most foolish supposition truly, for "dead men tell no tales."

And so Miss Bridget did change her name after all, and in spite of the confident prognostications of her friends. But she never could quite forgive her sailor-husband for the shock and the dreadful grief she experienced when she discovered the contents of his *Christmas-box*.

THE COMIC SIDE OF LIFE.

LAUGHTER is the language of merriment—the speech of humor—the eloquence of fun. Without it wit becomes cold and pulseless, and social chat loses its attractiveness and life. It infuses a spirit of cheerfulness into whatever circle of society it reaches. "It is endemic, epidemic, and sporadic, and all are sure to catch it who come within its reach." A good laugher is a welcome guest at every gathering, unless it be a funeral; and even at such a gathering he is not to be excluded, because pathos and humor are so closely allied—the latter, it is said, secretes tears. We know that Hood, the king of humorists, wrote "The Bridge of Sighs," and that the words of that poem sound like "the dropping of tears from the eaves of the eyelids." A pleasant wag who laughs with every body, and who laughs at every thing which is ridiculous, can be a useful man in his neighborhood. He will be considered the "caustic surveyor of events," the critic of society, who weighs and measures our words and actions. He laughs at the Grecian bend, and the echo of his mirth reaches the

ears of those who "stoop to conquer;" and after his laughter comes the lesson of "bend over the wash-tub" and "bend over the cradle," but not upon Broadway. "He recasts, restamps, refurbishes, and recirculates the old pieces of wit," as men in the mint change Spanish dollars and French francs into American coin.

When you meet such a man in the arena of discussion it is folly to argue with him. You can not put down a pun by the use of the most profound philosophy. Argument will not answer a joke. If you open your mouth to reason the case you may find yourself in the position of Munchausen's lion, which swallowed the ass and found itself in the harness dragging the chariot. You must put him down with the logic of laughter, or suffer defeat. If he puns, pun back. If he jokes, joke back. If he dimples the town with laughter at your expense, join with the laughers and show that you can appreciate a good thing. Lord Chatham asked Henniker to define wit. "Wit," replied the wag, "is like a pension bestowed by your Lordship upon your humble servant—a good thing well applied." When a man becomes angry at a joke circulated at his expense he is like the eagle which stole the meat from the altar of the gods, and burned the nest with the brand which accompanied the sacrifice. If he flames out in indignant rejoinder his hot thought consumes his self-control, and he will make himself contemptible because somebody else has made him ridiculous.

When a wag flashes his wit in your face, dip the torch of your wit into the "sun of your genius," if you have no genius, into the light of some other person's sun, and light up the firmament of fun at his cost, or join with the multitude "in showing teeth without biting." You must, however, always keep truth and justice on your side. Truth and justice have a cuirass so impenetrable that the arrows of wit and humor rattle about them as harmlessly as hail on the helmets of the gods. It is impossible to laugh truth into a lie, or to extinguish justice by ridicule culminating in roars of laughter. Dr. Bethune, the poet and preacher, and a man of weight in every sense of the word, on being introduced to a tall, thin minister of the "Baptist persuasion," remarked, "Shrunk after the wetting, I see!" This specimen of genuine humor, with just enough wit in it to make it "sparkle like salt in fire," could not fail to provoke a smile. Had it kindled anger, the shrinking of the body would have been followed by the shriveling of the soul.

A New York Bohemian, speaking of the price of meat, said that "beef was never so high since the cow jumped over the moon." Now this is pure humor, and the author of it laughs with every body, and he laughs at nobody. I shall not attempt the difficult task of defining wit and humor. Hazlitt says: "Dr. Fuller's remark, that the negro is the image of God cut in ebony, is humor; and that Horace Smith's inversion of it, that the task-master is the image of the devil cut in ivory, is wit." Wit and humor are as closely related as the Siamese twins, and like that couple they go together, and it requires a sharp blade to separate them. Fun is a fine art, and he who is master of it will know how to stop short of that line which separates it from the absurd and ridiculous. Wit is crank, scornful, analytical. It makes invidious contrasts, tosses analogies in your teeth, spoils no good stories for relation's sake. It shoots a feathered shaft before you can lift a shield, and is sure to hit a tender spot. If a man were as invulnerable as Achilles, whose soft spot was in his heel, it would be sure to wound him unless he wore thick boots, which, unlike his lips, should be water-proof. Americans do not laugh enough. We scarcely recognize the comic side of life. Artemus "the delicious," as the author of "Griffith Gaunt" calls him, shook our sides with laughter, and a few others did so—all of them, however, can be counted on the fingers of two hands. These jokers have made us laugh a little when out of the range of the roars of bulls and bears in Wall Street; but we, as a people, have failed to sustain first-class comic journals. The humor of Lowell and Holmes and the wit of Saxe are appreciated by a few—the choice few—because the aroma of their poetry gives a pleasant odor to their merriment. Mirth follows us in the street, and overtakes us at our occupations; it tickles the rib of sleep, even. Why, then, do we not respond to her exhibitions of cheerfulness? Because we are in haste to nail a bargain or fasten a contract. Because we want to watch the money market—so many are "teetering" on the beam of speculation. Now gold goes up, and they go down. Now stock goes down, and they go up. Thus they "teeter" day after day, and when they tumble headlong in the crowd, they can not see where the joke comes in. Beecher says that the creed of most men is: "The chief end of man is to glorify gold. Life is the time afforded by Heaven to man to get rich in, death the termination of a great speculation, heaven a place where the streets are paved with gold, and hell a place where shiftless men are punished with everlasting poverty." As we grow older and more opulent, we shall have more leisure and more time for laughing. As it is, there are multitudes who find time to laugh, and they find that "laughter doeth good like a medicine." We see in the lowest phases of mirth little to laugh at; it crops out in puns and sudden turns of language, and is to the genuine article what tinsel is to gold—we smile at it once, and then forget it.

Puns are the erysipelas of speech. Four puns out of five are failures. Holmes says no young man or woman should indulge the habit of coining puns, for it debases the currency of language. "A punster is like a boy who puts pennies on the railroad track—he may upset a whole freight train of conversation in his efforts

to flatten a witticism." Hood said, "If I were *pun*ished for every *pun* I shed, I should not have a *puny* shed in which to hide my *pun*ished head." The highest, purest, and most perfect specimens of wit ring like the music of golden eagles when dropped on marble. A good pun must have three qualities—a body of speech, a soul of thought, and a heart of sentiment. Words without thought or feeling are of dead letters. The head and the heart must put thought and feeling into the syllables before they can inspire mirth.

The manager of a theatre in St. Louis offered a silver cup to the man who would make the best conundrum. This won the prize: "Why is the man who presents this cup like a liquor-seller?—Because he presents the *cup* which brings many to the *pit*, while those above are in *tiers*." Here is another: "*Parva scintilla magnum ignem incitet*," said a wag, pointing to a small man who was courting a large woman. He said, in plain English, a little spark kindles a great flame. Fun is volatile, and assumes all phases and postures—pinching you with quotations, coruscating in conundrums, laughing at you from behind the mask of metaphor, shooting its Attic arrows when you have no fortress to fly to. An English bishop said, "If the devil should lose his tail, he could get another where bad spirits are *re*tailed."

Wit is artificial; humor is natural. Wit illustrates by uncomplimentary comparisons; humor is careful not to give offense.

"Have you seen my descent into hell?" inquired an author, a great bore, who had written a book with a fiery title.

"No," replied Douglas Jerrold, "but I should like to."

"Do you see any thing ridiculous in my wig?" inquired a judge of Curran.

"Nothing but the head," was the reply.

These are specimens of real wit—wit sharp as a Damascus blade. Some one, speaking of Holmes, said:

"A doctor his profession runs into the ground,
And some of his patients sleep under the mound,
Yet his wit could awaken their risible cough,
Though their spirits had gone where the Croton's cut off."

Some one said that the milkman's favorite tune should be, "Shall we gather at the river?" By some misadventure the Methodists lost their church building and land in Hoboken, whereupon a wicked wag remarks, "They may read their title clear in heaven, but they can not in Hoboken."

It is unfair to bring the charge of profanity against wit and humor. A funny blunder of speech in church is all the more laughable because we looked and listened for something solemn; and when we heard something absurd or ridiculous, the sudden contrast jolted us out of the serious sphere of propriety, and we were forced to laugh. A man, tall, awkward, and ugly of feature, arose in a religious meeting, and while the tears rolled like rain down his face, said, "Dear friends, I have been an awful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely!" No one doubted the sincerity or the piety of the poor man, but his absurd remarks upset the gravity of the minister, and overturned the solemn influence that previously pervaded the audience, so that a general "titter" swept from the pulpit to the porch.

The wit of Sydney Smith survives his sermons. The humor of Henry Ward Beecher makes him the most attractive preacher in the American pulpit. Humor runs through his sermons and speeches like violets in a harvest-field, giving sweet odor and beauty to his task when he stoops to put in the sickle. The temperance reformers can afford to laugh at the wit of the toper who said that the fanatical temperance men did not give the spirits a fair chance, and that they would keep on fooling with water until it depopulates the earth again.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE Golden age of the National Academy of New York is passed. There was a time when every newspaper spoke of its annual exhibitions with profound respect, and salutes of public praise attended the opening of the doors. The Easy Chair has occasionally referred to those halcyon days, possibly as an involuntary consolation for the radical change which was evidently coming, and which has at last come. Meanwhile, indeed, the gory T. T. has changed his base: but who that remembers his annual and semi-annual war-dances and brandishings of sharp and shining steel around the hapless A.'s and N.A.'s, who were bound to the expiatory stake, can not imagine with what air he peruses, at his tranquil Parisian distance, the comments of the newspapers upon the winter exhibition of pictures?

Indeed before the doors opened, before the public had seen a picture, the papers announced that it was the most wretched display ever offered by the Academy; and it was evidently only their good-natured forbearance that prevented them from saying that such a collection was an insult to the public. The morning after the opening reception there was an undisguised sneer in the tone of the comments. "There was a great display of fine dresses," said the newspapers, "and a great deal of bowing and courtesying and complimenting, and crowding and chattering, but nobody could see the pictures or cared to; which was fortunate," added Cato, the severe journalist, "because they are not worth seeing!" Another, with a figurative snap of the fingers or a metaphorical toss of the head, exclaimed that the exhibition was the last

dying kick of the old régime. Others, again, pitilessly laughed at the poor pictures (the Easy Chair protests that it uses the word as a kindly and not descriptive qualifier), and loudly declared that if any thing proved the necessity of a reformation, a revolution, a reconstruction, root, stem, and branch, lock, stock, and barrel, it was such an unblushing array of horrible slanders and satires upon the fine arts.

T. T. has only too plainly left his mantle behind him. But Cato and the public ought to remember the instructive tale of the wheel-barrow that was "broken when I borrowed it, and whole when I returned it." The exhibition, if a kick at all, is one of birth, not of death, for it is the first under the reformed council; but it certainly is not the fault of that or of any council. Our friends, however, may need a word of explanation, for the politics of the National Academy of Design are not as familiar as those of Tammany Hall. When New York was a smaller city, and when painters and sculptors were few, the Academy was formed and incorporated; and although really local, it was called, by a pardonable fiction, National. The management, as was natural, fell into the hands of the older painters in the city, who were personal friends, and many of whom were enviably eminent in their art. Now the chief function of the Academy was to provide exhibitions, and to maintain life and other art schools. The latter have never been very renowned, and, however useful, have been, perhaps, hardly adequate. But the exhibitions have been hitherto popular and interesting.

But artists of every kind have rapidly multiplied in these later years. New men, new talents, new tastes, new schools, have appeared upon every side; while the establishment of dealers and agents in foreign pictures, and the opening of galleries as a branch of a general business in artists' materials, have increased the public interest in the subject, and have stimulated rivalry and competition to that degree that some of the artists really seemed to think a kind of prohibitory tariff upon foreign pictures both decent and practicable. Which was very much as if American poets and authors should move for a prohibitory tariff against foreign poetry and histories. Meanwhile the steady old Academy held an even keel amidst the gusts and cross-currents, the older artists still upon the quarter-deck, and still—alas!—fighting it out upon that line. That line, indeed, must Clio sing, if she would truly relate the æsthetic tale.

The controlling members of the Academy are the National Academicians. They elect their own associates and officers, and, of course, they manage the exhibitions. The exhibition, as hath been said, is practically the chief purpose of the Academy. Upon the gallery wall at every exhibition there is a line, which, like the equator, is called *the* line. It is the line of most favorable exposure for a picture, and of course it is most eagerly sought. But walls are limited, and lines upon them necessarily short. When, therefore, the artists have become Legion, and each of them paints many pictures, and the few who are Academicians wish to hang more than one of their pictures upon the line, and have the power to do what they wish, and exercise that power, those whose works are hung near the cornice, to be surveyed through telescopes and other optical conveniences, or upon the mop-board, to be seen only by worshiping them upon your knees—those, we say, who are thus thrown up or cast down, and who see works which they believe to be signally inferior to theirs serenely displayed upon the line, all of them being the productions of Academicians, are naturally indignant, and their wrath is the hot-bed of revolution.

The moment the fires of revolution begin to burn they find plenty of fuel. It was, therefore, soon discovered that the Academy was antiquated, hide-bound, old fogy, antediluvian. It was a mutual-admiration club for the benefit of the Managing Committee. Young blood had no chance. New ideas were contraband. American art was asphyxiated. The Academy must be renewed by "Medea's wondrous alchemy." The vigorous young Luthers nailed their challenge upon the door of the temple. There was a high debate, and at length victory substantially declared for the reformers. Amendments to the Constitution were carried; a new Council was elected; and the President, although re-elected, was chosen by a majority too lean for satisfaction, and he has since resigned. It is not asserted that he has not done his duty well, but only that new epochs demand new men. Moreover, with a skill that reveals the genius of statesmen, the revolutionary chiefs, knowing that when a President vacated his place it was filled by the Vice-President, who was, as they held, identified with the old régime, carried an amendment that the Council should henceforth name the successor to a resigning President. Their expectation, therefore, doubtless is, that when the revolutionary or reform Council has selected a President in their sympathy, the Vice-President, touched by what he may consider an indirect vote of want of confidence, will also retire. The Vice-President, however, may prefer to disappoint what may seem to him an unfair expectation, and to appeal directly to the Academy itself, by retaining his position, and presenting himself for re-election.

This is the situation in which the winter exhibition has opened. The Easy Chair can not learn that there is any specific charge of any kind against any of the old officers. The only difficulty is, fogyism. Awful word! Awful thing—if only we could find out what it is!

When some fluent gentleman declares with ardor that he believes, let us say, the amiable ex-President, Mr. Fillmore, to be an old fogy, we may not agree in so rash an opinion; but we shall probably confess that we perceive a faint glimmering of an idea of his possible meaning. But when some other fluent person describes Mr. Wendell Phillips also as an old fogy, the faint glimmer of an idea is suddenly extinguished, and we are left wallowing in the black void of ignorance. The truth is, that the difficulty lies deeper, probably, than the personality of the officers of the Academy. If art languishes, if the public interest in pictures falters, if painters prefer to exhibit their new works at Schauss's, or Snedicor's, or at any other similar gallery, if, in one ugly word, good pictures are not constantly painted and exhibited, can any revolution or reform at the Academy help it? If every officer suspected of old fogyism were condemned to have his head knocked against

the undeveloped heads of the stone columns above the stairway in the Academy building—and the sentence were executed by knocking each head *au pied de la lettre*—would the next exhibition probably present us with more Titianesque portraits, more Claudian landscapes, on or off the line?

Indeed, the agitation brings us face to face with the old question, whether, upon the whole, an Academy is not likely to do more harm than good? If it provides an exhibition, and hangs poor pictures in honorable places, merely because the painters hold honorable offices in the Academy, it is a public nuisance, because it confuses and outrages the public taste. If some new-lighted messenger from Mercury or Jupiter were to thunder upon the beautiful door of the Academy Palace, and demand in a loud voice whether that institution honored merit above all things—and whether its organization was such as to secure the honoring of merit or the gratification of personal vanity and mutual admiration—what would be the answer of the council? If they could step to the door and with their hands upon their hearts declare that they sought merit only, the messenger might wing his way homeward and report the glad tidings; and in Mercury and Jupiter he would undoubtedly be believed.

The difficulty with any Academy of art is its tendency to raise a false standard. Its advantage is that of all association — greater facility of study and labor. If the Easy Chair were a painter painting away morning and evening upon his great work, which it would be very sure was about to usher in the full noontide glory of American art, and knew too that when it was done there was provided a noble space for its due exhibition in the most beautiful of buildings, to which the public thronged, and where the accomplished and discriminating Catos of the press could conveniently contemplate and admire that great work displayed in the best light, the Easy Chair would be very humbly grateful. How many Catos would ever find it out in the Easy Chair's attic studio? How much public would clamber singly up those stairs? Moreover, how could the Easy Chair afford to hire models, and where could it study the noble figures of the antique?

These are the advantages of an Academy, and its disadvantages are obviated in our day by the competition of the separate, individual public galleries on Broadway and elsewhere. And surely an association of artists which should furnish good collections, good life schools, and convenient and pleasant rooms, in which the best pictures should be hung in the best places for public view, would be an ideal Academy. If human nature forbids the hope of such a combination, human nature interposes serious objections to an Academy.

The Easy Chair was the other day talking with an intelligent hard-working man about the signs of the times, who said that the remedy for our difficulties was the temperance movement. "We have," said he, "a very large number of temperance men, and when we are a little stronger we shall suddenly descend into politics and clean every thing up." It was certainly pleasant to know that the besom was so near; and the Easy Chair fancied that the words of its friend sounded like the distant murmur of the approaching river that swept cleansing through the Augean stable. "If you will clean us up, come on!" it cried; and its friend smiled, as if he willingly accepted the challenge.

This friend was what is called a working-man, although that is a technical rather than an actual distinction in this country, and it was not very long before that the Easy Chair had been talking with a member of Congress, who said, when allusion was made to the startling spread of drunkenness, and the necessity of some public action: "Public action, indeed! They talk about grog-shops; well, what are grog-shops? They are the poor man's club." And he went on to say that every person and every class felt the necessity of relaxation and excitement; and if Dives drank his Champagne from engraved glass upon his black-walnut table, it was shameful that Lazarus should not have his dram over the counter. "All baggage," said the representative, "is at the risk of the owner in this world. I am for equal laws." The meaning of all that he said was, that his constituents loved their drams, and if he voted to shut up the "poor men's clubs," the poor men would vote him out of his seat.

Yet whoever has seen a gin-palace in London understands what the honorable representative meant. The poor, jaded, famished, sad man or woman emerges from the squalor and gloom and chill of the slum which is called home, and there, at the corner of the busy, bustling street, a blaze of light and warmth and society and comfort, is the splendid palace. Vaguely the poor wanderer feels that he is the gloomy squalor that he has left, and that the dram will transform him into this magnificence and ease. Is it wonderful that he enters the door which seems to him the gate of elysian forgetfulness? My Lords and gentlemen have the Carleton, the Reform, the Atheneum, the St. James, for their comfortable retreat; do they grudge the coal-heaver his club also? Is it not enough to be poor? Must there be no solace for poverty? What is this shining corner where the gaunt figures and haggard faces totter and leer? It is the palace of dreams. Will you bar it to the weariest of men?

The temptation is enormous. It has a thousand subtle allies in the appetites and imagination. Its consequences can not be tolerated; how can they be avoided? It is very plausible and pretty to call a grog-shop the poor man's club; but follow the poor man home, good Mr. Representative, and say upon your honor whether you think that the husband and father may rightfully stupefy himself into a forgetfulness of the woes which his stupefaction makes inconceivably sharper for his family! If it is the poor man's club, it is also the poor woman's. Let them comfort themselves at their club—and if the children starve and freeze, what then? Would you close the poor man's club? Haven't he and his wife the inalienable right of intoxication? What, then, can we do? Close the clubs by moral suasion? Yes; but is it not remarkable that the temples in which moral suasion is most lustily preached are the glittering palaces at the corner? Virtue, indeed, is virtue independently of the preacher. But when the Rev. Richard Turpin denounces highway robbery, or

Father Bacchus bids us beware of the grape, is the sermon as cogent as it might be?

A law to prevent drunkenness by prohibiting the public promiscuous sale of intoxicating drinks was by no means original in the State of Maine. The vice is as old as our race. Our ultimate ancestors, the Vikings, drank fire-water upon earth and quaffed mead in Paradise; our more recent progenitors in Great Britain drank gin and groveled. A gin-shop in Southwark, London, a hundred and thirty years ago had this alluring sign: "Drunk for a penny: Dead drunk for tuppence: Clean straw for nothing." What more could man, the image of his Maker, ask? And is it wonderful that Swift, diseased and half frenzied, poured out his profuse contempt in Laputa and the Houyhnhnms? People often died of drunkenness in the taverns; and there was a temperance party, even then, that demanded a prohibitory law, and they succeeded in carrying a bill through Parliament which laid upon liquor a tax so heavy that it became too costly for the poor, and which prohibited the sale of drams. Sir Robert Walpole, whose boozing orgies at Haughton are not unknown, finally acquiesced in the law.

On the 29th of September the prohibitory epoch was to begin. As the day approached, the mob, which was always so conspicuous and powerful an element in British politics, began to stir. The street-singers sang elegies upon "Mother Gin." Caricatures were published upon "The Funeral of Madam Geneva." The signs of the gin-shops were draped with mourning. There were mock ceremonies at some of them for "Madam Geneva's Lying in State," which occasioned riots; and on the fatal day the newspaper said that some people got soundly drunk at the funeral of Madam Gin. The drinkers pawned and sold their clothes as the last respect they could show her memory; and it was observed, says the paper quoted by Wright, that the retailers' shops were crowded for two or three days before, some of the customers tippling upon the spot, others carrying off a pint or a gallon; and the owner of one of the shops that emptied all its casks over the counter asked, with sighs of sorrow, "Is not this a barbarous and cruel thing that I must not be permitted to fill them again?" The votaries, many of them, appeared in ragged clothes, without gowns, and with one stocking. The law was evidently wholly in advance of public opinion, and it was therefore evaded and disdained.

When the ten-gallon law was first passed in Massachusetts, a quarter of a century ago, it was equally contemned and outwitted. The law against nine-pins, the tradition says, could not touch ten-pins; and if a man could not lawfully sell you a dram there was no law to prevent his giving you a dram, if you would pay four-pence ha'penny to see his renowned striped pig. It was astonishing how rapidly that breed of swine multiplied, and what an enlightened interest in natural history seemed to animate the public. It was under a tent, at a "militia muster" or "general training," that the phenomenon was first exhibited, and the taste for the spectacle was not confined to that peaceful field. But the history of an unpopular law with our race is always the same. The old English prohibitory law of 1736 was as quietly set aside as the New England ten-gallon law a century later. There arose instantly two classes—one of informers, one of hawkers of the forbidden bliss under other names.

Some people suddenly became chemists and apothecaries, selling chiefly "cholick water" and "gripe water," and announcing that they gave "advice gratis." This was the less comic imagination that suggested to the Yankee the striped pig. But the humor of our own evasions appears in the answer which the new chemists and apothecaries made to the justices, who inquired into the suspicious sudden increase of custom at their shops. "Your Honors, the late act has given so many people the colic that our patients have enormously multiplied." The dram-shops in the poor quarters of London, such as High Holborn, St. Giles, Thieving Lane, Whitechapel, Shoreditch, Old Mint, and Rosemary Lane, announced a list of new drinks: Sangree, Tom Roe, Cuckold's Comfort, Parliament Gin, Make Shift, The Last Shift, The Ladies' Delight, The Baulk, King Theodore or Corsica, with the chemists' Cholic and Gripe waters. As for the informers they were assaulted every where, beaten, rolled in the dirt, pumped upon, ducked in horse-ponds, and sometimes thrown into the river. Mob law became so general a year after the death of Madam Geneva that the Government proclaimed a reward for the discovery of any body implicated in attacks upon informers.

The popular pressure against the law was invincible, and in 1743 it was repealed. But by 1751 the evil of drunkenness had again become threatening. Hogarth attacked it in his "Beer Street" and "Gin Lane," in which last he introduced the sign of the Southwark gin-shop. A new law restricted the granting of licenses; but it did little good. Later, in 1758, when there was a scarcity of corn, a law prohibited its exportation and the distillation of spirits from it. In 1760 came the debate upon its repeal; and then petitions against the repeal, asserting that since the prohibition the general health, sobriety, and industry of the metropolis had greatly increased; and that the grand juries had observed not only that violence, murder, and suicide often followed the use of spirituous liquors, but that the gin-shops were the haunts of rogues, and that the most extensive robberies were planned in them. The prohibition was for the time continued.

This is our own history again; but written a hundred years before us. And now one of the chief authorities upon the subject in England declares that the radical English difficulty is gin-drinking, and almost the chief splendor of London is the gin-palace. There are wise men who say that it is our chief peril also in this country. But public opinion is plainly hostile to prohibitory legislation, and probably no State would declare for it by a majority of voices. It seems, however, equally plain that a prohibitory law makes drunkenness more difficult, and thereby diminishes it. But all laws must be first authenticated by public opinion, and it is to that, not to the Legislature, that the appeal must first be made.

The woman question is in the very height of debate, and nothing is more remarkable than the rapid equalization of special opportunities for women which every where appears. While

we are wondering whether women should have the same facilities for education with men, not only is Eton, itself the most conservative of English schools, to be practically open to them, but the medical school of the Edinburgh University provides separate classes for them, and Professor Masson states that at the late examination the women were more successful than the men. In London Dr. Lankester asserts in a lecture to women that the study of physiology is the most important of all studies. In St. Louis women have been admitted to the law school—*ma in Hispania!*—but in Philadelphia there has been a memorable event, namely, the uncourteous treatment by the young men of the women attending the medical lectures. This little event occasioned a great deal of discussion by which the women will gain.

The masculine medical students in New York expressed sympathy with their brethren in Philadelphia—one hundred and forty of whom had been outraged in the finest sensibilities of the medical student's breast by the presence of the score or two of young women; while the doctors of the ascendant sex in Philadelphia, speaking by all the members of the Faculty of the Philadelphia University of Medicine and Surgery, resolved that "the proceedings relating to the females attending the Pennsylvania Hospital" were undignified and dishonorable, and declared that it was desirable that female culture and talent should be directed to alleviating human suffering. The Faculty of the Women's Medical College in Philadelphia have also issued an address stating that, in their opinion, special and delicate cases of each sex should, if practicable, be treated in the presence of the sex exclusively; and that arrangement will undoubtedly be made.

While these skirmishes take place at certain points the Cleveland Convention, to form an American Woman Suffrage Association, urges an advance of the whole line; and the Woman's Parliament, declaring that it seeks the elevation of woman in woman's way, announces that it has no connection or sympathy with the suffrage movement. In England, also, certain women who are tax-payers are admitted to vote, and a shrewd lawyer in Missouri affirms that the Fifteenth Amendment already permits the voting of women in this country. The abstract debate is continued meanwhile in newspapers and magazines and lectures, and no private circle of intelligent persons is long untouched by it.

Yet the women are by no means unanimous. They cherish an immense regard for tradition; and every Easy Chair has plenty of friends among women who say that they are ashamed of their sex when they see the conduct or read the speeches of certain women; that they are satisfied with their own situation, and are of opinion that every well-regulated woman will find enough to occupy her time profitably in the care of her children. This is a very familiar and an extremely droll statement. "Why," asked the famous Princess of France—"why do people starve? If they haven't meat, why don't they put a chicken in the pot?" If, indeed, every starving man had a full purse! If, indeed, every woman had a comfortable home and family! In Massachusetts, for instance, there were recently some thirty thousand more women than men. What provision does this airy argument, merely upon its own assumption, make for this superfluity? What kind of an argument to a spinster is it that she ought to find happiness and employment enough in the charms of her husband and the care of her children? Unquestionably Judea was full of the most patrician satisfaction with the good old traditions of the eye for the eye, and the tooth for the tooth. The daily services of the temple ought certainly to afford true happiness and employment enough to every good Jew. The new teacher was clearly superfluous. This kind of reasoning would have been ludicrous two thousand years ago. Is it grave and conclusive now?

But how would it be better if it were not ridiculous from its utter inappropriateness? That is to say, if every woman had a husband and children, what would be the result of the argument that she ought to do nothing but devote herself to them? In one word, it would carry women back to where they were in Greece. Pericles said that the highest praise of a woman is that she be never mentioned. The wives in Greece were regarded as brood mares; the women whose society men sought for intellectual recreation were what we should call disreputable women. If this argument of exclusive domestic devotion should prevail, behold the result! You, Madame, who appeal to it, love to decorate your lovely person for the ball and the opera. Softly, if you please. Lay down the gems, the flowers, the laces, and leave the roses to hear alone "the flute, violin, bassoon." A well-regulated woman will find her true pleasure and most profitable occupation in the care of her husband and family, not in a mad whirl of society — of cards, compliments, and dancing. No balls, if you please. Woman is made for the bosom of her own family.

If you would go to the theatre and the opera, there is the same destiny of the "true woman" barring the door. Indeed, Madame, one-twentieth or one-hundredth part of the time that you take from the care of your husband and family to devote to company and dissipation would be tenfold more than enough for attention to any political interest or duty. If, therefore, you really mean what you say about the duty and happiness and sphere of women, you must renounce every thing but your nursery. Or, if you refuse to be logical to your own argument, and insist upon leaving your nursery, you must show that dancing and dining, and wildly squandering your time, and belittling your soul in a foolish whirl of excitement, is better than interest in improving laws which impose unequal burdens.

Or do you deny that such is the alternative? Do you say that a woman need not necessarily be a houri of the parlor ballet, or a candidate for constable, but that she may lead a sober, righteous, improving life? Yes; she certainly may. But you will observe that you have now left your domestic argument. You do not insist that a woman must be devoted to the care of her family, excluding all things else, but that she may improve herself. Very well; if she informs herself—for that is improvement—upon all kinds of questions interesting to men and women, she must read history, she must reflect upon the progress of the race, upon the condition of various countries, upon the remedies for evils and inequalities and injustice of every kind. She may

see with Mrs. Fry, for instance, that prisoners should be brought within the range of moral influence; or with John Howard, that prison life should be radically ameliorated; or with Charles Dickens, that imprisonment for debt should be abolished; or with Wesley and Garrison, that slavery is the crime against human nature; or with Father Mathew, that drunkenness is the permanent social menace of our time; and surely every woman who "improves" herself must see these things and feel them, quite as much as she sees or feels the music of Tennyson or the blitheness of Chaucer. Indeed, she can not thoughtfully read Tennyson or Chaucer without having such things forced upon her. Then, of course, she has an opinion, a desire in regard to them. The expression of the opinion, just and generous and womanly, would greatly help the removal of the difficulties. To express an opinion with such a result, or merely to express an honest opinion upon the subject, would be as womanly — would it not? — as to express an opinion upon a Cashmere shawl or a *chignon*. You say that it certainly would. Good Heavens! Madame, you are a woman's rights woman!

Will you permit your old friend, the Easy Chair, to remark that, when you speak of a woman's duty as lying in the domestic sphere, you are uttering only a half truth? If a woman is a mother, God gives her certain affections and cares springing from them, which you may be very sure she will not forget, and to which, as she is a "true woman," she will be fondly faithful. But does it occur to you that, if a man is a father, he also has thereby loves and cares which are only remotely connected with his shop? Yet, while the father and the mother, who together are the head of the family, have thus certain special duties growing out of that relation, they are also members of the state. And remark, it is not the family that is the member of the state, but the adult members of the family. If the father dies, the mother succeeds to the property, to the responsibilities, of every kind. The state taxes her, and tries her, and sends her to jail or to the gallows, upon occasion. Now if she be competent to own property, and if it be right to tax her, can it be very wrong that she should have a voice in the law that taxes her?

Dear Madame, the moment that the common consent of the civilized world lifted you from your position in the Greek household, you began the journey upon which you have ever since constantly traveled, and which will end in a perfect equality of opportunity with men. Perhaps you will not be a doctor, nor a lawyer, nor a Senator, nor a President. Perhaps you will not care to vote, nor to speak in public, nor to sing in public, nor to act in public. But suppose that Jenny Lind or Mrs. Moulton were forbidden to sing in public because they were women; suppose that Madame De Staël, and Mrs. Somerville, and Mrs. Stowe had been silenced because they were not men; suppose that Mrs. Siddons and Rachel had been frowned down as women, would any thing have been gained? Dear Madame, in this country five-sixths of us come of Anglo-Saxon stock, as it is called, and the thing that we will at last surely have is fair play.

Editor's Literary Record.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

MR. BARNUM in his autobiography—*Struggles and Triumphs; or, Forty Years' Recollections of P. T. Barnum* (J. B. Burr and Co.)—has written a vastly entertaining and, on the whole, a useful book. Into the *morale* of his life it is not necessary for us to enter, in order to pronounce its story fascinating and not injurious. He does not claim to be a model. His standards of honor have not always been the highest. But there is a line which very clearly separates between swindling and humbugging the public. This line Mr. Barnum has rarely if ever overstepped. His greatest humbugs were practical jokes, which the public enjoyed as well as the joker. In fact, this *penchant* for a practical joke is in part the key to Mr. Barnum's peculiar character. Whether he plows with an elephant to advertise his Museum, or labels some ingeniously painted doves "Golden Pigeons," for the sake of "selling" his California friend "Grizzly Adams," or introduces to an expectant audience a "cherry-colored cat," with the naïve explanation that he referred, of course, to *black* cherries, or advertises a woolly horse as a capture made by J. C. Fremont, or aids and abets an old negress to palm herself off on an unsuspecting public as the nurse of the "father of his country," there is the same intense enjoyment of the joke, which is carried out in such good-humor that it is rarely the case that the victim does not join the laugh which is raised at his own expense. Willis, who went over to Hoboken to see what was perhaps the greatest humbug even Mr. Barnum ever attempted, the Buffalo Hunt, says that as the ferry-boat neared the shore another one, equally crowded, started from the pier on its return trip. "Is the Buffalo Hunt over?" shouted some of the new arrival. To which came the reply, "Yes, and it was the biggest humbug you ever heard of." Willis adds, the passengers on the boat with him gave three cheers for the unknown author of the humbug. One can hardly condemn as a swindle what excites the cheers and laughter of the swindled.

Mr. Barnum began life as a traveling showman. He met with the usual vicissitudes of that very uncertain profession. One day he had a full purse, the next day his watch was in pawn for his dinner. His two or three ventures in business proved failures. He rightly interprets his own character: "I was to cater for that insatiate want of human nature—the love of amusement." It was a fortunate intuition, followed up by shrewdness and perseverance, which finally inducted him into his first success, the American Museum. The story of his purchase of the Museum, when he was absolutely without a penny, is characteristic, but is too long to transfer to these pages. For a year he brought his dinner

with him from home and ate it in his office; in that year the Museum, assumed without a cent of capital, was entirely paid for. Many of our readers will still recollect the innumerable contrivances he employed for advertising what became his pet institution. To many of them the story of the Irishman with his brick, the flags on the Fourth of July, the elephant plowing, and the like ingenious contrivances to arrest public attention, will be new. When Tom Thumb was taken in hand a new era was opened in Mr. Barnum's life. It required quick insight to perceive that the way to popularity in Great Britain was through the court and the aristocracy, not through flaming hand-bills. It required tact to secure an introduction of his prodigy to Buckingham Palace and the Tuileries. To this instinctive adaptation of his means to his audiences Mr. Barnum's success has largely been due. He has never attempted to "humbug" John Bull; for John Bull does not appreciate a practical joke.

Whatever may be thought of his methods, for certain results accomplished the country is really indebted to the great American showman. It required no little audacity to invest his entire property, as he did, in the Jenny Lind venture. And doubtless to the Jenny Lind venture the country is indebted for Catherine Hayes, and Madame Lagrange, and Carlotta Patti, and in truth the whole host of foreign singers and foreign actors who followed through the door he opened for them. To buy up fifty acres of farm land at farm prices, divide it into town lots, sell the alternate lots at farm prices, and trust for profits to the consequent rise of the remainder, as he did in East Bridgeport, was a shrewd operation, and proved a successful one. But it is a kind of shrewdness which would never have occurred to a mean or miserly spirit.

It has been said that most writers give to the world their best volume first. D'Aubigne improves as a writer as he grows older. He seizes with greater facility the salient points, and is no longer guilty of wearying us, as he did in his earlier volumes, with petty details. We have read no volume of his *History of the Reformation* (Robert Carter and Brothers) with greater interest than this fifth volume of the second series, especially that part of it which treats of Henry VIII. and the English Reformation. We recommend those who are inclined to think Protestantism a failure to read this book, and learn what Roman Catholicism was before the days of Protestantism; and those who imagine that we have need to go back to the days of the Reformers to read in this volume how singularly crude and immature those principles were in the minds of all but a very few.

Mr. John S. C. Abbott has found an appropriate title for his last contribution to historical literature—*The Romance of Spanish History* (Harper and Brothers). No nation has had a history more romantic, none one characterized by such revolutions of fortune. It has been in turn the wealthiest and the most poverty-stricken, the proudest and the most humiliated, the most potent in war and the most helpless and abject before the menaces of others, the most earnestly religious, the most intolerant in its bigotry, the most progressive, the most degraded, the most sublimely active, the most helplessly indolent. It has ruled all Europe. It has trembled successively at the feet of Germany, France, and England. It has given to the world America, and the slave-trade. It was the home of Columbus, and the cradle of the Inquisition. Nowhere have the people lain in a stupor so helpless under despotism so crushing. Nowhere has revolution followed revolution with such rapidity. Not even France has had a constitution more imbued with the spirit of freedom than some which the Spanish Cortes have framed. Not even Napoleon, by his *coup d'état*, has more ostentatiously disregarded the constitution he had sworn to protect than the Spanish charter of liberty has been in the past trampled in the dust, sometimes by the very men who framed it. Certainly Mr. Abbott has succeeded in seizing on the romantic aspects of this changeful history, succeeded in compressing the story of centuries into a volume of less than five hundred pages, without making a dull compend. His volume, whatever else be said of it, is interesting. It is also instructive. It would have been still more so if it had been more philosophical and less exclusively romantic; if its author had given us an account of the influence which Charles V. exerted upon the destinies of Spain, and not confined the history of his reign to an account of his romantic, but unimportant, abdication and conventual experiences; had, in a word, traced in the history of the past those influences which have prepared for and produced the revolution of the present.

Dr. John Lord offers his *Ancient States and Empires* (Charles Scribner and Co.) to colleges and schools, and tells us, in his preface, that it is "designed chiefly for educational purposes." We recognize the difficulty of comprising the entire history of Jewish, Greek, and Roman civilizations in a single volume; but we think it a positive injury so to treat that most fascinating of all studies, history, in such a way as to leave the impression on the mind of the student that it is the most barren and uninteresting. There is nothing in thought to redeem this volume from the tediousness of a bald encyclopedic summary of facts; and the style, while it is never involved, and rarely obscure, possesses no peculiar charm, and is occasionally marred by serious defects. "Pontius Pilate succeeded Gratus, A.D. 27, under whose memorable rule Jesus Christ was crucified and slain—a man cruel, stern, and reckless of human life, but regardful of the peace and tranquillity of the province." There is nothing but punctuation to indicate whether it was Pontius Pilate, Gratus, or Jesus Christ who was cruel, stern, and reckless of human life, and nothing whatever to indicate under which of the two first-named the crucifixion took place..... Quite a different work is Dr. Theodor Mommsen's *History of Rome, from the Earliest Time to the period of its Decline* (Charles Scribner and Co). Of this work we have received as yet only the first volume, and shall have more to say when it is completed, and we can speak of it advisedly as a whole. A cursory review of what is rather in the nature of an introduction to the history of the republic leads us to believe that the strong encomiums of the English press do not overrate its excellence.

MORE CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

Books of selected poetry are, in general, very little to our liking; but an exception must be made

in favor of such an elegant and well-edited volume as the new edition of the *Favorite Poems of England* (Harper and Brothers), which forms one of the most charming gift-books of the present season. In making the selections, which comprise more than two hundred of the most popular poems in the language, and cover a period of three hundred and fifty years, the editor, Mr. SAMPSON LOW, Jun., has wisely avoided the tantalizing effect of extracts by including such poems only as could be given unabridged. The rule of selection was that of simple favoritism. The volume, as the title indicates, contains well-known pieces only; but readers will not be sorry to meet their old friends in holiday attire, and adorned with the fairest gifts of art. It is beautifully illustrated with wood engravings, after original designs by Gustave Doré, Birket Foster, Ary Schæffer, Felix Darley, John Gilbert, and other eminent artists; it is printed on heavy paper, and is elegantly bound. Every thing considered, it would be difficult to find a more attractive or more appropriate gift-book for the holidays than this superb volume.

"Science walks in silver slippers," says an English Review. In silver slippers and golden robes she appears in *The Universe; or, The Infinitely Great and the Infinitely Little* (Charles Scribner and Co.). It is not possible for art to do full justice to nature, but art has exhausted her resources in the endeavor. And the three hundred and forty-three engravings make this volume one of the handsomest picture-books of the season, were it nothing more. But it is much more. The author undertakes in a single volume to illustrate the more wonderful phenomena of nature; to gather, as in a single museum, striking specimens from every realm in her great domain; to describe with pen and pencil, for the benefit of the unlearned reader, the more familiar facts and principles of natural science—facts and principles familiar to the scientists, but either quite unknown or but dimly and half apprehended by those who have never made natural science a special study. Beginning with the invisible world, the microscope is called in to unveil glories which "eye hath not seen." The rod of Moses bids the waves of the sea retire, that we may see what the "Architects of the Sea" are building in its busy waters. Something of the life of insects, birds, fishes, reptiles, and mammals follows. The vegetable kingdom, the mineral kingdom, and the sidereal universe succeed each other, until the reader, bewildered by the very multitude of the objects which claim his attention, pauses in his perusal, dazed by the glories in the midst of which he lives, but the mere existence of which he perhaps never suspected. The greatest fault we have to find in such a volume is that it awakens appetites which it is impossible to satisfy. As we follow our guide through the labyrinth of natural science, he points out to us, on the right and on the left, galleries which we long to explore, but for which we have neither the time nor the means. In such a book as this one visits the royal palace of nature, as the tourist visits Versailles who rides thither in the morning and drives back at night, or the British Museum, who hurries through its long galleries, filled with every form of curiosity, and after a day of exploration comes home to dream at night of birds, beasts, fishes, shells, and ancient relics, mingled in one common life, and in strange and impossible juxtapositions. Sometimes we doubt our author's conclusions, sometimes are compelled to think them, if not ill-considered, at least too hastily drawn. But in general the volume is no doubt reliable. It is composed with a Frenchman's eye to popular effects, without a Frenchman's straining after startling paradoxes. It is cautious, painstaking, and not only unmarred by that mocking skepticism which has made some persons account science as the handmaid of infidelity rather than religion, but absolutely imbued with a devout spirit, and characterized by a clear apprehension and recognition of a life, even in the vegetable kingdom, for which pure materialism can give no adequate account. Monsieur POUCHET, the author, is director of the Museum of Natural History at Rouen. It is only in France that scientific men devote such painstaking energy to unfold the mysteries of science to the common people; only in France that art is made such an interpreter of nature. In fact, artists' prices in America would render it simply impossible to do such a work as this in this country. This translation, done in England, is from the press of Blackie and Co., Glasgow, and is printed from the English plates. There is nothing, therefore, American about the book except the imprint of the house which imports it.

"I have never taken any interest in sporting," said a friend to us the other day, "since hunting tigers in the jungles of India. All hunting seems tame by the side of it." We can readily believe him, after reading, as we have done with rare interest, *Greenwood's Wild Sports of the World* (Harper and Brothers). The least exciting sport it has any thing to say about is fox-hunting, and even that is not wholly free from danger. We confess to a humane disinclination to the ordinary gunning, as exercised in a New England forest. To shoot, in cold blood, a defenseless squirrel or robin, or even a partridge, a grouse, or a prairie chicken, seems too like assassination. The poor victim has no chance for his life. The hunter runs no risk of his. But when we come to hunting elephants, tigers, lions, gorillas, buffaloes, and similar game, it is quite another matter. One might shoot down the carnivora, at least, without mercy; and when once the battle begins, the sense that it is a battle, and that one's life depends on a clear head, a steady aim, and a good shot, must be quite sufficient to neutralize any sentiment of pity, and prevent any relaxation of energy or lack of thoughtful skill. Mr. Greenwood has made good use of his abundant materials. He has composed, from all sorts of sources, not only an account of the habits of predatory beasts of various kinds, but also garnished it with the most significant, striking, and dramatic narratives of hunting adventure. How elephants are trapped in the corrals of Ceylon; how lions are hunted in the wilds of Africa; the habits of the gorilla, and the dangers and excitements of a gorilla hunt; tigers and tiger traps; harpooning the hippopotamus; the buffalo chase; the lassoing of the wild horse of the prairie; the spearing of the walrus in the arctic seas; and the excitements of piscatorial sport, with the devil-fish for prey, in Charleston Harbor—this and the like constitute the themes of Mr. Greenwood's exciting book, which has been enlarged and mate-

rially improved by the American editor. It is emphatically a book for boys; a book which they will read with delight, and which can hardly fail to develop those traits of manly courage and cool decision in danger which are essential not only to the good hunter but to the true man, and which too much of children's literature, so called, tends to eliminate. Resolute boys are sometimes inconvenient members of the household, but resolute men are what American civilization needs, above all things.

To Fields, Osgood, and Co.'s illustrated edition of JOHN G. WHITTIER'S *Ballads of New England* we can award no higher praise than to say that the pictures are worthy to illustrate the poetry. They are far better than we had been led to expect by the not very wise selection made from them for the pages of the illustrated almanac. The publishers have avoided the very common error of giving the work to one artist. They have thus escaped that dull uniformity of design which takes half the beauty from any illustrated volume. This book is, in an art point of view, a picture-gallery; and one finds it difficult to choose between the landscapes of Mr. Fenn and the figure-drawing of Eytinge, Hennessy, and Ehninger. We do not think Mr. Darley does himself full justice in his two contributions, and Winslow Homer's figures are rather stiff; but, on the whole, we are safe in saying that the artists have caught the spirit of the poet, and the fruits of their pencil may be accepted as affording an illustration of New England scenery and life second only to that of him who is *par excellence* the ballad-singer of the land of the Pilgrim Fathers; the one who better, we think, than any other American poet, appreciates the noble heart which beats beneath the coat of mail, and the stores of wealth, artistic as well as commercial, which sagacious industry discovers among its seemingly sterile and rocky hills.

The "Folk-Songs" have already attained such and so well-deserved a popularity that the publishers (C. Scribner and Co.) have commenced a reissue in four parts. The first of these, *Songs of Life*, is among the holiday books of the year, and is not inferior, artistically, to any of its competitors. A number of new designs have been added to a volume which was rich in illustration before. In execution it is not inferior, in variety and scope it is decidedly superior, to "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," noticed in our last.

NOVELS.

The Priest and the Nun (Crittenden and M'Kinney), a religious novel, purports to give, in the form of fiction, a startling array of facts showing the cunning ways in which Rome seeks to extend her borders. Whether each incident can be shown to be really true is of trifling moment: it is too well known to be questioned that the Romish Church is untiring, if not unscrupulous, in the use of every means to bring Protestants into her fold, and to keep every one of her members from slipping away. There is probably no Sabbath-school in the city of New York that has not had to fight in greater or less degree the incursions of this papal foe. Probably every householder, who has taken the pains to acquaint himself with the religious life of his Catholic servants, will not be greatly startled at any of the deceptions asserted in this book to be practiced by many of the priests. Within a very few days, in our own house, a superior servant, generally more intelligent than many of her class, being temporarily in the family, was brought to morning-prayers by a kindly word of invitation. She watched with curiosity, and listened with evident pleasure to the singing of a hymn and the reading of Scripture, and finally knelt with the rest as the prayer was offered. Scarcely could she wait till she reached the servants' apartments to give utterance to her pleasure and amazement. "Why," she said, "I have always been taught that Protestants never bend the knees in prayer. If this is what you do, I'll be with you whenever I get the chance." If the Protestant families in which this woman had resided (she had lived for three years in a clergyman's family) had manifested the zeal which her Romish teachers had done she would not have been thus ignorant. In such a time as this, when the power which Rome is acquiring in this country is a topic of common interest, any books which will rouse the Protestant to earnest, progressive work we should heartily welcome; but we are inclined to doubt whether tales of kidnapping and conventual imprisonments, filling four or five hundred pages, will do more than awaken and increase a sort of useless horror, without any inspiration to make positive war on the evil.

Of several others stories which have accumulated upon our table since our last issue we can say but a word. *Going and Son* possesses a somewhat ingenious plot and some graphic writing, but is not, on the whole, a remarkable novel.—*Wrecked in Port* is the story of a life wreck; of a woman who, having sacrificed her heart to her ambition, came at last to find, in her loneliness, that the fortune she had coveted was only a burden. It is pleasing in style and healthful in tone.—AUERBACH'S shorter stories possess a charm which does not characterize his more pretentious and perhaps greater works. His *German Tales* contain some of his earlier but by no means inferior productions. "Gillert's last Christmas" we can hardly read without tears.—*Christopher Kenrick*, which in construction reminds one of Bulwer's "My Novel," and suffers somewhat by the comparison, is nevertheless readable and spicy.—*Rainy Days in the Nursery*, one of the "Hildreth Stories" series, is pleasantly suggestive of rainy day amusements, though we should not know where to find the ideally perfect nursery-maid, who seems quite essential to them.—We could easily find a very ingenious little moral in the pretty fairy story, *The Mystic Bell*, were it not that, if we were to exhibit the pill that is hid by the sugar coating, we might spoil it for the little folk for whom it is composed.—Of *A Little Boy's Story* and *Stories from My Attic*, completed copies of which have come to our hand since our last, we can speak in terms of cordial commendation. The latter is peculiarly genial in spirit and poetic in style. If we have any readers who still pass Christmas without recognition, we recommend them to read to their children the capital story of the "Three Wise Little Boys."—The authoress of the "Susy Books," Mrs. E. PRENTISS, the wife of a prominent New York clergyman, has fairly earned a front rank among writers of fiction for children, and maintains her reputation both in *Nidworth* and in *Stepping Heavenward*. The

latter has already become somewhat known to the public through the pages of the *Advance*, in which it was originally issued. The former is a capital allegory, and the "children of larger growth" who agree with Cinda and Dolman that nothing "can be better than money," will find it very profitable as well as pleasant reading.

POETRY.

Seen and Heard (H. C. Turnbull, Jun.), modestly designated by its author as "Poems, or the Like," is written by one who neither sees nor hears. Mr. Morrison Heady, the author of these poems, was born, the preface tells us, "in Spencer County, Kentucky, and is now nearly forty years of age. When about sixteen years old he suffered an injury to one of his eyes, which soon resulted in total loss of sight in both, and this calamity was soon aggravated by total loss of hearing. By the aid of a trumpet he can yet distinguish some familiar voices; but even this slight communication with the external world is rapidly failing him." It is impossible to sit in severe judgment on one whose helplessness so appeals to compassion. The bandage falls from the eyes of Justice, and her scales lose their even balance. If these songs came to us unheralded, unintroduced, it would be impossible for us to accord them any place in American literature above that of many a poem which blooms for the week in the poet's corner of many a newspaper, and then fades, withers, and dies, having fulfilled its local and transient mission. As it is, we can hardly read without tears "The Double Night" or "Blindness." Perhaps it is a sympathetic fancy, but these verses that are wrought out of the author's personal experience are to us the best in the volume.—*Life Pictures*, by J. H. Powell (Adams and Co.), is a rather pretentious but decidedly unsuccessful attempt to portray in poetic numbers the "hurrying stream of life." One who in the first three couplets of his first canto rhymes "chair" to "care," "nature" to "feature," and "eyes" to "Paradise," had better abandon poetry as a medium of expression altogether, and say whatever he has to say about life in plain and simple prose.—We do not think that Mr. George Boker has been altogether fortunate in the selection of his themes for his last work, "*Königsmark, the Legend of the Hounds, and Other Poems*" (J. B. Lippincott and Co.). The brutal and unfaithful Elector, the unhappy, home-sick, heart-sick Sophie Dorothee, his wife, the chivalric, headstrong but hare-brained Count, the dangerous friendship of the wife for one who dared to be her lover, the stolen interviews, the attempted flight of the unhappy princess from the court, the discovery, the tragic death of Königsmark, the yet more tragic life in long imprisonment of the wretched wife and mother, all combine to constitute in the story of Königsmark a theme as tragic as imagination ever invented, or perhaps history, in its countless combinations of sorrow, has ever wrought. Yet it lacks the one element which romance never should lack —a thoroughly true and noble character. Sophie Dorothee was certainly not the pure spirit which the poet depicts. Her sin is pardonable, but it did exist. And Königsmark, who approximates the hero, was doubtless as he is painted, an abandoned libertine. The "Legend of the Hounds" is, if possible, more horrible than the history of Königsmark; at least it is more brutally so; and the very power with which the poet tells his story, while it invests the legend with a weird attractiveness, renders it the more repulsive. We do not demand that poetry shall be merely a decorative art, or shut its eyes to the dark facts of sin and suffering. But neither do we desire, turning aside from the fierce battle of life to the recreations of imaginative literature, to "sup on horrors" that are absolutely unrelieved; to plunge into a copse so dense that no sunlight penetrates it.

If *The Woman who Dared* (Roberts Brothers) is to be taken as a type of the female character in the "good time coming," we should devoutly pray that the new millennium might delay till our eyes closed upon the earth, and that meanwhile women might be lacking in what has generally been accounted an unfeminine virtue—that of courage. If marriage bonds are to be woven of silk, easily broken; if bigamy is to be accounted "holy and sincere;" if husbands divorced, however unjustly, are to be privileged, while the first wife still lives, to enter into illegal wedlock with a second, spurning all decrees of court; if women are to become so manly as Linda is painted, and men as womanly as Charles; if the universal order of nature the wide world over, in all races, nationalities, and times, and even in the animal races, is to be reversed, and maidens are to press their suits, and young men are to be coy and timid and bashful and hesitant; if the courtship of the future is to be like to that which took captive Mr. Samuel Weller—if this be the consummation which the Woman's movement aims at, then we think it a consummation most devoutly *not* to be wished for. For, great as are the evils in our present social system, those of that which Mr. Epes Sargent would substitute are incomparably greater. If we must have either "the subjection of women" or the subjection of men, let us have the former. Truth to tell, it is because not only the opponents, but even the friends, of the Woman's movement impute to it such results that it makes such seemingly slow progress among thinking men and pure and sensitive women. If, however, we approved ever so highly the moral of Mr. Sargent's story, we should still be unable to commend his book. Romance has a function to perform in the solution of moral problems. That function is to arouse the moral sense, to quicken the conscience, to set men to work, not to teach them methods. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was efficacious, not because it showed us how to deal with slavery, but because it painted slavery as it was, and awoke thousands of readers, who never perused one of Charles Sumner's statistical speeches, to the fact that there was something to cure. We should not deny the right of romance to awaken the nation to a consciousness of wrongs in woman's position which it is the duty of the hour to remedy, as Wirt Sykes has endeavored, unsuccessfully, to do in his "One Poor Girl;" but to construct an imaginary story, create fancied difficulties, and then to point the way out of them by a purely hypothetical road, contributes nothing to the solution of the social-political difficulty which confronts us. Mr. Epes Sargent does not designate his book a poem. From the arrangement of the sentences we judge he intends it for blank verse. But poetry does not depend upon the

length of sentences or the position of capitals; and that glow, that rhythm even, which is the very essence of true poetry, is wholly wanting. Who would ever guess, for example, that this was meant for poetry? "His means were small, merged in a life-annuity, which gave all that he held as indispensable to sanative conditions in a home, good air, good influences, proper food." We advise Mr. Sargent, if he will accept a friendly suggestion, to write his prose in lines of the average length, and so save paper; and to put his moral philosophy and his romance in separate volumes in the future.

BRIEF MENTION.

THE many friends whom Dr. KRUMMACHER has made in this country by his works will read with more than common interest his *Autobiography* (Robert Carter and Brothers). Besides finding in it the memoirs of one who is almost as a personal friend to thousands, they will also obtain by its perusal some familiarity with German student and parish life, and a better acquaintance with certain phases of German theology than an abstract treatise could give them. —The same house sends us *Sorrow*, by Rev. JOHN REID, and the *Shepherd of Israel*, by Rev. DUNCAN MACGREGOR. The first is too sorrowful. It tends to increase rather than assuage grief. It hardly shows even the silver lining on the cloud. The latter is addressed wholly to Christians, treats only of the higher experiences of Christian life, will be a stumbling-block to many, but inspiration and consolation too to not a few forbidden by sickness or other exigency the privileges of the sanctuary.—In the *Protestant Gems of the Prayer-Book* (Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger), the author, Rev. J. P. DU HAMEL, undertakes to show, what no one not ignorant of history could well deny, that the Episcopal Church is a Protestant Church. His argument is based on, rather let us say it consists of, significant extracts from the rubric.—We would be glad of space to say more than we can here of M. SCHELE DE VERE'S *Wonders of the Deep* (G. P. Putnam and Son). It is, in every thing but illustrations a worthy companion volume of "The Universe," "The Mysteries of the Ocean," "The Polar World," and "The Desert World;" but that one lack is very serious. It is a mistake, too, to give neither index nor any thing approximating to an adequate table of contents.—D. Appleton and Co., who, as well as C. Scribner and Co., are publishing an illustrated library of wonders translated from the French, send us two volumes of their series—*Meteors and Atmospheric Phenomena* and *Arms and Armour*. Of these we read the former with the greater interest; the illustrations are better in execution, though in subject less striking, in the latter. For those who are interested in investigating the relics of ancient warfare we know nothing so brief, so clear, and so comprehensive. But our personal tastes are not warlike, nor our predilections toward archæology.—*Our Own Birds* and *Trees, Plants, and Flowers* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) are by the same author, WILLIAM L. BAILY, and are a praiseworthy attempt to interest the young in what ought, certainly, if properly treated, to be interesting to them. Despite a certain unimaginative dryness of detail, the books are valuable, and may be made interesting to the juvenile reader by the parent, though only he who is already interested in natural history will take to them for reading if left to himself.—We have no need to enter here into the discussion between protection and free-trade. The settlement of the slavery question revives this old issue, and promises to make it one of prime importance in the nation's future. He is narrow-minded who desires to know but one side of a question, whatever his convictions may be. He who desires to understand what are the principles of free-trade, and what the arguments by which they are maintained, will find them admirably stated by M. FREDERIC BASTIAT, in his *Essays on Political Economy* (Chicago Western News Co.). He will be surprised to find in the spicy paragraphs and witty dialogues of Mons. Bastiat that political economy is any thing but a dry science. For those who desire to preserve their protective principles we must pronounce his book decidedly "dangerous."—*John Ploughman's Talk* sounds very much more like a devout Benjamin Franklin than like C. H. SPURGEON. It is terse, epigrammatic, keen, sparkling, and treats of the common virtues and common vices of everyday life. Its Anglican tone does not impair its usefulness for America. Take these sententious sentences for a specimen: "Boasters are never worth a button with the shank off." "It is the barren cow that bellows." "If you once ask the devil to dinner it will be hard to get him out of the house again."—In *Sybaris and other Homes* EDWARD EVERETT HALE treats of a topic of no little importance, none the less seriously because under guise of an entirely absurd romance. If the family is, as we are often told, the basis of the state, it is certain that civilization must begin at home; and that we can not have clean streets and healthy cities while people are packed into tenement-houses in a way that would disgrace the hold of a slave-trader.—*Lake George and Lake Champlain*, by B. C. BUTLER, is a history of a region whose quiet beauty is unsurpassed, whose historic associations are perhaps unequaled by those of any district in America. The photographic illustrations are very good. We can not say as much for the wood-cuts. It is useful as a memento rather than as a guide-book.—Mrs. HAWTHORNE'S *Notes in England and Italy* is written in a delightfully gossipy, personal, unconscious sort of way; so that, taking up the book with a new mental protest against another addition to the absolutely innumerable books of European travel, we found ourselves attracted by the first page, and reading with a peculiar sort of social zest, as if we were talking with a familiar friend of familiar scenes. Of course the chief value of such a book is as a memento to those who have traversed the same ground in person.—*The Writings of Madame Swetchine*, a companion volume to her letters, is a book of quiet, pleasant, devotional thoughts, without attempt at orderly arrangement or development, but characterized by the spirit of genuine devotion unmarred by any religious dogmatism; a book to take up for fragments of time, and for hours of religious musing.—Mr. WILKINSON'S *Dance of Modern Society* is the most pungent attack on the modern dance we have ever read. We have looked with some interest, but in vain, for a defense of the accused to this most eloquent indictment.

Editor's Scientific Record.

GIANT OSTRICH OF MADAGASCAR.

AMONG the most striking curiosities of various natural history museums for some years past have been either originals or casts of a gigantic egg, brought from Madagascar, and belonging to an extinct species of bird formerly living in that country. These eggs are estimated to be of two gallons capacity, or about that of one hundred and forty-four hen's eggs, and about six times the bulk of an ostrich's egg. They measure about thirteen inches in length, by nine inches in diameter. It has been impossible until quite recently to obtain any characteristic bones of this bird, by which to ascertain its true zoological relationship, some authors considering it a gigantic pigeon, others a vulture, and referring it to the famous roc of Marco Polo, but the majority of naturalists believing it to belong to the family of which the ostrich is a member. Quite lately this latter view has been established by the discovery of certain portions of the skeleton; and a communication relative to it has just been made to the Academy of Sciences in Paris.

Under the supposition that the bird was an ostrich, comparisons as to size were made, based upon the relative dimensions of the eggs, and the height of about fifteen feet was ascribed to the Madagascar species, known as the Aepyornis. The examination of the remains in question, however, has satisfied Prof. A. Milne Edwards that the supposed altitude is greatly exaggerated, and that the bird in all probability scarcely exceeded in height that of the modern ostrich, or about six and a half feet.

With this moderate height, however, the bird was enormous in its other dimensions, as shown by the truly colossal size of the tibia, which is about thirty inches in length, the circumference of the upper extremity measuring eighteen inches and that of the lower fourteen, while at the smallest intermediate part the bone has a circumference of only about six inches.

The femur is equally remarkable for its excessive massiveness, its length being only one and a half times the breadth of the articular face of the lower extremity. On its hinder surface, and above the condyles, is an enormous fossa, into which open large orifices intended to admit air into the bone. The feet of this bird must have been gigantic, and its entire appearance elephantine. In its order, its probable position is near the *Dinornis* and the *Apteryx*, but differing from both in a very remarkable degree.

A full account of these bones is promised by Prof. Milne Edwards, and its appearance will be hailed with no little interest by naturalists.

RELATIONSHIP OF OZONE AND PHOSPHORESCENCE.

According to a recent memoir, there is a close relationship between the presence of ozone in the atmosphere and the phosphorescence of the sea. As some of our readers are perhaps aware, ozone is in greatest abundance with a low level of the barometer and a prevailing south wind, while it diminishes with a rise of the barometer and a wind from the north. It has now been ascertained, by careful experiment, that the phosphorescence of the sea, as well as the special luminosity of phosphorus, are closely connected with these phenomena of ozone, and that the three are linked together in some way not yet fully understood.

IMPURITIES OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

The close attention which has been paid of late years to the constituents of water, as bearing upon the health of towns and cities, has been productive of important results in preventing, or at least mitigating, the attacks of certain forms of disease. Similar investigations that have been undertaken in regard to the atmosphere promise equally useful results. Few persons realize the extent to which the gases of manufactories and other agencies vitiate the atmosphere. Thus, in the examination of rain-water, at Manchester, about eight grains of sulphuric acid to the gallon were detected; and near certain alkali-works, in the vicinity of that city, the number amounted to over fifteen grains per gallon. It is not surprising, therefore, in view of the presence of this ingredient, that stone, employed in buildings or out-of-door statuary, in manufacturing towns, should so readily become decayed.

SALTS OF COPPER A PRESERVATIVE AGAINST MOULD.

The application of salts of copper to stones exposed to the atmosphere (the sulphate, or blue vitriol, especially) is strongly recommended, for the purpose of preventing the growth of cryptogamic plants, which so frequently injure them. Housekeepers, who are distressed by the formation of a green coating upon the brick pavements in damp yards and shady places, may perhaps find in this hint a suggestion of a method of preventing the difficulty in question. It is probable that crude carbolic acid will have the same, but perhaps a less durable, effect.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR GRAHAM.

Chemical science has recently experienced a severe loss in the death of Professor Thomas Graham, Master of the Royal Mint of England. This gentleman has occupied a prominent position in the history of chemical discovery for many years past, and has contributed a great many important facts and generalizations to the sum of human knowledge—such as the laws regulating the diffusion of liquids and of gases, the method of dialysis, etc. Among his latest contributions are those in reference to the presence of hydrogen in a meteoric stone, proving its existence in the inter-spaces of the heavens; and the demonstration of the metallic nature of hydrogen, as shown by its forming an alloy with platinum.

ECONOMY OF SEED IN PLANTING.

Experiments have recently tended to prove that roots and grains, by being planted much farther apart than is usual, will actually yield larger crops than are now obtained. This has been shown to be the case with potatoes, and more recently with wheat. It is found that the wheat plant increases above the ground in pro-

portion as its roots have room to develop without interference with those of its neighbors. In one experiment, wheat thus treated furnished ears containing over one hundred and twenty grains. It was found, in the course of the same experiments, that on every fully developed cereal plant there is one ear superior to the rest; and that each ear has one grain which, when planted, will be more productive than any other. By selecting, therefore, the best grain of the best ear, and continuing the experiment through several generations, a point will be reached beyond which further improvement is impossible, and a fixed and permanent type remains as the final result.

CURE OF DAMPNESS IN WALLS.

Mr. Ransome, the inventor of the stone concrete, has recently suggested the application of a silicious solution to walls, whether of brick or stone, for the purpose of rendering them impervious to moisture. The experiments made have been very successful, not only in rendering the building thus treated water-proof, but in preserving its substance from decay. Walls, the paper on which has hitherto continued damp in spite of every effort, can now be rendered perfectly dry, and free from every objectionable feature.

TEMPERATURE OF AIR AT DIFFERENT HEIGHTS.

Recent experiments with what is called the Captive Balloon at Ashburnham Park, England, under the direction of Mr. Glaisher, have shown that under a clear sky, at mid-day, the decrease of temperature in ascending amounts to over five degrees to the thousand feet, but becomes less and less as the day advances, until at about the time of sunset there is little or no difference; the decline being greatest nearest the earth. With a cloudy sky the decline in the daytime is less than when it is clear.

PRE-HISTORIC MAN IN ENGLAND.

Researches prosecuted during the past year, in Kent's Cavern, in England, have shown that it was occupied by man at an inconceivably remote period. Unmistakable indications of his presence, such as flint implements and other objects, were found associated with the remains of the cave lion, the cave bear, the mammoth, etc. The date is at least as far back as that of the post-glacial period.

During the later period of the occupation of the cavern, it is believed that its inhabitants were cannibals, as shown by the existence of human bones, which had evidently belonged to bodies subjected to fire, and used as food.

CURRENTS IN THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE.

Meteorological observations made in balloon ascents have shown that frequently, when air near the grounds is quite still, and the smoke from the chimneys of houses rises vertically, there may be a severe gale blowing at a height of less than a thousand feet. It has even been asserted, from observations made on the motion of smoke left by meteors, that severe gales in opposite directions may occur as high up as fifty or more miles.

GIGANTIC SHARK.

A monster shark has recently been discovered at the Seychelles Islands, having a length of over sixty feet, and far exceeding in size any shark of which we have any record, whether fossil or recent. Although a number were observed, they were much too large to be captured by the fishing apparatus available at the time. Like the Basking shark of the North Atlantic, which, not much over thirty feet long, has hitherto been considered as representing the monster type of its family, the Seychelles shark appears to be a vegetable feeder, living upon sea-weeds, and therefore not considered dangerous to man—a fortunate circumstance, in view of its enormous capacity for mischief, had it any inclination in that direction.

EXTINCTION OF THE TASMANIAN RACE.

The extinction of a star in the heavens has at various times excited the interest of astronomers. To the philanthropist the destruction of an entire race should be a matter of much greater moment. We are informed that the last male Tasmanian has recently departed this life, and that the sole survivor of the aboriginal inhabitants of the island is an aged female.

NEW INDICATION OF LONGEVITY.

According to Sir Duncan Gibb, the probable longevity of an individual may be determined by examining the position of the epiglottis. If this be found to be vertical, a great age may be looked for; if it is drooping or pendent, then the age of seventy is not likely to be reached, or, at any rate, exceeded.

We are not informed whether any apparatus or operation has yet been devised by which the healthy position of the epiglottis may be produced, and an increased longevity thus assured!

NORWEGIAN COOKING APPARATUS.

It is now several years since the so-called "Norwegian Cooking Apparatus" was first exhibited to the public; but it has since become a favorite in every direction, in consequence of the very great economy of fuel resulting from its use.

In its simplest form it consists of a square box or chest, lined at the bottom and sides with felt, and with a square plug of the same material, which can be laid on and the lid then shut down. Tin or iron vessels, containing the substance to be cooked, are first exposed over a fire for a short time to a certain amount of heat, and the substances in them brought to the boiling temperature. They are then taken off and set inside of the felt-lined box, the top is put on and the lid closed, and they are allowed to remain any desired length of time. The felt is so poor a conductor that the temperature of the vessels will be maintained for many hours almost unchanged, and the process of cooking will go on without interruption or the application of additional heat.

In one experiment a piece of beef was boiled with some potatoes for about seven minutes in a tin vessel, which was then placed in the chest and allowed to remain for a little longer time than would be required in ordinary cooking. On removing the vessel the contents were found perfectly done and smoking hot; and they probably would have retained the same temperature many hours longer, as after the lapse of five hours the vessel was so hot that the hand could not be held upon it.

The same apparatus is equally efficient as a refrigerator—and we commend the hint to our readers who may wish to keep ice in small quantity, especially in a sick-room. In one experiment several pounds of ice were placed in a tin box inside of the chest, during a hot summer afternoon. In the course of the evening the box was opened some five or six times, to remove portions of the ice; yet on the next day, at the expiration of twenty-four hours, although the weather in the mean time had been excessively hot, a considerable portion of the ice still remained unmelted.

INTERNATIONAL STATISTICAL ASSOCIATION.

The seventh meeting of the International Statistical Congress was held at the Hague on the 3d of September last, and, like its predecessors, was attended by a brilliant delegation from all parts of the world. M. Quetelet, of Brussels, was elected President, and among the Vice-Presidents we find the name of Mr. Samuel B. Ruggles, of New York, an American delegate. Many important papers were presented, and much matter left over for future consideration. Among other objects which it was proposed to bring to the consideration of the Congress was the best method of taking the next census of the United States; and from the varied experience of the delegates present many valuable suggestions in regard to this matter were anticipated.

THE RIBERI PRIZE.

Some of our medical readers may be interested to learn that the famous Riberi prize, amounting to about $4000, will be assigned, in 1871, for the third time, by the Royal Academy of Medicine of Turin, to the author of the best work on medicine published during the last triennial period; or to the author of the discovery that may be considered as having contributed most largely to the progress of medical science. Competition is opened to writers of all nations; but the memoirs must be written in Italian, French, or in Latin, and sent in by the 31st of December, 1870.

DEEP-SEA DREDGING.

At the present time naturalists of all countries seem bent on ascertaining the secrets of the sea, every prominent maritime nation having been occupied in submarine investigations during the past year. One of the most interesting of the explorations of the kind is that of a committee of the British Association, under the direction of Professor Wyville Thompson, prosecuted on a vessel furnished by the British Government. The researches were carried on by means of a dredge which, as our readers may be aware, consists of a rectangular iron frame, forming the mouth of a bag of netting, which is protected from wear by a leather or canvas flap. The whole apparatus, attached to a rope of suitable length, is dropped to the bottom of the sea and dragged along for a certain distance, scraping off the superficial layer of mud or sand into the bag, the meshes of which permit the dirt to be washed through, while the larger substances are retained and brought to light when the dredge is raised to the surface. The depth at which the bottom of the sea was thus explored was truly enormous, amounting in one instance to over three miles, far exceeding that of any other experiment with the dredge—although small quantities of sea bottom have been brought up with the sounding-line from equally great distances from the surface.

The time required to accomplish a cast of the dredge amounted to about six hours, a small donkey engine being used in the operation. From one to two hundred-weight of mud were brought up at each time.

The results of the examination have not yet been published; but they are said to be full of scientific interest, many species of marine animals being found at the level in question; some of them entirely new to science, and others more or less rare. The temperature was carefully noted, that at the bottom being about thirty-six degrees. The observations indicated that the surface water is affected by the heat of the sun only to a depth of about twenty fathoms, and that the Gulf Stream influences the degree of heat to a further depth of five to seven hundred fathoms. Beyond that distance the temperature gradually sinks at the rate of about one-tenth of a degree for each hundred fathoms.

The water at the greatest depth was found to contain a large excess of carbonic acid and a considerable portion of dissolved organic matter.

The fauna appeared to be most varied at a thousand fathoms, where the temperature is about forty degrees. Below this the greater cold seems to produce, in its arctic character, a decrease in the number and size of the species.

SIZE OF PATAGONIANS.

Some interesting observations were recently made in the Straits of Magellan by a British Hydrographical and Exploring Expedition. The much-vexed question as to the actual height of the Patagonians, of which such fabulous accounts were formerly current, received, of course, some attention; and it was found that they really are of a stature larger than the average; one chief measuring six feet ten and a half inches in height; several reaching six feet four; and the average of the men amounting to five feet ten to five feet eleven inches, or several inches more than the average of Englishmen. The women appear to be nearly as tall, in proportion, as the men. The Patagonians are of a fine physique, which is ascribed to their feeding upon the flesh of the guanaco, rather than upon fish or mollusks.

CHLORAL.

Considerable attention has been directed in medical circles to the physiological action of a substance called chloral (or rather its hydrate), which was discovered by Liebig in 1832, and is produced by the action of chlorine upon alcohol. It is really a compound of chlorine, carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, and is most readily prepared by distilling together starch or sugar, hydrochloric acid, and peroxyd of manganese.

When chloral is brought in contact with water it forms a white, crystalline, solid substance —hydrate of chloral; and this, when treated with an alkali, is decomposed into chloroform and a formiate.

Theoretically, if hydrate of chloral be introduced into a living body, the alkali of the blood ought to liberate chloroform, and sleep as from chloroform would be expected to result, but

probably for a longer time. Actual experiment has verified the theoretical suggestion; the chloroform thus liberated producing sleep precisely similar to the sleep of chloroform itself, and lasting at will for a number of hours. It is, however, at present considered a very uncertain and somewhat dangerous substance, and one that will probably not replace chloroform, especially as it has been ascertained that the injection of this latter substance into the blood produced precisely the same results as chloral itself, and probably with greater safety. It is possible, however, that as a substitute for opium and other narcotizing substances the hydrate of chloral may come, before long, into more or less general use.

According to some late experiments, chloral, no matter what the dose, when first administered produces a period of excitation; and with a small dose the action goes no further. If the dose be sufficiently large, the excitation is followed by a condition of anæsthesia. Very large doses cause death, which is preceded by a decided lowering of the temperature.

STEEL CORE FOR TELEGRAPHIC WIRE.

Among the great improvements in telegraphy, made within a recent period, may, we are assured by experts, be included the introduction of a conducting wire having a steel centre, and wrapped around with a band of copper in a long spiral, the outer surface being afterward tinned, to protect it from the action of the atmosphere. This wire, it is said, can be made of equal conductivity with solid iron, and of one-third the weight, thus securing a great economy of expense in transportation, and a reduction in the number and size of the supporting poles, and a greatly improved insulation, together with many other advantages. It is said that this wire, arranged for cable purposes, can be made of twice the conductivity of the Atlantic cable, and of only one-half the weight and cost. The use of the steel is, of course, to supply the requisite strength and tenacity, while the copper furnishes the conducting substance.

WATER-PROOF CLOTHING.

Material for water-proof clothing has been in use for many years, and is of great importance in our everyday economy. Rubber is, of course, the most perfect repellent of wet; but is very objectionable as preventing the escape of the insensible perspiration, and causing the exhalations from the skin to condense and produce a clammy sensation, rendering the wearer very liable to take cold when exposed to a change of temperature or to a draught.

Water-proof fabrics of woven material have been extensively used ever since the days of Mackintosh; and considerable improvements have latterly been made in the preparation of this article, which, while permitting the escape of the insensible perspiration, also excludes rain and wet.

The following recipe for rendering tweed and other similar cloths thoroughly water-proof has, it is said, been tested with satisfactory results. A liquid is prepared by dissolving half a pound of sugar of lead and half a pound of powdered alum in a bucket of soft water, and stirring the solution at intervals until it becomes clear, and then pouring it off into another bucket. The cloth or garment is to be immersed in this, and left for twenty-four hours, and then hung up to dry without wringing. Dresses prepared in this way will, it is said, resist the severest storms without allowing the moisture to penetrate, the rain hanging upon the cloth in globules. One person, we are assured, walked nine miles, in a very severe storm of wind and rain, and on the removal of his over-coat found his under-garments as dry as when he put them on.

CONSTITUTION OF CANDLE-FLAME.

It is a favorite postulate of physicists that the flame of a candle is hollow, and consists of an external burning cone with a dark central space. An ingenious method of proving this satisfactorily has recently been announced; and consists in using a rubber tube with an ordinary slit gas-burner at the end, directed horizontally, and fastened to a stand, as in the ordinary gas portable drop-light. The other end of the tube communicates with a reservoir of water placed at a suitable height, and is provided with a stop-cock. Under a certain degree of pressure the water is forced through this gas jet in a horizontal, continuous, and perfectly transparent sheet, and the burning candle is moved up until the cone of the flame is cut, at any desired point, when a perfect circle of flame will be seen on looking through the water, the gas and smoke being carried away constantly by the jet. A similar arrangement may be applied in investigating the character of gas flame, or that of any other light. A platinum wire can be introduced across the section into the cavity, and it will remain unreddened in the interior.

THE CHEMICAL FIRE-EXTINGUISHER.

Recent improvements of a form of apparatus known under this name have rendered it an important auxiliary in the prevention of fires, and one well worthy of being kept in all public buildings, as well as private establishments, which are not absolutely fire-proof.

It consists simply of a cylinder, of about the size of a common water-cooler, which, when filled, can be carried about by means of a strap passing over the shoulders. The liquid employed is a solution of bicarbonate of soda, and tartaric acid in crystals is placed in a perforated tube screwed into the top of the cylinder and dipping down into the liquid. The contact of the acid and alkali, of course, generates carbonic acid gas, which rises to the top, and is ready for use, and can be drawn off through a pipe whenever required. A moderate current of this gas turned upon a burning surface will extinguish it almost immediately, no matter how intense the flame may be, or how inflammable the substance in combustion. In one instance a mass of dry light wood, composed of barrels, split-wood, and shavings saturated with petroleum, equal in quantity to several cords, was set on fire, and allowed to burn for some time. Two of the extinguishers were then brought to bear upon it, and the flames were subdued instantly.

The gas does not deteriorate by being kept, but remains ready for use an indefinite period of time.

It may be stated, in this connection, that not many months ago a fire broke out in the fine building of the Boston Society of Natural His-

tory; but the services of an extinguisher were called into play, and the flames were instantly subdued under circumstances that rendered it probable that without this application the entire building might have been destroyed.

LIFE OF HUMBOLDT.

A scientific life of Humboldt is about to be written under the supervision of Dr. Bruhns, the Director of the Berlin Observatory, and will consist of a biography, as such, and an account of his scientific discoveries and investigations. The assistance of specialists in the departments in which Humboldt obtained his greatest renown has been secured, and it is probable that before long we shall have what has long been a desideratum in reference to this eminent individual.

WORKERS IN COPPER AND THE CHOLERA.

Attention has recently been called in Paris to the fact of an apparent exemption of workers in copper from attacks of cholera, during the various epidemics that have visited that city. It was found that, in the class of operatives referred to, the proportion of deaths among the adult workmen in copper, during the cholera season, did not exceed three to every ten thousand cases; while, among gold and silver smiths, the mortality was one in every seven hundred and nineteen. A nearly similar disproportion was observed in the case of those engaged in other occupations.

AURORAL LIGHT.

Some interesting observations upon the spectrum of the auroral light have recently been made by members of the Astronomical Society of Toronto; and while the indications of the spectroscope were thought to show the presence of several elements at present unknown, it was ascertained that the light was principally incandescent oxygen. The presence of this gas in the regions traversed by the aurora is supposed to be the result of the decomposition of water in the atmosphere by electric currents. When its gases (oxygen and hydrogen) are separated and afterward ignited, they produce the light which is seen, its tint varying perhaps with the other ingredients, and water is reproduced, which is generally visible as a turbid atmosphere during the auroral display.

PRE-HISTORIC REMAINS IN FRANCE.

A report has just been published by Professor Owen on the human remains from the cave of Bruniquel, a cavern in the valley of the Aveyron, in France. He states that the cavern furnishes incontestable evidence of the high antiquity of man, as shown by the abundant remains of reindeer and wild horses, upon which he had fed to a great extent. With these are numerous implements and utensils of bone, some of them exhibiting quite good carvings, representing the animals just mentioned. The absence of the remains of the cave lion, cave bear, hyena, rhinoceros, etc., indicates a period subsequent to that at which these larger species flourished.

NATURAL SUCCESSION OF PLANTS.

Mr. Bentham, the eminent President of the Linnæan Society of London, dissents from the generally received opinion that the spontaneous occurrence of plants, in a certain region, for the first time, as the result of the burning over of the land, turning up of fresh soil, etc., is due to the presence of their seeds in the soil for an indefinite period of time, waiting only a favorable opportunity to germinate. He thinks that it is to birds and atmospheric currents, carrying fresh seeds, that this phenomenon is mainly due. The fact that few seeds retain their vitality for more than a few years, except when kept perfectly dry, is, he thinks, strong evidence against the reasonableness of the first-mentioned supposition.

DISTRIBUTION OF LICHENS.

It has been found as the result of the examination of a large collection of lichens, made recently in New Granada, that about 100 out of 450 are species found also in Europe, as well as elsewhere in the Old World, proving the very cosmopolitan character of plants of this group.

CHANGE OF CARBONIC ACID TO OXALIC.

The transformation of carbonic acid to oxalic is one of the recent novelties in chemistry which may interest some of our readers. It is accomplished by placing pure sodium with sand in a flask, and passing a stream of carbonic acid gas rapidly into the flask, which is at the same time set in a bath of boiling mercury. The metal assumes a purple color, and in a few hours is converted into a dark powdery mass. When cool, the substances are removed from the flask and treated with water. The aqueous solution is then saturated with an excess of acetic acid and precipitated with chloride of calcium, by which oxalate of lime is obtained. Sixty grains of sodium, by this process, will yield six grains of pure oxalate of lime.

TOWN AND COUNTRY AIR.

It is stated that the air of the country differs strikingly from that of towns, in having a much greater bleaching power; and, after a rain especially, that it influences bright and oxydizable metals much more powerfully. All kinds of woven fabrics are bleached more rapidly, dyed tissues fade more readily, and iron and steel, and even copper, rust more quickly.

DETECTION OF FALSIFIED WRITING.

According to a French journal, alterations or falsification of writings, made with ordinary ink, may be rendered impossible by passing the paper to be used through a solution of gallic acid in pure distilled water. When dry, this paper may be used like ordinary paper; and any attempt to alter or change any thing written upon it will be left perfectly visible, and can thus be easily detected.

INFLUENCE OF MOON ON RAIN-FALL.

The question as to whether the moon exercises any influence on the rain-fall does not seem in a very fair way to be settled at present, as two papers, both by eminent meteorologists, published in the same journal, take decidedly opposite ground; one giving, as the result of forty years' observation, that no influence is appreciable; while the other, with fifty-four years of records, comes to the conclusion that the amount of rain which falls increases to a maximum about the tenth day of the moon's age, while the average

amount of rain "per fall" has its maximum at the end of the illumination.

CLEANING OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

The *Great Eastern* recently had her bottom thoroughly cleaned by divers, preparatory to taking on board the Anglo-Indian cable. The bottom was in a very foul state, muscles having accumulated in some places to a thickness of more than a foot; and it is stated that 50,000 gallons of foreign matter, principally barnacles, shells, etc., were removed from the ship beneath the water-line.

NEW SHIP CANAL.

Surveys for a canal from the North Sea to the Baltic have just been completed, and the work is soon to be commenced. The cost is estimated at about $20,000,000, and the whole is to be completed in from six to eight years.

WORK ON MAN BY DARWIN.

A new work by Mr. Darwin has just been announced, the appearance of which will be awaited with much interest by the community. In this the conclusions arrived at in regard to species will be applied particularly to man. The work, to be published next year, will consist of three parts: first, the descent of man; second, the sexual selections; and third, the expression of emotions. In the third subject we shall have the result of numerous inquiries which Mr. Darwin has been making for some years, through circulars distributed by him, as to how far man is endowed with muscles solely for the purpose of expressing emotion; how far the same expressions prevail among the different races of man; and in what manner the different animals exhibit their emotions.

NEW BESSEMER FURNACE.

Mr. Bessemer has lately patented a new method of producing intense heat, by means of combustion under pressure, where the flame can be bottled up, as it were, like steam in a steam-boiler. He claims that, by his arrangement, heat is intensified in the ratio to the pressure employed; so that the most refractory substances known may be melted or vaporized as readily as the most fusible.

HYPOSULPHITE OF SODA IN WASHING.

A German chemist advises washer-women to use hyposulphite of soda, instead of the common carbonate of soda, as it does not attack fabrics in any way, while it exerts a certain bleaching action, which greatly improves the appearance of white goods.

DETECTION OF METEORIC DUST.

According to a certain author, a sheet of glass, covered with glycerine and exposed to the wind, after the great fall of meteors in 1866, collected a black powder, which, on examination, proved to be iron, and was supposed to have been derived from the shooting-stars.

DESTRUCTION OF SEA-FISHERIES.

The note of alarm is continually raised in Great Britain, as well as elsewhere, in regard to the dangers of destroying the fisheries of the sea by improvident treatment. The diminution of the fish-supply on the coast of England is attributed largely to the constant dragging of the bottom by means of the trawl net, by which the sea-weed is raked up and the spawn and young fish destroyed, not only affecting the supply of adults of the same species, but also removing the incitement on the part of the predacious fishes to come in to the shore and feed.

Various kinds of fish, formerly extremely abundant, have become very rare, and thriving establishments, consisting of smoke-houses, etc., are now in ruins. The same result is following, more slowly perhaps, but with equal certainty, on our own coast, especially that of Maine, and the adjacent shores of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Grand Menan. Here, indeed, the trawl is not used, but the migrating schools of fish, especially of herring, are captured in weirs, set at intervals of a few miles all along the coast, and immense numbers are entrapped. These are taken up by means of nets with meshes so fine as to capture not only the mature fish, but also the young fry; and the entire mass being removed, it is, with the exception of the fish large enough to be smoked, boiled down and prepared for the purpose of securing the oil; the remainder, or the so-called pumice, being sold for manure.

Many of these fish are taken when visiting the coast for the purpose of spawning, and being prevented in this, or the fry being captured before they have attained to maturity, they are destroyed in the manner stated.

It is well known that, as a general rule, fish, like birds, return during their breeding season, as near as possible to the spot where they themselves were born; and, of course, if the entire supply of fish of a given kind, in any particular locality, be destroyed at any time, it may only be after a considerable interval that stragglers from other grounds will visit the place.

On our own shores, as well as those of England, the destruction of herring involves the absence of the various species of cod, hake, pollock, and other fish that prey upon them; and the entire supply thus becomes diminished by the destruction of herring in the way just mentioned.

NEW THEORY OF THE UNIVERSE.

A new theory of the universe has recently been propounded by Mr. Proctor, an eminent English astronomer. Instead of considering the nebulæ as galaxies of stars at an immense distance, and representing solar systems different from that to which our globe belongs, he believes that they are part of our sidereal system, and that they are probably masses or clouds of hydrogen.

ACTION OF KREOSOTE ON WOOD.

It is well known that kreosote has been applied to great advantage in the preservation of wood for engineering purposes; and a recent writer attempts to show that this is due, first, to its coagulating albuminous substances, and fixing the constituents of the cambium and cellulose of young wood; second, to its abstracting and appropriating the oxygen in the pores of the wood, and preventing its action upon the woody tissue; third, to its resinifying within the pores of the wood, and thus excluding both air and

moisture; fourth, to its acting as a positive poison to the lower forms of animal and vegetable life, and protecting the wood against the attacks of all parasitic objects. It is stated that the formidable ravages of the white ant are prevented by the use of this substance, and that it may be considered as solving all the problems presented in regard to the preservation of wood, under all circumstances.

DUALIN, A NEW EXPLOSIVE.

Among the many novel explosive substances which of late have been introduced to the notice of the public, dualin is said to possess the intensity and force of nitro-glycerine, with the persistent action of ordinary gunpowder. It consists mainly of saw-dust treated with nitro-sulphuric acid, already known for many years as Schultz's gunpowder, with the addition of nitrate of ammonia. This substance is said to have much greater explosive force than ordinary gunpowder; as all of its constituents are converted into gases; and it corresponds in many of its features to gun-cotton, being liable to the same objection of gradually decomposing under the influence of air and moisture.

It is said to be of about the conducting power of dynamite, and to be considerably cheaper. Its general peculiarities, however, as to safety of transport and handling, are not very well known; and we would hardly advise our readers to make much use of it, without having had it more thoroughly tested.

LIEBIG'S PRESERVING FLUID.

Liebig has recently patented the following liquid for preserving meat. Thirty-six pounds of common salt and half a pound of crystallized phosphate of soda are dissolved in ten gallons of water; the addition of the phosphate of soda having the object of purifying the salt from lime and magnesia. If sea salt be used, one pound of phosphate, or double the proportion, must be applied. The solution is allowed to stand until it is clear, and is then poured off from the whitish deposit. To every pound and a half of salt water thus prepared, six pounds of extract of meat, one and a half pounds of chlorate of potash, and ten ounces of soda-saltpetre are to be added.

ENLARGED GOOSE LIVERS.

Enlarged goose livers, so much used in the preparation of pâtés and other culinary delicacies, are usually obtained, it is asserted, by nailing the feet of living geese upon a board, and keeping them in a dark place, near a hot fire, and stuffing them with rich food. A less cruel method of accomplishing the same object is said to consist in feeding garlic and Indian corn in equal quantities every day. In one instance it is stated that the liver of a goose fed in this manner for some time weighed as much as thirty ounces.

PRESERVATION OF GRAPES.

Much interest was excited during the Paris Exposition of 1867 by the excellent state of preservation in which grapes were exhibited by certain vine-growers of the village of Thomery, near Paris. A recent report of the methods adopted for the attainment of their object furnishes the following information: The grapes to be kept are carefully selected and removed from the vines on a dry day in the month of September or October, care being taken to have a stem of three or four inches in length, and a few of the leaves attached to it, if elegance of appearance is desired. The grapes are placed on lattice frames, and allowed to dry for a short time, with the windows and doors of the room in which they are, kept open in fine weather. The room is, however, then to be completely closed, and no light admitted, except that of a lamp or lantern, when entrance is required. Frames are to be placed around the walls, in which are inserted numerous glass bottles, so arranged as to be held firmly erect by means of a perforated board, through which the upper end of the bottle is passed. Long tables are set in the middle of the room also, upon which are laid, horizontally, cylinders of earthen-ware or of iron, about three feet in length, and about two inches in diameter, and with two rows of perforations near the median line above, in which are cemented short glass tubes—about twelve on each side. A rather larger hole is placed at one end on the very top of the cylinder, into which likewise a tube is inserted. These vessels, both bottles and cylinders, are filled with water, into which a small amount of powdered charcoal has been put to keep it sweet. The portion of vine-stem attached to the cluster is then inserted through the tube into the water, and allowed to remain until the grapes are removed for sale. A constant examination is made of the stock, and all defective or rotten bunches are carefully removed.

The chamber is kept constantly dark, and warmed artificially only when the grapes are threatened with freezing. In this way grapes may be kept for months unchanged and ready for use at any time; and it will be readily understood what profits some of the cultivators obtain, when we state that one of them puts up five thousand pounds of grapes every year to supply the demand of the winter and early spring, and at a time when their value, even in Paris, may reach from three to five dollars a pound.

Raisins are prepared in the same establishments by simply laying the grapes on lattice frames, bedded with dry straw, and placed one above the other. The bunches are laid side by side, but not quite in contact. For the first fourteen days, if the external air is not damp, the windows and doors are allowed to remain open. After that every thing is closed, and they are kept, as before stated, entirely in the dark.

PREPARATION OF GYPSUM FOR CASTS.

A recent improvement in the preparation of plaster of Paris, for taking fine casts, consists in the addition of powdered alum in a small proportion to the calcined plaster, and then heating it a second time to a red heat. Casts made of plaster thus prepared have an appearance very similar to unglazed porcelain, with the translucence of marble, and a fine lustre, so that they can scarcely be distinguished from polished marble, to which they do not yield much in hardness.

PURIFICATION OF WATER.

The hypochlorate of iron is said to be one of

the best substances known for purifying water; resembling alum in its action. A more simple method, however, consists in forcing air from an air-pump through a sieve-like tube, and continuing this for a considerable length of time. The oxygen of the air coming in contact with the organic substances in the water oxydizes them, and they fall to the bottom, with any mineral constituents that may be present, leaving the water perfectly pure. The length of time necessary to accomplish this object is not very great, a few minutes every day being sufficient to purify all the water needed by one family for drinking and cooking.

CLEANSING FLUID.

A convenient preparation for taking out oil spots, and for cleansing articles of brass, silver-plated ware, and gold, is made by mixing together equal parts of caustic ammonia and spirits of soap; and this may be applied to a great variety of purposes in household economy.

NEW PROFESSORSHIP.

Mr. James Young, a gentleman who has made a large fortune, principally by the manufacture of paraffine, has lately endowed a Chair of Technical Chemistry in the Anderson University, in Glasgow, with the sum of ten thousand guineas. There is considerable discussion among chemists in Great Britain as to who is the best fitted to occupy the Chair, though it is stated that Mr. Perkins, who has given much attention to the theory and manufacture of aniline colors, will be the first incumbent.

PRESERVATION OF GRAIN AND SEED IN VACUO.

Some time since Dr. Louvel, of France, proposed the use of vacuum reservoirs for the permanent and definite preservation of seeds and grain of all kinds. Further experiments have been made in this direction, and it seems to be pretty well ascertained that the process has an economical value; and that while the necessary vessels can be made of large size at a moderate cost, the process of exhaustion of the air also costs but little; and once treated in this way the seeds can remain an indefinite number of years without further attention, with a certainty that all the elements, chemical or vital, of the grain will be properly preserved.

FERTILE HYBRID.

Much attention has been recently directed, in France, to the characters of a fertile hybrid, between the European hare and the domestic rabbit, called the Leporid. A race has been obtained which reproduces itself, without any tendency to revert to the type of either parent, even up to the fifteenth generation, which had been reached at the last account. From the eleventh generation the race assumed a permanent character, all the individuals having a gray coat. Up to the tenth generation some were gray and some black, although the former color predominated. Now, as there can be no question about the specific distinctness of the hare and rabbit, the fertility of the hybrid is a matter of very great interest as bearing upon the characteristics of the human races.

MONSTER INDUCTION APPARATUS.

The monster induction apparatus of the Polytechnic Institution of London, under the direction of Professor Pepper, continues to excite much attention among those who have had an opportunity of witnessing its remarkable effects. This instrument is nearly ten feet in length, and two feet in diameter; the primary copper wire, 3770 yards in length, surrounds the iron nucleus with 6000 turns, and the secondary wire is 150 miles long. The galvanic current of the primary wire is furnished by a Bunsen battery of forty cells. This apparatus gives sparks, or, rather, lightning shocks, of twenty-nine inches in length, and apparently three-fourths of an inch in thickness, which strike the disk with deafening force. They penetrate a glass of five inches in thickness, in a zigzag direction, and with a perforation one-fiftieth of an inch in diameter; although, the glass being marked all around with radial *lines*, the fracture seems broader than it actually is.

As a producer of common electricity, this apparatus exceeded all expectation. A Leyden battery of forty square feet was charged in a very short time, and the discharge of this battery burned a considerable length of iron wire with perfect ease.

CANAL ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF CORINTH.

The piercing of the Isthmus of Suez by a canal has been successfully accomplished, and similar enterprises have become quite the rage. One of the next on the board is that of cutting through the Isthmus of Corinth, a distance of little over three miles—the expense of which is estimated at about two millions and a half of dollars. Such a canal would shorten, by at least fourteen hours, the journey from France to Constantinople, and by twenty hours that by way of Trieste. The idea is by no means a new one, it having been entertained, and the work actually commenced, by Nero, although his labors were not carried to any great extent.

A TROUBLESOME LEECH.

Among the various pests that beset travelers in different parts of the earth may be mentioned a peculiar kind of leech, found in the lakes of the deserts which separate Egypt from Syria, and which, less than an inch in length, and under ordinary circumstances not thicker than a horse-hair, is, when gorged with blood, the size of the common medicinal leech. When the French army traversed these regions, the soldiers, pressed with thirst, threw themselves upon the ground along the borders of the above-mentioned lakes, in their eagerness to reach the water. While drinking, the leeches entered their mouths and fastened themselves in various parts of the alimentary canal, but more generally in the neighborhood of the palate, which soon began to swell and to produce extreme pain; and the secondary effects, not unfrequently, caused death. It became necessary to use gargles made of salt or other suitable substances, in order to cause the leeches to detach themselves—this being quite often supplemented by the use of surgical appliances.

APPLICATION OF CHLOROFORM.

A recent application of chloroform, as a sur-

gical agent, was made to a young lion, at Madras, which had received an injury in the tail; this was amputated close to the stump while the animal was under its influence.

MODERN CANNIBALISM.

The question as to how far the pre-historic man was a cannibal in his tendencies, although proved in many instances by the nature of the human bones found in certain localities, has received a very striking illustration in a recent account of the so-called cave cannibals in South Africa, a race still in existence, which, although not openly practicing this revolting habit, are believed yet to do it in secret.

Their abode was in a series of caves in the Transgaripe country, among the mountains beyond Thaba Bosigo. The principal of these caves, known as the Cannibal Caverns, is formed by an overhanging cliff, and in length is about one hundred and thirty yards, with a breadth of about one hundred. The roof is blackened with the smoke of the fires of the former inhabitants, and the floor is still strewn with heaps of human bones; and the interior of the cave, as far as the eye can reach, is lined with similar remains, with skulls especially. These seem to have been less mutilated than the other bones, which were generally broken or cut to pieces, apparently with stone implements, the long bones being split open for the abstraction of the marrow, leaving the joints alone unbroken. A few bones were charred by fire; but most of them seem to have been boiled, as though that was considered the preferable mode of cooking.

There still remain inclosures in which the destined victims of the feast were penned up until their appointed time should come. The practice in question seems not to have been, by any means, a necessity to them, as there was an abundance of food of all kinds, consisting of fish, game, and fruits; and its exercise was as frequently upon members of the cannibal's own family as upon strangers—a lazy wife or child, or superannuated parent, being disposed of in this way as the most eligible method of utilizing them.

Editor's Historical Record.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 30th of November. Elections were held on November 2 in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Maryland, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. Nelson's majority in New York for Secretary of State was 20,566, in a vote of 641,196. There was a falling off in the vote from that of last year of 208,554. The Republican decrease was 109,078, the Democratic 99,476. The Democrats have a majority in both Houses of the Legislature. The Judiciary article in the new Constitution was adopted. — In Massachusetts Governor Claflin was re-elected. The Labor-Reform candidate, Mr. Chamberlain, polled about 13,000 votes. — In Wisconsin Governor Fairchild was re-elected, and the Republicans have a majority in the Legislature. — Austin was elected Governor of Minnesota. — In New Jersey the Democrats have a majority in both Houses of the Legislature. — In Illinois the Constitutional Convention was carried by the Republicans. — The Fifteenth Amendment has been rejected by both Houses of the Tennessee Legislature; it has been ratified by the Legislature of Alabama. — The material prosperity of the Southern States has greatly improved. Both the cotton and the tobacco crops have been unusually large. The report recently made by Mr. J. W. Alvord, the General Superintendent of Schools among the Freedmen, is highly encouraging. The entire number of day and night and Sabbath schools is stated to be 4424; the number of teachers 9503; and of pupils of all kinds 256,353. Of the latter nearly 200,000 were slaves before the war. The number of schools sustained by the freedmen themselves, either wholly or in part, is 1581. — Postmaster-General Creswell has been engaged, it is said successfully, in a negotiation with the British Government for the reduction of the single rate of postage between the United States and Great Britain from twelve to six cents. Up to January 1, 1868, it was twenty-four cents.

It is well known to our readers that some months ago the Spanish Government contracted for the building of thirty gun-boats in the United States. Fifteen were built at Mystic, ten at Brooklyn, and five at Greenpoint. Some of these were completed last summer, and ready for sea, but were detained by the Government, on the ground that they were to be used against Peru. By the President's orders Mr. Pierrepont, the District-Attorney for New York, on November 24, "libeled" the whole fleet, now nearly ready for sea, and the case is to come up before the District-Court December 14. The order for "libel," as issued, is based upon the fact that these gun-boats are to be used against Peru.

The Cuban Junta in New York city has been reorganized. It consists of six members besides the newly-elected President, Señor Miguel Aldama, of whom three have been prominent members of the Havana bar. The others have gained equal distinction in eminent business positions. President Aldama owns five of the largest and most valuable estates in Cuba.

One of the most memorable occurrences in the ecclesiastical history of this country took place at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, November 12. The division of the Presbyterian Churches into Old and New School, in 1837, was annulled, and a reunion established. The scene in the Third Presbyterian church, when the Moderators of the two Assemblies grasped each other's hands, as a symbol of the union there consummated, was greeted with unbounded enthusiasm. This reunion is effected on the doctrinal and ecclesiastical basis of the common standards of the Churches. The first united Assembly will be held at Philadelphia next May.

A distressing accident occurred at a small theatre in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on the night of November 15. During an entertainment the scenery caught fire from a kerosene lamp. The flames spread rapidly, and the interior was in flames before the audience could escape, many

being compelled to jump from the second-story windows. Two bodies were taken out of the ruins, and from fifteen to twenty persons were badly injured.

Rear-Admiral Charles Stuart, the oldest officer in the U. S. Navy, died at Bordentown, New Jersey, November 6, aged 92 years.—Major-General John E. Wool died at Troy, November 10, aged 80 years.—Hon. Robert J. Walker died in Washington, November 11, aged 68 years.—Hon. Amos Kendall, a veteran politician, and ex-Postmaster-General, died in Washington, November 12, in his 81st year.

CUBA.

General Jordan, Adjutant-General of the Army of Cuba, in a recent letter gives his views of the situation in Cuba. The Cuban army, he says, numbers 26,800 men who have arms and is followed by 40,000 liberated slaves armed with *machetas*. The want of clothes and arms is very pressing. If the Cubans had 75,000 stands of arms, he is confident that the war could be ended in ninety days.

EUROPE.

Great difficulties have attended the selection of a king by the Spanish Cortes. As we write the Duke of Genoa appears to be the favorite candidate, having received the support of 165 deputies. The prospect of this selection being made led, early in the contest, to the resignation of Admiral Topete, the Minister of the Navy, he being opposed to the duke. He has been chosen Vice-President of the Cortes. The Duke of Genoa is a nephew of King Victor Emanuel, and is in his sixteenth year.—The number of recruits recently sent from Spain to Cuba—amounting in three weeks to 24,000—indicates a strong determination on the part of the Spanish Government to put down the insurrection in the latter country.—On November 24, the Minister of the Colonies read a draft of a new Constitution for Porto Rico. It forbids any proposition for the separation of that island from Spain; proclaims complete religious liberty; extends the right of suffrage to all, except slaves, who can read and write; and places certain legal restrictions on the slave system. On the 27th, the Republican Deputies, who had for some time absented themselves from the Cortes, returned in a body. They moved a vote of censure against the Government on account of its arbitrary use of power, which was rejected by 146 to 35. The Government announced its intention to restore the constitutional guarantees suspended during the late insurrection.—General Dulce, late Captain-General of Cuba, died November 23.

On November 13 the steamship *Great Eastern* left Portland for Bombay with another deep-sea cable on board. Her tanks contained 2735 nautical miles, and her companion ships, the *Hibernia*, *Chiltern*, and *Hawk*, carried among them 1225 miles more, making a total of 3600 nautical, or about 4050 statute miles. This length will suffice for the communication between Bombay and Suez by way of Aden, and will join the present Malta and Alexandria line. Another cable is projected, to be laid from Falmouth to Gibraltar and Malta, and its completion will unite Bombay and the British fortresses in the Mediterranean along one line of submarine telegraphy, which will be unbroken except at Suez.

John Conington, the Latin Professor at Oxford, died October 24, aged 44 years.—George Peabody, the American philanthropist, died at his residence, in Eaton Square, London, on the night of November 4. On the 14th the Bishop of London delivered a funeral sermon at Westminster Abbey. Mr. Peabody's remains were to be conveyed to this country on her Majesty's steamship *Monarch*, starting December 2.

The recent resignation of the Bishop of Asaph, England, places in Mr. Gladstone's hands the seventh appointment to a bishopric since his assumption of the premiership. His appointment of Dr. Temple—Head Master of Rugby, and one of the writers of the "Essays and Reviews"—to the bishopric of Exeter, has not only removed from his post the most eminent schoolmaster in England, but has also created much religious excitement by reason of Dr. Temple's supposed heterodoxy. Still, the election has been made by a majority of a little more than 2 to 1.

Supplementary elections for Deputies to the French Corps Legislatif were held in Paris, November 21. The most significant result of the elections is the return of M. Rochefort from the First Circumscription. He has, as the London *Spectator* remarks, "really done nothing for the revolution, except write pasquinades against the imperial family; but because he has done that, because he represents hatred to Napoleon, and that only, Paris roars after him."—The French Legislative Chambers were opened November 29 with a speech from the throne by the Emperor, which, notwithstanding the recent illness of the latter, was delivered in a clear and firm voice, and with the usual emphasis. The Emperor alluded to his endeavors to establish liberty and order, and to secure peace in France. This work had been attended with difficulties, but had been happily accomplished, particularly by the regulated guarantees of a true liberty of the press and of the right of popular assemblage for political purposes. France required liberty with order, and order should be maintained. In this work he solicited the aid of Senators and Deputies. A glorious course might now be chosen between those who would change all and those who would grant nothing. The *Senatus Consultum* had been proposed with the sole view of perfecting an era of conciliation and progress. It was the duty of the Legislature to aid him in maturing this plan, the points of which he thus enumerated: 1. A constitutional amendment providing for the election in the communes of mayors by vote of the municipalities, the municipal or corporate members themselves to be elected by universal suffrage. 2. The establishment of communal councils in new districts of the empire. 3. The extension of the powers and prerogatives of the general councils. 4. The extension of universal suffrage to the inhabitants of the colonies. 5. A more rapid development of the system of primary education for youth. 6. A diminution of the scale of law costs, and of charges and fees in the courts of justice. 7. A gradual reduction of the war tax. 8. The extension of the savings-bank system under new regulations. 9. The legislation and enforcement of more humane regulations for the control of "infant" labor, or the work of minors in the

manufactories and at all the centres of industry. 10. The increase of small annual salaries payable by capitalists and others to their employés. 11. The development and legal enforcement of useful measures connected with agricultural pursuits. 12. An inquiry as to the working of the present system of imperial excise, with the view of perfecting a new project of law with regard to customs, their assessment and collection.—The Emperor pronounced the general situation of the empire satisfactory, and found occasion for congratulation in the existing state of the imperial relations with foreign powers. The state of the Treasury and of the revenue finances was prosperous. The Emperor concluded his speech in the following eloquent terms: "We have reason to be proud of our epoch. The New World suppresses slavery; Russia frees the serfs; England renders justice to Ireland; the bishops are meeting at Rome for wise and conciliatory purposes; the progress of science draws nations closer to each other. While America unites the Atlantic and the Pacific, every where capital and intelligence combine to connect by the electric wire all nations. France and Italy will soon be joined by a tunnel through the Alps; and the Suez Canal has already united the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. The Empress is not present today because I desired her to testify the sympathy of France with the wonderful genius and perseverance of a Frenchman. Messieurs, you resume your labors after an unusual interruption of the session. I hope the bodies of the state will apply loyally the modifications lately made in the Constitution. There is to be a more direct participation of the nation in its own affairs. This will be a new force for the empire. May the Chambers prove that, without falling into regrettable excesses, France can support free institutions which honor civilized nations."

EGYPT.

The celebration of the opening of the Suez Canal commenced November 17. On that day the procession of vessels participating in the festival reached Ismailia, led by the Empress Eugénie's yacht *Aigle*. Two days after the entire fleet, consisting of 47 vessels, each with a tonnage of about 1000, sailed for Suez. The largest of these vessels was a Russian frigate, drawing 17 feet 2 inches of water. The day previous to the sailing of the expedition—the 18th—was especially devoted to the fêtes prepared for the occasion. Ismailia was thronged with guests and visitors, and the surrounding plains were covered with the tents of the native tribes. In the evening M. De Lesseps gave a banquet to the representatives of Chambers of Commerce, to the members of the Press, and other distinguished guests. M. De Lesseps, who was the hero of the commemoration, was married to Louise Heléne Autard de Bragard, at Suez, on the 25th, the Empress Eugénie giving her cousin, the bride, a magnificent wedding present, consisting of a sort of ancient trireme of massive silver, very delicately chased, and valued at about $5000. The vessel is so constructed as to be symbolic of M. De Lesseps's great enterprise. A statue is to be erected to M. De Lesseps at Port Said.

The length of the Suez Canal is 100 miles, the new town of Ismailia being about midway between the two termini, and marking the point where the fresh-water canal turns southward and passes along the course of the larger salt-water canal to Suez. The depth of the canal was intended to be 26 feet, but is reported to be less than that on the average. As the breadth of the central or navigable part of the canal is only 72 feet, two large vessels will not be able to pass one another without one or both getting aground, and therefore basins, which may be compared to sidings on a single line of railway, must be constructed at intervals before regular traffic will be possible. Within ten days after the opening fifty vessels passed through the canal without difficulty.

Dr. Livingstone, the distinguished African traveler, has reported important discoveries lately made by him in regard to the sources of the Nile. It is now nearly three years since that nine Johanna men, who had accompanied Dr. Livingstone on his journey to determine more definitely the ultimate sources of the Nile, appeared at Zanzibar with the news of the explorer's death. Between that time and this their statements have been several times disproved by direct intelligence from Dr. Livingstone himself. Dr. Livingstone has found, in the first place, that the Chambeze, a considerable stream draining the northern slope of the great wooded humid plateau in 11–12° south latitude, instead of flowing southward to the Zambesi, as was formerly supposed, turns to the northwest, and discharges itself into a large lake, called Bangweolo, upward of 50 miles in length. The plateau, therefore, which he crossed, as described in one of his letters about the end of December, 1866, and which the Portuguese expeditions of 1798 and 1831 also traversed, turns out to be the water-shed between the basins of the Zambesi and the lake system of Equatorial Africa. Bangweolo Dr. Livingstone finds to be only one of a chain of lakes connected by rivers. The first in succession north is Lake Moero, 50 miles in length, and from 20 to 60 miles in breadth. To the east of this is a smaller lake, Mofué; and, continuing down the stream, the explorer finds a third lake, Ulenge. He was not sure whether this chain of lakes drained into Tanganyika, or continued to the west of this lake, and communicated independently with Albert Nyanza far to the north. The latter and their connecting rivers flowed through a deep valley, hemmed in by wooded mountains. Another discovery of interest was Lake Liemba, which Livingstone thought to be an arm of Tanganyika, near its southern end. He gives the altitude of this sheet of water as 2800 feet above the level of the sea. This elevation agrees almost exactly with that of Albert Nyanza, as observed by Baker, and with that of the intermediate lake, Tanganyika, as deduced by Mr. Findlay from an elaborate examination of the observations of Burton, Speke, and Baker. Thus, if Liemba be connected (which is not yet, indeed, quite determined) both with the Chambeze lakes and with Tanganyika, the connection of the whole with the Nile is extremely probable. Not the least important of Dr. Livingstone's information is that which relates to a tribe of Troglodytes in South Central Africa—a dark-skinned race, possessing "pictures" or "writings" of some kind, and dwelling in excavated caves, some of which extend 30 miles underground.

Editor's Drawer.

SIR RICHARD STEELE was a gentleman who "thought more of the state of his mind than the state of his fortune." One of his pleasantest essays—On Laughter—commences with the following quotation from an old Latin poet:

"*Ride si sapis.*"
"If you have taste, show it by your laugh."

The essay goes on: "In order to look into any person's temper, I generally make my first observation upon his laugh, whether he is easily moved, and what are the passages which throw him into that agreeable kind of convulsion. People are never so much unguarded as when they are pleased. And laughter being a visible symptom of some inward satisfaction, it is then, if ever, we may believe the face. There is, perhaps, no better index to point us to the particularities of the mind than this, which is in itself one of the chief distinctions of our rationality. For, as Milton says—

"'Smiles from reason flow, to brutes denied—
And are of love the food.'"

On the cognate subject of Cheerfulness, another great essayist, Addison, says: "Cheerfulness is the best promoter of health. Repinings and secret murmurs of the heart give imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the machine insensibly. You will scarcely remember to have met with any old men, or with such who wear well, that had not a more than ordinary gayety and cheerfulness of heart. The truth of it is, health and cheerfulness mutually beget each other; with this difference, that we seldom meet with a great degree of health which is not attended with a certain cheerfulness, but very often see cheerfulness where there is no great degree of health. Cheerfulness bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body. It banishes all anxious care and discontent, soothes and composes the passions, and keeps the soul in a perpetual calm."

THE Drawer felicitates itself on being able to preface the pleasant things it hopes to present to its readers during this goodly year with authority for Laughter and Cheerfulness so high as is given above by Sir Richard Steele and Joseph Addison.

Let us open the Number with a little scene at which those two worthies would have shaken their sides:

A well-known citizen of Hartford, Connecticut, a few days ago had taken his seat in the afternoon train for Providence, when a small, weazened-faced, elderly man, having the appearance of a well-to-do farmer, came into the car looking for a seat. The gentleman good-naturedly made room for him by his side, and the old man looked him over from head to foot.

"Going to Providence?" he said at length.

"No, Sir," the stranger answered, politely; "I stop at Andover."

"I want to know! I belong out that way myself. Expect to stay long?"

"Only over night, Sir."

A short pause.

"Did you cal'late to put up at the tarvern?"

"No, Sir; I expect to stop with Mr. Skinner."

"What, Job Skinner's? Deacon Job—lives in a little brown house on the old pike? Or mebbe it's his brother's? Was it Tim Skinner's—Square Tim's—where you was goin'?"

"Yes," said the gentleman, smiling; "it was Squire Tim's."

"Dew tell if you are goin' there to stop over night! Any connection of his'n?"

"No, Sir."

"Well, now, that's curus! The old man ain't got into any trouble nor nothin', has he?" lowering his voice; "ain't goin' to serve a writ onto him, be ye?"

"Oh no, nothing of the kind."

"Glad on't. No harm in askin', I s'pose. I reckon *Miss* Skinner's some connection of yourn?"

"No," said the gentleman. Then, seeing the amused expression on the faces of two or three acquaintances in the neighboring seats, he added, in a confidential tone:

"I am going to see Squire Skinner's daughter."

"Law sakes!" said the old man, his face quivering with curiosity. "*That's* it, is it? I want to know! Goin' to see Mirandy Skinner, be ye? Well, Mirandy's a nice gal—kinder hombly, and long favored, but smart to work, they say, and I guess you're about the right age for her, too. Kep' company together long?"

"I never saw her in my life, Sir."

"How you talk! Somebody's gin her a recommend, I s'pose, and you're goin' clear out there to take a squint at her! Wa'al, I must say there's as likely gals in Andover as Mirandy Skinner. *I've* got a family of growed up darters myself. Never was married afore, was ye? Don't see no weed on your hat."

"I have been married about fifteen years, Sir. I have a wife and five children." And then, as the long-restrained mirth of the listeners to this dialogue burst forth at the old man's open-mouthed astonishment, he hastened to explain: "I am a doctor, my good friend, and Squire Skinner called at my office this morning to request my professional services for his sick daughter."

"Wa'al, now!" And the old bore waddled off into the next car.

A GOOD story is told of Judge M——, presiding in one of the Supreme Court districts in Western New York:

An action was brought in his court for one thousand dollars for damages for assault and battery. The facts were that the defendant, while walking in the street with his wife on his arm, was rudely accosted by the plaintiff, whom he had in some way offended, and was called in loud and insulting terms an opprobrious epithet. On being thus addressed the defendant left his wife and knocked down the plaintiff, who thereupon brought this action. The Judge sympathized very strongly with the defendant, but, as the case was closely tried by the plaintiff's attorney, he knew that if there was a peg given the latter whereon to hang an exception to his charge, the clever lawyer would get a new trial. So,

when the violence to the law had been duly expatiated upon, in the summing up, the Judge arose and charged the jury as follows:

"Gentlemen of the jury, if the plaintiff had met *me* walking along the street with my wife on my arm, and had called me what it is not denied that he called the defendant, I should have knocked him down just as the defendant did. *But*, gentlemen of the jury, *that is not the law*. You may take the case, gentlemen."

The jury gave the plaintiff six cents damages without leaving their seats.

No man better than the distinguished editor of the *Tribune* relishes a witticism, even when aimed at himself. During the late canvass, when Mr. Greeley's name occupied a prominent place on the Republican State ticket, he happened to be in conversation with the editor of the Elmira *Daily Advertiser*, and said: "I shall expect Chemung County to give a Republican majority this fall. Your paper can't have much influence if it can't control the vote of the county." To which the editor of the *Advertiser* replied: "Well, I don't know about *that;* but it will come *as near* controlling it as the *Tribune* does the vote of *your* county." "That's very good," replied H. G.; and the talk, let us suppose, wandered off to other topics.

There are very good people in this world—deacons, trustees, and such—who, in church matters, are apt to be "grouty" unless they can have things their own way. On the other hand, there are ministers who do not see it in that light; of which kind was the Rev. Mr. ——, who, soon after his ordination, was spoken to by an old class-mate at Yale: "So you are to be settled over the people at ——, I hear?" "Yes. If I am settled there it will be *over* the people, not *under* them."

Speaking of churches, how about the following announcement, copied from one of our late English exchanges:

Notice.—*Bethesda Chapel, This Evening.*—Ned Wright, who before his conversion was convicted three times of burglary, will deliver a Gospel address. Come and welcome! No Collection.

The story of the pastor's "tan-yard" boots, in the November Number of the Drawer, has impelled a Cincinnati correspondent to mention a little scene, somewhat similar in character, that occurred in Washington in 1861, when the capital was crowded with "boys in blue." One Sabbath morning, in front of the Kirkwood House, the enterprising boot-blacks were plying their trade with vigor and profit. An elongated sample of humanity, with immense feet, was inveigled into having five cents' worth of "Union polish," and placed his No. 12's on the block. The little polisher stripped to his work; but, soon exhausting one portion of his stock in trade, sang out to his chum near by, "I say, Bill, lend me some spit; *I've got an army contract!*"

During the recent "unpleasantness" there lived on the outskirts of an eastern town in Maine an Old Hunker Democrat of strong anti-war proclivities. His disapprobation of the course pursued by the government was often expressed in terms which savored more of strength than vital piety. It so happened that officers of the United States Coast Survey, then in that vicinity actively pursuing their duties, had planted their tripod upon the top of a hill near the residence of this disciple of Andrew Jackson, who no sooner saw it than, fired with indignation, he took his axe and knocked it down. Information of what had been done coming to the ears of the officers, who had authority to establish signals wherever they desired, they waited on our irrepressible friend to learn the reason of his strange conduct. Eying suspiciously the employés of this purely scientific and peaceable branch of the government service, he replied to their interrogatories:

"Well, this is a d—d *nigger war*, any how; and do you suppose I'm going to have *that thing* on *my* farm? No, *Sir!*"

An explanation followed, and the signal once more stood out in bold relief on the highland—this time with official notice at its base, setting forth the penalties to be incurred by any one who should disturb its position; and there it still remains.

Few people on the sea-board have any accurate notion of the enormous book-trade of Chicago. Five-and-twenty years ago Mark H. Newman, of this city, was courageous enough to send thither an agent to establish a branch of his house. In four years the agent was up to his eyes in real estate speculations, and during a little panic he became frightened, and took to his heels, closing out his lots for next to nothing, and abandoning the book-store altogether. The joke of the affair proved to be that he was right in his original impulse, and the alarmists to whom he listened were wrong. Had he remained and sold enough of his real estate to enable him to "carry" the rest, he would have become one of the richest men in the Northwest. From this germ sprang the house of S. C. Griggs and Co., who regard it a poor year when their sales do not amount to $800,000. In Chicago there are sold by the Western News Company 7000 copies of *Harper's Monthly*, 5500 copies of *Harper's Weekly*, and 3000 copies of *Harper's Bazar*. The aggregate sales of the Company amount to $1,000,000 per annum; and a notable feature of the trade is the large number of choice and expensive English and American books that are bought for private libraries in the Great West.

Chicago has its humorous side of the book trade, if we may credit the following:

A certain establishment had an order from the "country" for "Six Primitive Christianity." It was sent back with the response penciled opposite that item, and not at all in jest—"No Primitive Christianity to be found in Chicago."

"The Impenitent Dead" is a work by a Massachusetts Professor of Theology. One morning visitors in a leading book-house were startled by the inquiry which one clerk who was filling an order shouted to another in a distant part of the store: "Have 'The Impenitent Dead' come in yet?"

A rather slow boy had been employed in a great establishment—in which his father also was a clerk—just long enough to realize that he did not know any thing, and to look bewildered whenever he was asked for an unfamiliar work.

One day a fellow-clerk, wishing to speak with the elder, asked: "Bill, where is your paternal ancestor?" "I'm sure *I* don't know," replied the lad, in a tone of despair; "I never know where half the *books* are!"

A very quiet boy, and also a new-comer, had learned the great lesson of a salesman—always to sell a visitor something, whether the store contains what he asks for or not. A dignified gentleman in gold spectacles entered and inquired: "Have you 'Feuchtwanger's Gems?'"—a large treatise on jewels. The lad had never heard of it, but he instantly produced a little religious volume, and replied: "No, Sir; but here is a book which may answer your purpose—'Precious Gems of the Heavenly Foundations!'" The astonished inquirer gave one searching and perplexed glance over his spectacles, as if in doubt whether the youth was making game of him or not, and then, without a word, turned upon his heel and stalked off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost.

Speaking of juvenile venders of papers, a Chicago friend mentions the case of a near-sighted, glass-mounted gentleman of that town, who being late to business one morning, and walking with unusually rapid stride, was solicited by one of the graceful and engaging little newsboys of the bailiwick to purchase a paper. Being in haste, a short answer was given; whereupon the boy looked across the thronged street and cried out to a companion: "Er say, Jimmy, just look over here and see Dexter with specs!" Mr. Bonner should look after that man.

The newsboys are not far in advance of the peripatetic shiners of boots, judging from the criticism of one of the latter profession upon our friend Long John Wentworth: "Er say, Cheesey, 'twould take lightning a mighty good while to run down that fellar, wouldn't it?"

What multitudes of laboring men there are who, compelled to earn their bread by the perspiration of the frontal sinus, will appreciate the simple beauty of the following advertisement, published in a Cincinnati journal:

Employment Wanted.—Steady work not so much an object as good wages. Address C. B.

Quite as good is a paragraph that we find in a hand-bill announcing a "Public Sale of Valuable Property in Baltimore County, Maryland, five miles from Baltimore city, consisting of 191 acres of land, a dwelling, and outhouses..... The dairy is watered from a never-failing spring of cold water. There is also a well of mineral water near the dwelling, and a copious stream of water flows through the entire farm, *adapting it* peculiarly *to the milk business!*"

Barney O——, an old and influential man in one of the interior towns of this State, now gone to his rest, had deservedly such an extensive reputation for meanness and close-dealing that it frequently was the occasion of rich scenes. At the death of his first wife the family, gathered in the sitting-room, were recounting in subdued tones the many virtues of the deceased, when one of the daughters, unable longer to restrain herself, burst out weeping. Shocked at this exhibition of rebellion against the Divine will, Barney snapped out, in his sharp, nasal tones: "Stop your noise! Don't you know your mother's in heaven!"

Montague Street, Brooklyn, on the last block leading to Wall Street Ferry, has a very steep grade. In winter the boys often slide down it on their sleds, and sometimes, when there is not enough snow to make good sledding in the carriage-way, they pack the snow on the side-walks and race down them with a long line of their little sleighs. This was the case one morning just about the time the business gentlemen were going over to their various occupations in New York. When the boys came racing along, face downward, shouting, "*Pawn-ee-gutters!*" most of the gentlemen stood for a moment on one side, and let the little fellows pass. But just as the last boy started, shouting, "*Pawn-ee-gutters!*" a stout, gray-haired, little old gentleman, well buttoned up, and quite self-important, happened to be passing down. Being entirely too dignified to get out of the way, he stuck out his cane, and catching the sled in front as it came, tossed both sled and boy out into the gutter in a snow-drift. The ten-year-old picked himself up, looked at the man a moment, and then shouted to the other boys, some of whom had now reached the bottom of the hill, and were dragging their sleighs up again: "Boys, come up here and see a man that never was a boy!"

A Texas correspondent sends us a sad account of a poor German, residing in one of the sea-coast counties of that State, who, tired of life, hung himself in his back-yard with a thong of rawhide, commonly called a "tug." The coroner empanneled a jury to inquire into the matter, most of whom were sailors. After solemnly viewing the body they rendered the following verdict: "We, the jury, find that the deceased was tired of drifting down the stream of life, and so tugged out." We believe that. It's from a Texan of St. Mary's.

In a village not far from Portland, Maine, in the month of September last, was a "revival." In this village is located one of the numerous corn-packing establishments of the Portland Packing Company, which employs all of the available "help" of the locality in canning that delicious article known to the world over as "Yarmouth Sugar Corn." Over each "crew" of "cutters" (the cutters, lads and lassies seated at wooden trays, cut the corn from the cob with gauged knives) is a "director," who, every few moments, when the pressman who fills the cans calls "Corn," to indicate that his supply is low, is obliged to shout the words, "Scrape down," which means that the cutters shall scrape their trays into tin pans for the use of the aforesaid pressman. The director in this case, a burly, jolly fellow, nearly seven feet in his Sunday boots, strolled into the meeting-house one evening during the revival, and, having been engaged all day in his monotonous occupation of crying "Scrape down" at every sound of the word "corn," was soon overcome with drowsiness, and dropped off into a quiet snooze. It was not long before the man who was exhorting his

brethering had occasion to speak of the spiritual famine of the period, and, to give force to his remarks, quoted the passage about going into "Egypt to buy corn." No sooner was the word "corn" uttered than our hero started up and shouted, to the horror of some and amusement of more, the familiar words, "*Scrape down!*" The effect was sufficient to break up the meeting for that night.

As showing the truth of that truism, "you can never tell how you are coming out of the thing until after you have betted," we have the experience of a man in Alabama, a radical Republican, who deemed it a duty to support every measure adopted by the Republican party. Accordingly, when the General Bankrupt Law was passed, he regarded it as obligatory upon himself to indorse it by personally going through the process. It was one of the principles of the party. He must go it. He did go it. And upon counting up his liabilities, and adding thereto the fees of counsel, he found on getting through that he had expended precisely $\$172\frac{81}{100}$ more than he owed when he started. That was devotion.

From the Sandwich Islands, under date of October 26, 1869, we have a note from a gentleman who, in common with tens of thousands of others scattered throughout the earth, derives great comfort from the Drawer. This gentleman feels moved to write as follows:

"I was employed in a drug-store here, and one morning after breakfast was asked by my employer, 'How do you spell Cholagogue?' Of course I spelled it for him; but as he wished to write it down, I was requested to repeat it. I acquiesced, one syllable at a time, while he wrote it down; but imagine my surprise when I heard him add to Cholagogue the word Bibles! It did not take me long to discover that he had written 'Cholagogue Bibles' on his memorandum of wants. He probably intended Polyglot Bibles, but the name of the patent medicine had slightly obfuscated him."

From the Syracuse *Journal* of October 24, 1869, we clip the following, which seems to express a feeling that animates the bosom of many a parent outside the boundaries of that saline city:

WANTED—A Good Servant-Girl, to whom the highest wages will be paid. Having had great difficulty in procuring good help, on account of the misfortune of having seven small children, we will poison, drown, or otherwise make way with four of them on application of a first-class servant-girl. Apply at ——.

A Practical Parent objects to the silliness of our nursery rhymes, for the reason that the doggerel is rendered pernicious by the absence of a practical moral purpose, and as introducing infants to the realities of life through an utterly erroneous medium. They are taught to believe in a world peopled by Little Bo Peeps and Goosey Goosey Ganders, instead of a world of New York Central, Erie, Northwestern Preferred, etc., etc. It is proposed, therefore, to accommodate the teaching of the nursery to the requirements of the age, to invest Children's Rhymes with a moral purpose. Instead, for example, of the blind wonderment as to the nature of astronomical bodies inculcated in that feeble poem commencing, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," let the child be indoctrinated into the recent investigations of science. Thus:

Wrinkles, wrinkles, solar star,
I obtain of what you are,
When unto the noonday sky
I the spectroscope apply;
For the spectrum renders clear
Gaps within your photosphere,
Also sodium in the bar
Which your rays yield, solar star.

Then, again, there is the gastronomic career of Little Jack Horner, which inculcates gluttony. It is practicable that this fictitious hero should familiarize the child with the principles of the *Delectus*:

Studious John Horner,
Of Latin no scorner,
In the second declension did spy
How nouns there are some
Which, ending in *um*,
Do *not* make their plural in *i*.

The episode of Jack and Jill is valueless as an educational medium. But it might be made to illustrate the arguments of a certain school of political economists:

Jack and Jill
Have studied Mill,
And all that sage has taught too.
Now both promote
Jill's claim to vote,
As every good girl ought to.

Even the pleasures of life have their duties, and the child needs to be instructed in the polite relaxation of society. The unmeaning jingle of "Hey diddle diddle" might be invested with some utility of a social kind:

I did an idyl on Joachim's fiddle
At a classical soirée of June,
While jolly dogs laughed at themes from Spohr,
And longed for a popular tune.

And the importance of securing a good *parti*, of rejecting ineligible candidates, and of modifying flirtations by a strict regard to the future, might be impressed upon the female mind at an early age in the following moral:

Little Miss Muffit
Sat at a buffet
Eating a *bonbon sucré;*
A younger son spied her,
And edged up beside her,
But she properly frowned him away.

We find in a recent French journal a fresh and characteristic anecdote of Lafayette. At Lamarque's funeral the crowd took out the General's horses as he was returning home, and drew him to his hotel. "You must have been very much pleased," remarked a friend. "Very much pleased indeed," replied Lafayette; "but I never saw any thing more of my horses!"

It is a good thing to have proper nourishment. Particularly for invalids. The Englishman builds up on beef; the Frenchman on delicate made dishes; the German on a generous combination of beer and kraut, as we infer from the reply of a good Teuton, who, on being asked how much sauer-kraut he had put up for winter use, replied: "I'se not got much; only ten barrels—joost *for sickness.*"

Queer anecdotes of the ministers and their various modes of "improving" the subject of

their discourse are constantly occurring. The last that comes to us is from a clergyman who preached from the text, "Love one another;" and gave a new idea of his subject by illustrating it with an anecdote of two goats who met on the middle of the one-plank bridge that crossed the stream in his parish: "But did they fight and try to push each other into the water? Oh no! but the one laid himself down while the other stepped over him. Here was friendship! here was love! Oh, my brethren, let us all live like goats!"

The November Number of the Drawer contained several anecdotes of the eccentric Methodist minister, Jacob Kruber, which suggests to a Bedford, Pennsylvania, correspondent two or three others, which have not hitherto been seen in print.

Kruber was an inveterate hater of the canine species. On one occasion he was holding family prayer a few miles from this place, when a dog belonging to the owner of the house walked deliberately into the room and calmly looked on. Kruber opened his eyes, saw the dog, ceased praying, arose, and kicked him out of the room; then returned to his previous position upon his knees, and resumed his prayer as if nothing had occurred to disturb his equanimity.

His hatred of dogs was pretty generally understood, and now and then persons of a *waggish* turn of mind would take pleasure in annoying him. On another occasion he was holding services in a school-house. Among the audience was a stalwart backwoodsman with an enormous Newfoundland dog. He had placed himself on the end of a slab bench and seated his dog by his side, carelessly placing his arm around the neck of the animal. Kruber arose to commence the services. He cast a glance at the dog, then at the door, and, finally, at the brethren. The language was perfectly understood, but no one stirred. Kruber looked all around the room, and then thundered, "Put out that dog!" But the overawing woodsman grimly smiled defiance, and the dog showed a splendid set of teeth. Kruber saw that he was foiled, and, as a parting shot, remarked that "Brothers generally show a very warm feeling for each other."

He once preached a sermon on the devil, in which the "Spirit of Darkness" and the audience, which was not all made up of Methodists, had to take not a few thrusts of his terrible weapons. The next morning, as he was leaving the place, he rode by where several precocious boys were fishing. Kruber inquired what they were fishing for.

"For the devil!" answered one of the boys.

"And with what do you bait your hooks?"

"With Methodist preachers," was the prompt reply.

A Kentucky girl, having heard Bishop Bascom deliver one of his elaborate pulpit orations, became enthusiastic on the subject of his eloquence. On returning home she expressed in glowing terms her admiration to her grandma. The old lady—relict of an old-style Baptist minister—shook her head mournfully, and said: "Tut, tut, child! *you* don't know what preaching is; you ought to have heard your grandfather. Many and many a time I've seen him come down out of the pulpit without a dry thread in his shirt!"

This little brevity from Crabb Robinson's Diary: "*March* 5, 1853. Dr. Donaldson repeated a pun of his own. It was said at table, 'If you can give me at dinner a good dish of fish after soup, I want no more.' 'That is not my doctrine,' said Dr. Donaldson. 'On such a theme I am content to be held *superficial*.'"

The before-mentioned brother, whose shirt-moistening eloquence had so impressed his better-half, had two leading passions—one for fine horses, the other for the accumulation of land. The latter, unfortunately, involved him in considerable litigation. One night, when returning from one of his appointments, he overtook a gentleman whose fine horse attracted his attention, and opened the way to conversation. It soon turned upon religion; and while Brother C—— was expatiating on the glory of free grace, he was interrupted in a somewhat startling manner. The stranger had a little son riding behind him, who for the third time had pulled his sleeve, with, "Daddy, daddy! I say, daddy, is there any land in the moon?" "No, of course not," he replied; "if there had been, old Elijah C—— would have been there long ago!" Fortunately, just here the road forked, and Parson C—— went on his way with food for meditation and prayer.

A brother of "the above" parson, of whom there were seven, all ministers, was considered by his fellow-laborers a little below the medium in theological talent, though of acknowledged piety. The brothers met in solemn conclave in order to convince him of his inability to build up Sion. They assured him that they did not doubt his piety in the least, but, said the spokesman, "we do not think you are called to preach. You've preached twenty years, and during that long time have converted only one soul." "You own to one, then, do you?" queried the old man. "Yes; that old black sister in Virginia was a true conversion; she lived and died a Christian woman from the time you converted her." "Well," said the old man, rising, to signify his dismissal of the council, "I'll preach twenty more years: every fellow save his fellow, and nobody will be lost."

("Let patience have her perfect work"—or words to that effect.)

During the session of a negro Conference at Cincinnati, several years ago, very weighty questions were discussed. Among others, a clause was proposed to be introduced into the discipline forbidding the second marriage of ministers. This was warmly discussed. Finally, quite a sensation was produced by the bishop recognizing the rising speaker as "*Dorcter* D-o-r-m-a-n, of New York." The Doctor, taking the affirmative, spoke with eloquence, denounced bitterly those who opposed the proposition, and concluded with some rather rough personalities. "Now, Brother Bishop," said he, "I'll take my seat. I could say much more on this subject, but I know I've already stirred up a yellow-jacket's nest, and will

soon hear them buzzing round my ears." He was followed by an old bald-headed brother, who thus threw down the glove of defiance: "You have also aroused a bald-headed hornet; and, Brother Bishop, before I proceed to the question, I want to inform you that I am acquainted with *Dorcter* Dorman, of New York. I've known him a long while. He is now in the earthly and felicitous enjoyment of his *third* wife; and if the angel of death were to beckon *her* away, her sainted spirit would scarcely have time to sweep the golden harp above—her lovely person would scarcely be placed in the dark grave—before *Dorcter* Dorman, of New York, would be *hunting number four!*"

VERILY, a new kind of "drummer!"

A fashionable undertaker in one of the northern towns of Kentucky [this from a lady on the spot to the Drawer] indulged his taste by purchasing a very elegant hearse, with plate-glass, silver mountings, and mournfully waving plumes. A gentleman seeing the hearse passing down the street in gloomy pomp, inquired anxiously of the nearest friend, "Who is dead?" The reply was: "Nobody—*he's only drumming!*"

IN one of the Scripture-named towns of Pennsylvania a rural citizen entered a druggist's shop and asked for ten cents' worth of magnesia. The drugger gave him some of *Husband's* magnesia, and labeled it as such. In half an hour the purchaser returned, and said he wanted ten cents' worth more. The drugger told him that he had given him a full dose. "I know that," replied the man; "I want this for my *Wife!*"

FROM the superintendent of one of the prominent charitable institutions of Illinois we receive the following, the ready wit of which would deserve, on the part of any youthful culprit, complete absolution:

The Rev. Dr. Wines, now of New York, whose fame in the department of social science is every where recognized, was formerly Regent of the University of St. Louis. Among the underteachers was one named Butler, whose belief in the exercise of the rod was more implicit than would suit the ideas of non-resistants, and who carried his faith into corresponding frequency of exercise. He had occasion at one time to apply Solomon's panacea to a young offender, who took his revenge as follows: On the next morning there was found facing the passage leading to the university a large placard, bearing an unmistakable drawing of the building, the windows being garnished with a display of bottles, such as is seen in a country grocery, and over the door the sign—

WINES
AND OTHER LICKERS.

WE are furnished by a gentleman at Springfield, Illinois, with a couple of little anecdotes of Mr. Lincoln, hitherto unpublished:

Mr. Lincoln was fond of chess. One morning, in the fall of '59, he became engaged in the game with Judge Samuel Treat. The players were very equally matched. Each had won one game, and the third, the deciding game, was in progress, Mr. Lincoln having slightly the advantage. Little "Tad" was present. Wearied with the silence, and hungry for his dinner, the little fellow ever and anon tugged at his father's coat, and begged to go home. To his importunities Mr. Lincoln would absently answer, "Yes, sonny"—"Presently, Tad"—"In a minute, my boy"—until the disgusted Tad gave the chessboard a sudden shove that sent it from the table to the floor, and pawn, knight, castle, and king in a common heap.

"Well, well, Tad, we'll go to dinner now, my boy!" said Mr. Lincoln, rising quietly, and going off in a trot, with Tad by the hand, not a shadow of anger or impatience clouding his good, homely face.

I will not repeat what the Judge said after the door closed behind Mr. Lincoln and Tad; there were bad words in it.

THERE lived in Springfield in 1860, and probably lives there still, an Irish day-laborer named John M'Carty, an intense Democrat. Some time after the Presidential election Mr. Lincoln was walking along the public square, and John was shoveling out the gutter. As the President-elect approached, M'Carty rested on his shovel, and holding out his hand, said, bluntly:

"An' so yer elected Presidint, are ye? Faith an' it wasn't by my vote, at all, at all!"

"Well, yes, John," replied Mr. Lincoln, shaking hands with John very cordially; "the papers say I'm elected; but it seems odd I should be, when *you* opposed me."

"Well, Misther Lincoln," said John, dropping his voice lest some brother-Democrat should hear the confession, "I'm glad ye got it, after all. It's moighty little pace I've had wid Biddy for votin' forninst ye; an' if ye'd bin bate, she'd ha' driv me from the shanty, as shure's the worrold!"

"Give my compliments to Biddy, John, and tell her I'll think seriously of women-suffrage," said Mr. L. with a smile, as he passed on to his office.

AN epitaph or two comes to us in a late London weekly:

"Here lies the body of W. W.,
Who never more will trouble you, trouble you."

Another, on Thomas Woodcock:

"Here lie the remains of Thomas Woodhen,
The most amiable of husbands and excellent of men.

"N.B.—His real name was Woodcock, but it wouldn't come in rhyme.—*His Widow.*"

And this, written by a gentleman evidently of the Irish persuasion:

"John Palfreyman, who is buried here,
Was aged four-and-twenty year;
And near this place his mother lies,
Likewise his father—when he dies."

Another Hibernicism is found at Tavistock:

"Under this stone lies three children dear,
Two be buried at Tawton, and the other here."

A MISERLY old gentleman is complimented by the following inscription on his tomb:

"Here lies old Father Gripe, who never cried 'Jam satis,'
'Twould wake him did he know you read his tombstone gratis."

AMONG denominational jokes the following, by an eminent Western physician, is not bad:

Being called to the bedside of a dying repro-

bate, he found that he was expected to give comfort rather to the soul than the body. The old woman said if she could only remember the name of the Church she had been a member of she would feel better.

"Was it the Presbyterian?" kindly suggested the doctor.

"No, that wa'n't it."

"The Methodist?"

"No; we didn't like them."

"Baptist?"

"No, it warn't the Baptist."

"Did they baptize in it?"

"Why, *that was the main thing.*"

"Then it must have been the Campbellite," said the doctor.

"That's it!" she exclaimed; "that's it! *Thank God I remember the name of it!*"

And, greatly comforted, she fell into a tranquil slumber. Or, as Wordsworth says, she was

> "One in whom persuasion and belief
> Had ripened into faith, and faith become
> A passionate intuition."

The number of sham epitaphs written on persons of particular trades or professions is innumerable. Doctors, lawyers, shoemakers, tailors, and blacksmiths are those chiefly honored in this way. The most ponderous efforts at wit have been written over these callings, in which the various implements used are generally dragged in in a series of wretched puns. Some reference is sure to be made to the blacksmith's vice; the shoemaker is certain to "leave his all behind;" the tailor, most likely, has been clipped by the shears of death; while the doctor is joked about his murderous propensities, and the lawyer about his dishonesty. To this class the doctor has perhaps contributed the best series of witty epitaphs. Very few of these appear in our collection—in fact, there is but one, if we are not mistaken, which refers to a doctor:

> "Here Doctor Fisher lies interred,
> Who fill'd the half of this church-yard."

The cleverest of those on the legal profession consists of one line, "On Strange, a Lawyer"—

> "Here lies an honest lawyer, that is Strange."

An estimable citizen of Detroit, engaged in the oyster trade, was thus addressed by one of his friends: "Well, if business continues good during the winter, I suppose you can give us a *can-can't* you?" To which the unshelfish man replied: "I suppose I *can.*" This must have been the man who

> "Stripped the pearly oyster of his coat,
> And thrust the living morsel down his throat."

Possibly some one of our readers may have found the property described in the following advertisement, published in the Lockport *Daily Journal and Courier* of October 15:

> LOST! yesterday, from off a wagon, a large-sized Traveling-Bag, containing sundry articles of wearing apparel—among which were two Hubbard Squashes—somewhere between the Gas factory and the house of the owner, N. G. S——; proceeding through on streets straight to the Gulf, parallel to Main Street. The finder will receive a reasonable reward by leaving the same at the *Journal* office.

Our unfortunate friend should have named the figures of the reward. The Detective of the Period is not stimulated except by figures. There obviously is not much money in any two Hubbard Squashes. Nevertheless, we circulate the advertisement.

A legal correspondent in Wisconsin sends to the Drawer the following verbatim copy of a letter from a client, who desired to prevent his wife from getting a bill of divorce against him. On its receipt, our correspondent adds, "we abandoned the case, and she couldn't 'get enny bill on this:'"

June 18 1866

Mr steel I heard my wife came to you for a bill of divorse you probly herd her story and I will tell you mine and I will tell you the truth I heard Id did not provide nuff to eat god noes I hade nuff of flower pork potatoes and made ower one barril buter and always had huney in the hous I got her tea shoger dried fruit I always thought good deal of her and I would get evry thing I cold to pleas her I herd she sed I was lasy if i was I had nuff to eat and drink she cant say but what I got close for her she had 4 good dreses when she left I got her fore new pare of shoes whin one year that was last year the first pare I pade 3 dollars the secont 2:25 and third 2,50 and 4 forth 3 dollars this was all got with in one year and I was wilin to get them for her and I got things Just that way for her and I am wilin to do it again for her I though my eyes of her she would get evry thing she ask for if it lade in my power to git her this is Just as trew as god in heaven and *I cant see she can get enny bill on this.* Mr steel I wish you wold talk whith her and get her to come back and live with me and live a happy life to gether
pleas answer this —— post ofice —— co Wis and I will satisfy you for it this from your frend

John ——

I ceap bees and have lots of huney I wish you wold advise her to come and live with me I am a lonsom man you ever saw I cant sleap or eat much it wares on me my mind on her all the time when I am awake and sleep if you answer this write plain so I can read it for I cant read por hand tell me what she ses about it

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It is not the correct thing at all to laugh at the misfortunes of people: but what can one do when placed in the position narrated in the following by a welcome Connecticut correspondent:

In the procession that followed good Deacon Jones to the grave, last summer, Rev. Mr. ——, the new minister of East Town, found himself in the carriage with an elderly man whom he had never before met. They rode in grave silence for a few moments, when the clergyman endeavored to improve the occasion by serious conversation.

"This is a solemn duty in which we are engaged, my friend," he said.

"Hey? what did you say, Sir?" the old man returned. "Can't ye speak louder? I'm hard of hearin'."

"I was remarking," shouted the minister, "that this is a solemn road we are traveling today."

"*Sandy road!* You don't call this ere sandy, do ye? I guess you ain't been down to the South Deestrict. Ther's a stretch of road on the old pike that beats all I ever see for hard travelin'. Only a week afore Deacon Jones was tuck sick I met him drivin' his ox-team along there, and the sand was pretty nigh up to the hubs of the wheels. The Deacon used to get dretful riled 'bout that piece of road, and East Town does go ahead of all creation for sand."

The young minister looked blank at the unexpected turn given to his remark; but quickly recovering himself, and raising his voice to its highest pitch, he resumed the conversation.

"Our friend has done with all the discomforts of earth," he said, solemnly. "A small spot of ground will soon cover his poor senseless clay."

"Did you say *clay*, Sir?" said the old man, eagerly. "'Tain't nigh so good to cover sand with as medder loam. Sez I to Mr. Brewer, last town-meetin' day, 'If you'd cart on a few dozen loads—and there's acres of it on the river bank,' sez I, 'you'd make as pretty a piece of road as there is in Harford County.' But we are slow folks in East Town, Sir."

It was perhaps fortunate for the minister at that moment that the smell of new-made hay from a neighboring field suggested a fresh train of thought.

"Look," said he, with a graceful wave of the hand; "what an emblem of the brevity of human life! As the grass of the field so man flourisheth, and to-morrow he is cut down."

"I don't calculate to cut mine till next week," said his companion. "You mustn't cut grass too arly; and then, agin, you mustn't cut it too late."

"My friend," shrieked the minister, in a last desperate attempt to make himself understood, "this is no place for vain conversation. We are approaching the narrow house appointed for all the living."

They were entering the grave-yard, but the old man stretched his neck from the carriage-window in the opposite direction.

"Do you mean Square Hubbard's, over yonder? 'Tis rather *narrer*. They build all them new-fangled housen that way nowadays. To my mind they ain't nigh so harnsome, nor so handy to do chores in, as the old-fashioned square ones, with a broad entry runnin' clear through to the back-door. Well, this is the gittin'-out place, ain't it? Much obleeged to ye, parson, for your *entertainin' remarks*."

A VENERABLE but eccentric president of a Western college was proverbial for leaving nothing unprayed for. In the customary long prayer before sermon he prayed for every body, every thing. Although occasionally amusing, he was always fervent. He was not a square Johnson man, as may be inferred from his style of supplication in behalf of the now ex-President, which was, "O Lord, we pray for Andrew Johnson. We *know* that he is nothing but a piece of *rottenness* under Thy nose; but, O Lord, *wake him up!*" It was given with great unction; yet it was prejudiced. That eminent Tennesseean is not of slumberous habit; on the contrary, he is, in politics, essentially lively.

Another especial subject of the reverend president's prayer was Dr. ——, head of the —— department—a man of marked ability, but not inclined to hurry through the world. Indeed, he was much too slow to suit the energetic president. Seated in the pulpit, one Sunday morning, imagine his emotions when he heard the venerable head of the institution say: "O Lord, we pray for Dr. ——. Thou knowest that he is the smartest one among us; but, O Lord, *he is so lazy!*"

It has been a custom latterly in most colleges for the graduating class to collect the photographs and autographs of the class. —— College was no exception; and with our class the photograph fever ran so high that the president alluded to it in this way: "We pray for the Senior Class, who will soon leave us. O Lord, wilt Thou have *mercy* on them, for Thou seest them running wild with foolishness, going around gathering photographs."

IN the little city of B——, in the southern part of Kentucky, dwelt an elderly person named Walker, by trade a maker of shoes, and who in some odd way had acquired the appellation of "Judge." On one occasion, when General Sam Houston was traveling through the State on his way to Louisville, he stopped at the hotel in B—— for supper, and was called on by many gentlemen of the place who were desirous to meet the old hero. Among them was Walker, who was presented as "Judge" to the General, the latter observing, "I am glad to see you, Judge; glad to have the pleasure of meeting you; how long is it since you retired from the Bench?" "Well," replied Walker, "really, General, I have not made a pair of shoes in twenty-five years!" For a moment the General didn't exactly seem to know what was meant by the smirk excited by the response; but he soon comprehended.

THE last meeting of the Hudson County, New Jersey, Democratic Convention at Jersey City, during the last political canvass, had the effect of making a number of sore heads through the county, especially among the American portion of the population, owing to the unusual preponderance of the Emerald element on the ticket. Almost every one not nominated was growling; among the rest a noted ward politician named Van Tassell, who is indebted to every one in the city who will lend him a dollar. Soon after the adjournment of the Convention he went into the *Standard* office and announced his intention of changing his name from Bob to Teddy Van Tassell. "Don't, Bob," says Alick Watts, who was standing in the office; "change it to Owen (owing) Van Tassell—it will be more appropriate." Van immediately left to see a prominent Senator across the way.

"THE Art of Putting Things" is one of the most difficult in every department of human speech-work or human head-work; the what to say, the when to say it, the how to say it. The quaint way in which things are "put" forms the staple of a mass of sayings sent to the Drawer; as, for example, a correspondent at Bucyrus, Ohio, who incloses the original note of an indigent person suffering from scorbutic ailment:

HOLMES TOWNSHIP, CROFURD CO. O.

Dokter, Sir, i want you to Cend Me sunthen to cure a brakeing out all over. I cant tel you wat is, but it burns and iches. The wife thinks it is the *Each* but I dont think it is, but youre the phersishion and cend me sunthen to *Nock it hier than haman.*

Yure frend ——

ANOTHER specimen of this Art of Putting Things comes from a Boston correspondent, who, last summer, while walking through the village of Felchville, Vermont, came across some stone slabs by the road-side, on one of which was this inscription:

"On the 31st August 1754 Capt James Johnson had a daughter born on this spot of ground being captivated with his whole family by the Indians."

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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FREDERICK THE GREAT.



FREDERICK IN PRISON.

III.—THE MARRIAGE OF WILHELMINA AND THE RECONCILIATION.

THE captive crown prince was conveyed from Wesel to the old castle of Mittenwalde, where he was imprisoned in a room without furniture or bed. An old chest, which chanced to be there, was his only seat. One of the king's favorite ministers, Grumkow, with other officials, was sent to interrogate him. The prince, probably aware that nothing which he could now do could make matters worse than they actually were, displayed much spirit in the interview. Frankly avowing his intention to escape, he refused to make any disclosures which should implicate his friends. Grumkow insolently informed him that the use of the rack was not yet abolished in his majesty's dominions, and that, if he were not more pliant, the energies of that instrument might be called into requisition. Frederick admitted afterward that his blood ran cold at that suggestion. Still he had the nerve to reply, according to the testimony of Wilhelmina:

"A hangman such as you naturally takes pleasure in talking of his tools and of his trade. But on me they will produce no effect. I have owned every thing, and almost regret to have done so. I ought not to degrade myself by answering the questions of a scoundrel such as you are."

Grumkow gathered up his papers, and, with his associate officials, departed, probably meditating upon his own prospects should the crown

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

prince ever become king of Prussia. The next day, September 5, the captive was taken from the castle of Mittenwalde and sent to the fortress of Cüstrin, a small and quiet town about seventy miles from Berlin. The strong, dungeon-like room in which he was incarcerated consisted of bare walls, without any furniture, the light being admitted by a single aperture, so high that the prince could not look out at it. He was divested of his uniform, of his sword, of every mark of dignity. Coarse, brown clothes of plainest cut were furnished him. His flute was taken from him, and he was deprived of all books but the Bible and a few devotional treatises. He was allowed a daily sum, amounting to twelve cents of our money, for his food—eight cents for his dinner and four for his supper. His food was purchased at a cook-shop near by, and cut for him. He was not permitted the use of a knife. The door was opened three times a day for ventilation—morning, noon, and night—but not for more than four minutes each time. A single tallow-candle was allowed him; but that was to be extinguished at seven o'clock in the evening. Thus deprived of all the ordinary comforts of life, the prince, in the nineteenth year of his age, was consigned to an imprisonment of absolute solitude. For weeks and months he was left to his own agitating thoughts, with the apparent blighting of every earthly hope, awaiting whatever doom his merciless father might award to him. His jailers, not unmindful of the embarrassing fact that their captive might yet become king of Prussia, with their fate in his hands, gradually treated him with all the secret kindness which they dared to exhibit.[1]

Though Wilhelmina was also a close prisoner in her apartment in the Berlin palace, and was fed upon the coarsest fare, she still had a comfortable room, her musical instruments, and the companionship of her governess, Madam Sonsfeld. It was rather a relief to the unhappy princess to be shut out from the presence of her father and from the sound of his voice. She occasionally obtained a smuggled letter from her mother, and even got one, in pencil, from her brother, full of expressions of tenderness.

All the friends of Fritz were treated, by the infuriate father, with the most cruel severity. No mercy was shown to any one who had ever given the slightest indication of sympathy with the crown prince. A bookseller, who had furnished Fritz with French books, was cruelly exiled to the remote shores of the Baltic, on the extreme northern frontiers of Prussia. A French gentleman, count Montholieu, who had loaned the crown prince money, would probably have perished upon the scaffold had he not escaped by flight. His effigy was nailed to the gallows.

There was a young lady in Potsdam by the name of Doris Ritter. She was the daughter of highly respectable parents, and was of unblemished character. As Fritz was extremely fond of music, and she played sweetly on the harpsichord, he loaned her pieces of music, and occasionally, under the eye of her parents, accompanied her with the flute. The life of a colonel in garrison at Potsdam was so dull, that this innocent amusement was often quite a help in beguiling the weary hours. The young lady was not beautiful, and there was no evidence of the slightest improprieties or of any approach even to flirtation. But the infuriate king, who, without the shadow of reason, could accuse his own daughter of infamy, caused this young lady, under the pretext that she had been the guilty intimate of his son, to be taken from her parents, to be delivered to the executioners, and to be publicly conveyed in a cart and whipped on the bare back through the principal streets of the town. She was then imprisoned and doomed to beat hemp as a culprit for three years.

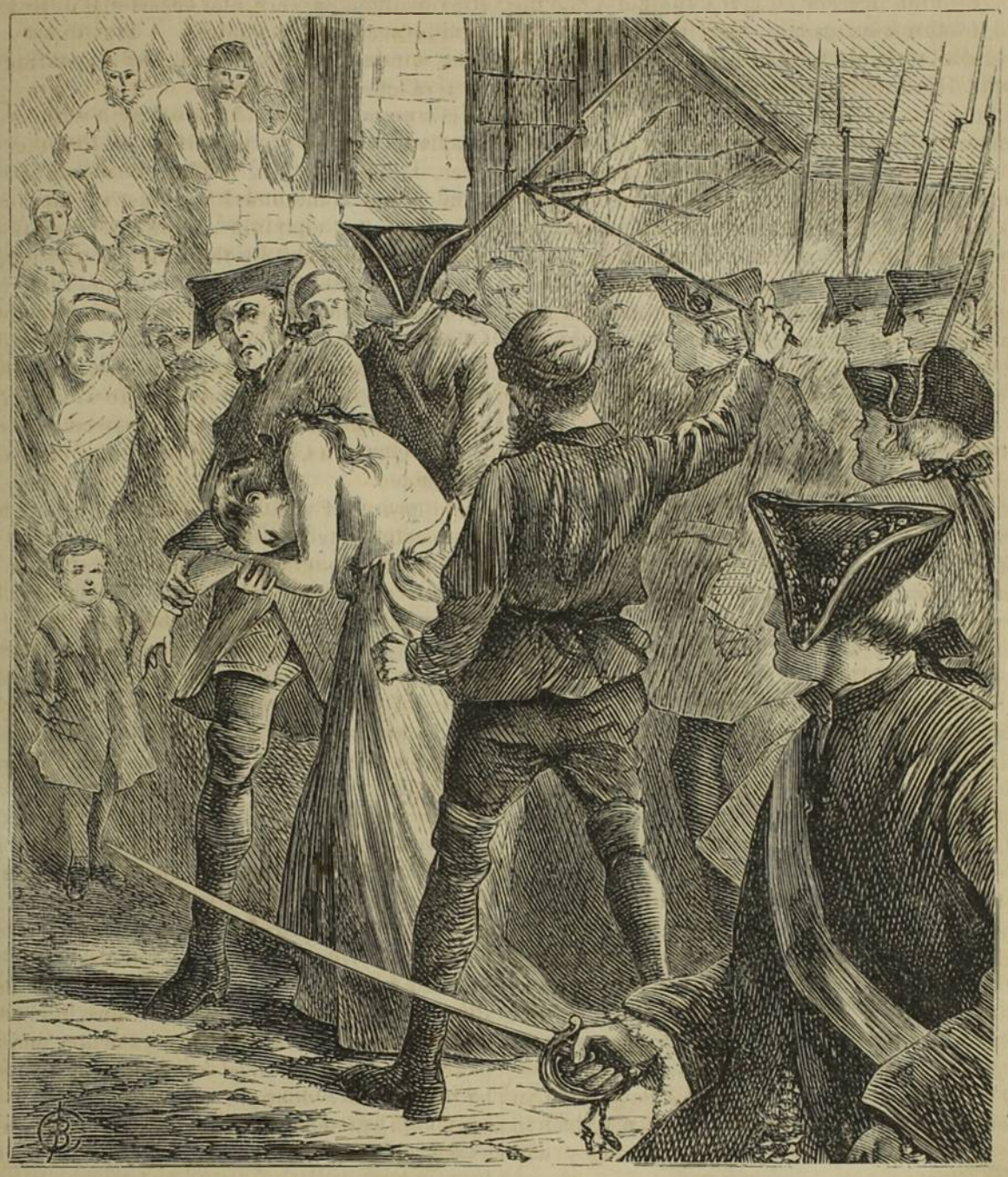
One's faith in a superintending Providence is almost staggered by such outrages. It would seem that there could scarcely be any compensation even in the future world for so foul a wrong inflicted upon this guileless and innocent girl. There can be no possible solution of the mystery but in the decree, "After death cometh the judgment."

"It is impossible," writes Lord Dover, "not to perceive that the real reason of his conduct was his enmity to his son; and that the crime of the poor girl was the having assisted in making the son's existence more supportable. The intention of Frederick William apparently being, that the infliction of so infamous a punishment in so public a manner should prevent the possibility of Frederick's ever seeing her again."[1]

A court-martial was convened to pronounce sentence upon the crown prince and his confederates. The court was appointed by the king, and consisted of three major-generals, three colonels, three lieutenant-colonels, three

[1] "A captain Fouqué comes to Cüstrin on duty or as a volunteer by-and-by. He is an old friend of the prince's; a ready-witted, hot-tempered, highly-estimable man. He is often with the prince. Their light is extinguished precisely at seven o'clock. 'Very well, lieutenant,' he would say, 'you have done your orders to the crown prince's light. But his majesty has no concern with captain Fouqué's candles,' and thereupon would light a pair. Nay, I have heard of lieutenants who punctually blew out the prince's light, as a matter of duty and command, and then kindled it again as a civility left free to human nature. In short, his majesty's orders can only be fulfilled to the letter. Even in the letter his majesty's orders are severe enough."—Carlyle, ii. p. 213.

[1] Voltaire, in his unreliable "Vie Privée du Roi de Prusse," t. ii. p. 51, says that when Frederick became king he settled upon Doris, who was then married and poor, an annuity of seventy-six dollars. Thiebault, far more accurate, in his "Souvenirs de Vingt Ans de Séjour à Berlin," says he gave her a pension of one hundred and fifty-six dollars. It does not speak well for Frederick that he could have so meanly requited so terrible a wrong.



DORIS RITTER'S PUNISHMENT.

majors, three captains, and three, belonging to the civil courts, called auditors. The court, thus composed of eighteen members, met on the 20th of October, 1730, in the little town of Copenick, a few miles from Berlin. Grumkow, well aware that these proceedings would attract the attention of every court in Europe, had persuaded the king to submit to the formality of a court-martial.

It was well understood that a verdict was to be returned in accordance with the wishes of the king, and also that the king desired that no mercy should be shown to his son.[1] After a session of six days the verdict of the court was rendered. The crime of the crown prince, in endeavoring to escape from the brutality of his father, was declared to be *desertion*, and the penalty was death. Lieutenant Keith was also declared to be a deserter, and doomed to die. But as he had escaped, and could not be recaptured, he was sentenced to be hanged in effigy, which effigy was then to be cut in four quarters and nailed to the gallows at Wesel. Lieutenant Katte, who certainly had not deserted, and whose only crime was that he had been a confidant of the crown prince in his plan to escape, was condemned to imprisonment in a fortress for two years, some say for life.

The king approved of the first two sentences of the court. The mildness of the last roused his indignation. "Katte," he exclaimed, "is

[1] "The first idea of Frederick William was to deliver his son over to be condemned by the ordinary tribunal of Prussia, well knowing that his judges would never venture to decide except according to his wishes. Indeed he took a very summary as well as a very certain mode of effecting this object; for whenever their sentiments were not approved by him he was in the habit of going into the court where they sat and there distributing kicks and blows to all the judges in turn, at the same time calling them rogues and blackguards! From men so circumstanced Frederick would have no chance of acquittal."—*The Life of Frederick II., by* Lord Dover, i. p. 33.

guilty of high treason. He shall die by the sword of the headsman. It is better that he should die than that justice depart out of the world." His doom was thus fixed as irreversible as fate.

Fortunately for the young man's mother, she was in her grave. His father was at that time commandant of Königsberg, in high favor with the king. His illustrious grandfather on his mother's side, field-marshal Wartensleben, was still living. For half a century he had worthily occupied the most eminent posts of honor. The tears, the agonizing entreaties of these friends were not of the slightest avail. The king's heart was as impervious to appeals for mercy as are the cliffs of Sinai.

There are several letters still remaining which lieutenant Katte wrote to his friends during those hours of anguish in which he was awaiting his death. No one can read them without compassionate emotion and without execrating the memory of that implacable tyrant who so unjustly demanded his execution. The young man wrote to the king a petition containing the following pathetic plea:

"SIRE,—It is not to excuse myself that I address this letter to your majesty. But, moved by sincere repentance and heart-felt sorrow, I implore your clemency, and beseech you, sire, to have some consideration for my youth, which renders me capable of imprudence without any bad design.

"God does not always follow the impulse of his justice toward sinners; but often, by his mercy, reclaims those who have gone astray. And will not your majesty, sire, who are a resemblance of the Divinity, pardon a criminal who is guilty of disobedience to his sovereign? The hope of pardon supports me, and I flatter myself that your majesty will not cut me off in the flower of my age, but will give me time to prove the effect your majesty's clemency will have on me.

"Sire, I own that I am guilty. Will not your majesty grant me a pardon which God never refuses to the greatest sinner who sincerely confesses his sins? I shall be always ready to shed even the last drop of my blood to show your majesty what grateful sentiments your clemency can raise in me."

It was all in vain. On Sunday evening, September 5, as the condemned young man was sitting alone in his prison cell, sadly awaiting his doom, yet clinging to hopes of mercy, an officer entered with the startling intelligence that the carriage was at the door to convey him to the fortress of Cüstrin, at a few leagues distance, where he was to be executed. For a moment the young man was greatly agitated. He soon, however, regained his equanimity. It must indeed have been a fearful communication to one in the vigor of health, in the prime of youth, and surrounded by every thing which could render life desirable. Two brother-officers and the chaplain accompanied him upon this dismal midnight ride. Silence, pious conversation, prayers, and occasional devotional hymns occupied the hours. The dawn of a cold winter's morning was just appearing as they reached the fortress.

His companions had no heart to witness the bloody execution of their friend and brother-officer. The chaplain, Müller, who had accompanied the condemned to Cüstrin, and also Besserer, the chaplain of the garrison there, were either obliged by their official position, or were constrained by Christian sympathy, to ride by his side in the death-cart to the scaffold. Of the rest of his friends he took an affectionate leave, saying, "Adieu, my brothers; may God be with you evermore!" He was conveyed to the rampart of the castle dressed in coarse brown garments, precisely like those worn by the prince.

By order of the king, Fritz, who had also been condemned to die and was awaiting his doom, was brought down into a lower room of the fortress, before whose window the scaffold was erected, that he might be compelled "to see Katte die." At his entrance the curtains were closed, shutting out the view of the court-yard. Upon the drawing of the curtains Fritz, to his horror, beheld the scaffold draped in black on a level with the window, and directly before it.

The unhappy crown prince was in an agony of despair. Again and again he frantically exclaimed, "In the name of God, I beg you to stop the execution till I write to the king! I am ready to renounce all my rights to the crown if he will pardon Katte!" As the condemned was led by the window to ascend the scaffold, Fritz cried out to him, in anguish as intense as a generous heart can endure: "Pardon me, my dear Katte, pardon me! Oh that this should be what I have done for you!"

A smile flitted across Katte's pallid features as he replied, "Death is sweet for a prince I love so well." With fortitude he ascended the scaffold. The executioner attempted to bandage his eyes, but he resisted, and looking to heaven, said, "Father, into thy hands I surrender my soul!" Four grenadiers held Fritz with his face toward the window. Fainting, he fell senseless upon the floor. At the same moment, by a single blow, Katte's head rolled upon the scaffold. As the prince recovered consciousness he found himself still at the window in full view of the headless and gory corpse of his friend. Another swoon consigned him to momentary unconsciousness.[1]

The body of Katte remained upon the scaf-

1 "The prince had been some weeks in his prison at Cüstrin when one day an old officer, followed by four grenadiers, entered his chamber weeping. Frederick had no doubt that he was to be made a head shorter. But the officer, still in tears, ordered the grenadiers to take him to the window and hold his head out of it, that he might be obliged to look on the execution of his friend Katte upon a scaffold expressly built for that purpose. He saw, stretched out his hand, and fainted. The father was present at this exhibition." —*Memoirs of the Life of Voltaire*, p. 26.



FREDERICK AT KATTE'S EXECUTION.

fold during the short wintry day, and at night was buried in one of the bastions of the fortress. This cruel tragedy was enacted more than a century ago; but there are few who even now can read the record without having their eyes flooded through the conflicting emotions of sympathy for the sufferers and indignation against the tyrant who could perpetrate such crimes.

When Frederick returned to consciousness his misery plunged him into a high fever. Delirium ensued, during which chaplain Müller, who remained with him, says that he frequently attempted to destroy himself. As the fever abated and he became more tranquil floods of tears gushed from his eyes. He for some time refused to take any nourishment. It seemed to him now that every hope in life was forever blighted. He had no doubt that his own death was fully decided upon, and that he would soon be led to his execution. In his moments of delirious anguish he at times longed for death to come as speedily as possible. And again it seemed awful to have his young life—for he was then but eighteen years of age—cut off by the bloody sword.[1]

1 "General Ginkel, the Dutch embassador, here told me of an interview he had with the king. The king

Chaplain Müller seems to have enjoyed the confidence of the king to an unusual degree. He was ordered to remain at Cüstrin, and to have daily interviews with the prince, to instruct him in religion. The king professed to be eminently a religious man. While torturing the body and the mind of the prince in every way, he expressed great anxiety for the salvation of his soul. It is not strange that the example of such a father had staggered the faith of the son. Illogically he renounced that religion which condemned, in the severest terms, the conduct of the father, and which caused the king often to tremble upon his throne, appalled by the declaration, "Know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

The young prince had also become dissolute in life. The sacred volume denounced such a career as offensive to God, as sure to bring down upon the guilty prince the Divine displeasure in this life, and, if unrepented of, in the life to come. No man who believes the Bible to be true can, with any comfort whatever, indulge in sin. The prince wished to indulge his passions without restraint. He therefore, thus living, found it to be a necessity to renounce that religion which arrayed against his sinful life all the terrors of the final judgment. A wicked life and true Christian faith can not live in peace together. The one or the other must be abandoned. Frederick chose to abandon Christian faith.

It seems that the crown prince had an inquiring mind. He was interested in metaphysical speculations. He had adopted, perhaps, as some excuse for his conduct, the doctrine of predestination, that God hath foreordained whatsoever cometh to pass. The idea that there is a power, which Hume calls philosophical necessity, which Napoleon calls destiny, which Calvin calls predestination, by which all events are controlled, and that this necessity is not inconsistent with free agency, is a doctrine which ever has commanded the assent, and probably ever will, of many of the strongest thinkers in the world.

"The heresy about predestination," writes Carlyle, "or the election by free grace, as his majesty terms it, according to which a man is preappointed, from all eternity, either to salvation or the opposite, which is Fritz's notion, and indeed Calvin's, and that of many benighted creatures, this editor among them, appears to his majesty an altogether shocking one. What! may not deserter Fritz say to himself, even now, or in whatever other deeps of sin he may fall into, 'I was foredoomed to it. How could I or how can I help it?' The mind of his majesty shudders as if looking over the edge of an abyss."

Chaplain Müller was especially directed to argue with Frederick upon this point, and, if possible, to convert him to Christianity. The correspondence which ensued between the king and Müller is preserved. The king wrote to the chaplain, under date of November 3, 1730:

"I have been assured that you are an honest and pious clergyman, and a faithful minister of the word of God. Since, therefore, you are going to Cüstrin, on account of the execution of lieutenant Katte, I command you, after the execution, to pay a visit to the prince royal; to reason with him and to represent to him that whosoever abandons God is also abandoned by God; and that, when God has abandoned a man, and has taken away his grace from him, that man is incapable of doing what is good, and can only do what is evil. You will exhort him to repent, and to ask pardon for the many sins he has committed, and into which he has seduced others, one of whom has been just punished with death.

"If you then find the prince contrite and humble, you will engage him to fall on his knees with you, to ask pardon of God with tears of penitence. But you must proceed with prudence and circumspection, for the prince is cunning. You will represent to him also, in a proper manner, the error he labors under in believing that some are predestinated to one thing and some to another; and that thus he who is predestinated to evil can do nothing but evil, and he who is predestinated to good can do nothing but good, and that consequently we can change nothing of what is to happen—a dreadful error, especially in what regards our salvation.

"Now, as I hope that his present situation, and the execution which has just taken place before his eyes, will touch and soften his heart, and will lead him to better sentiments, I charge you, as you value your conscience, to do all that is humanly possible to represent forcibly to the prince these things; and particularly in what relates to predestination to convince him, by means of passages from the Scriptures, which satisfactorily prove what I wish you to advance."

This letter was addressed to the "reverend, well-beloved, and faithful," and was signed, "your affectionate king." Though the king had not yet announced any intention of sparing the life of his son, and probably was fully resolved upon his execution, he was manifestly disturbed by the outcry against his proceedings raised in all the courts of Europe. Three days before the king wrote the above letter the emperor of Germany, Charles VI., had written to him, with his own hand, earnestly interceding for the crown prince. In addition to the letter the emperor, through his minister Seckendorf, had presented a very firm remonstrance.

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harbors most monstrous wicked designs, not fit to be spoken of in words. It is certain, if he continue in the mind he is in at present, we shall see scenes here as wicked and bloody as any that were ever heard of since the creation of the world. He will sacrifice his whole family—every body, except Grumkow, being, as he imagines, in conspiracy against him. All these things he said with such imprecations and disordered looks, foaming at the mouth all the while, as it was terrible either to see or hear."—DICKENS'S *Dispatch, 7th December*, 1730.

He announced to Frederick William that prince Frederick was a prince of the empire, and that he was entitled to the protection of the laws of the Germanic body; that the heir-apparent of the Prussian monarchy was under the safeguard of the Germanic empire, and that the king was bound to surrender to this tribunal the accused and the documents relative to this trial.

The emperor was probably induced to this decisive course not merely by motives of humanity, but also by the consideration that by thus saving the life of Frederick he would forever attach him to the interests of the house of Austria. The kings of Poland and Sweden also wrote to the king, earnestly interceding for the life of the crown prince.

The king was at first much incensed by these attempts at interference. It was not safe for him to bid defiance to the opinions of the civilized world. Emotions of anger and mortification struggled in the bosom of the king. Captain Guy Dickens, secretary of Dubourgay, writes:

"The king of Prussia can not sleep. The officers sit up with him every night, and in his slumbers he raves and talks of spirits and apparitions."

He drank deeply, wandering about by night as if possessed by fiends. "He has not," writes captain Dickens, "gone to bed sober for a month past." Once he rose, about midnight, and with a candle in his hand entered the apartment of the queen, apparently in a state of extreme terror, saying that there was something haunting him. His agitation was so great that a bed was made up for him there.

Two days after the death of Katte, the king wrote to chaplain Müller, under date of November 7, 1730 a letter closing with the following words:

"As God often by wondrous guidance, strange paths, and thorny steps, will bring men into the kingdom of Christ, so may our Divine Redeemer help that this prodigal son be brought into His communion; that his godless heart be beaten until it is softened and changed; and so he be snatched from the claws of Satan. This grant us, the Almighty God and Father, for our Lord Jesus Christ and His passion and death's sake. Amen! I am, for the rest, your well-affectioned king, Frederick William."

The prince supposed that the object of Müller's visits was to prepare him for his death. But upon receiving the full assurance that his father contemplated pardoning him, should there be evidence of repentance, he promised to take an oath of entire submission to his father's will. Seven commissioners were sent to the prison of Cüstrin, on the 19th of November, to administer this oath with the utmost solemnity. He was conducted to the church. A large crowd was in attendance. A sermon appropriate to the occasion was preached. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to him. And then he audibly repeated the oath and attached to it his signature.

From the church the prince was conducted, not back to his prison in the fortress, but to a town mansion, which was assigned as his residence. His sword was restored to him. But he was still not fully liberated. Officials, appointed by his father, surrounded him, who watched and reported all his movements. The first act of the young prince, upon reaching his apartment after this partial liberation, was to write as follows to his father. We give the letter as translated by Carlyle:

"Cüstrin, *November* 19, 1730.

"All-serenest and All-graciousest Father,—To your royal majesty, my all-graciousest Father, I have, by my disobedience as Their subject and soldier, not less than by my undutifulness as Their son, given occasion to a just wrath and aversion against me. With the all-obedientest respect I submit myself wholly to the grace of my most All-gracious Father, and beg him most All-graciously to pardon me, as it is not so much the withdrawal of my liberty, in a sad arrest, as my own thoughts of the fault I have committed that have brought me to reason, who, with all-obedientest respect and submission, continue till my end my All-graciousest king's and Father's faithfully-obedientest servant and son, Frederick."

Here, in the little town of Cüstrin, in a house very meagerly furnished, the crown prince established his household upon the humblest scale. The prince was allowed to wear his sword, but not his uniform. He was debarred of all amusements, and was forbidden to read, write, or speak French. To give him employment, he was ordered to attend regularly the sittings of the Chamber of Counselors of that district, though he was to take his seat as the youngest member. Three persons were appointed constantly to watch over him. Lord Dover writes:

"His diet was regulated at a sum which made it barely sufficient to prevent actual starvation. His apartment was most miserable, and almost entirely devoid of furniture. He was in great want of linen, and of others of the first necessaries of life. At nine o'clock at night his candle was taken from him; while pen, ink, paper, and books were alike denied him."

"His very flute," Carlyle writes, "most innocent 'Princess,' as he used to call his flute in old days, is denied him ever since he came to Cüstrin. But by degrees he privately gets her back and consorts much with her; wails forth, in beautiful adagios, emotions for which there is no other utterance at present. He has liberty of Cüstrin and the neighborhood. Out of Cüstrin he is not to lodge any night without leave had of the Commandant."

While these sad scenes were transpiring the princess Wilhelmina was held in close captivity in her apartment at the palace in Berlin. The king had convened a council of eight clergymen, and had put to them the question whether a

father had not a right to give his daughter in wedlock to whom he pleased. Much to the honor of these clergymen they replied, with but one exception, in the negative.

The queen remained firm in her determination that Wilhelmina should marry the prince of Wales. The king was equally inflexible in his resolve that she should not marry the prince of Wales. The queen occasionally had interviews with Wilhelmina, when they wept together over their disappointments and trials. The spirited young princess had no special predilections for the English prince. But she was firm in her resolve not to have a repugnant husband forced upon her. On the night of the 27th of January, 1731, as the queen was about to leave Berlin for Potsdam, she said to her daughter:

"Be firm, my child. Trust in my management. Only swear to me, on your eternal salvation, that never, on any compulsion, will you marry another than the prince of Wales. Give me that oath."

But Wilhelmina evaded the oath upon the ground of religious scruples. Anxiety, confinement, and bad diet had so preyed upon her health that she was reduced almost to a skeleton. The following extract from her journal gives a graphic account of her painful condition:

"I was shut up in my bedchamber, where I saw nobody, and continued always to fast. I was really dying of hunger. I read as long as there was daylight, and made remarks upon what I read. My health began to give way. I became as thin as a skeleton from want of food and exercise. One day Madame De Sonsfeld and myself were at table, looking sadly at one another, having nothing to eat but soup made with salt and water and a ragout of old bones, full of hairs and other dirt, when we heard a knocking at the window. Surprised, we rose hastily to see what it was. We found a raven with a morsel of bread in its beak, which it laid down on the sill of the window so soon as it saw us, and flew away. Tears came into our eyes at this adventure. 'Our lot is very deplorable,' said I to my governess, 'since it even touches the creatures devoid of reason. They have more compassion for us than men, who treat us with so much cruelty.'"

The raven was a tame one, which had got lost and was seeking for its home. The story, however, spread, and created great sympathy for the imprisoned princess. There was a large number of French refugees in Berlin. With characteristic kindness, at the risk of incurring the royal displeasure, they sent daily a basket of food, which was placed in a situation from which Wilhelmina's maids could easily convey the contents to her, while compassionate sentries kindly looked the other way. The princess wrote to her father, imploring permission to receive the sacrament, from which she had been debarred for nearly a year. The reply from her father was couched in the following terms:

"My blackguard daughter may receive the sacrament."

Her sisters were now permitted occasionally to visit her, and her situation became somewhat ameliorated. On the 10th of May Wilhelmina received a letter from her mother which caused her to wring her hands in anguish. It informed her that the next day a deputation was to call upon her, from the king, to insist upon her giving her consent to marry the prince of Baireuth. The letter was as follows:

"All is lost, my dear daughter. The king is determined, at all hazards, upon your marriage. I have sustained several dreadful contests on this subject, but neither my prayers nor my tears have had any effect. Eversman has orders to make the purchases necessary for your marriage. You must prepare yourself to lose Madam Sonsfeld. The king is determined to have her degraded with infamy if you do not obey him. Some one will be sent to persuade you. In God's name consent to nothing, and God will support you in it. A prison is better than a bad marriage. Adieu, my dear daughter! I expect every thing from your firmness."

A deputation of four ministers, headed by baron Grumkow, the next day presented themselves to the princess. To overawe Wilhelmina they approached her with all the solemnity of state. Grumkow opened the conference:

"Obey the wishes of the king," said he, "and the royal favor will be restored to you. Refuse to do it, and no one can tell what will be the doom which will fall upon your mother, your brother, and yourself."

They all united their entreaties, arguments, prayers, and threats. The princess was in a state of terrible agitation. Almost distracted she paced the floor. That she might have a little time to reflect, the four deputies retired into the recess of a window. One of them, M. Tulmier, then approached the princess, and in a low tone of voice said to her:

"Do not resist any longer. Submit to whatever is required of you. I will answer with my life that the marriage will never really take place. It is necessary, at whatever cost, to appease the king for the present. I will explain to the queen that this is the only means of obtaining a favorable declaration from the king of England."

Thus influenced, she yielded. Tears flooded her eyes and her voice was broken with sobs as she said, "I am ready to sacrifice myself for the peace of the family." The deputation withdrew, leaving the princess in despair. Baron Grumkow conveyed to the king the pleasing intelligence of her submission. She immediately wrote to her mother, as follows:

"I have hardly strength enough to trace these lines. My state is altogether worthy of pity. It is not any menaces, however violent they may have been, which have compelled my consent to the king's wishes. An interest still more dear to me has determined me to this sac-



GRUMKOW'S CONFERENCE WITH WILHELMINA.

rifice. I have been till now the innocent cause of all the unhappiness which your majesty has endured. My too sensible heart has been penetrated by the touching details you have latterly made of them.

"You have been willing to suffer for me. Is it not much more natural that I should sacrifice myself for you, and that I should finish, once for all, this fatal division in the family? Could I balance a moment between the choice of unhappiness for myself and the pardon of my brother? What dreadful discourses have there not been held to me on this subject! I tremble when I think of them. All the objections I could allege against the king's proposal were refuted to me beforehand. Your majesty yourself had proposed to him the prince of Baireuth as a fit alliance for me. I can not therefore imagine that you will disapprove of my resolution. Besides, necessity is not to be resisted. I shall have the honor to offer a more circumstantial detail of the whole transaction to your majesty when I shall be permitted to throw myself at your feet. I can understand easily what must be your grief on the occasion. It is that which touches me the most."

The king, in response to the report of Baron

Grumkow, which was so gratifying to him, sent the same evening the following note to Wilhelmina:

"I am delighted, my dear Wilhelmina, that you are so submissive to the wishes of your father. The good God will bless you for it; and I will never abandon you. I will take care of you all my life, and will endeavor to prove to you that I am your very affectionate father."

The next morning the princess received the following cruel epistle from her mother:

"You have cut me to the heart; and have inflicted on me the greatest misery I ever endured. I had placed all my hope in you, in consequence of my ignorance of your character. You have had the address to disguise to me the bad propensities of your heart, and the baseness of your disposition. I repent a thousand times the kindness I have shown you, the care I have taken of your education, and all that I have suffered on your account. I no longer acknowledge you as my daughter, and shall, in future, never regard you but as my most cruel enemy; since it is you who have sacrificed me to my persecutors, who now triumph over me. Never count upon me again. I vow eternal hatred to you, and will never forgive you."

Soon after, the king returned to Berlin and summoned his daughter to his presence. He received her very graciously. The queen, however, remained quite unreconciled, and was loud in the expression of her anger: "I am disgraced, vanquished, and my enemies are triumphant!" she exclaimed. Her chagrin was so great that she fell quite sick. To a few words of sympathy, which her child uttered, she replied: "Why do you pretend to weep? It is you who have killed me."

Frederick William was in high spirits. Many distinguished strangers were invited to his court, and they were received with great magnificence. There were costly and showy entertainments, served by "six-and-twenty blackamoors," bands of music, with much pomp of etiquette, and reviews of the giant guard and of the marvelously drilled army. Preparations were made for a review of great splendor on Monday, the 28th of May. The Prince of Baireuth was invited, though neither the queen nor Wilhelmina were aware of it. At the early hour of seven o'clock of the preceding evening the king went to bed, that he might be fresh for the review on the morrow. His high-born guests were left to be entertained by the queen and the princess. Just as they were passing in to supper the sound of carriage wheels approaching the foot of the grand staircase was heard in the court-yard. As that was an honor conferred only upon princes the queen was a little surprised, and sent to inquire who had arrived. To her consternation she found that it was the prince of Baireuth.

"The head of Medusa," writes the princess, "never produced such horror as did this piece of news to the queen. For some time she could not utter a word, and changed color so often that we thought she would faint. Her state went to my heart. I remained as immovable as she. Every one present appeared full of consternation."

The prince retired to his chamber, to be presented to the royal family at the review the next day. Wilhelmina passed a miserable night. She could not sleep, and in the morning found herself so ill that she begged to be excused from the review. She also greatly dreaded encountering the coarse jests of her father. But she could not be released from the review. Both she and her mother were compelled to go. In an open carriage the queen and princess, with attendant ladies of the court, passed before the line. The marquis of Schwedt, whom the princess had so emphatically discarded, was at the head of his regiment. He seemed "swollen with rage," and saluted the royal party with his eyes turned away. The royal carriages were then withdrawn to a little distance that the ladies might witness the spectacle.

"Such a show for pomp and circumstance, Wilhelmina owns, as could not be equaled in the world; such wheeling, rhythmic coalescing and unfolding, accurate as clock-work, far and wide; swift, big column here hitting big column there, at the appointed place and moment; with their volleyings and trumpetings, bright uniforms, and streamers, and field music, in equipment and manœuvre perfect all, to the meanest drummer or black kettle-drummer; supreme drill sergeant playing on the thing as on his huge piano, several square miles in area."[1]

As the ladies of the court were gazing upon this spectacle an officer rode up to the royal carriage, cap in hand, and said that he was directed to present, to the queen and princess, his highness the prince of Baireuth. Immediately a tall young man, in rich dress and of very courtly air, rode up to the carriage and saluted his future mother and his destined bride. His reception was very chilling. The queen, with frigid civility, scarcely recognized his low bow. Wilhelmina, faint from fasting, anxiety, and sleeplessness, was so overcome by her emotions that she fell back upon her seat in a swoon.

Wilhelmina had never seen the prince of Wales. Her mother had not attempted to conceal from her that he was exceedingly plain in person, slightly deformed, weak in intellect, and debased by his debaucheries. But the ambitious queen urged these considerations not as objections but as incentives to the marriage. "You will be able," she said, "to have him entirely under your direction. You will thus be virtually king of England, and can exert a powerful control over all the nations of Europe." These considerations, however, did not influence the princess so much as they did her mother. She had never taken any special in-

[1] Carlyle.

terest in her marriage with the prince of Wales. Indeed, at times she had said that nothing should ever induce her to marry him.

The first glance at the prince of Baireuth prepossessed the princess in his favor. She subsequently, when better acquainted with him, described him in the following terms:

"The prince is tall, well made, and has a noble air. His features are neither handsome nor regular; but his countenance, which is open, engaging, and very agreeable, stands him in the place of beauty. He is of a hasty temper, and replies with quickness and without embarrassment. Though his nature is inclined to anger, he knows so well how to overcome it that it is never perceived, and no one has ever suffered by it. He is very gay. His conversation is very agreeable, though he has some difficulty in making himself intelligible from lisping so much. His conception is quick, and his intellect penetrating. The goodness of his heart gains him the attachment of all who know him. He is generous, charitable, compassionate, polite, engaging, and enjoys very equal spirits. The only fault I know in him is too much levity, which I must mention here, as otherwise I should be accused of partiality. He has, however, much corrected himself of it."

The next Sunday, June 3, the betrothal took place with great magnificence. The ceremony was attended by a large concourse of distinguished guests. Lord Dover says that the very evening of the day of the betrothing a courier arrived from England with dispatches announcing that the English court had yielded to all the stipulations demanded by the king of Prussia in reference to the marriage of Wilhelmina to the prince of Wales. It was now too late to retract. Probably both the king and Wilhelmina were gratified in being able to decline the offer. But the chagrin of the queen was terrible. She fell into a violent fever, and came near dying, reproaching her daughter with having killed her.

There seems to be no end to the complications and troubles of this royal family. It is said that Wilhelmina, to soothe her mother, treated her betrothed with great coldness; that her younger sister Charlotte fell deeply in love with the prince of Baireuth, and endeavored to win him to herself; and that the prince himself, attracted by warmth on the one hand and coldness on the other, was quite disposed to make the exchange.[1] The king, irritated by these interminable annoyances, and the victim of chronic petulance and ill-nature, recommenced his brutal treatment of his daughter.

While these scenes were transpiring the crown prince was at Cüstrin, upon probation, being not yet admitted to the presence of his father. He seems to have exerted himself to the utmost to please the king, applying himself diligently to become familiar with all the tedious routine and details of the administration of finance, police, and the public domains. Fritz was naturally very amiable. He was consequently popular in the little town in which he resided, all being ready to do every thing in their power to serve him. The income still allowed him by his father was so small that he would have suffered from poverty had not the gentry in the neighborhood, regardless of the prohibition to lend money to the prince, contributed secretly to replenish his purse.

A year and a day had elapsed since the father had seen the son. On the 15th of August the king, being on a journey, stopped for a couple of hours at Cüstrin, and held an interview with Fritz. The monarch was attended by a retinue of several hundred persons. The scene which ensued is described by Grumkow, in his summary of what took place at Cüstrin on the 15th of August, 1731. The king sent for the prince to be brought before him at the government house. As Fritz entered he fell upon his knees at his father's feet. The king coldly ordered him to rise, saying:

"You will now recall to mind what passed a year and a day ago—how scandalously you behaved, and what a godless enterprise you undertook. As I have had you about me from the beginning, and must know you well, I did all in the world that was in my power, by kindness and by harshness, to make an honorable man of you. As I rather suspected your evil purposes I treated you in the harshest and sharpest way in the Saxon camp, in hopes you would consider yourself, and take another line of conduct; would confess your faults to me, and beg forgiveness. But all in vain. You grew ever more stiff-necked. You thought to carry it through with your headstrong humor. But hark ye, my lad, if thou wert sixty or seventy instead of eighteen, thou couldst not cross my resolutions. And as up to this date I have managed to sustain myself against any comer, there will be methods found to bring thee to reason too.

"Have I not, on all occasions, meant honorably by you? Last time I got wind of your debts did I not, as a father, admonish you to tell me all? I would pay all; you were only to tell me the truth; whereupon you said there were still two thousand thalers beyond the sum named. I paid these also, at once, and fancied I had made peace with you. And then it was found, by-and-by, you owed many thousands more. And as you knew you could not pay, it was as good as if the money had been stolen —not to reckon how the French vermin, Montholieu and partner, cheated you with their new loans.

"Nothing touched me so much as that you had not any trust in me. All this that I was doing for the aggrandizement of the House, the Army, and the Finances, could only be for you, if you made yourself worthy of it. I here declare that I have done all things to gain your friendship, and all has been in vain."

[1] *Life of Frederick II., by* Lord Dover, i. p. 127.

The crown prince, either deeply touched with penitence or affecting to be so, again threw himself upon his knees before his father, as if imploring pardon. The king continued:

"Was it not your intention to go to England?"

"Yes," the prince replied.

"Then hear what the consequences would have been. Your mother would have got into the greatest misery. I could not but have suspected she was the author of the business. Your sister I would have cast for life into a place where she would never have seen sun or moon again. Then on with my army to Hanover, and burn and ravage; yes, if it had cost me life, land, and people. Your thoughtless and godless conduct, see what it was leading to. I intended to employ you in all manner of business, civil and military. But how, after such action, could I show your face to my officers?"

Here the young prince made the most solemn promises to try to regain his father's favor. The king then asked: "Was it thou that temptedst Katte, or did Katte tempt thee?" Fritz promptly replied, "I tempted Katte." "I am glad," rejoined the king, "to hear the truth from you, at any rate."

The king then rattled on without waiting for replies: "How do you like your Cüstrin life? Do you still have as much aversion to Wusterhausen, and to wearing your shroud, as you called your uniform? Likely enough my company does not suit you. I have no French manners, and can not bring out witty sayings in the coxcomb way; and I truly consider all that as a thing to be thrown to the dogs. I am a German prince, and mean to live and die in that character. But you can now say what you have got by your caprices and obstinate heart, hating every thing that I liked, and if I distinguished any one, despising him. If an officer was put in arrest, you took to lamenting about him. Your real friends, who intended your good, you hated and calumniated. Those who flattered you and encouraged your bad purpose you caressed. You see what that has come to. In Berlin, in all Prussia, for some time back, nobody asks after you, whether you are in the world or not. And were it not that one or the other coming from Cüstrin, who reports you as playing tennis, or wearing French hairbags, nobody would know whether you were dead or alive."

Grumkow then goes on to relate, quite in detail, that the king took up the subject of theology. "He set forth the horrible results of that *absolute decree* notion which makes God the author of sin; and that Jesus Christ died only for some." The prince declared that he had thoroughly renounced that heresy. The king then added:

"When godless fellows about you speak against your duties to God, the king, and your country, fall instantly on your knees and pray with your whole soul to Jesus Christ to deliver you from such wickedness, and lead you on better ways. And if it come in earnest from your heart, Jesus, who would have all men saved, will not leave you unheard."

The crown prince, with what degree of sincerity we know not, was now in tears. Prostrating himself before his majesty, he kissed his feet. The king, much moved, was in tears also, and retired to another room.

"It being his majesty's birthday," writes Grumkow, "the prince, in deep emotion, followed his father, and, again falling prostrate, testified such heart-felt joy, gratitude, and affection over this blessed anniversary as quite touched the heart of the king, who at last clasped him in his arms, and hurried out to avoid sobbing aloud. The crown prince followed his majesty, and, in the presence of many hundred people, kissed his majesty's feet, and was again embraced by his majesty, who said, 'Behave well, as I see you mean, and I will take care of you.' Which words," writes Grumkow, "threw the crown prince into such an ecstasy of joy as no pen can express."

Two events occurred at this time highly characteristic of the king. There was a nobleman by the name of Schlubbut, occupying a high official position, who was found a defaulter to the amount of a sum equal to twenty-five thousand dollars. The supreme court sentenced him to three or four years' imprisonment. The king was indignant at the mildness of the sentence. "What," said he, "when the private thief is sent to the gallows, shall a nobleman and a magistrate escape with fine and imprisonment?" Schlubbut was immediately sent to prison. All night long he was disturbed with the noise of carpentering in the castle square in front of his cell. In the morning he saw directly before his window a huge gallows erected. Upon that gallows he was immediately hung; and his body was left to swing in the wind for several days, some say for weeks.

Soon after a soldier, six feet three inches tall, the ringleader of a gang, broke into a house and robbed it of property to the amount of about five thousand dollars. He was sentenced to be hung. We give the result in the words of Carlyle:

"Friedrich Wilhelm feels this sad contrast very much; the more as the soldier is his own chattel withal, and of superlative inches. Friedrich Wilhelm flames up into wrath; sends off swift messengers to bring these judges, one and all, instantly into his presence. The judges are still in their dressing-gowns, shaving, breakfasting. They make what haste they can. So soon as the first three or four are reported to be in the ante-room, Friedrich Wilhelm, in extreme impatience, has them called in; starts discoursing with them upon the two weights and two measures. Apologies, subterfuges do but provoke him farther. It is not long till he starts up growling terribly, 'Ye scoundrels, how could you?' and smites down upon the crown of them with the royal cudgel itself.



DISCIPLINING THE JUDGES.

Fancy the hurry-scurry, the unforensic attitudes and pleadings! Royal cudgel rains blows right and left. Blood is drawn, crowns cracked, crowns nearly broken; and several judges lost a few teeth and had their noses battered before they could get out. The second relay, meeting them in this dilapidated state on the staircases, dashed home again without the honor of a royal interview. This is an actual scene, of date, Berlin, 1731, of which no constitutional country can hope to see the fellow. Schlubhut he hanged, Schlubhut being only Schlubhut's chattel. This musketeer, his majesty's own chattel, he did not hang, but set him shouldering arms again after some preliminary dusting."

The king, after his apparent reconciliation with Fritz, granted him a little more liberty. He was appointed to travel over and carefully inspect several of the crown domains. He was ordered to study thoroughly the practical husbandry of those domains—how they were to be plowed, enriched, and sown. He was also to devote his attention to the rearing of cattle; to the preparing of malt and the brewing of ale. "Useful discourse," said the king, "is to be

kept up with him on these journeys, pointing out why this is and that, and whether it could not be better." On the 22d of September the crown prince wrote to his father as follows:

"I have been to Lebus. There is excellent land there; fine weather for the husbandmen. Major Röder passed this way, and dined with me last Wednesday. He has got a fine fellow for my most all-gracious father's regiment. I depend on my most all-gracious father's grace that he will be good to me. I ask for nothing, and for no happiness in the world but what comes from him; and hope that he will, some day, remember me in grace, and give me the blue coat to put on again."

It is very evident, from the glimpses we catch of Fritz at this time, that he was a wild fellow, quite frivolous, and with but a feeble sense of moral obligation. General Schulenburg, an old soldier, of stern principles, visited him at Cüstrin, and sent an account of the interview to baron Grumkow, under date of October 4, 1731. From this letter we cull the following statement:

"I found him much grown; an air of health and gayety about him. He caressed me greatly. We went to dinner. He asked me to sit beside him. Among other things he said that he liked the great world, and was charmed to observe the ridiculous, weak side of some people."

The prince inquired, in quite an indifferent tone, respecting the marriages his father had in contemplation for him. He objected to the marriage with the princess of Mecklenberg, niece of the czar Peter, that it would require him to change his religion, which he would not do. He expressed himself as inclined to take the second daughter of the emperor of Germany, if the emperor would throw in a duchy or two.

"Since you speak so much of marriages," said the general, "I suppose you wish to be married?"

"No," the prince replied; "but if the king absolutely will have it, I will marry to obey him. After that I will shove my wife into a corner, and live after my own fancy."

Against this unprincipled declaration general Schulenburg remonstrated, declaring it to be unchristian and dishonorable. But the prince seemed to regard such suggestions very contemptuously. "I can perceive," the general adds, "that if he marries it will only be that he may have more liberty than now. It is certain that if he had his elbows free he would strike out. He said to me several times, 'I am young; I want to profit by my youth.'"

A fortnight later general Schulenburg wrote, under date of the 19th of October: "I introduced to the crown prince all the officers of my regiment who are here. He received them in the style of a king. It is certain he feels what he is born to; and if he ever get to it, he will stand on the top of it. As to me, I mean to keep myself retired, and shall see as little of him as I can. I perceive well he does not like advice, and does not take pleasure except with men inferior to him in mind. His first aim is to find out the ridiculous side of every one, and he loves to banter and quiz.

"I assure you he is a prince who has talent but who will be the slave of his passions; and will like nobody but such as encourage him therein. For me, I think all princes are cast in the same mould. There is only a more and a less."

On Tuesday, the 20th of November, 1731, Wilhelmina, eight months after her betrothal, was married to the prince of Baireuth. The marriage ceremony was attended with great magnificence in the royal palace of Berlin. The father of Frederick William, who was fond of pageantry, had reared one of the most sumptuous mansions in Europe, and had furnished it with splendor which no other court could outvie. Entering the interior of the palace through the outer saloon, one passed through nine apartments *en suite*, of grand dimensions, magnificently decorated, the last of which opened into the picture-gallery, a room ninety feet in length, and of corresponding breadth. All these were in a line. Then turning you entered a series of fourteen rooms, each more splendid than the preceding. The chandeliers were of massive solid silver. The ceilings were exquisitely painted by Correggio. Between each pair of windows there were mirrors twelve feet high, and of such width that before each mirror tables could be spread for twelve guests. The last of these magnificent apartments, called the Grand Saloon, was illuminated by "a lustre weighing fifty thousand crowns; the globe of it big enough to hold a child of eight years, and the branches of solid silver."

Though Frederick the First had reared and originally furnished this Berlin palace, yet the masses of solid silver wrought into its ornamentation were mainly the work of Frederick William. Conscious that his influence in Europe depended not only upon the power of his army, but also upon the fullness of his treasury, he had been striving, through all his reign, to accumulate coin. But the money, barreled up and stored away in the vaults of his palace, was of no service while thus lying idle. Banking institutions seem not then to have been in vogue in his realms. But the silver, wrought into chandeliers, mirror-frames, and music balconies, added to the imposing splendor of his court, gave him the reputation of great wealth, and could, at any time when necessary, be melted down and coined. The wealth thus hoarded by the father afterward saved the son from ruin, when involved in wars which exhausted his treasury.

The queen remained bitterly unreconciled to the marriage of Wilhelmina with any one but the prince of Wales. Stung by the sense of defeat she did every thing in her power, by all sorts of intrigues, to break off the engagement with the prince of Baireuth. When she found



BERLIN PALACE.

her efforts entirely unavailing she even went so far as to take her daughter aside and entreat her, since the ceremony must take place, to refuse, after the marriage, to receive the prince of Baireuth as her husband, that the queen might endeavor to obtain a divorce.

The annoyances to which Wilhelmina was exposed, while thus preparing for her wedding, must have been almost unendurable. Not only her mother was thus persistent and implacable in her hostility, but her father reluctantly submitted to the connection. He had fully made up his mind, with all the strength of his inflexible will, that Wilhelmina should marry either the margrave of Schwedt or the duke of Weissenfels. It was with extreme reluctance, and greatly to his chagrin, that the stern old man found himself constrained, perhaps for the first time in his life, to yield to others.

Even Wilhelmina had accepted the prince of Baireuth, whom she had never seen, only to avoid being sacrificed to men whom she utterly loathed. Fortunately for the princess her affections were not otherwise engaged, and when introduced to her intended she became quite reconciled to the idea of accepting him as her husband.

On the day of the marriage the princess, having formally renounced all her rights to the personal property of the family, dined with the royal household and her intended, and then retired to her apartment to dress for the wedding. It would seem that the queen must have become quite insane upon this point. Even at this late hour she did every thing she could to delay operations and to gain time, hoping every moment that some courier would arrive from England with proposals which would induce the king to break off the engagement. As fast as the princess's hair on one side was dressed the queen would contrive to undo it, so that at last the hair would no longer curl—making her look, as Wilhelmina said, "like a mad woman." She adds:

"A royal crown was placed upon my head, together with twenty-four curls of false hair, each as big as my arm. I could not hold up my head, as it was too weak for so great a weight. My gown was a very rich silver brocade, trimmed with gold-lace, and my train was twelve yards long. I thought I should have died under this dress."

The marriage took place in the Grand Saloon. The moment the benediction was pronounced a triple discharge of cannon announced the event to the inhabitants of Berlin. Then the newly-married pair, seated under a gorgeous canopy, received the congratulations of the court. A ball followed, succeeded by a supper. After supper there came, according to the old German custom, what was called the *dance of torches*. This consisted of the whole company marching to music in procession through the rooms, each holding a lighted torch. The marriage festivities were continued for several days, with a succession of balls each night. Wilhelmina had not yet been permitted to see her brother since his arrest. But the king had promised Wilhelmina, as her reward for giving up the wretched prince of Wales, that he would recall her brother and restore him to favor. On Friday evening, the 23d, three days after the wedding, there was a brilliant ball in the Grand Apartment. Wilhelmina thus describes the event which then took place:

"I liked dancing, and was taking advantage of my chances. Grumkow came up to me, in the middle of a minuet, and said, '*Mon dieu, Madame*, you seem to have got bit by the tarentula. Don't you see those strangers who have just come in?' I stopped short, and looking all around, I noticed at last a young man, dressed in gray, whom I did not know. 'Go, then,' said Grumkow, 'and embrace the crown prince. There he is before you.' My whole frame was agitated with joy. 'Oh, heavens, my brother!' cried I; 'but I do not see him. Where is he? For God's sake show him to me.'

"Grumkow led me to the young man in gray. Coming near I recognized him, though with difficulty. He had grown much stouter, and his neck was much shorter. His face also was



THE RECONCILIATION.

much changed, and was no longer as handsome as it had been. I fell upon his neck. I was so overcome that I could only speak in an unconnected manner. I wept, I laughed like a person out of her senses. In my life I have never felt so lively a joy. After these first emotions were subsided I went and threw myself at the feet of the king, who said to me aloud, in the presence of my brother:

"'Are you content with me? You see that I have kept my word with you.'

"I took my brother by the hand and implored the king to restore his affection to him. This scene was so touching that it drew tears from all present. I then approached the queen. She was obliged to embrace me, the king being close opposite. But I remarked that her joy was only affected. I turned to my brother again. I gave him a thousand caresses, to all which he remained cold as ice, and answered only in monosyllables. I presented to him my husband, to whom he did not say one word. I was astonished at this; but I laid the blame of it on the king, who was observing us, and who I judged might be intimidating my brother. But even the countenance of my brother surprised me. He wore a proud air, and seemed to look down upon every body."

Neither the king nor the crown prince appeared at the supper. With a select circle, to which neither Wilhelmina nor her mother were admitted, they supped in a private apartment. At the report that the king was treating the crown prince with great friendliness the queen could not conceal her secret pique. "In fact," says Wilhelmina, "she did not love her children except as they served her ambitious views." She was jealous of Wilhelmina because she, and not her mother, had been the means of the release of Fritz. After supper the dancing was resumed, and Wilhelmina embraced an opportunity to ask her brother why he was so changed, and why he treated her so coldly. He assured her that he was not changed; that his reserve was external only; that he had reasons for his conduct. Still he did not explain his reasons, and Wilhelmina remained wounded and bewildered.

Before the king released the crown prince he extorted from him an oath that he would be, in all respects, obedient to his father; that he would never again attempt to escape, or take any journey without permission; that he would scrupulously discharge all the duties of religion, and that he would marry any princess whom his father might select for him. The next morning, after the interview to which we have above alluded, the prince called upon his sister. They had a short private interview, Madam Sonsfeld alone being present. The prince gave a recital of his adventures and misfortunes during the many months since they last had met. The princess gave an account of her great trials, and how she had consented to a marriage, which was not one of her choice, to obtain her brother's release.

"He appeared," she writes, "quite discountenanced at this last part of my narrative. He returned thanks for the obligations I have laid on him, with some caressings which evidently did not proceed from the heart. To break this conversation he started some indifferent topic, and, under pretense of seeing my apartment, moved into the next room, where the prince, my husband, was. Him he surveyed with his eyes from head to foot for some time. Then, after some constrained civilities to him, went his way."

Wilhelmina and her husband soon left for Baireuth. Though the princess thus left the splendors of a royal palace for the far more quiet and humble state of a ducal mansion, still she was glad to escape from a home where she had experienced so many sorrows.

"Berlin," she writes, "had become as odious to me as it once was dear. I flattered myself that, renouncing grandeurs, I might lead a soft and tranquil life in my new home, and begin a happier year than the one which had just ended."

As the king was about to take leave of his child, whom he had treated so cruelly, he was very much overcome by emotion. It is a solemn hour, in any family, when a daughter leaves the parental roof, never to return again but as a visitor. Whether the extraordinary development of feeling which the stern old monarch manifested on the occasion was the result of nervous sensibility, excited by strong drink or by parental affection, it is not easy to decide. Wilhelmina, in a few words of intense emotion, bade her father farewell.

"My discourse," she writes, "produced its effect. He melted into tears, and could not answer me for sobs. He explained his thoughts by his embracings of me. Making an effort at length, he said: 'I am in despair that I did not know thee. They had told me such horrible tales—I hated thee as much as I now love thee. If I had addressed myself direct to thee I should have escaped much trouble, and thou too. But they hindered me from speaking. They said that thou wert ill-natured as the devil, and wouldst drive to extremities, which I wanted to avoid. Thy mother, by her intriguings, is in part the cause of the misfortunes of the family. I have been deceived and duped on every side. But my hands are tied. Though my heart is torn in pieces, I must leave these iniquities unpunished.'"

"The queen's intentions were always good," Wilhelmina kindly urged. The king replied: "Let us not enter into that detail. What is past is past. I will try to forget it. You are the dearest to me of all the family. I am too sad of heart to take leave of you. Embrace your husband on my part. I am so overcome that I must not see him."

Wilhelmina, with flooded eyes, entered her carriage, bidding a final adieu to the home of her childhood, where she had passed through so many scenes, eventful and afflictive. Though she afterward visited Berlin, it was her home no more. The crown prince returned to Cüstrin, where he impatiently awaited his future destinies.

TELL ME!

How to put the question,
  Teach me, humming-bird—
You who win all sweetness
  And never say a word!

How shall I come near her?
  Teach me, wind of May—
You who toy with apple-blooms
  Nor brush the down away!

Shall I sing or say it?
  Or do eyes tell best?
Nay, it is already
  A secret half confessed.

How to win the answer—
  For I am sure she knows—
Tell me, dew and sunshine,
  How you ope a rose!

BEAST, BIRD, AND FISH.

[Fourth Paper.]

BIRDS OF THE AIR.

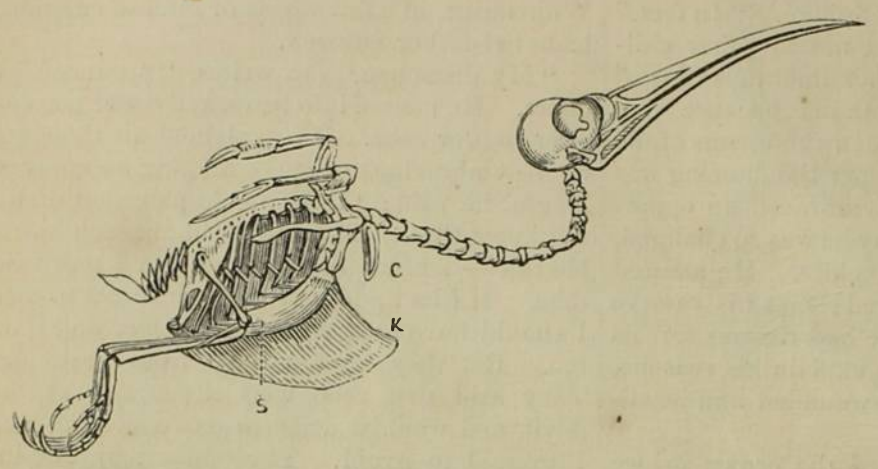


FIG. 1.—Skeleton of a Humming-Bird. S, Breast-bone, or Sternum; K, the Keel, or Bony Ridge for the attachment of Muscles; C, the Clavicle, or Merry-thought or Wish-bone. (*From Owen.*)

AIR, like water, is a medium *in* which locomotion is performed, but it differs from water also in having no well-defined surface upon which animals may move; so that while terrestrial locomotion is performed chiefly *upon* the earth, aquatic locomotion is possible both *in* and *upon* water, but aerial locomotion can take place only *through* the air.

But the condition of a bird in the air is very different from that of a fish in the water, owing chiefly to the immense difference between the densities and resisting powers of the two media. Bulk for bulk, water is eight hundred and fifteen times as heavy as air, while there is no such disparity between the weights of the fish and the bird; consequently, although both water and air press equally in all directions, yet the fish is almost or wholly buoyed up by the water, while the bird at once sinks in the air. On the other hand, the density of the water offers considerable resistance to the progress of a body through it, but the air yields readily to any pressure. And the result of all this is, that in the fish the organs of *locomotion* are greatly developed, but in the bird locomotion is easy, and the great necessity is that the body shall be *supported* in the air.

As with aquatic and terrestrial, aerial locomotion may be in five general directions: upward, downward, forward, obliquely upward, and obliquely downward. These movements are all included under the word flying, but by it is generally understood the most common kind of flight—*sweeping* along in a horizontal direction; *gliding* is the same movement, passively executed; and we may draw a like distinction between *swooping*, which is an active, and *stooping*, which is a passive motion downward; and also between *shooting*, which is an active oblique descent, and, to coin a word, "*parachuting*," which is a similar passive movement.

Passive motion upward can not of course take place when the body is heavier than the medium; and *soaring* must include all upward motion, whether vertical or oblique. There is another difference between the three modes of locomotion, which concerns, however, not the medium or the animal, but the organs with which they are executed.

The most common and most effective swimming is performed by the tail, an organ at the hinder end of the body; the hinder legs are next most efficient, and the anterior limbs rarely have any thing to do with it, as in the penguin, and the paddling of quadrupeds and swimming of man. Locomotion upon the land, on the contrary, is almost universally performed by the hinder limbs, the tail and front limbs being either wholly exempt, or surviving only as auxiliaries and as organs of support.

But true flight we shall find to be the prerogative of the anterior and more noble pair of limbs; which, moreover, take on a peculiar form and movement. The wings are the chief organs of aerial locomotion, aided sometimes by the legs or ribs—never by the tail.

Fish of the sea we found to be, and always to have been, a very ambiguous term, including whales and serpents, birds and turtles—all of which swim in or upon the water. Beasts of the earth, too, seem to embrace a few fish, quite a number of birds, and nearly all the reptiles. And it is only by careful dissection and study that naturalists have at last succeeded in drawing the line between true and apparent fish and beasts.

But there has never been such a doubt concerning the limits of the term Bird; and although the bat has sometimes been called a bird, yet the unlearned, as well as the learned, have always been able to picture themselves a creature covered with feathers, and walking upon two legs, but mounting into the air upon expanded wings.

And we shall find that the real exceptions to this are very few, and that the creatures which we shall have to consider under the title Birds of the Air, are a homogeneous and well-ordered assemblage when compared to the heterogeneous multitude which we were forced to describe as Fish of the Sea and Beasts of the Earth.

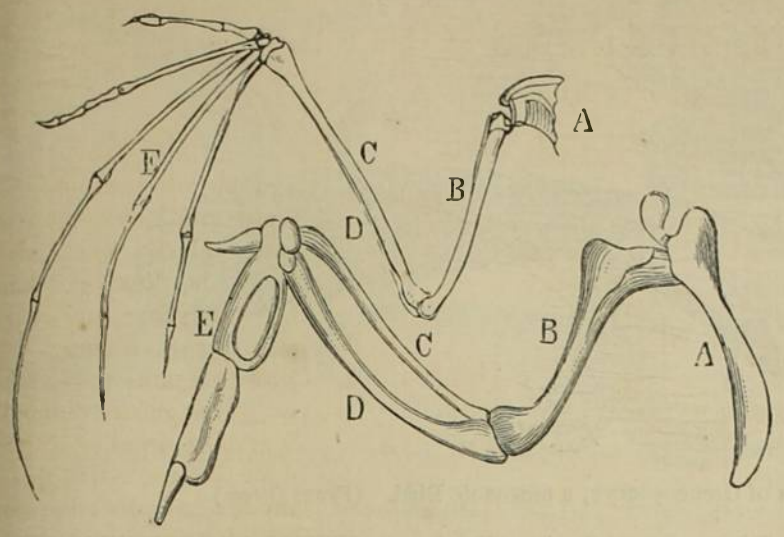


Fig. 2.—Bones of the Wing of a Bat and of a Pigeon. A, Scapula, or Shoulder-blade. B, Humerus, or Bone of upper Arm. C D, Radius and Ulna, Bones of the Fore-arm. E, Hand with five Fingers in the Bat, and parts of three in the Bird. (*From Owen and Tegetmeier.*)

The bird is scientifically as well as popularly defined as a feathered biped; the wings are usually but not always present; it has warm blood, and lays eggs.

Now, in addition to these characters, which apply equally to all members of the class, we also note, with those species which fly in the air, that the body is short, oval, larger in front, and smaller behind; that the greatest weight is between and below the wings, where the great muscles are, and the keeled breast-bone to which they are attached (Fig. 1); that the head is as light as possible, there being no teeth, and that the real masticating organ, the gizzard, is in the abdomen; that the lungs are very large, and that air-sacks exist in various parts of the body, even within the hollow bones, in some species extending to the very toes; and, finally, that the quills or stems of the feathers are very firm, yet hollow, combining the greatest strength with the least weight.

Now the obvious purpose of all these arrangements is to enable the bird to cleave the air with ease, to bring all the weighty organs between the supporting organs, and to lessen the labor of those organs by rendering the body as light as possible.

What are the wings of a bird? Transformed front legs. Under the strange attire of feathers are concealed the very same bones which we find in the wing of the bat, the leg of the horse, the flipper of a seal, or the arm of a man (Fig. 2); but their size, their form, and their arrangement are such as to give it the power of folding and spreading with great rapidity, and of moving in the downward direction with tremendous force, the upward stroke being less vigorous, the effectiveness of the down stroke is also increased by the curving of the feathers downward, so as to render the lower surface of the whole wing concave, and the upper surface convex.

But the bird has not simply to rise into the air and remain there: it must also be able to move onward; and for this purpose the wing works a little obliquely, so as to strike backward against the air as well as downward; and as the bony frame-work of the wing is on the front border, that of course moves most forcibly, while the more yielding tips of the feathers allow the air to escape under the hinder border of the wing.

Nor is the flying of the bird a simple movement in one direction: it doubles and twists in flight or pursuit; it rises and falls; it darts to the right and to the left; it may even turn somersaults in the air. How are all these motions effected? By wings, by head, and by tail. Just as a boat is turned by working one oar more rapidly than the other, so the bird can vary the direction of its flight by the more vigorous movement of one of its wings. And just as a broad oar behind will serve as a rudder, so the bird bends and twists its tail to the right, if it wishes to go that way; to the left, downward, or upward, according to the required movement. And, thirdly, just as the presence or absence of a man at the end of the bowsprit affects the fore-and-aft balance of a boat far more than the same weight nearer the middle, so the movement of the bird's head, light as it is, at the end of a long and flexible neck, is enough to aid in changing the direction of flight very materially.

So far we have spoken of birds in general; let us now see whether all which fly do so in exactly the same manner.

By no means. What can be more unlike, to the most unpracticed eye, than the quick, graceful dartings of the humming-bird and the slow heavy progress of the goose, which, though capable of vigorous and prolonged exertion, is far less powerful in proportion to its size than its tiny rival, of whose body the muscles of the wing constitute nearly half the weight? They are the elephant and the gazelle among birds.

Between these two extremes are all possible shades of difference as to the power and rapidity of the flight. But there is something more—a something which enables us to say whether a bird is a hawk or a heron, a woodpecker or a kingfisher, at a distance which makes color, form, and even size of little avail. This something lies in the various ways in which the different species use and rest their wings. Some, as the woodpecker, yellow-bird, and others, flap the wings vigorously for a few seconds, and then close them so as to drop, then open them again and rise; this gives them a peculiar jerky flight. Others, as the hawks, will likewise flap the wings, and then, instead of closing them, will spread them wide, and so sail along or round and round, often seeming to remain a long time at the same height. The ducks, the geese, and the kingfishers fly in a straight line, rising and falling slowly if at all,

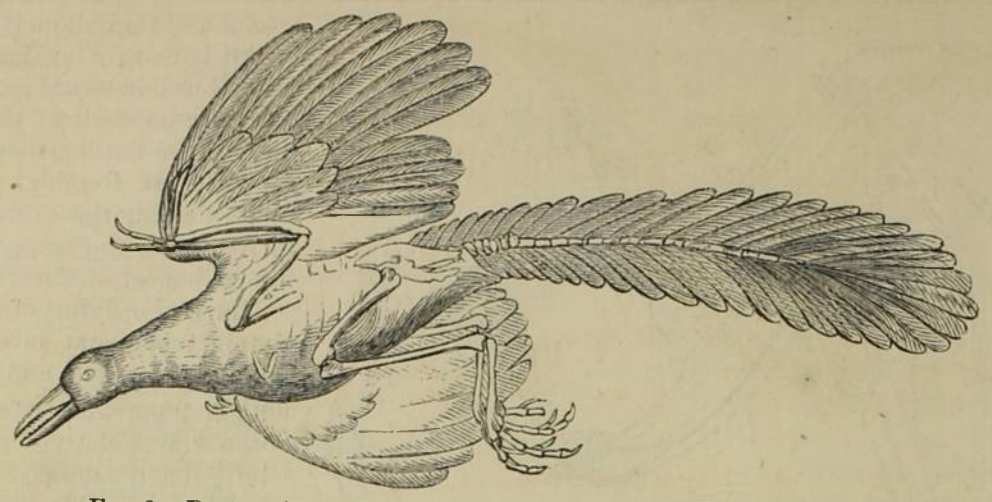


FIG. 3.—Restoration of Orcheopteryx, a mesozoic Bird. (*From Owen.*)

and turning very long and graceful corners. The fly-catchers hover in one place as if motionless, then dart quickly away to a new hunting-ground. And so on with an infinite variety of peculiar flights, which every student of birds has seen and knows by heart, but which can neither be painted nor described.

In the year 1861 there was found in the lithographic slates of Solenhofen, Germany, the impression of a feather, which seemed to carry back the existence of feathered vertebrates to what is called the middle geological period, since those slates form a stage in the oolitic or Jurassic epoch; but it was not safe to conclude that birds lived in those days, unless we were ready to say that feathers are the certain signs of a bird. A little later in the same year was discovered, in the same locality, an incomplete skeleton of a feathered vertebrate, which had bird-like wings, a furculum or "merry-thought," and some other peculiarly avian features; but, to the great dismay of those who had decided upon the existence of a mesozoic bird, in place of the eight or nine caudal vertebræ of the ordinary bird (Fig. 1), it had a long and slender tail, much more like that of a lizard than a bird, only there were feathers upon it—a pair for each segment or vertebra. These contradictory features gave rise to a warm controversy between those who believed in the avian and those who believed in the reptilian nature of the fossil. The former seem to have prevailed, and we must therefore admit within the class of birds, in spite of a most unbird-like tail, this creature, which, as we are bound to suppose, flew in the air, perched upon the trees, and preyed upon other creatures, very much as do the birds of the present day. Its size was about that of a rook or a peregrine falcon, and its appearance, as inferred by Owen from its reconstructed skeleton, was probably as represented in Fig. 3.

Ever since the time of Linnæus the bats have been known to be not birds but true mammalia, that is, animals which are covered with hair instead of feathers, which bring forth their young alive and suckle them with milk, and whose so-called wings are really much more like the arm of a man than the wing of a bird. The figure of a bat was given in the first of these papers, and a partial view of the skeleton has been given (Fig. 2), in order to show that, although in both the bird and the bat there is a shoulder-blade, a collar-bone, an upper arm, a fore-arm, a hand and fingers, yet the bat's is a very different thing from the bird's: in the latter there are one or two fingers, and the expanse of wing is gained by the attachment of long feathers to a membrane between the angles formed by the several bones; but the bat has five fingers, or rather four long and slender fingers, widely spread between which, as also between the several bones of the arm and the side of the body, even to the legs, the delicate membrane is stretched; the thumb is short and bears a claw, by means of which the bat can pull itself along. I once tamed a small one, so that as soon as it saw me enter the room it would come shuffling over the table to take the fly from my hand. It was at first very vicious, and snapped fiercely at me; but by stroking it gently while its mouth was full of fly, it became comparatively tame.

The delicacy of the skin of the wings is wonderful; and bats are supposed to guide their flight through gloomy caverns and among the trees, not simply by actual contact with obstacles, but by perceiving the difference in the resistance in the air; and one has been known to pass through a cave, across which threads were stretched in all directions, without misplacing them.

No two creatures can be more incongruous than the ideal bird and the ideal reptile: the one all life, grace, and activity; the other sluggish, heavy, and groveling upon the earth.

And yet there are several reptiles which spend more or less of their time in the air; and there have been some in past ages which could probably fly quite as well as a bat, and were a good deal larger than our common species. (Fig. 4.)

These extraordinary animals, whose fossil remains are found in the mesozoic rocks of Germany, numbered several species, ranging from two to twenty feet in spread of wing, and are supposed to have been capable of prolonged and vigorous flight, as well as of crawling upon the

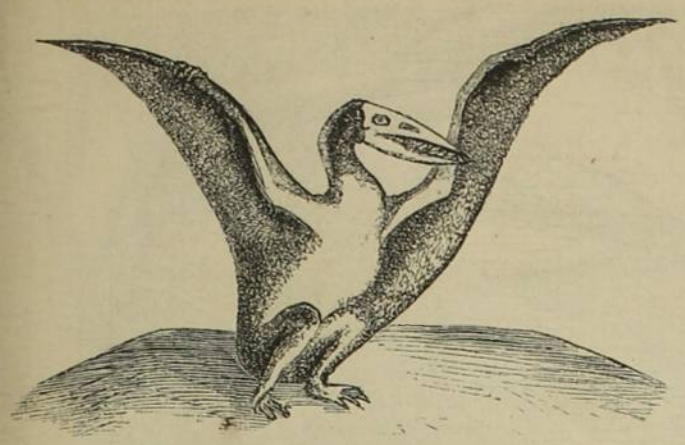


Fig. 4.—Pterodactyle. (*From W. Hawkins.*)

earth; they were, in fact, bat-like reptiles; but the wing-membrane was supported by an enormously elongated little finger instead of by all the fingers, as in the true bat.

Now since, as has been said, the bats are true mammalia, and since man, so far as his earthly body is concerned, is likewise in all respects a mammal, there seems to some persons no reason why man should not fly as well as a bat; and no doubt the attempts to contrive an apparatus for aerial locomotion will continue quite as long as those no more futile efforts toward the squaring of the circle and perpetual motion. Possibly the more zealous advocates of the transmutation theory are so well convinced that the bats were their remote ancestors as to believe in a possible "reversion" of a human being to the cheiropteran structure and form; but let them bear in mind that such a creature could not be in the human form divine, and that in order to secure the one point of flight, he must conform to one or more of the three conditions of aerial locomotion. These are: 1st, great expanse of alary organs; 2d, very large muscles to move them; 3d, a very small body to be moved.

The first of these conditions is seen in the butterfly, whose wings are perfectly enormous compared with the size of the body; but a butterfly is not a man.

And if it is proposed to attach very wide spread wings to the arms of a man, that will, in the first place, deprive him of a most essential organ and sign of humanity, the hand; and, in the second place, he lacks the muscular force required to move such wings. To work a large fan, even, soon fatigues our muscles, and the fan is but a speck compared to the surface which would be required to lift our body from the earth.

Then, says the enthusiastic disciple of Winship, let us develop our pectoral muscles. Before undertaking such a thing, let him get an ostrich and compare the weight of the whole body with the weight of the pectoral muscles, and he will be convinced that if the ostrich can not fly the man can still less. But the ostrich has no keel upon the breast-bone, and there is no chance for a complete development of the muscles. That is very true; and it may be imagined that a ridge of bone is formed upon the human sternum high enough to afford attachment to powerful muscles. Well, that would make our chest just about twice as deep from before backward as it is now, would render a friendly embrace an extremely hard and distant affair, would make us inconveniently unsteady in our gait, and would entail upon us numberless other inconveniences at every moment of our lives; but, more than all this, we should no longer be in the human form; it would be something more than the slight projection of the chest which is commonly known as chicken-breast; it would give our whole body a proportion and an arrangement which is wholly incompatible with corporeal humanity.

Well, but, persists the would-be flying man, the keel upon the bat's breast-bone is not so very large, and you know Linnæus considered it enough like a man in form to rank with him and with the apes, in the order Primates. Admitted; but the bat fulfills the third of the three conditions in having a very light body; and this lightness is only obtainable at the expense of two parts of our bodies which few are willing to spare, the brain and the legs. With a brain like a bat's, a correspondingly slight skull and meagre intellect, and with the short spindle-shanks which only serve in creeping and in hanging upside down from the side of a wall, perhaps a man might secure the means of flying in the air; but it is more than probable that neither his fellow-creatures nor his Creator would thenceforth consider him a human being.

Ah, now we have you! exclaims our imaginary advocate of aerial locomotion; no matter about the birds and the bats and the pterodactyles of this lower sphere of existence; you believe that men live after death, as angels, and all angels have wings.

That is not yet proved. The angels of the artists and the poets have wings, but not the angels of either science or revelation. No clear-headed investigator has yet seen and described a spiritual being as possessed of wings; and neither the Scripture nor the doctrines revealed through Swedenborg authorize us to credit their existence.

In fact, the angel of the artist is an impossible monster in the eye of the anatomist; it is a creature with two legs and two arms like a man, and with two wings upon the shoulders. But, as we have seen, all wings, from that of the bird to that of the flying-fish, are modified front limbs or arms, and science refuses to allow that the same pair of limbs can be at once arms and wings.

No, it is a solemn fact, and ought to be a warning, that man, made in the image and likeness of God, can not take upon himself the peculiar powers of lower orders without renouncing his claim to humanity itself.

All the flying creatures which we have thus

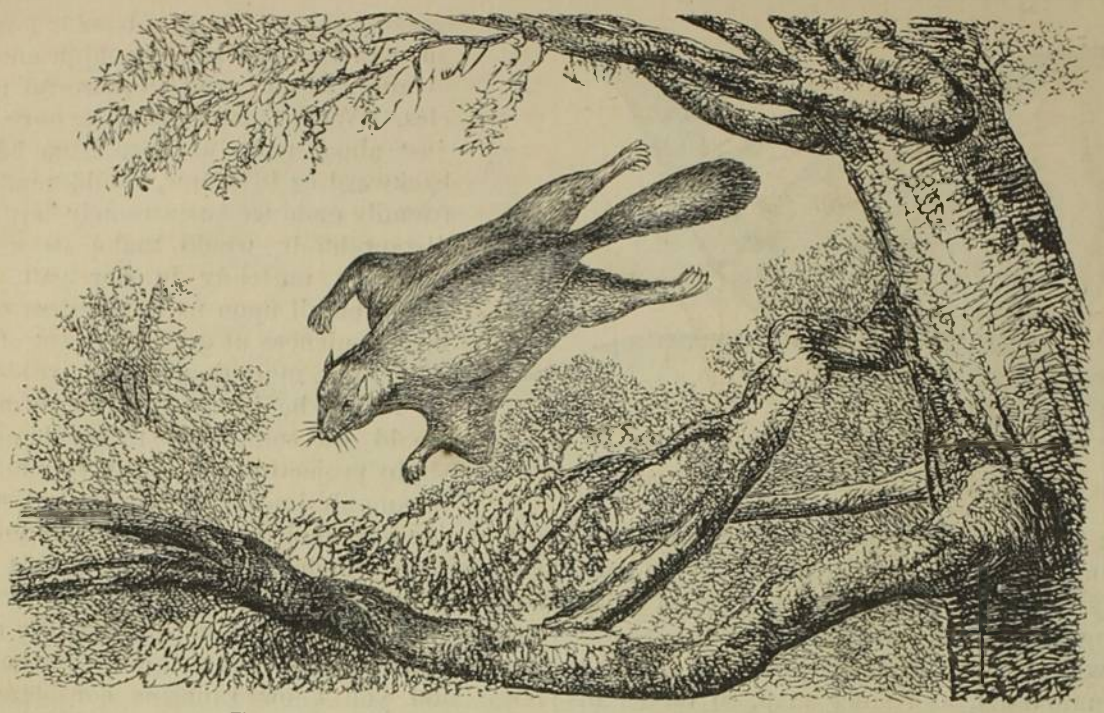


FIG. 5.—Flying-Squirrel (*Pteromys*). (*From J. G. Wood.*)

far considered possess organs capable of action upon and against the air; and their mode of aerial locomotion may be relatively styled *offensive;* but there are others which can employ only *defensive* weapons, or "parachutes."

The flying capacity of the flying-fishes is as yet a matter of doubt. By some observers they are said to simply leap from the water, and, by spreading their pectoral fins, to skim along for a considerable distance, gradually sinking, however, until they again reach the surface; but others assert that the fins are rapidly vibrated as the fish emerges from the water; and others again, that this vibration continues, and even raises the fish in its flight.

This last is, however, very doubtful; for the pectorals, long and wide as they are, yet seem small compared to the weight of the fish, which, moreover, is not lightened by any such provisions as we noted in birds.

The last, and, doubtless, the most trust-worthy account of them, as given in the Appendix to Agassiz's "Journey in Brazil," is different from all others. It is there stated that "the fish raise themselves from the surface of the water by repeated blows with the tail, and even descend again to the surface in order to repeat the movement. Their changes of direction, either to the right or to the left, or in rising and descending, are not due to the beating of the pectoral fins, but simply to an inflection of their whole surface by contraction of the muscles which move the fin-rays. The flying-fish is, in fact, a living shuttle-cock, capable of directing its own course by the bending of its large fins. Nothing shows more completely the freedom of their movements than the fact that, when the surface of the sea is swelling into billows, they may hug its inequalities very closely, and not move in a regular curve—first ascending from, and then descending to, the level of the water."

Parachutes are found in each of the other three vertebrate classes. The birds constantly use their spread wings in this manner; and there are several mammals which have the power of sliding downward through the air, by means of a fold of skin upon each side of the body stretched between the fore and hind leg. Of these the best known are the flying-squirrels (*Pteromys*), of both Europe and North America. Closely resembling them in external appearance are certain marsupials of Australia—the flying phalangers—which are also endowed with a prehensile tail.

Still a different variety of parachute is found among the lemurs, the lowest family of the quadrumana. In the flying-lemurs (*Galeopithecus*) of the Indian Archipelago the folds of skin reach from wrist to ankle joint, and are so ample as to remind one of a cloak. They are said to climb with great agility by means of their claw-like fingers, and the parachute enables them to float from tree to tree like the flying-squirrel.

But the most extraordinary parachute exists in a reptile—in the little lizard called flying-dragon (*Draco volans*), of Africa and the Indian islands.

Now this real dragon of Nature is very different from the fabulous monsters of ignorant imaginations. This is depicted as endowed "with supernatural power and ferocity, with a hideous form bristling with spinous crests, covered with scaly armor, furnished with terrible fangs and an envenomed tongue, with spiny wings and a barbed tail, vomiting flames; the guardian of hidden treasure, or the scourge and devastation of nations."

Contrast all this with the real dragon: a little harmless lizard a few inches in length, whose destructive powers are limited to the eating of flies, and which has upon the sides a curious frame-work of skin and bone capable of expansion and contraction, and of supporting



FIG. 6.—*Galeopithecus*, or Flying-Lemur. (*From Schinz.*)

its weight as it leaps through the air from bough to bough.

It will be seen that, unlike the parachutes of the other species, this is wholly disconnected from the limbs, which are free to move, and carry it in quest of its prey; and a glance at the skeleton shows that the supporting bony framework consists of the creature's lower ribs, which, instead of curving forward and meeting a breast-bone in front, like the upper ribs, run outward and carry upon them a fold of the skin, which can be stretched by muscles moving the ribs.

What, now, is the conclusion of the whole matter? Would that I were competent to express in words all that I feel lies hidden in the facts we have considered! They have to me a very wide and a very profound significance; and in the mind of God, who created them, there must be a meaning which man may never reach. Perhaps the best that I can do is to restate them in general terms, and leave each reader to gain his own impressions, according to his conceptions of God and of Nature.

There are three media in, through, and upon which animals live and move; there are three general modes of locomotion corresponding to them—aquatic, terrestrial, aerial. The vertebrated animals have been, since creation, readily distinguished as Fish of the Sea, Beasts of the Earth, and Birds of the Air. But the progress of scientific investigation has shown most conclusively that, if the mode of locomotion be alone regarded, there must be associated creatures utterly unlike in structure: the whales, the turtles, some birds, and man himself, at times, with the fishes; the ostrich and other walking birds, and some fish with the quadrupeds; the bat, the pterodactyle, and the flying-fish with the birds.

It has also been found that for the arrangement of all the more comprehensive groups structure alone must be considered, and that then the vertebrate animals may be divided into several classes, of which one, the fishes, do, as to a majority of their number, inhabit the sea, and move by swimming; that another, the reptiles, do typically live and move upon the earth; that a third class, the birds, are in most cases adapted for aerial locomotion; and that the highest class, the mammalia, seem to return to the earth again, but move in a different way from the reptiles.

But while the internal and essential structure of animals assigns them definitely to one or another of these groups, yet that structure is susceptible of such modification as to allow the exterior to assume a form and a mode of locomotion suggestive of one of the other groups. The whale is essentially a mammal, yet it looks and swims like a fish; the dinornis was essentially a bird, yet it could no more fly than a cow; the climbing-perch is a true fish, yet it makes progress upon land like a mam-

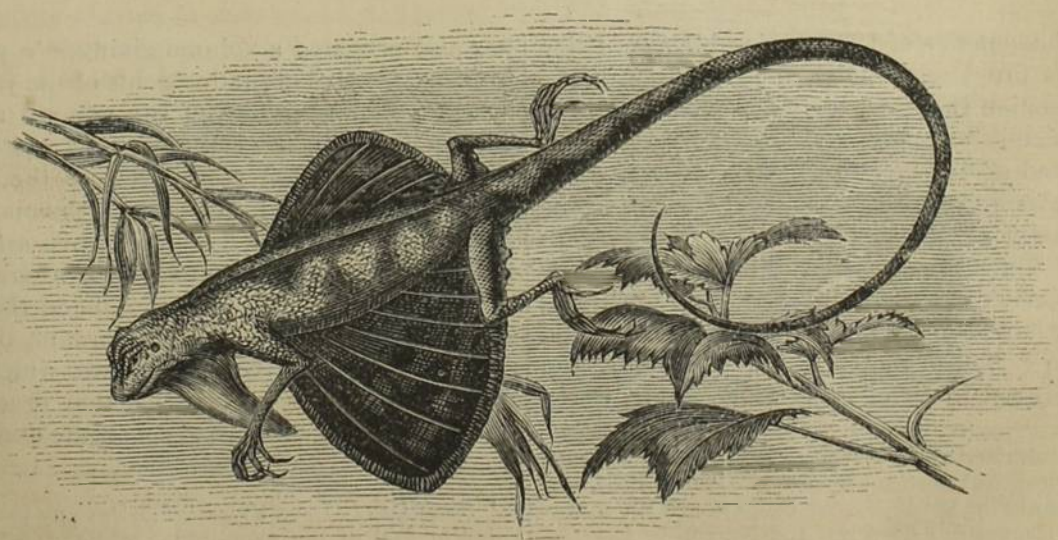


FIG. 7.—*Draco Volans*, or Flying-Dragon. (*From Schinz.*)

mal. There are, as it were, imitations in nature; sports of the fancy they might be called, if speaking of human affairs. But when we reflect that all of this is the work of an omnipotent, all-wise God, then we can only marvel at the facts, and look devoutly for their explanation.

Without doubt each group of animals, large or small, from the type to the species, is the material expression and embodiment of a Divine idea; doubtless, too, there is a deep significance in the relation we have traced between the leading groups and the three media of life. How wonderful, then, that the idea, whatever it is, which is especially embodied in the fish can be, as it were, engrafted upon a mammal or a bird; and that the idea which is expressed in the essential structure of a quadruped should be capable of receiving and harmonizing with those which properly belong to the fish and the bird!

The movements of animals are their active life; the dead structure can tell us nothing certain. We may guess and draw analogies. But it is only by carefully attending to the habits of the living creatures that we can truly and fully hope to comprehend the use and the purpose of the marvelous variety of beings which constitute so large a part of that second revelation of God to man—Nature.

THE ANDES AND THE AMAZON.*



AT HOME ON THE AMAZON.

IN the summer of 1867 a scientific expedition was fitted out, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institute, to explore the equatorial Andes and the valley of the River Amazon. It consisted of five members, the head being Mr. Orton, then Professor of Natural History in the University of Rochester, now at Vassar College. The proper work of this expedition lasted about six months. Its collections in natural history have been examined and reported upon by men versed in the various departments, and have proved to be of great value. Mr. Orton has also prepared a volume giving in a popular form a narrative of the incidents of the journey, and a popular résumé of the general results. The main outlines of the journey are these: The expedition left New York on the 1st of July, crossed the Isthmus of Panama, went down the coast to Guayaquil, thence ascended the western Cordillera* to Quito, where it remained some weeks; then ascended the eastern Cordillera, and descended through the forest on foot to the River Napo, down which they paddled to the Amazon, which they descended by steamer. We propose to constitute ourselves,

* *The Andes and the Amazon; or, Across the Continent of South America.* By JAMES ORTON, Professor of Natural History in Vassar College. With a new Map of Equatorial America, and Numerous Illustrations. Harper and Brothers.

* *Cordillera* ("Long Ridge") denotes any particular ridge or fold of the mountains; while *Andes* designates the whole system.

though invisible to our comrades, an honorary member of this expedition, and to give a rapid summary of our observations.

On the 19th of July we drop anchor in front of the city of Guayaquil. It lies about two degrees south of the equator, at the head of a bay which sets sixty miles into the land, the only considerable indentation which, for more than two thousand miles, breaks the stern monotony of the Pacific coast of South America. The view from deck is of surpassing beauty. Fronting the water is a long street, the buildings seemingly of solid marble, with airy balconies at each story. But when we land we find that all this magnificence is a sham. The seeming marble palaces are of wood, covered within and without with plaster. The cathedral, a photographic picture of whose front rivals those of the great religious structures of the Old World, is built of these flimsy materials. Few of the streets are paved; all are grass-grown and filthy. The only scavengers are flocks of buzzards, who are under the special protection of law, a heavy fine being imposed for killing one of them. A number of mule-carts, half a dozen carriages, one omnibus, and a hand-car in the main street, comprise the wheeled vehicles of this commercial town, the population of which is, and for a generation has been, about 22,000. Guayaquil was a European town almost a century before the first tree was felled at Jamestown, or the first landing of the Dutch at New York. It was created a city by the Emperor Charles V. in 1535.

Our stay at Guayaquil is brief, for we are bound for Quito, 300 miles away in the very heart of the Andes; thence we propose to descend the eastern slope of the Cordillera, strike one of the affluents of the Amazon, and then sail down the broad waters to its mouth, thus crossing the continent from west to east at almost its broadest part. The 750 miles between Quito and the Amazon pass mainly through a country as yet untraversed by any person who could give any adequate account of the region. But brief as was our stay at Guayaquil, it was long enough for us to experience the kindness and courtesy which are the charming characteristic of the poorest as well as the richest inhabitants of the country.

A little Yankee steamer runs for seventy miles up the Guayos River, at whose mouth Guayaquil is situated. Strangely enough, the Government of Ecuador almost ignores the steamer, and still sends the mails for Quito up the river in a canoe. Eight hours brings us to Babahoyo, the head of navigation, a village of 2000 souls, whose principal occupation seems to be cock-fighting. Here we engage mules to convey us half-way up the Andes, where we must change again; for the muleteers will not take their animals to an altitude much above that to which they are native.

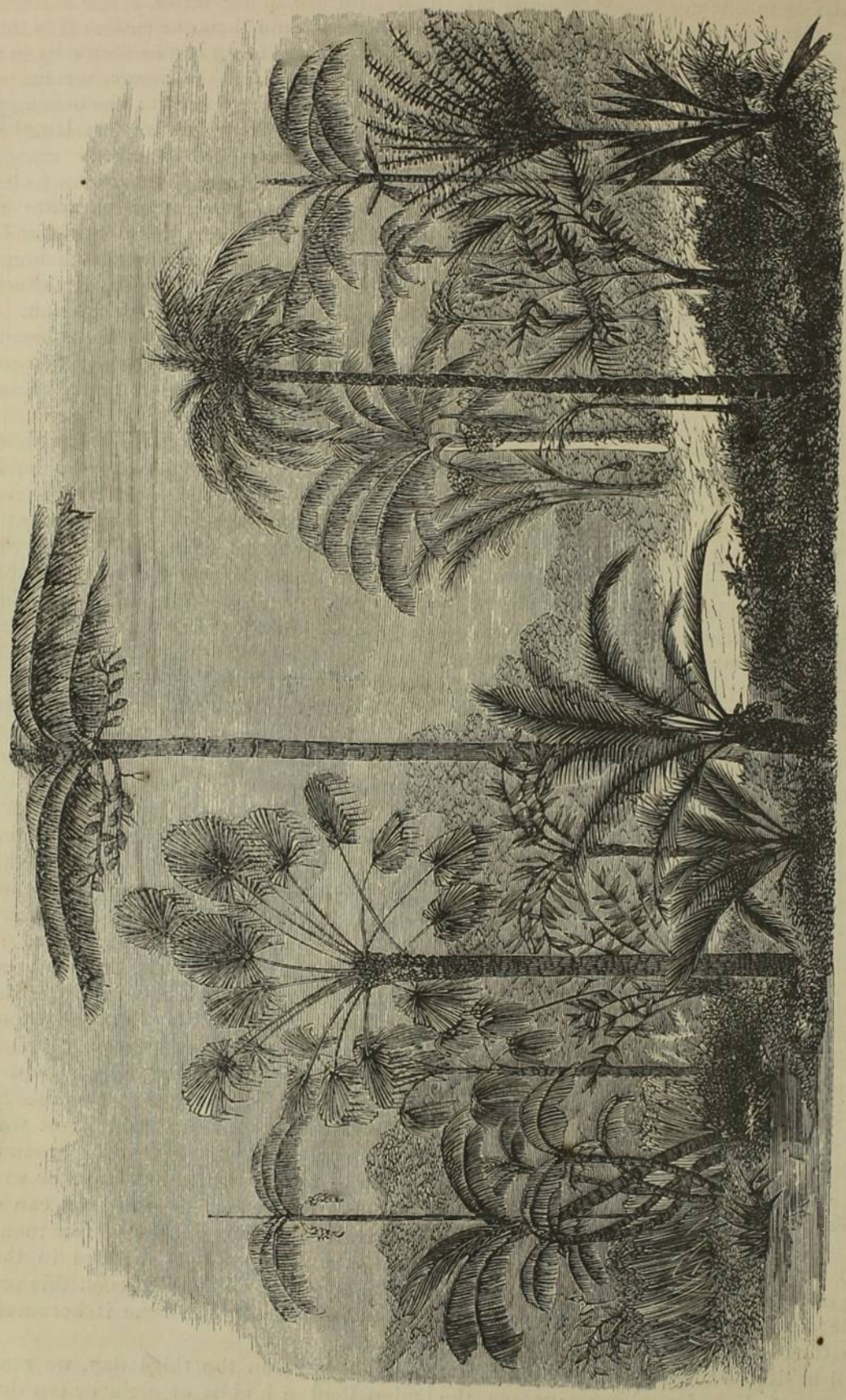
Traversing the lowlands, we pass little poverty-stricken hamlets, the bamboo houses standing on stilts, as it were; for in the rainy season their sites are under water. For a while we skirt a forest, and then our path strikes into its depths. Such a forest can be seen only in tropical regions. Palms of many species shoot their feathery heads far aloft; the banana flings out its glossy leaves, eight feet in length; the bamboo, that giant of grasses, bends gracefully, its whole length not seldom reaching 60 feet. Creeping-plants, vines, and parasites twine around and spring from every tree trunk, and loop and coil themselves among the branches. Beneath this world of foliage, far overhead, ferns and mimosas cover the ground. The tropical forests present a perpetual struggle between life and death; every where flowers and leaves are falling, while close beside them others are budding into life.

We soon begin to climb the Andes, following the only existing route between Guayaquil, the sea-port, and Quito, the capital, of Ecuador.* The road grows narrower and rougher at every mile. In the forest we are obstructed by rocks, mud, and fallen trees. Wherever there is a level spot the soil is worn by the equable steps of the beasts into a series of ruts and ridges; in the steep places it is only a gully hollowed out by travel and the torrents which pour down them in the rainy season. Not unfrequently it is a rocky staircase so narrow that a rider must throw up his legs to escape being crushed against the sides.

So onward and upward we go. Every now and then we met a troop of mules and donkeys coming down at headlong speed, urged on by the cries and lashes of the muleteers behind. We are, by pure accident, so far as we are concerned, fortunate in not encountering such a troop at some narrow defile, or where the path winds around the verge of a precipice sheering down to unknown depths. For the whole eight or ten days between Babahoyo and Quito we must carry with us every thing except forage for our beasts. For the first 150 miles there is not a vestige of an inn. At night we slept, wrapped in our ponchos, in or around some tambo or mud hut, without doors or windows. The only food which the occupant can give us is *locra*, the national dish of the mountains. This is simply potato-soup; and in the high altitudes it is impossible to cook this properly, for water boils by the time it becomes fairly warm.

At length, on the third day, we reach Camino Real, a huddle of eight or ten dwellings perched upon the summit of the first ridge, a thousand feet nearer the stars than any peak in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains. From here we have a view which of

* If we may credit the accounts of the old Spanish writers, there must be a far better route; for we are told that the "lower road" of the Incas, running along the plain, climbed the Andes, and in connection with the "upper road," which traversed the eastern flank of the Cordilleras, formed a double communication between Quito and Cuzco. Remains of the upper road still exist; but we find in no modern work of travel any indication of this lower road.



PALM-TREES.

itself repays us for all our toil. The wild chaos of mountains and ravines is tumbled together in unimaginable confusion. Looking westward, the eye travels down the receding slopes, which finally sink into the broad plains which dip into the Pacific. In front, and seemingly barring our way, swells the majestic dome of Chimborazo, its white summit, which mortal foot has never trod, and will most likely never tread, rising, here almost upon the equator, a mile above the limit of perpetual snow. Overhead is a sky of cloudless blue, drawn up against which is a scarcely visible dark speck: it is a condor, whose broad sail-like vans, fifteen feet from tip to tip, have borne him even above the summit of Chimborazo.

We descend the side of the Sierra, and begin the ascent of the next range. Near Guaranda, a tumble-down town almost 9000 feet above the ocean, whose 2000 inhabitants seem to have nothing to do but to eat when they are hungry, and wrap themselves in their ponchos to keep themselves warm, we pass the spot from which Church took one of the views for his painting,

"The Heart of the Andes." We set out this day by starlight, for we are to climb the side of Chimborazo, another 4000 feet; and we wish to reach the top of the pass before noon, for later in the day the bleak sandy pass is swept by violent winds, and often by storms of snow. Here some of the Spanish conquerors were frozen to death.

Now we begin to descend rapidly into the valley of Quito. At nightfall of the sixth day we enter Ambato, a large town beautifully situated in a ravine 8500 feet above the sea. Here are shade trees and orchards; and, what is of more interest to us, an inn, the first within the 150 miles which we have traversed. This inn is a good specimen of a hostelry in Spanish America. Around the court-yard, where the cattle are fed, are three or four rooms at the service of travelers. The floors are of brick; the walls plastered, festooned with cobwebs, and swarming with fleas. The furniture consists of a chair or two, a table, a bed-frame of boards, with a thin straw mat. There is not in all Ecuador a hotel where the landlord will furnish sheets or towels. The entire management is left to a dirty Indian boy, who can not be induced by any amount of bribery to provide a meal in less than two hours. But even this is a token of advancing civilization. Ten years ago there was not an inn in all Ecuador; now there are seven towns each boasting a posada; Quito and Guayaquil have each two. Ambato is famous for its fruit, and has even some industry, the principal articles of manufacture being boots and shoes.



INDIAN PEON.

Leaving the oasis of Ambato, we traverse a desolate region covered with volcanic débris; reach Tacunga, a town inhabited mostly by Indians, and famous, as Ida Pfeiffer has chronicled, for its fleas. It is situated at the foot of Cotopaxi, which has more than once buried it in showers of dust. Four times during the last century has it been destroyed by earthquakes; and it is now half in ruins. From Tacunga to Quito runs a fine carriage-road, which climbs upward three thousand feet over the ridge which forms the water-shed separating the streams which fall into the Atlantic and Pacific. Alternately descending and ascending, we at length reach the last summit which separates us from our goal. Above us, on every side, tower lofty peaks; a thousand feet below lies the valley of Quito, dominated at either end by the mighty volcanoes of Pichincha and Antisana. We pass rapidly along the broad road, thronged by cavaliers in gay ponchos, Indian peons bowed down under their heavy loads, and long lines of laden donkeys. Through green pastures and fields of ripening grain we pass, and, crossing a fine bridge which spans the River Machángara, we enter Quito.

The authentic history of Quito goes back well-nigh a thousand years, and is then lost in the night of fable. In 1475, when Columbus was dreaming of voyaging across the unknown ocean, Huayna-Capac, the great Inca of Peru, marched from Cuzco a thousand miles to the south, defeated the monarch of Quito, took the city, and made it the capital of his great empire. How this march could have been performed is hardly conceivable, for there is no reason to suppose that a road of any kind existed. The Inca dominion lasted barely sixty years, when it was overthrown by the Span-

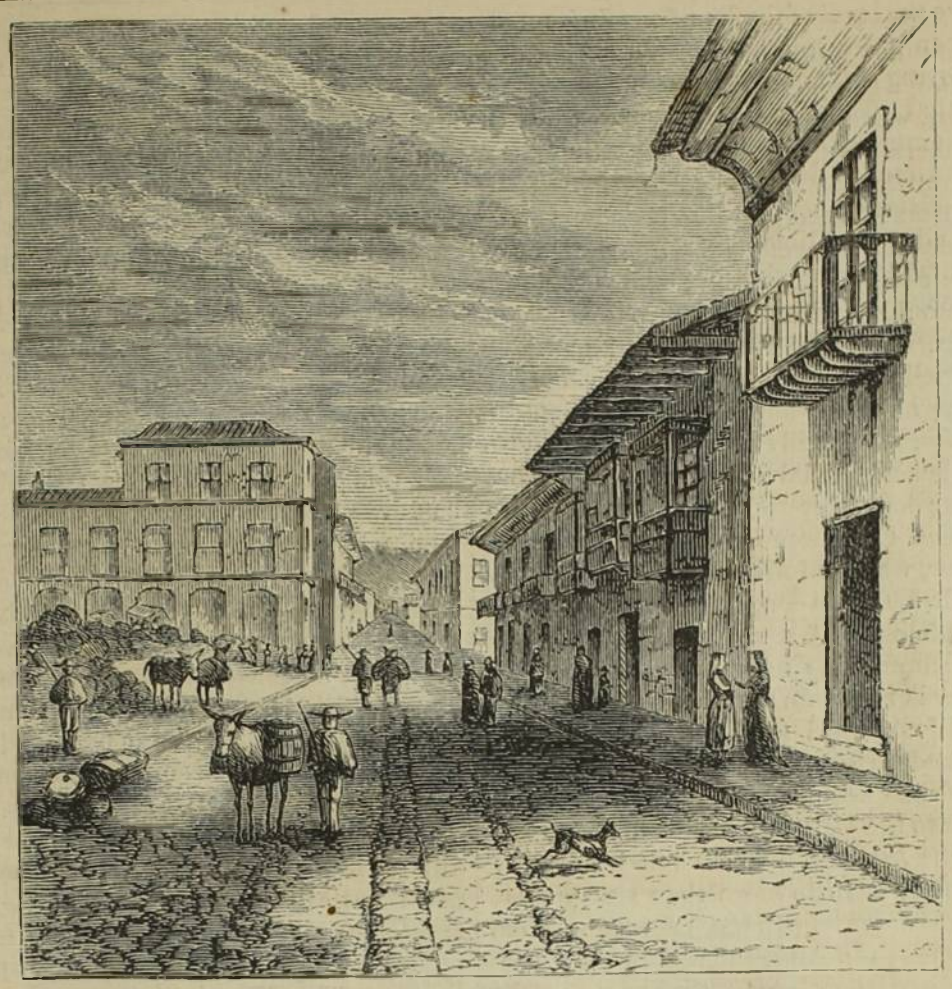


GOVERNMENT HOUSE, QUITO.

iards. But in that brief period works were constructed which will rank among the most stupendous ever made by human hands. Quito grew into a magnificent city. In the words of Mr. Orton, "It was the worthy metropolis of a vast empire stretching from the equator to the desert of Atacama, and walled in by the grandest group of mountains in the world. On this lofty site, which amidst the Alps would be buried in an avalanche of snow, but within the tropics enjoys an eternal spring, palaces more beautiful than the Alhambra were erected, glittering with the gold and emeralds of the Andes." But most wonderful of all was the great military road, stretching along the flank of the eastern Cordillera, from above Quito to below Cuzco—well-nigh fifteen hundred miles.* From the detached portions of it which Humboldt saw, he felt warranted in pronouncing that it vied with the famous Roman military roads. Mr. Orton, who traveled over a portion of this ancient road, says that it "is well paved with blocks of dark porphyry. It is not graded, but partakes of the irregularity of the country. Designed, not for carriages, but for troops and llamas, there are steps where the ascent is steep." We can not learn that there now exist in Quito any remains of Inca architecture. "All its splendor," says Mr. Orton, "passed away with the sceptre of Atahuallpa. Where the pavilion of the Inca once stood is now a gloomy convent, and a wheat-field takes the place of the Temple of the Sun.

The Quito of to-day is a dull Spanish-American city of some 30,000 inhabitants, three-fourths of them Indians or of mixed blood—Indian, Spanish, and negro. There are two or three rather imposing public buildings, the Government House and the Cathedral being the principal. The dwellings are low Indian huts and houses built of sun-dried brick, none of them of more than two stories. "There is not," says Mr. Orton, "in Quito—and, for the matter of that, in all Ecuador—a single chimney." The bulk of the population consists of Cholos, the offspring of Spaniards and Indians, the Indian blood greatly predominating. Contrary to what is usually held to be the case, they are more enterprising and intelligent than their progenitors of either race. They are the soldiers, artisans, and tradesmen who keep up the only signs of life in Quito. In courtesy they are fully equal to the most decorous Castilian. Mr. Hassaurek, lately our Minister at Quito, gives the following as a fair sample of a message which one fair Quitonian sends to another. "Go," she says to her servant, "to the Señorita Fulana de Tal, and tell her that she

* If the accounts of Inca enterprise rested merely upon the relations of the old Spanish chroniclers, we might well set them down as gross exaggerations, if not sheer fabrications. But those who have read the papers by Mr. E. G. Squier, recently published in this Magazine, and especially those who have seen the hundreds of admirable photographs taken by him, showing the present aspect of the remains of the Inca constructions, will be convinced that the chroniclers understated the magnitude of them. These papers by Mr. Squier are a condensed portion of a great work upon which he has been laboring for years. When this work appears, we shall know something of the character and extent of the civilization which was trampled under foot by Pizarro and his brutal successors.



STREET IN QUITO.

is my heart, and the dear little friend of my soul; tell her that I am dying for not having seen her, and ask her why she does not come to see me. Tell her that I have been waiting for more than a week, and that I send her my best respects and considerations; and ask her how her husband is, and how her children are, and whether they are all well in the family. And tell her that she is my little love; and ask her will she be kind enough to send me the pattern which she promised me the other day."

The illustrations which we borrow from Mr. Orton's book present the general features of the aspect of the city, and of some classes of its inhabitants. But at present we have mainly to do with the Andes, in the very heart of which Quito lies nestling under the shadow of the great volcano of Pichincha, and sentineled by a score of other volcanic peaks. For accounts of climate and productions, of manners and customs, we must refer the reader to the work of Mr. Orton.

Taken in its widest sense, the Valley of Quito is of about the size and shape of the basin of our Great Salt Lake. Two parallel ridges divide it into three portions. The southern basin, fifty miles long, is distinguished for its forests of cinchona, now, however, almost extinct, most of the trees having been killed for the bark; for its numerous Inca graves, and mines of precious metals. The middle basin, 130 miles long, is a dreary region, almost destitute of vegetation, except plants of the cactus species. It is covered with volcanic débris—the outpourings of Cotopaxi, Tunguragua, and Altar on one side, and of Chimborazo and Caraguairazo on the other. Then comes the proper basin of Quito, beautiful and fertile, lying 9500



INDIAN HUTS, QUITO.

feet above the level of the Pacific. In its centre, just fifteen miles south of the equator, rests the city, enjoying a climate of perpetual spring. No wonder that, when the great Peruvian Inca beheld the emerald expanse of this valley, he resolved to transfer thither the seat of his empire from far-distant Cuzco.

The Andes are altogether the most remarkable mountain range upon our globe. Had we space, we would have transferred to these pages the chapter, worthy of Hugh Miller, in which Mr. Orton tells how through ages, the centuries of which no man can number, it rose from the ocean depths, and finally created, if we may so speak, the great alluvial valley of the Amazon, of which we have yet to speak. It was long believed that Chimborazo, thought to be its loftiest peak, was the loftiest on the globe. It is now known that Aconcagua, in Chili, overtops it by almost half a mile, and some of the Himalaya summits by nearly two miles. But the Himalayas rise from a high table-land, sloping gradually upward for hundreds of miles; while the Andes rise steeply up on one side from the level of the Pacific, and fall as steeply down on the other to the Valley of the Amazon, almost level with the Atlantic. The whole breadth of the lofty range is little more than sixty miles. Simply as a mountain range, measuring from base to summit, the Andes maintain their preeminence; and their greatest glory is in the double Cordillera which bounds the basin of Quito.

Of the fifty-one volcanoes in the long Andean chain, twenty (three of them active, five now dormant, and twelve apparently extinct) are on the borders of this valley, in a space of two hundred and thirty miles in length by thirty in breadth. Besides these are many lofty non-volcanic peaks. Twenty-two, here almost upon the equator, are crowned with perpetual snow. Let us pass in rapid review along this circuit of volcanoes.

The northernmost is Imbabura, at whose foot lay the once busy city of Otovalo, utterly destroyed in the last great earthquake. Almost two hundred years ago it burst out in eruption, throwing up not lava, but mud, in which were thousands upon thousands of fishes, from which it appears to have derived the name which it now bears (*Imba*, a fish, and *bura*, to produce). Next, following the eastern Cordillera, and exactly on the equator, is the square-topped Cayambi, 19,500 feet high, its snow-clad summit in full view from Quito. Ten miles further south is the bald Guamani range, its culminating peak being Sara-urcu, which, in 1843 and 1856, threw out vast quantities of ashes. Close by is Antisana, with its double dome, 19,000 feet high. For 3000 feet it is covered with virgin snow. The last decisive eruption was in 1590, though Humboldt saw smoke rising from it in March, 1802. The immense lava streams which mark its slopes show that it must once have been a fierce volcano. Up its side, at a height of 13,300 feet, is the famous hacienda, which, with silver-famed Potosi, of about the same elevation, is the loftiest spot permanently inhabited upon the globe.

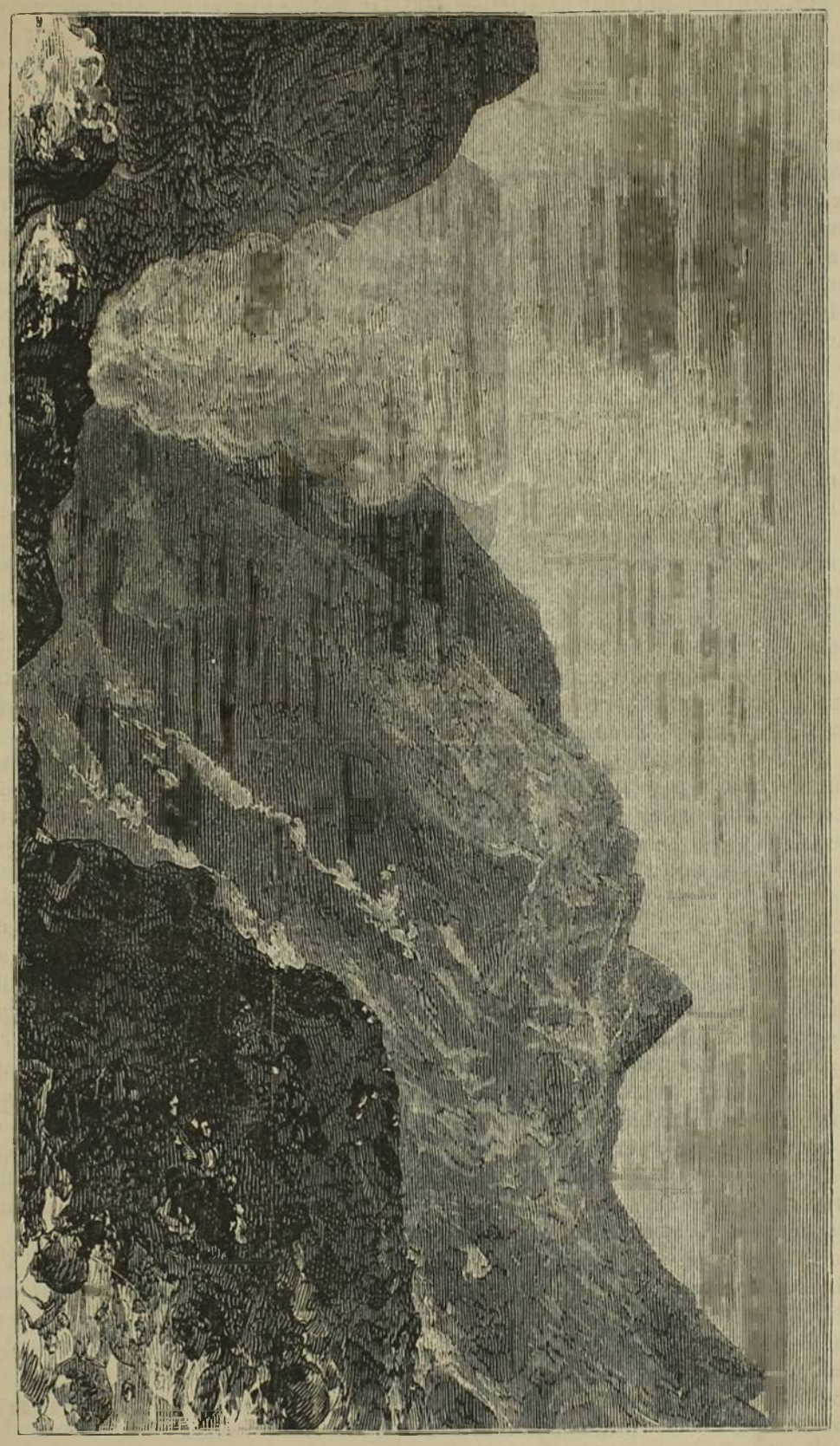
Passing Sincholagua and Rumiñagui, we find ourselves looking up to Cotopaxi, the most beautiful of volcanic peaks. Its great eruptions occur at long intervals; but a perpetual cloud of smoke, constant rumblings, and frequent showers of ashes show that it is not dead, but only sleeping. On its southern slope is a huge rock, which the Indians say was once the summit of the volcano, torn off and hurled down by an eruption on the day upon which Atahuallpa was murdered by Pizarro. They call this rock "The Inca's Head." No man has ever looked, or, unless possibly from a balloon, will ever look into the crater of Cotopaxi. Next comes Tunguragua, 16,500 feet high, and hardly less beautiful than Cotopaxi. Its head is white with perpetual snow, while on its side, 10,000 feet below, the sugar-cane flourishes luxuriantly. A river issues from the edge of the snow, and in three bounds leaps down 1500 feet. It has been at rest since 1780; but this last eruption lasted seven years.

Then comes Altar, now 17,500 feet high. Tradition affirms that it once overtopped Chimborazo; but after a violent eruption, which lasted eight years, 3000 feet of its walls fell in. Its ragged outline and eight arrowy peaks evince sudden and violent action; and in a measure confirm the tradition.

Further on, and at the southern end of the valley, is Sangai, the most active volcano on the globe. From its inaccessible crater, three miles high, it has, ever since the Spaniards first saw it, more than three centuries ago—and how much longer no man knows—sent forth a perpetual stream of fire, water, mud, and ashes. Its ashes are almost constantly falling in Guayaquil, where the noise of its explosions is sometimes heard—a distance of a hundred miles, as the crow flies. These explosions usually occur every hour or two; but in 1849 two hundred and sixty-seven explosions are said to have been counted by Wisse, a competent French engineer, in a single hour. Stromboli, on a Mediterranean island, is the only other known volcano that will at all compare with Sangai for continuous activity; but Stromboli, piled upon Etna and Vesuvius, would hardly reach the altitude of Sangai.

We now cross the foot of the valley, and ascend the western Cordillera, bearing in mind that the space between the two ranges is only about thirty miles. First comes Chimborazo, the great monarch of all. Its sides, far below its snowy crown, are broken into deep fissures. In its flanks there are rents in which Vesuvius might be hidden out of sight; while its dome of unsullied white, piercing the blue serene, and visible to human eye for hundreds of miles, dominates over its lordly brotherhood of peaks.

Then, only separated by a narrow valley, is Caraguairazo, called by the Indians "the Wife of Chimborazo," probably about 18,000 feet



CRATER OF PICHINCHA.

high, but, as measured by Humboldt, more than 19,000. One hundred and seventy years ago the top of this mountain fell in, and torrents of mud, containing multitudes of fishes, poured out. This was seven years after the similar eruption, already mentioned, of Imbabura. The fish in both cases were of the same kind—little black creatures (*Pimelodes cyclopum*), said to be the only species found in all the valley. By what means they got into these volcanoes is a question which we commend to the consideration of philosophers.

Still traveling onward we pass the double-headed Iliniza, Corazon, with its heart-shaped summit—both extinct volcanoes—and many another summit, which in any other part of the globe would be famous, and at last reach Pichincha, whose ever-smoking crater is in a straight line only five miles distant from Quito.

Pichincha is every way a notable volcano. Some mighty convulsion, antedating all history or tradition, has hollowed from its summit downward a deep crater—or rather let us say funnel. In form and position it is not unlike the craters of Etna in Sicily, and Kilauea in Hawaii. But while the depth of the crater of

Etna is but 300 feet, and that of Kilauea 600, that of Pichincha exceeds 2500 feet. At the top its diameter is three-quarters of a mile; at the bottom not quite one quarter. No wonder that Humboldt, who reached the brink, dared not venture to descend, declaring that it was "inaccessible from its great depth and precipitous descent." In 1844 Señor Moreno, since President of Ecuador, accompanied by Mr. Wisse, a French engineer, and still later, Mr. Farrand, an American photographic artist, succeeded in making the descent. Saving these, Mr. Orton and his companions are the only men who, as far as we know, have reached the bottom of the crater of Pichincha. Mr. Orton's first attempt was unsuccessful. He was stopped half-way down by a steep precipice. Renewing the effort a few days later, he fully succeeded. He shall describe this adventure:

"On the 22d of October, 1867, we returned to Pichincha with another guide, and entered the crater by a different route. Manuel, our Indian, led us to the south side, and over the brink we went. We were not long in realizing the danger of the undertaking. Here the snow concealed an ugly fissure or covered a treacherous rock (for nearly all the rocks are crumbling); there we must cross a mass of loose sand moving like a glacier down the almost vertical side of the crater; and on every hand rocks were giving way, and, gathering momentum at each revolution, went thundering down, leaping over precipices, and jostling other rocks, which joined in the race, till they all struck the bottom with a deep rumbling sound, shivered like so many bomb-shells into a thousand pieces, and telling us what would be our fate if we made a single miss-step. We followed our Indian in single file, keeping close together, that the stones set free by those in the rear might not dash those below from their feet; feeling our way with the greatest caution, clinging with our hands to snow, sand, rock, tufts of grass, or any thing that would hold for a moment; now leaping over a chasm, now letting ourselves down from rock to rock; at times paralyzed with fear, and always with death staring us in the face; thus we scrambled for two hours and a half, till we reached the bottom of the crater.

"Here we found a deeply-furrowed plain, strewn with ragged rocks, and containing a few patches of vegetation, with half a dozen species of flowers. In the centre is an irregular heap of stones, two hundred and sixty feet high by eight hundred in diameter. This is the cone of eruption—its sides and summit covered with an imposing group of vents, seventy in number, all lined with sulphur, and exhaling steam, black smoke, and sulphurous gas. The temperature of the vapor just within the fumarole is 184°, water boiling beside it at 189°. The central vent, or chimney, gives forth a sound like the violent bubbling of boiling water. As we sat on this fiery mount, surrounded by a circular rampart of rocks, and looked up at the immense towers of dark dolerite which ran up almost vertically to the height of twenty-five hundred feet above us, musing over the tremendous force which fashioned this awful amphitheatre—spacious enough for all the gods of Tartarus to hold high carnival — the cloud which hung in the thin air around the crest of the crater pealed forth thunder after thunder which, reverberating from precipice to precipice, were answered by the crash of rocks left loose by the storm, till the whole mountain seemed to tremble like a leaf. Such acoustics, mingled with the flash of lightning and the smell of brimstone, made us believe that we had fairly got into the realm of Pluto. It is the spot where Dante's *Inferno* ought to be read.

"Finishing our observations, and warming our dinner over the steaming crevices, we prepared to ascend. The escape from this horrid hole was more perilous than the entrance, and on reaching the top we sang, with grateful hearts, to the tune of 'Old Hundred,'

"'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.'

"We doubt whether that famous tune and glorious doxology were ever sung so near to heaven."

Since the Conquest there have been five eruptions of Pichincha, the last being in 1660. That of 1566 covered Quito three feet deep with stones and ashes, while boiling water and bitumen descended in torrents. In 1867 the column of smoke did not rise above the crest of the crater. But since then the volcano has shown symptoms of increased activity. In March, 1868, its rumbling was audible at Quito. Since the great earthquake of August 16, 1868, the volcano has continued to pour forth dense volumes of smoke, and so much fine sand that it has been impossible to reach the crater.

It is noteworthy that for many ages no one of the Ecuadorean volcanoes has emitted lava. The ejections have been sand, mud, and boiling water. But it is clear that long ago lava and stones were also flung out.

We must now leave Quito and the Andes, in order, in imagination, to accompany Mr. Orton and his party through the almost uninhabited regions east of the Andes to the Amazon, and thence down that great river to its mouth in the Atlantic. But one of our number, and perhaps the most loved of all, is left behind—or rather, let us say, has gone before. On the 8th of September was laid, in the plot of ground lately set apart for the resting-place of foreigners who do not die in the Romish faith, all that was mortal of Phineas Stanton.

The region, as large as New York and New England, commonly known as the Napo Country, from its main river, an affluent of the Amazon, is claimed by both Ecuador and Peru, though neither republic exercises any practical control over it. It is covered by a dense primeval forest, scantily peopled by wild, uncivilized races. There was not in all Quito a man who could give any positive information as to

the greater part of the route. A few petty traders had penetrated as far as the Napo, and could tell something about the first hundred miles; but for the remaining five hundred nobody had any thing to say, except the consoling assurance that if we escaped the fever we would probably be murdered by the savages. One thing was certain: we must take our provisions with us, and that for most of the way these, and all other impedimenta, must be borne by peons. For the first forty miles there is a road just passable for horses; the remaining distance to the river must be performed on foot.

Papallacta, the terminus of the road, is an Indian village of some thirty huts. Here we succeeded in engaging our human beasts of burden. Thence the journey to the Napo occupied thirteen days, including four of rest. Besides his supply of roasted corn and meal for the journey, estimated at twenty-five pounds, a peon will carry a weight of seventy-five pounds. The package, whatever it may be, is bound to his back by withes, passing across the forehead and chest. Twenty peons were engaged, each of whom receiving five dollars for the journey—he finding his own provisions. The engagement was most faithfully kept.

The journey was a strange one. The trail led through a dense forest, up steep ascents and down deep ravines. The track was every where slippery with mud, often two feet deep. A perpetual mist enveloped all. Dampness pervaded every thing. Our watches stopped, and we could estimate time only by the Indian methods—the most accurate measurement being the time, a little more than half an hour, which a chew of coca would last. The heavily-loaded peons, however, kept patiently on, always going as far as their employers were willing to allow. When night came, in ten minutes they would build a booth thatched with palm leaves. Perhaps the most notable thing was the utter absence of animal life. Hardly a living thing was seen except butterflies, fire-flies, and beetles. The only quadruped we saw for thirteen days was a long-tailed marten.

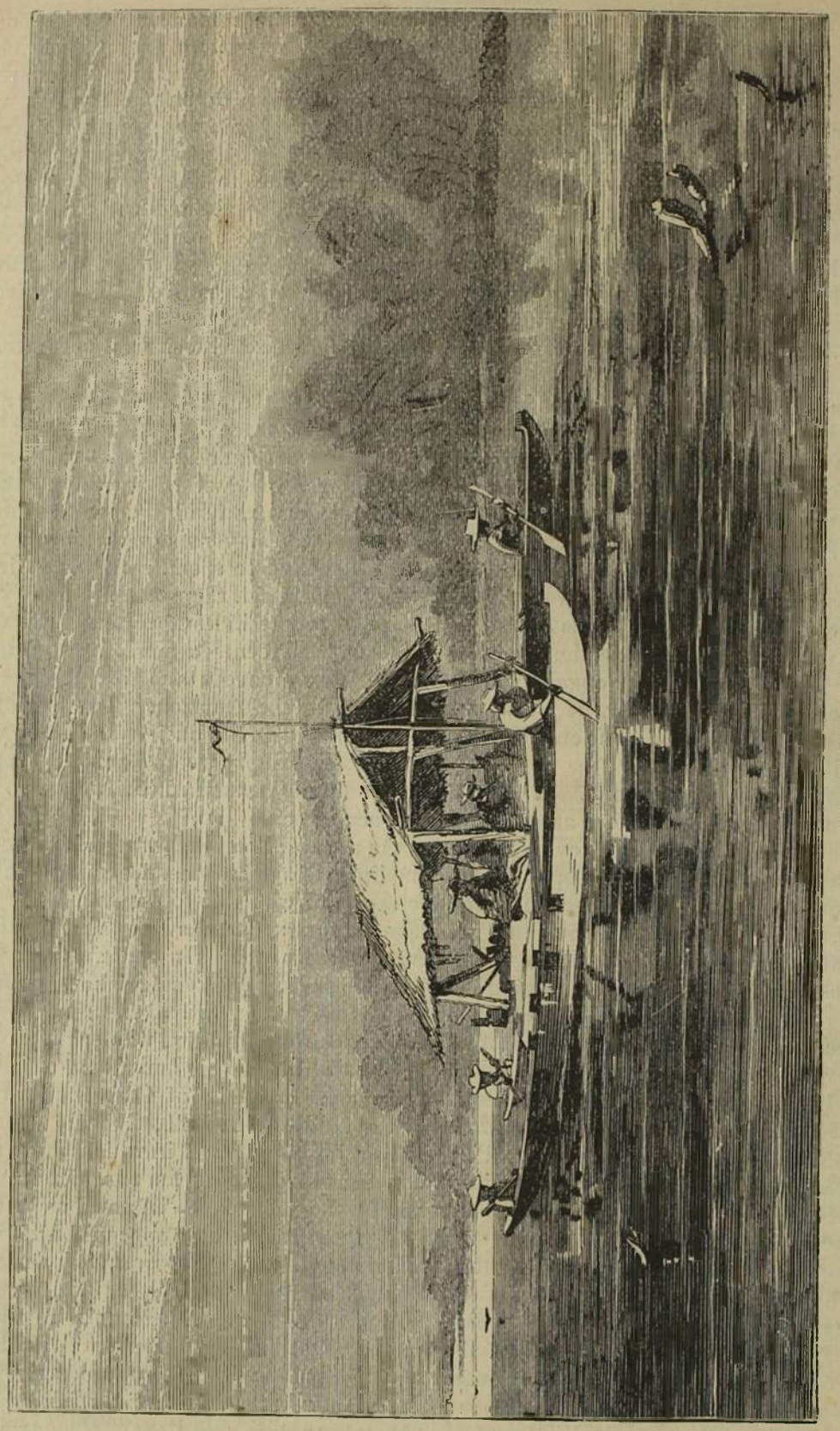
Archidona, the largest village in the whole Napo country, containing five hundred souls, was the end of the journey of this band of peons. It was founded in 1564, and has been for two hundred years a missionary station. Here is a rude church, with belfry, portico, chancel, and images. Every morning and evening, at the tinkling of a bell, rung by the priest—or rather bishop, as he is called by Mr. Orton—the whole population came running to the church, where they sang and prayed. We wonder if the Bishop of Archidona is among the prelates now assembled in the Œcumenical Council at Rome!

Here a new set of peons was engaged for the remaining sixteen miles to Napo, a village of eighty families. On the way we saw our first serpent since leaving Quito; it was a wholly harmless creature, sluggish, but very beautiful. From Napo a few canoes go down the river to the Amazon, after salt and urari, a kind of poison with which the natives anoint their blowpipe arrows. There is something peculiar in this poison. A tiny arrow tipped with it will kill an ox in twenty minutes; but it is harmless to man and all salt-eating animals. Salt is a special antidote to the poison of the urari. From here, to paddle down to the Amazon takes twenty days; to pole up requires three months. At Napo we found a countryman, George Edwards, a native of Connecticut. He has been for thirteen years in this region, and has settled himself down as a cultivator of vanilla.

On the 20th of November we set out from Napo, hiring three canoes and eight Indians to take us to Santa Rosa, eighty miles below, properly the head of navigation of the river. The current runs furiously. Seven hours was sufficient to carry us down; our canoe-men will be obliged to spend a full week in poling back. We paid them twenty-four yards of lienzo, a coarse kind of cotton cloth, worth in Quito fifteen cents a yard. At Santa Rosa we hired two canoes and four Indians to take us down to the Amazon. The price for each canoe and each Indian is twenty-five yards of lienzo. Unluckily we had only fifty yards left; but we finally persuaded the Indians to take the balance in coin.

On the afternoon of the second day we reached the little village of Coca, the last which we were to see until we came to the Amazon. The village is a new one, having been founded only twenty years ago. It contains half a dozen bamboo huts, a government house, church, alcalde's residence, and a sugar-mill. The alcalde was a lazy fellow, who spent most of his time swinging in his hammock, usually drunk or asleep. The site of Coca is memorable in history. Here, in 1540, Gonzalo Pizarro halted and built the vessel in which Orellana sailed down to the great stream to which he gave the name of the Amazon—because, as he affirmed, he there encountered a race of female warriors. This vessel, which Prescott, following the old Spanish chroniclers, calls a brig, we imagine, notwithstanding their accounts, to have been merely a great raft. Here we fitted out our craft for the voyage of five hundred miles down the Napo. Our preparations were quite simple, taking only two days. The two canoes, each thirty feet long, we put five feet apart, and over them built a bamboo platform, upon which we erected a hut, open at the sides, and with a palm-thatched roof. A rudder, and a box of sand to serve as a fire-place, completed our equipment.

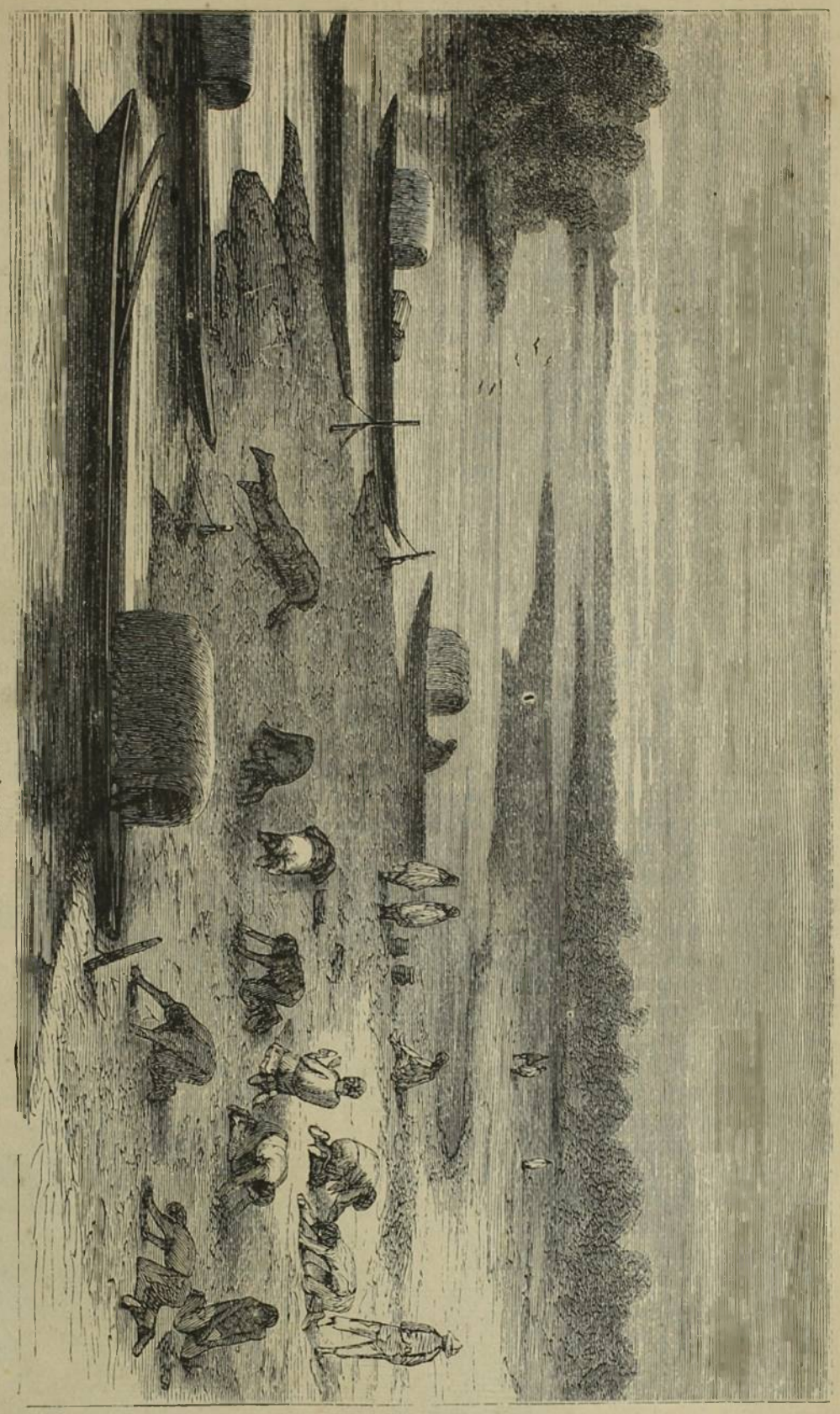
There was nothing of adventure on this voyage. The river, indeed, runs rapidly; but the sounding cataracts and rock-bound shores of which the Spaniards speak are pure fictions. We paddled usually twelve hours a day, making, on an average, about fifty miles. The river spreads out broadly, and is every where studded by *plaias*, or low islands. We always land-



DESCENDING THE NAPO.

ed for the night upon one of these, in order to be sure that we should not receive a visit from hostile Indians, or the still less welcome jaguar.

Toward the mouth of the river these islands become the resort of turtles, for the purpose of laying their eggs. The Indians are very expert in finding the nests of these creatures. Following the trail plowed in the sand, they thrust a sharp stick into the soil. Whenever it goes down easily they know that there is a turtle-nest below; and a few minutes' digging is sure to bring them to the eggs. These are about the size of a hen's egg, covered by a parchment-like shell. The yolk is oily, and the white does not coagulate in boiling. The nests which we found contained each quite a hundred eggs; but this number is frequently exceeded. The Indians ate them raw; we used them chiefly in making corn-cakes. These eggs, a few fish, and one or two stray wild hogs and deer, were the only additions made on the journey to our commissariat department. In fact, so nicely were our supplies graduated to our time and distance that, upon arriving at the first village on the Amazon, we found that we had just food enough for one good farewell dinner. "Had we depended upon finding provisions upon the road," says Mr. Orton, emphat-



HUNTING FOR TURTLES' EGGS.

ically, "we must have perished from sheer hunger."

On the 10th of December, a month and a half from the day when we left Quito, our Indians shouted, in their quiet way, Marañon! We had reached the great river. And yet it did not seem so very great, after all. It was scarcely broader than the stream down which we had been sailing. But the Napo pouring into the Amazon made no apparent accession to its volume. We had yet to grow into a comprehension of this great equatorial stream, which cuts its way through the dense forests for more than two thousand miles, with a channel deep enough to float the largest ship, draining in its course the greatest basin on the globe.

Pebas, on the Amazon, about thirty miles below the mouth of the Napo, is a stopping-place of the little Peruvian steamers, which, starting from Tabatinga, the frontier town of Brazil, make monthly voyages up the great river for four hundred miles. Here the romance of our journey ended, the passage down the Amazon to its mouth being made by steam. These Peruvian steamers run down stream at the rate of eighteen miles an hour; up stream, against

the strong current, they can make but twelve. Between Pebas and Tabatinga, a distance of a hundred and fifty miles, there are but four little villages, inhabited mostly by Indians. The Brazilian outpost has a fort of considerable strength, but besides the government buildings there are scarcely a dozen houses, although many Indians dwell in the neighboring forests.

On the 12th of December we embarked at Tabatinga on a Brazilian steamer, and, making one change of boat, arrived on the 24th at Pará, the sea-port—our whole time in descending the Amazon having been fifteen days. The scenery, as seen from the deck of a steamer, is to the mere spectator monotonous in the extreme. We see a vast volume of smooth yellow water, upon which float trees and beds of water-grass, and low, narrow, wooded islets. Upon each bank there is a continuous forest, hardly broken by any signs of human life, saving here and there the hut of a rubber-gatherer, or now and then a little town. Overhead is a cloudless sky, occasionally broken by flocks of parrots. This is all that meets the bodily eye. But the lover of nature can never tire of gazing at the mighty forests, with their ever-varying forms; for it is a peculiarity of the equatorial forests that one rarely sees two trees of the same kind growing together. The philosophic observer, looking with the mind's eye, sees in the future busy towns, and hears the hum of industry arising in these vast solitudes.

We are wont to compare the Amazon with the Mississippi. But in one essential feature the two rivers, and the valleys drained by them, are exact opposites. The course of the Mississippi is from north to south; so that the voyager down its stream passes in rapid succession from the cold regions where wheat will not grow, through corn-fields, tobacco farms, cotton plantations, and sugar estates. The direction of the Amazon for the greater part of its course is due east. From the head of its delta almost to the foot of the Andes, a distance of 2500 miles, it nowhere varies more than a degree from the third parallel of south latitude; the elevation in no case exceeding 500 feet, so that its productions are all of the same species.

The region drained by the Amazon has an area of two and a half millions of square miles—twice that of the Mississippi. It is equal to all the United States east of the Rocky Mountains, or nearly to the whole of Europe, leaving out Russia. Almost the whole of this region is capable of supporting a dense population. It is safe to say that, if fully peopled, it could feed four hundred millions. Its present population can not exceed four hundred thousand.

Let us, following in brief abstract the account of Mr. Orton, touch upon some prominent characteristics of this great ocean river. It rises in the little Peruvian Lake of Lauricocha, just below the limits of perpetual snow. For 500 miles it flows swiftly through a deep valley. Then, turning sharply eastward, it runs 2500 miles across the great equatorial plain. Two thousand miles above its mouth its width is a mile and a half, increasing to more than ten miles at the head of the delta, where it divides, and, after running 400 miles, presents a front of 150 miles upon the ocean. For a great distance it is bordered by side-channels or "bayous," as they are called upon the Mississippi, named by the Indians *igarapés*, or "canoe-paths." From Santarem, the principal town above Pará, one may paddle a thousand miles parallel to the river without once entering the stream. For twenty-five degrees of latitude every river that flows down the eastern slope of the Andes is an affluent of the Amazon. It is as though all the rivers from Mexico to Oregon united their waters in the Mississippi.



AN IGARAPE, OR CANOE-PATH.



INDIANS OF THE MIDDLE AMAZON.

A half score of these tributaries are larger—the Danube excepted—than any European river out of Russia. The volume of its waters is greater even than the breadth of the river would indicate. At Nauta, 2200 miles from its mouth, the depth is 40 feet, increasing rapidly as it approaches the ocean. The largest ocean steamer could doubtless steam 2000 miles up the Amazon.

The vegetation of the valley is exuberant. There is a bewildering diversity of grand and beautiful trees, a wild, unconquered race of vegetable giants, draped and festooned by creeping plants. The moment you land upon the shore you are confronted by a solid wall of vegetation, through which, if you wish to proceed, you must hew your way with axe or *macheta*. Palms, of which thirty varieties are noted, constitute the majority of trees. Then there are "cow-trees," a hundred and fifty feet high, yielding a milk of the consistency of cream, used for tea, coffee, and custards. The "caucho," or rubber-tree, though of a different species from that of the East Indies, produces a gum which constitutes most of the rubber of commerce. Agassiz puts this tree, forty or eighty feet high, in the same class with the "milk-weed" of our American pastures. Of ornamental woods there is no end. Foremost among these is the *Moira-Pinima*, or "tortoise-shell wood," the most beautiful in grain and color of any in the world. Enough of this is wasted every year to veneer all the dwellings of the civilized world. For many years to come the exports of the Amazon Valley must be mainly the products of its forests. Yet, strangely enough, timber is now one of the chief articles of import at Pará. A city of 35,000 inhabitants, lying on the verge of a great forest, buys pine boards from far-away Maine! This folly will in time come to an end. Contrary to all that we might expect, the climate of the Amazon Valley is temperate rather than tropical. It is more equable than in any other region of the world. Year in and year out it ranges from 74° to 87°—the fair mean being 80°.

Of the native races in this region we have not space to speak at length. Mr. Orton tells of them all that is now known. Their color is that of mahogany; hair black, straight, and thick; forehead low, but broad; hands and feet small; of medium stature, but thick-set. Their dwellings are a frame-work of poles, thatched with palm leaves; the walls sometimes latticed and plastered with mud; furniture chiefly hammocks and earthen vessels. Along the Middle Amazon the men wear trowsers and shirts of white cotton, the women short calico petticoats and loose chemises; the hair is knotted at the crown of the head, where it is confined by a comb. The wild tribes, north and south, go nearly naked, or wear ponchos made of cotton or the bark of trees. Saving that they are quiet and peaceable, they come as near to the pure savage state as any people on the globe. The few who have come in contact with the whites have acquired many of the vices and none of the virtues of civilization. Mr. Orton believes that the Valley of the Amazon is not their orig-



DWELLING ON THE AMAZON.

inal home. At all events they do not increase there. It is rare to find a family with as many as four children. Nothing can be clearer than that they or their descendants are not to be the ones who will populate these vast regions, which for ages have been awaiting men to till them.

Mr. Fletcher—who furnishes a brief introduction to the work of Mr. Orton, and who of all men is best qualified to speak upon the subject—says:

"His interesting and valuable volume hardly needs any introduction or commendation, for its intrinsic merit will exact the approbation of every reader. Scientific man, and tourists who seek for new routes of travel, will appreciate it at once; and I trust that the time is near at hand when our mercantile men, by the perusal of such a work, will see how wide a field lies before them for future commercial enterprise. This portion of the tropics abounds in natural resources which only need the stimulus of capital to draw them forth to the light; to create among the natives a desire for articles of civilization in exchange for the crude productions of the forest; and to stimulate emigration to a healthy region of perpetual summer.

"It seems as if Providence were opening the way for a great change in the Valley of the Amazon. Three-fourths of Brazil, one-half of Bolivia, two-thirds of Peru, three-fourths of Ecuador, and a portion of Venezuela are watered by this river. Riches, mineral and vegetable, of inexhaustible supply have been here locked up for centuries. Brazil held the key, but it was not until under the rule of their present constitutional monarch, Don Pedro II., that the Brazilians awoke to the necessity of opening this glorious region. Steamers were introduced in 1853, subsidized by the government. But it is to a young Brazilian statesman, Sr. A C. Tavares Bastos, that belongs the credit of having agitated the opening of the Amazon, until public opinion, thus acted upon, produced the desired result. In May, 1868, I gave several indices of a more enlightened policy in Brazil, and stated that the opening of the Amazon, which occurred on the 7th of September, 1867, and by which the great river is free to the flags of all nations, from the Atlantic to Peru, and the abrogation of the monopoly of the coast-trade from the Amazon to the Rio Grande do Sul, whereby 4000 miles of Brazilian sea-coast are open to the vessels of every country, can not fail not only to develop the resources of Brazil, but will prove of great benefit to the bordering Hispano-American republics, and to the maritime nations of the earth. The opening of the Amazon is the most significant indication that the leaven of the narrow monopolistic Portuguese conservatism has at last worked out. Portugal would not allow Humboldt to enter the Amazon Valley in Brazil. The result of the new policy is beyond the most sanguine expectation. The exports and imports for Pará for October and November, 1867, were double those of 1866. This is but the beginning. Soon it will be found that it is far cheaper for Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, and New Granada, east of the Andes, to receive their goods from, and to export their India rubber, cinchona, etc., to the United States and Europe, *via* the great water highway which discharges into the Atlantic, than by the long, circuitous route of Cape Horn or the trans-Isthmian route of Panama."

SOUTH-COAST SAUNTERINGS IN ENGLAND.

[Saunter V.]



THE POET LAUREATE.

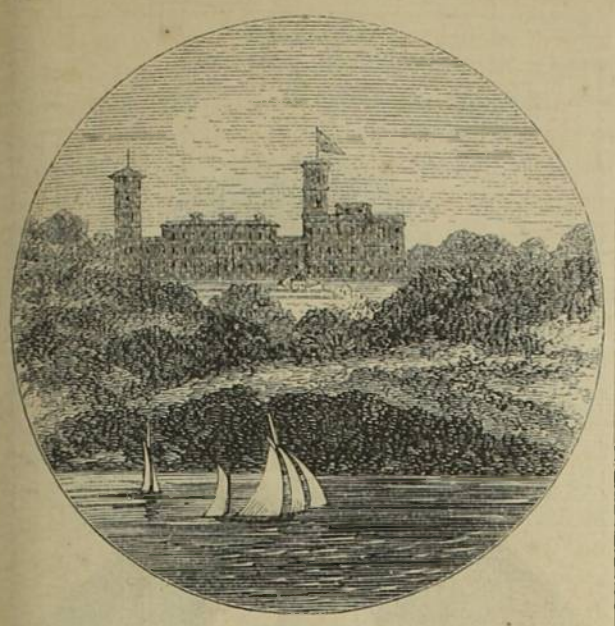
THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—I.

"FROM America—ah! Didn't happen to know my brother there, did you? Went to California about fifteen years ago. We haven't heard from him for three years; then he was in St. Louis." What American traveling in England has not had the question asked him? It seems a cerebral impossibility for the average Englishman to realize the difference in size between America and these islands. The civil war did, indeed, teach the English a great deal about America before unknown. I fancy if Mr. Seaton and the *National Intelligencer* could return to life he would not again be asked, in a meeting of editors in London, whether Washington was not in the United States; and it

has been now six years since I have encountered a party astonished at the discovery that the inhabitants of America are not all colored. But the man who expects you, just after you have said you hail from Boston, to give him intelligence of his brother in New Orleans, seems destined to survive for some time yet. He will not pass away any more than Smith in America, whose letter is before me now, in whose breast, and in whose son's breast after him, the hope will spring eternal that a large Smythe property in England may be secured to him as an inheritance. But why should I chaff him of the brother in America, at this moment of all others, just as I am embarking to visit yonder Enchanted Isle and its Prospero? Years ago—it was in the time of our civil war—I received a letter from a man in the Isle of Wight, asking if I could tell him any thing about his brother. He had gone many years before to America, and the last tidings heard from him were of his marching South with some regiment. I forwarded his inquiry to the War Department at Washington, and wrote to the inquirer that I was entirely hopeless as to the result. After a year or two I received a happy letter from the islander, saying that, through the letter forwarded to Washington, he had reached his brother; they were now, after four or five years of silence, in correspondence again. And along with his exultant letter came a large album of pictures representing every scene, every nook and corner of the island in which he dwelt. By this fluke I became aware that there was, within an easy day's reach of this roaring, dismal London, an island on which Nature had lavished every decoration of her matchless pencil. For a year the pictures lay as bright unrealized ideals; then came the summer of summers when, with a long vacation before me, I skimmed over the sparkling waves toward the tinted dream-land, which now, after various wanderings upon it, remains a dream-land still.

From the moment one leaves Southampton or Lymington the air becomes softer; there is a breath and a sunshine which seem to come from France. The Solent is alive with yachts, which hover along the island coast like white-winged butterflies haunting a thymy bank. "Every Englishman," said Novalis, "is an island," and he certainly seems entirely happy when he can get himself upon one of these little winged islets of his own, and with his wife and daughters pass weeks upon it. There, upon deck, absorbing the sunshine in their tanned skins, or quaffing it in their Champagne, gathered about some pretty, gentle-voiced reader, who whiles away the time with the tender refrains of the laureate, who looks upon them from the solitude of his cliff, they clasp the golden year with a crystal month. Talk of visionaries and eutopists! I know of none so inveterate as this solid British merchant. His conservatism and his wealth mean that he will manage to sit on magic carpets, and dream away, with the lotus-eaters, as many weeks as he can filch from business and the London season. Every man loves liberty and an ideal life—for himself; the only question is about sharing it with his neighbors. Nay, this titled fisherman in knickerbockers in his yacht will argue, in the intervals of his cigar-puffs, that it is he who is leading the laboring man onward and upward. The poor fellow toiling under the noonday sun over there, every time he casts a glance across the waters will find a new reason for his effort. He will know what wealth means. The sod will be better tilled when he sees in it sweet summer hours on graceful yachts, with sparkling wine and sparkling books, attainable through toil, if not by him, by his children or grandchildren. Every aristocrat is a spur, every palace a beacon to the working-man, he will claim, and by them the lower classes are ever ascending. And I fear my wealthy paragon there is too far right. As so many of us hope for immortality that we may prolong the enjoyments and be rid of the discomforts of this life, so I apprehend a good deal of the radicalism of the lower classes springs from a longing to share the pleasures of the rich. But the same motive power works all the way up. The wealthy merchant family, on whose yacht the peasant gazes with envy, are at the same time gazing upon Osborne House, and materfamilias is dreaming a dream for her stalwart Oxonian which blends with the crimson cushions of the House of Lords, or even, it may be, with those sloping lawns where only that lucky wight may tread whom the Queen has "sent for."

And truly it is a radiant palace, its walls flashing in the sun like crystal, and looking, as one sails from Southampton, like a gateway of pearl to the island. And if its beauty be an illusion, it is never dispelled, for no visitor is ever allowed within its sacred precincts. Up to 1840 it was a happy old English home, with merry groups upon its lawns, and, to some extent, open to the enjoyment of the people around; but then Lady Blachford sold it to the Queen, and it shot up its towers, and efflouresced into exquisite gardens and terraces only to become a magnificent haunted house. For nearly all the works upon and around it were carried on under the supervision of the late Prince Albert, and the Queen will have it sacred as one of his monuments. All the Prince's experimental works, his Model Farm with its laborers' cottages, and its stables and kennels, constructed on the best sanitary principles, waste their lessons on the idle herds. The final cause of the creation of these five thousand acres of garden, glen, vale, and meadow, and the fairy-like architecture with its lofty campanile and loftier flag-tower, turns out to be an occasional and very brief visit from the poor Woman in Black, for whom the skies bend blue and the birds carol in vain. Osborne—*Austerbourne*, that is, or East Brook—has not much romance about its history. It belonged originally to the Bowermans—an old Isle of Wight family—and from them passed



OSBORNE.

through the Arneys, the Lovibonds, and the Manns to the Blachfords, who sold it to the Queen. There is a tradition in the island that Eustace Mann, who owned the estate during the troubles of the civil war, buried in a wood on it, still called Money Coppice, a large sum of money for safety; but, having failed to mark the spot, never found it again. So there it remains buried, but hardly more than the beautiful works of modern art and objects of *vertu* in the drawing-rooms, said by those who have seen them to be unequaled in value by any collection in the world. It is not pleasant to think of so many acres of the little island put to no use at all beyond the picture it presents to the voyager, nor is it pleasant to think of the Queen in her morbid grief. But for one, I have no respect for the outcry against her of either the shopkeepers who desire more court splendors, or of the aristocracy who groan out their vexation as the *Times* writes—"Her Majesty is teaching the people of England how easily they can get along without a monarch." The Englishman of the middle class will rarely turn the page of his paper to read "Her Majesty left for Osborne this morning;" but it was not so when, now near seven centuries ago, King John, having put his compulsory signature to the *Magna Charta*, fled to this same region to lead, if Grafton writes truly, "a solitarie lyfe among reivers and fishermen."

Nevertheless, all this is only the opinion of an American, soured, no doubt, by the copy just made by the Oxford crew of Dyce's great fresco in Osborne House of Neptune surrendering to Britannia the Empire of the Seas. What the loyal islander thinks of the hallowed ground beyond the triumphal arch at Cowes, through which he may not pass, may be estimated by the following extract from "Riddon's Shilling Handbook." "In a word," he says, "Art and Nature have alike combined to perfect, in all its appointments, the marine retreat of the English Queen. Long may she live to enjoy it; and snatching ever and anon a brief respite from the cares that wait upon an imperial sceptre, to pleasure her royal mind in the charms of the enchanted ground that encircles the towers of Osborne! Long may she reign to rule a prosperous nation, a wise and enlightened people; a people avoiding war, yet bearing themselves proudly when forced by injustice or aggression into it; a people cultivating peace, yet not disdaining the noble virtues that often spring from war; a people tranquil because powerful, and powerful because free."

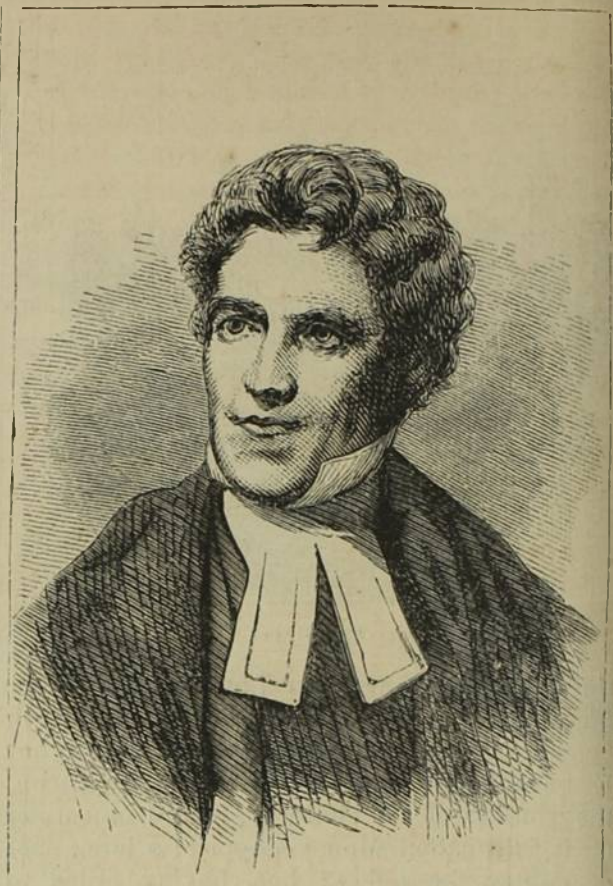
I am the more particular in quoting this passage because that kind of writing, I am bound to say, is rapidly dying out in England. Even the *Daily Telegraph* can only do it in the old style at intervals.

A very picturesque town is Cowes—divided by the Medina into East and West Cowes—notable only in the past for the two castles built by Henry VIII., in 1538, for the defense of the southern coast. "Ther be," wrote old Leland, "two new castelles sette up and furnishid at the mouth of Newporte.....That that is sette up on the este side of the havin is caullid the Est Cow, and that that is sette up at the west syde is caullid the West Cow, and is the bigger castelle of the two. The trajectus betwixt these two castelles is a good myle." The East Cowes Castle has entirely disappeared, the last stones of it having been dragged away to Newport some years ago to be built into a gentleman's villa. That of West Cowes was sold some twelve years ago, as a ruin, to the Royal Yacht Club, which has transformed it into a very respectable building for its own purposes. And where William Davenant, "poet, dramatist, and father of English opera," found a cell as the reward for his devotion to the King—a cell which it required all the persuasiveness of Milton to unlock—the young Britishers now disport themselves in boating costume to an extent unknown elsewhere. To this club, with its two hundred members and nearly as many yachts, and its two thousand seamen, England is indebted for that fine annual sight, the August Regatta—"under the immediate patronage of her Majesty," who never sees it. These yachters are curious to the eye of a landsman. They have an aqueous, or even a fishy look, and, one sometimes fancies, a sea-green tint in their eyes. It is to be feared the majority of them are bibulous, and that they abstain from water except for boating purposes. Nearly every year some ugly story comes to us from Cowes of unsteady footings missed, and bodies recovered from the waves.

However, it is to the Royal Yacht Club that Cowes owes its own resuscitation as a town. It was originally made by the opening up of a trade with South Carolina and Georgia. From those regions, before the American Revolution, near fifty vessels arrived here annually, bringing principally rice, but also skins, tar, turpentine, and indigo. From this point the articles were transmitted to Holland and other countries. General Washington destroyed Cowes

as effectually as if he had bombarded it from a fleet in the Solent.* Many efforts were made to make it a fashionable sea-bathing place, but the beach is poor and shingly, and there was no royal gentleman to do for it what George III. did for the still more wretched beach at Brighton, by simply going there to dwell with his titled Formosas. When the Queen purchased Osborne House the happy hour of Cowes's fortune seemed to strike; and some gentleman went so far as to lay out all his money on these hills, and built many fine villas. But the fashionable world found more attraction in the cast-off shell of King George than in the domestic habits of Albert and Victoria, and so the poor gentleman's villas remain as the monuments of his ruin. There are two new castles in the neighborhood—one called East Cowes Castle, and the other Norris Castle. In the latter the Duchess of Kent dwelt with the Princess Victoria thirty-eight years ago. One may wonder whether the mourning widow of fifty, whom palaces make sadder, can see in the vista stretching one mile from Osborne the fair and blooming child who was noted through all the neighborhood for her riding, her rowing, her knowledge of every weed or flower that fringed the coast, her mirth, which no lark rising from the lawns of Norris, where she frolicked, could rival! Neither of these castles, however, gave me a pleasant impression. Both are built in the style of the ancient baronial strong-holds, which, when otherwise meant and used as private mansions, and quite modern in their completeness and preservation, convey the impression of counterfeits. The machicolated towers in the East Cowes Castle are ludicrously incongruous with the domestic architecture of other portions; and though Norris is free from this fault, its style belongs to feudal England, and on the peaceful slopes of the island is like a cannon in a drawing-room. The castellated building is never beautiful unless it is framed, so to say, in a history, which enables the mind to separate it from the present sufficiently to defend the eye from a perception of its incongruity with the modern features of the landscape.

Walking in the bright morning along roads embowered with trees and hedged with wild flowers, emerging here and there to hills with splendid outlooks, we pause at last at a much humbler but far more memorable dwelling than either castle—namely, "Slatswoods," the birthplace of Dr. Arnold, now occupied by Mrs. Shedden. Here, for two generations, had the Arnold family resided; and here, to William Arnold, collector of customs at Cowes, and



THOMAS ARNOLD.

Martha his wife, was born, in 1795, the boy who was to revolutionize the educational theories of England. This old country home he loved to the last. From the great willow-tree in the grounds, which still flourishes, he transplanted shoots to each of his subsequent homes —Laleham, Rugby, and Fox How—and, I have heard, named them pleasantly after his children. It was one of his humors to give significant names to things around him—calling one garden path "Bit by Bit," and another "Radical Reform." He did not live very long at Slatswoods, having been removed shortly after his father's sudden death in 1801. He loved, however, to revisit his early home; and in a letter to his sister, Mrs. Buckland, in 1836, written just after such a visit, wrote: "Slatswoods was deeply interesting: I thought of what Fox How might be to my children forty years hence, and of the growth of the trees in that interval; but Fox How can not be to them what Slatswoods is to me—the only home of my childhood—while with them Laleham and Rugby will divide their affections." When one thinks of the immense industry of Arnold's life it is strange to learn, as all his family attest, that as a child he was rather remarkable for indolence. He conquered this tendency completely, but always spoke of the effort it cost him to leave his bed in the morning—a reluctance which long habit never overcame. Along with this, however, there was, from the first, a remarkable moral energy of a certain kind. "He was," said one of his school-fellows, "stiff in his opinions, and utterly immovable by force or fraud when he had made up his mind, whether right or wrong." He watched with a keen interest the belligerent

* Indeed the whole island was seriously injured by the American war, as it lay in the path of the line from America to the northern ports of the continent. Inquiring the date of the first poor-house erected in the Isle of Wight, I found it to be that of the first year of the American Revolution. Whether the islanders were suitably grateful to King George for that first-fruit of his policy I could not learn.

and naval proceedings around the Isle of Wight at the time of the war, and his childish sports were the conflicts of mimic fleets, and the acting in small dramas with his companions of the deeds of the Homeric heroes, whom he studied in Pope's translation of the Iliad. Indeed, he wrote, and with his followers acted, a play which he called "Simon de Montfort" (an imitation of Scott's "Marmion"), which gained him the appellation of Poet Arnold. Steeped in such feelings he appeared at Winchester School, and afterward at Oxford, as a kind of hero; and, though it speedily took an intellectual turn, the feeling was there. It is questionable whether Cæsar was really bolder than a boy who, at fourteen, could question Cæsar's veracity, as he gravely read the "Commentaries" under unquestioning teachers. It was at that age that he wrote: "I verily believe that half at least of the Roman history is, if not totally false, at least scandalously exaggerated; how far different are the modest, unaffected, and impartial narrations of Herodotus and Xenophon!" The boy that could write such a rebellious sentence as that at fourteen was good for a revolution of some kind or other; and the Oxford students who grappled with him in discussion when he was among them—just sixteen years of age—had reason to know that the Homeric heroes had not been studied under the trees of Slatswoods in vain. "He was bold and warm," records one of those students, Mr. Justice Coleridge, "because so far as his knowledge went he saw very clearly, and he was an ardent lover of truth; but I never saw in him even then a grain of vanity or conceit. I have said that some of his opinions startled us a good deal; we were indeed for the most part Tories in Church and State, great respecters of things as they were, and not very tolerant of the disposition he brought with him to question their wisdom. Many and long were the conflicts we had, and with unequal numbers. I think I have seen all the leaders of the common room engaged with him at once, with little order or consideration, as may be supposed, and not always with great scrupulosity as to the fairness of our arguments. This was attended by no loss of regard, and scarcely ever, or seldom, by even momentary loss of temper."

It is, I think, undeniable that Thomas Arnold was the first to awaken at Oxford that spirit of skeptical inquiry into old beliefs and usages which has led to the great religious conflicts and divisions which have had that university for their arena. It was a terrible day for the old order when there appeared at the centre of English aristocratic culture and feeling a youth of position and culture equal to that of his companions, who espoused ideas hitherto considered indications of vulgarity. It had before seemed impossible that any one not trained among the disciples of Owen or Paine could question the common dogmas of Church and State; but there was the ruddy, handsome young Englishman before them, and for many a long year to remain before them. From that time may be dated the rise of those now known as "thoughtful liberals," "educated liberals," to say nothing of "Muscular Christians" and "Christian Socialists," who are, so to speak, his own children. But any one who knows the men whom Arnold trained will perceive that his greatness did not consist in any philosophical or theological ideas which he advocated, but in the powerful influence of his heart and life. He was manliness organized; and all the traits of manliness—frankness, justice, truthfulness, courage—attended him like an atmosphere.

One of his pupils, Thomas Burbridge, who wrote, with Arthur Hugh Clough, a little volume of charming poems called "Ambarvalia," printed in 1849, and afterward suppressed, addressed a sonnet to his master, which is worthy of being reproduced:

"Yes, noble Arnold, thou didst well to die!
Needed but this, that the dark earth should hide
The seed, to have the harvest far and wide.
Long (with a voice that echoed in the sky)
Didst thou pour forth thy fervent prophecy:
Vain Seer! for thou amongst us did abide;
This world was then thy country; at our side
Thou spak'st scarce heard. But now thou art on high
Among the Immortal and Invisible Quire,
And straight like thunder (silent till the fire
Which caused it dies), thy soul's majestic voice
Is rolling o'er the wonder-smitten land;
And Truth, that sate in drought, dares to rejoice,
Marking that all admire, some understand!"

Notwithstanding the immense force of his mind, Doctor Arnold never became quite clear in his creed. The long mental struggle through which he passed with relation to the doctrine of the Trinity is traceable in all his utterances, and the vagueness of his faith, despite the management of Keble and other friends, is reflected in the uncertain liberalism of those who were under his immediate influence. Clough's poems are subtly transfused with misgivings and doubts, and Tom Hughes finds his congenial seat in the church of F. D. Maurice, one of the most forcible, but certainly the mistiest, of English preachers. Indeed, one may trace the dogmatic vagueness of the father in his sons. One followed Father Newman to High-Churchism, and afterward to Rome; from which circuit, however, he has just returned, being now a clergyman hovering between the Broad and the Evangelical Churches. A second, the author of "Oakfield," is a soldier, and most resembles, perhaps, his father. Matthew, though he has wisely turned his genius to the work of securing a higher culture for the great middle classes of England, reveals, whenever he touches upon matters of religious opinion, the absence of even an anchor in his bark other than is revealed in "Oakfield." He has defended the English Church as an establishment, believing it to be an agent of culture, but has no word to say in favor of its articles of belief. He once wrote: "The mental habit of him who imagines that



RYDE.

Balaam's ass spoke, in no respect differs from the mental habit of him who imagines that a Madonna of wood or stone winked;" and from the remark we may infer the mental habit of those who maintain the utility to the masses of an Established Church, whose sustaining doctrines they reject in detail. Yet this odd state of mind is purely mental; although to some it might seem the result of duplicity, none can know personally Matthew Arnold, or most of those whose minds are to-day jumbles of Rationalism and Orthodoxy, without recognizing that they are frank and brave. Doctor Arnold may have left vagueness in their creed, but far more he has sealed his influence upon them in a manliness of character and love of truth that may be trusted absolutely.

When in the time of the International Boat-race the Harvard students nominated an old Oxonian to be Referee, and the instincts of the young men of both countries fixed on him at once as the man in whose fairness they could all implicitly trust, some sporting man, skeptical of the Referee's technical knowledge, said he thought "Mr. Hughes ought to be put under a trainer." Upon which some one replied, "Dr. Arnold years ago trained him enough for all he has to do."

About two miles east of Osborne is the creek called *King's Quay*, as a memorial of the tradition already referred to, that King John lived there in disguise. The theory is, that he was afraid to go toward the centre of the island, because the Earl of Devon, who then was its lord, had joined the Barons against him. The story, as given by Rapin, is this: After signing the *Magna Charta*, and while negotiating with the Pope to obtain absolution for having done so, he feared that his designs might be discovered, and fled to the Isle of Wight. "In this retirement he kept himself concealed, as it were, a good while; conversing only with fishermen or sailors, and diverting himself by walking on the sea-shore with his domestics. When the King was known to be retired to the Isle of Wight, people were in vain inquisitive about the cause of his retreat; some joked, and said he was become a fisherman, others that he designed to turn pirate. During three months he waited for the return of his agents, and for the arrival of the foreign troops which he was made to expect." There is, however, considerable skepticism among historians concerning this story.

Yet two miles farther eastward is all that remains of what was once the most important institution in the island—Quarr Abbey. It was founded by Baldwin de Redvers in the time of Henry I., and peopled with monks from Savigné, Normandy. It derived its name from the quarry near by out of which its stones were hewn. At a later period it became wealthy, was fortified, and bore an important part in the affairs of the island. All the great people of the island were buried in it in those days, and the skulls and skeletons of them may be seen in the museum at Ryde. The monks did not bear a very good name in the sixteenth



LEIGH RICHMOND.

century. "Although," wrote Lambard, "Paulus Jovius wrote that the inhabitants of this island be wont to boast merely that they neyther had amongst them monks, lawyers, wolves, nor foxes, yet I find them all, save one (lawyers), in one monastery, called Quarr." When it was swept away, under Henry VIII., the Abbey had an annual income of two thousand pounds, which would be equal to many times that sum now. It would be difficult to find an abbey more completely torn to pieces. After its suppression it was bought by a Southampton merchant for its materials, and if it had fallen into the hands of an earthquake or hurricane it could not have been more literary torn to pieces. In the farm-house, now occupying the centre, and the outhouses, the old carvings and decorations are scattered, and the only part preserved in any thing like the old shape, the Refectory, is turned into a barn. Of course, legend is as sure to twine about such old ruins as ivy. The ancient wealth of Quarr is reflected in the belief of the neighboring peasantry that somewhere about it there is a subterranean passage, closed by a golden gate, beyond which are vast treasures. Another fable has given its name to a now devastated wood near it called Eleanor's Grove. The story is that Eleanor of Guienne, queen of Henry II., was imprisoned at Quarr, and that in this grove, which had been her daily walk, she was buried in a golden coffin. The coffin is protected by sacred spells from the discovery of cupidity.

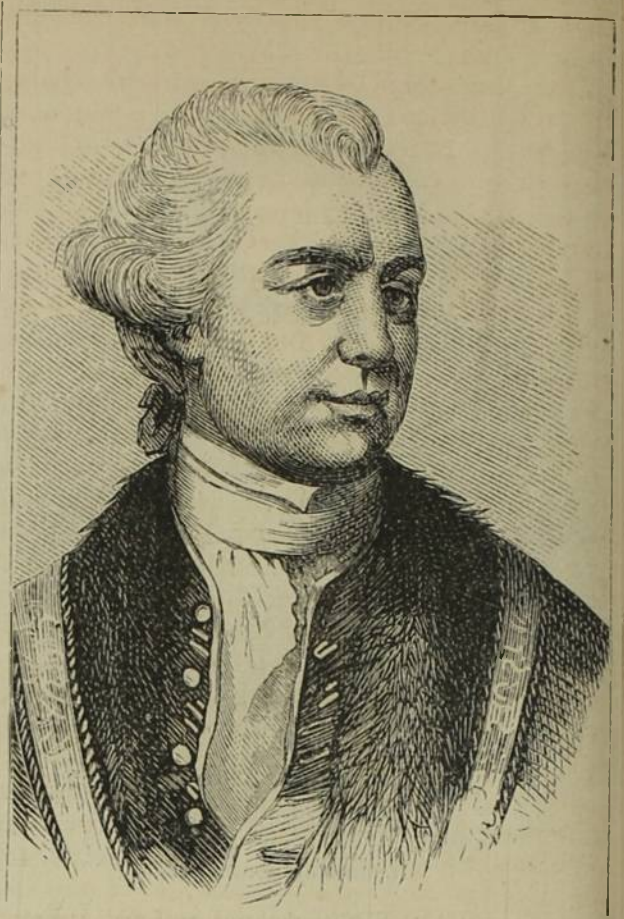
With reference to the ancient antipathy of the islanders to lawyers, which exists to this day in some parts of the island, there are a few curious passages in some MSS. of Sir John Oglander, preserved by Sir R. Worsley. The Oglanders are the oldest family of the island, and Sir John was its deputy-governor in 1624. In speaking of a former governor (1588) of the island, and his great hospitality during his residence at Carisbrooke Castle, Sir John says that was the period of their greatest prosperity, and continues thus: "I have heard, and partly know it to be true, that not only heretofore there was no lawyer nor attorney in owre island, but in Sir George Carey's time an attorney, coming in to settle in the island, was, by his command, with a pound of candles at his breech, lighted, with bells about his legs, hunted owt of the island: insomuch as oure ancestors lived here so quietly and securely, being neither troubled to London nor Winchester, so they seldom or never went owte of the island; insomuch as when they went to London (thinking it an East India voyage) they always made their wills, supposing no trouble like to travaile." In another place Sir John writes: "The Isle of Wight, since my memory, is infinitely decayed; for either it is by reason of so many attorneys that hath of late made this their habitation, and so by sutes undone the country (for I have known an attorney bring down after a tearme *three hundred writts;* I have also known *twenty nisi prius* of our country tried at our assizes, when, as in the Queen's time, we had not *six writts* in a yeare, nor *one nisi prius* in six yeares), or else, wanting the good bargains they were wont to buy from men of war, who also vented our commoditys at very high prices; and readie money was easie to be had for all things. Now peace and law hath beggered us all, so that within my memorie many of the gentlemen, and almost all the yeomanry, are undone." "Be advised by me," moralizes the good knight; "have no suites at lawe, if it be possible: agree with thine adversary although it be with thy losse; for the expense of one tearm will be more than thy losse. Besides the neglect of thy time at home, thy absence from thy wife and children, so manie inconveniences hangeth upon a suite in lawe, that I advise thee, although thou has the better of it, let it be reconciled without lawe; at last twelve men or one must end it; let two honest ones do it at firste. This country was undone with it in King James his reign. Hazard death and all quarrels rather than let thy tongue make his master a slave." An examination of the judicial records of the island, especially about Sir George Carey's time, of which Sir John thought so highly, convinces me that these magisterial gentlemen had good reason to apprehend any such restrictions on their autocracy as a set of cross-examining, vigilant barristers might supply. One of the governors once imprisoned a clergyman two months in Carisbrooke Castle for voting against his candidate for the House of Commons.

An easy walk from Quarr brings us to Binstead, whose only interest is its possession of an old figure of great archæological interest,

called by the people "the Idol," or sometimes "the god Thor"—which indeed no one can say it is not. It consists of a human figure of large size, cut off at the waist, and seated upon a ram's head. It has a double pair of arms, and the hands of one pair come forward and rest upon the ram's head, about and below the eyes. The figure is generally believed by antiquarians to be referable to Saxon times; but there is no early history of it, except so much as is involved in the traditional reverence for it among the people, who, so late as seventy years ago, refused to enter the church because "the Idol" had been removed during some repairs. It was then restored; but at a later period they do not seem to have been so careful, for I am informed by the courteous rector of the parish, the Rev. Philip Hewett, that when his church was repaired in 1844 he found this and several other old carved stones—the Dove, Sin, Eternity—imbedded in the walls, their sculptured faces inward. For their preservation, he introduced them into the keystones or over the doors of the church, where they now are. The naming of any of these figures as Christian symbols is somewhat akin to the conversion of the statue of Jupiter at Rome into St. Peter. They are probably much more related to the serpent Midgard and Odin's raven than to the more modern religion. There is certainly reason to think that in "the Idol" we have some prehistoric deity. The Christian religion was introduced into the Isle of Wight later than into any other part of the kingdom. When "Domesday-Book" was compiled (A. D. 1086), it was therein recorded that there were ten churches in this island. So separate was the island long after that period from the general advance of England, that it is not to be wondered at if in some nooks the old worship remained very long indeed. There is good reason to believe that the old monks of Winchester, who built Binstead Church in the twelfth century, followed the old habit commended by Pope Gregory of christening the old symbols anew rather than destroying them. The modern church is a pleasant one, and has in it a pretty lectern supported by a figure of Moses, his arms upheld by Aaron and Hur.

Walking onward to Ryde, we pass into the town near "Westfield," the residence of Admiral Sir Augustus Clifford, who entered the navy in 1800, and gained his chief distinction at the capture of a convoy in the Bay of Rosas, in 1809. He is a Baronet, a K.C.B., and Usher of the Black Rod since 1832. He is, however, no relation of the "Stout Cliffords," of Cumberland, of Shakspearian fame—*that* family passed away two hundred years ago. Sir Augustus has a handsome dwelling, and it contains fine pictures—a Guido, a Dominichino, two Angelica Kaufmanns—and marbles by Canova, Tadolini, and Burgoni.

The town of Ryde is the most flourishing in the island, and, as seen from the splendid pier—built at a cost of £12,000, and stretching half a mile out into the sea—is a great amphitheatre of brilliant residences. As La Rye, it was of old an utterly unimportant place. It was spoken of in public records as a place where a sentinel was stationed to keep watch against any hostile approach to the island. An old traveler, at the close of the last century, remarks: "There is here a bathing-machine." But now the shore is fringed with bathing-machines, and out of its pleasant waters for bathing the town, which ought on that account to have been named after the foam-born goddess, has emerged with an appropriate look of cleanliness. The pier was built to accommodate the vessels which connect Ryde with Portsmouth. From all accounts it was sadly needed. A little over a hundred years ago a ship bearing the novelist Fielding, having started on a voyage to Lisbon, put in here under stress of weather. Fielding was very ill and weak, and, while the ship was detained, had to be taken on shore. But this was no easy task. "Between the sea and the shore," he writes, "there was at low-water an impassable gulf, if I may so call it, of deep mud, which could neither be traversed by walking nor swimming; so that, for one-half of the twenty-four hours, Ryde was inaccessible by friend or foe." At last, however, the sailors did manage to wade with him through the mud. This condition of things must have lasted for more than fifty years after Fielding's visit, for Captain Marryat, in "Poor Jack," describes the passengers as being carted through the mud to the shore. Fielding found the town in a very primitive state in other respects. It had one butcher, who killed "beef



JOHN WILKES.

two or three times a year, and mutton all the year round;" but the whole town could not supply him a leaf of tea, the article professing to be tea being "a tobacco of the mundungus species." However, he found Ryde a delightful place. The poor dying humorist found there a kind-hearted landlady, and beautiful, quiet roads, fanned by winds almost as soft as those which breathed about his death-bed at Lisbon the following year. "It is so shaded," he wrote, "with large and flourishing elms that its narrow lanes are a natural grove or walk, which in the regularity of its plantation vies with the power of art, and in its wanton exuberancy greatly exceeds it." Fielding was justified in his admiration of the elms, which, with their dark green foliage and their trunks often hidden by ivy, are of wonderful beauty; but it is strange that the English elm should nowhere grow in its native land to any thing like the size that it has reached in every place in America to which it has been transplanted. But it is not the only English institution which has gained its expansion in America.

From the extremity of the pier one gets a series of views which, without being, any of them, sublime, are as satisfying to the eye as any to be found in England. Shoreward one sees an immense crescent, sweeping from the towers of Osborne on the west to a woody headland called Sea-view on the east, with the bright, cheery town, its handsome steeples and its splendid villas and mansions, in the centre. Seaward the eye may sweep a vast horizon, inclosing every combination of land and water, the vision roaming or pausing, as it lists, on the endless varieties of ships, with the flags of all nations, dropping down the Solent, or hovering about Portsmouth, with its grove of masts blending with the woods of the Hampshire Hills, thence wandering along the shining coast to Southampton Water with Calshot Castle, to Southsea Castle and Hayling Island, until it alights on the faint gray outlines of Chichester Cathedral.

The pleasant atmosphere of Ryde is, no doubt, due to its being so much shut in by the gentle, upward slope of the land all around it; and the shore being, for reasons which I could not discover, less liable than others to those alternations of favorable and unfavorable tides which bathers find so important, it has become one of the most favorite southern resorts. At no place have I ever seen a more complete *reductio ad absurdum* of the "English system" of bathing. The English theory is, that the bathing of men and women together, as at the Belgian and French shores, is scandalous, notwithstanding both sexes are decorously dressed. Their own plan is to separate the machines into two groups; from one of which the women go in clothed, from the other the men almost naked. Theoretically, therefore, the men and women are bathing separately, and so may bathe almost as they please. Practically, the necessity of having both sets of houses managed by one



GRAVE OF "THE YOUNG COTTAGER."

set of hands brings them to within a hundred yards of each other, at Ramsgate; eighty at Margate; seventy at Brighton; and almost together at Ryde. Meanwhile the men bathe just the same; and the women, in most places, are costumed in accordance with the ancient fiction that the men are out of sight—though the shores are lined and the waters alive with them. Under long custom, however, there is apt to arise a certain indifference on this subject, which may in the end prove to be the healthier condition. Looking at the matter, however, not morally, but as it affects the pleasure and utility of the sea-side, it seems to me that the English plan for ladies is the worst in the world. They are simply ducked by themselves, or an old hag; they have no fun; they rarely learn to swim or float—all because the male relatives are forbidden to accompany them. The other day a French gentleman and his wife, with their children, bribed an owner to drive two bathing-machines apart from the others, that they might all go in together. For this the said owner was heavily fined, though it was not contended that any law of decorum had been violated, all the French bathers having been clothed far more scrupulously than is usual at English shores.

I wish it were more common in America to give names to country, or even suburban, residences, though it may be that in the present stage of our civilization the names would be too sentimental. Every step of one's wanderings in England finds a kind of friendly greeting in

the gate-posts which bear names, which grow out of the landscape as genuinely as the trees do. The landscape is humanized. I may be twenty miles from any hotel, but, in an emergency, could I fail to find help and kindliness in a "Myrtle Vale," or a "Forest Home?" I have been told that hospitality is provided for in the leases of some of these estates, and can well believe it. The old settlers of Virginia carried with them this habit of naming their homes; and I remember to have read, during the civil war, with a tinge of sadness, that the stern exigencies of war had carried the path of devastation through so many homes—known by me from childhood as seats of hospitality—which had borne such happy names as "Traveler's Rest," "Crow's Nest," "Somerset," "Carmora," "Glencairne," "Inglewood," "Selwood"—many of them representing the early exile's or emigrant's tender recollection of some ancestral home in these islands. However, to be real and expressive, such names must have grown out of the country where they are found. Here they generally have the fitness of human names. Here, a little out from Ryde, I find "Puckpool," recording some ancient superstition of a haunted spring hard by—"Nunwell," where bubbles up the spring where the nuns of Ashey, whose very graves are now unknown, once came to draw water. Language preserves the relics of the pagan and of the Christian faith with equal fidelity; and one hardly finds a third of a mile between "The Priory" and "Fairy Hill." "Culver Cliff"—a magnificent chalk cliff, 259 feet above the sea—records that here the pigeon, which the Saxons called *culfre*, was wont to roost. (Later, it was famous for its hawks, of a breed so valuable that Queen Elizabeth issued a warrant for their protection in 1564.) An old fortress, destroyed by the French in 1545, has left no trace of itself except in the name "Old Fort," which it has given to the Headland, and which the newer name, "Sea View," has not availed to displace. On the way, walking still eastward, we pass over the now undistinguishable graves of the hundreds of poor sailors who were washed ashore when the *Royal George* went down, half-way between this point and Spithead. Eighty-seven years have elapsed since that day

> "When Kempenfeldt went down,
> With twice four hundred men."

But its horror has happily never had a parallel in any country since. Within sight, nay, easy reach, of two friendly shores, the majestic ship, the pride of the British navy, went to the bottom suddenly as if struck by a thunder-bolt—dragged down another ship nearly into the whirlpool it made—and lay there as the grave of the brave admiral who commanded it. For many days every tide brought in the poor sailors who had been between the decks when it went down, and their graves were marked here by hundreds of grassy hillocks. But the winds and rains and the passenger's foot have done their work, and no grave can now be noted. The work of time on the cemeteries, and even the church monuments, is just the same, only a little slower; and as one sees the fate of the proud tombs which once adorned these old abbeys and church-yards, it may be with the reflection that, after all, the old Oxonian was not so far wrong when he bequeathed his body to the surgeon, saying, "What can it signify to me whether my carcass is cut up by the knife of a surgeon or the tooth of a worm?"

Although pleasure-seekers have brought the little villages along the coast so much in contact with the outside world, one may, especially if he travel on foot, find a great deal of primitive life among the "gentle islanders;" and this may be particularly encountered about the little inn at which the stranger puts up—that is, if the stranger be not offish or too stupid to recognize that a man is as interesting as a chalk cliff. In the evening, the leading farmers and tradesmen are apt to fall in, one after the other, until the smoking-room is pretty well filled with a sort of club, whose members sit, each with his pipe and his glass of grog, to talk and gossip until toward eleven o'clock. They are generally "characters." The oldest inhabitant, with his reminiscences of every man, woman, and child in the village and their forefathers, is there; the old sea-captain, who has been round the world and woven his yarns into a now threadbare tissue, is unfailing; the old jockey, the neighboring duke's pensioned game-keeper, the worn-out stage-driver, who remembers when the steam-whistle hadn't scared all the old legends out of the land—all these are certain to be there. The stranger may stick in the parlor, or he may sit off one side with his London newspaper; thereby he may chill the company, and even cause it to break up an hour earlier; but, if he be no fool, he will be taken into the circle, offered a glass of spirits (he need not drink them), and learn something. There was a time, and not so very long ago, when the stranger who did not enter into the fraternity of this self-appointed village council was liable to be looked on very suspiciously. An old villager related, with a good deal of humor, his memory of how a man with a carpet-bag once came and engaged the little hotel-parlor, in which the village club was in the habit of meeting. He acted very mysteriously, shut himself up from every body, and the villagers, reduced to sit together in a small, uncomfortable room, determined to send a deputation to the parlor and cross-examine him as to his name, occupation, his whence and his whither. When they opened the door, the stranger had vanished. Next evening, when they again gathered, they were informed that he was again in the parlor. It was their habit to read the *Times* together and talk politics. There was a good deal of political excitement abroad, and on this particular evening the reading of the paper had been looked forward to with special interest;

but what was their surprise to learn that the mysterious stranger had not only shut himself up in his parlor, but also taken the only copy of the newspaper in the inn with him! The deputation was again sent; but this time it not only found the room empty, but the newspaper reduced to smoking ashes on the hearth. The man was not in the hotel; he had gone off with his carpet-bag; it seemed as if the mystery about him was to be forever placed beyond solution. Several of the club went to watch his movements; reaching the shore, they saw beneath the moonlight a boat with two men in it making for a queer sort of foreign craft hovering off the coast. Returning to the inn, they procured on the way another copy of the newspaper, in place of that which had been so singularly destroyed. What was their chagrin on seeing, as soon as they opened it, a reward of five hundred pounds offered for an absconding scamp with large sums about him, the description of whom corresponded exactly with the mysterious stranger! It is not to be wondered that strangers entering the village were ever afterward objects of keen observation.

At the old town of Brading, we come in contact with the greatest antiquarian interest of the island. In its old church the first pagan was baptized (A.D. 744), and there is an old iron ring fastened in the ground, which marks where bull-baiting was still a sport when it had disappeared from all other parts of the island. The village stocks are yet in good preservation, and might hold a rogue quite securely, if the law permitted. Several of the farms around it have been built up, in the old Dutch fashion, out of the marshes made by the mingling of the river Yar with Brading Haven. Many years ago Sir Bevis Thelwall spent two thousand pounds (which would now be worth twenty thousand) in the effort to reclaim a larger portion; but the sea overwhelmed his embankment, and with it sundry houses that had been erected upon it. A remarkable discovery was, however, made during this work: in the middle of the haven there was found a well, carefully cased in stone, showing that since the presence of man in the island the sea-bottom at that point had been dry land. The old Norman church has the tombs of the ancient family of Oglanders, and the church-yard several interesting epitaphs. Among these is one which has been widely admired, and was set to music by Dr. Calcott:

"Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear
That mourns thy exit from a world like this:
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
And stayed thy progress to the seats of bliss.
No more confined to grov'ling scenes of night,
No more a tenant pent in mortal clay—
We rather now should hail thy glorious flight,
And trace thy journey to the realms of day."

These lines have generally been credited to this tombstone of "Mrs. Anne Berry," or rather to the curate who had them engraved on it; but really they are altered from a poem written by Mrs. Steele in 1760, and published in her "Poems by Eudoxia."

There are, however, no reasons to suspect the following, on a stone near by, of not being original:

"When she afflicted was full sore,
Still with patience it she bore,
And oft to the Lord did say,
The Lord have mercy on me, I pray!
And when her glass was fully run,
She closed her eyes without a groan."

But Brading has about it an interest which rivals that which invests the point at the other end of the island where the Laureate of England has fixed his residence. Toward the close of the last century there was settled in this little parish a clergyman of humble abilities, who, however, had a way of observing with a tender sympathy the lives and cares of the lowly people around him, and a habit of writing them down in simple language, which has invested the whole of the island with a Christian interest which has almost made it classic. From time to time, about sixty years ago, there appeared in the *Christian Guardian*, printed at London, sketches entitled "The Dairyman's Daughter," "The Negro Servant," "The Young Cottager, or Little Jane." They were signed "Simplex;" but after they had awakened general interest, their writer was identified with the Rev. Legh Richmond, of Brading. The sketches appeared in a volume entitled "The Annals of the Poor," after Gray's celebrated line. They were also circulated as tracts by the Tract Society to the extent of hundreds of thousands. How far those little pictures of pious children and invalids who lived in these lowly cottages have gone! They have been translated into the German, Swedish, Danish, French, and Russian languages. The Emperor of Russia was found reading them (and afterward had an interview with their author in England), and they have been seen in the wigwams of North American Indians. Convicts at Botany Bay have written letters blotted with their tears to the author of them; and it is declared that more people have been converted by reading "The Dairyman's Daughter" than by any other tract ever penned! There is hardly a day of the summer which fails to bring hundreds of pilgrims to visit the homes and graves of the poor people whose religious experiences were recorded by Mr. Richmond. If any one would estimate the extremes of mind and character folded up in the English blood, and the comprehensiveness of the English Church, I know of no better gauge of the same than that, side by side, the same race and the same Church should have produced two such men as Thomas Arnold and Legh Richmond. They could not have been more different had one been born a Mussulman and the other a Greek. The one, full of genius, fire, ruddy humanity, and boundless vivacity, became the apostle of muscular Christianity; the other, frowning on dancing and other worldly sport,

refusing even to listen to oratorios though fond of music, regarding life with the distrust of a mild hermit, lived in contemplation of another world, and was most nearly drawn to those who were most rapidly leaving this. Mr. Richmond's ideal—he was himself lame—was a saintly invalidism; his repugnance to any thing so worldly as rude health was unconscious but manifest; and he revived that gentle asceticism which such men as Dr. Arnold, at a later day, have done so much to destroy. It is hard, however, to eradicate the Englishman out of any body born in these islands. Even with the unworldly piety of Legh Richmond there was blended a shrewdness which could pierce through hypocrisy. In the year 1813 there was a great deal of excitement concerning one of those "fasting women" who seem to appear periodically. Ann Moore, of Tutbury, in Staffordshire, professed to have lived six years without having taken any solid food, and four years and a half without any liquid. After watching her for two weeks the physicians were discussing the possibilities of the case, the majority of them believing in its genuineness. The clergy were all captivated by the religious conversation of the woman, and believed in her. "She had," Mr. Richmond wrote, "partly by reading books, and partly by intercourse with persons of intelligence and piety, acquired a more than ordinary share of religious knowledge. She possessed fluency of speech, and could assume an interesting deportment in conversations of a serious nature." But the author of "The Dairyman's Daughter" suspected fraud, and, with the assistance of some physicians, kept such a strict watch about her that the woman was reduced to a state of exhaustion, and confessed the imposition.

It would be an error to regard the success of Legh Richmond's writings as attributable only to his sentimental interest in religious invalidism. There was much more in him, and in those who read him, than that. The fact is, he was almost the first to strike that mine out of which the best modern literature has come—the romance of poverty. The English world had, about the close of the last century, become tired of kings and mailed warriors, and the glitter of courts with their brilliant intrigues. It sighed for a new world; and when this clergyman turned its eyes to the dying child, the peasant in his log-house, he really raised that popular interest in the life of the lowly which it has taken the genius of Dickens, Mrs. Stowe, George Eliot, and others to supply. The absorbing interest in the life of the poor is the great feature of modern life and literature. I have already said that Mr. Richmond was a man of humble abilities; such, however, as they were they were genuine; and being a man of education, he was enabled to employ more art than he was conscious of in giving a suitable scenic environment to his pictures of life. He had inherited a taste for landscapes from his mother, who was something of an artist, and had himself written a great deal of poor poetry in early life, which was at least good enough for practice. That he had the poetic temperament is evident from such passages as this from "The Dairyman's Daughter:"

"Travelers, as they pass through the country, usually stop to inquire whose are the splendid mansions which they discover among the woods and plains around them. The families, title, fortune, or character of the respective owners, engage much attention. Perhaps their houses are exhibited to the admiring stranger. The elegant rooms, costly furniture, valuable paintings, beautiful gardens and shrubberies, are universally approved; while the rank, fashion, taste, and riches of the possessor afford ample materials for entertaining discussion. In the mean time the lowly cottage of the poor husbandman is passed by as scarcely deserving of notice. Yet perchance such a cottage may often contain a treasure of infinitely more value than the sumptuous palace of the rich man—even 'the pearl of great price.' If this be set in the heart of the poor cottager it proves a gem of unspeakable worth, and will shine among the brightest ornaments in the Redeemer's crown in that day when he maketh up his 'jewels.'"

He seemed to feel as if there were something worldly in admiring Nature for itself; and although he could not repress the emotions of admiration it excited, he must always link them on to a religious purpose. Thus, in a letter he once wrote to Wilberforce, he gives a really fine description of a storm he had witnessed: "At one point the flashes gleamed upon a distant view of a castle, which seemed all on fire..... A dark forest lay behind and formed a fine contrast. Sometimes the forked flashes hurried one another in a kind of playful progress; at others they dashed together as if in terrible combat.....But what are these lightnings compared with those which made Moses quake and tremble on Mount Sinai? or what were even the latter when contrasted with those of God's wrath against sinners?"

Brading is particularly associated with "Little Jane," whose tomb—it is the middle of the three prominent in the picture—attracts far more attention than those of the lords and ladies around it. The inscription runs thus:

"Sacred to the Memory of 'Little Jane,'
Who died 30th January, 1799, in the 15th year of her age.

Ye who delight the power of God to trace
And mark with joy each monument of grace,
Tread lightly o'er this grave as ye explore
'The short and simple annals of the poor.'
A child reposes underneath this sod—
A child to mem'ry dear, and dear to God:
Rejoice! yet shed a tributary tear—
Jane, the 'Young Cottager,' lies buried here."

Under the trees in the garden of the parsonage the pious man used to assemble the children of the village on summer evenings for instruction. Only a few steps off was the churchyard. "Sometimes I sent the children to the various stones which stood at the head of the

graves, and bid them learn the epitaphs inscribed upon them. I took pleasure in seeing the little ones thus dispersed in the church-yard, each committing to memory a few verses written in commemoration of the departed..... Thus my church-yard became a kind of book of instruction, and every grave-stone a leaf of edification for my young disciples."

After all, however, Jane Squibb was not a more natural product, in her time, of this grave-stone education than is, in his time, the little boy in *Punch* who says to his brother, "Don't be a good boy, Johnny; good boys always die."

"The Dairyman's Daughter" is buried in the church-yard at Arreton. Her name was Elizabeth Wallbridge; she died in 1801, at the age of 31, and on her tomb is written, "She, being dead, yet speaketh"—a remarkably felicitous quotation, which the sixteen commonplace lines of poetry that follow do but mar. The cottages both here and at Brading, in which Jane and Elizabeth respectively lived, are still owned by the descendants of their families, who have found their godliness to be profitable for this world, at least.

Mr. Richmond seems to have had charge of sundry little churches, and his riding about from one to the other was like that of a Methodist itinerant. He used to preach extemporaneously, not, however, until after he had completely broken down in an effort to do so in Yanerland church. Afterward he preached so eloquently, with very few notes, in the presence of the Duke of Kent, that a controversy arose in the palace on the subject. The royal family could so little imagine that a man could preach well extemporaneously that Mr. Richmond's notes were sent for and subjected to inspection. The Duke of Kent appointed the preacher to be his chaplain. But he never gained much distinction at the palace. His name will be always associated with the cottage, or perhaps with that solitude among the magnificent cliffs of the bay where he conversed with the negro. This is indeed too picturesque a scene to be omitted in any account of the Isle of Wight.

"I cast my eyes downward a little to the left, toward a small cove, the shore of which consists of fine hard sand. It is surrounded by fragments of rock, chalk cliffs, and steep banks of broken earth. Shut out from human intercourse and dwellings, it seems formed for retirement and contemplation. On one of these rocks I unexpectedly observed a man sitting with a book, which he was reading. The place was near two hundred yards perpendicular below me; but I soon discovered by his dress, and by the black color of his features, contrasted with the white rocks beside him, that it was no other than my negro disciple, with, as I doubted not, a Bible in his hand. I rejoiced in this unlooked-for opportunity of meeting him in so solitary and interesting a situation. He was intent on his book, and did not perceive me till I approached very near to him. 'William, is that you?' 'Ah, massa! me very glad to see you. How came massa into dis place? Me tought nobody here but only God and me.'" After a long conversation with the negro, Mr. Richmond thus concludes:

"'My friend,' said I, 'I will now pray with you for your own soul, and for those of your parents also.' This was a new and solemn house of prayer. The sea-sand was our floor; the heavens were our roof; the cliffs, the rocks, the hills, and the waves, formed the walls of our chamber.....The presence of God was there. I prayed—the negro wept—his heart was full—I felt for him, and could not but weep likewise. .....I leaned upon his arm as we ascended the steep cliff in my way back to my horse. Humility and thankfulness were marked in his countenance; I leaned on his arm with the feelings of a brother. It was a relationship I was happy to own."

From the downs near Arreton the finest panorama of the island is to be seen. Looking upon the graceful undulations of hill and dale, the silvery rivers, the embowered villages, the slender spires or ivy-clad towers of churches—all encircled by the crystal sea, one may dream over all his dreams of happy isles and then repose. Tennyson need go no further for the land of the Lotus-eaters:

"A land of streams! Some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, do go;
You see the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land....
Through mountain clefts the dale
Is seen far inland, and the yellow down
Bordered with trees, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with galingale;
A land where all things always seem the same!"

Years ago, when I was residing in Cincinnati, Ohio, a negro of that city painted a really beautiful picture of the "Land of the Lotus-eaters." Every feature of Tennyson's poem was interpreted in it with a skill and delicacy which excited the admiration of all who saw it. By exhibiting it in that and other cities he made enough money to enable him to bring the picture to England. He had long cherished the hope of submitting it to the Laureate himself. He did so, and the warmth of the poet's approval was shown in hospitalities to the dusky artist which might have been envied by many a white American who would not sit at the same table with a negro, had he the genius of Claude. So Legh Richmond is not the only one who ever talked on high themes with a negro amidst these beautiful scenes.

There are two old barrows near Arreton which show that the ancient Britons had an eye for beauty in selecting spots for the repose of their dead; and pieces of Roman armor have also been dug up here. There are several quaint epitaphs in the church-yard. One on a brass plate in the old church runs thus:

"Loe here under this tomb incoucht
Is William Serle by name,
Who for his deedes of charitie
Deserveth worthy fame.

"A man within this Parish borne,
And in the house called Stone,
A glass for to behold a work
Hath left to every one.

"For that unto the people poor
Of Arreton, he gave
An hundred pounds in readie coyne,
He will'd that they should have.

"To be ymployed in fittest sorte
As man could best invent,
For yearely relief to the Poore,
That was his good intent.

"Thus did this man, a Batcheler,
Of yeares full fifty-nyne;
And doing good to many a one
Soe did he spend his tyme.

"Until the day he did decease,
The first of Februarey,
And in the year of One Thousand
Five hundred neyntie five."

From Brading we wander along the superb cliffs—rising in crests like some old sea that had suddenly hardened to land—each height the outlook of a new picture, until we come to what was anciently Sandham (*i. e.*, the home on the sands), but is now Sandown. Here Henry VIII. built a great fort against the apprehended attack of the French fleet on the "Defender of the Faith;" but the sea, not so easily intimidated, swallowed up the seventy acres which belonged to it, and Charles I. built another. That, too, has been removed, and the present fortress is Palmerstonian. Here Collins the artist, father of Wilkie Collins the novelist, painted his chief sea-pictures. And here, too, the famous John Wilkes built his "villakin," as he called it, surrounding it with the queer pavilions occupied by the birds, which were almost his only friends, and for whom he hung baskets of grain in the trees. He seems to have made the daring experiment of being the most eccentric man in England, and to have succeeded. He raised classic tombs and columns in his garden, and inscribed them to the objects of his admiration, including himself. One built after the model of Virgil's tomb at Naples he used as a wine-bin, and inscribed it: "Carolo Churchill, Divino poetæ, Amico Jucundo, Civi optime de Patria merito." Other inscriptions were: "Fortunæ Reduci et civitati Londinensi, P. Johannes Wilkes, Quæstor, 1789." "To filial piety and Mary Wilkes." Now an old man with powdered queue, clothes of scarlet and gold, laces and ruffles, and boots reaching above his knees, he employed his time in writing his memoirs and startling the boys and girls so often as he walked about Sandown. He was very affable, however, opening his queer premises to all visitors, and doing the honors of the place himself to all comers. Under all his scarlet and gold he showed himself the most genuine revolutionist of the French school which England ever produced, by inviting the tradesmen of Sandown with whom he dealt to his table, giving them the most expensive wines, and enjoying hugely their queer remarks and behavior under such novel circumstances. My reader may perchance know of John Wilkes as the son of a rich London distiller, who, with a liberal education, traveled, married a lady of fortune; became a colonel; represented Aylesbury in Parliament; bitterly opposed Earl Bute; published the *North Briton*, in which he accused the king of uttering a lie from the throne; was therefor imprisoned in the Tower; came out the popular "patriot" of the day; was expelled from Parliament for an "Essay on Woman," thought immoral; afterward elected and re-elected for Middlesex until Parliament was forced to readmit him; became Lord Mayor of London; saved the Bank of England in the riots of 1780; became Chamberlain of London; died 1797, aged sixty. But the real life of a man is frequently left out of his biographies. Searching into some old contemporaneous records of the times in which Wilkes lived, I have found some very curious things indeed relating to him. When Wilkes returned from his travels in early life, and was made a colonel, he seemed to be quite full of all those ideas of society, religion, and morals which were preparing the combustible materials for the French Revolution. He was stationed at Winchester, and was fond of visiting the Isle of Wight. There he became intimate with a very beautiful young woman of obscure position. The offspring of this acquaintance was a boy whom Wilkes made great efforts to have turn out a celebrity. He placed him in the finest school in Paris, afterward sent him to be taught at Hamburg; but finally the boy—whose name was William Smith—persisting in being stupid, was sent to serve the East India Company. The mother had long before died. It is not wonderful that Wilkes had acquired a peculiar reputation in the Isle of Wight. Female servants in the inns where he lodged timidly refused to attend him. Old conservatives, after he had registered his name, have been known to turn him out of their inns, on which occasions, however, he was sure to be called in and lodged like a prince by some partisan hater of Bute and the king. He was known as the "liberty-boy;" and he certainly seems to have known how to take liberties. He did not hesitate to call his London residence his "Seraglio," and his significant name for the Isle of Wight was "Cypria." Yet the great salient feature of his life was his devotion to his lovely and accomplished daughter Mary, for whom to the day of her death there were no sacrifices which he would not cheerfully make—a devotion which was repaid by that daughter's unfailing love and admiration. When he was sent to the Tower his first thought was of his daughter, and he wrote to her:

"Be assured that I have done nothing unworthy of a man of honor, who has the happiness of being your father. You shall never in life blush for me. I am only accused of writing the last *North Briton;* yet my sword has been taken from me, all my papers have been stolen by ruffians, and I have been forcibly brought here. I have not yet seen my accusers, nor have I heard who they are. My friends are refused admittance to me. Lord Temple and my brother could

not be allowed to see me yesterday. As an Englishman I must lament that my liberty is thus wickedly taken away, yet I am not unhappy, for my honor is clear, my health good, and my spirit unshaken, I believe, indeed, invincible. The most pleasing thoughts I have are of you; the most agreeable news I can hear will be the continuance of your health. I beg you not to write a word of public business or of my public situation. Can you get me made *Membre de Parlement de Paris*, for that of *Westminster* is losing all its privileges? Continue to love me, and believe me, with the greatest warmth of affection, your obliged father,

"JOHN WILKES."

The poor girl must have gone through many tortures about her erratic father. At one time he is brought home bruised by a fall from his horse, at another with a bullet in him received in a duel. He seems to have had an *embarras* of the latter kind of amusement. Once, when he was walking with Lord Palmerston to Notre Dame in Paris, Wilkes was met by a fervid Scotchman whom he had never before seen or heard of, who insisted on his fighting him that day for having spoken disrespectfully of the line of latitude just north of England. "With the greatest pleasure," responds Wilkes; "only I have already promised the first chance of my life to Lord Egremont. Afterward, my dear Sir, I shall be most happy," etc., etc. There was at one time a probability that he would die of the wound received in a duel with Samuel Martin, Secretary of the Treasury (1763), whom Wilkes had declared to be "the most treacherous, base, selfish, mean, abject, low-lived, and dirty fellow that ever wriggled himself into a Secretaryship." Wilkes had already exchanged shots with Lord Talbot, and accepted Martin's challenge, accepting Martin's weapons also (pistols), though he had a right to select the sword, with which he was more skillful. (It turned out that, in the expectation of the duel, Martin had been for several months practicing at a target.) The two met in Hyde Park, and walked together some little way to avoid observation. Wilkes missed, and received a ball in his stomach. Wilkes bled very much, and Martin came up desiring to render him assistance. Wilkes replied that he was killed; that Martin had better escape; and that he (Martin) had behaved like a man of honor. If we recur to what he had said in the *North Briton* concerning this "man of honor" we shall get a pretty fair gauge of the absurdities to which the old dueling custom was liable. Wilkes, believing that he was dying, sent Martin his note of challenge in order that it might not be made evidence against him. Proceedings were at this time awaiting the attendance of Wilkes in the House of Commons, and Martin showed his gratitude to his antagonist by managing to be out of England when the trial came on, so as not to appear or vote against him.

Meantime it is remarkable that amidst all this tumult Wilkes found time to write some clever literary essays, and to publish translations or editions of such congenial classics as Catullus, Tiberius, and Propertius, quaintly ending up with the severe moralist Theophrastus! The story of the "Essay on Woman" is singular. He had a private press at which he ordered that twelve copies only of this brief poem should be struck off, for he seems to have had no idea of publishing it. One of the printers took one sheet of it with him to wrap some butter in. Having unrolled the butter at a friend's house where he was to sup, the friend read some of the verses, and finding them spicy, asked for the paper, which he showed to some one else. The paper, passing from hand to hand, found its way to higher quarters. The eminent enemies of Wilkes, anxious to get hold of some charge against him which would go down with the public better than their political indictments, actually bribed the head printer with a place worth a hundred pounds per annum to give them a copy of the whole poem. The ridicule it heaped on the Athanasian Creed Wilkes justified by quoting Archbishop Tillotson's wish that the Church were fairly rid of that creed; and, with regard to the alleged indecencies of other portions, after making sundry cracks in the glass houses in which many of his accusers dwelt, he confessed that it contained "a few portraits drawn from warm life, with the too high coloring of a youthful fancy; and two or three descriptions, perhaps too luscious, which, though nature and woman might pardon, a Kidgell and a Mansfield could not fail to condemn." Wilkes does not appear to have lost any friends by the publication of the poem either among men or women, nor even by the scandals which were bruited concerning certain Eleusinian rites practiced by himself and some of his friends at Medmenham, in Buckinghamshire. There was, it seems, an old Cistercian Abbey there, which Sir Francis Dashwood bought and converted into a temple to a nameless pagan deity, in which he and his friends—Wilkes among them—used to go through burlesque rites habited as friars. The inscriptions, pictures, and sculptures about this temple were certainly prurient enough, unless the baronet and his friends were much belied, to warrant all the gossip of the times—which surely were the strangest times through which this serious Anglo-Saxon people ever passed. It was while Sir Francis Dashwood was Chancellor that the infamous picture of him worshiping Venus as a friar holding a communion cup was in the Dilettanti Club, to which he himself presented it; and when Bute, George III.'s Prime Minister, visited this same exemplary Chancellor of his appointment in Buckinghamshire, he was shown through the temple I have described.

In searching among the dusty records of these affairs, which seemed in their day of such overwhelming importance, but are now difficult to get at, I stumbled upon a queer little incident which concerns two greater men than Wilkes. It seems that Dr. Johnson had a grudge against Wilkes, because the latter had held up something in his grammar to ridicule. Johnson had written—"H seldom, perhaps

never, begins any but the first syllable." Wilkes gave several examples of the contrary, and wrote—"The author of this observation must be a man of a quick *appre-hension*, and of a most *compre-hensive* genius." In March, 1759, when Wilkes was very influential in Parliament, Dr. Johnson was in great distress about a negro servant of his, a boy named Francis Barber, who had been pressed on board the *Stag* frigate. Johnson applied to his friend Tobias Smollett, then residing at Chelsea, for help. Smollett wrote to Wilkes an account of the matter, adding, "You know what matter of animosity the said Johnson has against you, and I dare say you desire no other opportunity of resenting it than that of laying him under an obligation." Wilkes at once secured the release of the negro, and Smollett writes him two very characteristic letters. "Your generosity with respect to Johnson shall be the theme of our applause and thanksgiving. I shall be very proud to have myself comprehended in your league, offensive and defensive; nay, I consider myself already as a contracting party, and have recourse to the assistance of my allies." The lively sense of favors expected, thus frankly mingled with Smollett's gratitude, referred to a request that Wilkes would manage to get the prosecution instituted by Admiral Knowles against him (Smollett) for libel in an article in the *Critical Review*. "If the affair can not be compromised," says Smollett, "we intend to kick up a dust and die hard." But it wouldn't answer; Smollett had to be confined in the King's Bench, and the only dust kicked up was the "Adventures of Sir Lancelot Greaves," which he wrote there. In another letter Smollett alludes to some secret between himself and Wilkes, and says, "My secrecy you may depend on." I fear there is a touch of servility in its closing words—"That he" (Wilkes) "may continue to enjoy his happy flow of spirits, and proceed through life with a flowing sail of prosperity and reputation, is the wish, and the hope, and the confident expectation of his much obliged, humble servant, T. SMOLLETT." The favorable account of the Wilkes era in Smollett's history was, however, it is but just to say, written before this correspondence.

Wilkes seems to have employed one-half of his active life writing the memoirs of the other half; but it was said, at the time, that his daughter's advice led him to suppress them. He was a frequent guest of the Hon. Thomas Fitzmaurice, at whose residence in the island many wits of the time were entertained during the summer months. Among these were Hawkesworth—the biographer of Swift, and author of the Oriental tale "Almoran and Hamet," which had much popularity in its day—and Garrick. Wilkes was generally the most brilliant of the company in repartee, and he seemed to take especial delight in attacking Garrick, his sarcasms on whom were sometimes complained of by their victim as amounting to rudeness. Wilkes declared he was doing Garrick a service in mortifying his inordinate vanity. His writing was very powerful, the effect of his essays in the *North Briton* being quite comparable to that produced by the letters of Junius. A Devonshire farmer bequeathed him £5000 "for the courage with which he defended the liberty of his country." The system of "general warrants," which really amounted to "Lettres de cachet," fell beneath his rapier, and he kept the panic-stricken officials around him from many an extreme of oppression. He was the creation of the revolutionary era, and might have said, with Zanga—

> "I like this rocking of the battlements,
> It suits the gloomy temper of my soul."

His tomb bears the best that can be truly said of him in its simple inscription: "He was the friend of liberty."

I confess that, in reading the contemporaneous accounts of Wilkes, and the dozen or so brilliant Englishmen of the same kind, who shared with him what were known as French principles, I can not help recognizing the plea of "extenuating circumstances" for the excesses committed by those who ruled here in those days. The revolutionary leaders proclaimed even more extreme doctrines than they held. They took delight in declaring themselves atheists or infidels; they ridiculed marriage; and, in fact, gave Mr. Burke actual reason for believing that there was in the air a congregation of pestilent vapors, whose thunder-bolts might presently shatter the whole existing order. What were people to think when along these shores, bristling with hasty defenses, men could be heard singing—

> "The French for us a plan have laid,
> And unto us the same conveyed;
> And if that we our rights maintain,
> Our liberty we soon shall gain.
> Rouse, Britons, rouse,
> Rouse from your stupidity,
> And burst the chains of tyranny!"

But such feelings were not confined to sailors. Mrs. Catharine Macauley was taking into London drawing-rooms her republican dog, petted because it had been "stroked by the hand of Washington;" and was able actually to lie down and die, as she did, from sheer disappointment, when it was thought Louis XVI. had successfully escaped. Enough ladies and gentlemen were found to canonize her. The imitation of "French morals" was becoming popular in the houses even of the nobility, and there were whispers of magnificent women sacrificing what the old-fashioned deemed virtue, to influence those who were as the pillars of the old order, or to discover by intrigue the secrets of state. The public apprehensions were perfectly genuine. The pulpit thundered its alarms, and for once in its history the English clergymen were eloquent.

"Cock-eyed" as Wilkes proverbially was (and Hogarth's picture of him was hardly a caricature), he was such a pet in fashionable society that he boasted he could fascinate any woman in the Isle of Wight; while he certainly must have had great

faith in the revolutionary spirit around him when he wrote the article in the *North Briton* for which he was imprisoned—the famous "No. 45." The passage for which he was arraigned was this: "This week has given the public the most abandoned instance of ministerial effrontery ever attempted to be imposed upon mankind. The minister's speech of last Tuesday is not to be paralleled in the annals of this country. I am in doubt whether the imposition is greater on the sovereign or on the nation. Every friend of his country must lament that a prince of so many great and amiable qualities, whom England truly reveres, can be brought to give the sanction of his sacred name to the most odious measures, and to the most unjustifiable public declarations from a throne ever renowned for truth, honor, and unsullied virtue." And the result justified his audacity. Such was his popularity after he had been committed to the Tower, that his enemies found they were burning their hands in the attempt to roast Wilkes, and one month was substituted for the twenty-two for which he had been sentenced. He refused release on bail. He came out a lion. London was illuminated. Ladies marked their brooches with "No. 45," and gentlemen their coaches. The excitement of the occasion was fanned by the enthusiasm for "Wilkes and Liberty" which pervaded Paris, where Wilkes often went and was always idolized. "Europe," wrote Diderot to him, "will be surprised at your patriotism and your success; or rather Europe will admire the one and rejoice at the other. I am the first to felicitate you on the occasion, and to join my congratulations to those of all the friends of the human race, which was certainly never intended to wear fetters. The august senate of Great Britain will still count a Wilkes among its most illustrious members, and the liberty of your country will still find in you a generous defender of its rights and privileges."

Yet, while all these things show that the danger to the old order was by no means unreal, the proverbial cruelty of fear never had more terrible illustrations than in those days. The graves of nameless martyrs lie all along these southern coasts. There are wild stories, too, from those days which history has dropped out of her page. Here is one: In 1798 twenty-five Englishmen were accused of having conspired to mutiny, in favor of France, on the ship *Defiance*, then off Brest. They were brought over here and tried on board the *Gladiator*. Of them eleven were hung, two received two hundred lashes and a years' solitary confinement each, two others one hundred lashes and six months' solitary confinement, one a minor punishment, and the rest were acquitted. The eleven who were hung proclaimed their innocence of any conspiracy against England, on the decks of the ships from which they were executed, and died bravely. The clergyman who attended them was convinced of their innocence; the crowd was convinced; yet it was thought no time when any one even suspected of connivance with the enemy should escape, and the sentence of the court-martial was carried out, though the prisoners had all knelt and repeated together a prayer in which they said, after a form prepared beforehand, "If we are guilty in Thy sight, if we have polluted our souls with any oath that we will not confess and repent for, may the whole weight of Thy right arm be upon us; make us examples of justice in this life, and may our portion be with the reprobate in the next, in the everlasting flames of hell!"

Lord Brougham has descanted on Wilkes as the type of the demagogue. It is probable that Wilkes first entered upon his career with a high sentiment, which gradually became lowered under the personal consequence afterward thrust upon him, and through his association with men who had other ends than purely patriotic ones to subserve by their radicalism. One of these, for instance, was the poor poet, and poorer divine, Churchill, who, for the last four years of his life, was such a prominent figure in London. When, under Lord Bute's administration, the cry arose that the revenue was becoming the prey of Scotland, Churchill wrote his "Prophecy of Famine," which alarmed the Scottish place-hunters. He used to dress his little son in Scotch plaid, like a Highlander, to plague the Scotch. He was one of those included in the warrant for the arrest of all concerned in writing or printing No. 45 of the *North Briton*, but escaped by a device of Wilkes, who knew how to take care of his friends. After Hogarth had made a caricature of Wilkes with his squint, Churchill wrote a savage "Epistle to William Hogarth," who, in return, impaled him with almost the only fame he now has: he represented Churchill as a bear in torn clerical bands, and paws in ruffles, holding a pot of porter in one hand, and a club, inscribed with "Lyes" and "North Briton," in the other, and a pug-dog using his poems as a bone. Beneath was written: "The Bruiser C. Churchill (once the Rev.), in the character of a Russian Hercules, regaling himself after having killed the monster Caricature, that so sorely galled his virtuous friend, the heaven-born Wilkes." In the fall of 1764, Churchill started on a visit to Wilkes, then an exile at Paris, but died at Boulogne, on the way. His body was brought to Dover, where it is buried in the church of St. Martin.

Passing onward toward Shanklin I encountered a band of gipsies, among whom were some young girls and children whose blonde beauty was quite remarkable. That in some way or other some of these gipsies have managed to get Norman blood in them, I am convinced. It may have been by stealing the children of high families, which at one time was a common practice. There seem to have been also, at one time, a number of well-attested instances in which high-born girls, blasé with fashionable life, or perhaps threatened with compulsory

marriages, sought the company of gipsies. Lyrics and ballads celebrating the joys of the wild life were numerous, and the young girl went from her dull routine to sing:

"Liberty, liberty!
Search the world round,
'Tis with the gipsy
Alone thou art found.
Then in the gay greenwood
We worship thee now;
The free, oh, the free
Still live under the bough."

Simpson estimates the number of gipsies in Great Britain at 250,000.

It was, no doubt, much the same kind of girl as this to whose blue eyes I have been unable to refuse a sixpence, who was caught up near one of these villages, cold, half starved, by the gipsies, nearly a hundred years ago, and put on the way of that strange destiny which the thousands who now enjoy the munificence of Miss Burdett-Coutts have reason to thank. A lovely little girl she was, but with a sparkling genius about her which the gipsy life could not satisfy. The first company of strolling players she encounters offer greater attractions, and she roams from town to town, the histrionic queen of rustics, until she reigns at Drury Lane, without a rival in "The Rivals." The mistress, and afterward the wife, of the great banker of the Strand, Thomas Coutts, Harriet Mellon one day found herself a lively widow, with an income of seventy thousand pounds per annum, able to command the hand and title of the young Duke of St. Albans—a title which owed its existence, strange to say, to a somewhat similarly situated lady named Nell Gwynne. The Duchess was old, over fifty at least, and her ducal spouse only half as old; but she was original and histrionic to the last, and it was her wont to entertain the merry companies gathered at her mansion with dramatic repetitions of the characters she used to impersonate when among the strolling players, and with the most unreserved confidences as to her gipsy life, which she always remembered with delight. Not very long ago, all Russia was excited by a marriage, under quite similar circumstances, of a distinguished Moscow prince with a gipsy—one of those beautiful gipsies whose wild songs make the chief attraction of Russian gardens. The wealthy prince outbid the wealthy banker in this case, the final bid being an offer of marriage. The prince's family were angry, and had almost induced the emperor to declare the marriage null. But the gipsy princess visited his Majesty in person, and with her fascinating eyes fixed on his, said: "Your Majesty can do any thing; you can break the law; my marriage is, however, law, and whether it is best that the source of law should violate it, your Majesty can best decide." The emperor declared that the marriage should stand. I was told in Moscow that it was notorious that the said prince's affairs, which had been getting into a sad state, have since the marriage been thriving. The gipsy is always an economist. They spend little money on drink, less on clothing, and what becomes of the considerable amounts they get by begging, fortune-telling, and stealing, is one of the puzzles which George Borrow is likely to go to his grave without solving. It is a significant fact, that many people will give to a gipsy who can not be induced to bestow a penny on an ordinary beggar; and I believe this to be due to a kind of superstition that it is well to keep on good terms with the mysterious manipulators of those greasy packs of cards which, as Mr. Tylor, the archæologist, declares, were originally used for divination instead of for games.

THE CONSEQUENCES.

HE and she were driving out together. He was dark, short, and stout—in fact, some people called him fat—a sure way of enraging her. His redeeming points were—a pair of keen black eyes, a certain manly, sensible way he had with him, and a reliable look. She was small and slender, looking as if the wind might blow her away some fine March morning, with "two eyes so soft and brown," and waving, natural—not crimped—chestnut hair, falling in little rings and sprays around a white face, delicate, but full of life and spirit.

Every body in Knipsic Farms said it was perfectly absurd. At the last sewing society there was but one opinion. It was an unusually full meeting, the engagement having but just come out. They were working on a bedquilt for the home missionary in Bariboo. Quilting is the most social work imaginable; it so brings every one together, and over "herring-bone" and "shell" stitch the coldest hearts thaw out. Mrs. Daniel Dodge was there, Lance Lambert's aunt; and as no one knew exactly how she stood on the all-absorbing question of the day, a little preliminary beating around the bush was necessary. Aunt Polly Griggs boldly opened the campaign like the veteran she was.

"So Lance is really engaged at last," said she. "He's flirted round so long I didn't know's he'd ever settle down and git married."

"Oh, you know there's always something irresistibly fascinating about schoolma'ams," suggested sarcastic Miss Scraps, who had not found the same fact true of dress-makers in her own experience.

"Well, if I am his aunt—" said Mrs. Dodge.

Every one listened with, as Virgil puts it, "erected ears," when Mrs. Dodge said, "if I am his aunt." They felt it a promising beginning. When people mean to abuse their relatives they generally begin by proclaiming the rights of kindred not to spare a story for relation's sake.

"If I am his aunt," said Mrs. Dodge, "I must say I think he's driven his pigs to rather a poor market. What he can fancy in that little, pale-faced schoolma'am is more than I can see. Her high-flown village airs, I suppose. A pretty farmer's wife she'll make!"

"Well, that's jest what I was a-sayin' to Miss Stowell before you cum in," said Aunt Polly. "Says I, Miss Stowell, you mark my words, Lance Lambert 'll rue the day he ever let his eyes run away with his good sense. Lance is a fore-handed, well-to-do young man, and he ought to have a real smart, go-ahead wife—some good, stout, capable girl, brought up on a farm, with plain, sensible notions, like your Lesta or Phemie, for instance. Says Miss Stowell, says she, that ain't for me to say, of course; but one thing I will say, my girls can turn their hand to any thing from making bread to fodderin' and milkin' the cows. Says she, a farmer that marries a village girl—and a school-ma'am at that—is a fool. They don't know nothin' about work, and are above it, and full of all kinds of extravagant notions, enough to send a man to the poor-house!"

"How does his mother feel about it?" queried Mrs. Jedediah Jones.

"Oh, she don't say much. It isn't her way, you know. Besides, it's no use to oppose Lance when his mind is once made up. He's dreadful set."

"Well, I'm afraid he'll be sorry," with an accent on the afraid that made it sound singularly like hope.

"Will they live at home with the old folks?"

"No; Lance has bought the Jackson farm over at the Corners. He says there's no house big enough for two families."

"The Jackson farm! I shouldn't s'pose that would be quite grand enough to suit Laury's idees."

"They're goin' to fix the house up some, I believe. The barns are good, and it's nice land for tobacco."

Out in the other room, where the girls were concocting calico dresses for the missionary's children, the subject raged with even greater virulence, as might have been expected, considering that Lance had been a general favorite, and in the days of his freedom had roamed from flower to flower, after the usual butterfly fashion of young bachelors. They pitied him; they pitied her. They wondered at him; they wondered at her. Poverty and sickness, ruin and disaster, were the mildest of their predictions for this unfortunate couple.

Equal consternation prevailed in Knipsic village, where it was rumored that Laura Bridges was deliberately determined to marry a farmer. No engagement had created such a commotion since the next to the last new minister had married Sue Syllabub. Every body dressed up and called on every one else to talk it over.

"Is the child crazy?" asked Mrs. General Sampson of Mrs. Judge Jewett, in her most impressive manner. "To throw herself away on a farmer! It is true the Bridges are not wealthy, but they are one of our oldest families; and Laura, with her connections, her fine education, her agreeable, lady-like manners and pretty face, might have married into the very first circles. George Ledell was extremely attentive to her last year, before she went off teaching that miserable district-school, and became infatuated with this coarse farmer"—pronounced co-os fahmah.

Then Mrs. Judge Jewett took up the refrain: "She will have no society whatever. She will be obliged to work like a galley-slave—farmers' wives always do. Think of Laura making butter and cheese, apple-sauce, soft soap, sausages, mopping, eating with hired men, living on salt pork!" And Mrs. Jewett shuddered at the dreadful picture imagination thus presented of a farmer's life.

"Oh, it's truly dreadful!" said Mrs. General Sampson.

"She can't endure it," said Mrs. Jewett.

"She'll break down under it," said Mrs. Sampson.

"She won't live long," said Mrs. Jewett.

Meantime, the victims, "unconscious of their doom," were jogging along in a state of perfect happiness and infatuation. They were driving over to the Jackson farm to inspect their future home. It was a cloudy, bleak March day, the roads muddy, the grass not yet turned green. People who met on the street added, "A disagreeable day!" to their "Good-afternoon!" But Lance and Laura found it an uncommonly nice day. I think they labored under a dim impression that roses were blooming and bobolinks warbling all along the road. The summer of youth and love in their hearts cast its glamour on all the world outside.

The old Jackson farm-house certainly needed to be looked at through a glamour, if ever house did. It was a story and a half house, the paint worn off, no blinds, the fence, poor at best, now dilapidated, a solitary scraggy lilac representing the shrubbery.

There is always something slightly pathetic in these same scraggy lilacs and flowering almonds, one so often sees struggling for life in the otherwise dreary waste of a farmer's front yard. Some woman once had heart to try and redeem with such touch of the beautiful as came within her power the desolate barrenness of her surroundings.

Poor Mrs. Jackson set out that lilac when she was young and hopeful, and still expected something of life; before Jackson's harsh, narrow skinflintedness took all the heart out of her, and made her the broken-spirited drudge, who worked on like a tread-mill horse till one day she dropped into her grave, and there, let us hope, found rest. Then Jackson, finding a housekeeper expensive, sold out, and went to live with his son out West, where he could get twenty per cent. for his money on first mortgage—as much of heaven as his meagre soul was capable of appreciating.

And now another young couple were coming here to try that difficult experiment we call Life—the experiment against whose success there are so many odds—the experiment so many of us would gladly try over again, with the dear-bought experience that comes of fail-

ure. Would Lance degenerate into a mere money-making machine, a "keep-what-you-get-and-get-what-you-can" sort of man, like Jackson? Would the light, and hope, and love fade out of Laura's eyes in the years to come, leaving her another Mrs. Jackson? Certainly, the associations of the new home were not calculated to inspire very cheerful ideas of a farmer's life.

Fortunately, Laura was one of those happy people who look out on life through rose-colored spectacles. So she immediately fell to seeing the bright side of the Jackson house. If secretly rather dismayed at the forlorn aspect of things, yet the native energy of her character rose up strong within her to meet the emergency. Old Debbie, Mrs. Bridges's washer-woman, used to say, "Laury's all grit. Folks say it don't take but a small skin to hold a deal of spunk, and that's true of Laury, any how." She possessed a latent resolution, a power of endurance hardly to be expected from her frail, delicate appearance.

"This doesn't look like a very suitable place for you, Laura," said Lance, as he swung her lightly down to terra firma in his strong hands.

"An original conundrum strikes me, Lance. Why are you and I unlike Alexander the Great? Because he sighed for other worlds to conquer, and we don't need to. This will furnish scope for all our energies at present. It does look dilapidated enough. However, I am thankful it stands upon a hill. I like to 'view the landscape o'er.'"

"By cutting away those forlorn hemlocks we shall get a view of the river and mountains beyond, picturesque enough to satisfy even you. It's very pleasant here in summer, little as you would think it now."

Inside, the house was more dreary still. The papers looked all the more dingy and faded from having been originally of gaudy and flaunting designs and colors. Ochre-yellow being a durable color, not often requiring renewal, every room but the parlor was painted that hue. The ceilings resembled the works of the old masters in that they were very cracked and smoky. Straw, papers, an old hat or two, a broken rush-bottomed chair, littered the floors. The March wind howled round the house, rattling the windows, and wailing down the chimneys, as if it were Mrs. Jackson's ghost uttering warnings of doleful presage to her successor.

After inspecting the whole premises, and discussing their capabilities—after Lance had shown Laura how he intended to put a sink in the kitchen, with pumps to bring hard and soft water directly into it, instead of her lugging the former by the pailful from the well in the yard, and catching the latter in tubs or however she could, as Mrs. Jackson had been obliged to do, Jackson never having time to "fuss about women's nonsense"—after Laura had confidentially assured Lance he was "the best old fellow in the world," and Lance had reciprocated in kind, only more so, they returned to the front-room, where, seated in state on an old dry-goods box, they proceeded to engage in the pleasing occupation of erecting air-castles.

Let not the youthful reader sneer at this hero and heroine of mine as prosy, tiresome, uninteresting, because their talk turned on pumps, furnaces, and similar unromantic topics. They, too, had been through the era of hopes, despair, moonlight, ecstasy, rhapsodies. Now there was a charm better than romance in the words "our house," "we will do thus and so;" it signified so much to them of the future, when they were never to be separated, the happy home they were to share. Besides, hath not Solomon said there is a time for all things—a time for moonlight, and a time for bread and butter, a time for raptures, and a time for furnaces?

This was how they came to talk of furnaces: Lance said, "How mouldy and musty this room smells! I wonder if Jackson kept his cheese here! What's that verse you quote about

> "'You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
> But the scent of the roses—'"

"Barbarian!" broke in Laura; "to deliberately desecrate Moore by such an application! Probably this was the best parlor, and the sun was never permitted to fairly shine into it more than once a year. New paper, paint, and whitewash, and plenty of air and sun for a while, will remedy it, I suspect. But that reminds me. Do you suppose Knipsic would be able to bear it, if we should have a furnace? It makes a house so much pleasanter and more usable."

"It certainly is a great innovation. No one in Knipsic Farms has one. The idea of a farmer's selling his wood and buying coal will probably be a great shock to the public; but, after all, I don't know whose concern it is but ours."

"Aunt Polly Griggs—" mischievously suggested Laura.

"Aunt Polly Griggs may 'hang her harp on a willow-tree,' so far as we are concerned. I'm glad you haven't the idea, Laura, most women seem to have, that one's house is altogether too good to be used by the family, and must be kept most of the time in solemn state and gloom."

"I believe," said Laura, "in furnishing a house pleasantly and comfortably, but not ex pensively—nothing merely for show. Then take all the comfort you can out of it. I expect to do wonders with that six hundred dollars Aunt Dunlap left me, to say nothing about that two hundred I've laid up—profits of 'teach ing the young idea,' etc."

"How delightful it is to marry an heiress!" observed Lance.

"Mercenary young man! Thou shalt be twigged by the ear for that speech!" said Laura, suiting the action to the word, and being repaid by a sound kissing, which it only

needed the slightest provocation in the world to tempt Lance to inflict, as Laura ought to have known—in fact, I fear, did know.

Then Laura said there was something on her mind, and Lance was anxious to officiate as father confessor.

"It's a fancy of mine, a secret desire, that I'm afraid to tell you. I know you will think it is really extravagant, far worse than the furnace. You will begin to repent of your bargain, I fear, and think there is some truth in every one's forebodings about my 'high notions,' village airs, etc.;" for people always find out, sooner or later, what "they say" about them, and Lance and Laura were no exceptions.

"Nonsense, Laura. What is it—a roc's egg?"

"Almost as foolish, for us, I fear. A bow-window, if you must know. I always did like bow-windows, they are so cheerful and sunny; and filled with plants in the winter, they give a room a perfectly summer-like look. Then one takes off the stiff angularity of a room, and gives it individuality. Here's a proposition in the Rule of Three for you, 'founded on fact,' as story-writers say: As a spice of romance and imagination to a woman's character, so is a bow-window to a square room."

"Ah, Laura, you have such an artful way of putting things! I foresee I shall be 'managed,' and never know it. However, we'll contrive the bow-window somehow, if possible," said the indulgent Lance, who—being in that delightfully acquiescent state of mind often manifested in mankind before marriage, when the wish of the beloved object is law—if Laura had suggested a three-story cupola as a desirable addition to their modest mansion, would undoubtedly have seen at once the extreme feasibility and necessity of the thing.

Spring and summer passed away. Lance haunted carpenters like an avenging spirit, became an object of terror to painters and tinners, worked hard on the farm daytimes, took Laura out driving in the pleasant summer evenings. Laura took a trip to New York, and made a few modest purchases at Stewart's. Not much for herself; she saw no special reason why she should dress more or differently after marriage than before. Besides, she was carefully husbanding Aunt Dunlap's six hundred with a view to furniture. She felt an honest pride in doing something to help toward providing the mutual home, in being a little of a helpmeet to start with, at least, even if she were to prove the miserable failure in the end every one predicted. Long webs of cotton cloth grew into sheets, pillow-cases, curtains, what not, under her busy needle, flying in and out through the long summer days. Also, she found time to practice various culinary arts in the kitchen. A bit of the summer was put away for winter use, in shape of canned berries, peaches, etc. Her bread and pies were really quite wonderful, so Lance thought.

Early in October they were married, and moved into their new home, now hardly to be recognized in its daintiness of fresh paint, pretty papers, new furniture. It was far from being a fashionable or imposing residence; nothing Gothic, or Italian, or Elizabethan about it, unless indeed we except Laura's one extravagance—the little bow-window; but it had an eminently cozy, homelike air. The moment you stepped inside, you received a comfortable, cheerful impression, as if here were a place where people were in the habit of enjoying themselves. Entering a little square hall—on one side was the dining-room; on the other, the parlor; back of the parlor, the bedroom. The furnace imparting a summer temperature, the doors of these adjoining rooms all stood open, giving good air, and a deal of roominess for so small a house. The parlor paper was a green and gilt flower on a light drab ground; the carpet, an ingrain, small checks, green the predominant color. Through the bow-window the sun shone brightly in over Laura's plants, making a summer within, even if the ground were white with snow outside and the mercury down among the zeros. Each side of the bow-window, on little brackets, Parian busts, Eve and Psyche, wedding presents, looked out from English ivy that twined around them, and then met over the hanging basket in the middle of the window. On the walls hung two or three good engravings and photographs, over them clusters of bright autumn leaves—souvenirs of the wedding tour. A set of hanging book-shelves, bearing the united libraries of Lance and Laura, presented an odd combination of poetry and works on Agriculture and "The Horse." Then there was a lounge which was a lounge—not a rack contrived to exasperate the human frame to the utmost by its knobbiness—an easy-chair, a camp-chair, a shaker rocking-chair, one or two cane-seated chairs, a centre-table with the big lamp, books, papers, Laura's work-basket.

This was the family sitting-room. Looking in of an evening, you would have seen Lance one side of the table in the big easy-chair, reading his paper, or chatting with Laura, sitting opposite in her shaker rocker with her sewing. One great advantage in marrying a farmer is, that you have him at home with you evenings, provided you make yourself tolerably agreeable to him. Laura, even if she were married, still thought it worth while to fashionably arrange her hair, wear the bright bow, the dainty collar, the little et ceteras that really add so much to a woman's attractions. Lance had too much respect for Laura and himself too to sit down for the evening in his old frock, tumbled hair, overalls tucked into coarse boots, savoring strongly of the barn-yard. He brushed his hair, donned an old coat and slippers, and so, with a little trouble, gained vastly in comfort and his wife's affections.

From their windows the light of a happy home streamed cheerfully out over the snow, a benediction to the passer-by. People were fond of dropping in there for an evening, it was

"so pleasant," they said. Many a farmer's boy and girl, after an evening at Lance's, went home thinking farming wasn't so bad, after all, and they wouldn't be in such a hurry to grow old enough to leave for the city, if it could be as pleasant at home. For fashion in Knipsic Farms had ordained an entirely different order of things from that prevailing at Lance's. The parlor of every respectable farmer must contain a very hard and slippery hair-cloth sofa, six chairs, and a huge rocking-chair possessing the same qualities in even greater degree; other furniture to correspond, arranged at stiff angles around the walls. This sacred apartment, as well as the whole main part of the house, was kept cold, dark, shut up, suggestive to the bold invader who dared penetrate their dreary shades only of funerals. The family lived mostly in the kitchen, sustained, probably, by the proud consciousness of possessing a best parlor and hair-cloth furniture. Passing by at night, you would think the house uninhabited, did not a ray of light from way back in the L reassure you. Did company come unexpectedly, so great a parade was made of building fires, opening rooms, getting out the best things, that the unfortunate guest felt he should never dare come again. So Lance and Laura were unconsciously doing missionary work in demonstrating that a farmer's home need not necessarily be destitute of any desirable comfort or refinement. That we may see how the public stood affected, we will lift the curtain on Aunt Polly Griggs's "east room," on an occasion of more than usual solemnity. Ten years of meetings, funerals, sewing societies, tea-drinkings, having in a measure destroyed the primitive lustre of Aunt Polly's best black alpaca, it was being turned and modernized, Miss Scraps having been summoned to aid on this important occasion. To them, thus momentously engaged, entered Mrs. Stowell, dropping in on her way to the village to do a little "trading," ostensibly out of pure affection for Aunt Polly, but really to crib a sleeve pattern gratis out of Miss Scraps. This little preliminary settled, Mrs. Stowell said:

"As I came down by the Lamberts, there sat Laura at her front window, as large as life, prinked up as much as I should be if I was going to tea at the minister's. You don't suppose they've got company, do you?"

"La, no," replied Aunt Polly; "she sets there every afternoon, fadin' her best carpet all out. I never heerd any thing to equal it."

"Nothing's too good for some folks, you know," observed Miss Scraps, with a spiteful snap of her scissors.

"I shouldn't think Lance would allow it," suggested Mrs. Stowell. "That wa'n't old Miss Lambert's way of doing."

"Allow it! My, he thinks she's just right, and every thing she says law and gospel!"

"Well, they do say she makes a tip-top housekeeper, better than folks thought for before they were married. Mrs. Jedediah Jones told me she gets fifty-five cents a pound for all her butter, in Boston."

"Fifty-five cents!" almost shrieked Aunt Polly, who only had fifty for hers.

"Yes; fifty-five cents. You see she fixes it all up in some sort of fancy balls. She's a regular manager, I tell you."

So it will be seen Laura was gradually rising in popular esteem. It was a fact that the same system, culture, judgment, patience, that had made her a successful teacher, also made her a good housekeeper. Instead of doing every thing at the hardest, driving it through by main strength, she put some mind into her work, planned, had method and order, made her brains save her hands.

But some skeptical reader may possibly suggest that the life of a farmer's wife does not consist entirely of sitting in ivy-wreathed parlors with bright bows on; that there are certain disagreeable actualities of churnings, bakings, washings, pig-killings, hired men, not to be ignored. It is true it was not all sunshine. Few lives are. Keats says:

> "Where's the eye, however blue,
> Doth not weary?"

So it may be presumed Laura did not escape her share of the discipline Life has for every station. Sometimes she was dreadfully tired, and consequently a little blue. Sometimes, after a hard day's work, a day when she did not feel very well, and the children were cross, and every thing went wrong—such days as will come occasionally in every household—she was tempted perhaps to look back half-regretfully to the peaceful days of girlhood. But Lance was so good, so considerate. If Laura was a trifle cross, he discreetly said nothing, which course soon brought her to a very becoming state of humility and penitence. He did not look upon women's work as nothing, because different from his. He felt it as right that Laura should have help in the house as he on the farm, even if in the end he owned less bank stock and government bonds as a result. He actually thought more of his wife than of money. So if Laura were pecuniarily less profitable to him than big strapping Phemie Stowell would have been, and if Laura sometimes had her trials and vexations, yet they never regretted yielding to the secret attraction of the strong love that drew them toward each other—a love that bound them only the more closely to each other as the years went on, and the experiences they brought were enjoyed and endured together.

ANTEROS.

By the Author of "Guy Livingstone," "Sword and Gown," "Sans Merci," "Breaking a Butterfly," etc.

CHAPTER V.

ALL the next day was spent upon the hill. When the party assembled at dinner, the order of arrangement was inverted, and Lord Atherstone sat next to Lena, who took her mother's place at the head of the table. He was not much more talkative than he had been on the previous night, and Miss Shafton seemed by no means anxious to make conversational running. She was perfectly courteous, but decidedly listless. Indeed, during the ten days of Lord Atherstone's stay at Kirkfell, she could not have been charged with having, either by word or gesture, or other coquettish device, manifested any wish to attract him.

None the less for that the spell wound itself closer round him hour by hour, till sometimes the tightening of the coil seemed to check the beating of his heart and the current of his blood. Why he refrained not only from speaking, but from compromising himself notably, would be hard to say. It could scarcely have been diffidence, properly so called, for this was almost as foreign to his temperament as personal fear; though surface shyness will doubtless affect the most self-reliant of men who live overmuch alone. Possibly, a misgiving as to the nature of the fascination to which he was yielding, and a desire to prove whether it would stand the test of distance and absence, may have been among his motives for reserve. Certain it is that he maintained it so successfully that neither Lena nor her mother, whose eyes were much the keenest at detecting signs of masculine weakness, never guessed that his peace of mind was in any wise imperiled. Mrs. Shafton was honestly surprised—they chanced to be alone at the moment—when, on the morning of his departure, Lord Atherstone answered her polite regrets thus:

"I am sorry, too, to go—very sorry—though I've outstaid my time twice over; but I should be sorrier yet, if I thought our acquaintance was to begin and end here. I suppose you pass through town sometimes, even if you don't make any very long stay. Will you promise to let me know when next you do so? It's more than probable I may be there about the same time, and I shouldn't like to miss seeing you."

Mrs. Shafton gave the promise with much alacrity; and in the first glow of elation began once more to indulge in an amusement she had almost forgotten of late—the building of an air-castle. But, before the foundations were laid, the reaction came, and she left the work unfinished from pure faintness of heart. You would not have wondered at this had you known her past history.

Her first false step was made very early in life, when she teased and cajoled her doting father into allowing her to marry Cosmo Shafton of Blytheswold. For one of his indolent, easy-going nature, Squire Bellingham stood out surprisingly long; and — setting his willful daughter aside—no one wondered at his objections to the match. For a couple of centuries a taint of wildness had attached to this branch of the Shaftons, that in the opinion of not a few savored of insanity. The last of the family acres, transmuted into gold, would long ago have helped to glut the greed of gamblers and wantons, if it had not been for another family peculiarity. For generations past, the tenant for life of Blytheswold had always been more or less at variance, if not at enmity, with his presumptive heir, and the consequence was that, out of sheer obstinacy or malice, the latter never could be induced to join in any act of alienation that would have lightened his senior's burdens; but preferred to stagger on stubbornly under his own to purchasing temporary relief on such terms. However, if the actual acreage of the property was not materially diminished, each successive possessor had done his share toward encumbering and impoverishing it. To an agricultural enthusiast, that estate would have been worse than the mere abomination of desolation; and only boldness akin to desperation would have tempted any practical farmer to grapple with cold tilths, sour pasture-grounds innocent of drainage, and tumble-down bartons, through which the rain and wind wandered almost at will. Truth to speak, the tenants of Blytheswold were, as a rule, rather like squatters than yeomen: living from hand to mouth, and paying their rent by fits and starts, not often without compulsion, they were generally at open war with their landlords, who, in their turn, whenever they got fair hold, tightened the screw mercilessly.

Cosmo Shafton kept full pace with his forefathers in extravagance, and had even worse vices. Before their honey-moon had waned he had tested his wife's patience sorely, and never ceased to try it up to the hour of his sudden death. Riding home from a drinking bout, he was thrown and killed on the spot. If, during her married years, Isabel Shafton had not shown herself a very Griselda, she had controlled her temper, naturally hasty, wonderfully, and exhibited remarkable powers of endurance. To do her justice, she showed equal courage in facing the difficulties that beset her in her widowhood. After infinite labor, she succeeded in reducing into something like order the formidable tangle of her late husband's affairs, and showed no mean talent for stewardship in

her management of the estate during her son's minority. But it was dreadfully uphill work from first to last; and if it had not been for the small fortune strictly settled on herself, it would have been impossible to have kept the hearth warm at Blytheswold.

Widowhood brought no respite from cares and anxieties, for Miles grew up so ominously like his father, both in person and disposition, that each fresh sign of resemblance woke in Isabel Shafton a fresh flutter of apprehension, and the burden of her fears grew daily. She was not so strong as she had been, or, perhaps, had waxed weary with the struggle; but at any rate she quailed before the boy's outbreaks of temper far more than she had ever done before Cosmo's violence; and when Miles expressed his determination to obtain a cavalry commission, and his predilection for one particular corps, it was from a wish to avoid the contest, rather than from acquiescence in the wisdom of the step, that she set herself to carry out his wishes. The result has been hinted at already. Before Miles Shafton was twenty-three, he had contrived to encumber his patrimony almost to the extent of his tether—he was not the last of the entail, which extended to a whole line of cousins—and had become importunate in his demands for ready cash.

Neither had Mrs. Shafton found Lena precisely a staff of support in time of trouble. In her soft, languid way she was to the full as hard to guide as her reckless brother. Of governing her with the strong hand, Mrs. Shafton had long ago despaired. That it was Lena's bounden duty to prop the tottering fortunes of the family by an advantageous alliance, should such fall in her way, was self-evident; but not a whit the more for that did she exert herself either to make opportunities, or to use them when made to her hand.

A maiden aunt on the Bellingham side, residing in a quiet street in Mayfair, considered she could not acquit herself of family obligations better than by giving her niece a chance of establishment. So for two successive seasons, or nearly so, the country mice found free entertainment with their town-bred relative, upon the sole condition that they were to purvey their own amusement out-of-doors.

Besides any amount of that vague admiration which is as the foam floating round the car of Anadyomene, Lena Shafton in her first season had three substantial chances of promotion. None of the three perhaps were brilliant offers; and Mrs. Shafton herself was content to allow her daughter to stray yet a little further through the hymeneal grove, in the hope of finding a fairer or straighter wand. Only she wished that Lena would show a little more interest in the matter. It was provoking to see her profoundly indifferent as to which way the momentous question should be answered; for though each suitor in turn was dismissed of her own free-will, it was quite evident that, had a little external pressure been applied, she might have said "Yes" instead of "No." Woocrs were little likely to come riding over the bleak fells stretching round Blytheswold; so, throughout the autumn and winter, Lena's maiden meditations were not troubled. They returned to town early in the ensuing spring; and before the season was far advanced, Mrs. Shafton had ceased to murmur at her daughter's listlessness or want of purpose. Whether the change was for the better is quite another question.

There were few names better known in London about that time than Caryl Glynne's. Probably not above half the stories told of him were true, and the rest were somewhat exaggerated; but even after sifting grain from chaff, a very sufficient store of wild oats was laid up in his garner. As you will meet him hereafter it is not worth while to sketch him here. It is enough to say that he had grown famous through his unscrupulous use of rare personal advantages in plotting against the peace of better men's households. For divers reasons, chiefly financial, he had haunted foreign parts during the past year, and now reappeared with a kind of fresh *prestige*. For his friends—he had friends in one sex, at all events, in spite of all—made as much of him as if he had been traveling for the advancement of science or for the honor of his country, instead of loitering abroad till incensed creditors could be brought to hear reason.

On the second evening of their acquaintance there came such a light into Lena's great brown eyes as had never shone in them yet; and before the week was out, Mrs. Shafton, in bitterness of spirit, called herself fool for having ever murmured at her daughter's apathy.

Caryl Glynne was a detrimental in the broadest sense of the word. Not only might his expectations be represented by a blank—for on the resources of the future he had already drawn to the uttermost—but furthermore, if by any miracle he could have started with unclogged wings, there was little chance of his ever turning out a decent working bee. All this, and much more to the same purpose, did Mrs. Shafton set before her daughter; but with Lena to hear was by no means to obey. Opposition and attempted constraint only made her more willful and reckless; till at last people not overscrupulous or uncharitable began to frown, and evil whispers got abroad concerning clandestine meetings and the like, such as can not light on any reputation, how fair soever, without leaving scathe and stain.

As is usually the case, the person most interested was the last to hear what was being bruited abroad; and when in sheer despair she determined to remove Lena from temptation by carrying her off suddenly to the north, Mrs. Shafton never guessed that she went too soon or too late. Too late—because the harm, if there was ever real harm, was done already; too soon—because it would have been better far to have faced the gossips than have given them leisure, and probable grounds to boot, for

binding up scattered rumors into a substantial fagot of scandal. Though the reading of the Riot Act had been far too long delayed, Mrs. Shafton, having asserted her authority while the crisis lasted, had the sense to maintain it so long as there seemed occasion. Neither did Lena seem inclined to persist in rebellion; but thenceforward—so far as her mother knew—made no attempt, either by word or letter, to bridge over the gulf dividing her from Caryl Glynne.

Yet the mischief could not be repaired. Miss Bellingham, though by no means an austere virgin, had a great respect for the proprieties, and had no mind that experiments on the patience of the public should be made under her roof. The ensuing spring brought no invitation from Grey Street to Blytheswold; and Mrs. Shafton lacked the means, even if she had had the courage, to venture on an independent campaign. From that day forth the visits of the pair to town were rare and brief. Generally, they only rested for a night or so in passing to or from Devonshire, where some relations, less well-informed or less extreme to mark what had been done amiss than Rachel Bellingham, resided.

After all, if the charge against Lena had been investigated, no severer verdict than Not Proven could fairly have been recorded. During the interval between that unlucky year and the opening of this tale, she might doubtless, had she been that way seriously inclined, "have put away the reproach of her virginity," and filled a wife's place in more than one honest if not honorable home. But she did not seem anxious to change her condition, and somehow continued to close the lips of those who would have given her a choice, before they actually committed themselves. Hints, entreaties, and reproaches—as Mrs. Shafton's patience waxed threadbare these last were not spared—were utterly thrown away. Sometimes it seemed as if Lena, from malice prepense, raised her mother's hopes on purpose to dash them. At last it came to be understood among the few who either in the north or south were intimate with the Shaftons that "Lena didn't go in for marrying." She was perfectly charming to talk to, especially if she chanced to be in a listening humor; but few could flatter themselves that they had ever tempted her beyond the hither verge of flirtation; and the sense of security, when it ceased to be provoking, was not disagreeable. Both mother and daughter were decidedly popular—each in her own way—in the contracted circle of their acquaintance; and Mrs. Shafton amply made up for Lena's want of vivacity. Watching her demeanor abroad, and listening to her pleasant chat, you would never have guessed that Blytheswold held any skeletons. It did though, and more than one; neither were they hidden in corners so dark and remote but that the mistress of the house had to face them pretty constantly. In fact, the poor lady had almost ceased to believe in there being any silver lining to the clouds encompassing her path; nor was it strange if divers misgivings chilled the faint glow of hope kindled within her by Lord Atherstone's last words.

As to the manner of that farewell, or the feelings that prompted it, there was no uncertainty with the speaker himself.

A long day's journey lay between Kirkfell and his next halting-place southward; and before it was half done Ralph Atherstone had put the last flimsy veil of self-delusion aside, and had looked the truth in the face, whether it were evil or good. He was not so free from doubts here, and this is no wonder. Haughty and self-reliant, both by training and temperament, he appraised his natural gifts under rather than above their value, and blinked none of his disadvantages; but had his vanity been much more overweening, it is possible that an inner voice would still have whispered warningly.

There are times and seasons for weaving of heart-chains as for all other earthly matters, grave or gay. Surely few of us are so way-worn or battered but that we can remember, distinctly enough for all practical purposes, how, when, and where we first set our hand to that pleasant pastime. If misgivings beset us, they arose surely from no doubt as to the wisdom of our choice or the certainty of future felicity in case our vows were crowned, but only from a dim apprehension that a few base mechanical difficulties might not be swept away quite so easily or quickly as was desirable. Yet in the very uncertainty there was an excitement that would have been lacking had the way lain straight and smooth before us. I am not speaking now of the page-love, which is but a graceful form of boy's-play, but of attachments which, however imprudent they may appear, are not on the face of them futile. Can we not remember how, whether hope or fear for the moment prevailed, we were always sensible of a glow of self-satisfaction in the consciousness that, if our chin were still innocent of the barber's shear, we had with the earliest earnest aspirations of manhood cast away childish things once for all? While making confession either to ourselves or to the friends of our youth, we had, so to speak, draped ourselves in the virile toga.

Troubles might be in store for us, of course, for we did not flatter ourselves that even the prospering of our suit would exempt us from the common lot of humanity; we were not prepared to deny that there was a subdued severity in the smile of our mother-in-law elect, or that her prosy pompous consort might prove in more ways than one a "stiff customer;" but we should have spurned, as rank blasphemy, the idea that our peace could ever be imperiled by Her toward whom just then all the current of our being set strongly.

That complete trustfulness, then, like the reserve of the princess in the story, was natural to our age and station, and could not justly

provoke derision. But if, when well-stricken in years, being subject to the like influences, we betray the like simplicity, we shall fare perhaps better than we deserve if, in the congratulations of our acquaintance, there mingles neither compassion nor scorn. It is a saving clause, to be sure, if between ourselves and the Object there be a certain congruity of age; but somehow behind that same clause very few care to shelter themselves, preferring to run the matrimonial risk without such heavy insurance.

It would be hard to fix the limit of age which debars a man from carrying out his pleasure, provided it consist with virtue and honor; but surely it is wiser and better to count the possible cost thereof than willfully to ignore such reckoning.

Ralph Atherstone, at all events, was not so far gone in infatuation as to be guilty of any such weakness; and yet, in very truth—howsoever absurdly it may sound—he was then under the dominion of a first love. With the circumstances of his engagement and married life you are acquainted already. Furthermore, it might have been recorded that throughout his Indian career his name was not once connected with any of the *liaisons* which were not less rife then than nowadays; and if he was not blameless as to the others, he kept himself singularly void of offense with regard to the seventh commandment. Since he came to reside in England it had been just the same. He had assuredly registered no inward vow of celibacy; but had he done so he could scarcely have taken himself more sharply to task for having now yielded to temptation. It was but a poor satisfaction to him to remember that he had not actually compromised himself in words. The delay, in his eyes, savored of cowardice, when he knew that sooner or later he would speak out. That his present state of mind was to a certain extent morbid he recognized fully. Would time and absence work a remedy? Ay! more than this—did he care to be cured?

To both questions, on that Sabbath morning, Ralph Atherstone must have answered, "No."

CHAPTER VI.

Hard service and long service are, as some have good reason to know, by no means synonyms. Though Lord Atherstone was still in his prime when he went on half-pay, and though a couple of medals and half a dozen clasps were the sum of his decoration, he had probably set his life on hazard tenfold oftener than the majority of those who have grown gray in staff-harness, and whose chests are *plaquée* with ensigns of merit. It is certain that during not one of the enterprises in which the chances for and against return were about evenly poised had his pulse beat so irregularly as it did when the train bearing him Londonward moved off from the Heslingford platform. Perhaps this is a weak parallel after all. For men whose natural hardihood has waxed callous under experience there are excitements infinitely more intense than that of mere personal peril. But such had never had any hold on Ralph Atherstone. Though no one gave him credit for asceticism, he was perhaps less open to the temptations of strong drink, gambling, or luxury than many reputed stoics or saints.

He was fairly startled, not only at the power, but at the novelty of the emotions at work within him that morning.

He was alone, as it chanced; for if Lord Atherstone found little favor in his own county, lavish gratuities made him a popular institution on the Great Central Line, and it was seldom indeed that the guards did not discover a vacant compartment somewhere for his special behoof.

For several leagues the vale stretching away on either side of the line was as familiar to Ralph as his own demesne. He had a wonderfully accurate eye and memory for a country; and on ordinary occasions could have pointed out quite easily the very corner where two years ago, after about the quickest thing of the season, the hounds were balked at blood by an open drain, and the special pollard overhanging the spot where a rotten bank crumbling under Fire King's hind hoofs, gave that good horse his first lesson in swimming. But to-day he seemed to be passing through a country utterly strange to him, and he gazed out of the carriage-window vacantly and mechanically, like a traveler who, in the tame monotony of the scenery around, forgets that it is new.

For a while one thought chased another through Lord Atherstone's mind so swiftly that there was little order in his meditation; but ere long the elastic strength of his nature asserted itself, and he was able to look his position in the face, at least as steadily as he had done on his journey southward from Kirkfell.

He had done with doubts now, so far as all depending on himself was concerned. He was going straight to Lena Shafton to ask of her the gravest question that man can ask of woman. He did not repent for an instant of this resolve, and he thought he never would repent of it, whatsoever her answer might be. Nevertheless, it seemed to him that if she answered "No," there would be laid on him a burden not only of disappointment, but of intolerable shame. This, of course, was thoroughly irrational. The difference of age between himself and Lena was great, no doubt, but not sufficiently so to be grotesque. That threadbare parallel of January and May would not stand here; for there was no more on one side the barrenness of late winter than there was on the other the freshness of early spring. Though he had lived much out of the world of late, he knew enough of its ways to be aware that, in all likelihood, haughtier necks than Lena Shafton's would bow themselves to take up an ancient coronet, to say nothing of such a dower as might fairly be laid on Templestowe. Whatsoever fault either

friends or foes might find in the proposal he was about to make, there was surely nothing in it to provoke laughter. But it was not so much the ridicule of others as his own self-contempt in after-time that Atherstone dreaded; and this to one endowed—or afflicted if you please—with his peculiar pride was quite a sufficient bugbear. A fantastic one, no doubt; but will the mocking spirits always depart out of the presence of the wisest of us when we cry that they torment us against reason or before our time?

Few among the many who had called this man tyrannical and oppressive denied to him a certain sense of equity, though his judgment might often be questioned and his sentence impugned. And in his own fashion he was thoroughly just now: if not only his hopes but his self-respect were to be wrecked, he felt that both then and afterward he could absolve Lena from having lured him on by any false signal. Once or twice he did fancy that the great brown eyes had rested on him with a kind of interest; but he had never read in them encouragement, much less a challenge. Her face had never lighted up when he drew near, or lowered regretfully when he turned away, or while he lingered by her side ever waxed softer in its languor. It was best so. If his heart was not worth her acceptance, she had perhaps held it at least of better worth than the baubles which coquettes toss to and fro in their light-minded play. And at the very worst, if she were to refuse him ever so coldly, he felt right sure that she would never boast of her triumph or his discomfiture. And as for himself—if the old pluck had not quite left him—he would carry away his bitter secret just as he did the Afghan bullet, when he sat saddled fast for a full hour before any wist that he was wounded.

It was odd, certainly, that, often as the current of his thoughts changed, it never once occurred to him to speculate what would be the effect at Templestowe if his present purpose had been divulged there. If only Philip had been concerned, this would not have been so remarkable; for, if there was no enmity between the two, there was decided estrangement. When Mr. Ashleigh compared himself with his sire, a sense of intellectual superiority was always ludicrously at variance with that of physical disadvantage. He looked upon him much as a clerk in the Middle Ages may have looked upon a moss-trooping baron—a personage at once tremendous and contemptible, with whom it was alike impossible to argue and unsafe to trifle. His father had certainly treated Ashleigh with a little more outward consideration since he took Parliamentary and matrimonial honors; but inwardly he had little if any more respect for him than heretofore. In the senatorial successes, for instance, he utterly declined to believe, especially since, sorely against his will, he was induced to assist at one of those displays.

"They read better than they sound," he said, when Lady Marian afterward insisted upon his opinion. But, in spite of this, to those same orations in print he never vouchsafed more than a careless passing glance. If the honest electors of that convenient borough were satisfied with their hire and with their choice, it was well. But in any moral or social difficulty Lord Atherstone would assuredly have gone out into the highways for counsel, rather than have sought it from the member for Heslingford.

With Marian Ashleigh, however, it was very different. If she had failed, through mere force of circumstances, to gain any absolute ascendency over her father-in-law, she had at least gained so much influence that he would not lightly have gone counter to her expressed opinion or implied wishes. For three years she had virtually been mistress of Templestowe, and had ruled with so much tact and moderation that it was not without certain qualms that Lord Atherstone first contemplated the possibility of requiring her to abdicate. Furthermore, he had a certain respect, not only for her shrewd common-sense, but for her power of quiet satire; and he was quite conscious of having yesterday morning rather sought to evade than to encounter her keen black eyes, even though they betrayed no scrutiny.

It was odd that on the spectrum of those musings by the way that one figure should never have been reflected; perhaps it may be accounted for thus: Though he had never read a line of philosophy, Proverbial or other, Ralph had somehow acquired a few plain practical maxims which stood him in good stead. Among these was—"Unto the day, the day."

He probably thought it would be quite time enough to disquiet himself as to the fashion in which a bride would be welcomed at Templestowe when the bride was won.

At the last halt, before reaching town, the guard, not without contrition, unlocked the door to admit two other passengers. Atherstone scarcely glanced at them from under his bent brows. Nevertheless the thread of his meditation was broken, and he soon became aware that the new-comers were grumbling at the train's being disgracefully behind time. Looking at his watch he was fain to acknowledge this. Yet it scarcely seemed an hour since he lost sight of the pinnacles crowning the western tower of the abbey-church at Heslingford, and now they were already within sight of the grimy tattered fringe of the Great City's robe.

Late as it was, however, he had some spare time on his hands; for he was not minded to call upon the Shaftons till after twilight had set in, when he was nearly sure of finding them at home. So he sent his servant with the luggage to his hotel, and betook himself to his club, where he lunched—frugally, after his fashion, but with a very fair appetite.

By far the greatest crisis of his life was now imminent; but this consciousness rather quieted than excited him, and his pulse now was steady as a time-piece.

Though his manner never grew positively amiable, some of Colonel Ashleigh's ancient comrades could have told you that there were seasons when his face looked rather serene than impassible, and when his tones lost their harsh inflection; and on these occasions sharp and dangerous work was always close at hand.

There had been no frost as yet, and such hunting-men as were not absolutely insatiate of sport, or exceptionally strong in their stable, were well content to give the weather a day or two to settle. So Lord Atherstone encountered more than one acquaintance both at his club and as he walked toward the hotel where the Shaftons were staying. Assuredly the most suspicious of these never guessed that any graver reason than fancy or ordinary business had brought the "bruising baron" up to town just then.

Mrs. Shafton had hardly reckoned on any reply to her note. Nevertheless, when the morning's post brought none she had experienced something of the disappointment that affects the skillful fisherman when, after his favorite fly has floated like thistle-down over the nook at the tail of the eddy, where he well knows a heavy trout is lying, there ensues no ruffle of the water. For good and sufficient cause she had not consulted Lena before the missive was dispatched, nor made confession to her afterward. The being compelled to lock up her misgivings in her own bosom did not make them the lighter to carry.

Neither could she reasonably expect Lord Atherstone to call that day; and yet, as the evening closed in, the hue of her reflections darkened apace.

Waiting and watching in the dark is dreary work; and Mrs. Shafton had just made up her mind to ring for lights when Lord Atherstone was announced. With all her self-command —of this useful commodity she had her full share—she could scarcely repress an exclamation of pleasure; but her greeting was perfect —neither overeager, nor conscious, nor constrained. Inferior practitioners in this branch of science, if they do not gush out into premature affection, are apt to case themselves in unnecessary dignity. But in these delicate shades of coloring the artist hand is approved. You may quarrel with the design and *morale* of the picture, if you will, but you must needs do justice to the execution.

This visitor, as you are aware, did not need much management, but a more diffident one would soon have been set at his ease by that graceful welcome.

The manœuvring matron has been rather roughly entreated of late by our essayists; but surely they must allow that she has a wonderful knack of making her friends—and her foes too, for that matter, if it suits her end—feel themselves at home. Do you remember Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's reception of her brother-in-law in Curzon Street, and those artistic touches about the coal-scuttle and the *salmis?*

Similarly situated, that excellent Lady Jane would have hoped that her guest found his room comfortable and enjoyed his dinner. That is polite and hospitable enough in its way; but the real tactician carries up the coals herself, and seasons the dainty dish with her own white hands. Neither are these characteristics of the mere adventuress. You will find a châtelaine with quarterings enough to satisfy an Austrian herald, just as careful to render *petits soins* to the persons she delights to honor.

How otherwise do you suppose that Lady Hernscliffe has contrived to dispose of daughter after daughter, neither richly dowered nor passing fair, not only creditably, but so brilliantly as to move to hatred and malice all save the most charitable of her compeers? A man installed under her roof—with a purpose, you will understand—finds himself at once in an atmosphere of comfort, such as mere luxury could never secure, and which in all probability is new to him, in howsoever pleasant places his lines may have fallen. His favorite tastes are divined and anticipated magically; and even for his favorite vices there is tacit indulgence. There are no black looks from the hostess if he chooses to breakfast at unholy hours, nor grumbling from the host if he lounges or dreams away all the forenoon under the lawn cedars instead of "going a-gunning" with the rest of the male kind. Neither is it a heinous offense if the scent of a last cigarette floats out into the stilly night from his chamber casement. Why should not his own household be managed in a like cheery and convivial fashion? Domestic talents of such a rare order must surely be hereditary. The nubile virgin, whom he had begun to admire amidst the glare and glitter and bustle of the season, appears infinitely more attractive under the soft home-light. So from the potential mood of marriageable to the future of marrying the transition is very easy; and before autumn is far spent it is known to all whom it may concern that another bud from that luxuriant rose-tree is to be grafted on a stock quite as stately as any of those on which her sisters are already blooming.

"I kept my promise, you see," Mrs. Shafton said, as she shook hands with her visitor; "but I certainly did not expect to see you so soon—if at all. It was so very unlikely that you would be in town while we were passing through. Perhaps I ought to thank the weather for it, after all. I suppose hunting is stopped in Loamshire."

"Not that I am aware of," Atherstone replied. "But I wonder you did not expect to see me. Did you think it was only a civil speech when I asked you to let me know when you came to town? I have forgotten how to make civil speeches, if I ever knew."

"Then it was business that brought you up," she persisted. "It is not often that business is so accommodating. You don't want me to believe that you have traveled all these miles on purpose to improve our Kirkfell acquaintanceship?"

Clever and courageous as she was, she was only a woman, after all; a woman, too, whose nerves trouble and disappointment had sorely tried. It was no wonder if, now that a great prize seemed almost within her grasp, her voice shook a little and her eyes sank under Ralph's steady gaze.

"I want you to believe not only that, Mrs. Shafton," he said, very quietly, "but much more. I want you to believe every word that I shall speak to you to-day. If you will only listen patiently we shall understand one another, I think, very soon."

She did listen—so patiently that she neither spoke nor stirred, nor even looked up till Lord Atherstone had made it clear that his single purpose in coming there was to ask Lena to be his wife. He was curt and concise in his proposals; without shrinking the obvious objections of shortness of acquaintance and difference in age, he touched on them so lightly that he evidently thought these were rather for the daughter's than the mother's consideration. And yet a matron more disposed to stand on punctilio than this poor lady could not have considered herself neglected or ignored.

There are certain formularies of gesture, no less than of words, proper to these occasions; yet the emotion that Mrs. Shafton betrayed was not wholly stage-play. She was surprised, of course—quite bewildered, indeed. Nevertheless, she was free to confess that Lord Atherstone's proposals were to herself most acceptable. He had her best wishes; and she promised that he should not lack her support; but she feared her influence would not go far, even if it were right to sway Lena's inclinations.

If the first words of that reply conveyed a conventional falsehood, the last were bitterly true, and the sigh that followed came from the depths of the speaker's heart.

"I thank you heartily," Atherstone answered; "but don't think me ungrateful, if I pray you to use no influence whatever. I would rather—much rather—take her decision straight from herself, quite unbiased. And—it sounds rude, I am afraid—the sooner I hear it the better."

His blunt straightforwardness made affectation impossible; indeed, the *brusquerie* rather braced than agitated Mrs. Shafton's nerves.

"I can please you so far," she said. "You shall see her alone before I do. If I am not very much mistaken that is her step I hear."

Through the closed door came the rustle of silks trailing slowly, and the next minute Lena entered.

"They told me some one was here," she said, after she had exchanged greetings with Lord Atherstone; "and I guessed who it was, though they made a perfect riddle of the name. Yet you are nearly the last person I should have expected to find in town in the height of the hunting season. What brought you up?"

Her manner was amicable enough, but there was never a sign of consciousness or confusion on her face, nor the faintest change of color. And that last question sounded as if she had no special interest in the answer. Thus much Ralph recognized instantly. Perhaps he had hardly reckoned on any other reception; and yet he was slightly disappointed.

"I had business in town," he said, rather coldly, "as I have been trying to explain to your mother. And, besides that, it is doubtful hunting-weather just now. You will be glad to find yourself in Devonshire. They have a monopoly of sunshine, I hear, down there."

"They don't work out the monopoly," she returned, indifferently. "If they fall short in frost they generally make it up in sea-fogs. On the whole, where we stay is not a bad place for a dormouse to winter in; but as I don't happen to be a dormouse—"

The pause was very expressive.

Then they began to talk about Kirkfell and General Percy and other subjects of no moment, till at last Mrs. Shafton rose.

"I have two letters to write before post-time," she said; "but they will not detain me long. If I find you gone when I come back, I shall know that Lena has bored you."

She kept her promise of non-interference to the very letter; for, instead of exchanging with her daughter one glance either warning or intelligent, she was careful as she passed out to avoid the questions of Lena's eyes.

CHAPTER VII.

Infinite, no doubt, is the variety of circumstances under which matrimonial overtures have been made. Putting aside the sensational stories where all the powers of earth, air, fire, and water are invoked to strengthen the "situation," some very practical and civilized people would be loth, if not ashamed, to relate how and where they were brought to confession.

A soldier of my acquaintance not long ago revealed the state of his affections to the person most interested therein behind the stand at Ascot, just as the numbers were being hoisted for the Cup. Solitude can be found, they say, in the heart of any crowd by those who seek it aright; and, perhaps, while the isolation of this couple endured, the bellow of the Ring, swelling each instant into more furious waves of sound, was to their ears like the soothing murmur of a distant sea, and the scanty branches waving over the broken meats seemed like the shade of a primeval forest where foot of man has never strayed. At any rate, the result was prosperous. Neither will I admit that yonder bold dragoon's chances of domestic peace are much lessened by the incongruities of time and place under which his suit was urged.

The experience of the average of men on this subject must necessarily be limited; but, if notes were compared, not a few might agree that most difficulties of courtship involved less temporary embarrassment than the fatal facility of being left *en champ clos*—under condition.

Lord Atherstone was neither nervous nor diffident; nevertheless, it is certain that other feelings besides the mere straightforwardness of his nature made him willing to shorten the pause which ensued when they were left alone. However, it was the lady who spoke first:

"Do you stay long in town? Or are you only a bird of passage, like ourselves?"

He glanced down at her keenly from where he stood, leaning his arm on the mantle-shelf; for he had risen when Mrs. Shafton rose.

"That hardly depends on myself. Can not you guess what is my business here? Your mother knows it already."

She let her eyes rest on his face for a single second, and in that second the secret—if secret there were—was told. Ralph's face was calm enough, but there was no mistaking its earnestness—the earnestness of a man speaking with a set, solemn purpose. Lena's cheek flushed, as if in vexation, and her eyelids drooped—rather wearily than bashfully.

"I am quite willing to listen," she said, "but I am too stupid at guessing. Life is not long enough for riddles."

"Mine is not likely to be, at all events," he said, with a cold smile. "You are quite right, too; it is always best to speak out, even when one shrinks from the confession; and this is not so with me. Perhaps you don't know that when I left Kirkfell I begged your mother to let me hear when you were passing through town? Well, it matters very little. I did not ask it without an object; and the object was nearly the same as that which has brought me here. I thought then it was more than likely that my happiness would one day or other be in your hands to make or mar; I am quite sure of it now; I have been so for weeks past. It is because I am so sure that I feel no shame in asking you this question: Is it quite impossible that you should ever care for me enough to become my wife?"

The flush faded from her face, leaving it paler than its wont; but there was none of the surprise or confusion there that might naturally have been provoked by the sudden avowal. If she had not expected the situation she certainly accepted it with wonderful equanimity.

"Impossible?" she murmured. "Nothing in this world is impossible, they say. If the word had been 'improbable' the question would have been easier, perhaps, to answer; certainly I have never asked it of myself yet. Was it likely that I should? Have you forgotten that the length of our acquaintance should be reckoned rather by hours than days?"

"I have forgotten nothing," he said. "I have counted those hours just as accurately as I have the years that make up the difference between your age and mine. I ought to have outgrown rashness long ago, and I have only one excuse for having spoken overhastily; and that same excuse, though it is true, will sound absurd. It is a wrinkled hand that I offer you to-day, but it has never pressed any woman's more kindly than in friendship. It is not necessary, or even fit, that I should tell you how my marriage was brought about, only I can say that I did not deceive my wife either before or after we stood at the altar together. She was content to take my name on certain terms; and I hope while she lived I kept my share of the compact. Since she left me in India—it was some years before she died—I have lived utterly alone; and I never thought it could be otherwise with me till I came to Kirkfell. I could not promise that my nature should be changed. I shall be rough and hard to the end, I fear; yet, I think, never so rough as willingly to speak a bitter word to you, and never so hard as to balk one of your wishes, or carry it out grudgingly. You don't seem inclined to laugh; I thank you for that, at all events."

She put forth her hand as though to check him, but drew it back again so quickly that he could not have taken it, had he been so minded.

"Do not speak so. I know right well that there are women a thousand times better worth winning than I ever was or could be who would be proud of listening to the words you have just spoken; and yet, I know, that for your sake, if not for mine—perhaps for both our sakes—I ought to shut my ears now and always. Yes, for your sake chiefly," she went on, before he could interrupt her. "You said you thought it would be in my power to make or mar your happiness; I might mar it worse by saying 'Yes' than by saying 'No' to-day. I have often doubted whether I am fit to be trusted with any man's happiness; and of late I had begun to think—I am not sure if I had not begun to hope—that I should never be tried."

"I am not afraid," he said, simply; "and before you say 'No,' remember this: I do not ask for your love as yet—only for the chance of gaining it; and if I fail at last, I will never complain; but I will be content—more than content—with your loyalty. If I have been hasty in asking you this question, you need be in no haste to answer it. I will wait as long as it pleases you."

Her face was strangely troubled now, and her voice low and broken.

"I will not ask you to wait long—not longer than till this time to-morrow. But I must think—I must—"

She checked herself, biting her lip.

He took her hand as it hung idly down, but did not clasp it; he only lifted it to his lips with an honest reverence that, in most women's eyes, would have been worth a hundred courtly graces; and at that moment Lena herself felt any thing but ashamed of her suitor.

"So it shall be," he said; "I will not weary you any more to-day. Indeed, special pleading like mine might lose a better case; nor will I see your mother again till you have decided."

He pressed her fingers before he let them go, but much more lightly than he had done when he bade her "good-by" at Kirkfell; and Lena returned the pressure silently.

So they parted.

For some minutes after she was left alone the girl sat quite still; the lashes half veiling her dreamy eyes never waved or stirred, neither were they lifted when the door opened again.

The vigilant look was very strong on Mrs. Shafton's face as she entered; and if she had affected composure her voice would have betrayed her.

"He has gone, then—and so soon. Is it possible that you sent him away?"

Lena looked up with the languid defiance in her eyes that her mother saw first when it was ordained that Caryl Glynne's name should no more be mentioned between them, and that she had seen often enough since then to her cost.

"I did not send Lord Atherstone away, mamma. He himself thought it best to go without seeing you. Can not you guess why?"

Mrs. Shafton started violently, half rising out of the chair into which she had thrown herself, and her fingers were clenched as though in passion or pain.

"I won't believe it!" she cried out; "you can't have refused him. It would be too ungrateful—too cruel."

Lena smiled, provokingly.

"What very large words! Of course they can only refer to Lord Atherstone. I felt honored by his offer, and told him so; but I really can't see why I should have been bowed down with gratitude; and as for cruelty, some people would think it would have been more cruel if I had accepted him."

"You did refuse him, then?" the other said, almost in a whisper.

There was no anger in her face now, but such a sick despondency as stirred even Lena's compassion.

"I couldn't help teasing you," she said; "but there is no occasion for fainting, mamma. I did not refuse Lord Atherstone; I only asked him to give me till to-morrow to decide. Was that very unreasonable, all incompatibilities considered? He did not seem to think so."

For a person who as a rule kept her feelings pretty well in hand, Mrs. Shafton felt absurdly inclined to be hysterical. The change from disappointment to hope was rather too much for her—the reactions of her life had been so invariably the other way. She crossed over to where her daughter sat, and kissed her on the cheek and brow. There was a very unusual warmth in the caress; for, though indulgent to her children, she was by no means a "gushing" parent; and it was quite as significant as if her thanksgiving had been uttered aloud. Lena submitted passively to the embrace without returning it.

"Now don't give me more credit than I deserve," she said; "I only promised him that I would think it over."

But Mrs. Shafton was not to be discouraged again so easily. It was the first time that she had ever known Lena look seriously, not to say favorably, upon an eligible marriage offer. To have reached this point was a great step gained—so great a one that she could afford now to temporize.

"You were quite right to take time to consider, darling," she said, soothingly; "you could hardly do otherwise, considering the shortness of your acquaintance. Only be sensible and brave; you must look things in the face sooner or later. If I were to die to-morrow you would be nearly penniless and alone in the world—quite alone, for what kind of a guard or help would your poor brother be? I feel so tired sometimes that I should be almost glad to lie down and sleep once for all, if I only knew you were safe. You would be so very safe—*there*. In spite of that *sauvagerie* on the surface, no woman could help trusting Lord Atherstone, and very few would not learn to love him in time. Indeed, I would not try to persuade you if I did not feel sure you would be happy. I have never yet tried to force your inclinations, you must own that; and I never crossed them—but once."

Lena drew herself away with a manifest impatience.

"I thought that 'once' was buried long ago," she said, coldly. "We need not call it up again, especially just at this time. Now, mamma, I will promise you to think over every thing—every thing; and I will do my very best to be worldly-wise, if you will promise not to say another word on the subject, and to leave me quite alone to my own devices till to-morrow afternoon. You shall hear my answer then, and you may scold or praise me as much as you please. If I consult any one in the mean time, it will only be Grace Moreland, and you know she is almost certain to take your side of the question."

To all this the other readily agreed. Lena retreated to her own room immediately after dinner, so Mrs. Shafton was condemned to a solitary evening; but it seemed to her any thing but long or weary; and as she sat musing alone there hovered often on her lips a quiet smile of beatitude.

The bark that she had steered to the best of her strength and skill had not yet entered the safe roadstead, and certain shoals were still to be weathered before it should be moored in port. Nevertheless, after the harassment of long sea turmoil, there was relief inexpressible in floating through stiller waters under the loom of the land.

FLOOD-TIDE.

The waves are pressing inward from the bay;
  Far off the advancing lines of rippling foam
Proclaim the hour of that mysterious sway
  Which brings them beachward from their ocean home;
And twinkling points of light, a radiance fleet,
Spring up beneath their swift, white-sandaled feet.

They swell, the waters of this inlet lone:
  The dreary marshes and the oozy sands
With the pink-blooming sedge are overflown,
  Till all the flood one shining level stands;
A sudden freshness fills the breeze, and signs
Of answering gladness thrill the o'erhanging pines.

New life and fuller comes to all but me:
  With no expectancy or joy I burn,
As daily the inexorable sea
  Recalls an hour that never shall return—
A tide that overswept the bounds of years,
And flowed to me, o'erwhelmed with hopes and fears.

Something unstirred till then within me woke—
  A longing for the broader world of waves,
For life whose pulses beat with bolder stroke,
  On coral reefs, in opal-gleaming caves;
And Music's soul, that ever in me sings,
Toward those wild surges stretched its eager wings.

What joy to feel the ocean's stormy heart
  Through me responsive ever throb and swell!
To be of its great orchestra a part,
  When the winds meet beneath the tempest's swell!
My constant echoes of that wondrous tone
Should make its mystic melody my own.

And yet I hesitated—who could know
  What soundless gulfs, what dangers vague and dread,
Might lurk in that resistless current's flow?
  And, while I wavered, grasped this shelving bed,
The impatient flood turned back, my hour went by—
Since then no tide returns that mounts so high.

Around this lonely creek the sultry air
  The petty gnats with shrewish pipings fill;
The whispering reeds their endless gossip share,
  The swallows wheel in drowsy circles still;
And in the woods above the burdened bee
Drones out his dull content, poor life, with thee!

I only chafe with fierce unrest and pain—
  Scorn the tame joys these narrow bounds within—
Yearn ever toward the breezy, billowy main,
  The enchanted realm I was not brave to win.
Weak, timorous heart, that could not trust and dare,
There is a death in life—a long despair.

Oh, moaning shell, in turbid shallows pent!
  Are thine the plaints that my sad thoughts accost?
Or are they my own spirit's discontent,
  The cureless grief that mourns occasion lost,
That through the eventless days must still regret
The tide with which but once life's sands are wet?

Thou, unto whom it comes, as once to me,
  And proffers wider chances to the soul—
What perils wait on that high destiny
  Quell thou with courage vaster—dare the whole.
It is the grand resolve, not after-fate,
That makes the hero's act and story great.

CHARLES LANDOR.

MIRABETH.

"MIRABETH, the dear wife of JACOB FROST, died January 10, 18—, aged 60 years."

I SAW these words in a little Quaker graveyard. Their quiet peace touched me; and this is the story of the woman whose sad life was irradiated and ennobled by her own brave soul.

Far away among the hills dwelt Mirabeth. All alone with her father she had lived and grown into the tall, slim girl she was. The father was a weakly, foolish old fellow, without purpose or ambition in life; his only thought was Mirabeth.

Her mother had died when the little girl was scarcely more than eight years old, and as the child lay beside her with wide hazel eyes, the trembling words, "Mirabeth, take care of thy dear father," fixed themselves upon her little mind, and as she grew, more and more the necessity for such care appeared to her, and faithfully she did her mother's bidding.

They lived in a small settlement of Friends, a long way from other civilization. Once a traveling circus had stopped on its way through the country; but it didn't pay, and the managers departed with the elephant and the trained ponies. The affair had been a nine-days' wonder, but even the young Friends could not go to so worldly a place as a circus; so Dilpworth was left again with its store and tavern and the meeting-house, by way of excitements.

This little village was almost unconnected with the rest of the world. The people were, of course, mostly farmers, the market for whose produce was perhaps thirty miles distant over the hills; so, though the country was rich and fertile, the inhabitants were poor and made barely enough to live by. Some of the more liberal farmers took, weekly, the county papers, and sometimes a *Friends' Intelligencer* made its way among them; for this reason a stage drove through the place, and dropped the mail on its way to a more prosperous town.

Old Benjamin Walker used to boast that he had never seen an engine nor a steamboat; "and never wanted to, either," he said. His son Samuel had once been to the great city, and Jane might have gone when she was a girl, only she couldn't make up her mind to leave home. In consequence of so much experience, Samuel and Jane were leading people in Dilpworth. Benjamin would have been greatly disappointed if his eyes had ever rested on the iron-horse. He was spared the sorrow, for Death came to him before the railroad.

Mirabeth had learned to read and write well. Her mother used to teach school down the valley before she married Joseph Haines, and her few books were in the child's possession. Joseph had small opinion of learning, but great opinion of his daughter; so he had never prevented her doing what she could to improve her mind.

She knew as a child all the flowers and herbs that grew about, and with a clear piping little voice could answer the bird-calls. She liked to wander off into the woods and lie among the grass and leaves, singing softly to herself, and thinking she knew not what. When she was fifteen, the old woman who lived at the house died, and Mirabeth went no more into the woods, but staid at home to care for her father's comfort, and became a demure Quaker maiden, fair and pure as a lily, but calm and passionless.

One day the coach drove into Dilpworth and deposited, beside the five papers, a strange young man; and this was so curious a thing that the people first stared after the retreating stage to make sure that it had made no mistake, and then they looked at the young man. He was tall and broad-shouldered, with a golden beard, and he carried a portmanteau in his hand. He stood for a moment in the middle of the road where the stage had left him, and then strode into the store. This was Philip Harper, and he had come as the herald of the railroad. The great Swan and Mogul line was in course of construction; and to save tunneling a lofty hill, Harper was to negotiate for a thoroughfare at Dilpworth Valley. He got what he wanted, lengthened the road by ten miles, saved the company five hundred thousand dollars, and knew that he had done well. But this was still in the future.

He was taken to meeting on First-day, and there he saw Mirabeth Haines. She entered in her plain gray dress, looking so peaceful and cool; and besides, the girl was really beautiful. Harper was something of an artist, and knew that she was fair to look upon.

Mirabeth was tall and lithe, her hair black and smooth over the temples, and her eyes were large and wondrous dark, with long curled lashes. Harper could look at none save her; and when the men and women came out of their respective doors he stood bareheaded in the path as Mirabeth passed by. Then busy John Gruby began his introductions.

"Philip, I'll make thee acquainted with our good Samuel Walker and his wife Hannah; and this is Jane. Here's Joseph Haines, Philip. Where's thy daughter, Joseph? Mirabeth," he called, and the girl turned, "thee must know Philip Harper, the new Friend who has come among us."

She held in one hand a blue cotton umbrella and a little bunch of field-flowers she had picked by the way-side; but she gave him her other shapely brown hand, saying only, "I am pleased to meet thee, Philip Harper," and he was impressed anew with her beauty.

In another week Harper had bought the land for the company, surveying was begun, and in a week more thirty hands were at work on the Dilpworth Valley Branch.

"But thee sees, Miss Mirabeth," said Philip, half adopting the Friendly speech—"thee sees the hardest work is just here."

This was more than a month after his com-

ing, and the two were examining the work he had done in the valley.

"Thee means a bridge?" she asked.

"Yes."

There was one curious feature about Dilpworth—the river, as the people called it; the brook, as Harper thought, though in truth it was neither. Through a rocky gorge, about fifty feet in width, ran a mountain torrent. The walls were high on either side, and at the point where Mirabeth stood must have risen some forty feet above the apparently harmless stream that flowed below.

"It looks quiet enough now," she said; "but in the spring-time it is often fearful. Why, Philip, I remember one great storm long ago, when trees were borne past here like straws, and then it was impossible to cross any where."

"How do you cross?" he asked.

"Oh, there is a ford somewhere above here, I believe; but we have never wanted a bridge, because we have no need to cross."

Harper laughed. "No need to cross!" he cried. "Do you really mean you were never on the other side? Why, I could not live so near without getting over somehow; and the ford must be very uncertain too:

> 'And wae betide ye, Annan Water,
> This night ye are a drumly river:
> But over thee we'll build a brig,
> That ye nae mair true love may sever.'

Do you know the old ballad, Miss Mirabeth?"

"No," she answered; "I know but little poetry."

"Come listen to this, then, here on this stone. These dear old ballads are my best friends."

They sat down together on a moss-grown rock, and Philip told her the quaint old song, in a low, rich voice that brought tears into her eyes. She had never heard any thing so beautiful.

He took her hand, and they stood up.

"Look," he said, "the sun is setting. Oh, Mirabeth, how beautiful this world is made!"

He walked away from her to the cliff whistling. As he stood bareheaded there, his figure thrown out against the higher black rock of the other shore, a slanting shaft of sunlight came and fell around him, lighting up his beard and hair till they seemed of gold.

"How splendid he is!" thought Mirabeth, as she in the shadow watched him; "a prince of sunlight!"

But when he stood beside her again he was only a common mortal, and all he said was, "Yes, I shall make the bridge just here."

They did not speak again, Harper whistling most of the way home. Once he held out his hand to help her across a brook, but she was over before he could touch her.

The sun went down, and left the air purple on the hills. Out of the valley rose a little white cloud of mist, that stretched softly away among the trees, following the brook in its windings. In the distance, somewhere, a cow lowed, and then all was still.

The evening lights were twinkling in the houses as they reached the gate.

"Will thee come in, Philip?" asked the girl. "Father will like to see thee."

"No, I thank thee," he answered; "I have work for to-night. I must draw the plans for that bridge. Good-night, Miss Mirabeth, and —and thank thee for the walk."

For the first time in her life she was jealous, and, strangely enough, jealous of a railroad bridge that did not exist. A week went by, and she only saw him once. At sunrise, as he passed with a gang of workmen, she watched through the hop-vine that hung over her window. It was quite like the Lady of Shalott. This beautiful creature shut up in the old farmhouse, always weaving the tiresome web of little insignificant household cares, and there went the careless Lancelot singing down the valley, to the great work of building a fifty-foot railroad bridge.

And day by day the spell of love had come upon her. Though she was powerless to do aught but work on at her monotonous tasks, she saw now that the color of her life was gray, and ugly, and began to brighten it with a little fancy which had never come to her before; for Quaker girls are not given to dreaming.

Still Philip did not come to her. The bridge she knew was nearly complete; for her father had asked her—"Why don't thee go to see it, daughter? Philip is a likely young man."

She had answered him hastily: "That she never cared for bridges."

That night Philip stopped at the gate, with his valise again in his hand; he was going away by the same stage-coach which had brought him to Dilpworth five months before. Mirabeth was standing at the gate. She held a white bantam chicken in her arms, and was caressing and petting her little dumb friend as Harper stood before her.

"Oh, Miss Mirabeth," he cried, "I am going away for two weeks. I want you to promise not to go to that cliff till I come back again —please?"

He spoke hurriedly, just like a boy asking for something he wants very much.

She did not raise her head, but went on stroking her chicken's white feathers. She was so beautiful as she stood still in the pathway, on either side of which grew two tall stalks of day-lilies that seemed her handmaidens. Philip watched her for a moment; but she had not spoken, and he knew the stage would pass. He stroked the chicken's head with one finger. "Will you?" he questioned again. The bantam turned and pecked at him with her sharp little bill.

"Naughty Biddy; did she hurt thee, Philip?"

"Quick, Mirabeth, tell me."

"Is thee coming again?" She did not look up as she said this.

"Thee knows I am, Mirabeth."

"I promise."

He put out his hand to bid her farewell, but she ran into the house without one other word.

Harper got into the stage feeling very content, though he did not know she watched him, looking through the hop-vines till the trees hid him from view. And then Mirabeth threw herself on the bed and cried as any other girl would do who sees him whom she loves best in the world ride away in excellent spirits on top of a stage-coach.

Jacob Frost was supposed to be Mirabeth's lover; but she had never been very kind to him.

He rode his horse into the yard that afternoon, and she knew he had come courting. And that night he said to her, partly quoting from the marriage form:

"Mirabeth, wilt thou marry me? I will be a faithful and a loving husband unto thee until death shall part us."

She answered him: "No, no, Jacob; how could I marry thee? I could never love thee. No." She added, "I thank thee, but it can not be as thee would have it."

So her first lover mounted his horse and rode away discomfited.

She did not see him as he rode, for all the way seemed illumined by the figure of a tall young man, whose golden beard was blown by the wind. And Mirabeth thought, "Can he ever love me?"

The two weeks were accomplished, and fifty times had come the question, "Mirabeth, has thee seen the bridge?" Or she had been told, "The bridge is done, the cars will be running in the spring."

But she had kept her promise to Philip; and had been scolded and ridiculed because she would not go with the others to look at the wonderful thing.

When the moon was full she sat all alone behind the hop-vines, watching the silver light and the quivering shadows upon her floor, and a voice that might have come from the moon, for the silence that reigned before, spoke suddenly:

"Miss Mirabeth."

She threw a white shawl over her head and went down stairs to Philip Harper. She gave him both her hands, and did not dare to speak, so glad was she to see him.

"Here I am," he said. "Will thee go and see my bridge?"

That nettled her. Did he care for nothing else? Was he not glad at seeing her again? He put her hand on his arm and walked off down the road.

"I've been home to Newton," he said.

"Did thee see thy mother?" she asked, because she had nothing else to say.

"Yes; they are all well and happy at home. Miss Mirabeth, you thought it strange making you promise not to go to the old cliff till I came again; but the truth is, this bridge is something of a triumph for me, and I—I wanted to show it you myself, Mirabeth."

Her heart gave a jump.

"I want to get a little word of praise from you," he went on. "I want to hear what you say when you see it. But, pshaw! you can't care for my poor little bridge, though it is so much to me."

"I do care," she said, softly, under her breath.

"Here's the bridge, Mirabeth—speak quick!"

He was very much excited as he waited for her verdict.

Over the crazy water, splashing sometimes in shadow, now brilliant in the moonlight, was thrown a single span. There was nothing heavy or superfluous about the bridge. Light and graceful, it seemed really hung between the two steep shores, and the winds almost swayed it as they passed. Only fifty feet to the other side, yet this fellow Harper was the first to make the two regions one; and he had joined them with as beautiful a piece of mechanism as man could accomplish.

Mirabeth stood silent before the young man for a moment, then she looked up at him and spoke:

"Philip, thee has done well!"

He saw that her glorious eyes were glistening with more than the light of the moon, and her voice shook as she said,

"Oh, Philip, it is so beautiful, thy bridge!"

He caught both her hands.

"Mirabeth, my darling!"

"Philip!"

That was all. He took her in his arms and held her close. He knew now what he seemed only to have dimly guessed before—that it was more than her approbation of his work that he wanted; and he had seen more than this as she looked at him.

He turned her head back and gazed down into her eyes. The unshed tears quivered on her lashes. She did not move nor speak, but rested quiet in his arms. All around them fell the solemn splendor of the night; they two alone with the perfectness of joy that had come to them.

It seemed now that they had lived for this moment; that this was to be the end of all things.

So the bridge brought them together. They were happy for two months longer, then Philip bade his love farewell "till the spring," he said.

Mirabeth's life went on as quietly as before, save for the letters that came to her, and the proud consciousness of his love. Through the long winter she waited, happy, for the spring.

"Why, my daughter, thee's growing rosy; the spring is good for thee," said her father, as the snows began to melt. She was growing rosy with hope. Three weeks and he would be with her. The railroad was opened through that country now, and though Dilpworth was by no means a way-station, still great pride was felt as the trains rushed past. At last came the letter, which said:

"I shall be with thee in three days. I mean to ride from Rogers's Corners to Dilpworth, as there is some-

thing on the road which my lordship must inspect. Only three days, sweet-heart, and 'I'm coming over the mountain!' My mother sends thee thy wedding-gown by my hand, and I bring my fair one a jewel.

"Good-night, my Mirabeth, my beloved! Three days and I shall fold thee in these arms.

"PHILIP."

On the morrow arose a fearful tempest, and the wind rushed between the mountains, changing the stream into an angry river and a whirlpool. The water, as it fought its way against the rocky boundaries, made for itself prey of many a poor little tree and bush that had ventured too near the edge. Great stones were torn from their sockets and rolled on in the torrent, and the roar of the waters was deafening. This havoc was only between the rocky shores; for above, where Mirabeth had told Philip there was a ford, the whole meadow was overflowed. On the margins it seemed peaceful; but toward the centre, half hidden by the willows and alders that grew beside it, the channel began, which, ere long, had swelled into the pitiless, angry water between the rocks. All that day the storm raged, and fiercer grew the stream, and more deceitful the still water on the meadows; for as it spread over the land the crazy channel became more hidden from sight, and the shallows were still.

On the third day of Mirabeth's waiting the rain had ceased; but the wind still blew from the hills, and the gray clouds were scudding over a dull leaden sky.

Down in the valley the budding willows were covered with a silver veil of little tender leaves.

"He will be here by five o'clock," she said. She gave her father his dinner as usual, and was as quiet and useful as ever. As the hour drew near she grew excited. "I can't wait; I will go to meet him." So she went out into the air. The road was dry, and for a little way she ran against the keen wind; it pricked her cheek, and made her breath come hard. She walked on quickly, the oxygen making her blood tingle down to her finger-tips.

At last she stood on the dear old cliff. The wind blew fiercely, and the bridge creaked and groaned in the blast.

She called, "Philip!" No one could hear, she knew, and she loved to speak the word; but the sound blew away in an instant, and was lost. A verse of the old ballad came into her thought, and she sang aloud:

"'He's loupen on his bonny gray,
He's rade the right gate and the ready;
For a' the storm he wadna stay,
For seeking o' his bonny lady.'"

She looked up the stream, and saw the little foot-bridge the workmen had used was washed away. Then a great fear came upon her, and the words of the song sounded like a knell:

"'He spurred the mare into the flood:
I wot she swam both strong and steady;
But the stream was broad, and her strength did fail,
And he never saw his bonny lady.'"

Her voice was like a cry. "Oh, Philip! he will try the ford. I must save him." Her foot was on the bridge as she spoke. She had not thought of the cars, nor of danger for herself, though before her was a perilous journey; and the wind caught her as she stood, and almost blew her off the narrow foothold. It was a bridge of only a single track, without roof or flooring, and the girl must spring from tie to tie, with that whirlpool forty feet below. Slowly and steadily she made her way, never for a moment flagging or growing dizzy. She had gained the middle of the bridge, and was filled only with the wild desire to reach Philip, when she heard a sound that froze her blood. Above the howling of the wind, above the water's roar, she knew the whistle of the locomotive. She fell upon her knees and breathed a little prayer: "My Heavenly Father, help! oh, my God!" In an instant the train would be upon her; death seemed on every side.

The engine shrieked fiercely as it struck the bridge. They had seen her, too late to help her now. At the very feet of the monster, as he came thundering on, she grasped the tie on which she knelt with both hands; she dropped between the rails, and hung there for life as the cars passed over her head.

It was a lifetime to her; the noise was maddening, and the cruel bridge seemed to hate her, it shook so.

The cars were gone. She never knew how she struggled again to her feet and reached the other shore; she had lost all consciousness, save that she must find Philip, and tell him something quickly. She stood for a moment on the steep bank, and turned dumbly toward the water; and, as she looked, from out the dark mass a face stared blankly up at her—a face with a golden beard.

Mirabeth fell prone upon the earth. The black, murderous water rushed on; the spray rose and sparkled, pure and white, as though it did not hide the secret of his death.

"Oh, wae betide the fresh saugh wand!
Oh, wae betide the bush of brier!
That bent and brake into his hand,
When strength of man and horse did tire!"

"Hey! Lord ha' mercy! Whats'ever that a-lying over the track?"

"Looks like it were a woman. Jake, it's the boss's doxy."

"Dead, is she?"

"No, she fainted. Poor dear, what's the matter with 'ee? Speak up, my pretty! Gentle, gentle, Jake; turn her over; she'll come all right."

The two laborers, with hard, begrimed hands, touched the helpless woman at their feet like a little child. Tenderly they raised her, and with some trouble bore her again over the bridge.

Mirabeth did not speak. Her eyes opened once, but showed no sign of returning reason. She had been taken home, and the whole village was alive with excitement before she became conscious of her broken life. The anguish that she felt can come but once, such woe is so great as to make all other as nothing.

Little by little the girl had to learn that she must miss the well-spring of her hope or joy. Indeed, she had not known before all that Philip was to her. He had come to her in this silent village, where the noises of the outside life were unknown, and had, as it were, unlocked the great harmonies of the universe. Her mind before had lain dormant; now she could think; she knew the ideas of the master-spirits who move the world. And she had loved him; the power of her soul was awakened. Life was a hundredfold more earnest, more purposeful, since she had known Philip. And in an instant that one on whom she had relied, who had worked this change, who had made her alive when before she had been dead—that one was swept from her side: she was alone.

Years passed before Mirabeth learned to stand without him. Every instant of her life she missed her love. She had prayed to die, till she saw that there was still work for her in this life. Then bravely she took up her burden, saying, "So would Philip have done:" for as time went on her father became feeble both in body and mind, and all her care and affection were needed in the constant watch she kept for his comfort. At last the old man died, and now she was in truth what she had felt herself to be for years, without a companion in this world.

She was always like a ministering angel in Dilpworth. Whoever was sick or in trouble sent for Mirabeth Haines, and she brought comfort. For years she lived alone in the old house, doing what she could for those around her, always keeping brave, tender, and loving, though all she had to love were taken from her. When Mirabeth was forty years old, and her hair was silvered under the soft Friends' cap she wore, Jacob Frost rode again to her door. Long ago, when Mirabeth had refused him, he had left her hurt and sad, and at length had married the good wife who was now dead. Jacob found himself wholly incapable of caring for the children she had left. He had always been faithful to Mirabeth's memory, though he had taken Sarah for his wife; and now, in his hour of trouble, he turned to her for help, and Mirabeth married her old lover. Not from any sentiment; she knew that was over for her when Philip Harper was drowned.

"I do it for the sake of the children, Jacob," she said; "and I will indeed be a faithful mother to them."

Truly she fulfilled her promise, and gained her reward in the love and reverence they rendered her.

She was still full of good works when the spirit went from her, and there was no home in which Mirabeth was not mourned, no voice that did not say, "A noble soul is gone!"

And this is all her story.

[*Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year* 1869, *by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.*]

A BRAVE LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

With Illustrations.

CHAPTER XVI.

SIR EDWARD did not come home till very late that evening, at which his wife was not surprised; he had said that his duties would keep him late, and that he should very likely dine with his brother magistrates afterward. She concluded he had done so; but when she asked him, he said abruptly, No.

"Food! give me some food. And wine too, for I am quite exhausted. You seem as if you took a pleasure in starving me."

Josephine looked up astonished, so irritable was his tone, so wild and worried his look.

"Something has happened. What is it? Is César—"

"You always think of César first, never of me. Yes, he is all right: he staid with me and saw me off before his own train started."

"And you—Edward, is there any thing wrong with you?" asked she, taking his hand in a sort of remorse. But he flung hers off.

"Did I say there was any thing wrong? Why do you look at me so? There is nothing the matter with me."

But there was; and by-and-by she discovered it. A thing which at first he made light of, as of no importance whatever to a gentleman in his position, but which, when little by little she learned its whole bearing, and saw with frightfully clear eyes its possible results, was to Josephine one of those sudden blows which seem often to come upon us poor mortals like thunderbolts, when the air is most still, and there had seemed an hour ago not a cloud in the sky.

Be sure, soon or late, a man's sin will find him out. He, and others for him, may sedulously hide it a while; it may appear safely buried, so that no evil consequences can possibly ensue. But, by-and-by, a bird of the air carries the matter, and in one form or another retribution comes.

By some means—how was never discovered, for Josephine thought she had taken all precautions against such a fatality—that "little bird" began to whisper abroad, not as a public accu-

sation but as a tale of private scandal, how the Reverend Edward Scanlan had willfully falsified the accounts of the new school at Ditchley, and used for his own benefit the money which had been intrusted to him. And though the charity had suffered no loss, the defalcations being by some ingenious method or other discovered and replaced in time, still the fact remained; and those people who are always ready to envy a man his sudden prosperity bruited it about from mouth to mouth, till it became the talk of the county.

Curiously enough, the scandal had been a good while in reaching its victims. Sir Edward was not a sensitive man, quick to discover any slight indications of coolness toward himself; and, besides, the report had lain smouldering in Ditchley town, where he never went, for weeks before it reached the ears of the country gentlemen, who were mostly stanch old Tories, too proud to listen to the gossip of the lower classes. But having once heard it, and, so far as they could, verified it, they resented in a body this intrusion upon their order, and especially upon the magisterial bench, of a man whom only a lucky chance had saved from the disgrace of a public prosecution. He was in no danger of this now, but as far as honorable repute went, his character was gone.

"Only think, Josephine," said he, piteously, when he had confessed all to his wife, "all my neighbors gave me the cold shoulder; and one or two of them actually hinted the reason why. Such a fuss about nothing! You paid the money back, did you not?"

"Yes."

"Then what did it matter? These English people make money their god. Even Lord Turberville, who I thought would protect me—he had only just come home, and heard nothing of this unfortunate report till to-day—his lordship took no notice of me on the bench, and said to Langhorne, that he thought the wisest thing I could do would be to send in my resignation immediately."

"I think so too," said, with white lips, Josephine de Bougainville.

It was no use weeping or complaining. The miserable man before her needed all her support—all her pity. Under the blow which had fallen upon him he sank, as usual, utterly crushed and weak—weaker than any woman. Such men always are.

"They will hunt me down like a hare, these accursed country squires," moaned he. "I shall never be able to hold up my head in the county again. And just when I was getting on so well, and the Turbervilles were come home; and they might have taken us by the hand and helped us into society. It's very hard!"

"It is hard," said Josephine, beneath her breath; and as she looked round the cheerful drawing-room, so handsome yet so home-like, her whole external possessions, her money, her title, her name, seemed to become valueless. She would have given them all to secure to her children that blessing which, though, thank God, many families have struggled on without it, is yet the safest strong-hold and dearest pride of any family—a father's unstained, honorable name.

"But what are we to do, Josephine? Tell me, what are we to do?"

She turned and saw him crouched—all but kneeling at her feet—the man who was tied to her for life; who, with all his faults, was not a deliberate villain; and who now, as was his wont, in his distress took refuge with her, and her alone. For a moment she shrank from him—an expression of pain, unutterable pain—perhaps something worse than pain—passed over her face, and then she feebly smiled.

"I can not answer you at once. Give me time to think."

"Very well. Only, Josephine, do remember what your poor husband has suffered this day. For God's sake, do not you be unkind to me!"

"No, I will not. It is for God's sake," she repeated to herself, with a deep meaning; almost as deep and earnest as a prayer.

During her many hours of solitary musings—more numerous now than ever in her life—Josephine had learned much. That burning sense of wrong—wrong done to herself and her children by their father, had in some measure died out; she looked upon him sorrowfully, as being chiefly his own enemy: she could protect both them and herself from him now. And in another way her mind had changed; she begun dimly to guess at the solemn truth, without which all life becomes a confused haze—that what we do for people is not for themselves, or for ourselves, but for something higher. Thus, it was for God's sake, not for his own, she resolved to hold fast to her husband.

"Edward," she said, "indeed I never mean to be unkind to you; but this is a terrible grief to me. To be sure, the thing is not much worse known than unknown, except so far as it affects the children. Had César any idea of it, do you think?"

"Yes—no. Well, yes; I told him something of it," stammered Sir Edward. "I had nobody else to speak to, and he saw how broken-down and upset I was. Poor fellow! he insisted on seeing me safe off home before he started himself for Oxford. I must say César behaved very well to me to-day."

"My good boy!" muttered the mother; and then with a thrill of maternal suffering at how he might suffer—"Oh, my poor César!"

"César—always César! Can't you for one moment think of me?"

Ay, that was the key to this man's life. He had never thought but of himself, and himself alone. Such a one—and oh, what hundreds there are like him!—ought never to be either husband or father.

Josephine turned grave, reproachful eyes upon him—the dead weight who had dragged her down all her days. It always had been so—apparently it was to be so to the end.

"Edward, consider a little, and you will find

I do think of you; but there is plenty of time. We have no need to do any thing in haste—if indeed," with a sigh, "any thing remains to be done."

And there came helplessly the thought upon her of how little could be done. A lie she could have fought against; but there was no fighting against the truth. In a gentle way she said as much.

"True or not, Josephine, I'll not bear it. Am I, with all my Irish talent, to be a by-word among those clodhopping English squires? They hate me because I am Irish. I always knew that. But I'll soon teach them differently. I, with my wealth, could take a position wherever I pleased. We'll leave this place immediately."

"Leave this place?"

"And I shall be only too glad of the opportunity to quit this horrid old house; you know I always disliked it. We can't sell it, more's the pity! but we could easily let it, and we will."

"We will not," said Josephine, roused to desperation.

"But I say we will, and I am master here!" cried Sir Edward, violently. "I have been planning it the whole way home," added he, more pacifically, as he saw that his wrath had not the slightest effect upon his wife. It only tightened the shut lips, and gave an added paleness to the steady, firm features. "We can give out that your health requires us to winter abroad, and go quietly away in a week or two. Once gone, we need never come back any more."

"Never come back any more? When I loved the place so; when I had settled down here for life, and was so happy!—so happy! Husband, you are very cruel to me! And Heaven is cruel too. My troubles are more than I can bear."

She sat down, wringing her hands. A kind of despair came over her—the sudden reaction which we often feel when trouble follows a lull of peace—as sharp as the first chill of returning winter. But we get accustomed to it presently. So did she.

Against this scheme of her husband's—very natural to him, for his first thought in any difficulty was to run away—Lady de Bougainville at first rebelled with all her might. She refused point-blank to quit her home—though she were ignored by the whole county, and though the arrows of evil tongues were to fly around her head as thick as hail.

"I am not afraid; I have done nothing," she said, haughtily. "No possible blame can attach to the children or me. And, even with regard to what has been, since nobody was really injured and it will never happen again, would it not be possible to remain and live it down?"

So reasoned she with Mr. Langhorne, who was the only person whom in her extremity she took counsel of: confessed the whole thing, and asked him what he thought would be the wisest course.

"For my children's sake—my children, you see," pleaded the poor mother. Of herself she cared nothing; would gladly have hidden her head any where in merciful obscurity. "Had I not better stay here and brave it out? Nobody could bring up the tale so as to harm the children."

Mr. Langhorne hesitated. He knew the world better than she did. Still, she was so bent upon remaining that she resisted him as much as she did her husband, who, cowed by her determined will, assumed the air of a much-injured and most patient man, told her to "have it all her own way; he should never say another word on the subject."

But he did though: reverting to it day after day with the worrying persistency of a weak soul that tries by every underhand means to shake a stronger one. Alas! only too often succeeding.

For a few weeks Lady de Bougainville bore all her misery at home, all her slights abroad—some imaginary, perhaps, but others real enough. For the taint of "something dishonorable" attached to a family—especially in a thinly-populated country district, ignorant of the tricks of trade, great or small, which are practiced in larger communities—is a thing not easily removed. Long after its exact circumstances are forgotten the vague stigma remains. In proportion to his former popularity, his old parishioners, and indeed the whole county, now viewed with extreme severity the Reverend Sir Edward de Bougainville.

Several times Josephine drove purposely to Ditchley, showing her face to the world at large, and calling upon the people she knew; but they were all rather cold to her, and some barely civil. Lady Turberville, whom she one day accidentally met, though not uncourteous—for the old lady stopped to speak to her, and had a tone of sympathy in her voice—still made not the slightest inquiry after Sir Edward, and gave no hint of the proposed visit of the Ladies Susan and Emily to Oldham Court. In short, that slight, untangible coolness, that "sending to Coventry," which in a provincial neighborhood is, socially, the ruin of any family, had obviously befallen the De Bougainvilles. Once begun, these things always increase rather than diminish; and however she might shut her eyes to it, Josephine could not help seeing before her and hers a future of splendid loneliness, duller and drearier even than poverty.

Then, too, an uncomfortable change, physical and mental, came over her husband. The shock of his sudden fortunes had thrown him into a rather excited condition. He had been top-heavy with prosperity, so to speak, and against this sudden bleak wind of adversity he could not fight at all. He fell into a low way, refused to do any thing or go any where, and sat all day long shivering over the fire, bemoaning his hard lot, and complaining that the world was all against him, as it had been from his youth

up. He could not bear his wife out of his sight, yet when she was in it he was always scolding her, saying she was killing him by inches in keeping him at Oldham Court.

"Can it be really so? What is the matter with him?" she asked of Dr. Waters, whom she had at last secretly summoned—for Sir Edward refused all medical advice, saying that the sight of a doctor was as good, or as bad, as a death-warrant.

Dr. Waters made no immediate reply. Perhaps he really had none to give. That mysterious disease called softening of the brain, which seems to attack the weakest and the strongest brains—letting the lucky mediocre ones go free—was then unnamed in medical science; yet I think, by all accounts, its earliest symptoms must even then have been developing in Josephine's husband. She knew it not—nobody knew it; but its results were painful enough, throwing a cloud of gloom over the whole family. And upon this state of things the younger boys—planning their first Christmas at Oldham Court, yule-logs and guisards, according to the merry Christmas-keeping of all the wealthy families in the county—came ignorantly home. César too—but César was not ignorant, though in all his letters he had never yet said a word of what he knew. He only held his mother's hand sometimes, and followed her tenderly about the house, and made things as easy for her as he could; but he seemed to think—it was his nature and had been his grandfather's too, she remembered—that the easiest thing was silence.

"Perhaps, after all," said Dr. Waters, on his second visit, "it would be better to go."

"To leave home, you mean, as my husband wishes—for a time?"

"Yes, for a time," repeated the doctor, with his eyes cast down. "Long or short, as may be advisable. Change of scene, without delay, is, I think, very necessary for Sir Edward. And for the boys—they have but a dull life here. You will return in triumph," added he, cheerfully, "in time to have an ox roasted whole, and all sorts of rejoicings when César comes of age."

Lady de Bougainville turned sharply away. How all her delights had crumbled down to dust and ashes! Alas, to what sort of an inheritance would he come, her handsome young heir? And who would stand up and wish him the heir's best benediction, that he might tread in his father's footsteps all his days?

Nevertheless, she could but follow where fate led, and do the best that seemed possible for the time being. So standing at her favorite oriel window, looking down the straight evergreen alleys of her beloved garden, where the holly-berries shone scarlet in the winter sun, and the arbutus-trees were glittering under the first white dust of snow, she made up her mind to leave Oldham Court; to slip the dear, safe anchor of home, and go drifting about upon the wide world.

Some may count this a very small thing—a very infinitesimal sacrifice; but I know better. However, it was made; and having once put her hand to the plow she never looked back, but drove it straight through her pleasant flowers with a firm remorseless hand.

Of course, her husband was delighted. She had come to her senses at last, and he congratulated her accordingly. He laid plan after plan of what he should like best to do, what would amuse him most; and at last thought, considering it was winter time, and rather too early for the London season, it would be well to adopt a suggestion which somebody or other threw out, and take a tour through the cathedral towns of England.

"You see, this will be particularly suitable for me in my character of a clergyman." For since politics and the Earl of Turberville had lost their charm he went back upon that, and became once more stricter than ever in his religious observances.

Josephine cared little where she went. So, mostly by chance, the thing was decided. They were to begin with Canterbury.

"But you don't want to take the children with us, my dear?" said Sir Edward, querulously. "I shall have no pleasure at all if I am bothered with a lot of children at my heels." So Josephine gave this up too.

Her last few days at Oldham Court appeared, she herself once told me, to have fled exactly like a dream. The whole thing was done suddenly—leaving the children behind in charge of the good governess and Bridget. She intended to come back and shut up the house, for she obstinately refused to let it; but still, when the carriage slowly ascended the hilly road, and she looked down on the gray gables nestling in sunshine in the valley below, she had a fatal foreboding that she should never see Oldham Court again. She never did.

I do not mean to make any pathetic scene out of all this. Many persons might say that all Lady de Bougainville's regrets on the subject were mere morbid imagination, when she had so many tangible blessings left her to enjoy. It might be, and yet I pity her, and can understand how she fell into a kind of dull despondency, very unusual for her, which lasted for several days.

Out of it she was roused by a chance incident; one of those small things which are often the pivot upon which much greater things turn. Wandering round Canterbury cathedral aimlessly enough—for Sir Edward took little interest in ecclesiastical architecture, and was much more interested in finding out where the Deanery was, and whether he ought not to call upon the Dean, whom he had once met, and who would probably ask them to dinner—Lady de Bougainville came upon the queer old door leading to that portion of the crypt which, ever since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes—indeed, I believe, earlier still—has been assigned by law and custom to the use of the

French Protestants whose forefathers had taken refuge in England. While asking a question or two of the verger, she dimly recollected having heard of the place before. Her father had once "assisted" at a Sunday service there, and described it to her. Keenly interested, she tried to peer through the cracks in the door and the spidery windows; little was to be seen, but she managed to catch a few glimpses of the interior, the low-arched ceiling, whitewashed like the walls; the plain, common wooden pews and pulpit, whereon lay a book, torn and worm-eaten—a centuries-old French Huguenot Bible—for she could read the words "Saincte Ecriture" on the open title-page.

A strange contrast it was, this poor, plain—pathetically plain—little conventicle, to the magnificent cathedral overhead, where she had just been hearing service; but it suited her present state of mind exactly. Sickened of wealth, feeling the hollowness of the sham pomps about her, her heart seemed to spring back like an overbent bow to the noble poverty of her childish days, to the rigid uncompromising faith of her French forefathers.

"Every Sunday they have service here, you say?" she asked of the verger. "Edward, shall we go to-morrow? I should like it very much."

"I dare say: you always do like common and ungenteel places. No, I would not be seen there upon any account."

"No matter," she thought, "I will go alone." And next day, while her husband was taking a long sleep, she sallied forth through the rainy streets; wrapping herself up in her cloak, and trudging on, almost as Mrs. Scanlan used to trudge, in days gone by. No fear, she thought, of her being recognized as Lady de Bougainville.

And yet, when she passed under the low door of the crypt, entering side by side with that small and rather queer-looking congregation, chiefly French artificers of various sorts, with their wives and families, descendants of the early *emigrés* or later comers into the town, who, but for this ancient institution of service under the cathedral, would probably long ago have forgotten their religion and race, and become altogether amalgamated with the inhabitants of Canterbury; when she looked at them, and heard in faint whispers that tongue of another land, as they noticed the rare presence of a stranger among them—Josephine began to feel strange stirrings in her heart.

It is curious, as we advance in middle life, especially when there is a great gulf between that life and our childish one, how sharp and distinct the latter grows! For years, except in her children's caressing chatter, Josephine had scarcely heard the sound of her native tongue—that is, her ancestors' tongue, for, as I said, she herself had been born after her parents quitted France; nor since childhood had she been in any place of worship like that which her father used to take her to—a bare meeting-house, rough as this, of which it strongly reminded her. When she sat down, it almost seemed as if the old Vicomte sat beside her with his gentle "*Soi sage, ma petite fille.*" And when the minister, in his high French intonation, a little "singsong" and long drawn out, began to read: "*L'Evangile selon Saint Jean, chapitre premier. La Parole était au commencement: la Parole était avec Dieu, et la Parole était Dieu*"—old times came back upon her so forcibly that it was with difficulty she could restrain her tears.

What the congregation thought of her she knew not, cared not. Possibly, for many Sundays after, those simple people talked of and looked for the strange lady who that Sunday had worshiped with them—whether Frenchwoman or Englishwoman they could not tell, only that she had left in the alms-box several bright English sovereigns, which helped on the poor of the flock through a very hard winter. She came and she went, speaking to nobody, and nobody venturing to speak to her, but the influence of those two hours effected in her mind a complete revolution.

"I will go home," she said to herself, as she walked back through Canterbury streets, still in the pelting rain; "home to my father's faith and my father's people, if any of them yet remain. I will bring up my children not English but French; after the noble old Huguenot pattern, such as my father used to tell me of, and such as he was himself. *Mon père, mon père!*"

It was a dream, of course, springing out of her entire ignorance; as Utopian as many another fancy which she had cherished, only to see it melt away like a breaking wave; still at present it was forced so strongly upon her mind that it gave her a gleam of new hope. Almost as soon as she returned to the hotel, she proposed to her husband, with feigned carelessness, for he now generally objected to any thing which he saw she had set her heart upon—that instead of continuing their tour in this gloomy weather, they should at once send for the children, cross the Channel, and spend the New Year in Paris, *le jour de l'an* being such a very amusing time.

"Is it?" said Sir Edward, catching at the notion. "And I want amusing so much! Yes, I think I should like to go. How soon could we start?"

"I think, within a week."

She despised herself for humoring him; for leading him by means of his whims instead of his reason to needful ends, but she was often obliged to do both now. A curious kind of artfulness, and childish irritability mingled with senile obstinacy, often seized him; when he was very difficult to manage; he who as a young man had been so pleasant and good-tempered, in truth a better temper than she. But things were different now.

Ere her husband could change his mind, which he was apt to do, and ere the novelty of

the fresh idea wore off, Lady de Bougainville hastily made all her arrangements, left Oldham Court in the hands of Mr. Langhorne; sent for her children and some of her servants, and almost before she recognized the fact herself, was in the land of her forefathers, the very city where more than one of the last generation of them had expiated on the guillotine the crime of having been noble, in the best sense of the word, for centuries. As Josephine drove through the streets in the chilly winter dusk, she thought with a curious fancy of how her father must have looked, wakened early one morning, a poor crying child, to see the death-cart, with his father in it, go by; and again, with a shudder, how her beautiful great-aunt must have felt when the cold steel first touched her neck. Ah! but those were terrible times, to be so near behind us as seventy years!

Paris, such as Lady de Bougainville then saw it, and as long afterward she used to describe it to me, lingering with the loving garrulousness of age upon things, and places, and people, all swept away into the gulf of the past—ancient Paris exists no more. Imperial "improvements" so-called, have swept away nearly all its historical landmarks, and made it, what probably its present ruler most desired it should be made, a city without a history. When I visited it myself, wishful as I was to retrace the steps of our dear old friend, and tell her on our return about these places she knew, we could find almost none of them. Except the quaint old Rue St. Honoré, where in an hotel, half French, half English, which Sir Edward took a fancy to, she lived during her whole residence there.

I knew not if it were the stirring of the mercurial ancestral blood, or merely the bright, clear, sunshiny atmosphere, but Lady de Bougainville felt her heart lighter as soon as she entered Paris. She was not one to mourn over the inevitable; Oldham Court was left behind, but she had many pleasant things surrounding her still. She went sight-seeing almost every morning with her happy children, and of afternoons she took her daily drive with Sir Edward, showing him every thing she could think of to amuse him—and he really was amused, for the time. His health and spirits revived; he confessed Paris was a pleasant place to winter in, or would be, as soon as they came to know people, and to be known. With this end in view he haunted Galignani's, and was on the *qui vive* for all the English visitors to the hotel, in case some of their names might be familiar to him.

But in Paris, as in London, came the same difficulty inevitable under the circumstances. Socially, the De Bougainvilles had not yet risen to the level of their money, and beyond a certain point it helped them little. They were almost as lonely, and as entirely without acquaintances, in the Rue St. Honoré as they had been in St. James's Street. Vainly did Sir Edward harry his wife's memory for the name of every noble family with whom her father had had to do, hoping to hunt them out, and thrust himself upon them. Vainly, too, did he urge her to leave a card at the British Embassy, or even at the Tuileries, for one De Bougainville had been about fifty years ago a very faithful friend to one of the Orleans family. But something—was it pride or was it shame—or perhaps merely natural reticence?—made Josephine steadily and firmly decline these back-stairs methods of getting into society.

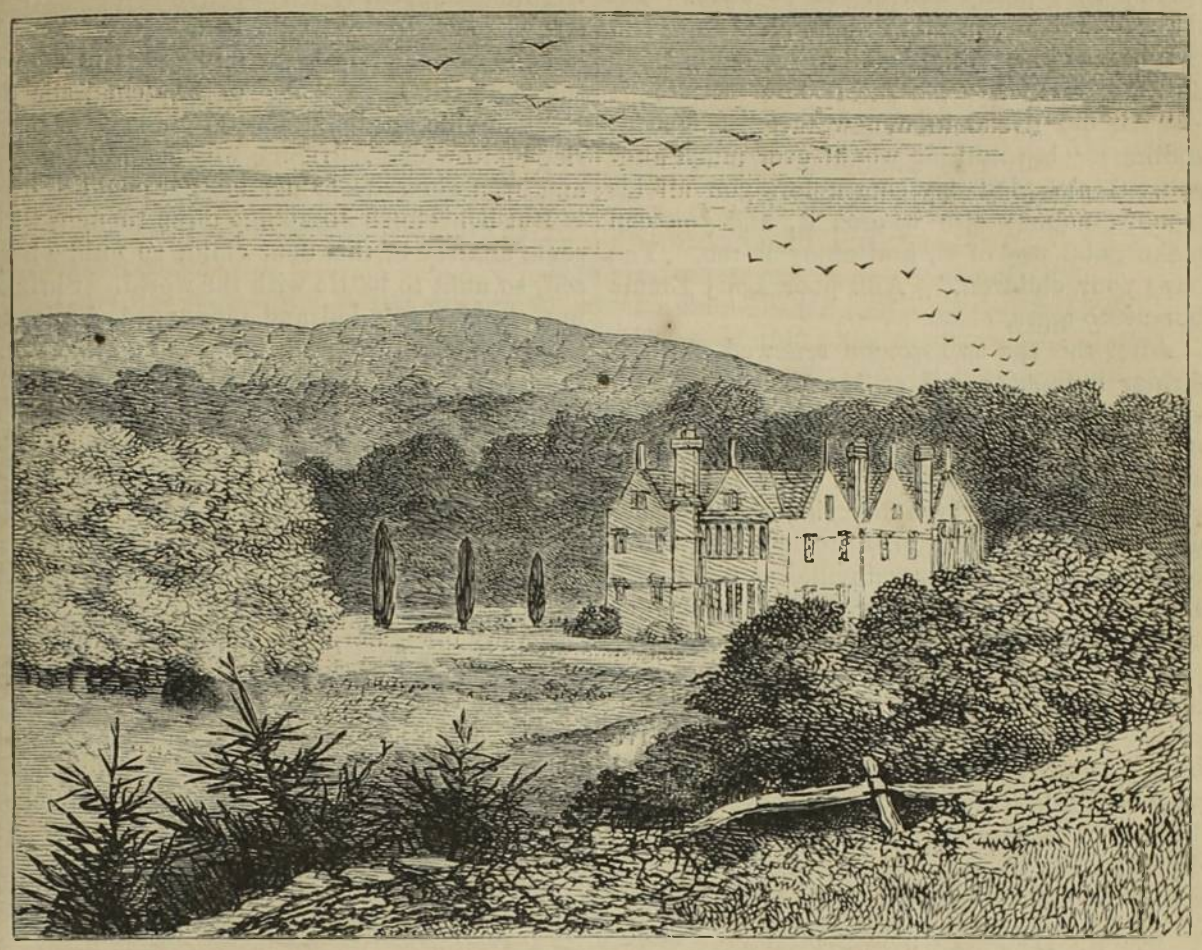
César, too, who was nearly grown up now, had a great dislike to the thing. "Mamma," he would say, "if people do not seek us of their own accord, and for ourselves, I had rather have no friends or acquaintance at all. We can do very well without them."

"I think so too," said Lady de Bougainville. But she did not perplex herself much about the matter. She knew the lack was only temporary. Every time she looked at her son, who to his natural grace was daily adding that air of manliness and gentlemanliness which the associations of University life give to almost every young fellow, more or less, she smiled to herself with perfect content. There was no fear of her César's not making friends every where by-and-by.

He was her consolation for a good many things which she found difficult to bear. Not great things; she had no heavy troubles now; but little vexations. It was sometimes very trying to watch the slight shrugs or covert smiles with which the civil Frenchmen he met at *tables d'hote*, theatres, etc., commented silently on the brusquerie or "bumptiousness" of the rich *milord Anglais*, who was always asserting his right to the best of every thing. For in a foreign country, more patent than ever becomes the fact that, however his rank or wealth, no thoroughly selfish man ever is, or even appears, a gentleman.

Rich as Sir Edward was, he found that when one's only key to society is a golden one, it takes a good while to fit it in. He was growing weary of the delay, and speculating whether it would not be well to leave Paris, when the magic "open sesame" to his heart's desire arrived in a very unexpected way.

With a vague yearning after her father's faith, dimly as she understood it, a restless seeking after something upon which to stay her soul, sickened with the religious hollowness amidst which she had lived so long, Josephine went, Sunday after Sunday, to the French Protestant Chapel. Not that the preacher could teach much—few preachers can, to hearers like herself, whose sharp experience of life mocks all dogmatizing as mere idle words; it is God only who can bring faith to a soul which has lost all faith in man. But she liked to listen to the mellifluous French of the good old minister—liked too the simplicity of the service, and the evident earnestness of the congregation. An earnestness quite different from that of the worshipers she saw in Catholic churches, though



OLDHAM COURT.

this was touching too. She often envied those poor kneeling women praying even to a Saint or a Holy Virgin in whom they could believe.

But these French Protestants seemed to worship God as she thought He would best desire to be worshiped—open-eyed, fearless-hearted, even as their forefathers and hers had done, in valleys and caves, persecuted and hunted to death, yet never renouncing Him. The difference, so difficult to understand, between faith and superstition, was there still. She often fancied that in these nineteenth-century faces she could still detect gleams of the old Huguenot spirit, with its strength, its courage, its unparalleled self-devotion. A spirit as different from that of Catholic France as that of the Puritans and Covenanters was from that corrupt Court of the Stuarts.

She was in a dream of this kind, such as she fell into almost every Sunday—when, looking up, she saw among these stranger faces a face she knew; and as soon as service was over she hurried after the person, who was Priscilla Nunn.

"How came you here? Who would have expected it? My good Priscilla, I am so glad to see you—so very glad!"

The woman courtesied, looking pleased, said she had watched "my Lady" for several Sundays, but thought perhaps my Lady did not care to notice her. That she had given up business and gone back to her old profession, and was now living as nurse and humble companion with Lady Emma Lascelles.

"She is very ill, my Lady—will never be better. She often speaks of you. Shall I tell her I saw you?"

"No—yes," hesitated Josephine, for she had been a little wounded by Lady Emma's long silence, which, however, this illness explained. She stood perplexed, but still cordially holding Priscilla by the hand, when she saw her husband waiting for her in the carriage, and watching her with astonished suspicious eyes. Hastily she gave her address, and joined him; for she well knew what vials of wrath would be poured out upon her devoted head. As was really the case, until Sir Edward discovered with whom the obnoxious Priscilla was living.

"Lady Emma! Then you must at once call upon her. She may be of the greatest service to you. She used to be so very fond of you. Where is she residing?"

Josephine had never asked; but her pride or reticence was rendered needless by Mr. Lascelles's appearing the very next day to entreat her to visit his wife, who was longing to see her.

So, without more ado, Lady de Bougainville put on her bonnet as rapidly as Mrs. Scanlan used to do, and went alone, a street's length, to the quiet faubourg, where, surrounded by all Parisian elegance and luxury, the young creature, who had once come to Ditchley as a bride, lay fading away. She had lost child after child—hopes rising only to be blighted · and now, far gone in consumption, was slipping peacefully out of a world which upon her had

opened so brightly and closed so soon. Yet she still took her usual warm human interest in it, and was exceedingly glad to see again Lady de Bougainville.

"An old friend in a new face," she said, smiling; "but nothing would ever much alter you. I am glad my cousin left you all his money; nobody else wanted it, and you can make good use of it, and enjoy it too. You have your children." And poor Lady Emma burst into tears.

After this the two women renewed all their former intimacy; and as Mr. Lascelles knew every body, and surrounded his wife with as many pleasant people as he could think of, to amuse her, it so happened that this mere chance, occurring through such an humble medium as Priscilla Nunn, furnished the means by which the De Bougainvilles entered into Parisian society. Really good society, such as even Sir Edward approved; for it included people of higher rank than, in his wildest ambition, he had ever expected to mix with.

The Court, then resident at Paris, must have been, so long as it lasted, one of the best and purest Courts which France has ever known. Whatever its political mistakes or misfortunes, domestically it was without alloy. No one could enter the household circle of the citizen-king without admiring and loving it. High-toned, yet simple; fond of art and literature, yet rating moral worth above both these; combining the old aristocratic grace with the liberalism of the time, and assigning to rank, wealth, talent, each its fitting place and due honor—though many years have elapsed since its dispersion and downfall, all those now living who knew it speak tenderly of the Court of Louis Philippe.

Lady de Bougainville did, to her very last hour. Whether she "shone" therein, I can not tell—she never said so; but she keenly enjoyed it. More, certainly, than her husband, who, after his first flush of delight, found himself a little out of his element there. He could not understand the perfect simplicity of those great people, who could associate with poor authors and artists upon equal terms; who were friendly and kind to their servants; and who, instead of going about all day with allegorical crowns on their heads, were in reality very quiet persons, who would condescend to the commonest things and pursuits—such as shocked much a grand personage like Sir Edward de Bougainville. He was altogether puzzled, and sometimes a little uncomfortable; finally he held aloof, and let his wife go into society alone, or with the companionship of her daughter.

Adrienne "came out." Sitting beside her beautiful mother, as shy and silent as any French demoiselle, but much amused by what she saw around her, she looked on, taking little share in the gay world, until she saw herself put forward as a desirable "*partie*" by an energetic French mother, when she turned in frightened appeal to her own, and the "*pretendu*" was speedily extinguished. Nevertheless, in spite of her plain looks and defect in figure, the reported large "*dot*" of Mademoiselle de Bougainville attracted several chances of marriage; to which Adrienne was as indifferent—and even amused—as her mother could desire.

But henceforth Josephine often thought with some anxiety of this dear child, so unlike herself, so unfit to battle with the world. Shrinking, timid, easily led and influenced, Adrienne inherited much from her father, and almost nothing from her mother, except her uprightness and sincerity.

"If you do marry," Lady de Bougainville sometimes said to her, "it must be some one who will be very good to you, some one whom I can entirely trust, or I shall break my heart. Sometimes I hope, my darling, that you will not marry at all."

"Very likely not, mamma," Adrienne would answer, blushing brightly. "I certainly would rather not marry a Frenchman."

So the mother rested, content that none of these gay young fellows, who, she felt sure, only sought her for her money, had touched the heart of her young daughter, whom she still called fondly her "little" girl.

CHAPTER XVII.

When they had been a year at Paris, or near it—for in the fashionable season for "*la campagne*" they drifted with the usual Parisian crowd to some place sufficiently in reach of the city not to be dull—Sir Edward began to suggest moving on. There was a curious restlessness about him which made him never settle any where. Back to Oldham Court he positively refused to go; and when the subject was fairly entered upon, Josephine found that her son César had the same repugnance. He and she had never spoken together of that fatal rumor which had been the secret cause of their sudden departure; but that the proud, honest, reticent boy knew it, and felt it acutely, she was well aware.

"No, mother," he said, when she consulted with him, for she had already learned to rest upon his premature wisdom and good sense; "don't let us go back to Oldham Court—at least not for some years. The house will take no harm, and the land is well let; Mr. Langhorne, last time he was at Oxford, told me that you will be richer by letting it than living at it; and I don't want to live there—never again! Besides," hastening to heal up a wound he thought he had made, "you see, I must be a busy man, must enter a profession, work my way up in the world, and earn my own fortune. Then, mother darling, you shall have Oldham Court for your dower-house, when you are an old lady."

She smiled, and ceased urging her point, though she was pining for a settled resting-

place. At last César saw this, and went hunting about England on pedestrian tours till he succeeded in finding a place that he felt sure she would like, and his father too—a large, old-fashioned mansion; not Gothic, but belonging to the time of Queen Anne; fallen into much disrepair, but still capable of being revived into its original splendor.

"And you will have quite money enough to do this, Mr. Langhorne says," added the prudent boy. "And the doing of it would amuse papa so much. Besides, it is such a beautiful old place; and oh, what a park! what trees! Then the rooms are so lofty, and large, and square. You might give such dinners and balls—I like a ball, you know. Dearest mother, please think twice before you throw overboard our chance of Brierley Hall."

She promised, though with little interest in the matter—as little interest as we sometimes take in places or people which are to be our destiny. And Oldham Court—which she loved so, which she had set her heart upon—she foresaw only too clearly, would never be her home any more.

Still, she would have done almost any thing to please César, who was growing up her heart's delight. He only came to Paris on passing visits, being quite taken up with his Oxford life, in which his earnest perseverance atoned for any lack of brilliant talents; and he worked for his degree like any poor lad, forgetting he was heir to a wealthy gentleman, and scarcely even remembering his twenty-first birthday, which passed by without any oxen roasted whole or other external rejoicings—except the joy of his mother that he was now a man, with his career safe in his own hands.

César was after all more of an Englishman than a Frenchman, even in spite of his resemblance to his grandfather, so strong that more than one old courtier had come up to him and welcomed the descendant of M. le Vicomte de Bougainville. But the young fellow added to his English gravity that charming French grace which we Britons often lack, and his tall figure and handsome looks made him noticeable in every *salon* where he appeared.

His proud mother had especially remarked this on one evening which had a painful close.

It was a *reception*, whither she and her son went alone together—Sir Edward having desired that Adrienne would remain at home and play dominos with him—since he had been in France he had taken greatly to that harmless game, which seemed to suit him exactly. And Adrienne had obeyed, a little reluctlantly, as the reception was at a house where, timid as she was, she liked to go. For the hostess was a lady who, though too poor to "entertain" as we English understand the word—indeed, Sir Edward complained bitterly that he never got any thing at her reunions but biscuits and weak raspberry vinegar—yet, by her exquisite tact and cultivated grace, which is often better than talent in a woman, succeeded in gathering around her once a week all the notable people in Paris. As Lady de Bougainville stood in the midst of the assemblage, with César at her side, I could imagine that mother and son were a good sight to behold, both by one another and by the brilliant throng around them.

"Still, we ought to go home," she whispered to him, more than once, even while giving herself up, half Frenchwoman as she was, to the enjoyment of the minute, allowing herself to rest, gay and at ease, on the summit of one of those sunshiny waves which are forever rising and falling in most human lives. "I should like to return even sooner than we promised, in case papa might be a little dull. He told me that he was to be quite alone at home to-night."

"Indeed!" said César, dryly. "I thought I overheard him giving orders about a little supper that was to be prepared for some visitor he expected. But," added the lad, with meaning, "papa often—forgets."

"César!" said Lady de Bougainville, sharply; and then, almost with a kind of entreaty, "Do not be hard upon your father."

The mother and son came home at once, though it was half an hour before they were expected and, apparently, wanted. For there, sitting opposite to Sir Edward, playing dominos with him, and amusing him till he burst into shouts of laughter, which were faintly echoed by Adrienne—who hung about the two, looking as happy and delighted as she had used to do of evenings at Wren's Nest—was the object of Josephine's long dislike and dread—Mr. Summerhayes.

There are women, justifiably the aversion of their husbands' male friends, rigidly righteous, and putting virtue forward in such an obnoxious manner that vice seems less unpleasant by comparison. These I do not uphold. But I do uphold a woman who dares to call wickedness by its right name, and shut her door upon it, however charming it may be; who, like David, "hates all evil-doers," and will not let them "continue in her sight." Poor King David—a sinner too! But if he sinned, he also repented. And, had *he* repented, I doubt not Lady de Bougainville would have been the first to hold out a kindly hand even to Mr. Summerhayes.

As it was, she made no pretense of the sort. She stood—her hand unextended, her eyes fixed on her husband's guest with a grave astonishment. So unmistakable was her manner, so strong her determination, that Summerhayes made no attempt to counteract either, but saying, "I perceive I am intruding here," bowed and departed.

His friend never attempted to detain him, but burst into bitter complaint when he was gone.

"Josephine, how can you be so unkind, so rude? You have driven away the only friend I have—the only fellow whose company is amusing to me, or whom I care to see in all Paris."

"Have you seen him often?"

"Why, yes—no; not so very often. And only at Galignani's. I never brought him here before to-night."

"Then, I entreat you, do not bring him again. You know what he is, and what I think of him. Into this house, and among my young sons and daughters, that man shall never come. Another time, when I happen to be absent, will you remember that, Edward?"

She spoke strongly—more strongly, perhaps, than she should have spoken to their father in her children's presence; but it was necessary. Indecision might have been fatal. They were too old to be left in the dark as to their associates.

No one answered her. César, who had looked as vexed as she, took up a book and walked away to bed; but Adrienne followed her mother to her room, greatly agitated.

"Indeed, mamma, I had no idea Mr. Summerhayes was coming till he came. And I was so pleased to see him. I did not know you disliked him so much."

That was true, for she had said as little about him as possible to her young daughter; his delinquencies were of a kind not easy to open up to a girl, and of a man known to the family as their father's friend. Even now she hardly knew how to explain with safety the motives of her conduct.

"I do dislike him, Adrienne, and I have just cause, as I will tell you by-and-by, if necessary. At present let us put the matter aside. Mr. Summerhayes is not likely to come here again; papa says he shall not invite him."

But she knew none the less that she would have to take all imaginable precautions against the thing she dreaded—against the father, who was no sort of guard over his own children—who, when he liked or wished a thing, would stoop to any underhand means of accomplishing it. For, as she afterward discovered, her husband had all along kept up a desultory correspondence with Mr. Summerhayes, whom, though not actually supplying with money—Sir Edward since his accession to wealth having grown extremely parsimonious—he had allowed to make use of him in various ways which flattered his vanity and his love of patronizing; and at last in one way which, when Josephine found it out, she opened her eyes in horrified astonishment.

"He marry Adrienne?" And when Sir Edward one day showed her, rather hesitatingly, a letter making formally that request, she tore it up in a fit of unrestrainable passion. "How dare he! Of course you refused him at once?"

"I—I did not quite like to do that. He is acquainted with all my affairs. Oh, Josephine, pray—pray be careful."

The old story! The strong, wicked man knowing his power over the weak one, and using it. At a glance Lady de Bougainville saw the whole thing.

"Coward!" she was near saying, and then her sudden blind fury died down: it was dangerous. She needed to keep her eyes open, her mind calm, and all her wits about her. In a new and utterly unexpected form the old misery had risen up again. Once more she had to protect her children, not only from Mr. Summerhayes, but from their own father.

"And when did you receive this letter, Edward?" she asked, not passionately now, and he was blunt to any thing else.

"A week ago. But I was afraid you might not approve: Adrienne is so young."

"Adrienne will have money. She would be a very convenient wife for Mr. Summerhayes."

"And Summerhayes has talent, and is of good family, and he has sown his wild oats, he tells me, long ago. He might suit her very well. You had better let him take her. It is not every one who would marry poor Adrienne. And all women ought to be married, you know."

"Ought they?"

"Come, come, I am glad to see you so reasonable. Who shall answer the letter, you or I?"

"I will."

"And you'll give the man a chance? You'll not make an enemy of him?"

"Has he ever spoken to the child? But no—Adrienne would have told me—she always tells her mother every thing." And the comfort which always came with the thought of her children soothed the mother's half-maddened spirit. "If he has held his tongue, I—I will forgive him. But he must never see my daughter's face again."

And to this effect she wrote, her husband looking over her shoulder the while.

"Don't offend him, please don't offend him," was all Sir Edward said. When his wife looked as she looked now, he was so utterly cowed that he never risked any open opposition.

Whether to tell Adrienne what had happened, and how her parents, knowing what Mr. Summerhayes was, had decided for her at once, and so put her on her guard against him, or else by complete silence avoid the risk of awakening in the impressible heart of seventeen a tender interest for a possibly ill-used and merely unfortunate man: this was the question which the mother argued within herself twenty times a day. At length she left it for circumstances to decide, and simply kept watch—incessant watch.

Mr. Summerhayes played his cards well. He did not attempt to come to the house again; he made no open demonstrations of any kind, but he followed Adrienne at a distance with that silent, sedulous worship which even so innocent a creature could hardly help perceiving. By using the name and influence of Sir Edward, he got the *entrée* into several houses where the De Bougainvilles visited, and there, though he never addressed her, he watched Adrienne ceaselessly, with his melancholy, poetical eyes. True, he was forty, and she seventeen; but these ages are sometimes mutually attractive, and as a child she had been very fond of Mr.

Summerhayes. Often, her mother recollected, he had taken her on his knee and called her his little wife. Many a true word is spoken in jest. Now that the years had dwindled down between them—leaving him still attractive, still youthful-looking—for people with neither hearts nor consciences are sometimes very slow in growing old—did Adrienne remember all this?

She was so quiet, so exceedingly quiet, that her mother had no means of guessing at her feelings. Since she learned that he was disliked, Adrienne had never uttered Mr. Summerhayes's name. When they met him in society, they passed him with a mere bow of recognition, for Lady de Bougainville did not wish to go proclaiming him as a black sheep to every body, and desired, above all, to avoid every appearance of injustice or malice toward him: only she guarded with ceaseless care her own lamb from every advance of the smiling wolf. Who gradually conducted himself so little like a wolf, and so like an ordinary man of society, that her fears died down, and she began to hope that after all they had been exaggerated.

Until one day, when the climax came.

The man must have been mad or blind—blind with self-esteem, or maddened by the desperation of his circumstances, before he did such a thing; but one Sunday morning he sent to Miss de Bougainville a bouquet and a letter. Not an actual offer of marriage, but something so very near it, that the simplest maiden of seventeen could be under no mistake as to what he meant. Only, like many a man of the world, he a little overshot his mark by calculating too much upon this simplicity; for Adrienne, trembling, confused, hardly knowing what she did, but yet impelled by her tender conscience and her habit of perfect candor, came at once and put the letter in her mother's hands.

Lady de Bougainville read it through twice before she spoke. It was a clever letter, very clever; one of those which Mr. Summerhayes was particularly apt at writing. It put forward his devotion in the most humble, the most disinterested light; it claimed for his love the paternal sanction; and, in the only thing wherein he transgressed the bounds of decorum, namely in asking her to meet him in the quiet galleries of the Louvre, that Sunday forenoon—he put himself under the shelter of her father, who had promised him, he said, to bring her there.

Twice, as I said, in wrath that was utterly dumb, Josephine read this letter, and then, looking up, she caught sight of Adrienne's burning face, agitated by a new and altogether incomprehensible emotion.

"My child," she cried; "oh, my poor child!"

To say that she would rather have seen Adrienne in her grave than married to Mr. Summerhayes, is a form of phrase which many foolish parents have used and lived to repent of. Lady de Bougainville was too wise to use it at all, or to neutralize by any extravagance of expression a truth which seemed to her clear as daylight—would be clear even to the poor child herself, if only it were put before her.

"Adrienne," she said, sorrowfully, "I am glad you showed me this letter. It is, as you may see, equivalent to an offer of marriage, which you will refuse like the rest, I hope. You do really care for Mr. Summerhayes?"

Adrienne hung her head. "I have known him all my life; and—he likes me so."

"But he is a bad man; a worse man than you know or have any idea of."

"He has been; but he tells me, you see, that I should make him better."

The old delusion! Unfortunate child!

Adrienne's mother had now no alternative. Terrible as it was to open her young daughter's eyes, the thing must be done. Better a sharp pain and over; better any present anguish than years of life-long misery.

For, even granting there was one grain of truth under the man's false words, Josephine scouted altogether the theory of doing evil that good may come. In the goodness of a man who is only kept good by means of a gratified passion, she altogether disbelieved. Strong as the love of woman is to guide an erring man, to settle and control a vacillating one, over a thoroughly vicious one it has almost no effect, or an effect so passing that the light flickers into only blacker night. And here—could there be any light at all?

It was a case—almost the only one possible—in which the mother has a right to stand between her child and ruin: to prevent her marrying a deliberate villain.

"Come to me, my darling," said she, tenderly; and drawing Adrienne to her lap, and sheltering her there almost as in the days when, long after babyhood, she would come and "cuddle up" to her mother like a baby—Lady de Bougainville explained, without any reserve, as from perfectly reliable sources she herself had learned it, what sort of life Mr. Summerhayes had led: dissolute, unprincipled, selfish, mean—only saved from the condign punishment that overtakes smaller scoundrels by the exceeding charm which still lingered about him, and would linger to the last; a handsome person, a brilliant intellect, and a frank fascination of manner, which made the very people he was swindling and cheating ready to be cheated over again for the mere pleasure of his society.

Such men exist—we all have known them; and those people who possess no very keen moral sense often keep up acquaintance with them for years; in an easy surface way which, they say, does no harm. But when it comes to nearer ties—marriage, for instance!—Mr. Summerhayes had once a mother, who was heard to say. "If Owen ever marries a wife, God help her!"

"And," said Lady de Bougainville to herself, "God and *her* mother shall save my poor child from ever being his wife, if possible."

Still she was very just. She allowed, can-

didly, that only till Adrienne was twenty-one did her authority extend. "After that, my daughter, you may marry any one you please—even Mr. Summerhayes. But until then I will prevent you, even as I would prevent you from falling into the fire blindfold if I knew it. Do you understand? Have I wounded you very sore, my darling?"

Adrienne made no reply. She lay back with her head on Lady de Bougainville's shoulder, her face hidden from her. She neither sobbed nor wept, and offered not a single remonstrance or denial. At last, alarmed by her silence, Josephine lifted up the poor white face. It was blank: she had quietly fainted.

Lovers' agonies are sharp, and parents' cruelties many; but I think something might be said on the other side. And, as any thing suffered for another is, in one sense, ten times harder than any thing one suffers for one's self, it seems to me that the keenest of lovers' pain, the hottest of lovers' indignation, could hardly be worse than the mingled grief and anger of that poor mother, as she clasped her broken lily to her breast, and hated, with a hatred as passionate as it was righteous, the man who had brought such misery upon her little Adrienne.

As for Adrienne's father— But it was useless to go to him, to ask him questions, or exact from him any promises. Nothing he said or did could be in the smallest degree relied upon. She must take the matter into her own hands, and without delay.

It was Sunday morning, and the streets were lying in that temporary quiescence, when religious Paris is gone to High Mass and irreligious Paris idling away its hours in early *deshabille*, previous to blossoming out in *bourgeois* splendor and gayety. The Louvre would be, as Mr. Summerhayes had probably calculated, nearly empty; an excellent trysting-place for lovers, or for mortal foes—for her enemy, from first to last, this Owen Summerhayes had been. That he hated her too, Josephine had little doubt; for she knew only too much of his career. But face him she would at once, before he could do her any more harm.

Leaving Adrienne in Bridget's charge—Bridget, who was only too quick to detect how matters stood, and might be trusted without one word too many—Lady de Bougainville, at the appointed hour, went to meet her daughter's lover.

Sir Edward was not with him; but Mr. Summerhayes had already come, and was pacing up and down the empty *salon*, inspecting the pictures more with the cool eye of a connoisseur than the reckless impatience of an expectant lover. In a moment, the quick womanly eye detected this fact, and in the indignant womanly heart the last drop of pity or sympathy was dried up for Mr. Summerhayes.

At sound of footsteps he turned round, with a well-prepared and charming smile, and perceived Lady de Bougainville. It could not have been a pleasant meeting to him, man of the world as he was, and accustomed, no doubt, to a good many unpleasant things; but externally it was civil enough. He bowed, she bowed, and then they stood facing one another.

They were nearly of an age, and they had personally almost equal advantages. Mentally, too; except that probably the man had more brain than the woman, Lady de Bougainville possessing good common-sense and general refinement rather than intellect. In courage they were both on a par, and they knew it. The long warfare that had been waged between them, a sort of permanent fight over that poor weak soul, who was scarcely worth fighting for, had taught them their mutual strength and their mutual antipathy. Now the final contest was at hand.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Lady de Bougainville; I had no idea of meeting you here."

"No, you intended to meet my daughter; but instead, I thought I would come myself. There is nothing you can have to say to her which you can not equally well say to her mother."

"Not exactly," returned Mr. Summerhayes. "To be plain with you, as I see you mean to be with me, my dear lady, you dislike me, and —I hope your daughter does not."

The smile on his lips made Josephine furious. As I have often said, she was not naturally a mild-tempered woman. It often cost her a great effort to restrain herself, as now.

"May I ask, Mr. Summerhayes, what grounds you have for supposing that Miss de Bougainville does not dislike you, or has the smallest feeling for you which could warrant your addressing to her such a letter as you sent her this morning?"

"You intercepted it, then?"

"No, she gave it to me. She brought it to me at once, as she will bring every letter you may choose to send her. My daughter and I have always been on terms of entire confidence."

"Oh, indeed! A most happy state of things!"

Nevertheless Mr. Summerhayes looked a little disconcerted. Apparently his experience of women had been of a different nature, and had not extended to these bread-and-butter Misses, whose extraordinary candor and trust in their mothers produce such inconvenient results. But he was not easily nonplused; and in the present instance his necessities were desperate, and admitted of no means being left untried to attain his end. He advanced toward his adversary with a frank and pleasant air.

"Mrs. Scanlon—I beg pardon, Lady de Bougainville, but we can not readily forget, nor do I wish to forget, old times—you do not like me, I know, but you might at least be just to me. You must perceive that I love your daughter."



LADY DE BOUGAINVILLE AND ADRIENNE'S LOVER.

"Love!" she echoed, contemptuously.

"Well, I wish to marry her—let us put it so, without discussing the rest. She was fond of me as a child, and I dare say she would be now. The difference of age between us is not so enormous. By-the-by, is it that you object to?"

"No."

"Then what is it? My family? It is as good as her own. My fortune? That is small, certainly; but she is not poor. Myself personally? Well, such as I am you have known me these fifteen years, and whether you approve of me or not, your husband does. Let me remind you, Lady de Bougainville, that it is the father, not the mother, who disposes of a daughter's hand."

He was very cunning, this clever man; he knew exactly where to plant his arrows and lay his pitfalls; but for once a straightforward woman was more than a match for him.

"Adrienne can not legally marry without her father's consent; but morally even his consent would not satisfy her without mine. And mine I never will give. You could not expect it."

"Why not? It is an odd thing for a gentleman to have to ask, but no one likes to be condemned unheard. May I inquire, Lady de Bougainville, why I am so very objectionable as a son-in-law?"

His daring was greater than she had anticipated, but somehow it only roused her own. The hackneyed simile of the lioness about to be robbed of her whelps was not inappropriate to Josephine's state of mind now. Every nerve was quivering, every feature tense with excitement. Her very fingers tingled with a frantic desire to seize the man by the throat and shake the life out of him.

Despite his critical position, Mr. Summerhayes must have found her sufficiently interesting as an artistic study to note down and remember; for, the year afterward, he exhibited in the Royal Academy a "Slaughter of the Innocents," in which the face of the half-mad mother was not unlike Lady de Bougainville.

This cold, critical eye of his brought her to her senses at once.

"I will not have you for my son-in-law," she said, in a slow, measured tone, "for a good many reasons, none of which you will much like to hear. But you shall hear them if you choose."

"Proceed; I am listening."

"First, you do not love my child; it is her money only you want. She is plain and not clever, not attractive in any way, only good; how could a man like you be supposed to love her? It is a thing incredible."

"Granted. Then take the other supposition, that I wish to marry her because she loves me."

"If she were so unfortunate as to do so, still she had better die than marry you. I say this deliberately, knowing what you are, and you know that I know it too."

"I am neither better nor worse than my neighbors," said he, carelessly. "But come, pray inform me as to my own character. It may be useful information in case I should ever have the honor to call you mother-in-law."

Josephine went close up to his ear, almost whispering her words; nevertheless, she said them distinct and sharp as sword-cuts—the righteous sword which few women, and fewer men, ever dare to use. Perhaps the world would be better and purer if they did dare.

"You are a thief, because you cheat poor tradesmen by obtaining luxuries you can not pay for; a swindler, because you borrow money from your friends on false pretenses, and never return it; a liar, because you twist the truth in any way to obtain your ends. These are social offenses. As for your moral ones"—Josephine stopped, and blushed all over her matron face of forty years—but still she went on unshrinking. "Do you think I have not heard of poor Betsy Dale at the farm, and of Mrs. Hewson, your landlord's wife? And yet you dare to enter my doors and ask for *your* wife my innocent daughter! Shame upon you—seducer—adulterer!"

Bold man as he was, Mr. Summerhayes did look ashamed for a minute or so, but quickly recovered himself.

"This is strong language, somewhat unexpected from the lips of a lady; but I suppose necessary to be endured. In such a position what can a poor man do? I must let you have your own way—as I noticed in old times you generally had, Lady de Bougainville. Poor Sir Edward!"

The sneer, which she bore in silence, did not, however, prove sufficient safety-valve for his suppressed wrath, which was certainly not unnatural. He turned upon her in scarcely concealed fierceness.

"Still, may I ask, madam, what right you have thus to preach to me? Are you yourself so sublime in virtue, so superior to all human weaknesses, that you can afford to condemn the rest of the world?"

His words smote Josephine with a sudden humility, for she felt she had spoken strongly—more so, perhaps, than a woman ought to speak. Besides, she had grown much humbler in many ways than she used to be.

"God knows," she said, "I am but too well aware of my short-comings. But whatever I may be does not affect what you are. Nor does it alter the abstract right and wrong of the case, and no pity for you—I have been sorry for you sometimes—can blind my eyes to it. I must 'preach,' as you call it; I must testify against the wickedness of men like you so long as I am alive."

"Then you will be a—a rather courageous personage. In fact, a lady more instructive than agreeable. But let us come to the point," added he, casting off the faint gloss of politeness in which he had veiled his manner, and turning upon her a countenance which showed him a man fierce, unscrupulous, dangerous—controlled by nothing except the two grand restraints of self-interest and fear. "Lady de Bougainville, you know me and I know you. I also know your husband—perhaps a little too well; or he may have cause to think so. It is convenient for me to become his son-in-law, and to him to have me as such; for, in the tender relations which would then exist between us, I should hold my tongue. Otherwise I shall not feel myself bound to do so. Therefore, you and I, I think, had better be friends than enemies."

It was possibly an empty threat—his last weapon in a losing fight. But in her uncertainty of the extent of his relations with her husband, in her total insecurity as to facts, Josephine felt startled for a moment. Only for a moment. If ever a woman lived in whom no compromise with evil was possible, it was Josephine de Bougainville. Sir Edward used to say, in old jocular days, that if his wife were to meet the devil in person she might scorn him, or pity him, but she would certainly never be afraid of him. No more than she was now afraid of Mr. Summerhayes.

"You think to frighten me," she said, steadily; "but that is quite useless. I have already suffered as much as I can suffer. Do as you will—and I dare you to do it. I believe that even in this world the right is always the strongest. You shall not marry my daughter! She has been taught to love the right and hate the wrong. She will never love you. If you urge her, or annoy her in any way, I will set the police after you."

"You dare not."

"There is nothing I dare not do if it is to save my child."

"And I suppose, to save your child, you will go blackening me all over the world, crying out from the housetops what a villain is Owen Summerhayes."

"No, that is not my affair. I do not attack you; I only resist you. If I saw a tiger roaming about the forest, I should not interfere with it; it may live its life, as tigers do. But if I saw it about to spring upon my child, or any other woman's child, I would take my pistol and shoot it dead."

"As I verily believe you would shoot me," muttered Owen Summerhayes.

He looked at her—she looked at him. It was in truth a battle hand to hand. Whether any relic of conscience made the man fearful, as an altogether clean conscience made the woman brave, I can not tell; but Mr. Summerhayes was silent. They stood just under one of those heavenly Madonnas of some old master—I know not which; but they are all heavenly. Is it not always a bit of heaven upon earth, the sight of a mother and child? Perhaps, vile as he was, Summerhayes remembered his mother; or some first love whom in his pure, early days he might have made the happy mother of his lawful child; possibly the angel which, they say, never quite leaves the wickedest heart stirred in his—for he said respectfully, nay, almost humbly, "Lady de Bougainville, what do you wish me to do?"

She never hesitated a moment. Pity for him was ruin to the rest.

"I wish you to quit Paris immediately, and never attempt to see my daughter more."

"And if I dissent from this—"

Josephine paused, weighing well her words—she had learned to be very prudent now. "I make no threats," she said; "I shall not speak, but act. My daughter is not yet eighteen; until twenty-one she is in my power. I shall watch her night and day. Any letter you write I shall intercept; but there is no need of that, she will give it to me at once. If you attempt an interview with her, I shall give you into the hands of the police. Besides this, no moral persuasion, no maternal influence, that I am possessed of, shall be spared to show you to her in your true colors, till she hates you—no, not you, but your sins—as I do now."

"You can hate, then?" And this clever man for a moment seemed to forget himself and his injuries in watching her; just as a curious intellectual study, no more.

"Yes, I can hate; Christian as I am, or am trying to be. God can hate too."

He laughed out loud. "I do not believe in a God—do you? In your husband's God, for instance, who, as Burns neatly informs Him,

> "'Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,
> A' for Thy glory,
> And no for onie guid or ill,
> They've done afore Thee.'"

Josephine answered the profanity of the man by dead silence. The great struggle of her inward life now, the effort to tear from Heaven's truth its swaddling-clothes of human lies, was too sacred to be laid bare in the smallest degree before Owen Summerhayes.

"We have drifted away from our subject of conversation," she said, at last; "indeed it has almost come to an end. You know my intentions—and me."

"I believe I have that honor; more honor than pleasure," he answered, with a satirical bow.

"You ought also to know, though I name it as a secondary fact, that it is upon me, and me alone, that my children are dependent; that I have power to make a will, and leave, or not leave, as I choose, every half-penny of my fortune."

"Indeed," said Mr. Summerhayes, a little startled.

Lady de Bougainville smiled. "After this, in bidding you adieu, I have not the slightest fear but that our farewell will be a permanent one."

He bowed again, rather absently, and then his eyes, wandering round the room, lighted on two ladies watching him.

"Excuse me, but I see a friend; I have so many friends in Paris. Really it is quite *l'embarras de richesse*. May I take my leave of you, Lady de Bougainville?"

Thus they parted; so hastily that she hardly believed he was gone, till she saw him walking round the next *salon* pointing out pictures to the two French ladies, one of whom, it was evident, admired the handsome Englishman extremely. As I question not, Mr. Summerhayes found many persons, both men and women, to admire him to the end of his days.

But that is neither here nor there. I have nothing to do with him, his course of life, or the circumstances of his latter end. Personally, he crossed no more, either for good or ill, the path of Lady de Bougainville.

When she had parted from him, she turned to walk homeward down the long cool galleries, now gradually filling with their usual Sunday stream of Parisian *bourgeoisie*, chattering merrily with one another, or occasionally stopping to stare with ignorant but well-pleased eyes at the Murillos, Titians, Raffaelles, which cover these Louvre walls. Josephine let it pass her by—the cheerful crowd, taking its innocent pleasure, "though," as some one said of a lark singing—"though it was Sunday." Then, creeping toward the darkest and quietest seat she could find, she sank there utterly exhausted. Her strength had suddenly collapsed, but it was no matter. The battle was done—and won.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.*

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD, whose name has been pleasantly recalled to our remembrance by the publication of her charming letters, was well known to American readers of thirty years ago as the author of several popular dramas and a series of delightful sketches called "Our Village." Her dramas have failed, however, to keep possession of the stage, and the sensational fiction of the day has crowded her sketches into the back-ground. Most American readers of this generation are probably unaware even of the existence of this charming book, or at any rate regard it, as most readers regard the *Spectator*, as a classic, to be men-

* *The Life of Mary Russell Mitford, told by herself in Letters to her Friends, with Anecdotes and Sketches of her most celebrated Contemporaries.* Edited by Rev. A. G. L'Estrange. New York: Harper and Brothers.

tioned always with becoming admiration, but rarely taken down from the library shelves. Yet there is not a more enjoyable book of the kind in the English language than "Our Village;" and readers whose taste is not wholly vitiated by the sensational element in the fiction of the time will always linger with delight over its pages. It is a book that Washington Irving might have been justly proud to claim as his own; nay, it is doubtful whether any work of his exhibits a finer insight into character, more exquisite appreciation of humor, more touching pathos, or a more delicate perception of the beautiful in nature. The same traits appear in the familiar letters in which she tells the story of her life. Like Charles Lamb, Miss Mitford wrote letters for her friends alone, and the idea of their publication seems never to have entered her mind. Her correspondence has the sprightly ease and freedom of familiar conversation, and is at the same time singularly free from egotism, as well as from that affected modesty which so often serves as its disguise. Forgetfulness of self was, indeed, the crowning trait of her character. Her whole life, from earliest womanhood to the grave, was one of rare self-sacrifice and affectionate devotion. Deprived of home and fortune by the extravagance of her father, she bravely set herself, at the age of twenty, to the task of supplying, by the labor of her pen, the means of support which he had squandered at the gambling-table; and for nearly half a century she fulfilled this self-imposed duty with patient and cheerful courage. She never married. It does not appear that she was ever in love, or that any one was ever in love with her; but she won to herself many true and warm friends, in the course of her long life, in every grade of society; and when she was at last borne to her quiet resting-place in the little shaded churchyard at Swallowfield, her sincerest mourners were the simple country folk among whom she had lived, and who knew her less as a literary celebrity than as a true-hearted woman.

She was an only child. Her mother, heiress to a considerable fortune, was married rather late in life to Dr. Mitford, a man ten years her junior, of handsome person and engaging manners, but of extravagant habits, and strongly addicted to the vice of gambling. It was the fortune rather than the personal charms of Miss Russell that attracted him, though she was well educated and accomplished, and was happy in the possession of those qualities that inspire warm friendship and esteem. Reposing entire confidence in her husband, she refused to have her fortune settled on herself, and placed it in his hands without reserve. The first years of their married life were very happy. They settled in a pleasant home in Alresford; and here, on the 16th of December, 1787, was born their only child, Mary Russell Mitford. The little girl, at a very early age, evinced great precocity of intellect. At three years old she was able to read; and her father, she says, in her "Recollections of a Literary Life," "proud of her one accomplishment, would often perch her on the breakfast-table to exhibit it to his admiring guests, who admired her all the more because she was a puny child, appearing younger than she was, and gifted with an affluence of curls which made her look as if she were twin-sister to her own great doll." The passages by which her proficiency was tested on these occasions were from the Whig newspapers of the day, her father being an active Whig politician; and as these must naturally have been wearisome to the child, her mother would gratify her, when the exhibition was over, by reciting "The Children in the Wood."

From this simple ballad she proceeded to an acquaintance with the other contents of "Percy's Reliques." The stories of these old ballads, by which her taste for poetry was so early awakened and fostered, took such a strong possession of her infant mind, that before she could read them herself she coaxed her indulgent father into placing the volumes in the hands of her nurse, that they might be read to her whenever she wished. "The breakfast-room," writes Miss Mitford, "where I first possessed myself of my beloved ballads, was a lofty and spacious apartment, literally lined with books, which, with its Turkey carpet, its glowing fire, its sofas, and its easy-chairs, seemed, what indeed it was, a very nest of English comfort. The windows opened on a large old-fashioned garden, full of old-fashioned flowers, stocks, honeysuckles, and pinks."

The existence of this happy home was of short duration. With the exception of about £3500 in the funds, which sum was fortunately placed beyond his reach in the hands of trustees, Dr. Mitford had the absolute control of his wife's fortune; and so loose and careless was his management of it, and so recklessly extravagant were his own habits, that within eight or nine years of their marriage he had to sell his furniture and library and remove from Alresford, with her property irretrievably involved. He removed to London with his wife and child, and had to seek a refuge from his creditors within the rules of the King's Bench. This was in 1796, when the little daughter was about eight years old.

From this sad impoverishment the family were delivered by a prize in the lottery. The circumstances under which the lucky ticket was purchased were curious. The Doctor took his little girl to the lottery-office to choose the number, and a quantity of tickets were laid down on the counter for her selection. She at once fixed upon the number 2224. There were difficulties in the way of the Doctor's possessing himself of that ticket. It was one that had been divided into shares, all of which had not been taken by the same office; and he wished to procure a whole ticket. As the child could not be persuaded to relinquish her first choice, her father, superstitious, as every gambler ap-

pears to be, let her have her own way. The remaining shares were bought up at the other offices at a considerable advance in price. On the drawing of the lottery, the Doctor found himself the happy possessor of a fortune of £20,000. In the joyous expansion of his heart, he told his friends that he should settle the sum thus won upon his daughter. But if any such settlement was ever made, it could not have been of a very binding description; for in the course of a very few years the money had passed into his hands again, and had followed the squandered fortune of the wife.

On the re-establishment of his fortunes the Doctor settled himself at Reading, where he lived in fine style, with his phaeton, his spaniels, and his greyhounds, and enjoying his good fortune with all his wonted hilarity of spirit, prodigality of expense, and utter want of consideration for the future. The daughter was placed at a young ladies' school in London, kept by M. St. Quintin, a well-born, well-educated French emigrant, of whom, in her "Literary Recollections," Miss Mitford gives an interesting account.* She was then in her eleventh year. In person she was short for her age, and so fat that she might have been called dumpy. Her face, of which the expression was kind, gentle, and intelligent, ought to have been handsome, for the features were all separately good and like her father's, but from some almost imperceptible disproportion, and the total difference in color, the beauty had disappeared. But, although very plain in figure and in face, she was never common-looking. She showed, in her countenance and in her mild self-possession, that she was no ordinary child; and with her sweet smile, her gentle temper, her animated conversation, her keen enjoyment of life, and her incomparable voice, there were few of the prettiest children of her age who won so much love and admiration from their friends, whether young or old, as little Mary Mitford. And except, indeed, that her hair became white at an early age, few persons, in passing through so many vicissitudes of life, ever altered so little, either in character or appearance. With characteristic good-nature, she was always laughing at herself. In a letter to Sir William Elford, written in the spring of 1814, she says:

"I must not forget to prepare you for the deplorable increase of my beautiful person. My dear friend, it is really terrible. Papa talks of taking down the doors, and widening the chairs, and new-hanging the five-barred gates, and plagues me so that any one but myself would get thin with fretting. But I can't fret; I only laugh, and that makes it worse. I beg you will get a recipe for *diminishing people*, and I will follow it; provided always it be not to get up early, or to ride on horseback, or to dance all night, or to drink vinegar, or to cry, or to be '*lady*-like and melancholy,' or *not* to eat or laugh or sit or do what I like; because all these prescriptions have already been delivered by divers old women of both sexes, and constantly rejected by their contumacious patient."

Miss Mitford passed five years at M. St. Quintin's school, and during that period maintained a constant correspondence with her parents. The most perfect frankness marks the letters on both sides. The daughter freely gives her opinions of the persons she meets and the books she reads; relates the little events that are happening to herself or her companions, with the full assurance that whatever interests her will interest her correspondents; and she asks for any thing she wants with the perfect conviction that it will immediately be sent her. The parents' letters are replete with village gossip, with tales of the Doctor's whist club and coursing arrangements, or of Mrs. Mitford's visitings abroad and parties at home.

While the daughter was still at school Dr. Mitford purchased a small estate, consisting of an old mansion and seventy or eighty acres, situated at Grasely, about three miles from Reading. The house, which had been built as a country gentleman's residence, in the time of Elizabeth or James the First, had been allowed to fall out of repair, and for some time had been tenanted by agricultural laborers. The interior arrangements were less convenient than modern refinement has inclined us to require; but there was a romantic character about the old place, for the loss of which no amount of modern accommodation could compensate. There was the splendid old sitting-room, with its large sunny oriel window, and its walls wainscoted in small carved panels. Then there was a large oaken staircase, with a massive balustrade and broad low steps, such as are safe and easy to childhood and old age. Then there were expansive fire-places, with highly architectural chimney-pieces adorned with old-fashioned busts and coats of arms. Above all, there were two secret rooms, in which priests and cavaliers had been known to hide, and which could be well secured by inward fastenings; the one in a garret, where a triangular compartment of the wall pushed in and gave entrance to a chamber in the roof; the other, which was discovered only on taking down the house, where the entire ceiling of a large, light closet could be raised, and access obtained to a place of concealment capable of containing six or seven fugitives. That house should never have been torn down; but Dr. Mitford, extravagant, and ambitious of making a show, determined to have a modern residence, and so the destruction of the old building was decreed. It was pulled down at great expense, and "Bertram House" (so named to

* "He knew many emigrants of the highest rank, and indeed of all ranks; and being a lively, kind-hearted man, with a liberal hand and social temper, it was his delight to assemble as many as he could of his poor countrymen around his hospitable supper-table. These suppers took place on Saturdays, and were followed by tric-trac and reversé. Something wonderful and admirable it was to see how the dukes and duchesses, marshals and marquises, chevaliers and bishops, bore up under their unparalleled reverses. How they laughed and talked, and squabbled and flirted, constant to their high heels, their rouge, and their furbelows—to their old liaisons, their polished sarcasms, and their cherished rivalries."—*Recollections of a Literary Life.*

intimate that its owner was a scion of the Mitfords of Bertram Castle) was erected in its stead. The new house was an ordinary edifice, more convenient than the one it superseded, but with none of the romantic character that belonged to the latter.

Miss Mitford left school toward the close of 1802, and returned home. The correspondence with her parents came to a natural conclusion; and only one letter, dated in the beginning of 1806, exists to indicate the course of her life. From this letter we learn that Bertram House was finished; that the family were established in it; that they were daily complimented on all that they had done and intended doing, by a host of visitors; and that Dr. Mitford, having completed his residence according to his own plans and to his own satisfaction, had already begun the practice of absenting himself from home, and inventing excuses for frequent and long-continued visits to London.

In the autumn of that year Miss Mitford and her father made a prolonged tour to Northumberland, the incidents of which are narrated with great vivacity in letters to her mother. The period in which this tour was made—the first decade of the present century—must have been the most prosperous and happy of her life. Of the affluence at Alresford, which her father attained on his marriage with her mother, and so quickly squandered, her recollection must have been very faint indeed; and from the break-up of that establishment till the prize in the lottery resuscitated the Doctor's fortunes, her ideas of domestic comfort must have been of a most limited description. But with the acquisition of the twenty thousand pounds every thing around her brightened. Her father at once returned to his former habits of extravagance. Whatever was desired was immediately obtained, regardless of expense. The domestic arrangements at Bertram House were on a par with those of their wealthier neighbors. The servants were numerous. A fashionable London upholsterer furnished the house. A fair collection of pictures—among them a charming Gainsborough and a portrait of the Doctor by Opie—adorned the walls. The hospitality of the house was profuse and indiscriminating, and the family had gained social position through the Doctor's appointment, by the Whigs, to be one of the county magistrates.

But this prosperity was of an unsubstantial kind. It was wasting away through the Doctor's extravagance and his ill luck at the gambling-table. His habits of play drew him frequently from home for long consecutive periods. He seems to have ascribed his bad fortune to unfairness and cheating on the part of his associates; and that his wife and daughter shared his suspicions, is evident from their affectionate letters to him. At a time when almost every gentleman was accustomed to frequent gambling clubs, the practice was not generally regarded as immoral; and neither Mrs. Mitford nor the daughter appears to disapprove of the Doctor's course. Writing to him in February, 1807, Miss Mitford expresses a fear that he has "to deal with a slippery gentleman;" and advises him to stick to Graham's, where, she says, "if you have not an equal advantage, you have, at least, no trouble, and know your society." Four years later some unexplained extravagance of his reduced the family to great distress for want of money. In January, 1811, Mrs. Mitford writes to her husband for a little supply of cash, to settle with servants to be dismissed, and adds: "As to the cause of our present difficulties, it avails not how they originated. The only question is, how they can be most speedily and effectually put an end to. I ask for no details which you do not voluntarily choose to make. A forced confidence my whole soul would revolt at; and the pain it would give you to offer it would be far short of what I should suffer in receiving it."

By the sale of his pictures, library, and some other property, the Doctor contrived to raise money enough to satisfy his creditors for the present. But he never learned the lesson of economy. His expenditures still outran his means, and the family were often greatly straitened for the money required to keep up the household.

Until the commencement of their pecuniary difficulties, Miss Mitford had not seriously entertained the idea of devoting herself to authorship as a profession. She had early evinced a decided taste for poetry, and great aptitude for easy versification; and in 1810, being then twenty-three years old, she ventured upon the dangerous experiment of publication. Her first volume, entitled "Miscellaneous Poems," consisted principally of short fugitive pieces written at an earlier period. Some of them were in honor of her father's friends, while others recorded her own pursuits and predilections in the season of childhood. The little volume was favorably received by the reviews, excepting the *Quarterly*, then edited by Gifford, which contained a severe and slashing criticism on it, written by Rev. John Mitford, himself an unsuccessful aspirant for a poet's fame, and consequently a bitter critic.

The year following she ventured upon a more ambitious attempt, and published "Christina, or the Maid of the South Seas," a long narrative poem founded on the romantic incidents which followed the mutiny of the ship *Bounty*, and which had been accidentally brought to light by Captain Folger's visit to Pitcairn Island in 1808. "Christina" became a very popular poem. It was immediately republished in this country, and went through several editions. It was soon followed by "Blanch of Castile," another long narrative poem, in which, as in "Christina," Miss Mitford took the poems of Sir Walter Scott as her model.

From this time until the day of her death Miss Mitford's life was one of incessant literary activity. She wrote with great facility, and

tales, sketches, poems, and dramas flowed rapidly from her pen. Her most popular work, and in many respects her best, was "Our Village," a series of sketches of country manners, scenery, and character, interspersed with some story, and connected by unity of locality and of purpose. It was suggested, the author tells us, by Irving's "Sketch Book," and, in turn, it paid this literary debt by suggesting to Mrs. S. C. Hall the idea of her delightful "Sketches of Irish Character." The first two volumes were published in 1824, and met with the most gratifying success. They were followed, at intervals of several years, by three others, the last of which appeared in 1832. Four of her plays were produced on the stage with great success, and one of them, "Charles the First," had the honor of being prohibited by the Licenser, George Colman, who at one time exercised despotic tyranny over the London theatres. His reasons for refusing to allow this harmless play to be produced afford a curious insight into the political prejudices of his time. In answer to the inquiry, made through a friend, whether the play could not be so altered as to be licensable, he wrote:

"As to alterations—the fact is, that the subject of this play and the incidents it embraces are fatal in themselves—they are an inherent and incurable disease—the morbid matter lies in the very bones and marrow of the historical facts, and defies eradication. Indeed, it would be a kind of practical bull to permit a detailed representation of Charles's unhappy story on a public stage, when his martyrdom is still observed in such solemn silence that the London theatres are actually closed, and all dramatic exhibitions whatever suspended on its anniversary. I give Miss Mitford full credit for the harmlessness of her intentions; but mischief may be unconsciously done, as a house may be set on fire by a little innocent in the nursery."

The play was subsequently produced at the Coburg Theatre, London, which was out of Colman's jurisdiction.

While thus actively engaged in literary pursuits, Miss Mitford found leisure for a very extensive correspondence with familiar friends, and with many of the most eminent literary characters of her time. Her epistolary powers were of a very high order, and her letters are among the most interesting compositions of the kind in our language—light, easy, playful bits of conversational writing, in which she seemed to take relief from the graver business of literature and her family troubles. To these she rarely alludes — so rarely, indeed, that the casual reader of her letters would suppose her to have been one of the most light-hearted women in the world. She never was in love, and never attracted a lover; but she had that happy combination of qualities that attaches friends to one in spite of poverty, and in spite of the want of personal beauty. Among her intimate friends were Haydon, most unhappy of artists; Mrs. Browning; Landseer, who painted the portrait of one of her favorite dogs; Stanfield, one of the first of English marine painters; Landor, Crabb Robinson, Miss Landor, Lady Russell, and many other persons of eminence in literature and art. Beyond the circle of her immediate friends, she had an extensive acquaintance with people of rank and fashion. To many of these friends and acquaintances Miss Mitford wrote constantly. Her letters are filled with pleasant chit-chat about people and events, criticisms on well-known authors, and gossip about herself, her pets, and her friends. A genial spirit is evident in every page. There is not an ill-natured sentence in the whole collection.

Running through these delightful pages, the reader's attention is constantly arrested by the mention of eminent names in connection with some pleasant anecdote or genial remark. One of her most intimate friends was the artist Haydon, for whom she entertained an admiration altogether disproportioned to his merit; but neither friendship nor admiration was able to blind her to his inordinate vanity, of which an amusing illustration is afforded in her account of one of Leigh Hunt's literary festivals. Writing to Sir William Elford, under date of November 12, 1819, she says:

"I must tell you a little story of Haydon, at which I could not help laughing. Leigh Hunt (not the notorious Mr. Henry Hunt, but the fop, poet, and politician of the *Examiner*) is a great keeper of birthdays. He was celebrating that of Haydn, the great composer—giving a dinner, crowning his bust with laurels, berhyming the poor dead German, and conducting an apotheosis in full form. Somebody told Mr. Haydon that they were celebrating *his* birthday. So off he trotted to Hampstead and bolted in to the company—made a very fine, animated speech—thanked them most sincerely for the honor they had done him, and the arts in his person. But they had made a little mistake in the day. His birthday, etc. Now this *bonhomie* is a little ridiculous, but a thousand times preferable to the wicked wit of which the poor artist was the dupe."

Poor Haydon was not only very vain, but very jealous. Constant failure had soured his temper, and he could never bear to hear another artist praised. He once painted a portrait of Miss Mitford, which was any thing but flattering to that lady, and thought himself ill-used because she was not gratified with it. Some time afterward, hearing that a better likeness, by Lucas, was to be engraved for one of her books, he had the ill-nature and bad manners to threaten the publication of an engraving from his own portrait of her. But his better feeling prevailed, and the offense was not committed. Sergeant Talfourd, the genial biographer of Charles Lamb, was another of her friends who once suffered jealousy to get the better of friendship, because her plays were received on the stage with more favor than was accorded to his own classical tragedy; and when the amiable poetess reminded him that he had been more favorably noticed by the press than she had been, he repelled her with the scornful remark that she "*forgot the difference!*" He was afterward heartily ashamed of his ill-nature, and made amends for it. It is a singular circumstance, mentioned in connection with this inci-

dent by Miss Mitford, that the learned Judge was unable to spell, miswriting even the most simple words. A letter of ten lines would commonly contain twenty mistakes—not faults of system or of affectation, but of pure ignorance, and in great variety. For instance, having occasion to write the word *hear* three or four times in a page, he would spell it in one place "heer," in another "here," and in a third "heir."

In this connection another anecdote of wounded vanity will be read with interest. Curran, whose wit spared neither friend nor foe, was once staying with Godwin, the philosopher and novelist, at the house of a friend of Miss Mitford. Godwin, who liked to know what people said of him, pretended to go to sleep after dinner; and Curran seized the opportunity to treat his host with a character of Godwin the most bitter that his wit and his malice could invent, qualifying every phrase with "though he is my friend." The contortions of the philosopher, who dared not show he was awake during this castigation, and the pretended fear which Curran showed of awakening him—the concealed anger of the one when he did venture to open his eyes, and the assumed innocence of the other, formed a scene which no comedy ever equaled. The advocate of sincerity, the frank philosopher Godwin, never forgave this exemplification of his theory.

Miss Mitford's earlier letters contain frequent allusions to Lord Byron, that, with a just appreciation of his moral character, evince a high admiration of his genius; and, apropos to the present controversy respecting his separation from his wife, it is interesting to know that her sympathy was not altogether on the side of Lady Byron. In a letter to Sir William Elford, dated April 28, 1816, she writes:

"Are not Lord Byron's leave-taking verses beautiful? I believe I indulged myself with abusing him to you; but ever since those verses I have felt certain relentings toward the luckless author. Partly, I believe, this effect may be owing to some particles of contrariness in my disposition, which have been a good deal excited by the delicate morality of his admirers in this neighborhood, who excuse themselves to themselves for their *ci-devant* admiration by a double portion of rancor toward his lordship and pity toward his wife. 'Poor Lady Byron!' 'Unfortunate victim!' 'Hapless sufferer!' and so forth, are her style and titles at present. Now, without at all attempting to vindicate him or accuse her, I can not help thinking this immense quantity of sympathy rather more than the case requires. Why did she marry him? for, to do the man justice, he was no hypocrite; his vices were public enough. Why did she marry him but to partake his celebrity and bask in the sunshine of his fame? And by what device of conjugal flattery could that object have been attained so fully as at present? She has now the comfort of being 'interesting' in the eyes of all men, and 'exemplary' in the mouths of all women; and she has, moreover—and even I, spinster as I am, can feel that *this* must be solid consolation—she has, moreover, the delight of hating her husband, to the admiration and edification of the whole world."

In a letter to the same friend, written a few months after Lord Byron's death, she gives an account of the destruction of the poet's memoirs, which, as it is quite interesting, we give entire:

"One can not help regretting the destruction of Lord Byron's Memoirs; though, from what the *Examiner* says of his feelings (and on this point the *Examiner* is, I suppose, good authority), it might not perhaps have been quite proper to publish them at present without great omissions. My friend, Mrs. Franklin, who lives in an atmosphere of Albemarle Street gossip, wrote me an account of these Memoirs, which I will transcribe for you *verbatim*: 'On inspection, they were found so disgraceful in every way that they could not be published, either on his account or that of his readers. A friend of mine, who was at Naples when he gave them to Moore (a whole sackful of detached papers), and who read them in the carriage as they afterward traveled through Italy together, told me at the time that if ever they met the public eye it must be with such changes and curtailments as would almost destroy their authenticity. No one whom he ever met, if but once and in the most casual manner, seems to have escaped vituperation in his black journal; and his pen was always dipped in the deepest gall when writing of those who at the moment were his greatest intimates—Hobhouse, for instance!'

"Now, if this be at all true (and Mrs. Franklin is undoubtedly a person of veracity), it is certainly a very good reason for not publishing what would give so much pain to many unoffending individuals. But there must be parts that are harmless; why not publish them? And why utterly destroy the last relics of so remarkable a man? But that little man-milliner of a poet seems to me to have a sort of design of turning good as he grows old; witness his attack on Rousseau. Shall I confess to you that, except his *jeux d'esprit*, which are capital, I am no admirer of that dandy song-writer? And—I am half afraid to say it—but I was no very ardent enthusiast for Lord Byron. I admit his stupendous powers—his exquisite *morceaux;* but he was too melancholy—too morbid—too sneering. He attacked Napoleon; he failed in the drama, and did not find out that he had failed. And the want of purity! God forbid that I should be a canter; but the want of purity—the harm that both he and Mr. Moore have done to the young men and women of the day—must not be overlooked, though I trust it is forgiven. After all, it is a great light that is quenched—a most powerful instrument for good and for evil; and the evil will pass away, and the good will remain. Peace to his spirit!"

Miss Mitford's connection with the stage brought her into pleasant relations with many of the most eminent actors and actresses of her time, and her letters contain frequent allusions to Macready, the Kembles, and others of less note. In one of her letters to Miss Barrett, afterward Mrs. Browning, with whom she maintained a very long and intimate correspondence, she relates the following amusing incident:

"It has just occurred to me that when a young girl, some eleven years old or less, I went with my father to the pit of one of the theatres—Drury Lane, I believe; yes, Drury Lane—to see a tragedy from 'The Monk.' Kemble played the hero, and Mrs. Siddons the heroine. *She* had to go into a dungeon where a frail nun had produced an infant, or, rather, she had to come out of a small door on to the stage, with the supposed baby in her arms. The door was what is technically called 'practicable,' that is to say, a *real* door, frame and all, made to open in the scene, and to sustain the illusion of a dungeon as well as in that huge stage such an illusion can be sustained—for, paradoxical as it sounds, so many are the discrepancies, in the present ambitious state of scenery, that I am quite convinced that in the days of Shakspeare, when all was trusted to the imagination of the spectator, the fitting state of willing illusion was much more frequently obtained than now; however, to make the scene as dungeon-like as possible, the door was deeply arched, hollow, and low; and Mrs. Siddons, miscalculating the width, knocked the head of the huge wax doll she

carried so violently against the wooden frame-work that the unlucky figure broke its neck with the force of the blow, and the waxen head came rolling along the front of the stage. Lear could not have survived such a *contretemps*. The theatre echoed and re-echoed with shouts of laughter; and the tragedy being comfortably full of bombast, not only that act, but the whole piece, finished amidst peals of merriment unrivaled since the production of 'Tom Thumb.'"

She had a great liking for Americans, among whom she numbered several of her warmest friends. One of her most delightful letters describes a visit she received from Daniel Webster at her little cottage at Three-Mile Cross. Cooper's novels she admired equally with those of Scott; and she entertained very high admiration for the genius of Longfellow, Irving, Dr. Channing, and Hawthorne. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" she never liked. After reading about a hundred pages, she wrote to a friend, she found the book so painful that she put it down. Of Margaret Fuller and Count D'Ossoli she wrote to a friend:

"I think you had been reading Margaret Fuller's life—a strange, wild woman, who was, they say, insupportable at Boston, but became better at New York, where she was treated only as a lion; better still at Paris, where she knew little French; still softer in England, where she was talked over by Carlyle; and really good and interesting in Italy, where the woman took completely the place of the sybil. Some American friends who were here on Friday knew her well. They were disgusted by her conceit and arrogance and affectation, but spoke of her purity, her strong sense of duty, and her general powers. One had read in America that letter which contained her adventures when lost in Scotland; all had heard of her admirable conduct in the hospitals at Rome. A curious story was told to them of Ossoli by the sculptor himself who figures in it. Margaret went to an eminent sculptor, and said that Ossoli had much time and much taste for his art; would he admit him to his studio? 'Certainly,' replied the artist, and questioned Ossoli on his vocation. He said if he had any taste or talent it was for sculpture; and a foot for a model, with proper clay, was put into his hands. A fortnight after Ossoli brought back the model and his copy, in which the great toe was placed on the wrong side of the foot!"

Miss Mitford, like most old maids, loved pet animals, and seems to have found real companionship in their society. Being of a lively disposition, and much given to strolling through country lanes, where company of some kind was pleasant, she always preferred dogs to the usual feline attendant of old maids; and some of her most sprightly letters are those in which she recounts her frolics with "Dash" or "Mossy." We are tempted to copy the whole of a paper describing the death of "Mossy;" but it is too long, and to abridge would be to spoil it. It was found, after her own death, in an envelope containing some of the dog's hair, and sealed with black. Had she lost a near friend, the language of grief could hardly have been more pathetic. "Every body loved him," are her words; "'dear saint,' as I used to call him, and as I do not doubt he now is! No human being was ever so faithful, so gentle, so generous, and so fond. I shall never love any thing half so well." She was true to her words. Though many pets succeeded "Mossy" (who died at Bertram House in 1819), and found her a tender and affectionate mistress, she never forgot the handsome and intelligent greyhound.

In the spring of 1820 a great sorrow fell upon the Mitford family. The impoverishment into which they had been gradually sinking deeper and deeper, through the reckless extravagance of Dr. Mitford, had reached its lowest point, and the last days of March were employed in removing from the home which they had occupied for nearly twenty years, at first in affluence and comfort, but latterly with a severe economy and a constant struggle against encroaching ruin. Every visit of the Doctor to London was followed by some fresh privation to his wife and daughter. One by one their luxuries were dispensed with. The servant out of livery was dismissed. There ceased to be any lady's-maid. The carriage and horses were disposed of. The library and pictures were sold at auction. At times the family were in actual need of food, as the tradesmen refused to supply them with the common requirements of the household till old accounts were settled. The sole cause of this distress was Dr. Mitford's love of play and gambling speculation. He was the victim of every plausible adventurer. A sharp Frenchman tempted him to advance £5000 for the purpose of carrying out some marvelous invention for lighting and heating houses. Of course the money was lost; and much more was sunk in the attempt to recover some portion of it by suing the marquis in the French courts. But the main source of the ruin was the Doctor's love of play. Though an excellent whist-player, the chances were always against him, and he was invariably a loser. But his wife and daughter never lost faith in him. To them he was always cheated and ill-used, wronged and overreached, and he never heard a syllable of reproach from either.

Compelled at length to sell his house and land, after parting with his books and pictures, he contrived to become involved in a long Chancery suit, which completed his ruin; and when he left Bertram House, in March, 1820, he must have been all but penniless. Except a field large enough to save his franchise for the county, there remained of his fortune nothing but the £3000 in the funds, which the prudence of Mrs. Mitford's maternal grandfather had secured to his daughter's descendants, and of which the trustees, though often solicited, would not relax their hold. But the interest of that money was pledged to his creditors, and unavailable for the expenses of the family. Entirely dependent for support upon the genius and industry of the daughter, they removed to a pretty cottage at Three-Mile Cross, where her mother and father died, and which continued to be her home for thirty years. In this little cottage most of her works were written. Here, as she passed through the prime of womanhood to an amiable and se-

rene old age, friends from every class of society and from almost every country gathered around her, and made her loneliness less lonely. She had a very happy disposition, and could always intrench herself against the intrusions of sad thoughts in the companionship of her books, her pets, and her friends. At Three-Mile Cross she compiled her pleasant "Recollections of a Literary Life," and commenced "Atherton," the last literary labor of her long and active life.

In the autumn of 1850, the cottage at Three-Mile Cross, where she had lived for thirty years, having become so dilapidated that the doors and windows no longer kept out the wind and cold, and the rain came pelting through the roof, she removed to a snug little cottage at Swallowfield, not far from her last home, where her few remaining years were tranquilly passed. She died on the 10th of January, 1855. Her friend, Lady Russell, had been with her during the whole day, and at five o'clock in the afternoon saw her die so peacefully that she hardly knew which moment was her last. She was buried in the church-yard at Swallowfield, in a place which had been selected by herself; and the spot is marked by a simple granite cross, which was erected to her memory by a few of her oldest friends.

ALONG THE WIRES.

ANNETTE LANGLEY was a telegraph clerk. Her occupation in life was to sit in an office in one of the great Atlantic cities—no matter which—and receive messages and send them clicking and throbbing along the wires. Annette was an orphan. Her mother, a Frenchwoman by birth, had been some years dead; her father, a New Englander, she could now but dimly remember. She inherited the neatness and vivacity of her mother, something of the Yankee shrewdness and perseverance of her father, and the good principles which were common to both. She had, too, something which neither father nor mother ever possessed—a certain gleam of the imaginative, a slight ray or faint twinkle of the spirit which, allied with other noble attributes and favored by auspicious stars, breaks some time or other into poetry. She was a good-looking girl enough, although you would never have gone into raptures about her beauty. She had a broad clear forehead, gray expressive eyes, and good teeth. These gifts, combined with a pleasing, unaffected smile, made her a girl worth looking at; but no more. If you went into the office to send a message, you would rather transact the business through the medium of that girl than through that of a girl who was ill-favored, or a girl who was pretty but affected, or a girl who was downright handsome but of ungenial expression. But you—assuming you to be only an average quality of observer—would probably never think any more of Annette when once you had left the office, until some piece of business obliged you to go there again, and then you would be glad to see her, and would dismiss her from your mind the moment you emerged into the street.

Now the little gleam of imagination which Annette possessed was a great comfort to her. Through many cold years it had kept her warm, like a fire. It burned always more or less cheerily on the hearth-stone of her heart, and it even sent its pleasant beams through the windows of her eyes. Thus, when things looked gloomy with her in the actual world, she could imagine some condition for herself or others in which brightness should prevail; she could throw herself into the lives and joys and sufferings of others, and thus put away her own petty vexations for the hour. If she could do nothing else, she could at least imagine herself a heroine—one of the heroines out of the books she sometimes read—and could think of herself as confronting bravely uncommon and magnificent dangers, enduring with sublime patience unparalleled sufferings. And so, by dint of imagining herself a heroine, she became in her own way somewhat heroic. Her daily occupation not being very animated or fascinating, she converted it, for her own delight and recreation, into a continual series of stories. Every one who came with a message to the office was compelled, quite unknown to himself, to tell her his story—or at least the story which his face, his expression, his voice, his message, and *her* fancy all combined to tell for him. If some of the utterly commonplace people who went in with their absolutely uninteresting and prosaic messages could only have known what striking central figures of romantic story she made out of them they would have been a good deal surprised, and many of them, probably, would be very angry. No doubt she guessed truly in many cases, for she was a quick, sharp, sympathetic girl; and many sad stories are hinted clearly enough even in the briefest telegram. However that may be, this mental weaving of untold tales was a constant amusement, and at last a regular habit with Annette; and many a man and many (perhaps not quite so many) a woman had her profound sympathy, or admiration, or pity, or hatred who never deserved any such sentiment on her part; and many had it who well deserved it, and never knew anything about her feeling toward them.

In the same city, and very near the office where Annette clicked her wires and wove her harmless fictions, lived Dr. Childers, a physician, who was still young—just on the verge of his latest youth; a man of remarkable talent, who had more theories than patients, and more merit than success. Luckily for himself, he was not wholly dependent upon his profession for a living. He had some little means of his own, and he wrote a good deal in scientific journals and reviews—in such, at least, as belonged to the advanced and rather revolutionary school of science. Dr. Childers was not a believer in phrenology, physiognomy, or mesmerism—that is to say, he did not believe in

any one of the three as a science; but he was quite prepared to admit that the idea or principle represented by each had something in it more than common, if your philosophy could find it out; and he held that modern philosophy missed finding a good many things out, just because it neither used its eyes nor its sympathies.

"Not one man in ten thousand," the Doctor would say, "is capable of using his own eyes. What he really sees is lost upon him; what he is told, or expected, or permitted to see is reality for him. Not one man in twenty thousand can take into his sympathies what another man feels. So we all live in little iron Monitor-turrets, with cracked and colored glass for windows to see through. There is hardly any limit to the insight of a fine, sensitive, sympathetic, and at the same time scientific nature, which can at once feel with the feelings of others and see with the eyes of itself. I have no doubt all your sorceries, witchcrafts, second-sights, spiritualisms, mesmerisms, and so on, are to be explained in this way. Some rarely-endowed man or woman has the faculty of opening and using eyes and heart together, and dull people, who can not believe in any body seeing naturally what they themselves can not see, straightway invent supernaturalisms to explain what is only simple nature unspoiled. I do not venture to say how far one soul may affect another with a sense of its nearness and its power. I am sure we could all see farther into the souls of our neighbors than we do if only we tried to do it, and tried in the right way."

I do not know whether the Doctor had anticipated the "brain-wave" theory; but he had great faith in the potentiality of the immaterial to influence and affect the material. One minor branch of this faith was the conviction that you could see thoroughly into the heart and nature of any body, if only you tried sincerely and without egotism. Dr. Childers was fond of referring to the example of the man mentioned by Edmund Burke, who, whenever he desired to know what was passing in the breast of another man, tried at once to frame his own features into the exact expression worn by that other man's, and then noted the influence produced on his own mind. Dr. Childers insisted that that was true philosophy. To understand any one else, he declared, you must cease for the time to be yourself. The mirror is none the wiser for the faces that look into it, because it can never lay aside, even for an instant, its own mere individuality as a mirror.

Thus Dr. Childers went through life observing and theorizing, and doing little. He had never got married, and never had hitherto fallen in love. In truth, he contemplated human nature, whether it showed itself in this sex or in that, too much with the eyes of an intellectual anatomist to be likely to fall in love with even the softer and fairer subject of his study. There was some sense in the objection raised to Mr. Venus, in "Our Mutual Friend," by the woman he wooed, when she demurred to being regarded "in that bony light" to which his occupation as a reconstructor of skeletons naturally disposed him. It is not easy to fall deeply in love with one whom you are always regarding "in that bony light." It was thus, intellectually speaking, that Dr. Childers for the most part regarded human nature, and he had therefore come to his present time of life as little troubled by love for woman as Rosalind herself, for all her doublet and hose.

Dr. Childers was applied to, about the time that this story begins, to deliver a course of lectures at one of the scientific institutions of a neighboring city. He had to telegraph a conditional answer, and he entered the office where Annette sat and worked and wove her fancies. Handing in his message, he surveyed the girl-clerk quietly with his dark, thoughtful eyes, which seemed to the superficial observer to be only looking into vacancy. He always looked at every body. Annette looked at him. She always looked at every body.

Dr. Childers was a remarkable man in outward aspect as well as in intellect and character. He had a lined and seamed forehead, dark and deep with thought, and graven with the marks of constant observation and contemplation. A school-girl would probably have called him an ugly man; a woman of brains would have probably gone as far wrong the other way, and called him handsome. But neither the one nor the other could have looked at him without saying or thinking something about him.

Annette at once made him the hero of a romance. She saw something in him sad and noble—something of the Ravenswood, or even the Hamlet.

His message was:

"May I venture? If so, I will come."

The inquiry merely meant, whether on coming he would be free to expound his own scientific convictions without fetter or limit. Otherwise he would not come. The person to whom the message was addressed would be certain to understand what it meant.

Annette founded the beginning of a love-story on it forthwith.

Her eyes were quietly studying the Doctor. Without looking up, he became aware of the fact. Then he calmly looked up, and saw that her eyes were still busy with him. But she did not start, or look down, or turn away; in fact, their eyes did not meet, and Annette seemed wholly unconscious of his observation.

"If that were not a woman," the Doctor said to himself, "I should say that she was studying *me*, and on the right principle. But I don't suppose a girl like that has any notion of comprehending a man's nature and individuality otherwise than by peeping into his letters and listening at his keyhole. No, it can't be, and yet it looks very like it," as he took another glance at Annette.

He received no answer to his telegram next day, and so resolved that he would not go. The following day he received a message fully accepting his conditions; but it was now too late to alter his resolution. So he went to the telegraph office, and to the little window where Annette sat, and he handed her the message, "Too late now."

Perhaps he had a special reason for framing his message in this somewhat dramatic sentence. He watched the expression of Annette's face, first when he came to the window, next when she read the message, finally when she looked up at him again. He went away surprised, but convinced.

"Yes," he said to himself, "this girl is studying me, and on the principle of eyes and sympathies. I have one comrade at least, and it is a woman! *Quod minime reris!*"

He resolved to lead her a little fancy dance, as a test of himself and her. So when he had occasion, as he had frequently for the next week or two, to dispatch telegraphic messages through her medium, he always took care to couch them in a peculiar sort of phraseology, which, suggestive of nothing but commonplace ideas to an ordinary observer, would, if he was right, find other explanation in her mind. With a certain expression on his face he found that he could always call up just the kind of shade or brightness he anticipated on hers. In fact, the Doctor, without falsifying a single message, or indulging in a single deception, made himself appear in her eyes the hero of a romantic love-affair. He was performing quite a psychological and scientific experiment on the girl—at first solely for his own instruction.

One day he said to himself:

"Good Heavens, what a sympathetic heart this poor girl has! And what tenderness and thoughtfulness one may see in her eyes!"

And he went home that evening thinking less of science than he had done for long before.

"She thinks I am in love," he said, "and she follows all the phases of my supposed sufferings with eyes of eager and sympathetic interest. I suppose girls of that kind are not often well trained and brought up. I'll try her now by another test."

Dr. Childers had a sister living in a town not far away. She was married, and to a doctor, and the two doctors, differing widely on most scientific questions, had lately had a downright quarrel. Now our hero was a man full of deep undemonstrative love, and he yearned to see his sister; but he was also, unluckily, a man of profound obstinacy, and he would not make any overture to his sister's husband. One day, therefore, he made up his mind to write to his sister, and ask her what time her husband would be away from home, in order that he might go to see her. Just at this time occurred to him the idea of another kind of test of the girl in whom he now began to take so much interest, and he resolved not to write, but to telegraph to his sister, in order that the message might pass under the hands of Annette. It should be explained that many of the messages he had already dispatched, full of an affection Annette had misconstrued, were in fact addressed to this sister.

He came with his message.

"I wonder," he thought to himself, "what is the expression of countenance proper to a Lovelace or a Lauzun? Let me try if I can conjure it up."

And he handed in the following words:

"Dearest,—Let me know at once when *he* is to be from home. I must see you."

Annette's eyes flashed and her cheek flushed as she took the message. At least there was enough of flash and flush to satisfy the Doctor's observant eye that his test had succeeded. No common observer could have noticed any change in her expression. She never looked at him as he went away. He departed rejoicing.

"That girl has a pure heart," he said to himself. "She would hate and scorn a Lovelace or a Lauzun. Are there many girls like her, I wonder? She is quite handsome, too. Can it be that she knows nobody who has brains and heart enough to fall in love with her and marry her?"

Poor Annette went home that night very sad and very scornful. She had opened her mind to a love-story which never ought to have had a moment of her sympathy. The hero of her latest and dearest romance was in love with a married woman! Good reader, especially dear lady reader, don't blame poor Annette because she knew, though a young unmarried girl, that there was wickedness in the world. She had had to go into active busy life and work for her daily bread. Your daughter has no such duty forced on her, and you can keep her from any unnecessary and premature knowledge of the sins and sufferings of the world. Annette had neither father nor mother, and she sat all day in a telegraph office, and sent along the wires any and every message which was given to her. Yet, trust me that a purer heart does not beat even in your daughter's bosom than that which lived under Annette's calico gown. After all, innocence is one thing, ignorance is another.

So Annette did her best to break her romantic idol. She made up her mind not to feel the slightest interest any more in the loves or sorrows of our Doctor, and when he brought her a message she contracted her handsome eyebrows and would hardly look at him.

For his part he was quite delighted. He read her like an open book—so far. He saw that she was angry with him, and was doing her best to close her heart against him.

"What a good, true girl that is!" he thought. "She detests sin; but finds it hard to detest wholly the poor sinner! After all, there *are* true Christians! I have found one, and she is a poor girl in a telegraph office!"

But his soul began to rebel against the endurance of the suspicion or conviction he had brought upon himself. He could not bear to stand attainted in those clear, penetrating, sympathetic eyes. Never before had Dr. Childers cared one single straw what any living creature thought about him. The only person living whose good opinion he had previously valued was his sister, and her love and faith and confidence he knew he had so firmly and closely that it never would have occurred to him as possible that he could lose, or even temporarily forfeit them. He took his sister's love and faith as one takes the love and faith of his mother, quite as a matter of course. So it is true that he never before had thought as much of the good opinion of mortal as he now did of that of Annette Langley, the poor telegraph girl, with whom he had never yet exchanged one word except on matters of the merest business.

Therefore he went to the office and sent another loving message to his sister; but he took care this time to begin with the words, "Dearest sister." As he gave in the message he marked Annette's look of surprise and joy. Nobody else could have understood it. He followed it delightedly—and followed, too, the expression of perplexity which succeeded it, and which seemed to say, "Yes, I am glad of this. It is delightful. But then what becomes of my love-romance? That was his sister, after all! Then where is the love-story? And have I been blundering from first to last?"

It grew to be one of the pleasures of Dr. Childers's life to see this girl and study her features and her expression. He began to transact all his correspondence by way of telegraph. Soon a sort of acquaintanceship began to spring up between him and Annette. They would exchange a word or two of civility outside the mere words of business when he went to the office. Sometimes when he entered the place he was *distrait* and melancholy, having racked his brain overmuch with this or that futile study; and he was almost always recalled to himself by observing the sympathetic, half-inquiring eyes of Annette fixed upon him. Then he would rally, say a pleasant word or two, and go away brightened, leaving her brightened also.

Yet her general demeanor did not grow brighter as the days went on. Rather did she begin to look sadder and sadder. He observed her with particular attention, while taking care that she should not notice his observation of her.

"She is not happy, this girl," he thought. "She is very poor, perhaps."

He made a casual observation once about want of money, or poverty, or something of the kind, and he noted the first expression that came on her face.

"No," said Childers, satisfied, "it is not poverty that distresses her; that is clear. There is one woman, at least, who is poor, and is not miserable therefore. I must try again. She is an orphan, perhaps, and is lonely."

An elderly woman was talking to Annette one day as Dr. Childers entered the office. She went away immediately.

"Your mother, Miss Annette?" Dr. Childers said. He had heard her name many times during his visits, and he now called her Miss Annette, like all the rest.

"Ah, no," Annette replied, gently; "I have no mother; but that is the woman with whom I board, and she is very good and kind."

"You are an orphan?"

"Yes; I have been so these several years."

She looked sad as she spoke; but her orphaned condition, Childers now felt certain, was not the cause of the peculiar sadness, the deep anxiety he saw stamped so often and so clearly on her face.

At last he said to himself: "What an idiot I am! Of course the girl's in love! And with some handsome fool, no doubt—or some handsome scoundrel!"

He felt intensely vexed—why, he could hardly have told. Annette observed the change on his face, and wearied herself at night to guess at the cause of it. Childers walked rather abruptly away; and actually made it his business to pass ever so often by the office-door that day and the next and the next, in order that, if possible, he might find out the man with whom Annette was in love. Nobody went in the first day whose appearance suggested any thing of the romantic.

Next day he saw a handsome young fellow whom he knew slightly, and knew to have a strong dash of the rake in him; he saw this young man enter the office. After a few moments the young man came out; and an hour after, when Childers passed the door again, he saw the young man once more enter.

"That is the man!" said the Doctor to himself; and he strode indignantly away, and never went near the place for several days. How he tried to study and write during these days! and how he failed! It was perfectly wonderful, perfectly inexplicable how the doings of a poor girl of whom he knew hardly any thing could thus have disarranged and disturbed him. He set to work to discover a scientific theory to account for it, and had nearly given in to the belief that certain sympathetic organizations affect each other by the evolution of electric currents. He was not quite clear whether the brain, the heart, or the spinal marrow was to be regarded as the battery which set the currents in motion. Meanwhile he began to think that, after all, he had condemned Annette on very slight evidence, or no evidence at all; and, again, he whispered to himself that if such a girl really were in any danger from the attentions of such a man as he had seen twice going into the telegraph office, it surely would be well that some sincere and honest friend should endeavor to interpose between her and possible peril. Why might not he, Dr. Childers, be that earnest friend? He

really felt a deep interest in the girl; he was much older than she; he was a medical man, and, therefore, supposed to be worthy of confidence, and at liberty to tender advice without giving offense.

Next day he contrived to have urgent business at the office of the telegraph, and he went there. Annette was looking very worn and sad; but she started and brightened when he came, and looked glad to see him.

"She started," thought Childers, "when she saw me. She knows I suspect her."

He only spoke about the message he had to send.

As chance would have it, there came in just then the very man he had been thinking about. He and Childers were slightly acquainted, but were uncongenial, and they exchanged a chilly sentence or two. Annette's quick eyes had noted the expression on Childers's face as the other man came in; and, though they spoke to each other civilly, she at once said to herself: "These two are enemies. There is some cause of hatred between them. I don't wonder. I always hated *him*"—meaning the other man, not Childers—"there is something bad about his expression."

The other came to hand in his message. Childers lingered, and glanced at Annette.

"Why, I am wrong!" he said. "I am a fool. She dislikes and despises that fellow. Yes, that expression is genuine. She detests him quite as much as I do."

He turned back as if he had forgotten something.

"Do you know that man, Miss Annette?" he asked.

"No, Sir," she answered, a little surprised; "I don't know him, except by sight. He has been here a few times."

"Has he spoken to you?"

"Only about his messages; not a word else."

"I am glad," said Childers, brusquely. "'Tis a vice to know him."

"I don't like his expression of face," said the girl, gravely; and she stole a quiet glance at the Doctor, and wove a new romance which converted him and the man just gone into mortal enemies—the latter being the wrong-doer, of course.

Childers was going away when he observed how unusually pale and distressed the girl looked.

"I fear you are not well, Miss Annette," he said, kindly.

"Oh yes, Sir—quite well."

"I am a physician, Miss Annette, and should be glad to give you advice." He did not like to say "without cost to you," but he looked this, and she understood it.

"You are very kind, very; but indeed I am not unwell."

The kindness of his manner, or some other cause, touched her so tenderly and nearly that tears came into her eyes. But she persisted in saying that she was quite well.

"She *is* in love," he said to himself; "and with some one she can't marry, or who will not marry her." He went away, and did not go near the place for days, and was out of humor, cynical, and morose all the time. When he next went into the telegraph office Annette was not there. Nor the following day; nor the day after that. Then he summoned up courage to ask a question about her; and he felt that he was quite confused and awkward as he put the harmless question. Annette was sick, and could not leave her room.

"Can you give me her address?" he said, abruptly. "I am a physician."

There was, perhaps, something too much of eagerness in his manner—and the woman to whom he spoke replied, rather curtly and coldly, that she had not Annette's address. There are many very decent people who can not, for the life of them, believe in a man's having an honest, disinterested wish to serve a woman who is young, pretty, and poor.

Childers read the woman's thoughts at a glance, and spoke out, frankly:

"I don't blame you," he said, quietly; "but you mistake me. I am a physician, and I should like to serve poor Annette if I could, for I believe her to be a good, true girl; and I am sure she can not afford to pay for medical advice."

The woman believed him; and she went to somebody else, and got Annette's address for him.

He found Annette very weak, and prostrate with a severe nervous attack of a nature which he hardly understood. Most doctors, in such a case, would have concealed ignorance and prescribed something. Childers frankly told the good woman with whom Annette lived that he did not yet understand what was the matter with the girl; and that, meantime, he would not give her any medicine. It was evident that she had a highly nervous organization, and that "something was on her mind." No medicine could do much for that.

Poor Annette nearly broke down altogether when Childers insisted on attending her. She had not been used to much spontaneous kindness; and she burst into tears when she saw him. But his coming did her much good for all that; and she began to grow firmer of nerve and stronger of limb. She was soon able to go out again, and after a while there was no farther occasion or excuse for Childers's visits. The last time he called he said to the woman who owned the house:

"Annette has a secret. She is"—he stopped and stammered a moment, as one does who is afraid he is about to make himself ridiculous—"in fact she's in love."

"Oh, my dear Sir, it can't be—she don't know a creature."

"I tell you the girl is a girl; and she's in love," said Childers, brusquely. "That's her secret—that's her ailment. She has an exceptionally sensitive and delicate organization—and she's in love with some fool or other."

And he went abruptly away, and buried himself in science and was miserable. "What on earth is the matter with me?" he asked himself many times a day—and he did not answer the question. In fact, he did not know the answer yet.

That same day Annette spoke to the woman, who was her one friend, about Dr. Childers. They often spoke of him.

"How very sad and worn he looks!" said Annette, with a sigh. "Something oppresses his mind, I know. If he were not so learned and scientific and wise, I would say that he was—in love." And she sighed again; and felt very miserable, and began to wish she had never recovered. For her life was now very weary. She did not care to weave her romances any more. She felt no interest in any body's history now but *his;* and he did not come near her.

After several days of resolute attempt to write or think, Childers said to himself:

"This will never do; I must give in. Something draws me to that girl. Marvelous, that such a thing should be. What can the explanation be of so extraordinary an influence? I will go, and carefully note my own sensations—and perhaps Science may be the gainer, if nothing else is."

He went straightway to the telegraph office. The "influence," whatever it was, made his heart beat very quickly as he opened the door. Three or four men came in just at the same moment with him—and two of them were young, well looking, and fashionable. Annette was in her place—and she was very pale. She glanced toward the door and the advancing group, of which Dr. Childers was one; and her eyes lighted up and her cheeks glowed with a sudden crimson.

A fierce fire lighted in Childers's eyes and in his heart. He made in an inconceivably short space of time two discoveries: "Her lover is now among us!" was his first conviction; and then, with a bitter passionate pang, he said, analyzing at last, and only too truly, his own deep emotion—"and I am in love with her."

He drew back a little, and allowed all the others to precede him. He was concocting a message at one of the desks, but he kept a profound watch on Annette. She was trembling and pale again. Nothing but weariness or impatience was manifested in the lines of her face, as man after man came up with his message. This is not the man—nor this—nor this. Only one remains—a handsome young fellow too. This must be he—confound him. Why no—she looks at him as if he were a tree or a pump. Is Childers again mistaken? He now approaches, a little confused, with his message and a word of greeting, which he endeavors to utter in a calm and unembarrassed tone.

Annette's eyes meet his and she blushes a crimson blush, and her hand trembles and tears rush to her lids—and if she were any where out of sight of human observers, how she would have flung herself down and wept! And Dr. Childers, too, flushes and starts—for he knows at last the name of the man with whom she is in love!

He crumpled up the paper in his hand, and said something about having made a mistake. He wrote another message, and put it into Annette's hand. It ran thus:

"We have been playing at cross-purposes and studying each other in vain, for a long time. Have we not at last found out the truth? I love you! What have you to say to me?"

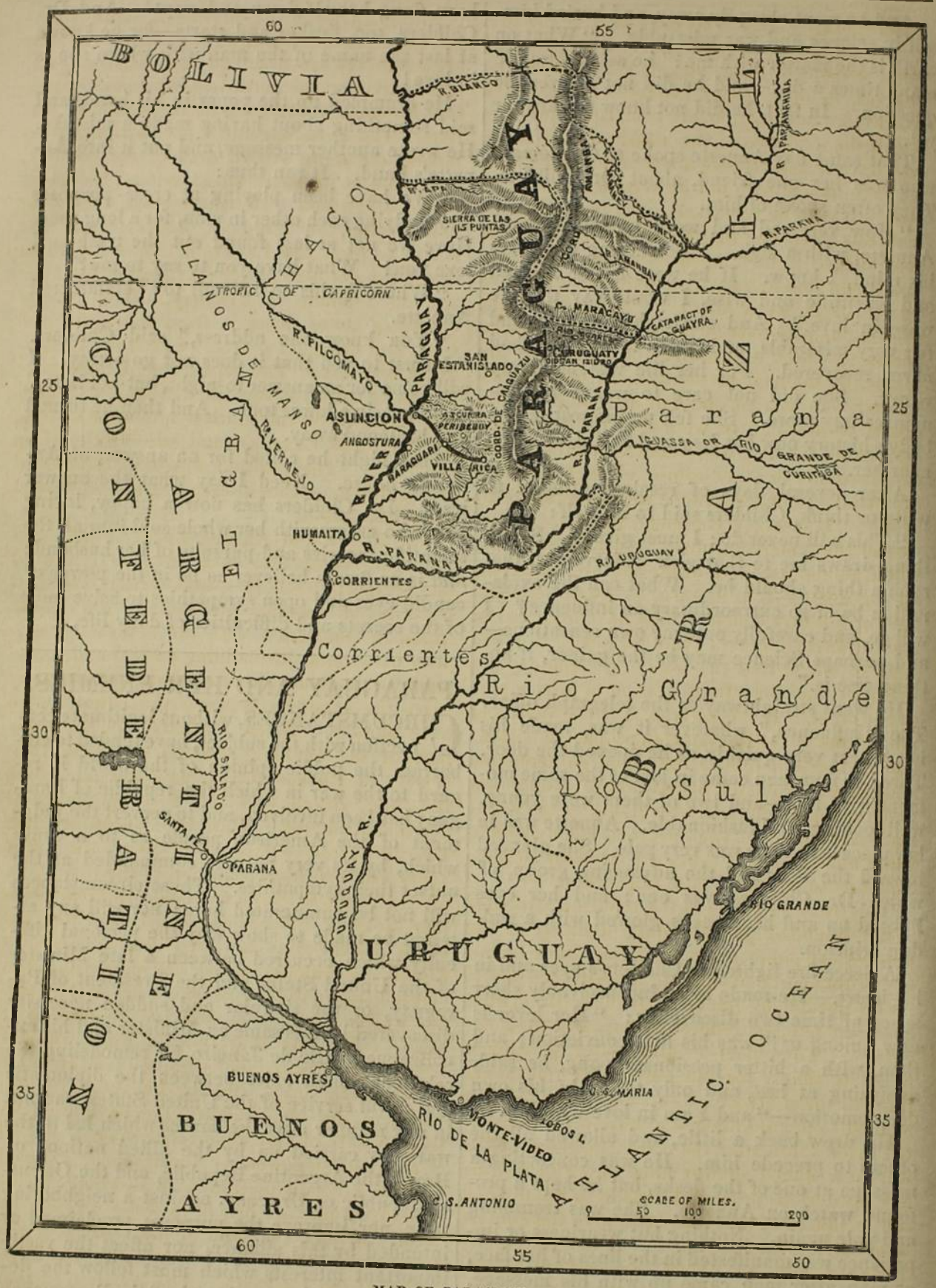
"Where is this to be sent to?" stammered Annette.

"You know the address," said Childers. "I trust to you that it does not go astray. I will come for an answer to-night, but not here," he added, in a lower tone. And then he turned and hastened away.

That night he called for an answer, at Annette's house. Need I say what the answer was? Dr. Childers has now a happy, loving wife who enters with her whole soul into all the scientific theories and pursuits of her husband; and is as firm a believer as he in the power of candid eyes and open sympathies to solve most of the secrets and difficulties of daily life.

PARAGUAY AND HER ENEMIES.

CIRCUMSTANCES, without legitimate connection with the subject, have tended to embarrass the public opinion of the world in regard to the war in which the republic of Paraguay has been involved, and to pervert the judgment of the American people as to a cause which, by its very nature, commanded at the outset their sympathies. Those circumstances will not be enumerated here; nor will any attempt be made to show why the personal difficulty which occurred between a late Minister of the United States and the President of Paraguay, or the singular and sudden necessity discovered by this same ex-Minister and his ex-colleague at Rio de Janeiro for remodeling the relations which exist between the diplomatic and naval service of the United States, can not in any manner alter the causes which led to the war now carried on by the allied nations of Brazil, the Argentine Republic, and the Oriental Republic or Uruguay, against a neighboring state, nor improve the purposes proclaimed or intended by this alliance, nor affect the vastly important interests which must follow the destruction or ultimate triumph of the Paraguayan people. Neither will much space be devoted to the purpose of demonstrating that the facts just mentioned ought not to influence unduly the judgment of thinking men. For, although it may be important to the parties immediately interested to settle the question whether Mr. Washburn, late Minister, has falsely accused President Lopez of violating the immunities of his legation, or whether President Lopez has falsely charged Mr. Washburn with the greater crime of conspiring to overthrow the govern-



MAP OF PARAGUAY.

ment to which he was accredited, and to take the life of the Chief Magistrate, nevertheless these are questions which can not affect the causes of the war, and ought not to be permitted to influence its results. For the honor of both countries it is to be hoped that the charges are equally unfounded. Other accusations have been made against the President of Paraguay, and with suspicious repetition have been frequently republished in all the principal languages. He has been charged with killing his mother on several different occasions; and, on another, according to these same accounts, this venerable lady committed suicide to escape a further repetition of the somewhat monotonous matricidal efforts of her son. Yet it appears from the last reliable accounts that the lady was still alive. The same is true of her daughters and one of her sons, who have had a similar mortuary experience; of the Vice-President of the republic; of the War Minister Caminos; of several of the principal clergymen, such as

Father Maiz—alleged to have been "the first victim of the atrocity of the tyrant;" and of other persons of lesser note. Whether similar charges, in many other instances about which we have no information, are true, is a point upon which the evidence of the allied pamphleteers, who have so relentlessly doomed the individuals we have named, can not be accepted as conclusive. It is to be remarked, also, in connection with this published list of several hundred persons alleged to have been murdered by Lopez, that about one hundred, as appears by the document itself, were killed by the allies while working as prisoners in the trenches—an occupation to which the soldiers of all armies are frequently doomed in punishment of petty offenses; that at least one-half died of disease in prison or hospital, or were shot for desertion; and that of the rest, who were executed as spies, or for treason or other crimes, all met their fate after trial and in accordance with existing forms of law. It does not commend itself to the justice of the American mind to charge upon the Chief Magistrate, as murder and assassination, all the deaths from disease, or by sentence of civil or military courts, which have occurred in a state during several years of war. Nor will it do to allege that the laws of the country are defective, and the administration of justice partial or cruel. If this be true, it is the affair and misfortune of the Paraguayan people—not ours; and it does not relieve the allied governments and writers from the accusation of attempting to pervert public opinion by giving to the world elaborate statements against their enemy which, when not absolutely false, are at least so published as to convey a false impression.

This brief reference to the reported atrocities is not intended as a thorough analysis of the numberless publications which are now before the writer upon that subject; nor will such analysis be needed by impartial readers after what has been said, in general terms, as to their accuracy. The object of introducing the subject at all is simply for the purpose of remarking that, as these atrocities and all others charged against Lopez are alleged to have been committed three years after the commencement of the war now waged against him, they can not, by any mysterious process, be made to relate back to the causes of that war, or to give the contest now carried on by Brazil and her allies any attribute, aim, or object, avowed or secret, which commends itself to the sympathy or approval of just and civilized nations.

Whether this war had in its incipiency any such objects or aims will best appear upon a perusal of what follows, in which it is the desire of the writer to present, as impartially as he may, the whole subject of the war in Paraguay, so far at least as it is possible to confine so vast a subject within the limits of a single article.

And hereupon it will be necessary for the reader who desires to understand thoroughly the subject to turn to the map in connection with our narrative.

Paraguay lies in the interior of South America, a thousand miles from the sea. Its adjoining neighbors are Brazil on the north and east, and Bolivia on the northwest, while the Argentine Republic borders on all the southern portion. The Paraguay and Upper Parana rivers inclose the more settled area of the country, and unite at its southern extremity, becoming then the Parana. Further down, this river unites with the Uruguay, flowing from the north, to form the La Plata. The La Plata enters the sea between the Argentine Republic and the republic of Uruguay. The general course of these rivers is from the north and west, and the chief sources of each are in Brazilian territory. The republic of Uruguay, or Banda Oriental, is separated from the Argentine Republic on the south by the waters of the La Plata and Uruguay, and adjoins Brazil on the north. The position and immense extent of the Brazilian Empire are too well known to need description.

The hatred and jealousies which Spain and Portugal bequeathed as a sad inheritance to their respective colonies, and certain unsettled questions of boundary descending from remote times, in connection with the natural antagonism between a slaveholding empire and its republican neighbors, have embarrassed for many years the relations between the countries we have named. When Paraguay, in the early part of the century, seceded from the viceroyalty of Buenos Ayres, now the Argentine Republic, Brazil was the first to recognize her independence. This was done to weaken Buenos Ayres, whose government for many years withheld its recognition of the new state, after a feeble attempt to regain the lost province by arms. There remained upon the part of the mother state toward Paraguay a certain ill-will and jealousy, which the short time that elapsed before the events which led to the present war had not been sufficient to remove or allay. The fact that the La Plata and its tributaries form a chief avenue of intercourse for all these states, and for Paraguay its sole outlet to the sea, rendered the navigation of those waters of vast importance to each and all of the riparian powers. Nevertheless, it is well to state here distinctly that it is wholly incorrect to assume, as has been done recently by certain writers, that one of the objects of the present war was or is to secure the free navigation of the La Plata. The freedom of that river was solemnly guaranteed by Paraguay to the flags of all nations in treaties made several years before the present war with the United States, England, France, and Sardinia (now Italy). Upon the celebration of these treaties, Brazil and Buenos Ayres formally protested; but, as against the Great Powers, this protest was ineffective, and the free navigation of the La Plata remained undisturbed at the commencement of the war. Whether it will so continue, if the allies are triumphant, is a question of great importance, which will be referred

to later, in connection with a certain clause in the treaty of the triple alliance.

Mention has been made of certain mutual jealousies as between Brazil and the Spanish-American states, and between Buenos Ayres and Paraguay, which might be regarded as predisposing causes to war. In this connection, Uruguay, the third member of the triple alliance, was not mentioned, for the sole reason that this unhappy country was conquered by Brazil at the outset of the war, and is now in point of fact a Brazilian dependency, preserving a nominal independence for the sole purpose of giving a preponderance to the councils of Brazil in the affairs of the triple alliance.

That the standing policy of Brazil has been one of extension and ultimate absorption of the smaller republics, and that she seeks the absolute control of the great rivers of the South, is not only natural, in view of her great preponderance in power, but it is, moreover, fully established by a long series of facts, among which the overthrow of the republic of Uruguay is the crowning proof. It reflects no discredit upon the wisdom of the imperial government that it should seek these ends. But it may hereafter be regarded as a reproach to other nations if it be permitted to attain them. They can only be obtained, after the downfall of Paraguay, by the destruction of the Argentine confederation, the present ally of the empire; and there are those even in Buenos Ayres who believe that the one event will follow the other as its immediate sequence. How, then, does it happen that the Argentine nation is allied with the empire in the attempted destruction of Paraguay? This point, more than any other, confuses the popular mind in the United States, and yet the explanation is simple. The sentiment of the Argentine people before the war was one of hostility to Brazil, and it remains the same to this day. The alliance was the work of the then existing government. A large portion, in fact a vast majority, of the people were opposed to it, although a considerable faction was more or less inimical to Paraguay, and considered that country as part of the patrimony of Buenos Ayres by virtue of rights derived from the old vice-royalty. The people of the Argentine confederation were made to accept the alliance by means of the charge made against Lopez, that he had wantonly invaded their territory without a declaration of war, and were confirmed in their adhesion to it by diligent and unscrupulous use of the terrible atrocities which it is the custom to attribute with vindictive iteration to the President of Paraguay, and by the wealth which the prosecution of hostilities in the La Plata brought to Buenos Ayres, the chief sea-port for all the interior waters. As to the accusation of invading the territory of the Argentine confederation without a previous declaration of war, it was not founded in fact, nor made in good faith by the government of that republic; yet it served its purpose of exciting a war fever sufficiently intense to secure the assent of the nation to the alliance with Brazil.

The events which led to that alliance are briefly these: The republic of Uruguay, in the year 1863, was in the enjoyment of the best government it had known for half a century. After a long series of wars and civil turmoil, it had enjoyed a few years of peace. Venancio Flores, a political refugee from Montevideo, organized in Buenos Ayres, with the connivance, it is charged, of the Argentine government, an expedition to be directed against Uruguay. He landed in that republic with a mere handful of followers, and gathered to his standard all the gaucho desperadoes with which the country was cursed. He was sustained by men and money from Brazil and Buenos Ayres, and conducted a civil war with the customary atrocities. The government of Uruguay was sorely pressed. Whereupon Brazil took occasion to present a list of reclamations, including over fifty counts, and demanded immediate settlement. Uruguay answered by a list almost as long, of counter reclamations, and stated that the "invasion which had been designed, organized, and supplied with arms on Argentine and Brazilian territory," and the ruinous war which resulted therefrom, prevented the consideration at that time of the Brazilian demands. Brazil presents an ultimatum, allowing six days to meet the demands already presented, at the end of which time the Brazilian forces are to enter Uruguayan territory by land and water. The government of the republic proposes mediation. The six days expire; the Brazilian army crosses the frontier; the fleet declare a blockade of Montevideo; the constitutional government retires from power; Venancio Flores, the revolutionary chief, becomes President of Uruguay as the mere creature of Brazil; and the Oriental Republic, as an independent power, ceases to exist. Pending these events in the sister republic, the government of Buenos Ayres claimed to be neutral. The honesty of this neutrality was questioned by Paraguay, who had complained of the aid in men and arms openly given to Flores. Paraguay made earnest protest upon this subject, and subsequently, upon the unfriendly and imperative attitude assumed by Brazil toward the government of Montevideo, offered its friendly mediation. Uruguay accepted and Brazil declined. Whereupon Lopez, claiming that the independence of Uruguay was essential to the free navigation of the La Plata, and therefore to the prosperity and peace of the river states—points which need no argument—and believing that the government of Buenos Ayres was in secret league with Brazil for the destruction and division of Uruguay and Paraguay, and knowing, too, what can not be denied, that the overthrow of Uruguay would give to the empire, the natural enemy of Paraguay, the control of the mouth of the Plata, and was merely the preliminary to an attempt against the independence and integrity of his own state, which

would thus remain isolated and at the mercy of its powerful neighbors, made a solemn protest against the occupation of Uruguayan territory by Brazilian troops, throwing upon the empire the responsibility of all that might follow, should it become necessary to make that protest effective by arms. This protest was contemptuously disregarded. Brazilian troops moved into Uruguay as has been stated, and in due time a Paraguayan army marched into Brazil. The date of the Paraguayan protest was the 30th of August, 1864; the Brazilian troops occupied Uruguay in October following; and in November the Paraguayans entered Brazil.

Here it is necessary to consider incidental points, which it is claimed by the allies materially modify the question which the foregoing facts present. Let the reader judge for himself.

There had been a long-standing question of boundary between Brazil and Paraguay. Several years before the war the elder Lopez, then President of Paraguay, proposed to settle it, and had frequently expressed his willingness to part with a large portion of his territory to remove all cause of war. After some negotiation, Brazil refused to accept any settlement, and insisted on postponing the whole question for several years. Pending this postponement, the imperial government established in Matto Grosso, a province bordering on the north of Paraguay and on the disputed territory, a large dépôt of arms and warlike stores. The refusal to accept a peaceable settlement and the establishment of this dépôt were facts not without significance, nor did they escape the attention of young Lopez, then commander-in-chief of the Paraguayan army. It was claimed by the Paraguayan government, and subsequently declared by the National Congress, that the establishment of a warlike dépôt in Matto Grosso was a violation of existing treaties, and that this province had been usurped from Paraguay. The examination of these claims is in nowise essential to the consideration of the present subject.

On the 14th of November, one month after the entrance of the Brazilian troops into Uruguay—a fact which of itself constituted war with Paraguay, in view of the previous protest of that government—a Brazilian steamer, the *Marquis de Olinda*, while passing through Paraguayan waters to Matto Grosso, having on board the newly-appointed governor of that province, was seized by a Paraguayan war-steamer. Two days previous, the Brazilian Minister at Asuncion had been notified that, in consequence of the invasion of Uruguay by Brazil without a previous declaration of war, the Paraguay River and all the waters of the republic were closed to the empire, but would remain free to neutral vessels trading to Matto Grosso. The allied governments claim that the seizure of this vessel, and the invasion of Matto Grosso without a formal declaration of war, were violations of international law. If this be true, then the same charge made by the Paraguayan government against that of Brazil, in regard to the invasion of Uruguay, is equally well-founded. The documents already referred to disprove both allegations.

The occupation of Matto Grosso was a most successful movement, resulting in the capture of all the Brazilian munitions of war stored in that province. Lopez obtained through this and the subsequent successful occupation of Corrientes, of which we are now about to speak, the means of conducting the war. It is absolutely incorrect to say that he had made extensive preparations for the contest, or had obtained large shipments of arms from Europe, as is constantly alleged by his enemies in proof of his aggressive designs. He fights to-day with flint-lock muskets, and with such improved arms as he has taken in battle, with cannon and ammunition made in the country or captured from the enemy.

Paraguay and Brazil being thus at war, the Argentine Republic declared its neutrality. Paraguay maintains that this neutrality was a fraud, and that Brazil was permitted to occupy Argentine territory for hostile purposes, and establish a dépôt of munitions in the city of Corrientes—an Argentine city on the southern border of Paraguay, and a point of vast importance as a base of operations against that republic. Be it remembered that Buenos Ayres had instigated and supported the Flores invasion of Uruguay, had taken no means to prevent the destruction of that republic by Brazil, and had permitted certain other acts which gave much color to the charge made by Paraguay that the Argentine Republic was acting, through its government, in secret accord with Brazil. The establishment of a Brazilian dépôt in Corrientes was confirmatory evidence, and, in addition, Lopez claims that it had already been arranged that the government of Buenos Ayres would in due time join in active hostilities. Under these circumstances, he requested of the Argentine government permission to march his troops through an Argentine province to invade the southern portion of Brazil, and co-operate with the constitutional party in Uruguay toward the re-establishment of the independence of that country. This permission was peremptorily refused—rightfully, if the neutrality of Buenos Ayres had been one of good faith; but unjustly, if the purposes of that government were disloyal toward Paraguay. Lopez answered that refusal by a prompt declaration of war. This declaration was made by the Paraguayan Congress on the 18th of March, 1865, and officially communicated to the Argentine government on the 29th of the same month. On the 15th of April following, a Paraguayan army occupied Corrientes, capturing the munitions of war stored in that city.

The allies have persistently claimed that the invasion of Corrientes was made in full peace,

and was, therefore, a violation of international law. The dates given above are a conclusive refutation of the charge. The Argentine government denies the receipt of the declaration of war. Upon the assembling of Congress, in May, it pronounced the occupation of Corrientes a profanation of its soil, a violation of international usage, and an unprovoked attack made without notice. Nevertheless, it has since been conclusively shown that the government of Buenos Ayres knew of the Paraguayan declaration of war several days before the taking of Corrientes was communicated to the nation. The artifice of concealment served a useful purpose, in creating a popular feeling against Paraguay, and smoothing the way for the triple alliance.

This alliance was immediately entered into between the empire of Brazil, the Argentine Republic, and the republic of Uruguay. The main features of this extraordinary secret treaty are worthy of the most serious consideration. The alliance is by its terms perpetual. Its most important provisions are as follows:

Art. 6. The allies agree not to lay down their arms otherwise than by common accord, and not before having overthrown the actual government of Paraguay, and not to treat separately with the enemy, and not to sign any treaty of peace, truce, armistice, or convention whatever for the purpose of putting an end to or interrupting the war, except with the common consent of all.

Art. 7. The war not being directed against the people of Paraguay, but against its government, the allies will admit into a Paraguayan legion all the citizens of that nation who will unite to overthrow the said government, and will furnish all the elements they may require, in the form and under the conditions that may be determined on.

Art. 8. The allies bind themselves to respect the independence, the sovereignty, and the territorial integrity of the republic of Paraguay. Therefore the people of Paraguay shall choose for themselves a government, and adopt such institutions as they may think fit, without being absorbed by or placed under the protectorate of any of the allies in consequence of the war.

There are other articles still more objectionable, to which reference will be made in commenting upon those which precede.

Article 6 pledges the allies to a continuance of the war until the overthrow of the existing government of Paraguay. It was never claimed that this was a usurping government. Such a stipulation, therefore, offends against common justice, and completely annuls Article 8 of the same treaty, which guarantees to the people of Paraguay the right to choose their own government and institutions. What if, in the exercise of this right, they were to choose again Francisco Solano Lopez for President, as they had done three years before? Would the allies respect their choice? Thus Article 6 is on its face a wrong, and Article 8 a mockery.

Article 7 declares that the war is not against the people, but against the government of Paraguay—a distinction a little too subtle for the dull American intellect. The same article invites the Paraguayans to unite with the allies against their government. Of the propriety of such a clause inviting civil war, let the reader form his own opinion.

Article 8 guarantees the independence, sovereignty, and territorial integrity of Paraguay; but Article 9 limits these guarantees to five years, and the five years expire the first of next May. Yet the alliance is to be perpetual. After the first of May, what follows? By Article 14 Paraguay is to be compelled to defray all the expenses of the war; and answer in damages to all the allies for all the grievances, public or private, real or imaginary, which it may please those powers to present; and by Article 15 these same powers declare that they will arrange the manner and form in which all this is to be done. In this manner they will "respect" the independence of Paraguay.

In Article 16, "in order to avoid all discussions in reference to frontiers," they fix absolutely the future boundaries of the republic in such a manner as to appropriate to themselves one-half her territory. Such is their respect for her territorial integrity.

In the protocol of the treaty it is stipulated that the Paraguayan fortress of Humaita shall be demolished; that Paraguay shall never be permitted to erect other fortifications on her own rivers which might interfere with the purposes of the allies; that all the arms and elements of war within the republic shall be divided equally among the allies; and that "trophies and booty" (the words are quoted from the treaty) shall be divided in like manner. All of which being done, the "sovereignty" of Paraguay will have been scrupulously respected.

By Article 17 the treaty is to remain in perpetual force and vigor, in order that its stipulations may be respected and executed by Paraguay; and by Article 18 it *is to be kept secret until its ends are accomplished.*

In view of this treaty can any one be surprised that the people of Paraguay have fought against those allies with a devotion and heroism unparalleled and beyond description; that they have rejected with scorn the allurements plentifully held out to corrupt their soldiery; and that thousands of their prisoners have crawled back through leagues of swamp from the plenty and safety of the allied camps, and from the luxury and temptations of foreign cities, to resume their places by the side of their unclad and starving brothers in the ranks of the republic?

There is yet another stipulation in this treaty which concerns the outside world. Article 11 reads as follows:

"The existing government of Paraguay being overthrown, the allies will proceed to the establishment with the constituted authority of the necessary arrangements to secure the free navigation of the Paraguay and Parana rivers in such manner that the laws and regulations of the said republic shall not impede, hinder, nor change the transit and navigation of merchant ships and vessels of war of *the allied states* proceeding to their respective territories or to territories not belonging to Paraguay; and they will take proper

guarantees for the efficacy of those arrangements *upon the principle that the arrangement and fluvial police whether of these two rivers or the river Uruguay are matters of common agreement between the allies and the other bordering states who within the period which the allies shall allow them shall have accepted the invitation which will be offered.*"

Paraguay had already guaranteed the freedom of these waters to the whole world. Can this stipulation, therefore, bear other meaning than that their navigation is hereafter to remain the exclusive privilege of the allies? It is to be remembered, in this connection, that the resources of Paraguay in cotton, tobacco, sugar, rice, "yerba," copper, quicksilver, medicinal plants, rare woods, and marbles are immense, and that the commerce which can be developed on the tributaries of the La Plata would be a vast source of wealth to foreign nations. It especially behooves the United States to understand clearly whether or not the success of the triple alliance means the closing of the La Plata to foreign flags. No statement official or informal from a single member of the alliance can convey any assurance on this subject. For the treaty is of binding force and perpetual, and its solemn abrogation alone can give assurance that its terms will not be regarded by the contracting parties.

That the Argentine confederation ever entered into this treaty proves one of two things, either that the men then at the head of affairs were incompetent and unskillful in diplomacy, or that Lopez is correct in claiming that they had a secret understanding with Brazil for the division of the sister republics of Uruguay and Paraguay. The then government of Buenos Ayres was composed of the ablest men in the republic. The inference, therefore, must be that when they delivered over their country, as is done in Article 6 of the treaty, to the mercy of Brazil to continue a war forever or until it pleased the empire to permit them to make peace, there must have been some arrangement that does not appear on the face of the treaty to explain this singular and fatal proceeding. We use the word fatal by design. For there are many in the Argentine Republic who, being ignorant of whatever secret understanding there may be which guarantees the future safety of that state against the aggressive policy of the empire, are strong in the belief that a war between those two nations must inevitably follow the close of the present struggle. They believe that the valor of the Argentine soldier will, in such case, prevail against the timid legions of Brazil. But they forget that Brazil overthrew Uruguay by intrigue and civil commotion, and not by open war. They forget the immense preponderance in naval power and warlike equipment which the short-sighted economy of their own government has permitted the empire to attain during the existing contest. They claim that, in any event, the United States will interfere to prevent the destruction of a republic of kindred institutions. But if Paraguay should have meanwhile disappeared from the list of nations by the fratricidal means of this unnatural alliance, may not the United States remind them, in their day of trial, of the question addressed to the first murderer—"Cain, where is thy brother?"

Much space can not be allotted here to a further exposition of this secret treaty. Peru and the Pacific republics earnestly protested against it on its coming accidentally to the light; and if the United States has been silent on the subject, it is probably because our government, under the pressure of grave affairs at home, has not been able to give to the southern continent that attention which events transpiring in that quarter now more than ever demand.

This treaty, from an American stand-point, is wholly indefensible, for it implies the right of one nation to overthrow the government of another—a right which belongs alone to the people by whom that government was erected; it attempts to make a distinction in war between the government and people of a state—a distinction which is not founded in common-sense, nor recognized by the law of nations; it pledges the contracting parties to a prearranged division of the territory of their adversary, to the plunder of her arsenals, the permanent destruction of her fortresses, to a division of "booty;" denies to her perpetually the right to keep arms, even for the maintenance of public order; and at the end of five years, now almost expired, withdraws even the pretended guarantees of her independence, thus virtually consenting that, in her weak, crippled, disarmed, and almost depopulated condition, she shall remain at the mercy of whichever of the allies may choose to appropriate the remnant of her territory. If, after the first of May next, Brazil should decide to appropriate what remains of Paraguay in order to defray the expenses of the war, according to Article 14 of the treaty, will the Argentine Republic consent to this measure? If not, will she take arms to prevent it? The issue of such a struggle can not be doubtful. The Argentine confederation, weak in its internal organization, forever harassed by existing or threatened revolution, without the devoted and heroic people who have immortalized the Paraguayan name, with a country not adapted to defense, without fleet or army, will lie at the absolute mercy of Brazil. Can any one doubt, then, that the favorite dream of the empire—the complete control of the La Plata, and the possession of the entire continent east of the Andes—will be rapidly accomplished?

The absorption by an empire based on human slavery of the neighboring republics may not be looked upon with favor by civilized nations; but if the policy of non-intervention by the United States, which the allies so loudly commend at this moment, be continued to the end, it can not be prevented. Would such absorption be for the interest of these nations, or benefit the commerce of the world? Clearly not. Brazil has not the people, nor the en-

terprise, nor the means, nor the will, to develop even her own resources. The Brazilian people are weak and effeminate. Their very army is recruited, in part, from the galleys and from the unhappy slaves, who are sent to the front in exchange for honors conferred upon their masters. They are as jealous of foreigners as the Oriental nations, and, in like manner, are wrapped up in the constant and absurd contemplation of their own imaginary greatness. Yet with such a population the emperor, Don Pedro, moves on with steady step toward the accomplishment of his grand designs of extension. There can be no better proof of his extraordinary ability. Nor is any needed; for he is, beyond doubt, a wise and accomplished ruler. He is, moreover, surrounded by advisers who, if they possessed in their international policy and dealings the one great quality of common honesty, which the steady citizen of Anglo-Saxon race is wont to commend in governments as in individuals, would rank in the opinion of the world, where they clearly stand in their own, among the ablest statesmen of the day. Brazil never hesitates to do a profitable wrong which can be atoned for by a facile apology. With her the right is not permitted to outweigh the expedient, and it would furnish an interesting task to a philologist to point out and explain how differently the words "national honor" are understood and applied under the equator and in the temperate zones. These peculiarities give great advantage to her diplomacy, while the ability of her financiers has enabled her to sustain her credit with singular success.

Nevertheless she is sorely pressed at the present time. She is pledged to a war which seemingly has no end, but becomes each day more costly. Her expenses have been enormous, her people are discontented. Her enemy, President Lopez, fully appreciates her condition, and has avowed his intention of ruining her financially and irretrievably by the character of the war which he conducts. He has still, apparently, the means of indefinite resistance. His head-quarters, as we write, are established in the direct geographical centre of the republic, while the mountains which form his line of defense run north and south through nearly the whole extent of Paraguay. The people, "against whom the war is not waged," but who have borne its brunt heroically for five years, still adhere to the fortunes of their President in the defense of his country with a devotion and constancy which have no parallel in modern times. They have starved to death by the hundred; they have died by the thousand in battle; they have abandoned their homes and fortunes; almost naked and without food, they have fought at times for many consecutive days and nights without rest and without complaint; they have sent their children to the field to perish by the thousand under the fire of the allied "civilizers;" their homes have been plundered and destroyed; their women have been given over to the brutalized soldiery of Brazil; their cities, when taken, have been sacked; and, lastly, by official decree, published by the allied government established in Asuncion, they are doomed to the death of traitors, unless they not only betray but take arms against their country. In what is written here there is not one word of exaggeration. When Maximilian ordered that Mexicans found in arms against him should be shot there was a universal outcry among civilized nations. And yet it was permitted to the Mexican patriot to retire to his home, to sit down in peace, and brood in silent despair over the lost cause of his country. But to the poor Paraguayan even this sad refuge is denied. It is not for him to despair of the republic and bury his shame in retirement. Weary of war, and sick at heart, he must yet take arms against his country and help to hunt down its President, or else be declared a traitor—and in South America to be declared a traitor means punishment by death. Five months have elapsed since this decree was published, and yet no voice has been raised to denounce it.

Do those who are accustomed to speak slightingly of this Paraguayan war ever reflect upon the misery beyond telling which has fallen upon that people, not upon one nor many, but upon all? There were nine hundred thousand people there five years ago; two-thirds of these have fallen by famine, disease, and battle; and should the war continue the whole race will perish. Five years ago they were prosperous and progressive, building railroads and telegraphs and ships, and improving and rebuilding their cities and towns. Now their chief cities have been laid waste, their capital sacked, and there is not to-day a home in Paraguay which has not been made desolate. To whom is this chargeable? The allies say to the aggressions of Lopez; the Paraguayans to the ambition of Brazil. Lopez claims that he was compelled to fight in self-preservation. The allies declare in all their public documents that the war was for the vindication of their outraged honor. But they have occupied the capital of Paraguay and one-half her territory; they have destroyed two-thirds of her population; they have taken possession of the chief rivers; and they have brought upon the country a misery and desolation that surpass description. Why, therefore, does the war not cease? Clearly because the claim that it is only for the vindication of national honor, and to obtain indemnity for the past and security for the future, is like the treaty of the triple alliance, of which it is the preamble—a fraud and a delusion. No better proof that Paraguay fights for her very existence is needed than this one fact—that the war still continues. In the face of this the fair promises of the triple treaty, and the honeyed words of the allied writers about civilization and progress and liberty, and the other specious phrases which are commonly used to defend all false causes, can not be received by

honest men nor accepted by upright governments as explaining either the origin or the objects of the war. The war is for conquest and absorption by Brazil; and to permit such conquest and absorption is contrary to the received and traditional principles of American policy. We have assumed the rôle of protector of the American republics. We played it with success and honor in regard to Mexico. We encourage by popular sympathy the struggle which Cuba carries on to gain her independence. Yet both the government and the people survey with indifference the magnificent fight which Paraguay has maintained for five long years to preserve the independence which she gallantly conquered half a century ago; and this independence, won from Spain, is threatened by a monarchy far less enlightened, whose dominion will be fatal to the development of Paraguay, and to the progress initiated there eight years ago by this very ruler whom it is the fashion among certain interested parties of more or less standing to denounce as a barbarian and a "monster unfit to live." This indifference may be explained, perhaps, in view of the trained system of misrepresentation which has formed no secondary branch of the war carried on by the allies. Nevertheless it is cruel in the extreme. We have offered our mediation, and it has been thrice rejected by the allies, although accepted by Paraguay. Is it not time that more peremptory measures were adopted in the interest of civilization, humanity, and republican independence? It cost us little to save Mexico; it will cost no more to save Paraguay. One word from our government dissolves the alliance; limits forever the ambition of Brazil; preserves to the world the immense resources of the country of the La Plata; and opens to the southern republics a career of rapid advancement in material wealth and civil liberty. That Buenos Ayres should in some degree oppose the immediate termination of the war is natural from the fact that the city has grown rich upon the immense sums expended there by Brazil, in supplying the army and navy operating in the upper rivers. But the merchants of Buenos Ayres should remember, if they have at heart the prosperity of their city, that, if Brazil succeeds in the war, Montevideo will become, as well by choice as by necessity, a city of the empire, and absorb all the commerce of the La Plata.

It is of importance, moreover, to all the people of the Argentine Republic to weigh well the meaning of the recent call by Brazil for sixty thousand troops, made at the very moment of the official announcement that the existing war was virtually closed. To the Pacific republics, who signed or sanctioned the eloquent and elaborate protest against the triple alliance, this fact has a special significance, in connection with the resolutions passed by the Congress of the United States of Colombia a few months since, expressing their sympathy with the President and people of Paraguay, and congratulating them upon the heroism and indomitable valor with which they were defending republican independence, and with the imperious and insolent demand for immediate explanation made by the Brazilian Minister upon the executive of that government.

There are numberless other reflections which might well find a place in this article; but it is believed that what has been already said is sufficient to present the subject fairly to the consideration of the reader. The writer is not ignorant of much that has been written upon both sides with a view to influence the judgment and action of foreign nations, nor unaware of the bitterness of detraction and personal abuse with which overzealous champions of the respective causes are accustomed to assail all who venture to oppose their statements or convictions. There is much to deplore in every armed conflict between nations; and this Paraguayan war has given more than its full share of horror, inhumanity, and cruelty to swell the sad catalogue of human wrongs. Yet the writer firmly believes, from an experience not gained in the diplomatic saloons of Washington, nor from information derived from partisan pamphlets, that none but Infinite Wisdom can decide as to which of the contending parties has in this contest most grievously sinned against humanity.

It is well, however, to reflect that whatever wrong has been done by either party can not change the original purposes of the war, or affect materially its results as far as they concern other nations. It is not fair to claim that the war, on the part of the allies, if unjust in its inception, can be defended by prophetic relation to the vile but imaginary murders done three or four years later upon the person of the venerable mother of President Lopez. Neither, on the other hand, can it be claimed in behalf of Paraguay that if men, or women either, will "*rise again, with twenty mortal murders on their crowns*," that the cause of the republic is for that reason entitled to greater consideration at the hands of foreign powers, or that the atrocious inhumanity and nameless crimes charged against the Brazilian soldiery affect the great international interests involved in the question of the La Plata. Other points of less grave importance, except to certain individuals as to whose welfare, past, present, and to come, the civilized world, including even the American people, may be pardoned for being a little indifferent, have intruded themselves unhappily, and perhaps unnecessarily, upon the consideration of the public in connection with the subject of the war in South America; but it is believed that these minor affairs will not unduly influence the final judgment of the American people upon a question which, in its solution, must necessarily influence for good or ill the future destinies of a continent.

A PROMISE IS A PROMISE.

RHODA, in her pale pink bonnet and white gown, had paid particular attention to the sermon of the Rev. Erastus Bertram that Sabbath morning, as it would seem. But in truth she had not heard a syllable after the text, "If ye love them which love you, what reward have ye?" And when at length he gave out the hymn,

> "Let me subdue my will,
> Nor seek a selfish rest;
> Nor moan when he requires of me
> My dearest and my best,"

then, for the first time, he let his gaze wander over the church till it lingered among the bright curls on Rhoda's forehead. Had some secret influence warned him that she had half a mind to confide her troubles to his keeping? Or, as her spiritual adviser and conscience-keeper, did he perceive a new seriousness about the sweetness of the smiling mouth—a seriousness born, perhaps, of doubt and trouble? Be that as it may, he sat down now, a little paler about the lips, and listened with all his might to the rich-voiced choir, hearing only like one in a trance. And then, when the congregation rose up like a a perfumed cloud and swept breezily out of church, he followed deliberately, as if it were unseemly for the Rev. Mr. Bertram to follow his own sweet will with the others. But out on the lawn he overtook Rhoda, who had been in no haste to leave the church door.

"Are you going home?" said he, touching her hand in pastoral greeting.

"I was going round to old Prude's cottage first," she answered, looking hard across the hills, as if she could see that humble edifice.

"I was going there myself—shall we go together?"

"Oh yes; why not? I am sure I would always rather have company than to be alone."

"*I* would not."

"Then perhaps I had better turn back," laughed Rhoda, in a merry peal, that echoed among the hills and disturbed the Sunday solitudes; and then she bethought her of her burden, and sighed drearily.

"Ah!" said he, "I don't half like the sequel to your merriment. The old witches used to say,

> "'A sighing heart
> Foreruns a smart.'"

"The witches were right," she said, gravely.

"And yet you don't resemble one buffeting with swollen waves of fate."

"And yet I am such a one," she persisted, her lips trembling, her eyes troubled and misty with tears.

"Indeed, indeed," he murmured, "forgive my trifling! I did not dream, I did not believe trouble ever dared visit such as you. What right has the rose to hang her head?"

"Oh, Mr. Bertram, don't laugh at me; indeed I am sorely troubled. I have been thinking all day of you—"

"Of me!" ecstatically.

"And wondering would I have the courage to speak to you, to tell you—"

"Tell me every thing, dear child, every thing that is in your heart."

"And you will promise not to laugh or scold me?"

"I will promise not to laugh or scold you."

"But you will help me? You will show me the way to go? I rely on you."

"I will show you the way to go, according to my light."

"Oh, but he loves me so, after all. He—"

"Who loves you?" he questioned, almost fiercely.

"My father. He means it for the best; but oh, it is hard!"

"What is hard, Miss Rhoda? You have not told me."

"No. It was something I promised once, a great while ago, when I was sixteen."

"A great while ago," he repeated, smiling sadly.

"Yes; it was before you came. I am twenty now."

"Yes. And you promised?"

"It was after Amy's misfortune, you know; after she had married Eliot Rankin, in spite of every body; after he had deserted her, and she had died of a broken heart, and left us all alone. We were so down-hearted then. Amy had been my father's boast, and he was almost crazed. And then he made me promise—for he had a feeling that I should follow in her footsteps—he made me promise to marry whom he should choose, and no other; and I promised. And oh, he has chosen, he has chosen!"

Mr. Bertram walked on by her side, in the green gloom of the overarching boughs, in utter silence; twice his lips had moved, as if he would have spoken, but no sound had come; instead of that, a sort of ghastly pallor had been creeping like a shadow over lip and brow.

"Oh, you are not well, Mr. Bertram!" cried Rhoda, regarding him. "It is so selfish of me to trouble you, when you have so much to think of; but, you see, I have no mother, no sister—"

"And your lover, Miss Rhoda?" suggested Mr. Bertram—"the person your father has chosen?"

The color played across Rhoda's face like red lightnings, while she stooped to pluck a clover growing on the way-side before replying,

"Oh it is wrong, perhaps, quite wrong; but, Mr. Bertram, *I do not love him!*"

"You do not love him?" he repeated, as one might read a death-warrant; "you do not love him?"

"Do not look at me so," she entreated; "it makes me feel guilty; and yet, how can I help it? He has never said 'love' to me."

"How, then—" began Mr. Bertram.

"Oh, it is all my father's mistake, you see. He says to me, 'Rhoda, when I am dead you will be a rich woman. You will have many

suitors then who will love your money, child, and you may not be wise enough to discriminate. Now here is one who loves you so much he can hardly trust himself to look at you—who, because you are rich and he is poor, would never have courage to cross the gulf, unless you bridged it for him.' And then I answer him, 'But, father, do you wish me to go to him and say, "Dear Sir; here am I, with all my worldly goods, going a-begging — pray take mercy on me?" ' 'No,' my father answers; 'but show him that he has a chance at stake, that he is as agreeable to you as another.' And so I must, for I have promised; and yet, Mr. Bertram, I do not love him."

"And how, then, can I help you?" Mr. Bertram asked.

"You can tell me what it is right to do. If I must keep my word with my father—if I *must*."

"It is a plain question," said he, "but take heart; because you do not love this young man now is no reason why you should not love him by-and-by. We always love our own. And then, as to the other matter, *a promise is a promise;*" and the ashen hue never once forsook his countenance while he spoke, and his eyes looked out straight before him, without a tremor in their blue-veined lids, as if he saw the sorrow of his future, but refused to flinch before it, while his voice had a strange Æolian tone, both sweet and mournful, like the wind that blows over solitary mountain heights in spring—a tone that might have been a sob.

"Then the die is cast," she said, pensively. "Thank you for showing me the way."

"It is sorry help, I fear. Still, that word 'love' has a marvelous power; you can not speak it without—without feeling it, nor hear it spoken. When *he* speaks it, I believe you will listen."

"I *must*, you know," she said. "See, here's Prude's cottage; you are coming in?"

"I think not, to-day; I am not quite well—not quite myself. But shall I come and see you sometimes, and see how the charm works?"

"Yes; come and help me keep my promise—if you can."

"It will be best to grow used to things so," thought this young man, retracing his steps through green glooms and freckled sunlight; "all my life long to see her come and go, another's! To plead the cause of my rival, to put my hand to my own undoing—oh, this is too hard! *But a promise is a promise.*"

So it happened that Mr. Bertram went a little more frequently than before to the house on the hill, hidden among its gardens; because there was such a cheerful contrast between the lodgings where no one waited for him and the fragrant apartments over which Rhoda presided—such a difference between the gentle warmth of her manner and the careless greetings without. And besides, there was a secret between them, which, by virtue of his unconstrained intercourse, he must seem to forget, and yet must always hold in bitter remembrance. So he came again and again, and read the Greek poets with her father, and discussed theologies and isms; and wondered which of the handsome youths clustered about Rhoda's chair was the Fairy Prince.

"You don't talk to me at all," pouted Rhoda, one day, detaining him on his way out. "You think, because I can't understand Greek, I am only fit for the discourse of boys."

"No. I listen to you a great deal," he answered, "which is much better than that *you* should listen to me."

"Allow me to contradict you; I hear you and father saying such delightful things about the Pre-Adamite period and all that, and I try to listen, and then these vain babblers come in with a commonplace, and all's lost."

"I pity you, profoundly," he said, mockingly.

"And pity is akin to love," ventured one of these same babblers.

And then Mr. Bertram took up his hat and made his bow, before he should be tempted to retort, and show how little the chance arrow had gone astray. After this, perhaps, another man would have absented himself and shown his colors, but Erastus Bertram was one to face the worst at the outset; besides, he would rather not mildew her rose-tinted youth with any vain regrets of his own. And then, accustoming himself to seeing her fair, but not for him, he would one day, perhaps, find himself disenchanted; and though the thought of such a sequel gave him a pang like a sword-thrust, still it was simply better than covetousness and breaking of the law which he had been sent to fulfill.

One day there was a wedding in the neighborhood, where Mr. Bertram performed the ceremony, and where Rhoda, in a cloud of pink tulle, was bridemaid.

"I hope that the next wedding will be yours," spoke the bride, from under the burden of her congratulations; and Rhoda, blushing like an incarnation of sunset, looked up and caught the gaze of Mr. Bertram fixed upon her.

"You see," she said to him, apologetically, as it were, "I begin to think my father was mistaken," holding her wine-glass up between them, and idly crumbling her cake.

"The man is a blockhead," he said, hotly.

"Indeed he is no such thing," she returned, firing at the suggestion.

"I beg your pardon"—that any living man could be insensible to so fair a face, or a manner so winsome, was proof positive of a blockhead — "I beg your pardon, but I can't retract."

"It's because you don't know him; he is very different from a blockhead," she insisted.

"Ah! sits the wind in that corner?" he laughed, uneasily.

"And what if it does?" she answered, archly. "Am I not fulfilling your prophecy?"

"So you see him often?"

"Quite often," dropping her gaze like a plummet into her glass, as if to catch the bubble of sunshine coiled there in the heart of the molten ruby.

That night, when Mr. Bertram found himself alone, he bestowed one long look upon his reflection in the mirror. What was there to attract? A transparent, colorless skin; eyes too pale to darken with expression; a nose too large for symmetry; a mouth lacking, just now, the smile which made the whole flash with meaning.

"No wonder," he said, as the shadowy face confronted him; "I feel as if it were my ghost." And then he put out the light and sat in darkness, trying to reason himself into acquiescence with Fate.

After that there was the parish picnic to go through with; and was it not a hardship to watch Rhoda and young Theriott unpack the hampers together and spread the tables, with much laughter and many "asides?" What tender things might not be said between while, what glances exchanged?

Oh, if one could only choose the color of one's hair, the shape of one's nose! But what unholy thoughts for the Rev. Mr. Bertram to cherish. Avaunt, Satan!

"Mr. Bertram," called Rhoda, "if you desire to be useful as well as ornamental, come and squeeze these lemons with me, while Mr. Theriott goes on a pilgrimage to the spring."

"With all my heart," says Mr. Bertram.

"Oh, we want your hands here, not your heart!"

"But you don't want my hand *without* my heart?"

"No," said Rhoda, quite gravely, adjusting a lemon in the machine; and then the lemon fell out, and both reaching to rescue it their hands met over it, their eyes met above it, unwonted tremors shook Mr. Bertram's soul, his lips parted and trembled; and just then, in the sudden hush, there came a voice, like the voice of God walking in the garden, and some one on the further side of the laurel bushes, but quite hidden, was saying to her *tête-à-tête*, in the way of conversation, "But a promise is a promise, you know;" and Mr. Bertram plucked away his hand, picked up the mischievous lemon, and wrung it dry with one effort.

"Who would think there was so much in the little thing?" he questioned. "Some one says that marriage is lemonade, but a single life is milk and water." And then, certain that he had said the very worst thing he could have said, he fell to his task with a will. As for Rhoda, she meddled no more with the lemons, but sat with folded hands till he asked her to bring him the sugar. He fancied she was hurt or offended. Had he lost control of his secret? Did she despise him because she had heard his heart beating at his lips? And yet he had thought—but that could not be, it was an illusion, something not possible. And thus he abandoned himself to the moment, and sought to divert her, as well as to forget, for the time. But a sudden *eclaircissement* had happened to Rhoda; as one sees the landscape in a flash of lightning, standing out like an intaglio, so *she* had seen and comprehended the situation.

When she had first gone to Mr. Bertram for help it had been rather to satisfy herself that she was a martyr, and to make sure that there was no escape; and so she had gone on satisfying herself, till now the features of the case were assuming a new and alarming expression. In brief, she had grown to love her martyrdom, and lo, by her own act, she had put it beyond her reach!

You see, perhaps, what an audacious little manœuvrer she had been, and how richly rewarded. She had said in her heart, "I suppose I must keep my promise, if opportunity offers"—opportunity being an alias for the young man in question—"but surely a clergyman will know best. In the mean while,

'I love not hollow check nor faded eye.'

All is fair in love and war, and this is both. I hope I'm not conceited, but it's my belief that if a man loves one he will say so, rich or poor. I don't subscribe to that romance of papa's; so if he's an 'honorable man,' he won't trespass on what he thinks belongs to another, and thus the opportunity won't offer; and if he *isn't* an honorable man, papa won't hold me to the promise. So *that's* settled."

How effectually settled she little dreamed; nor how love, like fire, has a knack of smouldering and lying perdu in unlikely places, awaiting the friction of circumstances; that, fatal to name, love is always near when one thinks of it. Truly, if Fate were wont to sound a trumpet before her, one would, perhaps, be ready for the emergency.

Accordingly, the parish of Meriden was electrified on the following week by the unexpected resignation of their pastor, the Rev. Erastus Bertram. There were a host of rumors rife anent the matter; some were convinced that he was going abroad for his health, which, unfortunately for their reputation for sagacity, was not impaired; others, again, fancied he must have received some fabulously magnificent call from the Far West; while yet others spoke of legacies, and hinted at a change of faith, and an ivory crucifix hanging in his study. There was only one person behind the scenes, and that was Rhoda.

But since it was inevitable, the good people who appreciated him vied with each other to make the parting a merry one; and there followed a round of tea-drinkings, which Mr. Bertram must seem to enjoy, though Rhoda absented herself from every one; and what pleasure in sipping nectar and ambrosia without her? Buffalo meat, cooked on sticks before a brushwood fire, would have been satisfying if *she* sat beside; but not all the wine of life and the spice thereof could atone for her absence—could

be other than tasteless without her. "She is afraid of me now," he thought. "It is well that I am to go—well for us both;" and then, when the day drew near for him to leave the dear fields of Meriden, where he had loved and labored, dreamed and despaired, he went to make his last call at the shrine on the hill.

He found Miss Rhoda in the coziest chair, in the sunniest window, with the last new novel, enjoying life like a kitten, he thought: but he did not know that the leaves of the novel were uncut and sprinkled with tears; that the heart under the embroidered muslin was fluttering like a frighted bird; that the little person, with the air of unconcern and the quiet eyes, was face to face with the great possibility of life, and knew it.

"I have come to say good-by," he said, at first.

"That is a naughty word," giving him her hand languidly—"a wicked word, and I refuse to listen to it."

"I am sorry to say it," he returned; "but there are some disagreeable words that *must* be said and heard; and this is one."

"Why *must?*" giving him the tantalizing benefit of her glance.

"Because circumstance controls me."

"Outrageous circumstance; I should like to take it by the throat."

"That's just what I have done, in order that it sha'n't seize me in a more vital place."

"Well, we are *all* the slaves of circumstance, Mr. Bertram," pathetically. "So you don't care at all about *my* struggles with fate, or you'd stay and help me out; you haven't any interest in us now."

"Indeed, I have the deepest interest. If I have seemed indifferent to your struggles, believe me it was—it was because I could not seem to interfere; not want of interest, not that."

"And I dare say you are not at all curious about—about—*any thing?*"

"I should be afraid to say *how* curious," with a cold spasm about the region of the heart.

"Perhaps you may not recall what I once told you about this matter," she essayed, her voice faltering treacherously.

"To the contrary, I recall every thing; I—I remember the promise made in a moment of heroism—not but all your moments are heroic"—smiling faintly—"your father's choice and the terrible fact that you did not love him."

"Yes; but you know," hesitatingly, "that—is—no—longer—a fact."

For one instant Mr. Bertram believed that his powers of speech were paralyzed; there was a strange, singing noise in his ear which took the tune of the old hymn he had dreamily listened to one eventful Sabbath evening:

> "Let me subdue my will,
> Nor seek a selfish rest,
> Nor mourn when he requires of me,
> My dearest and my best;"

then a cold chill bathed him like an atmosphere, and all his nerves stirred and pricked him into double consciousness. He rose then, and staggered, rather than walked, to her side. At that moment there were two sensations struggling for the mastery—pain at his own infinite loss, and pleasure at her incalculable gain.

"It is a great thing," he said, in a glow of enthusiasm, pushing his pain out of sight for the nonce; "you have chosen the right, and reaped the rich reward. You have that which neither moth nor rust doth corrupt—love, the immortal. It is surely a miracle."

"Oh, do not speak to me so about it!" she cried; "I have nothing, absolutely nothing. I have given all, but he—he returns me nothing!"

"Is the man a dolt?" he exclaimed, not once questioning why she should give him such confidence, but carried along by the swollen current of his emotions. "Is he mad?" he pursued; "does he know that he is throwing away that for which another goes hungry all his days? The best of earth; the breath of heaven?"

His words were like sparks to her, struck out beneath the anvil, showing the strength of feeling which produced them, and she sat looking at him there, with her watchful, troubled gaze—at the veins standing out upon his forehead, at the eyes coruscating with the lightnings of love, at the firm, unsmiling mouth.

"Do you know who he is?" she asked, with every pulse strained to detect the first change in expression, the drooping of an eyelid, the treachery of a muscle. "No, you can not guess—and I must not tell you—and you will go away and never, never know—and—"

And then, was it something in her stricken face, the wounded look of the eyes, or an inspiration of his own, sudden and effectual, that gave wings to his thought and words to his love?

"Is it—can it, by any possibility, be *me*, myself? Darling, let me hear you say it, or I can never believe it. Do you love me? *Me?* Will you take me for better or worse?"

"I think—I will," she answered, with her head upon his shoulder, "because—because—*a promise is a promise!*"

THE GAME WATER-FOWL OF AMERICA.

AMONG the best known of our aquatic fowl is the Canada or wild goose—*Anser Canadensis.* It is a welcome visitor to every locality in our land, from the ice-bound shores—figuratively speaking—of the great northern lakes to the Gulf. Its well-known "honk" is considered the harbinger of approaching spring or winter. When the birds are seen flying to the south in autumn, the knowing ones commence laying in their stock of cold-weather necessaries before the rise in prices; if their necks point to the north in the latter days of winter, you may be sure that the sunshine and the swallows follow in their wake.

The great strength and depth of wind which this bird possesses is truly wonderful. When on the wing, it holds its course uninterruptedly for days following days, swifter than the fastest locomotive engine, its probable rate of speed being ninety miles to the hour.

It is the wariest of all aquatic fowl. The pot-hunter who would secure the Canada goose for his portion must rise early in the morning, something more than blind luck or the most palpable cunning being required to secure it as a bag. In stalking them, the greatest skill and caution are necessary.

Some sportsmen maintain that it is useless to attempt the stalking of a Canada goose. They affirm that their extraordinarily acute senses make them aware of your presence before you are aware of theirs. It is very easy to get within range of the game, if the following rules are observed:

1. Do not let the game see you.
2. Do not let the game smell you.
3. Do not let the game hear you.

It is somewhat difficult to comply with these rules; but if you can not, never attempt to stalk geese.

The safest way to procure this species of game is to build a lodge

"Beside some lone and silent river,"

or place which the birds are accustomed to frequent, and wait until they come to you. If they do not come, go home; for it is useless to attempt any thing further.

The above rules, unreasonable as they seem, may be complied with, only, however, by calling to aid great experience and knowledge of the habits of the bird. The breaking of a twig, the glint of the sun upon the gun-barrel, the change of the wind, or the exhibition of any part of the hunter through the interstices of the cover, may startle the birds, who will be up and off, and regret is then expressed that proper caution was not exercised. I lost, on one occasion, a shot at a very fine flock of geese on account of an unfortunate sneeze, which I vainly tried to avert.

Despite its wild nature, the Canada goose is easily domesticated. A friend of the writer has now in his possession quite a number of these birds, which he has captured and tamed; they are allowed perfect freedom, and as yet have manifested no disposition to return to their native state.

Wilson expresses a probability that these birds penetrate to the far northern regions, and hatch and rear their young under the shadow of the very pole itself. The theory is not a poor one. Safe, as he says, from the presence of their principal enemy—man—with an abundance of their favorite food, shut in by eternal barriers of ice and snow, the far north is perhaps the only place where they can in safety bring forth and educate their young.

The brant, brent, or barnacle goose—*Anser bernicula*—is found along the sea-coast. It congregates in large numbers among the flats and marshes of Long Island.

The brent derives its generic name from a singular tradition. The belief, many years since, was quite current that the eggs of this bird were usually deposited upon decayed logs or trees, and that they assumed the form of "barnacles." From this circumstance the generic designation—*Anser bernicula*—is derived. There is probably no truth in this. The eggs of the brent, according to all authentic reports, are deposited and hatched in the ordinary manner. It flocks in large numbers, and is easily decoyed by means of brush blinds, and so forth, with the usual appurtenances attached. When a flock is frightened by a gunner, or otherwise, the individual members of it rush together in such a manner as to afford the sportsman a chance to make terrible havoc among the heads and necks. Large numbers are yearly slain for the city markets.

As a table bird, the brent is considered excellent by some; but very many are opposed to it on account of a strong fishy flavor. This goose is also much sought after on account of the value of its plumage, which is very fine, and always commands a high price in the market.

The far-famed canvas-back—*Anas valisneria*—is probably the best-known of our water-fowl. Early in October it commences to arrive from the northern breeding-grounds, and soon swarms in flocks of countless thousands all along the coast. The Delaware and Susquehanna rivers, Long Island Sound, and Chesapeake Bay seem to be the favored places of resort of this most delicious fowl; and although it is annually slaughtered by means of all the devices which cruelty and brutality can suggest, the above-named places, during the whole of the season are fairly alive with them.

Its presence in such numbers in these waters may be accounted for by the fact that its favorite food, the *valisneria*, or wild celery, grows abundantly in those localities. The usual manner of obtaining the food is by diving, and as the root is the only part of the plant which is devoured, a large flock will leave considerable relics of their prowess in the gastronomic line behind them. These blades of the *valisneria*, according to Wilson, are often found strewn over the whole surface of the water, or blown into wind-rows, resembling it to a newly mown field.

The almost constant companion of the canvas-back is the fine, though somewhat mischievous, duck known as the American widgeon—*Anas Americana*—as thorough a rascal as was ever created; a perfect parasite, in the true sense of that term, living almost entirely off of the exertions of others. Like the canvas-back, the widgeon is extremely fond of the roots of the *valisneria*, but being no diver, does not possess the means of obtaining them, except by the exercise of its strategic powers. It is extremely amusing to watch the manipulations

of the thief: quietly edging itself near to a selected victim, it patiently waits until that unsuspecting creature disappears in quest of its food; a violent commotion now goes on under the water; it is the struggle of the duck with the plant; finally the luckless canvas-back emerges, blinded momentarily by the water; the widgeon "gibbles" quickly forward, snatches the morsel, and is off ere the dupe has got the water out of its eyes. These interrupted dreams of gastronomic bliss are the causes of much contention between the two parties; but leaving this minor point of difference out of view, they are very good friends.

The widgeon is a very game bird, and sets off a table to considerable advantage. It is not, like the canvas-back, confined to the sea-coast, but is frequently seen as the companion of the mallard and other ducks, in our fresh-water creeks and marshes.

Another, but a far more congenial companion than the last, is the "red-head," a duck very nearly allied to the pochard of England. Fortunately for our friend the canvas-back, this bird is an excellent diver, and consequently is not obliged to resort to the harmless little eccentricities of the widgeon. It is the inferior of its congener both in excellence of flesh, game spirit, and stateliness of appearance. This bird is not unfrequently palmed off on unsuspecting gentry from the "rural deestricts" as the *bona fide* canvas-back; and these deluded creatures will protest that it is worth a "hull load of spreeng chicken;" devouring it with great gusto, occasionally varying the performance by smackings of the lips and rolling of the eyes.

The enormous prices which are offered for canvas-backs are becoming the cause of their rapid extermination. A decrease in their numbers is now imperceptible; but soon, very soon, their well-known "quack" will no longer gladden the ear of the hunter.

The unprincipled, and I may say cowardly, manner in which the canvas-backs are usually obtained is certainly, to say the least, shameful. No *true* sportsman will descend to or countenance the wholesale systems of murder to which these delightful birds, and all of our water-fowl with them, are subjected; nay, I will go further, and say that no true sportsman will descend to the use of decoys, and by so doing degrade himself to the level of the pot-hunter. The game should always be allowed a chance for life; it should be shot in a scientific and sportsman-like manner; though I presume it is of little difference to it in which manner it loses its life; but the point is, that but few men can handle water-fowl in a scientific manner, and by this nobler manner of hunting the destruction is stopped. Decoys, blinds, disguises, and ambushes should become an abomination in the eyes of our sporting men.

There are many stratagems practiced by means of which the gunner is brought within range of his game; a method much practiced on the Delaware, during the winter months, comes under the head of that class of operations technically designated as "disguises." It consists of decking out the boat with white substances so as to resemble it to a large cake of ice. The birds will allow this to float very near to them, at least close enough to allow the workers of this singular craft to spread death and devastation among them.

Another, and very common method of approaching, as practiced on Chesapeake Bay, is that of sailing on the ducks. A light, strong sail-boat is procured, in which the gunner places himself, and allows the boat, seemingly without consciousness of doing so, to drift out upon a flock. He can usually approach within fifteen or twenty yards, which is near enough for his purpose.

The decoy method, which is well known, is the poorest excuse of any of these. There is no skill required in the manipulation of the images. An infant could kill enough with them in one day to last a week.

It is customary among the sportsmen of Chesapeake Bay to provide themselves with trained dogs, which by grotesque actions decoy the birds within range of the hunter, who is hidden in the bushes. Some glaring object, as a red handkerchief, is fastened around the body of the dog, and he is then placed in full view of a flock. They notice the strange and to them unaccountable antics of the dog, and their curiosity overcomes them. They draw timidly near to the place of death, and the souls of a large proportion of their number hie to the "happy feeding-grounds," which no doubt, according to their traditions, are stocked with the *valisneria* roots, and are free from all interlopers, such as the widgeon.

I experienced on one occasion the joys and sorrows of hunting the canvas-back. I had often allowed the rich and juicy flavor of a well-prepared bird of this species to scatter radiations of pleasure through my very soul; but never had I been "in at the death" of any of their number.

It so happened that one cold morning in the latter part of November, some years since, I found myself at Havre de Grace, in a light skiff, with a companion at the oars. We were surrounded with implements of the chase and other little conveniences. A handsome, silky-coated setter crouched at my feet. He bore the reputation of being the best retriever on the Susquehanna.

Wrapping myself in a great shaggy over-coat, I sat back in the stern and commenced to contemplate. It was not yet the hour of sunrise; but a faint purple tinge had begun to line itself upon the water. We drifted some two miles from our starting-point ere we could get light enough to commence operations. It was very cold; the sun was peeping over the edge of the water, and by the light of its early blaze we could distinguish objects moving on the

bosom of the stream, which could be nothing but canvas-backs. The oars were taken in, and we sank to the bottom of the boat, the locks of our guns drawn back and their muzzles pointed over the bows of the boat, which still glided onward; another ten feet, and we would be safe. Gently, surely, the keel grooved the waters, until a confused and startled quacking admonished us to hasten. The shotted fire leaped simultaneously from both guns, and with the report rose the birds. I fired at them again, but Charley's piece, descending with considerable force upon my *os frontis*, caused me to shoot widely of the mark, drop my gun, and, with an expression of mingled agony and rage, clasp my mutilated forehead.

After a season of sighs and groans I turned to my comrade, who lay in the bottom of the boat, whining at a piteous rate. The poor fellow had put both of his loads into one barrel, probably on account of the numerous "nips" he had indulged in previous to our departure from Havre de Grace. The heavily loaded instrument recoiling had nearly dislocated Charley's shoulder-joint, and whirling upward, dealt me a stunning blow.

After the fire "Gamin," our dog, had leaped from the boat to procure the game. After allowing her to bring in one of the slaughtered "chosen few," we called her into the boat, and reflected what fools we were to bring a dog, when by a few sweeps of the oars we could collect our quarry.

Four fine canvas-backs and one widgeon now lay in the bottom of the boat, and Charley, with a rueful shrug of his wounded shoulder, remarked that we had plenty of game, and suggested that we return to Havre de Grace. This suggestion was heartily seconded by myself, and carried by a "majority of those present." As the tide was still going out, we experienced considerable difficulty in returning; but finally, after the expenditure of an immense amount of vituperation, succeeded in doing so. Thus ended my first attempt to cut short the existence of any of the species canvas-back.

This duck appeals more directly to the epicure than to the sportsman. The comparatively easy manner in which they are procured does not particularly attract the amateur, while the rich, juicy flavor of the bird is very agreeable to the palate.

The mallard—*Anas boschas*—is another of our well-known game birds. It is seldom seen along the sea-coast, preferring the inland creeks and marshes for places of resort. Coming to us from its breeding-places in the dismal lagoons of Florida, it remains, a much persecuted bird, until late in spring, when

"The hue of violets tints the dreamy air."

The great resemblance which the mallard bears to our common barn-yard ducks induces the belief that the last-named are the descendants of the former. True, the marks of slavery are set upon the domestic quacker; its plumage is exceedingly dull, and possesses not the pleasing variety which adorns the mallard in its native state; its gait is sluggish, awkward, and indifferent, while that of the wild bird approximates to stateliness; but these characteristics do not impair the commonly-believed theory in the least; it is the case in every instance of a reduction from a wild state to one of serfdom.

The mallard ranks next to the summer duck in point of beauty, possessing a charmingly assorted variety of glowing and brilliant colors in its plumage; the dark emerald of the head, the snowy white line which encircles the neck, the brownish-carmine of the chest, the gold and blue and crimson of the wings, the clear, flashing transparency of the eye, are all beautiful features.

Wary and strong of wing, it excites the highest energies of the sportsman. In stalking it, great caution is necessary; the breaking of a twig, the rustling of the underbrush, the exposure of any part of the body, startles it, and away it goes like a flash, the silver flakes of water dropping from its distended wings.

Being somewhat susceptible to decoys, and as its "quack" is easily imitated, but very little skill is required to draw it into ambush, notwithstanding its usual wary and shy disposition. Its curiosity may be worked on to advantage, also; like the canvas-back, it seems to have a fondness for dogs; and the red handkerchief fastened to the body of one of those animals has peculiar charms in their deluded eyes. In England they are drawn into ingeniously contrived traps by means of complicated movements on the part of the decoy-dog.

The flesh of the mallard is universally extolled as being rich and highly flavored; in point of excellence, however, it ranks below the canvas-back, and the green and blue winged varieties of teal. It occupies, however, a prominent position upon the table, and is always "clean picked."

During the high-water which prevails in the Sciota flats in the spring of the year, these ducks swarm in great numbers in the inundated corn-fields. I have frequently shot as many as fifteen or twenty in a day, and considered it nothing extraordinary.

The well-known summer duck—*Anas sponsa*—claims, and is justly entitled to, the proud designation of the most beautiful of all our water-fowl. The remarkable distribution of gorgeous coloring, the soft and delicately penciled tints of its plumage, and the grace of movement which this bird possesses, would seem to indicate a still higher position among the feathered tribe than that just named. The summer duck might justly enjoy the appellation of the most beautiful of American birds. It is indiscriminately known as the summer and wood duck, the latter name being assumed from the fact of its sometimes alighting upon trees and stumps, and depositing its eggs in decayed logs. It is the only duck which remains with us dur-

ing the summer months and breeds. It usually deposits its eggs in the bosom of a hollow tree or stump, adroitly concealing its nest with grasses and water ferns. Unlike some varieties of duck, the female is very watchful and careful of the eggs; and while they are in process of incubation the male is attentive and kind.

This bird, when occupied in setting on her eggs, is singularly devoid of fear. Wilson relates an anecdote of a pair which had built their nest in a hollow oak which overhung a creek. Some workmen were engaged not ten feet from them in building a boat. A continual dinging and donging and hammering was kept up from early morn till night. Yet, undisturbed by the noise and confusion, the duck remained gallantly at her post, and did not leave it until, before her eggs were hatched, some unpitying scoundrel shot the pair.

This duck is familiarly known in every part of the country, being a rare visitor to the sea-coast. Its usual food is a preparation of desiccated snails, acorns, and wild oat seeds. It usually flies in small flocks, more commonly in pairs; and in alighting gives utterance to a curious whistling, sharply-defined cry, which may be likened to the sound "teak." When alarmed its note is "oo-cek—oo-eek;" both of these may, on account of their piercing nature, be heard at a considerable distance.

The wood duck is easily domesticated, and will breed in captivity. It is no uncommon sight in poultry-yards to see a summer duck waddling along by the side of some stately and sedate old gander, whose grizzled, gray quills form a singular contrast to the bewilderingly beautiful plumage of its companion.

The summer duck is not sufficiently wary to give any great amount of sport to the hunter; nor is their flesh considered any thing extraordinary in the gastronomic line. It is, however, a bird much sought after.

The green-winged teal—*Anas crecca*—is a most delicious little bird. The epicure who has not tasted the tender and juicy flesh of the teal has "never seen Rome." In this respect it ranks next to the incomparable canvas-back and the red-head. As a game bird, one that will call into play all the powers of the hunter, it is of equal importance with the sharp-eyed and flirt-winged sprigtail and the mallard. Like the mallard, it is a fresh-water duck, rarely, if ever, visiting the sea-coast. It is a friend and companion of the mallard, feeding with it on the seeds of various water grasses. It flies in small flocks and feeds at night.

The green-winged teal is a beautiful bird; its colors are very delicately defined. A fine chestnut streaks the emerald of its head; its chest and abdomen are of a drab-brown, speckled with small circular black spots. The fresh green of the wings, and the finely-threaded penciling of the back, are characteristics of its beauty. It is not known to breed in the United States. Late in the spring it repairs to Hudson Bay, where it brings forth, according to Latham, from five to seven young at a time.

The blue-winged teal—*Anas discors*—is the first of the family which returns to us from northern breeding haunts. It flocks the Delaware in countless thousands, and, as a matter of course, numbers of them fall yearly a prey to the insatiate appetite of that creature, the pot-hunter. It is in the habit of sitting on the shore in the mud and sunning itself, and usually groups so thickly that considerable numbers may be killed at a single discharge. When a flock is thus engaged, the experienced sportsman pushes his bateau before him until he gets within range of them. The principal food of this bird is the seed of the wild oat. It is found in great flocks in the flooded rice-fields of the Southern States, and after a residence of a few weeks in those inundated districts its flesh attains a high degree of excellence. The blue-winged teal is charmingly marked; is a strong and swift flyer, and an excellent table bird. It brings a high price in the markets of New York and Philadelphia.

The pintail or sprigtail, *Anas acuta*, is a common duck in our waters—that is, in our fresh waters, as it is rarely seen on the coast.

I have frequently had occasion to apply many abusive epithets to this wary and watchful duck. Often, when stealing upon a fine flock of teal or mallard, I have been compelled to witness the agonizing spectacle of a "mount," and to hear above the general din of the affrighted birds the chattering note of the sharp-eyed sprigtail. When alarmed, sprigtails will cluster confusedly together, thus giving the sportsman an opportunity for a raking shot; but he generally loses that opportunity, in consequence of the ducks rising before their would-be destroyer is within half a mile of them, more or less.

The flesh of the pintail is excellent, and much esteemed. It usually brings a high price in the market.

But we must bring these little biographies of the familiar birds of our waters to a close. I have not attempted any scientific descriptions of our friends the water-fowl; wiser heads, and better writers than I can ever hope to be, have completed that work, so that nothing can be added to it. Wrapped in their eternal sleep, now rest the bodies of Wilson and Audubon; but their spirits are with us yet, and they urge us to go on, and seek out the great secrets hidden in the earth, the air, the water: their simple and guileless lives should be written in letters of gold upon tablets of silver.

May you and I, my reader, live to see the day when the game-laws of our land, now inefficient and worthless, shall be redeemed; when the wholesale, cruel, indiscriminate, and unmanly slaughter which is now carried on shall be abolished; and when those miserable institutions—decoys and blinds and painted boats—shall be known no more!

WALPOLE; OR, EVERY MAN HAS HIS PRICE.

A Comedy in Rhyme.—In Three Acts.

BY EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE RT. HON. ROBERT WALPOLE, M.P., *Chancellor of the Exchequer, and First Lord of the Treasury.*
JOHN VEASEY, M.P., *his Confidant.*
SELDEN BLOUNT, M.P.
SIR SIDNEY BELLAIR, Bart., M.P.
LORD NITHSDALE.
1ST JACOBITE LORD.
2D JACOBITE LORD.

Frequenters of TOM'S Coffee-House, Servants, &c.

WOMEN.

LUCY WILMOT. | MRS. VIZARD.

Scene—LONDON, 1716. *Time occupied by the Events of the Play*—ONE DAY.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE. TOM'S *Coffee-House. In the background, gentlemen seated in different compartments, or "boxes."*

Enter WALPOLE *and* VEASEY *from opposite sides.*

Veasey. Ha! good day, my dear patron.
Walpole. Good day, my dear friend;
You can spare me five minutes?
Veasey. Five thousand.
Walpole. Attend;
I am just from the king, and I failed not to press him
To secure to his service John Veasey.
Veasey. God bless him!
Walpole. George's reign, just begun, your tried worth will distinguish.
Veasey. Oh, a true English king!
Walpole. Tho' he cannot speak English.
Veasey. You must find that defect a misfortune, I fear.
Walpole. The reverse; for no rivals can get at his ear.
It is something to be the one public man pat in
The new language that now governs England, dog Latin.
Veasey. Happy thing for these kingdoms that you have that gift,
Or, alas! thro' what shoals all our counsels would drift.
Walpole. Yes, the change from Queen Anne to King George, we must own,
Renders me and the Whigs the sole props of the throne.
For the Tories their Jacobite leanings disgrace,
And a Whig is the only safe man for a place.
Veasey. And the Walpoles of Houghton, in all their relations,
Have been Whigs to the backbone for three generations.
Walpole. Ay, my father and mother contrived to produce
Their eighteen sucking Whigs for the family use,
Of which number one only, without due reflection,
Braved the wrath of her house by a Tory connection.
But, by Jove, if her Jacobite husband be living,
I will make him a Whig.
Veasey. How?
Walpole. By something worth giving:
For I loved her in boyhood, that pale pretty sister;
And in counting the Walpoles still left, I have mist her.
(*Pauses in emotion, but quickly recovers himself.*)
What *was* it I said?—Oh,—the State and the Guelph,
For their safety, must henceforth depend on myself.
The revolt, scarcely quenched, has live sparks in its ashes;
Nay, fresh seeds for combustion were sown by its flashes.
Each example we make dangerous pity bequeathes;
For no Briton likes blood in the air that he breathes.
Veasey. Yes; at least there's one rebel whose doom to the block,
Tho' deserved, gives this soft-hearted people a shock.
Walpole. Lord Nithsdale, you mean; handsome, young, and just wedded,
A poor head, that would do as much harm if beheaded.
Veasey. Yet they say you rejected all prayers for his life.
Walpole. It is true; but in private I've talked to his wife:
She had orders to see him last night in the Tower.
And——
Veasey. Well?
Walpole (*looking at his watch*). Wait for the news—'tis not yet quite the hour.
Ah, poor England, I fear, at the General Election,
Will vote strong in a mad anti-Whiggish direction.
From a Jacobite Parliament we must defend her,
Or the king will be Stuart, and Guelph the Pretender.
And I know but one measure to rescue our land
From the worst of all ills—Civil War.
Veasey. True; we stand
At that dread turning-point in the life of a State
When its free choice would favour what freedom should hate;
When the popular cause, could we poll population——
Walpole. Would be found the least popular thing in the nation.
Veasey. Scarce a fourth of this people are sound in their reason——
Walpole. But we can't hang the other three-fourths for high treason.
Veasey. Tell me, what is the measure your wisdom proposes?
Walpole. In its third year, by law, this Whig Parliament closes.
But the law! What's the law in a moment so critical?
Church and State must be saved from a House Jacobitical.
Let this Parliament then, under favour of heaven,
Lengthen out its existence from three years to seven.
Veasey. Brilliant thought! Could the State keep its present directors,
Undisturbed for a time by those rowdy electors,
While this new German tree, just transplanted, takes root,
Dropping down on the lap of each friend golden fruit,
Britain then would be saved from all chance of reaction
To the craft and corruption of Jacobite faction.
But ah! think you the Commons would swallow the question?
Walpole. That depends on what pills may assist their digestion.
I could make—see this list—our majority sure,
If by buying two men I could sixty secure,
For as each of these two is the chief of a section
That will vote black or white at its leader's direction,
Let the pipe of the shepherd but lure the bell-wether,

And he folds the whole flock, wool and cry, altogether.
Well, the first of these two worthy members you guess.
Veasey. Sure, you cannot mean Blount, virtuous Selden Blount?
Walpole. Yes.
Veasey. What! your sternest opponent, half Cato, half Brutus,
He, whose vote incorruptible——
Walpole. Just now would suit us;
For a patriot so staunch could with dauntless effrontery——
Veasey. Sell himself?
Walpole. Why, of course, for the good of his country.
True, his price will be high—he is worth forty votes,
And his salary must pay for the change in their coats.
Pri'thee, has not his zeal for his fatherland—rather
Overburthened the lands he received from his father?
Veasey. Well, 'tis whispered in clubs that his debts somewhat tease him.
Walpole. I must see him in private, and study to ease him.
Will you kindly arrange that he call upon me
At my home, not my office, to-day—just at three?
Not a word that can hint at the object in view,
Say some bill in the House that concerns him and you;
And on which, as distinct from all party disputes,
Members meet without tearing each other like brutes.
Veasey. Lucky thought—Blount and I both agree in Committee
On a bill for amending the dues of the City——
Walpole. And the Government wants to enlighten its soul
On the price which the public should pay for its coal.
We shall have him, this Puritan chief of my foes.
Now the next one to catch is the chief of the Beaux;
All our young members mimic his nod or his laugh;
And if Blount be worth forty votes, he is worth half.
Veasey. Eh! Bellair, whose defence of the Jacobite peers——
Walpole. Thrilled the House; Mister Speaker himself was in tears.
Faith I thought he'd have beat us. [*Taking snuff.*
Veasey. That fierce peroration——
Walpole. Which compared me to Nero—superb (*brushing the snuff from his lace lappet*) declamation!
Veasey. Yes; a very fine speaker.
Walpole. Of that there's no doubt,
For he speaks about things he knows nothing about.
But I still to our party intend to unite him—
Secret Service Department—Bellair—a small item.
Veasey. Nay, you jest—for this gay maiden knight in debate
To a promise so brilliant adds fortune so great——
Walpole. That he is not a man to be bought by hard cash.
But he's vain and conceited, light-hearted and rash.
Every favourite of fortune hopes still to be greater,
And a beau must want something to turn a debater.
Hem! I know a Duke's daughter, young, sprightly, and fair;
She will wed as I wish her; hint that to Bellair;
Ay, and if he will put himself under my steerage,
Say that with the Duke's daughter I throw in the peerage.
Veasey. Those are baits that a vain man of wit may seduce.
Walpole. Or, if not, his political creed must be loose;
To some Jacobite plot he will not be a stranger,
And to win him securely——
Veasey. We'll get him in danger.
Hist.

Enter BELLAIR, *humming a tune.*

SCENE 2. WALPOLE, VEASEY, BELLAIR.

Walpole. Good morning, Sir Sidney; your speech did you credit;
And whatever your party, in time you will head it.
Your attack on myself was exceedingly striking,
Tho' the subject you chose was not quite to my liking.
Tut! I never bear malice. You hunt?
Bellair. Yes, of late.
Walpole. And you ride as you speak?
Bellair. Well, in both a light weight.
Walpole. But light weights have the odds in their favour, I fear.
Come and hunt with my harriers at Houghton this year;
I can show you some sport.
Bellair. Sir, there's no doubt of that.
Walpole. We will turn out a fox.
Bellair (*aside*). As a bait for a rat!
Walpole. I expect you, next autumn! Agreed then: good day. [*Exit* WALPOLE.

SCENE 3. VEASEY—BELLAIR.

Bellair. Well, I don't know a pleasanter man in his way;
'Tis no wonder his friends are so fond of their chief.
Veasey. That you are not among them is matter for grief.
Ah, a man of such stake in the land as yourself,
Could command any post in the court of the Guelph.
Bellair. No, no; I'm appalled.
Veasey. By the king? Can you doubt him?
Bellair. I'm appalled by those Gorgons, the ladies about him.
Veasey. Good! ha, ha! yes, in beauty his taste may be wrong,
But he has what we want, sir, a government strong.
Bellair. Meaning petticoat government? Mine too is such,
But my rulers don't frighten their subjects so much.
Veasey. Nay, your rulers? Why plural? Legitimate sway
Can admit but one ruler to love——
Bellair. And obey.
What, a wife! Constitutional monarchy? Well,
If I chose my own sovereign I might not rebel.
Veasey. You may choose at your will! With your parts, wealth, condition,
You, in marriage, could link all the ends of ambition.
There *is* a young beauty—the highest in birth,
And her father, the Duke——
Bellair. Oh, a duke!
Veasey. Knows your worth.
Listen: Walpole, desiring to strengthen the Lords
With the very best men whom the country affords,
Has implied to his Grace, that his choice should be clear,
(*Carelessly.*) If you wed the duke's daughter, of course you're a peer.
Bellair. With the Lords and the lady would Walpole ally me?
Veasey. Yes! and, if I were *you*——
Bellair. He would certainly buy me;
But I,—being a man—— [*Draws himself up haughtily.*
Veasey. No offence. Why that frown?
Bellair (*relapsing into his habitual ease*). Nay, forgive me. Tho' man, I'm a man about town;
And so graceful a compliment could not offend
Any man about town, from a minister's friend.
Still, if not from the frailty of mortals exempt,
Can a mortal be tempted where sins do not tempt?
Of my rank and my fortune I *am* so conceited,
That I don't, with a wife, want those blessings repeated.
And tho' flattered to learn I should strengthen the Peers—
Give me still our rough House with its laughter and cheers.
Let the Lords have their chamber—I grudge not its powers;
But for badgering a Minister nothing like ours!
Whisper that to the Minister;—sir, your obedient.
[*Turns away.*
Veasey (*aside*). Humph! I see we must hazard the ruder expedient.
If some Jacobite pit for his feet we can dig,
He shall hang as a Tory, or vote as a Whig.
[*Veasey retires into the background.*
Bellair (*seating himself*). Oh, how little these formalist middle-aged schemers
Know of *us* the bold youngsters, half sages, half dreamers.
Sages half? Yes, because of the time rushing on

Part and parcel are *we: they* belong to time gone.
Dreamers half? Yes, because in a woman's fair face
We imagine the heaven they find in a place.
At this moment I, courted by Whig and by Tory,
For the spangles and tinsel which clothe me with glory,
Am a monster so callous, I should not feel sorrow
If an earthquake engulphed Whig and Tory to-morrow;
'What a heartless assertion!' the aged would say.
True, the young have no heart, for they give it away.
Ah, I love! and here—joy!—comes the man who may aid me.

Enter BLOUNT.

SCENE 4. BELLAIR, BLOUNT, VEASEY, &c.

Blount (*to coffee-house loungers, who gather round him as he comes down the stage*). Yes, sir, just from Guildhall, where the City has paid me
The great honour I never can merit enough,
Of this box, dedicated to Virtue——

[*Coffee-house loungers gather round.*

Veasey. And snuff.
Blount. Yes, sir, Higgins the Patriot, who deals in rappee,
Stored that box with pulvillio, superfluous to me;
For a public man gives his whole life to the nation,
And his nose has no time for a vain titillation.
Veasey. On the dues upon coal—apropos of the City—
We agreed——
Blount. And were beat; Walpole bribed the Committee.
Veasey. You mistake; he leans tow'rds us, and begs you to call
At his house—three o'clock.
Blount (*declaiming as if in Parliament*). But I say, once for all,
That the dues——
Veasey. Put the case as you only can do,
And we carry the question.
Blount. I'll call, sir, at two.
Veasey. He said three.
Blount. I say *two*, sir; my honour's at stake,
To amend every motion that Ministers make.

[VEASEY *retires into the background.*

Blount (*advancing to* BELLAIR). Young debater, your hand. One might tear into shreds
All your plea for not cutting off Jacobite heads;
But that burst against Walpole redeemed your whole speech.
Be but honest, and high is the fame you will reach.
Bellair. Blount, your praise would delight, but your caution offends.
Blount. 'Tis my way—I'm plain spoken to foes and to friends.
What are talents but snares to mislead and pervert you,
Unless they converge in one end—Public Virtue!
Fine debaters abound: we applaud and despise them;
For when the House cheers them the Minister buys them.
Come, be honest, I say, sir; away with all doubt,
Public Virtue commands! Vote the Minister out!
Bellair. Public virtue when construed means private ambition.
Blount. This to me—to a Patriot——
Bellair. In fierce opposition;
But you ask for my vote.
Blount. England wants every man.
Bellair. Well, tho' Walpole can't buy me, I think that you can.
Blount, I saw you last evening cloaked up to your chin;
But I had not a guess who lay, *perdu*, within
All those bales of broad cloth, when a gust of wind rose,
And uplifting your beaver, it let out your nose.
Blount (*somewhat confusedly*). Yes, I always am cloaked—half disguised, when I go
Certain rounds—real charity hides itself so;
For one good deed concealed is worth fifty paraded.
Bellair. Finely said. Quitting, doubtless, the poor you had aided,
You shot by me, before I had time to accost you,
Down a court which contains but one house;—there I lost you.
Blount. But one house!
Bellair. Where a widow named Vizard——
Blount (*aside*). I tremble.
Yes——
Bellair. Resides with an angel——
Blount (*aside*). 'Twere best to dissemble.
With an angel! bah! say with a girl—what's her name?
Bellair. On this earth, Lucy Wilmot.
Blount. Eh!—Wilmot?
Bellair. The same.
Blount (*after a short pause*). And how knew you these ladies?
Bellair. Will you be my friend?
Blount. I? of course. Tell me all from beginning to end.
Bellair. Oh, my story is short. Just a fortnight ago,
Coming home tow'rds the night from my club——
Blount. Drunk?
Bellair. So, so.
"Help me, help!" cries a voice—'tis a woman's—I run—
Which may prove I'd drunk less than I often have done.
And I find—but, dear Blount, you have heard the renown
Of a set called the Mohawks?
Blount. The scourge of the town.
A lewd band of night savages, scouring the street,
Sword in hand,—and the terror of all whom they meet
Not as bad as themselves;—*you* were safe, sir; proceed.
Bellair. In the midst of the Mohawks I saw her and freed——
Blount. You saw *her*—Lucy Wilmot—at night, and alone?
Bellair. No, she had a protector—the face of that crone.
Blount. Mistress Vizard?
Bellair. The same, yet, tho' strange it appear,
When the rogues saw her face they did *not* fly in fear.
Brief—I came—saw, and conquered—but own on the whole
That my conquest was helped by the City Patrol.
I escorted them home—at their threshold we part—
And I mourn since that night for the loss of my heart.
Blount. Did you call the next day to demand back that treasure?
Bellair. Yes.
Blount. And saw the young lady?
Bellair. I had not that pleasure;
I saw the old widow, who told me politely
That her house was too quiet for visits so sprightly;
That young females brought up in the school of propriety
Must regard all young males as the pests of society.
I will spare you her lectures, she showed me the door,
And closed it.
Blount. You've seen Lucy Wilmot no more?
Bellair. Pardon, yes—very often; that is, once a day.
Every house has its windows——
Blount. Ah! what did you say?
Bellair. Well, by words very little, but much by the eyes.
Now instruct me in turn, from what part of the skies
Did my angel descend? What her parents and race?
She is well-born, no doubt—one sees *that* in her face.
What to her is Dame Vizard—that awful duenna,
With the look of a griffiness fed upon senna?
Tell me all. Ho there!—drawer, a pottle of clary.
Blount. Leave in peace the poor girl whom you never could marry.
Bellair. Why?
Blount. Her station's too mean. In a small country town
Her poor mother taught music.
Bellair. Her father?

[DRAWER *places wine and glasses on the table.*

Blount. Unknown.
From the mother's deathbed, from the evil and danger
That might threaten her youth, she was brought by a stranger
To the house of the lady who——
Bellair. Showed me the door?
Blount. Till instructed to live, like her mother before,
As a teacher of music. My noble young friend
To a match so unmeet you could never descend.
You assure me, I trust, that all thought is dismist
Of a love so misplaced.
Bellair. No (*filling* BLOUNT's *glass*)—her health!
Blount. You persist?
Dare you, sir, to a man of my tenets austere
Ev'n to hint your designs if your suit persevere?
What!—you still would besiege her?
Bellair. Of course, if I love.
Blount. I am Virtue's defender, sir—there is my glove.
[*Flings down his glove—rises, touching his sword hilt.*
Bellair. Noble heart! I esteem you still more for this heat.
In the list of my sins there's no room for deceit:
And to plot against innocence helpless and weak—
I'd as soon pick a pocket!
Blount. What mean you then? Speak.
Bellair. Blount, I mean you to grant me the favour I ask.
Blount. What is that?
Bellair. To yourself an agreeable task.
Since you know this Dame Vizard, you call there to-day,
And to her and to Lucy say all I would say.
You attest what I am—fortune, quality, birth,
Adding all that your friendship allows me of worth.
Blount, I have not a father; I claim you as one;
You will plead for my bride as you'd speak for a son.
All arranged—to the altar we go in your carriage,
And I'll vote as you wish the month after my marriage.
Blount (*aside*). Can I stifle my fury?

Enter NEWSMAN *with papers.*

Newsman. Great news!
Bellair. Silence, ape!
[*Coffee-house loungers rise and crowd around the* NEWSMAN. VEASEY *snatching the paper.*
Omnes. Read.
Veasey (*reading*). "Lord Nithsdale, the rebel, has made his escape.
His wife, by permission of Walpole last night,
Saw her lord in the Tower"—— [*Great sensation.*
Bellair (*to* BLOUNT). You will make it all right.
Veasey (*continuing*). "And the traitor escaped in her mantle and dress."
Bellair (*to* BLOUNT). Now my fate's in your hands—I may count on you?
Blount. Yes.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE 1. *A room in* WALPOLE'S *House. Pictures on the wall. A large table with books, papers, &c.*

WALPOLE *and* VEASEY *seated.*

Walpole. And so Nithsdale's escaped! His wife's mantle and gown;
Well—ha, ha! let us hope he's now out of this town,
And in safer disguise than my lady's attire,
Gliding fast down the Thames—which he'll not set on fire.
Veasey. All your colleagues are furious.
Walpole. Ah yes; if they catch him,
Not a hand from the crown of the martyr could snatch him!
Of a martyr so pitied the troublesome ghost
Would do more for his cause than the arms of a host.
These reports from our agents, in boro' and shire,
Show how slowly the sparks of red embers expire.
Ah! what thousands will hail in a general election
The wild turbulent signal for——
Veasey. Fresh insurrection.
Walpole (*gravely*). Worse than that;—Civil War!—at all risk, at all cost,
We must carry this bill, or the nation is lost.
Veasey. Will not Tory and Roundhead against it unite?
Walpole. Every man has his price. I must bribe left and right.
So you've failed with Bellair—a fresh bait we must try.
As for Blount——

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Mr. Blount.
Walpole. Pray admit him. Good-bye.
[*Exit* VEASEY.

SCENE 2. WALPOLE—BLOUNT.

Blount. Mr. Walpole, you ask my advice on the dues
Which the City imposes on coal.
Walpole. Sir, excuse
That pretence for some talk on more weighty a theme,
With a man who commands——
Blount (*aside*). Forty votes.
Walpole. My esteem.
You're a patriot, and therefore I courted this visit.
Hark! your country's in danger—great danger, sir.
Blount (*drily*). Is it?
Walpole. And I ask you to save it from certain perdition.
Blount. Me!—I am——
Walpole. Yes, at present in hot opposition.
But what's party? Mere cricket—some out and some in;
I have been out myself. At that time I was thin,
Atrabilious; sir—jaundiced; now, rosy and stout,
Nothing pulls down a statesman like long fagging out.
And to come to the point—now there's nobody by,
Be as stout and as rosy, dear Selden, as I.
What, when bad men conspire, shall not good men combine?
There's a place—the Paymastership—just in your line;
I may say that the fees are ten thousand a-year,
Besides extras—not mentioned. (*Aside.*) The rogue will cost dear.
Blount. What has that, sir, to do with the national danger
To which——
Walpole. You're too wise to be wholly a stranger.
Need I name to a man of your Protestant true heart
All the risks we yet run from the Pope and the Stuart?
And the indolent public is so unenlightened
That 'tis not to be trusted, and scarce to be frightened.
When the term of this Parliament draws to its close:
Should King George call another—'tis filled with his foes.
Blount. You pay soldiers eno' if the Jacobites rise——
Walpole. But a Jacobite house would soon stop their supplies.
There's a General, on whom you must own, on reflection,
The Pretender relies.
Blount. Who?
Walpole. The General Election.
Blount. That election must come; you have no other choice.
Would you juggle the People and stifle its voice?
Walpole. That is just what young men fresh from college would say,
And the People's a very good thing in its way.
But what is the People?—the mere population?
No, the sound-thinking part of this practical nation,
Who support peace and order, and steadily all poll
For the weal of the land!
Blount (*aside*). In plain words, for Bob Walpole.
Walpole. Of a people like this I've no doubts nor mistrustings,
But I have of the fools who vote wrong at the hustings.
Sir, in short, I am always frank-spoken and hearty,
England needs all the patriots that go with your party.
We must make the three years of this Parliament seven,
And stave off Civil War. You agree?

Blount. Gracious heaven!
Thus to silence the nation, to baffle its laws,
And expect Selden Blount to defend such a cause!
What could ever atone for so foul a disgrace?
Walpole. Everlasting renown—(*aside*)—and the Paymaster's place.
Blount. Sir, your servant—good day; I am not what you thought;—
I am honest——
Walpole. Who doubts it?
Blount. And not to be bought.
Walpole. You are not to be bought, sir—astonishing man!
Let us argue that point. If creation you scan
You will find that the children of Adam prevail
O'er the beasts of the field but by barter and sale.
Talk of coals—if it were not for buying and selling,
Could you coax from Newcastle a coal to your dwelling?
You would be to your own fellow-men good for nought,
Were it true, as you say, that you're not to be bought.
If you find men worth nothing—say, don't you despise them?
And what proves them worth nothing?—why, nobody buys them.
But a man of such worth as yourself!—nonsense—come,
Sir, to business; I want you; I buy you—the sum?
Blount. Is corruption so brazen? are manners so base?
Walpole (*aside*). That means he don't much like the Paymaster's place.
(*With earnestness and dignity.*)
Pardon, Blount, I spoke lightly; but do not mistake,—
On mine honour, the peace of the land is at stake.
Yes, the peace and the freedom! Were Hampden himself
Living still, would he side with the Stuart or Guelph?
When the Cæsars the freedom of Rome overthrew,
All its forms they maintained—'twas its spirit they slew!
Shall the freedom of England go down to the grave?
No! the forms let us scorn, so the spirit we save.
Blount. England's peace and her freedom depend on your bill?
Walpole (*seriously*). Thou know'st it—and therefore——
Blount. My aid you ask still?
Walpole. Nay, no longer *I* ask, 'tis thy country petitions.
Blount. But you talked about terms.
Walpole (*pushing pen and paper to him*). There, then, write your conditions.
[BLOUNT *writes, folds the paper, gives it to* WALPOLE, *bows, and exit.*
Walpole (*reading*). "'Mongst the men who are bought to save England inscribe me,
And my bribe is the head of the man who would bribe me."
Eh, my head! That ambition is much too high-reaching;
I suspect that the crocodile hints at impeaching.
And he calls himself honest! What highwayman's worse?—
Thus to threaten my life when I offer my purse.
Hem! he can't be in debt, as the common talk runs,
For the man who scorns money has never known duns.
And yet *have* him I must! Shall I force or entice?
Let me think—let me think; every man has his price.
[*Exit* WALPOLE.

SCENE 3. *A room in* MRS. VIZARD'S *house. At the back a large window opening on a balcony. In one angle of the room a small door, concealed in the wainscoting. In another angle folding doors, through which the visitors enter. At each of the side-scenes in front, another door.*

Enter MRS. VIZARD.

Mrs. Vizard. 'Tis the day when the Jacobite nobles bespeak
This safe room for a chat on affairs once a-week.
(*Knock without.*)
Ah, they come.

Enter two JACOBITE LORDS *and* NITHSDALE, *disguised as a woman.*

1*st Jacobite Lord.* Ma'am, well knowing your zeal for our king,
To your house we have ventured this lady to bring.
She will quit you at sunset—nay, haply, much sooner,
For a voyage to France in some trusty Dutch schooner.
Hist! her husband in exile she goes to rejoin,
And our homes are so watched——
Mrs. Vizard. That she's safer in mine.
Come with me, my dear lady, I have in my care
A young ward——
1*st Jacobite Lord* (*hastily*). Who must see her not! Till we prepare
Her departure, conceal her from all prying eyes;
She is timid, and looks on new faces as spies.
Send your servant on business that keeps her away
Until nightfall;—her trouble permit me to pay.
[*Giving a purse.*
Mrs. Vizard. Nay, my Lord, I don't need——
1*st Jacobite Lord.* Quick; your servant release.
Mrs. Vizard. I will send her to Kent with a note to my niece. [*Exit* MRS. VIZARD.
1*st Jacobite Lord* (*to* NITHSDALE). Here, you're safe; still, I tremble until you are freed.
Keep sharp watch at the window—the signal's agreed.
When a pebble's thrown up at the pane, you will know
'Tis my envoy;—a carriage will wait you below.
Nithsdale. And if, ere you can send him, some peril befall?
1*st Jacobite Lord.* Risk your flight to the inn near the steps at Blackwall.

Re-enter MRS. VIZARD.

Mrs. Vizard. She is gone.
1*st Jacobite Lord.* Lead the lady at once to her room.
Mrs. Vizard (*opening door to right of side-scene*). No man dares enter here.
Nithsdale (*aside*). Where she sleeps, I presume.
[*Exeunt* MRS. VIZARD *and* NITHSDALE.
2*d Jacobite Lord.* You still firmly believe, tho' revolt is put down,
That King James is as sure to recover his crown?
1*st Jacobite Lord.* Yes, but wait till this Parliament's close is decreed,
And then up with our banner from Thames to the Tweed. (*Knock at the street door.*)
Who knocks? Some new friend?

Enter MRS. VIZARD.

Mrs. Vizard (*looking out of the window*). O! quick—quick—do not stay;
It is Blount.
Both Lords. What!—the Roundhead?
Mrs. Vizard (*opening concealed door in the angle*). Here—here—the back way. [*Exit* MRS. VIZARD.
1*st Jacobite Lord* (*as they get to the door*). Hush, and wait till he's safe within doors.
2*d Jacobite Lord.* But our foes
She admits?
1*st Jacobite Lord.* By my sanction,—their plans to disclose.
[*Exeunt* JACOBITE LORDS *just as enter* BLOUNT *and* MRS. VIZARD.

SCENE 4. MRS. VIZARD—BLOUNT.

Mrs. Vizard. I had sent out my servant; this is not your hour.
Blount. Mistress Vizard.
Mrs. Vizard. Sweet sir. (*Aside.*) He looks horridly sour.
Blount. I enjoined you, when trusting my ward to your care——
Mrs. Vizard. To conceal from herself the true name that you bear.
Blount. And she still has no guess——
Mrs. Vizard. That in Jones, christened John,
'Tis the great Selden Blount whom she gazes upon.

Blount. And my second injunction——
Mrs. Vizard. Was duly to teach her
To respect all you say, as if said by a preacher.
Blount. A preacher!—not so; as a man she should rather
Confide in, look up to, and love as——
Mrs. Vizard. A father.
Blount. Hold! I did not say 'Father.' You might, for you can,
Call me——
Mrs. Vizard. What?
Blount. Hang it, madam, a fine-looking man.
But at once to the truth which your cunning secretes,
How came Lucy and you, ma'am, at night in the streets?
Mrs. Vizard. I remember! Poor Lucy so begged and so cried—
On that day, a year since——
Blount. Well!
Mrs. Vizard. Her poor mother died;
And all her wounds opened, recalling that day;
She insisted—I had not the heart to say nay—
On the solace religion alone can bestow;
So I led her to church,—does that anger you?
Blount. No!
But at nightfall——
Mrs. Vizard. I knew that the church would be dark;
And thus nobody saw us, not even the clerk.
Blount. And returning——
Mrs. Vizard. We fell into terrible danger.
Sir, the Mohawks——
Blount. I know; you were saved by a stranger.
He escorted you home; called the next day, I hear.
Mrs. Vizard. But I soon sent him off with a flea in his ear.
Blount. Since that day the young villain has seen her.
Mrs. Vizard. Oh no!
Blount. Yes.
Mrs. Vizard. And where?
Blount. At the window.
Mrs. Vizard. You do not say so!
What deceivers girls are! how all watch they befool!
One should marry them off, ere one sends them to school!
Blount. Ay, I think you are right. All our plans have miscarried.
Go; send Lucy to me– it is time she were married.
(*Exit* Mrs. Vizard *by door to left of side-scene.*)
When I first took this orphan, forlorn and alone,
From the poor village inn where I sojourned unknown,
My compassion no feeling more sensitive masked.
She was grateful; that pleased me; was more than I asked.
'Twas in kindness I screened myself under false names,
For she told me her father had fought for King James,
And, embued in the Jacobite's pestilent error,
In a Roundhead she sees but a bugbear of terror.
And from me, Selden Blount, who invoked our free laws
To behead or to hang all who side with that cause,
She would start with a shudder! O fool! how above
Human weakness I thought myself! This, then, is love!
Heavens! to lose her—resign to another those charms!
No, no! never! Why yield to such idle alarms?
What's that fop she has seen scarcely once in a way
To a man like myself, whom she sees every day?
Mine she must be! but how!—the world's laughter I dread.
Tut, the world will not know, if in secret we wed.

Enter Lucy *by door left of side-scene.*

Scene 5. Blount—Lucy.

Lucy. Dear sir, you look pale. Are you ill?
Blount. Ay, what then?
What am I in your thoughts?
Lucy. The most generous of men.
Can you doubt of the orphan's respectful affection,
When she owes ev'n a home to your sainted protection?
Blount. In that home I had hoped for your youth to secure
Safe escape from the perils that threaten the pure;
But, alas! where a daughter of Eve is, I fear
That the serpent will still be found close at her ear.
Lucy. You alarm me!
Blount. I ought. Ah, what danger you ran.
You have seen—have conversed with——
Lucy. Well—well.
Blount. A young man.
Lucy. Nay, he is not so frightful, dear sir, as you deem;
If you only but knew him, I'm sure you'd esteem.
He's so civil—so pleasant—the sole thing I fear
Is—heigh-ho! are fine gentlemen always sincere?
Blount. You are lost if you heed not the words that I say.
Ah, young men are not now what they were in my day!
Then their fashion was manhood, their language was truth,
And their love was as fresh as a world in its youth.
Now they fawn like a courtier, and fib like his flunkies,
And their hearts are as old as the faces of monkies.
Lucy. Ah, you know not Sir Sidney——
Blount. His nature I do,
For he owned to my friend his designs upon you.
Lucy. What designs?
Blount. Of a nature too dreadful to name.
Lucy. How! His words full of honour——
Blount. Veiled thoughts full of shame.
Heard you never of wolves in sheep's clothing? Why weep?
Lucy. Indeed, sir, he don't look the least like a sheep.
Blount. No, the sheepskin for clothing much finer he trucks;
Wolves are nowaday clad not as sheep—but as bucks.
'Tis a false heart you find where a fine dress you see,
And a lover sincere is a plain man like me.
Dismiss then, dear child, this young beau from your mind—
A young beau should be loathed by good young womankind.
At the best he's a creature accustomed to roam;
'Tis at sixty man learns how to value a home.
Idle fancies throng quick at your credulous age,
And their cure is companionship, cheerful, but sage;
So, in future, I'll give you much more of my own.
Weeping still!—I've a heart, and it is not of stone.
Lucy. Pardon, sir, these vain tears; nor believe that I mourn
For a false-hearted——
Blount. Coxcomb, who merits but scorn.
We must give you some change; purer air, livelier scene,
And your mind will soon win back its temper serene.
You must quit this dull court with its shocking look out.
Yes, a cot is the home of contentment, no doubt—
A sweet cot with a garden—wall'd round—shall be ours,
Where our hearts shall unite in the passion—for flowers.
Ah! I know a retreat, from all turmoil remote,
In the suburb of Lambeth—soon reached by a boat.
So that every spare moment to business not due
I can give, my sweet Lucy, to rapture and you.
Lucy. What means he? His words and his looks are alarming:
Mr. Jones, you're too good!
Blount. What?—to find you so charming?
Yes, tho' Fortune has placed my condition above you,
Yet Love levels all ranks. Be not startled—I love you.
From all dreams less exalted your fancies arouse;
The poor orphan I raise to the rank of my spouse.
Lucy. What! His spouse! Do I dream!
Blount. Till that moment arrives
Train your mind to reflect on the duty of wives.
I must see Mistress Vizard, and all things prepare;
To secure our retreat shall this day be my care.

And—despising the wretch who has caused us such sorrow—
Our two lives shall unite in the cottage to-morrow.
Lucy. Pray excuse me—this talk is so strangely——
Blount. Delightful!
Lucy (*aside*). I am faint; I am all of a tremble: how frightful! [*Exit through side-door to left.*
Blount. Good; my mind overawes her! From fear love will grow,
And by this time to-morrow a fig for the beau.
[*Calling out.*

Enter MRS. VIZARD.

SCENE 6. BLOUNT—MRS. VIZARD.

Blount. Guard well my dear Lucy to-day,
For to-morrow I free you, and bear her away.
I agree with yourself—it is time she were married,
And I only regret that so long I have tarried.
Eno'!—I've proposed.
Mrs. Vizard. She consented?
Blount. Of course;
Must a man like myself get a wife, ma'am, by force?
Newsman (*without, ringing a bell*). Great news.
Mrs. Vizard (*running to the window, listening and repeating*). What! "Lord Nithsdale escaped from the Tower."
(*Nithsdale peeps through the door of his room.*)
"In his wife's clothes disguised!—the gown grey, with red flower,
Mantle black, trimmed with ermine." My hearing is hard.
Mr. Blount, Mr. Blount—Do you hear the reward?
Blount. Yes; a thousand——
Mrs. Vizard. What!—guineas?
Blount. Of course; come away.
I go now for the parson—do heed what I say.
(*Nithsdale shakes his fist at* MRS. VIZARD, *and retreats.*)
We shall marry to-morrow—no witness but you;
For the marriage is private. I'm Jones still. Adieu!
[*Exit* BLOUNT.

(LUCY *peeps out.*)

Mrs. Vizard. Ha! a thousand gold guineas!
[*Locks* NITHSDALE'S *door.*

Re-enter BLOUNT.

Guard closely my treasure.
That's her door; for precaution, just lock it.
Mrs. Vizard. With pleasure.
[*As she shows out* BLOUNT, LUCY *slips forth.*
Lucy. Eh, locked up! No, I yet may escape if I hide.
[*Gets behind the window-curtains.*

Re-enter MRS. VIZARD.

Mrs. Vizard. Shall I act on this news? I must quickly decide.
Surely Nithsdale it is! Grey gown, sprigg'd with red;
Did not walk like a woman—a stride, not a tread.
(*Locks* LUCY'S *door.*)
Both my lambs are in fold. I'll steal out and inquire;—
Robert Walpole might make the reward somewhat higher.
[*Exit* MRS. VIZARD.

Lucy (*looking out from the window*). She has locked the street door. She has gone with the key,
And the servant is out. No escape; woe is me!
How I love him! And yet I must see him with loathing.
Why should wolves be disguised in such beautiful clothing?
Nithsdale (*knocking violently*). Let me out. I'll not perish entrapped. From your snare
Thus I break——
(*Bursts the door, and comes out brandishing a poker.*)
Treacherous hag!

SCENE 7. LUCY—NITHSDALE.

Lucy. 'Tis the wolf. Spare me; spare!
[*Kneeling, and hiding her face.*
Nithsdale. She's a witch, and has changed herself!
Lucy. Do not come near me.
Nithsdale. Nay, young lady, look up!
Lucy. 'Tis a woman!
Nithsdale. Why fear me?
Perchance, like myself, you're a prisoner?
Lucy. Ah yes!
Nithsdale. And your kinsfolk are true to the Stuart, I guess.
Lucy. My poor father took arms for King James.
Nithsdale. So did I.
Lucy. You!—a woman! How brave!
Nithsdale. For that crime I must die
If you will not assist me.
Lucy. Assist you—how? Say?
Nithsdale. That she-Judas will sell me, and goes to betray.
Lucy. Fly! Alas, she has locked the street door!
Nithsdale. Lady fair,
Does not Love laugh at locksmiths? Well, so does Despair! (*Glancing at the window.*)
Flight is here. But this dress my detection ensures.
If I could but exchange hood and mantle for yours!
Dare I ask you to save me?
Lucy. Nay, doubt not my will;
But my own door is locked.
Nithsdale (*raising the poker*). And the key is *here* still.
[*Bursts the door of* LUCY'S *room, and enters.*
Lucy. I have read of the Amazons. This must be one.
Nithsdale (*coming from the door with hood, gown, and mantle on his arm*). I have found all I need for the risk I must run.
Lucy. Can I help you?
Nithsdale. Heaven bless thee, sweet Innocence, no.
Haste, and look if no back way is open below.
Stay, your father has served the king over the water;
And this locket may please your brave father's true daughter—
The grey hair of poor Charles, intertwined with the pearl.
Go; vouchsafe me this kiss.
[*Kissing her hand, and exit within the door.*
Lucy. What a wonderful girl!

SCENE 8. *The exterior of* MRS. VIZARD'S *House. Large window. Balcony, area rails below. A court. Dead walls for side-scenes, with blue posts at each end, through which the actors enter.*

Enter BLOUNT.

Blount. For the curse of celebrity nothing atones.
The sharp parson I call on, as simple John Jones,
Has no sooner set eyes on my popular front,
Than he cries, "Ha! the Patriot, the great Selden Blount."
Mistress Vizard must hunt up some priest just from Cam,
Who may gaze on these features, nor guess who I am.
(*Knocks.*)
Not at home. Servant out too! Ah! gone forth, I guess,
To enchant the young bride with a new wedding dress.
I must search for a parson myself.

Enter BELLAIR *from the opposite side.*

SCENE 9. BLOUNT—BELLAIR.

Bellair (*slapping him on the shoulder*). Blount, your news?
Blount. You! and here, sir! What means——
Bellair. My impatience excuse.
You have seen her?
Blount. I have.
Bellair. And have pleaded my cause:
And of course she consents, for she loves me? You pause.
Blount. Nay, alas, my dear friend——
Bellair. Speak, and tell me my fate.
Blount. Quick and rash though your wooing be, it is too late;
She has promised her hand to another. Bear up!
Bellair. There is many a slip 'twixt the lip and the cup.
Ah! my rival I'll fight. Say his name if you can.

Blount. Mr. Jones. I am told he's a fine-looking man.
Bellair. His address?
Blount. Wherefore ask? You kill *her* in this duel—
Slay the choice of her heart!
Bellair. Of her heart; you are cruel.
But if so, why, heaven bless her!
Blount. My arm—come away!
Bellair. No, my carriage waits yonder. I thank you. Good day. [*Exit.*
Blount. He is gone. I am safe. (*Shaking his left hand with his right.*) Wish you joy, my dear Jones. [*Exit.*

[NITHSDALE, *disguised in* LUCY'S *dress and mantle, opens the window.*

Nithsdale. All is still. How to jump without breaking my bones?
(*Trying to flatten his petticoats, and with one leg over the balcony.*)
Curse these petticoats! Heaven, out of all my lost riches,
Why couldst thou not save me one thin pair of breeches!
Steps! [*Gets back—shuts the window.*

Re-enter BELLAIR.

Bellair. But Blount may be wrong. From her own lips alone
Will I learn. (*Looking up at the window.*)
I see some one; I'll venture this stone.
[*Picks up and throws a pebble at the window.*
Nithsdale (*opening the window*). Joy!—the signal!

SCENE 10. BELLAIR—NITHSDALE.

Bellair. 'Tis you; say my friend was deceived.
(NITHSDALE *makes an affirmative sign.*)
You were snared to this——
Nithsdale. Hush!
Bellair. Could you guess how I grieved!
But oh! fly from this jail; I'm still full of alarms.
I've a carriage at hand: trust yourself to these arms.
(NITHSDALE *tucks up his petticoats, gets down the balcony backwards, setting his foot on the area rail.*)
Powers above!—What a leg!
(LORD NITHSDALE *turns round on the rail, rejects* BELLAIR'S *hand, and jumps down.*)
O my charmer! one kiss.
Nithsdale. Are you out of your senses!
Bellair (*trying to pull up her hood*). With rapture!
Nithsdale (*striking him*). Take this.
Bellair. What a fist! If it hits one so hard before marriage,
What *would* it do after?
Nithsdale. Quick, where is the carriage?
Now, sir, give me your hand.
Bellair. I'll be hanged if I do
Till I snatch my first kiss.
(*Lifts the hood and recoils astounded.*)
Who the devil are you?
(NITHSDALE *tries to get from him. A struggle.* BELLAIR *prevails.*)
I will give you in charge, or this moment confess
How you pass as my Lucy, and wear her own dress.
Nithsdale (*aside*). What! His Lucy? I'm saved. To her pity I owe
This last chance for my life; would you sell it, sir?
Bellair. No.
But your life! What's your name? Mine is Sidney Bellair.
Nithsdale. Who in Parliament pleaded so nobly to spare
From the axe——
Bellair. The chiefs doomed in the Jacobite rise?
Nithsdale (*with dignity*). I am Nithsdale. Quick, sell me or free me—time flies.
Bellair. Come this way. There's my coach. I will take you myself
Where you will;—ship you off.
Nithsdale. Do you side with the Guelph?
Bellair. Yes. What then?
Nithsdale. You would risk your own life by his laws,
Did you ship me to France! They who fight in a cause
Should alone share its perils. Farewell, generous stranger.
Bellair. Pooh! no gentleman leaves a young lady in danger;
You'd be mobbed ere you got half a yard through the town,
Why, that stride and that calf—let me settle your gown.
(*Clinging to him, and half spoken without.*)
No, no. I will see you at least to my carriage.
(*Behind scene.*)
To what place shall it drive?
Nithsdale. To Blackwall.

Enter LUCY *from the window.*

Lucy. Hateful marriage!
But where's that poor lady? What!—gone? She is free!
Could she leap from the window? I wish I were she.
[*Retreats.*

SCENE 11. BELLAIR—LUCY.

Bellair. Now she's safe in my coach, on condition, I own,
Not flattering, sweet creature, to leave her alone.
Lucy (*peeping*). It is he!
Bellair. Ah, if Lucy would only appear!
(*Stoops to pick up a stone, and in the act to fling as* LUCY *comes out.*)
O my Lucy!—mine angel!
Lucy. Why is he so dear?
Bellair. Is it true? From that face am I evermore banished?
In your love was the dream of my life! Is it vanished?
Have you pledged to another your hand and your heart?
Lucy. Not my heart. Oh, not that.
Bellair. But your hand? By what art—
By what force are you won heart and hand to dissever,
And consent to loathed nuptials that part us for ever?
Lucy. Would that pain you so much?
Bellair. Can you ask? Oh, believe me,
You're my all in the world!
Lucy. I am told you deceived me;
That you harbour designs which my lips dare not name,
And your words full of honour veil thoughts full of shame.
Ah, sir, I'm so young and so friendless—so weak!—
Do not ask for my heart if you take it to break.
Bellair. Who can slander me thus? Not my friend, I am sure.
Lucy. His friend!
Bellair. Can my love know one feeling impure
When I lay at your feet all I have in this life—
Wealth and rank, name and honour—and woo you as wife?
Lucy. As your wife! All about you seems so much above
My mean lot——
Bellair. And so worthless compared to your love.
You reject, then, this suitor?—my hand you accept?
Lucy. Ah! but do you not see in what prison I'm kept?
And this suitor——
Bellair. You hate him!
Lucy. Till this day, say rather——
Bellair. What?
Lucy. I loved him.
Bellair. You loved!
Lucy. As I might a grandfather.
He has shielded the orphan;—I had not a notion
That he claimed from me more than a grandchild's devotion!
And my heart ceased to beat between terror and sorrow
When he said he would make me his wife, and to-morrow.
Bellair. Fly with me, and at once!
Lucy. She has locked the street door.

Bellair. And my angel's not made to jump down from that floor.
Listen; quick; I hear voices:—I save you; this night
I arrange all we need both for wedlock and flight.
At what time after dark does your she-dragon close
Her sweet eyes, and her household consign to repose?
Lucy. About nine in this season of winter. What then?
Bellair. By the window keep watch. When the clock has struck ten
A slight stone smites the casement;—below I attend.
You will see a safe ladder; at once you descend.
We then reach your new home, priest and friends shall be there,
Proud to bless the young bride of Sir Sidney Bellair.
Hush! the steps come this way; do not fail! She is won. [*Exit* BELLAIR.
Lucy. Stay;—I tremble as guilty. Heavens! what have I done?

ACT THIRD.

SCENE 1. *St. James's Park. Seats, &c. Time—Sunset.*

Enter BLOUNT.

Blount. So the parson is found and the cottage is hired—
Every fear was dispelled when my rival retired.
Ev'n my stern mother country must spare from my life
A brief moon of that honey one tastes with a wife!
And then strong as a giant, recruited by sleep,
On corruption and Walpole my fury shall sweep.
'Mid the cheers of the House I will state in my place
How the bribes that he proffered were flung in his face.
Men shall class me amid those examples of worth
Which, alas! become daily more rare on this earth;
And Posterity, setting its brand on the front
Of a Walpole, select for its homage a Blount.

Enter BELLAIR, *singing gaily.*

SCENE 2. BLOUNT—BELLAIR.

Bellair. "The dove builds where the leaves are still green on the tree——"
Blount (*rising*). Ha!
Bellair. "For May and December can never agree."
Blount. I am glad you've so quickly got over that blow.
Bellair. Fallala!
Blount (*aside*). What this levity means I must know.
The friend I best loved was your father, Bellair—
Let me hope your strange mirth is no laugh of despair.
Bellair. On the wit of the wisest man it is no stigma
If the heart of a girl is to him an enigma;
That my Lucy was lost to my arms you believed—
Wish me joy, my dear Blount, you were grossly deceived.
She is mine!—What on earth are you thinking about?
Do you hear?
Blount. I am racked!
Bellair. What?
Blount. A twinge of the gout. (*Re-seating himself.*)
Pray excuse me.
Bellair. Nay, rather myself I reproach
For not heeding your pain. Let me call you a coach.
Blount. Nay, nay, it is gone. I am eager to hear
How I've been thus deceived—make my blunder more clear.
You have seen her?
Bellair. Of course. From her own lips I gather
That your good Mr. Jones might be Lucy's grandfather.
Childish fear, or of Vizard—who seems a virago—
Or the old man himself——
Blount. Oh!
Bellair. You groan?
Blount. The lumbago!
Bellair. Ah! they say gout is shifty—now here and now there.
Blount. Pooh;—continue. The girl then——
Bellair. I found in despair.
But no matter—all's happily settled at last.
Blount. Ah! eloped from the house?
Bellair. No, the door was made fast.
But to-night I would ask you a favour.
Blount. What? Say.
Bellair. If your pain should have left you, to give her away.
For myself it is meet that I take every care
That my kinsfolk shall hail the new Lady Bellair.
I've induced my two aunts (who are prudish) to grace
With their presence my house, where the nuptials take place.
And to act as her father there's no man so fit
As yourself, dear old Blount, if the gout will permit.
Blount. 'Tis an honour——
Bellair. Say pleasure.
Blount. Great pleasure! Proceed.
How is *she*, if the door is still fast, to be freed?
Is the house to be stormed?
Bellair. Nay; I told you before
That a house has its windows as well as its door.
And a stone at the pane for a signal suffices,
While a ladder——
Blount. I see. (*Aside.*) What infernal devices!
Has she no maiden fear——
Bellair. From the ladder to fall?
Ask her that—when we meet at my house in Whitehall.

Enter 1ST JACOBITE LORD.

SCENE 3. BLOUNT, BELLAIR, 1ST JACOBITE, *afterwards* VEASEY.

Jacobite Lord (*giving note to* BELLAIR). If I err not, I speak to Sir Sidney Bellair?
Pray vouchsafe me one moment in private.
[*Draws him aside.*
Blount. Despair!
How prevent?—how forestall? Could I win but delay,
I might yet brush this stinging fly out of my way.
[*While he speaks, enter* VEASEY *in the background.*
Veasey. Ha! Bellair whispering close with that Jacobite lord—
Are they hatching some plot?
[*Hides behind the trees—listening.*
Bellair (*reading*). So he's safely on board——
Jacobite Lord. And should Fortune shake out other lots from her urn,
We, poor friends of the Stuart, might serve you in turn.
You were talking with Blount—Selden Blount—is he one
Of your friends?
Bellair. Ay, the truest.
Jacobite Lord. Then warn him to shun
That vile Jezabel's man-trap—I know he goes there.
Whom she welcomes she sells.
Bellair. I will bid him beware.
[*Shakes hands. Exit* JACOBITE LORD.
Bellair (*to* BLOUNT). I have just learned a secret, 'tis fit I should tell you.
Go no more to old Vizard's, or know she will sell you.
Nithsdale hid in her house when the scaffold he fled.
She received him, and went for the price on his head;
But—the drollest mistake—of that tale by-and-by—
He was freed; is safe now!
Blount. Who delivered him?
Bellair. I.
Blount. Ha!—you did!
Bellair. See, he sends me this letter of thanks.
Blount (*reading*). Which invites you to join with the Jacobite ranks.
And when James has his kingdom——
Bellair. That chance is remote;
Blount. Hints an earldom for you.
Bellair. Bah!
Blount. Take care of this note.
[*Appears to thrust it into* BELLAIR'S *coat-pocket—lets it fall, and puts his foot on it.*
Bellair. Had I guessed that the hag was so greedy of gold,
Long ago I had bought Lucy out of her hold;

But to-night the dear child will be free from her power.
Adieu. I expect you then.
Blount. Hold! at what hour?
Bellair. By the window at ten, self and ladder await her;
The wedding—eleven; you will not be later. [*Exit.*
Blount (*picking up the letter*). Nithsdale's letter.
Bright thought!—and what luck! I see Veasey.

Re-enter BELLAIR.

Bellair. Blount, I say, will old Jones be to-morrow uneasy?
Can't you fancy his face?
Blount. Yes; ha! ha!
Bellair. I am off. [*Exit.*

SCENE 4. BLOUNT—VEASEY.

Blount. What, shall I, Selden Blount, be a popinjay's scoff?
Mr. Veasey, your servant.
Veasey. I trust, on the whole,
That you've settled with Walpole the prices of coal.
Blount. Coals be—lighted below! Sir, the country's in danger.
Veasey. To that fact Walpole says that no patriot's a stranger.
Blount. With the safety of England myself I will task,
If you hold yourself licensed to grant what I ask.
Veasey. Whatsoever the terms of a patriot so staunch,
Walpole gives you—I speak as his proxy—*carte blanche.*
Blount. If I break private ties where the Public's at stake,
Still my friend is my friend: the condition I make
Is to keep him shut up from all share in rash strife,
And secure him from danger to fortune and life.
Veasey. Blount; agreed. And this friend? Scarce a moment ago
I marked Sidney Bellair in close talk with——
Blount. I know.
There's a plot to be checked ere it start into shape.
Hark, Bellair had a hand in Lord Nithsdale's escape!
Veasey. That's abetment of treason.
Blount. Read this, and attend.
(*Gives* NITHSDALE'S *note to* BELLAIR, *which* VEASEY *reads.*)
Snares atrocious are set to entrap my poor friend
In an outbreak to follow that Jacobite's flight——
Veasey. In an outbreak! Where?—when?
Blount. Hush! in London to-night.
He is thoughtless and young. Act on this information.
Quick!—arrest him at once; and watch over the nation.
Veasey. No precaution too great against men disaffected.
Blount. And the law gives you leave to confine the suspected.
Veasey. Ay, this note will suffice for a warrant. Be sure,
Ere the clock strike the quarter, your friend is secure.
[*Exit* VEASEY.
Blount. Good; my rival to-night will be swept from my way,
And John Jones shall wake easy eno' the next day.
This girl do I love? No, my hate is so strong,
That to me, whom she mocks, she alone shall belong.
I need trust to that salable Vizard no more.
Ha! I stand as Bellair the bride's window before.
Oh, when love comes so late how it maddens the brain,
Between shame for our folly, and rage at our pain.
[*Exit.*

SCENE 5. *Room in* WALPOLE'S *House. Lights.*

Enter WALPOLE.

Walpole. So Lord Nithsdale's shipped off. There's an end of one trouble;
When his head's at Boulogne the reward shall be double.
(*Seating himself, takes up a book—glances at it, and throws it down.*)
Stuff! I wonder what lies the Historians will tell
When they babble of one Robert Walpole! Well, well,
Let them sneer at his blunders, declaim on his vices,
Cite the rogues whom he purchased, and rail at the prices,
They shall own that all lust for revenge he withstood
And, if lavish of gold, he was sparing of blood;
That when England was threatened by France and by Rome,
He forced Peace from abroad, and encamped her at home,
And the Freedom he left, rooted firm in mild laws,
May o'ershadow the faults of deeds done in her cause!

Enter VEASEY.

SCENE 6. WALPOLE—VEASEY.

Veasey (*giving note*). Famous news! See, Bellair has delivered himself
To your hands. He must go heart and soul with the Guelph,
And vote straight, or he's ruined.
Walpole (*reading*). This note makes it clear
That he's guilty of Nithsdale's escape.
Veasey. And I hear
That to-night he will head some tumultuous revolt,
Unless chained to his stall like a mischievous colt.
Walpole. Your informant?
Veasey. Guess! Blount; but on promise to save
His young friend's life and fortune!
Walpole. What Blount says is grave.
He would never thus speak if not sure of his fact.
(*Signing warrant.*)
Here then, take my State warrant; but cautiously act.
Bid Bellair keep his house—forbid exits and entries;—
To make sure, at his door place a couple of sentries.
Say I mean him no ill; but these times will excuse
Much less gentle precautions than those which I use.
Stay, Dame Vizard is waiting without: to her den
Nithsdale fled. She came here to betray him.
Veasey. What then?
Walpole. Why, I kept her, perforce, till I sent, on the sly,
To prevent her from hearing Lord Nithsdale's good-bye.
When my agent arrived, I'm delighted to say,
That the cage-wires were broken,—the bird flown away;
But he found one poor captive imprisoned and weeping;
I must learn how that captive came into such keeping.
Now off—nay, a moment; you would not be loth
Just to stay with Bellair?—I may send for you both.
Veasey. With a host more delightful no mortal could sup,
But a guest so unlooked for——
Walpole. Will cheer the boy up!
[*Exit* VEASEY.
Walpole (*ringing hand-bell*).

(*Enter* SERVANT.)

Usher in Mrs. Vizard.

SCENE 7. WALPOLE—MRS. VIZARD.

Walpole. Quite shocked to detain you,
But I knew a mistake, if there were one, would pain you.
Mrs. Vizard. Sir, mistake there is not; that vile creature is no man.
Walpole. But you locked the door?
Mrs. Vizard. Fast.
Walpole. Then, no doubt, 'tis a woman,
For she slipped through the window.
Mrs. Vizard. No woman durst!
Walpole. Nay.
When did woman want courage to go her own way?
Mrs. Vizard. You jest, sir. To me 'tis no subject of laughter.
Walpole. Do not weep. The reward?—we'll discuss that hereafter.
Mrs. Vizard. You'd not wrong a poor widow who brought you such news?

Walpole. Wrong a widow!—there's oil to put in her cruze. (*Giving a pocket-book.*)
Meanwhile, the tried agent despatched to your house,
In that trap found a poor little terrified mouse,
Which called itself "Wilmot"—a name known to me.
Say, how in your trap did that mouse come to be?
Mrs. Vizard (*hesitatingly*). Sir, believe me——
Walpole. Speak truth—for your own sake you ought.
Mrs. Vizard. By a gentleman, sir, to my house she was brought.
Walpole. Oh, some Jacobite kinsman perhaps?
Mrs. Vizard. Bless you, no;
A respectable Roundhead. You frighten me so!
Walpole. A respectable Roundhead entrust to your care
A young girl, whom you guard as in prison!—Beware:
'Gainst decoy for vile purpose the law is severe.
Mrs. Vizard. Fie, you libel a saint, sir, of morals austere.
Walpole. Do you mean Judith Vizard?
Mrs. Vizard. I mean Selden Blount.
Walpole. I'm bewildered! But why does this saint (no affront)
To your pious retreat a fair damsel confide?
Mrs. Vizard. To protect her as ward till he claims her as bride.
Walpole. 'Faith, his saintship does well until that day arrive
To imprison the maid he proposes to wive.
But these Roundheads are wont but with Roundheads to wed,
And the name of this lady is Wilmot, she said.
Every Wilmot I know of is to the backbone
A rank Jacobite; say, can that name be her own?
Mrs. Vizard. Not a doubt; more than once I have heard the girl say
That her father had fought for King James on the day
When the ranks of the Stuart were crushed at the Boyne.
He escaped from the slaughter, and fled to rejoin
At the Court of St. Germain's his new wedded bride.
Long their hearth without prattlers; a year ere he died,
Lucy came to console her who mourned him, bereft
Of all else in this world.
Walpole (*eagerly*). But the widow he left;
She lives still?
Mrs. Vizard. No; her child is now motherless.
Walpole (*aside*). Fled!
Fled again from us, sister! How stern are the dead!
Their dumb lips have no pardon. Tut! shall I build grief
On a guess that perchance only fools my belief?
This may *not* be her child. (*Rings.*)

(*Enter* SERVANT.)

My coach waits?
Servant. At the door.
Walpole. Come; your house teems with secrets I long to explore.
[*Exeunt* WALPOLE *and* MRS. VIZARD.

SCENE 8. MRS. VIZARD'S *House. A lamp on the table.* *Enter* LUCY *from her Room.*

Lucy. Mistress Vizard still out!
(*Looking at the clock.*)
What—so late? O my heart!—
How it beats! Have I promised in stealth to depart?
Trust him—yes!—but will *he*, ah!—long after this night,
Trust the wife wooed so briefly, and won but by flight?
My lost mother! (*Takes a miniature from her breast.*)
Oh couldst thou yet counsel thy child!
No, this lip does not smile as it yesterday smiled.
From thine heaven can no warning voice come to mine ear?
Save thy child from herself;—'tis myself that I fear.

Enter WALPOLE *and* MRS. VIZARD *through the concealed door.*

Mrs. Vizard. Lucy, love, in this gentleman (curtsey, my dear)
See a friend.
Walpole. Peace, and leave us. [*Exit* MRS. VIZARD.

SCENE 9. WALPOLE—LUCY.

Walpole. Fair girl, I would hear
From yourself, if your parents——
Lucy. My parents; O say
Did you know them?—my mother?
Walpole. The years roll away.
I behold a grey hall, backed by woodlands of pine;
I behold a fair face—eyes and tresses like thine—
By her side a rude boy full of turbulent life,
All impatient of rest, and all burning for strife—
They are brother and sister. Unconscious they stand—
On the spot where their paths shall divide—hand in hand.
Hush! a moment, and lo! as if lost amid night,
She is gone from his side, she is snatched from his sight.
Time has flowed on its course—that wild boy lives in me;
But the sister I lost. Does she bloom back in thee?
Speak—the name of thy mother, ere changing her own
For her lord's?—who her parents?
Lucy. I never have known.
When she married my father, they spurned her, she said,
Bade her hold herself henceforth to them as the dead.
Slandered him in whose honour she gloried as wife,
Urged attaint on his name, plotted snares for his life;
And one day when I asked what her lineage, she sighed,
"From the heart they so tortured their memory has died."
Walpole. Civil war slays all kindred—all mercy, all ruth.
Lucy. Did you know her?—if so, was this like her in youth? [*Giving miniature.*
Walpole. It is she; the lips speak! Oh, I knew it!—thou art
My lost sister restored!—to mine arms, to mine heart.
That wild brother the wrongs of his race shall atone;
He has stormed his way up to the foot of the throne.
Yes! thy mate thou shalt choose 'mid the chiefs of the land.
Dost thou shrink?—heard I right?—is it promised, this hand,
And to one, too, of years so unsuited to thine?
Lucy. Dare I tell you?
Walpole. Speak, sure that thy choice shall be mine.
Lucy. When my mother lay stricken in mind and in frame,
All our scant savings gone, to our succour there came
A rich stranger, who lodged at the inn whence they sought
To expel us as vagrants. Their mercy he bought;
Ever since I was left in the wide world alone,
I have owed to his pity this roof——
Walpole. Will you own
What you gave in return?
Lucy. Grateful reverence.
Walpole. And so
He asked more!
Lucy. Ah, that more was not mine to bestow.
Walpole. What! your heart some one younger already had won.
Is he handsome?
Lucy. Oh yes!
Walpole. And a gentleman's son.
Lucy. Sir, he looks it.
Walpole. His name is——
Lucy. Sir Sidney Bellair.
Walpole. Eh! that brilliant Lothario? Dear Lucy, beware;
Men of temper so light may make love in mere sport.
Where on earth did you meet?—in what terms did he court?
Why so troubled? Why turn on the timepiece your eye?
Orphan, trust me.
Lucy. I will. I half promised to fly——
Walpole. With Bellair. (*Aside.*) He shall answer for this with his life.
Fly to-night as his—what?

Lucy. Turn your face—as his wife.
[*Lucy sinks down, burying her face in her hands.*
Walpole (*going to the door*). Jasper—ho!
(*Enter* SERVANT *as he writes on his tablets.*)
Take my coach to Sir Sidney's, Whitehall.
Mr. Veasey is there; give him this—that is all.
(*Tearing out the leaf from the tablet and folding it up.*)
Go out the back way; it is nearest my carriage.*
(*Opens the concealed door, thro' which Exit* SERVANT.)
I shall very soon know if the puppy means marriage.
Lucy. Listen; sir, that's his signal!
Walpole. A stone at the pane!
But it can't be Bellair—*he* is safe.
Lucy. There, again!
Walpole (*peeps from the window*). Ho!—a ladder!
Niece, do as I bid you; confide
In my word, and I promise Sir Sidney his bride!
Ope the window and whisper, "I'm chained to the floor;
Pray, come up and release me!"
Lucy (*out of the window*). "I'm chained to the floor;
Pray, come up and release me."
Walpole. I watch by this door.
[*Enters* LUCY'S *room and peeping out.*
BLOUNT *enters through the window.*

SCENE 10. BLOUNT, LUCY, WALPOLE *at watch unobserved.*

Lucy. Saints in heaven, Mr. Jones!
Walpole (*aside*). Selden Blount, by old Nick.
Blount. What! you are not then chained! Must each word be a trick?
Ah, you looked for a gallant more dainty and trim;
He deputes me to say he abandons his whim;
By his special request I am here in his place—
Saving him from a crime and yourself from disgrace.
Still, ungrateful, excuse for your folly I make—
Still the prize he disdains to my heart I can take.
Fly with me, as with him you would rashly have fled;—
He but sought to degrade you, I seek but to wed.
Take revenge on the false heart, give bliss to the true!
Lucy. If he's false to myself, I were falser to you,
Could I say I forget him.
Blount. You will, when my wife.
Lucy. That can never be——
Blount. Never!
Lucy. One love lasts thro' life!
Blount. Traitress! think not this insult can tamely be borne—
Hearts like mine are too proud for submission to scorn.
You are here at my mercy—that mercy has died,
You remain as my victim or part as my bride.
(*Locks the door.*)
See escape is in vain, and all others desert you;
Let these arms be your refuge.
Walpole (*tapping him on the shoulder*). Well said, Public Virtue!
[BLOUNT, *stupefied, drops the key, which* WALPOLE *takes up, stepping out into the balcony, to return as* BLOUNT, *recovering himself, makes a rush at the window.*
Walpole (*stopping him*). As you justly observed, 'See escape is in vain,'—
I have pushed down the ladder.
Blount (*with his hand on his sword*). 'Sdeath, draw, sir!
Walpole. Abstain.
From that worst of all blunders—a profitless crime!
Cut my innocent throat? Fie, one sin at a time.
Blount. Sir, mock on, I deserve it; expose me to shame,
I've o'erthrown my life's labour,—an honest man's name.
Lucy (*stealing up to* BLOUNT). No, a moment of madness can not sweep away
All I owed, and—forgive me—have failed to repay:
(*to* WALPOLE.)
Be that moment a secret.
Walpole. If woman can keep one,
Then a secret's a secret. Gad, Blount, you're a deep one. [*Knock at the door;* WALPOLE *opens it.*

Enter BELLAIR *and* VEASEY, *followed by* MRS. VIZARD.

SCENE 11. WALPOLE, LUCY, BLOUNT, VEASEY, BELLAIR, MRS. VIZARD *in the background.*

Bellair (*not seeing* WALPOLE, *who is concealed behind the door which he opens, and hurrying to* BLOUNT.)
Faithless man, canst thou look on my face undismayed!
Nithsdale's letter disclosed, and my friendship betrayed!
What! and *here* too! Why *here?*
Blount (*aside*). I shall be the town's scoff.
Walpole (*to* BELLAIR *and* VEASEY). Sirs, methinks that you see not that lady—hats off.
I requested your presence, Sir Sidney Bellair,
To make known what you owe to the friend who stands there.
For that letter disclosed, your harsh language recant—
It's condition your pardon;—full pardon I grant.
He is here, you ask why, 'tis to save you to night
From degrading your bride by the scandal of flight.
(*Drawing him aside.*)
Or—hist!—*did* you intend (whisper close in my ear)
Honest wedlock with one so beneath you? I fear
You of lineage so ancient——
Bellair. Must mean what I say.
Do their ancestors teach the well-born to betray?
Walpole. Wed her friendless and penniless?
Bellair. Ay.
Walpole. Strange caprice!
Deign to ask, then, from Walpole the hand of his niece.
Should he give his consent, thank the friend you abuse.
Bellair (*embracing* BLOUNT). Best and noblest of men, my blind fury excuse!
Walpole. Hark, her father's lost lands may yet serve for her dower.
Bellair. All the earth has no lands worth the bloom of this flower.
Lucy. Ah, too soon fades the flower.
Bellair. True, I alter the name.
Be my perfect pure chrysolite—ever the same.
Walpole. Hold, I know not a chrysolite from a carbuncle,
(*With insinuating blandishment of voice and look.*)
But my nephew in law should not vote out his uncle.
Bellair. Robert Walpole, at last you have bought me, I fear.
Walpole. Every man has his price. My majority's clear.
If,——
(*Crossing quickly to* BLOUNT.)
Dear Blount, did your goodness not rank with the best,
What you feel as reproach, you would treat as a jest.
Raise your head—and with me keep a laugh for the ass
Who has never gone out of his wits for a lass:
Live again for your country—reflect on my bill.
Blount (*with emotion, grasping* WALPOLE'S *hand*). You are generous; I thank you. Vote *with* you?—I will!
Veasey. How dispersed are the clouds, seeming lately so sinister!—
Walpole. Yes, I think that the glass stands at Fair—for the Minister.
Veasey. Ah! what more could you do for the People and Throne?
Walpole. Now I'm safe in my office, I'll leave well alone.

* In obeying this instruction the servant would not see the ladder, which (as the reader will learn by what immediately follows) is placed against the balcony in the *front* of the house.

A CHAT ON BELLS.

"Why ring not out the bells?"
SHAKSPEARE.

MUCH as we know of the public and domestic life of the ancients, there is one point on which we are still almost entirely ignorant, and that is the manner in which they announced the time of the day and the beginning of ceremonies or public exhibitions. Various instruments, it is true, have been found which it is supposed were used for the purpose, but whether they had bells like those of our day has never yet been satisfactorily decided. An epigram of Martial speaks of the *æs thermarum*, which may have been a bell announcing the opening of public baths at the ninth hour in winter and at the eighth in summer; and Pliny speaks in like manner of the hour for baths being "announced." But that is all we know of it; and the use of bells becomes all the more doubtful from the fact that the early Christians had none, even long after their meetings had become sufficiently public to require some kind of public announcement. It was not until the fourth century that the *tuba* was used in Egyptian convents for the purpose of summoning the inmates to their stated assemblies; and this method, evidently borrowed from the directions given by Moses, remained for some time in force. The nuns managed it much more simply; in the convents of Bethlehem, at least, the first sister who awoke in the morning sang aloud hallelujah! and at once all the others were required to rise and pray. Gradually, however, mechanical means were preferred; and in the eighth century a few bells are mentioned, by the side of the almost universal sonorous boards, which were struck for the purpose of giving the desired signals. It is well known that these sacred boards are still exclusively used in the East. They consist of a long thin plank, which the priest balances before him with his left arm, while he strikes it with a hammer in a certain rhythm, producing higher and lower sounds according to the place where the instrument falls. The same quaint device is mentioned by Marco Polo as in common use among the Chinese to announce the hours of the day and the occurrence of fires, and has since been found, either of wood or of iron, in almost every Eastern country.

St. Gregory of Tours is probably the first author who speaks, in the sixth century, of a *signum* or a bell, which was struck at the beginning of Divine service and to announce the canonical hours. Later authors inform us, at great length, that bells are an Italian invention, having been first made in the town of Nola, in Campania, and that they obtained from this circumstance the names of Campana, when of large size, and of Nola, when smaller. This derivation is, however, more than doubtful, although Campania was famous in times of antiquity already for the perfection to which the two arts most needed in casting bells were carried there—the art of making all kinds of copper utensils, and that of making large vessels of burned clay. At all events, bells must have been of early use in the Christian Church, for they are frequently mentioned by French ecclesiastic writers toward the end of the sixth century; and St. Columba had one as early as 599 in his famous convent, on the remote Scottish island of Iona.

How rare they must, nevertheless, have been for some time appears from the use made of one belonging to St. Stephen's, in the city of Sens, in Burgundy. When the town was besieged by King Clotharius, we are told, the bishop went to his church and rang the bell, whereupon the enemy, terribly frightened, ran away and abandoned the siege. England, also, had bells very early; at least St. Cuthbert, one of the pupils of the Venerable Bede, sent a bell to a Bishop Lullus in Germany, and uses in his letter of explanation for the first time the Latin word *clocca*, which has survived in all languages except our own.

In Spain bells had the rare good fortune of becoming martyrs. The Christians enjoyed, even under Moorish yoke, the right of worshiping God after their own manner; but this did not exempt them from much obloquy, and the faithful followers of Mohammed ridiculed especially their fashion of summoning the devout to church by the ringing of bells; and when the excessive zeal of some Christian fanatics provoked the wrath of the calif, he ordered the bells, together with the roofs of the churches, to be taken down. For there, as in Germany, and in some cases in England, the single bell, of which a church boasted, was suspended between two pillars, built in the western gable-end, and running up to some little height above the roof. When several bells became desirable, special belfries began to be built, first, merely above the crest of the roof, and, finally, as separate structures, either quite apart from the holy edifice, as in Italy, or in the Gothic style, forming part of the church itself.

Toward the middle of the ninth century bells became general, not only in convents and cities, but especially in villages, for the purpose of summoning distant parishioners. It was then that bells made their way even to the East, for we read of a Venetian duke who, in 865, presented Michael, Emperor of Greece, with twelve magnificent brass bells, which found a place in a belfry built specially for them by the side of St. Sophia. Godfrey of Bouillon introduced them in Jerusalem; but, with the exception of such isolated cases, the Orient adhered pertinaciously to the ancient sounding-board, and after the conquest of Constantinople the strong prejudice of Turks and Jews against bells banished them nearly altogether from Eastern lands.

What they lost in foreign lands they seem, however, quickly to have regained by the increasing reverence with which they were looked

upon in Christian countries. While only a few small specimens survived in convents on Mount Athos and on the Lebanon, Western Europe soon came to consider them as indispensable on church and convent. And when by Gregory the Great the ceremonies of the Church were more firmly established, and all the implements of a holy edifice received a special consecration, bells also were deemed to be fit for holy service only after having been solemnly consecrated to their religious purpose. They must even have been baptized for specific ends, or the solemn prohibition could not have been promulgated by Charlemagne, "that bells should not be christened nor papers be hung up on poles for the purpose of warding off hail." Both customs had apparently become quite general, since Gregory of Tours tells us ingenuously how he had suffered the total loss of all fruit in his vineyard by hail for many years, till he had at last suspended a piece of wax taken from the grave of St. Martin on the highest tree, whereupon no more hail had fallen in that district! The liturgy of the Church soon contained elaborate directions about all the formalities to be observed in baptizing a bell, the majority of which are still in use to this day and in this country. For this purpose the bell is suspended provisionally at such height that the priest can conveniently walk around it and touch the inside as well as the outside. Then a seat or a throne is placed by its side for the bishop, and upon a table a vessel with holy-water, a salt-cellar, a clean linen cloth to wipe the bell, a vial with oil, the holy chrism, thyme, incense, myrrh, and a vessel for burning incense. The bishop, with a simple mitre on his head and the crosier in his hand, sits down before the bell and recites certain psalms; then he blesses the water and salt, as in the consecration of a church, chants an anthem, mixes salt and water, and washes with it the inside and outside of the bell, aided by the other ministering priests. When this is done he recites more psalms, makes the sign of the cross with the holy oil, as in the case of a sick person, on the bell, and prays with uncovered head. This ceremony is several times repeated, while a vessel is placed under the bell to receive the holy-water that may run down, and the linen cloths that served to dry it are solemnly burned. Then incense is thrown upon the coals and burned till the whole bell is filled with the smoke, while the choir is chanting more psalms; a portion of St. Luke's gospel is read, and after repeated crossings and genuflections the ceremony is ended.

A part of the ceremony is the christening or naming of the bell, which is, however, by no means a purely Christian custom; for the Chinese have from time immemorial been in the habit of naming their bells, as well as their ships, exactly as is done by Western nations. The oldest instances of such a christening known to us belong to the time of Pope John XIII., who named a bell in the Lateran Church after himself or his patron saint, Johannes; and to Abbot Turketul, of Croyland, in Lincolnshire, who bestowed upon a peculiarly large bell the name of the patron of his convent, Gudlac; an example which was followed by his successor, who named the six bells of a chime after saints and abbots, and the two smallest Pega and Bega. Soon it became fashionable to bestow exclusively female names upon bells, and gradually surnames crept into use; one was called Maxima, another Quarta and Quinta; the two magnificent bells in the cathedral of Cologne bore the names of Preciosa and Speciosa, and another German bell was called Cantabona. Occasionally the old name survives, at least in the popular mind, even after some famous bell has been recast and then rechristened. Thus an enormous bell in Erfurth, Germany, was renamed Maria Gloriosa; but to this day the common people call it Susanna, and love to repeat the old saying that "Big Susanna drives the devil away." In Oxford Great Tom survives still, although the bell was recast under Bloody Mary, and received from her the name of Maria. Nor were nicknames wanting, as among men; thus, a bell in Rouen was called the Butter Bell, because the church in which it hung was built with the money received for dispensation to eat butter during Lent. In Spain the love of solemn ceremonies first led to the regular appointment of godfathers and godmothers on such occasions; witnesses also were invited, and guests requested to attend the solemnity—frequently only in order to defray the heavy expenses of feasts celebrated at the christening.

The Reformation led, as was to be expected, to very lively debates on the propriety of bell-christenings, and Protestant Churches generally have ceased to bestow any names upon their bells. Occasionally prayers are offered during the process of casting a bell, because it is considered as fraught with great dangers for the workmen; in Prussia the influence of the fanciful mind of the last king has in some instances led to a return to the old custom, but in England and in this country all religious ceremonies seem to have been abandoned in this connection.

This christening is, however, by no means the only superstition connected with bells. On the contrary, the Christians of the early Middle Ages were almost universally disposed to look upon them as endowed in some mysterious manner with supernatural powers. Their lofty position high in the air, amidst the clouds of heaven, and far from the din and turmoil of the earth beneath, gave them a strange charm in the eyes of the credulous; and as the state of the atmosphere and a thousand then unknown influences affected the sound of their vast masses of metal, the excited mind of the listeners was prone to believe that they spoke in sympathy with men, now rejoicing and exulting, now plaintively and sadly, and ever and anon even foretelling some dire calamity. The very fact that they had received holy baptism

and bore Christian names endowed them in the popular mind with a life of their own.

It was considered certain that bells disliked to leave the church to whose patron saint they had been dedicated, and the congregation to whom they had spoken on all solemn occasions for many generations. It was difficult, therefore, to move them, and they were known to have resisted all efforts to transport them in various ways. At one time a large number of horses could not move one an inch, and when they at last succeeded in starting they only reached a swamp, into which the bell sank hopelessly, or a bridge, which broke under the heavy weight and allowed it to be buried forever in its watery grave. Even the mere intention of removing a bell made its sound dim and faint, or silenced it altogether; and if the bell was removed against its will, and all resistance had been overcome, little was gained by the triumph, for the exile rang henceforth so piteously, or obstinately refused to give any sound at all, that it had to be quickly sent back to its former home, if it was not to perish of homesickness at the strange place by cracking to pieces. Ducange tells us of such a bell at Leinster, in Ireland, which had been carried there from a distant parish church, and had to be exorcised every night and fastened to its belfry, or it would, as it frequently did, return overnight to its former place of residence. If a bell had been buried underground it found no rest in the earth or the water; pious ears heard it ring from time to time, and thus led to their happy return to the light of heaven and a useful career. Thus it happened in Valencia in 1499: an old woman, who piously came every evening to say her prayers in a chapel of the Virgin, repeatedly heard the ringing of a bell beneath her knees. She was so urgent in her demand to have the matter investigated that at last the pavement was taken up, and search was made, and a few feet below a large bell and an image of the Virgin were found, where they had probably been hid by early Christians in time of war.

Nor does popular superstition forget the arch-enemy of all churches and of whatever aids the cause of the Church; hence the devil goes about eagerly trying to injure and destroy bells. Even the little bell by which St. Benedict's friend used to announce to him his daily arrival with provisions excited the ire of Satan, and he crushed it under a huge rock which he threw upon it from on high. As consecration makes bells safe against his machinations, he pursues them especially before they have been baptized, and many a story is current in all countries of unlucky bells that were cast down from steeple and belfry because they had not been duly christened. On the other hand, bells have great power over the Evil One, and can drive him and his wicked spirits from the neighborhood as far as their sound can be heard. This special endowment they owe generally to some virtue in the pious man who has consecrated them, as when Bishop Benno bestowed upon some the ability to drive away hail and tempest, or to the water from the river Jordan, with which they were frequently baptized.

Other bells, it is firmly believed, have a mysterious power of ringing by their own volition, generally for the purpose of announcing some public calamity or sudden death, and of thus warning men to prepare their minds. It is surprising to learn how general this superstition is on the continent of Europe, and even in England, and how firmly this faith seems to be established in the minds of otherwise enlightened men. Benedictine and Dominican convents especially used to boast, in former days, of bells which would unfailingly announce by their spontaneous ringing the impending death of one of their brethren. The most famous bell of this kind is one belonging to the Church of St. Nicholas, at Velilla, in Aragon; it measures ten yards around, and bears two crosses on the outside, one toward the west and the other toward the east. Whenever a great public calamity impends on the land it begins to ring by itself a few months before, and the records of the town state repeatedly that careful search has been made in many cases to ascertain if sudden gusts of wind, mischievous men, or earthquakes might not have caused the phenomenon, but invariably in vain. At least nine great calamities were thus announced beforehand, of each of which careful entries were made at the time in the records of the town and of the kingdom of Aragon, and countless explanations were given by priests and prelates. The last remnant of such superstitions is probably the Lying Bell, in High Street, in Ghent, which still bears that name because, as the people firmly believe, it still continues, as of old, to summon the nuns of the convent to which it belongs invariably either too soon or too late to their devotions.

The Far East has been far in advance in the use of bells; we are told that small bells and large bells have been at home there from time immemorial. In old Sanscrit writings, like the Hitopadesa of the fifth century, bells are mentioned, although they were probably only quite small, as one could be stolen by a thief, and fall into the hands of a monkey, who was discovered in a lady's apartment by its treacherous tinkling. The huge bells of the Chinese are not rung like ours, but beaten with wooden clubs, and they utter a dismal, dull sound, owing mainly to their cylindrical shape. Marco Polo relates that Pekin had its curfew, like the Norman evening bell established after the Conquest; for a large bell on a central tower was struck at night, and every body had instantly to return to his house; while the hours of the day were marked by watchmen, who beat upon a plank of well-seasoned wood. The French Jesuits, who were connected with the famous missions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, mention large bells in all the great cities of the empire by the side of huge drums, both of which instruments were uninterruptedly beaten

during the night, although in a variety of ways, so as to enable every body at all times to know what hour it was. That the Chinese love to adorn their pagodas with a multitude of small bells, and to listen to their tinkling as they are shaken by the winds, is well known. The Burmans also seem to be fond of large bells, for when the English took Rangoon they found in the Dagon Pagoda a bell which was valued at £17,000. At Pegu there hang on the north side of the Gaudma Temple three huge bells, and every believer, as he brings his sacrifice, strikes alternately one of them and then the ground with a stag's horn in order to inform the god of his presence and his offering.

The bell most frequently heard in Catholic countries is that which is rung in the morning, at noon, and in the evening, especially since these sounds, originally intended as an admonition to prayers, have become signals for the beginning of school-hours and the return home of the weary laborer in the fields from his day's work. The evening bell is by far the oldest, as we may judge from the severity with which the curfew (*couvre feu*) was enforced by the Norman masters of England, who prohibited the burning of any fire or light after this bell had been rung at seven or eight o'clock. This was, however, by no means an evidence of Norman tyranny, for the same regulations prevailed nearly throughout Christendom, in order to protect the houses, which were almost universally of wood, from being burned and robbed by evil-doers. It was only under Pope John XXII., in 1330, that the three recitals of the Ave Maria, which are now customary in Catholic countries, were required during the ringing of this evening bell. These prayers were originally prescribed as a protection against the infidels and an intercession for the souls of the slain crusaders; now they are not unfairly suggestive of a blessing invoked upon the finished labors of the day. Travelers give most impressive descriptions of the deep and touching impression produced by the instantaneous effect of this custom, when the first sound of the bell produces in the house and on the high-road, on the public promenade and in the crowded assembly, an immediate cessation of work or movement—all doff their hats, the devout sink on their knees, and a whole population invokes in silence the aid of Heaven.

The tolling of bells arose originally, and in the very oldest times apparently, from a desire of dying persons thus to appeal to their brethren to offer prayers in their behalf. Gradually, however, the custom prevailed of making this appeal not for the living but for the departed, and special modifications were introduced in order to inform the neighborhood of the sex, age, and condition of the deceased. In Protestant countries this custom has become almost obsolete, although in England the passing bell is yet occasionally rung to announce a death. But the tolling of bells during the funeral is all the more general in spite of its superstitious origin. It was first intended to keep off evil spirits from the procession; and hence not only church bells were rung, but the mourners also were armed with small hand-bells for the same purpose. This is one of the most curious cases in which Christianity long continued the usages of heathen antiquity, for the latter also employed "sounding brass" to keep off demons at the time of public sacrifices and solemn ceremonies. A similar reason led to the ringing of a small bell which precedes the priest who carries the holy communion to a dying person, and which invariably accompanies the "venerabile" on its white horse when the Pope is on his travels. These bells obtained in some mysterious way so sacred a character that oaths were sworn upon them in England—a custom which still survives in Ireland; so that, as late as 1832, a rural justice of the peace in the county of Clare allowed such an oath to be sworn on a very ancient "Clog-orgha," or Golden Bell. Thieves are reported to have been so afraid of the powers of this bell that they have preferred confessing their guilt and restoring the stolen property to being confronted with the dread instrument. This Golden Bell has, since the days of Queen Elizabeth, belonged to a family of Keane, of Beech Park. It is of very rude shape, oval, cast of bronze, and covered with thin plates of gilt silver, and in its way, beyond doubt, one of the most remarkable bells in existence.

In Schiller's admirable poem, "The Bell," the words *fulgura frango*, "I break lightning," are added to the other powers with which bells are endowed, and present another instance of the perversion of a good and appropriate custom into vile superstition. The early Church permitted the ringing of bells upon the approach of violent storms and the breaking out of fires, in order to summon good Christians to offer their prayers to the Almighty in behalf of the poor sufferers. Soon, however, the opinion began to prevail that the bells themselves possessed a magic power to scatter thunder-clouds, to drive off hail, and to extinguish fires, because all these pernicious occurrences were vulgarly ascribed to the agency of evil demons, and the consecrated bell could defy the emissaries of Satan. Even the Reformation was not quite able to dispel this common error; and down to the last century violent disputes were carried on on the question, whether it was the magic power of holy bells, or merely the concussion of the air caused by their ringing, which occasionally succeeded in breaking tempest-clouds. Finally, however, careful observation led to the conviction that the ringing of bells, so far from being useful on such occasions, actually caused great calamities; and the Academy of Paris once published a remarkable case of twenty-four neighboring churches being destroyed by lightning while their bells were rung, although other churches, which lay between, remained unharmed because they kept silence.

Really useful bells are, on the other hand, the huge instruments suspended on exposed

rocks on dangerous coasts, like that on Bell Rock, on the eastern coast of Scotland, where already the old monks of Aberbrothock used to ring a bell in foul weather, in order to warn vessels off the treacherous rock. Other localities on the English and French coasts have even two or more bells for similar purposes. Nor are they wanting on high mountain passes, as on the Great Veen and near the famous convent of St. Bernard; while in Russia the village bells are rung during heavy snow-storms for the benefit of bewildered travelers.

As every good ear instinctively loves to hear harmonious sounds in the ringing of bells, the latter have from time immemorial been subjected to various processes in order to make them musical. In a MS. which is ascribed to the sixth century a monk is already seen busily engaged in striking five little bells which are suspended on an iron rod, and the probability is that such miniature chimes were used to direct and accompany the chanting of psalms and hymns. England has always been renowned for successful efforts of this kind. A Cambridge printer, Fabian Stedman, published already in the seventeenth century a book on "Change-ringing in regular peals;" and a famous society of college youths, presided over by warners, used to travel about the country practicing on all church steeples to which they could obtain access, and amusing the people by their strange performances. England became known abroad as the Ringing Island, and the art was reduced to strict and useful rules. The Netherlands are, however, now the real home of chimes, of which the first was there made in 1487 by an artist of Alost. Nearly every church steeple and tower there has its set of bells, which are nowadays rarely played by hand, but by means of a regular mechanism, performing after the manner of clock-work, and yet allowing a musical artist free access to the key-board. The larger cities can by no means boast of the finest chimes, though Amsterdam has one of twenty bells, which weigh 25,000 pounds; but the finest and fullest are often found in smaller places, and the comparatively insignificant town of Delft boasts of the largest and most costly chimes in the world.

Miniature chimes of the simplest kind are finally found in districts where the grazing of cattle is practiced by a people naturally endowed with a keen appreciation of musical sounds, as in Thuringia and Switzerland. In these regions the bells with which the herds are provided are so attuned that their sounds harmonize, and under all circumstances produce pleasing accords. This has led to the well-known *Ranz des Vaches*, a kind of national song of the Swiss, which was said to exercise such irresistible effects on the minds of the people, especially when away from their native mountains, that the French kings had to prohibit its being played by regimental bands, lest their faithful Swiss guards should sicken and die of homesickness!

Russia holds the foremost rank with regard to the number and size of her bells. Every church has its complete set, and Moscow is said to possess alone seventeen hundred of them; while a single steeple boasts of four stories, with thirty-seven large bells. Hence the noise is almost appalling, especially on holidays, and most especially on Easter-Sunday, when every body, from the highest to the lowest, has the right to mount a steeple and strike the bells as long and as hard as he chooses. The Church of St. John (Joan), in the ancient city, claims the precedence over all others in point of number and fabulous size of its bells, although the accounts are so extraordinary in some cases as to make it difficult to ascertain the truth. It is certain, however, that, after the city had been burned to make it useless to the French invaders, one of the bells, called the Big, and weighing 124,000 pounds, which had fallen to the ground, was recast at the Emperor's bidding, and then weighed—thanks to considerable additions of superior bell-metal — 144,000 pounds. It is twenty-one feet high, and measures eighteen feet in diameter, while its outside is ornamented with the images of the Imperial family, and with *haut*-relief groups of the Saviour, the Virgin, and St. John. This is in all probability the largest bell in use; but its size is surpassed by one which seems never to have been hung even. It is called *Tzar Kolokol*, the "Emperor of Bells," weighs 400,000 pounds, and measures twenty-two feet and a half in diameter. Cast in the days of the Empress Ann, it was for some unaccountable reason left in the cavity in the ground in which it had been formed, till the Emperor Nicholas ordered it to be taken out, and had it placed on a brick foundation at the foot of the great Joan. England also used to be particularly rich in bells till the days when the convents were destroyed; they were then recklessly disposed of, and scattered all over the world. It is reported that Henry VIII. once wagered a hundred pounds and one of the belfries of London with four of the largest bells in the city, and that Sir Miles Partridge, who won the bet, had them melted down, and sold the valuable bell-metal. Others were sent to Russia, and many found on their way a grave in the waves. There are, however, numerous bells and sets of bells still in existence of great size and beauty; as the ten bells of the cathedral at Exeter; the twelve bells of Southwark, nine of which are over four hundred years old; and the famous chime of St. Leonard, in Shoreditch, which Queen Elizabeth enjoyed so much that she always stopped to listen to their merry ringing when they welcomed her on her return to London. University Church, in Cambridge, has a set which Handel spoke of admiringly; and Great Tom, of Christchurch College, Oxford, is known all over England. The largest bells are of recent origin, and foremost among them are those of St. Peter's, in York Minster, and the famous

hour-bell of the new Houses of Parliament—Big Ben, of Westminster—which weighs 33,600 pounds. The fondness of the common people for their bells is well illustrated by the popular song about London bells:

Gay go up and gay go down,
Do ring the bells of London town.

Halfpence and farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's.

Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's.

Pancakes and fritters,
Say the bells of St. Peter's.

Two sticks and an apple,
Say the bells of Whitechapel.

Kettles and pans,
Say the bells of St. Anne's.

You owe me ten shillings,
Say the bells of St. Helen's.

When will you pay me?
Say the bells of Old Bailey.

When I grow rich,
Say the bells of Shoreditch.

Pray when will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney.

I am sure I don't know,
Says the great bell of Bow.

In France the Vandal destruction of bells at the time of the great Revolution was even more fatal than in England, and yet here also a few remarkable chimes have been happily preserved. The most famous of all French bells is the great bourdon of Notre Dame, in Paris, which dates from the year 1400, when it received the name of the donor's wife, Jaqueline. It was, however, repeatedly recast, and at last with such success that its sound is now as magnificent as melodious, producing a perfect accord. In 1794 it was taken down, lest it should be used as an alarm-bell, and was not rehung till the celebration of the Concordat, in 1802, since which it is only rarely used, except on great holidays, when it requires sixteen men for its ringing. Other countries can boast likewise of fine bells, and Germany has especially some of the most musical; but many can, unfortunately, no longer be used, because their ringing might endanger the steeples in which they are suspended. Erfurth boasts of a gigantic Maria Gloriosa, which is for this reason condemned to perpetual silence; while the largest of all is probably hanging in the steeple of St. Stephen's, in Vienna. It was cast, under Joseph I., out of one hundred and eighty cannons, taken from the Turks, and is most richly adorned with an abundance of sculptures and inscriptions; and yet it is claimed for the bell of the Strasbourg Cathedral that it surpasses all the bells of the world in beauty of form and richness of ornamentation.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT is not, of course, possible that New York feels any chagrin that Boston has given the most colossal concert ever known upon the continent; but it is observable that, as wind and fire finally leveled the last timbers of the Boston Coliseum in the dust, the first step was taken toward the Beethoven Centennial Celebration in New York. The project is not yet matured; but a vision of something very large indeed, something "metropolitan," begins to allure expectation; and Boston, having scored handsomely in the game, sits upon the ruins of her Coliseum and the profits of her Jubilee to see what New York will do.

If New York will build a proper hall for musical and other public purposes, she will do well, and the Beethoven Centennial will not be in vain. The Cooper Institute hall is large enough for political meetings, and Steinway Hall is good for many purposes; but it is not a beautiful nor imposing room, as a great hall should be. The most impressive hall in the country is still the Boston Music Hall, where great height and two galleries, one above the other, with the organ and the imposing statue of Beethoven, give a fine feeling of dignity. But the Music Hall lacks one of the chief characteristics of a noble room for the purposes to which it is devoted, and that is, brilliancy. It is too dark. There is no smiling splendor of effect, which is always so enlivening. The darkness of the hall may be agreeable to weak eyes; it may even be described as "very much better than a glare of light;" but brilliancy remains an indispensable quality of a great hall devoted to popular enjoyment.

Yet, whether dark or light, how much has been enjoyed in that stately room! What memorable figures have passed across that platform! What exquisite strains of music, sung, played, or spoken, have died along those walls! No one who is familiar with our history for the last twenty years will sit in that hall for any purpose but suddenly he sees it crowded with a silent and attentive throng; sees a reading-desk with vases of flowers, and a man of sturdy figure standing behind it, whose voice is deep and penetrating and sincere; whose words are things; who has a certain rustic shyness of movement; but whose sentences roll and flash like the volleys of a trained soldiery; and who stands in the warmth of his own emotion and the sympathy of his audience an indomitable gladiator, compelling the admiration even of his enemies as he fights with the Ephesian beasts. Against him, as he stands there every Sunday preaching to that vast multitude what seems to him the truth, and breaking to them what he believes to be the very bread of life, other men are preaching and praying, and the excommunications of the Vatican against Luther, shorn of their thunder and lightning, are hurled. Who is he that judges motives and sincerity? We do not know in this world what is believed, but only what is said and done.

This man, with bald head set low upon high square shoulders, who looks firmly at the great

audience through spectacles, and speaks in a low, half-nasal tone, visits the widows and fatherless, and keeps himself unspotted from the world. What he believes, others may question. What he is, every aspiring soul must admire. Although almost every one of them would have theologically cast him out, and have recoiled from him with dismay, yet he preserves more than any other the traditional power and individuality of the old New England clergy. He applies the eternal truth, the moral law, as he feels it, to the life and times around him. They are heated white, and his words are blows of a sledge-hammer to mould them into noble form. That dauntless mien is the true symbol of his mental aspect as he confronts the menacing principalities and powers; and the man whose voice has so often charmed the crowded hall is one of the few who distinctly see and foretell the terrible war.

Long since his tongue is silent. He who came of the toughest stock, and might have looked to live almost a century, died when it was half spent. It may have seemed to the great throng easy to climb that platform and preach a sermon every Sunday morning; but to study early and late as if he would master all knowledge—to write books, lectures, and speeches—to travel hard by night and day, losing his sleep and his food, and by the dim light in the car still pushing out the frontiers of his learning—to deny himself exercise and needful rest while the mental tension was so constant and the moral warfare so intense—this was not easy; this was to violate all the laws of life, which none knew better; and suddenly the stretched harp-string snapped, and there was no more music!

Not every one who knew his power knew into what sweetness and tenderness it could be softened, nor suspected that in the gladiator there was the loving and simple heart of the boy. Here, as the Easy Chair sits listening to the orchestra, it recalls the preacher when he was the minister of a rural parish, and used to come strolling through the fields and patches of wood to measure his wit with the friendly scholar who was the chief at Brook Farm, or to sit docile at his feet of counsel and sympathy. Or, again, it sees him in his country pulpit, the same sturdy, heroic athlete, trying and tempering the weapons with which he was to fight upon this larger scene. It was a noble character; a devoted, generous, inspiring life; a memory always hallowed in this hall. The conductor waves his baton! The symphony thunders from a hundred instruments, but through them all breathes the low tone of the remembered voice.

"Fled is that music? Do I wake or sleep?"

And as the concert proceeds, one of the series of the Harvard Musical Association, whose concerts are the musical pride of Boston, at which the performance is all of the purest classical music—so pure and so severe that the profane sometimes secretly ask whether melody in music is the unpardonable sin, and are peremptorily answered by the elect: "No; but rub-a-dub-dub and tum-ti-iddity are not music"—as the concert proceeds it is surely a striking spectacle. The great hall, rather dimmer than ever because of the consciousness of daylight outside, is full of people, gathered in the afternoon, not only from the city, but from all the environs within twenty miles, and they sit as attentive and absorbed as a class of students at an interesting lecture. If, in such a concert, melody is not the unpardonable sin, whispering is. Woe betide a whisperer at a Harvard Musical! It were better for him, or even her, that the money for the tickets had been expended at the minstrels or the museum. You might as well be a forger, a swindler, a perjurer, a burglar in ordinary life, as to be a whisperer at a Harvard Musical. Yes—you might as well "speak right out in meetin'" itself as whisper here.

Such a disciplined audience, so quiet, so attentive, so susceptible to the slightest sigh of the oboe or wail of the violin, is a marvelous spectacle. They are hearing the finest and much of the freshest music in the world. They are not exactly sympathetic; perhaps the character of the music does not permit it. They applaud calmly, and, as it were, with reservations. It really seems sometimes that they approve the music rather than enjoy it. But the Easy Chair reflects with pride that the organizer of these concerts, if such a word may be used—and certainly with no exclusion of the co-operation which alone makes such concerts possible—is a Brook Farmer; and it complacently smiles upon the great multitude as unconscious pupils of that Arcadian influence.

And, indeed, in other days in this same city of Boston—in the halcyon days of the "Academy" concerts at the old Odeon, or still more ancient Boston Theatre—many of the Brook Farmers were often present in the flesh. Those were the days, or rather the nights, when Beethoven was truly introduced to America. Preluded with the pretty "Zanetta" overture by Auber, or with the "Serment" or the "Domino Noir," or with Herold's shrill "Zampa," or some strain which would not now be tolerated in the Harvard concerts, the Fifth Symphony was played until it became familiar. And the long, willowy Schmidt stood at the head directing, proud as a general commanding his column. In the audience, earnest, interested, attentive, sparkling with humor, was Margaret Fuller, not hesitating, when the thoughtless girls whispered and tittered and giggled in the most solemn adagio strains, to lean over when the movement ended, and to say to the offenders: "But let us have our turn too; some of us came to hear the music."

There, also, was the delegation from Brook Farm, in whose appearance it was plain to see that in Arcadia the hair was worn long, that the stiff cravat and collar were repudiated, and that woolen blouses were a mute protest against the body coats of a selfish and competitive civilization. Those young fellows walked in from the Farm and out again. They made nothing of ten miles or so each way under the winter stars. And with them and of them, already accomplished in the beautiful science, already familiar with the great works of the great composers, was the present tutelary genius of the Harvard concerts, whose life, consecrated as critic and lover to this art, has been a true service to his city, and, reflectively, to the country.

But even Boston does not deny the charm of Theodore Thomas's orchestra, and the delight of the New York Philharmonic music. Indeed,

there was no audience which, from its training, was more authorized to judge the great excellence of the Thomas orchestra than that of the Harvard concerts. But when he went to Boston it was not a doubting Thomas. He did not play Bach and Beethoven only, but he tickled the amazed multitude with positive tunes. He raised his baton, and his varied orchestra, a single instrument in his magic grasp, consented to waltzes; or, like a cathedral choir becoming suddenly a lark, trilled airy roundelays, with which delighted, but not all assured of the propriety of delight, the audience smiled and shook, and the youngest catechumens even tapped time faintly with their feet! A sound which, could it be conceived audible in the midst of one of the Harvards, would probably cause such a shudder of horror that the hall itself would fall as by an earthquake.

Thus the Music Hall itself is a kind of symphony of memories. It is full of delightful ghosts. Among the visible figures there are a host of the unseen; and every singer, player, speaker, as he stands for an hour upon the platform, is measured by the masters of his art. But in the famous Peace Jubilee it had no part. Indeed, the musical taste of which it is peculiarly the temple resisted the colossal and continuous concert with bells, anvils, and cannon as something monstrous, and as repulsive to true art as a huge and clumsy Eastern idol. But not even the finest taste of the Music Hall denied the impressiveness and grandeur of the result. New York, in the Beethoven Centennial, will have immense advantages. The musical resources of the city are truly "metropolitan," and such should the festival be.

THERE is one famous ear both in sacred and profane history. The ear of the servant of the High Priest was ruthlessly cut off by some eager disciple; but the wound was healed by the disciple's master. That the ear had offended does not appear. Indeed, in its nature the ear would seem to be a very harmless member. But that its removal assuages a particular kind of wrath is evident from the contemptuous threat, "I'll cut off your ears!" Nor is it always a threat, merely, as the celebrated Jenkins's ear in profane history attests. That ear set Spain and England by the ears: an expression which really means not ears at all, but arms. Jenkins's ear put England and Spain in arms; and it happened in this way:

When the South Sea bubble burst in England the Company were permitted by Spain to send one single ship a year to trade to the gold coast of South America. But it presently became astonishing to Spain how much freight that single ship could carry; and upon investigation it appeared that the big ship was accompanied by a cloud of little ships fully laden, which transferred their cargoes to the hold of the big ship as fast as it was emptied, so that the single ship had the commercial capacity of a great fleet. It was Fortunatus's purse, never empty; or it was whipping the devil round the stump. But whatever it was, it was exasperating to the high-stepping Spanish don whose vessels overhauled the little English vessels, and with much more expedition than ceremony. So one pleasant morning, in the year 1731, the modest little craft *Rebecca*, Captain Jenkins, was brought to by a Spanish ship—a coast-guarder, as she was called; and as the *Rebecca* carried nothing properly contraband, the indignant Spaniard, outraged by that very fact, seized innocent Captain Jenkins, nearly hanged him, and finally tore off his ear and flung it in his face, crying, "There! carry it to your king, and tell him of it."

Captain Jenkins obeyed to the letter. He made all haste for England, and, when he arrived, hurried, with the owners of the *Rebecca*, to Hampton Court and the Duke of Newcastle. But Sir Robert Walpole was bent upon peace at any price; and the luckless Jenkins carried his ear to the clubs and the newspapers—Jenkins's ear, gentle reader, to the clubs and the newspapers! Is there not a mysterious and awful prophecy and analogy lurking in this solemn history? A few years later England was tired of peace at any price, even that of the ears of Englishmen. And, as it were, seizing Jenkins's ear it brandished it in the face of Spain, and defied it to mortal combat: a defiance followed by Admiral Vernon's miserable failure, and by the romantic triumphs of Anson. Carlyle, of course, does not omit to mention the "Jenkins-ear question." "Half the world," he says, "lay hidden in embryo under it.....The incalculable Yankee nation itself, biggest phenomenon (once thought beautifulest) of these ages, this, too, little as careless readers on either side of the sea now know it, lay involved. Shall there be a Yankee nation, shall there not be? Shall the New World be of Spanish type, or shall it be of English? Issues which we may call immense."

Such a prodigious part has Jenkins's ear played in history! Such were the results of carrying that ear to clubs and newspapers! Is it fortunate for mankind that Jenkins's ear is immortal? For he is still carrying it every where, and involving us in the consequences. Now a man with such an ear—an ear which he *exploits* for his own advantage and the detriment of others—is not an agreeable object, and certainly not a desirable visitor. Yet he takes that ear about, and applies it to every body's mouth, and to any keyhole or other convenient fissure through which sounds can pass. And he compels the eye to conspire with the ear, so that the name of Jenkins as noisily fills our world as it did that of George the Second long ago. But there is this difference—that the old Jenkins stirred the wrath of one nation against another, while the new Jenkins merely excites general disgust with himself; and there are probably very few intelligent persons who, having quietly laughed at his performances, are not amazed that other intelligent people permit him to enter their houses.

When Father Hyacinthe came, Mr. Jenkins, as the Easy Chair duly noted, hastened to his hotel at once, and applied his ear, so to say, to every pore in the good father's body, and to every drawer of the bureaus and tables in his room. But the public, notwithstanding the efforts of the Easy Chair, instead of regarding Jenkins as a benefactor of his race, and his conduct as a signal illustration of the invincible enterprise of a free and enlightened metropolitan press, contemptuously considered him as a nuisance, and his intrusion upon a modest stranger as unpardonable impertinence. Jen-

kins thereupon held up his ear in the most swaggering fashion, and declared that the famous priest had sought to bring himself into speaking-distance of that ear; and he described his own effrontery as "granting an audience" or something of the kind to Father Hyacinthe. To do this, of course, Jenkins intruded into the editorial domain. But does not the fair fame of the press require that the Jenkins braggadocio be carefully excluded from that region?

Let us all remember that the power of the press is prodigious, but that it does not spring from the essential superiority of the writer to the reader, but from the extent of the audience. The editor is a man with a speaking-trumpet, and whatever he says is said with such a tremendous roar and reverberation that every body is forced to hear. But a foolish word echoes and thunders as loudly as wisdom itself. Consequently the editor's position is very responsible and very perilous. It demands a very strong head, or he becomes giddy with his power and its exercise, and he plays upon his trumpet, not to help men and clear their way, but merely to show his own skill and promote his own glory. When this is the case the danger is threatening; for this, which is mere selfishness, leads the performer to sacrifice every thing to gratify his determination to be heard and stared at. "Into paint will I grind thee, my bride." Nothing is sacred to this spirit. It is Jenkins upon the rampage. It is Jenkins judging men and things by the standard of his own vanity. Alas! when Jenkins establishes himself in the editorial chair, the degradation of the press is complete. Jeems is king. If the editor ought to struggle to keep Jenkins out of his columns, why also do not Mr. Greeley, or Mr. Beecher, or Father Hyacinthe, or Mr. Sumner, or whoever it may be, when Mr. Jenkins calls with his little book and pencil—the modern familiar of the Inquisition—why do not these gentlemen politely show him to the door? If they would but think of it for a moment, they are responsible for him. Jenkins is a very harmless fellow, but he can not stand the consciousness of power and importance. That makes him giddy. It makes him sometimes seem to be drunk. When, therefore, a conspicuous man patiently sits down and answers whatever questions may be put to him by Jenkins, that individual inevitably feels that the conspicuous man doesn't dare to do otherwise. He is immediately conscious of a very dizzy sense of power. He has at once the advantage of the conspicuous man, for when he prints his report he can insist that it is most accurate; and if the subject of it denies that he said what is attributed to him, Mr. Jenkins replies that he wrote it down at the time, and the conspicuous gentleman did not. Jenkins is in the highly advantageous position of the cross-examining counsel who says to the badgered witness, "Now, Sir, remember that you are upon your oath, and take great care what you are going to say."

Besides, in this country, where this worthy Jenkins ought now to be pretty well understood, every conspicuous man knows the object of his visit. You, for instance—the gentle reader who is at this moment honoring the Easy Chair by perusing this page—you are undoubtedly a conspicuous man. Let us then suppose that it is suddenly rumored that you raise phenixes, or that you sacrifice a bull to Jupiter in your spare chamber every New-Year's Day. You had, indeed, thought your Christian character tolerably apparent. You go regularly to the church of which you are a member, and to whose funds you liberally subscribe. Your word is believed; you do not steal your neighbor's spoons nor sign his name to checks for a liberal amount. But this pagan sacrifice in your spare chamber is extremely appetizing to Mr. Jenkins, and his little ring at the door is followed by his entrance, note-book in hand.

As you see him enter, you know what he has come for. Do you ask him? It is hardly necessary. But if you do, he says at once, and with a very superior air of candor: "As a representative of the press, Sir, I seek the truth. It collects the news, but it aims to tell the truth. The fame of newspaper men is that of a class devoted to the search of truth. The press, in a word, Sir, is the priesthood of truth. I should be glad, in the interests of truth, to have the particulars of the annual sacrifice of a bull in your spare chamber; and, first of all, I will trouble you to show me the chamber." Now the best reply to make to Mr. Jenkins would be the question whether he would not prefer to see the bull first, or the observation that you have no doubt if you show him the chamber that he will furnish his readers with the bull. But before making any reply whatever, why not reflect a moment upon what he has said?

Mr. Jenkins announces his object to be the truth. Do you believe that? Wouldn't he very much prefer to know that you do sacrifice a bull rather than that you do not? And is that the spirit of truth-seeking or of sensation hunting? Besides, your experience has shown you a hundred times what use he will make of your story. He will make the most of it. Supposing, for a moment, that his object were not truth but a sensation—it is incredible, but suppose it—he would probably "write it up" in an effective manner. Indeed the experienced reader of newspapers may possibly recall narrations of interviews in which the austere regard for truth which always animates Mr. Jenkins seemed to have yielded to a willingness to gratify a love of gossip, or what is now popularly called the desire of a sensation. Now if the conspicuous man sits down and tells the truth, what is he to expect? That Jenkins will simply report it? Shall we all read in the *Sword of Justice* the next morning, "We are authorized to state that the story now current in the papers that [Honorable or Reverend] Conspicuous Man sacrifices a bull to Jupiter every New-Year's Day is wholly untrue?"

Or shall we read this, for instance: "Our special reporter called yesterday morning upon the [Honorable or Reverend] Conspicuous Man to institute those inquiries in regard to the alleged sacrifice of a bull after the ancient pagan manner, which our duty to furnish ample details of all news to our readers and our still higher duty to truth and to the public morality and the sacred interests of society, of which a free and independent press is the disinterested champion and watchman upon the outer wall, impose. The Honorable Conspicuous Man lives at No. 4010 Avenue X, at the intersection of Five hundred and Second Street. The house is a plain modest mansion of yellow brick with red trimmings. The

blinds of the inspected chamber were partially closed, and one or two slats of the lower blinds were broken off. The steps from the street to the door are six in number, and there is an iron railing at the sides, probably to assist elderly persons in ascending, or to prevent children from falling into the area. A door-mat lies upon the upper step chained to the railing—the chain secured by a padlock, the key of which, we have good reason to believe, lies in a certain drawer of a table in the kitchen. But the most careful inquiries failed to elicit any satisfactory information upon this point, although the demand was made in the interests of truth and that regard for the preservation of the public virtue which it is the highest pride of an independent press to observe. The inquiries in regard to the key of the door-mat were addressed to a fat person of the female sex in a dirty calico gown, apparently the cook, who was leaning over the area railing as our reporter ascended the steps and conducted his researches, but who to his urbane questions only replied that she would see him —— first: of which he immediately made a note, so that the authenticity of his report can not be safely contradicted." We continue in his own words:

"Ringing the bell, which is attached to a plated knob at the side of the door, and which upon being pulled produces an interior tintinnabulation, we waited for a few moments, and peeping, in the interests of truth and of public virtue, through the side-lights or windows of the door, found our vision obscured by shutters upon the inside. At length, however, the door was opened, and we were shown into the house by an extremely pretty house-maid, who, as we learned upon investigation, discharged the combined duties of waiter and chamber-maid. Her name is Bridget O'Flaherty; aged twenty-four; a medium brunette; about five feet four inches in height; born in the County Tipperary; came to this country in November, 1859, and is betrothed to Dennis M'Govern, who is a hod-carrier, and is at present employed by Mr. O'Plaster, the affable and gentlemanly mason at No. 2 Quidnunc Alley. Erin go bragh! Our adopted fellow-citizens forever! But while we were thus enjoying the shamrock blossom in the hall, the Honorable Conspicuous Man came down stairs.

"He was dressed in an ordinary coat and trowsers; the coat was partially buttoned, and showed a dark vest of some woolen stuff underneath. The trowsers were of a similar material; but our reporter, after the most careful scrutiny, is unable to say whether they were supported by braces or suspended by the hips. The fullness of the celebrated gentleman in question, however, in the region of the stomach seems to favor the theory of braces. On the other hand, it is certainly undeniable that if his hips are prominent they would offer a convenient ledge for the support of his trowsers. This point, however, may be waived for the present. With a noble courtesy the dignified host opened the door of the library, and at once gave a classic air to the interview by murmuring the passage in the Iliad of Virgil, beginning, 'Will you walk into my parlor, said the spider to the fly?'

"In this auspicious and truly pagan prelude we perceived strong circumstantial evidence of the probability of the taurine sacrifice which we had come to explore.

"Comfortably seated at length in luxurious chairs of soft demi-rep, the subject of the interview turned to us, and with conciliatory blandness, as if recognizing the majesty and power of a truly independent press in our person, remarked, 'What did you please to want?' We explained that, as public servants of the truth, and sacredly bound to tell our subscribers and our forty millions of readers what Mr. Thompson, with or without a p, had for dinner yesterday, we had called to ascertain the truth of the widely-circulated report that he, the illustrious Thompson now present, was in the habit of sacrificing a bull to Jupiter in his front chamber with the beginning of every year. With pencil and note-book in hand we awaited his reply, which was immediately conveyed, without, so far as we could observe, the quivering of an eyelid or the least choking sound in the throat, 'I don't never do no sich a thing.'

"'No?'

"'No.'

"We replied that we should at once have the pleasure of spreading before our readers, in all its details, and with proper reflections upon its bearings, the great truth which he had thus imparted, that he did not annually sacrifice a bull to Jupiter in his front chamber. At this point the subject of the interview unfolded a large, old-fashioned red bandana handkerchief, and, after passing it from one hand to another, applied it to the nasal feature of his face, and blew with a vigor worthy of Hugo Grotius upon his horn at the battle of Lepanto. We accepted the blast as a salute of adieu, and thanking our benign host, withdrew."

This is the way in which Jenkins carries his ears about; and there are those who ask why the Thompson, whoever he may be, does not say to him when he presents his ear: "Sir, when I have any thing to say to the public, I will say it under my own name and in my own way. Good-morning, Sir." As long as men in whom the public are interested do not, so to speak, throw Jenkins's ear out of the window, so long it will constantly thrust itself upon their attention. And the mischief of tolerating his ear is irremediable. The moment a statesman or a poet or a divine communicates with the public through Jenkins, they say things and give impressions which can never be corrected.

People are much less interested in each other's coat linings than Mr. Jenkins and his employers think. They can bear, with a good deal of philosophy, not to know whether Father Hyacinthe eats chicken on Fridays, or whether the President smokes Havana or Manila cigars. There are those, undoubtedly, who would like to know how often Louis Napoleon changes his linen, and whether Romeo Smith is engaged to Juliet Jones, and who rejoice to read that Miss Astarte Squid is "the leading belle" at Barnegat. But imagine one human being devoting himself to acquiring this information, and another printing it to make money, and blowing a rhetorical blast about "embassadors of the press," and "enterprise," and "news," and the "public virtue," and the "bulwarks of society." When Charles Lamb was teased with a child's fretting he toasted the good King Herod. When we see the issues of our Jenkins's ear, do not Swift's Houyhnhnms seem quite tame and respectable?

In Crabb Robinson's delightful "Diary and Correspondence" there is a letter of Wordsworth's dated in December, 1837, in which he describes an interview with "a very intelligent American gentleman, Mr. Duer," with whom he talked about copyright. "This," writes a friend, "brought to my mind a conversation which I had with Judge Duer in the summer of 1848 or 1849. I stepped into his office one day, when I was in New York, just to give him a friendly greeting, and without intending to remain more than five or ten minutes; but I found him in a very charming humor for conversation, and, like the wedding guest in the 'Ancient Mariner,' I could not choose but stay. The topics that he talked about were various, and I remember, particularly, he gave me a most eloquent yet condensed account of the history of codification, as illustrative of the central thought that he was expounding, that laws grew out of the vital organism of a nation, and were never made. Just before I left I bethought me that I had an album in my sachel, so I took it out and asked him to write the first thought that came into his head, however trivial it might be, telling him that I should value it more for its freshness than for any elegance of style or profundity of thought which he might give to it.

"He took the book in his hand, and sat silently for some minutes, evidently in a state of solemn introversion. Then, throwing his eyes full upon me, he said—'I will partly comply with your request. I don't know by what law of association it came to me; but when you first spoke, my mind flashed back to a conversation I had with Wordsworth at his own house in 1836. The very spirit of Cassandra seemed to be upon him. He believed that Satan would soon have supreme control in England, and that the House of Lords and the Established Church, which were the chief objects of his spite, would be utterly overthrown.' He said Wordsworth talked most eloquently and at much length on this subject, and made a profound impression upon his mind. It continued to dwell upon it during his ride homeward, which was by a circuitous route, and somehow, the conclusion to which he arrived seemed to take shape without his own volition in the sonnet a copy of which I give you. He said that he had never committed it to paper before; but that often, when his mind was in doubt or in trouble, it had passed through his memory. 'And now,' said he, 'I will write it for you.' When I read Wordsworth's letter, it occurred to me that, though Judge Duer was a poet, and a scholar, and a jurist, and a talker of the highest order, he had left very few memorials of himself on the printed page. I do not remember to have read a line of his poetry in print, and all I know of his published writings is a very excellent work on insurance, his judicial decisions in the reports, and several papers in the reports of the New York Prison Association, many of which, however, do not bear his name."

Here is the sonnet of Judge Duer, which is as timely and significant now as when it was written:

SONNET WRITTEN IN 1836, AFTER A CONVERSATION WITH WM. WORDSWORTH ON THE DANGERS OF THE COUNTRY.

"When late I heard that 'old man eloquent'
Pour forth his heart, and in his fervent tone
His grief, his fears, his boding terrors own,
I felt like listening to a prophet sent
To warn a guilty nation, and lament
Its certain doom; but when retired alone
I muse and ask, the guilt, can naught atone?
The threatened wrath of heaven, shall none prevent?
Is He renounced, who is the truth, the way?
Do none who love His name survive?
An answer comes, and England's faith, my stay,
Sends forth a voice to bid my hopes revive:
'*The* Church may flourish, tho' *a* church decay;
An *order* perish, yet the *nation* live!'"

Editor's Literary Record.

ART.

MR. JARVES'S *Art Thoughts* (Hurd and Houghton) deserve a hearty welcome—heartier than many, we fear, will give. His judgment of some popular artists will doubtless give offense. His incisive criticisms on the general condition of Art in America will hardly be generally acceptable; but all who desire frank, conscientious, discriminating criticism will be glad of Mr. Jarves's work. Its earnestness and evident sincerity will commend it to candid minds, whatever may be their judgment of its art value. A high conception of art and loyalty to truth do not alone constitute an art critic; but they are indispensable, and in the formation of public taste, which can never be familiar with the secrets of the profession, they are far more necessary and far more valuable than any amount of technical criticism, however learned, acute, and just. These qualities alone, independently of others, will make his book exceedingly useful. It is the result of prolonged study as to the place and power of art in effete civilizations, and its present condition with reference to the future. It deals with such questions as—What is the origin and scope of the art idea? What has it done for men? What may it still do? What are its relations to nature, science, and religion? How are communities made better or worse by it? Most attractive inquiries to every student. But the book does not quite satisfy the expectations raised by this announcement. It is owing, however, more to the author's manner than to any lack of knowledge or want of ability. There are some who have the critical faculty, in its best sense, as an independent and distinct power. The principles of criticism lie in their mind as part of its inherent constitution. Experience and observation only develop and modify them. They are an original endowment, and it is their activity which gives impulse and zest to observation. But with others these principles seem to come almost wholly from experience. They are almost entirely deductions from observation. They grow up as the result of tastes and pursuits that might be followed and enjoyed without any special critical ability. That ability is rarely united in its best form, either in literature

or in art, with any marked predominance of the acquisitive disposition. Criticism coming from this source may be as trust-worthy as that coming from any other. But it will have more the appearance of passing comments made in visiting a gallery. This is in fact something of the impression made by Mr. Jarves's book, who writes of himself—"I was born a collector." It is, in form, a criticism primarily of schools, not of principles. His thoughts are clear, his insight penetrative, his discrimination definite; but the results have not the most efficient array. The important ideas are in isolated sentences. They are not expanded in discussion. They do not dominate in chapters. Their influence is not felt in successive pages. They are met and passed like faces in a crowd. They are too closely connected with a picture or an occasion to fix themselves on the mind as independent thoughts capable of wide application. They are not wisely massed. The author's thinking does not appear to its best advantage, nor accomplish what we feel is in its author's power. While light is thrown on the questions proposed, they are not unfolded and fully considered. Neither is there that deep interest in national character and individual development that gives to Ruskin's writings so much of their value. Despite these defects, we commend the book as interesting, instructive, and thoroughly healthy.

NOVELS.

It is rarely that we read a story which gives us so much satisfaction and so little cause of complaint as *Janet's Love and Service*, by Margaret M. Robertson (A. D. F. Randolph). We should characterize it as a book of emphatically *quiet* power. There are no strivings after sensational effects; there are no sudden scene-shiftings; no marvelous transformations; no astute villains; no innocent angels caught in their toils; no intricate mysteries through which reader and heroine flounder alike, to be alike extricated only at the fall of the curtain; no elaborate misunderstandings and tortured hearts; in a word, there is no plot, and but little incident. The characters are drawn by a vigorous hand; but they are just such characters as you meet with in daily life. You may see Mr. Snow in any New England parish. Graeme is just such a young girl as might be wrought out of ordinary material, by the experiences of premature responsibility which constitute her schooling. Janet is indeed a rare servant; but she does not remain servant long, and whoever is familiar with Scotch character could find her prototype among his own circle of acquaintances. In a word, the portraits are all photographs. If we were told that the authoress were Graeme, and that she had given us only her actual journal, we should not be surprised. The story is as natural as the actors. It is the story of just such a life as has occurred again and again in the past, and will again and again in the future. In form and style and method of treatment the volume is as simple as it is in the rather scant materials of which it is composed. It is not without humor; but there are no clowns introduced for the purpose of cracking poor jokes; no cheap burlesques of Yankee farmers and New England deacons. It is rather genial than witty or even humorous. It is characterized by unusual pathetic power. We pity the reader who peruses its pages with undimmed eyes. But there is no weeping heroine, and no sickly sentimentalism. It is a religious novel—its story that of a minister's life. But there are no dogmas to be advocated; no moralizing to be skipped; no mawkish and tawdry piety to belie the cause of true, healthful religion. So far as there is a moral, it is indicated in the title. So far as there is a heroine, it is Janet the Scotch servant, who leaves mother and son to care for the poor motherless bairns of her master, and whose service is alway that of love—never that of mere self-seeking—never based on wages. The author will, indeed, not be apt to become a popular novel-writer. But we trust she may find a sufficiently large circle of appreciative readers to encourage her to future work. In literature, as on the stage, the more unnatural the drama the more popular. It would be a satisfaction to know that there is a public who prefer the romance of real life to that of the cheap fire and the sheet-iron thunder of a third-rate melodrama.

It is hardly necessary for us to say any thing more of *My Enemy's Daughter*, by Justin M'Carthy (Harper and Brothers), than to announce that it is issued in book form. We should not choose the Emanuel Temples and Christina Brauns of the real stage for our associates. We are all the more glad to be introduced to them by one who knows their life. For Mr. M'Carthy writes apparently of what he has seen and known.—We are able to say even less for Spielhagen's *Through Light to Night* (Leypoldt and Holt) than we were for "Problematic Characters," of which it is the sequel. We have quite enough stories of seductions, dismantled homes, and ruined women in our daily papers, without importing from Germany iterations of these familiar but abhorrent experiences in romance.—*The Happy Boy*, by Björnstjerne Björnson (Sever, Francis, and Co.), is an idyl of Norwegian life; a love tale, pretty, simple, natural, with hardly enough of drama to constitute it a romance, but as genial and pleasant as is every thing the author writes.—*Bound to John Company* (Harper and Brothers) is a story whose interest lies chiefly in its graphic pictures of East Indian life in the latter part of the last century, during the wars between French and English, under Lord Clive. Its painting is very true to nature, by some one who understands the subject; and as for its history it is as true as can be expected in an historical romance, where fact always has to bend to the demands of fiction.

TRAVELS.

Paul Du Chaillu needs no introduction to the readers of *Harper's Magazine;* and certainly we can add here nothing of commendation to the glimpse which, in our January Number, we have given of him and his adventures, as described in his latest book, *Lost in the Jungle.* (Harper and Brothers). In all which Paul writes there is so much of romance that for a while the world doubted its reality, and ranked the gorilla with the sea-serpent and the mermaid. But his stories are too well attested to awaken incredulity any longer; and his books are the most striking exemplifications which the literature of adventure affords of the proverb that "Truth is stranger than fiction." There

are no story-books for boys more fascinating than those which this adventurer tells to his circle of admiring listeners; and while he does not deal in prosaic moralizing, a healthful moral tone pervades all that he writes—a tone which, generally more effective because, so to speak, disembodied, occasionally incarnates itself in a short crisp sentence, which the boys will not skip, like this close of Gambo's legend of Coniambié: "The reason why the leopard wanders, solitary and alone, is on account of his roguery; he is not to be trusted. There are men who can not be trusted any more than the leopard."

The year has been prolific with books of scientific travel—books of tourists, who have not, indeed, failed to give some account of people, manners, and customs, but whose main effort has been to add something, by their researches, to scientific knowledge. Of this class of books, of which perhaps Wallace's "Malay Archipelago" is the most striking example, we have two illustrations, only less noteworthy, in *Across America and Asia*, by Professor RAPHAEL PUMPELLY (Leypoldt and Holt), and *The Andes and the Amazon; or, Across the Continent of South America*, by Professor JAMES ORTON (Harper and Brothers). Of the latter book we have little to add to what we have already said in a previous part of the Magazine, except to reassert the importance of the theme and the value of Professor Orton's contribution. The land through which he traveled is almost an unknown land; yet its geographical relations are intimate; and the time can not be far distant when our statesmen and merchants will recognize its importance in a commercial point of view. Of Professor Pumpelly's book, his chapters on China are by far the most interesting and valuable. After reading them one no longer wonders that to John Chinaman the Christian nations seem barbarians, nor that John is loth to cultivate diplomatic and commercial relations with a people who have used him as the Anglo-Saxon races have done in the past.

The Mormons, the Yosemite Valley, the Big Trees, the Pacific Railroad, and the Chinese Question are themes so old now, and so elaborately discussed in newspaper and periodical, that it is not strange that Dr. JOHN TODD, in his *Sunset Land* (Lee and Shepard), has failed to invest them with any remarkable degree of interest, and has produced a book the chief value of which will be to those who, from personal respect to its author, are desirous to know what *he* thinks about them.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

IF history is indeed "philosophy teaching by example," then Mr. FROUDE by his *History of England* has fairly earned the honors which criticism has almost unanimously awarded to him. For doubtless he ranks the peer of any historical writer, in a country which has given to literature a Hume, a Hallam, a Gibbon, and a Macaulay. He is emphatically the philosopher among historians. He is more interesting because more pictorial and lifelike than Hume; scarcely less impartial and far more fascinating than Hallam; is master of a style less rhythmical, but not less clear, than that of Gibbon; and is more reliable, though less eloquent, than Macaulay. With the latter writer he is often compared, though the contrasts are great and the resemblances are superficial. Macaulay is an advocate. Into every dispute of history he enters with infinite zest. He lives again in the era which he describes, and partakes of the controversy which he endeavors to depict. Under the guise of writing a history he pleads a cause. For his partiality he is criticised. It is his partiality which gives him his power. The wise reader listens to his eloquent periods and his powerful climaxes as he would to the plea of a lawyer, and if he be not carried away by the spell, turns from his glowing pages to the colder narrative of some more dispassionate writer, as the judge turns from the fiery invective or intense eulogies of the advocate to a cold analysis of the evidence. Froude's mind is, on the other hand, of a judicial cast. He perceives, he appreciates the opposing considerations in every doubtful or disputed case. He analyzes the evidence, and weighs it, if not always accurately, at least always dispassionately. Where he seems most to espouse a cause, as in his famous and, on the whole, unsatisfactory chapter on the death of Anne Boleyn, whose crown of martyrdom he vainly endeavors to pluck from off her brow, he still writes, not with passionate pleading, but dispassionately, almost coldly. Doubtless he has done more to unsettle the verdict of history in that case by the quiet power of his calmness than he ever could have done by indignant invective or flaming rhetoric. So, in his treatment of such themes as the feudal system, the monasteries, sumptuary legislation, and the like, while he writes in full accord with the spirit of the present age, he appreciates the spirit of the past, and depicts with rare philosophic fairness the value, in their time, of systems whose chief demerit lies in the fact that they have been superseded by the progress of humanity. His history, which covers the period from the fall of Wolsey to the death of Elizabeth, Charles Scribner and Co. are issuing in a popular edition of twelve volumes, to be sold at fifteen dollars. The edition is every way worthy of the house which issues it, and will, we trust, place Froude by the side of Hume and Macaulay in every family library.

Haydn's Dictionary of Dates (Harper and Brothers) can not be called fascinating reading. But we place it on our library table by the side of our Webster's Dictionary, and give it the next post of honor in our sanctum. It is indeed something more than a dictionary of dates. It is a condensed and comprehensive historical cyclopædia. It might be termed an index to history. Under titles alphabetically arranged the history of the world is epitomized. "The design of the author has been," says the preface to the first edition, "to attempt the compression of the greatest body of general information that has ever appeared in a single volume, and to produce a book of reference whose extensive usefulness may render its possession material to every individual."

Of course in statements so condensed perfect accuracy is impossible. The results of weeks of study must be crowded into a single line. Disputed questions in history must be summarily dismissed in a single word, often without even recognition of the controversy. Opinions must sometimes be expressed, without, however, an attempt to defend them. A slip of the pen or

a mistake of the types will make a difference of a century. The admirers of John Brown will hardly consent to the judgment that he was a monomaniac. The story of the controversy between President Johnson and the Radicals is too impartial to suit either party. The Confederates will object to being called "secessionists," and a good many will object to their being called any thing else. Nevertheless we think the editors have secured a rare degree of accuracy, and maintained in their brief epitome of events, the history of which is still the subject of bitter dispute, a rare degree of impartiality. Certainly no pains have been spared to secure both qualities. The original work by JOSEPH HAYDN had been edited by BENJAMIN VINCENT. His improved edition has been revised by American editors. All that relates to America is, in fact, substantially new. Certainly no one was more competent to prepare the articles which refer to the early history of this country—the Revolution, the War of 1812, the Mexican and the Indian wars—than Mr. Benson J. Lossing. Whoever has had occasion, in writing or reading, to recall some isolated fact in history, or to ascertain definitely some uncertain date, has first ransacked his memory in vain, has next ransacked his library with little or no better success, has turned over his pages of Hume, or Hallam, or Gibbon, has found the story told with elaborate pictorial detail, with perhaps the very days of the week given, but the month and even the year not hinted at, or hidden away where it escapes discovery, will admire the patient assiduity which, in this volume, has provided for all such exigencies, and rendered it easy to escape henceforth such a trial to one's patience and temper.

The humorists of America have not, with one or two exceptions, added very much thus far to our literary reputation. They have indeed made us laugh, but chiefly by clownish antics which were not very creditable to their culture or to our taste. There have been one or two honest endeavors to establish a comic paper in the United States. But one looks aghast at seeing every such effort fail, and the *Phunny Phellow* and the *Budget of Fun* survive as the sole representatives of American wit and humor. We are inclined, therefore, at the very outset, to welcome the endeavor of an author who, like Mr. SHERWOOD, in his *Comic History of the United States* (Fields, Osgood, and Co.), endeavors to be humorous without being vulgar; and we readily pardon him that he rarely provokes us to a very hearty laugh by any broad humor, since he never provokes our disgust by any approximation to coarseness. He never violates good taste; he never degenerates into an absurd burlesque; he has escaped the common American delusion that ignorance is fun, and bad spelling and worse grammar the highest form of wit. For this we thank him most heartily. At the same time we must confess that if he is never indecorous, he is never broadly funny; that if he disdains the arts of the clown, he has not the genius of the irresistible humorist. There is one truth which Mr. Sherwood has forgotten. Humor should be only the feather on the arrow. The missile should always be aimed at something. Doubtless the "Biglow Papers" and the letters of Petroleum V. Nasby would be funny without their moral significance. But it is their moral significance which gives them their intense humorousness. Mr. Sherwood's arrows are all feather. He shoots in the air; he writes only to be comic, not to accomplish a purpose. This will do very well for half a column of *facetiæ* in a newspaper, but not for a book. Even a *comic* history must have an end to accomplish. Always genial, often picturesque, sometimes eloquent, Mr. Sherwood has written an entertaining book; but he has proved himself capable of writing one much better. His humor, which is real, genuine, natural, but not broad or striking, will serve a better purpose in illustrating a semi-serious topic than it does in furnishing an entire comedy with fun. There is a good deal of originality and force in the sketchy illustrations.

MISCELLANEOUS.

REV. J. G. WOOD, in his *Bible Animals* (Charles Scribner and Co.), hardly fulfills the promise of his title page, to give a "description of every living creature mentioned in the Scriptures, from the ape to the coral." We turned straightway to see what he could tell us of the whale and Jonah's experience with him. But neither in index nor table of contents do we find any reference to such a creature, neither among mammalia nor among fishes, neither under behemoth, leviathan, shark, nor whale. After the fashion of sundry Biblical commentators Dr. Wood has conveniently skipped the most difficult and perplexing reference to animal life in the Hebrew annals. This is, however, the only serious omission we detect. His book is a rarely valuable addition to Biblical literature. There is nothing so complete and comprehensive on the subjects of which it treats. Though the Scriptures are so plain that a wayfaring man, though he were a fool, need not err therein, it is also true that they are full of references which are either very obscure or utterly incomprehensible without some understanding of the life of the eras in which its books were respectively written. Its writers were, for the most part, lovers of nature; and some comprehension of nature, as they observed and understood it, adds great significance to much of its poetry, and new force to many of its incidental moral teachings. An index of Scripture references, analogous to that which is added to Thomson's "Land and the Book," would greatly enhance the value of the volume.—*The Primeval World of Hebrew Tradition* (Roberts Brothers) by its very title indicates its author's theological position. To Dr. HEDGE Genesis is simply a Hebrew tradition; its stories of the creation, the fall, the first murder, the deluge are myths, whose historical truth is by no means certain and by no means important. Of all the mythical interpreters of the Old Testament, however, we know none who is more reverential, or whose interpretation of the spiritual significance of the narrative, whose historical accuracy he often impugns, is so spiritually thoughtful. In the pages of a writer of this school, a German in thought though an American in fact, we read with some surprise such a sentence as this: "The last step in this process of self-manifestation is man, in whom, above all created natures, the Creator realizes his godhead." If this is not the incarnation, does it not logically lead to it?—We welcome Mr. BACON'S

edition of *Father Hyacinthe's Discourses* (Putnam) simply because "half a loaf is better than no bread." The report of the speech before the Peace League is excellent. But the Notre Dame Lectures are avowedly imperfect, and only give us a hungering for the second volume, which we trust will be more adequate. There is, nevertheless, enough here to fully maintain the reputation of the great orator, and enough, too, almost to justify the assertion of the ancient philosopher that virtue is the first condition of oratory. It is evident from even these imperfect reports that it is the moral greatness of the man which makes Father Hyacinthe a great speaker.—Rev. E. M. GOULBURN'S sermons, *The Pursuit of Holiness* (Appleton), lay no claim to learning, original thought, or poetic fire. They are practical and experimental, and have that virtue of plainness and simplicity which is the first condition of spiritual power.—*Words of Comfort* (Carters), edited by WILLIAM LOGAN, is addressed to parents bereaved of little children, and has already proved a consolation to thousands of readers in Great Britain, where it was first published. It is a collection of appropriate thoughts by various writers, originally collected by the editor for his own consolation when stricken down by a great grief in the loss of his own child.—There is no theme which has been so illustrated in song and story, by the poetry of the pencil and the poetry of the pen, as the birth of Jesus. In the *Overture of Angels* (J. B. Ford and Co.), a chapter from HENRY WARD BEECHER'S forthcoming "Life of Christ," this oldest of stories is told with a freshness of imagination which the quaint but tasteful title very happily indicates.—*Rameses the Great; or, Egypt 3300 Years Ago* (Scribner), is hardly equal to the average of the "Illustrated Library of Wonders," of which it is the sixth volume. The subject needed to be illuminated by a specially racy and picturesque style. Whether the fault be in the original or in the translator, or both, we know not, but the sentences are tangled, and there is neither a sharp, keen, clear discussion of disputed questions, nor a graphic picturing of Egypt's ancient civilization as recent research indicates it.—*Think and Act*, by VIRGINIA PENNY (Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger), is a series of essays, chiefly on women's work and wages. It would be more read if there were less of it. "Facts," said Mr. Gradgrind; "we want facts." In truth, however, pre-Raphaelitism is not popular, either in literature or art. Miss Penny's book is full of significant facts, and is written by one who has studied well the subject of which she writes; but it lacks that glow of imagination, that warmth of feeling which is alone able to give admission to the popular heart, or secure upon any moral or social question the public ear.—Of children's books half a score or more have gathered on our table during the last four weeks.—*Butterfly's Flights*, a series of six volumes, is a book, or rather a little library, of American travel. It is very pretty in appearance, and the author succeeds in so telling her story as to interest the little folks, and at the same time to weave in a good deal of incidental information.—Two volumes of the "Frontier Series" (Lee and Shepard), *Planting in the Wilderness*, and *The Cabin on the Prairie*, by different authors, are of unequal merit. The former is by far the more truthful and the more healthful of the two. Somewhat analagous, but better than either, is *White and Red*, by HELEN C. WEEKS (Hurd and Houghton), a story of life on the border; the White being the Anglo-Saxons, and the Red the Ojibbeways.—*An American Family in Paris* (Hurd and Houghton) carries a party of children through the French metropolis. The illustrations are admirable, and American families going to Paris will find it not exactly a substitute for a guide-book, but a very good introduction.—*Nanny's Christmas* (Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger) has no remarkable literary merit, but it will interest the little folks more than some better books.—*The Pigeon's Wedding* (published by the same house) is a book of very good colored pictures and very poor poetry.—*How Jennie found her Lord* (Carters) is a very pretty story, and very prettily told in rhythmical verse.—*Great Mysteries and Little Plagues* (Roberts Brothers) is not a children's book, but a book about children. The best part of the volume, which, despite its lack of literary merit, has a queer charm for every body who is puzzled by the "great mysteries," and delightfully bothered by the "little plagues," is the "pickings and stealings," which we may characterize as a Harper's Drawer all about the little folks.—Of republications the most important of the closing month of the year is Harper and Brothers' reprint of the *Odes and Epodes of Horace*, by Lord LYTTON. The Latin originals and the English translations are given on opposite pages, with a few words of introduction to each ode.—Putnam and Son republish a useful book in DENISON'S *Astronomy without Mathematics;* useful because Astronomy can be popularized only by such a treatment as Dr. Denison has given it. The minds that can master Geometry, Algebra, Trigonometry, and the higher Mathematics must always be few, while there is no study which has greater fascination for the young than the study of the stars.—We should be glad to see a cheap and popular edition of DE TOCQUEVILLE'S *Democracy in America* (Sever, Francis, and Co.), than which there is no abler study of American institutions. But it is, we think, a mistake to suppose that it is adapted for the purposes of a class-book, or that the publication of half the original work separately will afford to students any satisfactory or adequate acquaintance with it or its author.—Biblical scholars will cordially welcome the cheap and tasteful edition of Dr. KITTO'S *Bible Illustrations* (Carters), a work which is at once a commentary, a Bible dictionary, and a selection of popular readings in Scripture history.—Sever, Francis, and Co. issue a new edition of ROUNDELL PALMER'S *Book of Praise*, with some additions to the old favorites. It has acquired a well-deserved reputation among lovers of sacred lyrics as an excellent collection of the substantial and well-known hymns of the Church. It has very few rare hymns.—*The Sunday Book of Poetry* (published by the same house) is avowedly prepared for children, but certainly is but poorly adapted to them, and is not otherwise exceptionally excellent.—Presumably GEORGE HILL'S *Poems* (Appleton) possess something more than usual merit, or we should not receive, as we do, a third edition of them. But we are unable to ascertain in what that merit consists.

Editor's Scientific Record.

POISONOUS STOVES.

THE approach of cold weather calls out a renewed warning from the French sanitarians of the danger of heating stoves red-hot, especially those made of cast iron. It has been found that cast iron, under such circumstances, is permeable to the gases of combustion, particularly to carbonic oxyd, and that the simplest tests prove the existence of this highly poisonous gas in the immediate vicinity of the stove; and, where the ventilation is insufficient, throughout the atmosphere of the room.

Sheet-iron has been found less objectionable, except when red-hot; in which case, as well as that of very hot cast iron, there appeared to be a decomposition of the carbonic acid thrown into the atmosphere by respiration, and a transformation into carbonic oxyd. It is supposed also that the oxygen of the atmosphere combines, to a certain extent, with the carbon of the iron, so as to increase the percentage of carbonic oxyd. The evil effect of the presence of this gas, and others scarcely less objectionable which pass readily through the heated iron, is shown in various ways, apart from that of actual asphyxia or suffocation, several cases of severe fevers, especially in badly-ventilated rooms, having been traced directly to this cause.

The primary remedy against this evil result is to have the stove lined internally with brick or some substance other than cast iron, and to have the upper part made of sheet-iron, so that the gases may not pass through the cylinder of the stove, but be carried off directly into the chimney. If, however, a cast-iron cylinder is necessary, then it should be completely encircled by sheet-iron, with an air-chamber between, and some arrangement by which the air in that space may be passed into the flue, and not escape into the room.

TRANSMISSION OF CARBUNCLE, ETC., BY FLIES.

It has been a popular opinion that certain diseases, such as carbuncle and its allies, may be transmitted from one animal to another, or from animals to man, by means of flies lighting upon the diseased spot, and thence passing to a healthy subject. Although this has scarcely been credited by most persons, it has been proved, by direct experiment during the last summer, to be not simply possible, but an actual fact. This is not done by the ordinary blow or meat fly, but by the common house-fly, which, after coming in contact with a sore, and thence passing to a healthy animal, imparts the infection to the latter.

EXTINCTION OF FIRES.

A recent German writer, in discussing the general theory of fires, and the best method of preventing and extinguishing them, mentions various mineral substances which may be mixed with the water employed, to give to it much greater efficiency. Chief among these, in his opinion, is common salt; and he maintains, as the result of actual experiment, that one part of water containing salt will have more effect than four without it.

He explains its action by explaining that a saline solution is less readily vaporized than pure water, and that it is not so easily decomposed into its constituent elements of oxygen and hydrogen, which, of course, tend to reunite, and produce a still greater intensity of combustion. He thinks that the salt itself also, falling on hot coals, is decomposed, its sodium combining with the oxygen of the water; but that the hydrogen of the water unites with the chlorine of the salt, and forms a completely incombustible gas, which has a very favorable effect in deadening the flame, and aiding in extinguishing the fire.

There is no danger of injury to the fire apparatus attendant upon the use of salt-water, provided it be subsequently flushed with fresh-water from the hydrant. Our author advises that a supply of rock-salt be kept in bags in every engine-house, and, as soon as a fire breaks out, that the solution be made. It is not necessary to have such a solution saturated, as a large percentage of water may be added without materially affecting the efficiency of the mixture.

An important preventive of fire is suggested in the coating of the beams and timbers of newly-built houses with soluble glass, applying this in several successive coats of a rather dilute solution, to be followed by a final application of a mixture of soluble glass and cement. Wood treated in this way may be exposed quite close to burning matters without actually taking fire.

FRENCH METHOD OF PREPARING HAMS.

Among the novelties, to the European public at least, exhibited during the Paris Exposition of 1867, and one which took a prize for excellence of result, was what was considered as an improved method of curing hams. This consists essentially in the injection of the pickle into the meat by means of hydrostatic pressure, a reservoir of the liquid being kept in an upper story, with a strong rubber tube passing downward, about twenty feet below, and terminating in a pointed metallic nozzle, the passage of the liquid through which is controlled by a stop-cock.

The point of this nozzle is to be inserted into the ham, and the cock opened, when the pressure from above quickly forces the solution throughout the ham, causing it to expand very materially, and to take up a sufficient quantity of pickle in a very short time. This appears to be the principal point of novelty. The general excellence of the hams exhibited, however, resulted from the great care used in the preparation of the pickle (which must always be of the same density of solution), the injection of a definite amount of the pickle for each pound of meat, and the allowing the hams to soak for a few days after injection in a solution of the same degree of strength as that previously used.

The hams are to be hung up in an upper room of the building, and exposed to the smoke and hot air from two chimneys, the hearths of which are in the lower story, and on which dry oak wood is allowed to burn and smoulder. A thermometer regulates the temperature of the upper room; and the combination of the dry air with the smoke is considered to be a matter of prime importance.

The process of salting fresh meat by means of hydrostatic pressure, as most of our readers are aware, is well known in this country, and is employed in various establishments, chiefly in and near the larger cities.

IMPROVEMENT IN PRESERVING FRUITS.

A substance called preserving-powder has been patented in this country within a few years, and used in preserving fruits. It consists essentially of sulphite of lime, which, inert in itself, combines readily with the oxygen developed in fermentation, and is converted into sulphate of lime; and this in a small quantity does not seem to exert any injurious effect upon the animal economy.

Another somewhat similar suggestion, made by a German chemist, promises to be of value in the same connection. This is not intended so much to prevent fermentation as to reduce the amount of sugar required in preserving. It consists in adding aqua ammonia to the juice, which, by its alkaline nature, neutralizes an appreciable quantity of the free acid, and thereby renders less sugar necessary. The amount of ammonia required is easily determined by the disappearance of the sour taste of the juice; and should there be an excess at any time, it can be readily antagonized by the addition of a small quantity of vinegar. Any other alkaline substance than ammonia would produce a solid, permanent salt, which, if not injurious, would at any rate render the preparation more or less unpalatable. For preserving plums and gooseberries this process is said to be peculiarly well suited.

IMMUNITY OF COPPERSMITHS AGAINST CHOLERA.

The immunity from attacks of cholera enjoyed by workers in copper in the city of Paris has been shown to exist in London also; and it is supposed that a positive absorption of the metal into the system is the result of long-continued dealing with this metal. It is stated that workers in copper acquire green stains on the gums immediately above the teeth, exactly as workers in lead have a dark and blackish line in the same region. The perspiration of workers in copper is also stated to be of a bluish-green color; and in cases of ulceration the pus is also greenish.

ROCKET-HARPOON GUNS.

The rocket-harpoon gun, for capturing and killing whales, invented some years ago by an American captain, is now used with great success in the Greenland and Iceland fisheries. By this apparatus a steady aim may be taken at the whale to be attacked; and by pulling a trigger a harpoon is discharged with unerring precision into the body of the animal, the rocket bearing a shell, which explodes immediately on penetration, causing death almost instantaneously. The harpoon may be sent to a distance of nearly a hundred feet—much further than an ordinary harpoon can be thrown by the arm of the stoutest whaleman. The rocket-harpoon has been used successfully in the capture of the sulphur-bottom whale, a species proverbially difficult to secure, as well as extremely dangerous when attacked at close quarters, so much so that very few of even the most experienced whalers ever undertake to kill them. These whales generally require to be hauled up from the bottom after being killed.

RENDERING HARD WATER SOFT.

In a late communication to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, the author recommends the use of oxalic acid for the purpose of neutralizing the lime in certain hard waters, which, by precipitating the lime as an oxalate, renders the water perfectly soft, and as fit for use in washing as rain-water. To this, however, the Secretary of the Academy, M. Dumas, responded that, in consequence of the varying proportion of bicarbonate of lime in the water, it would be difficult so to regulate the amount of oxalic acid as to prevent an excess remaining and acting as a poison; and he recommended instead of the acid, and as accomplishing the object more speedily, the use of milk of lime, which combines with the bicarbonate of lime and the free carbonic acid, and produces a precipitate of neutral carbonate. This method has been employed with great success for many years in certain manufactories at the suggestion of M. Dumas.

CAUSE OF GOITRE.

In a recent communication to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, by a Swiss physician, attention is called to the fact of the disappearance of goitre in certain districts formerly much troubled with this disease. The author, in attempting to explain the cause of this improvement in the health of his country, endeavors, in the first place, to show that goitre could not have been produced by the presence of sulphate of lime or other mineral ingredients in the waters, since their character in this respect is unchanged. In his opinion the disease was caused by the habit of bending the neck continuously for a long time in the process of lace-making, a position required for the purpose of following the design with the pins. Recently other branches of industry have replaced that of lace-making, such as embroidery, the manufacture of buttons, gloves, etc., none of which require a constant bending of the neck. In additional confirmation of his idea, he states that the disease was always confined almost entirely to females, who alone were occupied in the manufacture of lace.

EXTERNAL GILLS IN FISH.

A fact of much interest to naturalists and physiologists has recently been announced in regard to the possession by certain fishes of the Nile, belonging to the genus *Polypterus*, of external organs of respiration, or gills, similar to those of certain batrachian reptiles of America and other parts of the world, such as the *Sirens*, *Proteus*, *Axolotls*, etc. They differ from these, however, in having but one gill on each side instead of three, as in the larvæ of salamanders. They are found only in the young fish, although in one case they were detected in a specimen twenty inches in length. These external gills have heretofore been observed in sharks and rays, but not in any other true fish.

TERTIARY FLORA OF GREENLAND.

Those who are accustomed to think of Greenland as synonymous with the extremes of ice

and cold, will perhaps be somewhat surprised to learn that during a portion of the tertiary epoch it enjoyed a climate as mild as that of the south of France. This statement is based on the result of investigations upon certain fossil plants brought from that country by Mr. Whymper, a celebrated Alpine explorer, who devoted his energies in that line to Greenland two years ago, with, however, but little practical result, owing to the roughness of the ice, and the impossibility of making an extended journey into the interior by means of dog-sleds, as he contemplated.

The specimens collected by Mr. Whymper were obtained principally on the island of Disco, and upon the peninsula of Nowisook, situated in latitude 70°. The strata in which they were found were originally deposited along the edges of a fresh-water lake, which nourished large beds of peat, to which were added the accumulations of leaves, fruit, branches, etc., from the plants growing on the shores. The vegetation, in many respects, resembled that in certain parts of North America at the present day; and was characterized by a great abundance of trees and shrubs, no less than ninety-five species being already recognized. Among these are several kinds of *Sequoia*, the same genus as that to which the giant trees of California and the coast red-wood belong; while beeches, chestnuts, two kinds of sycamore, magnolias, and a walnut were found, scarcely to be distinguished from corresponding plants of the present day.

It is quite probable that at that period the circumpolar regions were connected and elevated above the water, possessing a uniform climate, with its accompanying fauna and flora.

Collections of fossil plants, recently made in Spitzbergen, embrace a large percentage of the Greenland species; while from the miocene deposits of Cook's Inlet, in Alaska, fourteen species of trees and shrubs have already been found identical with those of Greenland and Spitzbergen, and further investigations will doubtless greatly add to the number. It may be mentioned, in this connection, that among the fossil plants of Spitzbergen of this period is a species of cypress scarcely or not at all distinguishable from the common swamp cypress of the Southern States.

SCIENTIFIC EXPLORATION OF ALASKA.

It is well known to most of our readers that an attempt was made in 1865, under the direction of the Western Union Telegraph Company, to establish a line of land-telegraph to connect the United States and Russia by way of Bering Straits; and that the enterprise would probably have been accomplished satisfactorily but for the unexpected success of the Atlantic Cable, which rendered it improbable that so long a land line could be worked to advantage in competition with the sea route.

To the liberality of this Company, however, and to that of the gentlemen in charge of the operations connected with the establishment of the line, we are indebted for much valuable information in regard to the physical and natural history of the country to be traversed by the line; and it is probable that the observations made by the exploring parties sent out by the Company in regard to the resources of Russian America tended materially to create a favorable impression on Congress as to its value, and led to its acquisition by the United States. Many extensive collections in natural history were made, as well as many important observations on the topography, meteorology, and geology, principally under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. A report upon the ornithology of Alaska, by Messrs. Dall and Bannister, is now in the course of publication by the Academy of Sciences of Chicago, from which it appears that the list of North American birds has been increased by fifteen or twenty; a portion of them entirely new to science, others, previously described, being stragglers from the adjacent shores of Asia.

STORING OF ICE.

Among the various methods of storing ice in the winter for use in summer is a very simple one mentioned in an Austrian gazette, as practiced quite commonly in that country. A place is selected, protected toward the west and north, if possible, by a building, or even under the shade of thick trees, as it is from that quarter that the ice is most exposed to atmospheric influences. A spot with porous soil is preferable; and if that can not be had a platform is to be erected over a shallow pit, into which the melting water can drain. The ice is to be piled up in the form of a large cone, layer by layer; first constructing a circular wall of ice of about twenty feet in diameter, to serve as the base of the cone. The interior of this circle is to be filled up to the level of the top of the ice-wall with ice broken into small pieces. This whole stratum is then to be wet with water, and allowed to freeze into a solid mass. A second circle is then constructed, a little smaller than the first, and the space within filled up with pieces of ice, and water poured on and allowed to freeze as before; and this process is repeated until a truncated cone of about fifteen feet in height is erected. The whole is to be deluged again with water, and then covered with a stratum of straw, which is also to be wet and allowed to freeze, thus forming a stiff covering. The entire cone is to be covered then, to the depth of nine to fifteen inches, with a layer of sod or moss, of which a supply should be cut beforehand, ready to be put on. If the western side is not protected, or only imperfectly, the covering must be thicker in that quarter. Instead of the moss or sod, finely chopped straw, hacklings of flax, or stubble, may be used; but care must be taken to prevent its being blown to pieces by the winds. The covering must not be too thick, as it might ferment, and thereby injure the ice by its heating.

It is well to heap up the earth around the base to a height of three or four feet, as the melting generally takes place from the bottom and from the western side. When using the ice it must be taken from the top, and the opening filled up again with moss. It is well, perhaps, to have a roof of some kind of thatch or other material, so as to turn off the rain-water and direct it down the sides of the mass.

SUBSTITUTE FOR SUMAC.

A substitute for sumac in tanning has recently been discovered in an American plant, known as *Spiræa tomentosa*, or meadow-sweet, and which has been found to be so rich in tannin as to pos-

sess a very great economical value. The plant is extremely abundant in many parts of the country, growing in damp meadows, where it can be gathered in large quantities in a wild state, and it could be easily cultivated so as to produce a supply for this purpose.

ANTIDOTE TO ARSENIC POISONING.

A German pharmaceutist takes strong ground against depending upon the hydrated oxyd of iron as an antidote for arsenic, especially in view of the fact that it requires to be perfectly fresh to be at all effective; and that under certain circumstances it fails, even then, of success. He recommends instead the use of the soluble saccharate of iron, as being easily made, equally potent, and retaining its virtues for a long period of time.

THE HOUSE-FLY.

How many of our readers are familiar with the early history of the common house-fly, an insect that makes its appearance in early spring in countless swarms, coming from some unknown locality, and disappearing almost as mysteriously? There are few insects at once so familiar to all, and yet the natural history of which is so little understood; and it may not be amiss, therefore, to recount a few facts which have been ascertained in regard to it.

The order of *Diptera*, to which our fly belongs, is one of great extent, and its members, in their different forms, include many of the greatest pests in existence, both to man and animals. The mosquito, the gnat, the biting-fly, and the horse-fly, the tsetze, zimb, and other species, are well-known illustrations of this statement, many of them being armed with lancets and other forms of aggressive weapons, by means of which they become a source of torment. The house-fly, however, although provided with a somewhat similar apparatus, does not use it commonly so as to draw blood, its offensiveness consisting principally in the pertinacity with which it insists upon crawling over the skin or in infesting articles of food.

The eggs of the house-fly are laid in decaying vegetable matter, such as dead leaves, and especially in the manure of stables, about seventy or eighty being the usual number. These soon hatch, and the larva grows rapidly, feeding upon the substances found near it. After a short time the outer skin hardens, and becomes brown and tough, forming a case shaped like a little barrel divided into rings. The transformation of the larva is quickly made, and the animal is soon ready to emerge as a perfect insect.

The common blow-fly is another species of this order, which lays its eggs in decaying flesh, and which sometimes hatch before leaving the body of the parent, and in any event very soon become developed into the larvæ. These form the well-known maggots, which are the annoyance of housekeepers in hot weather.

A fly very similar to the house-fly in general appearance, but with the wings diverging more widely when in a state of rest, is provided with a very powerful lancet, by means of which blood may be drawn in an instant after settling upon the body of an animal. It is a curious fact that this species, like the mosquito, in alighting upon an upright surface, uniformly rests with its head upward, the true house-fly occupying a precisely opposite direction, or with the head downward, thus affording a ready means of distinguishing them.

The house-fly, both as grub and perfect insect, furnishes food to a great variety of other animals; but the destruction of the adult is largely due to the growth of a parasitic fungus which attacks it, and, developing rapidly in its interior, soon exhausts its vitality.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINTING.

A method of photographic printing, in some respects said to be equal to that of Albert, and more manageable, has recently been announced by Obernetter, of Munich. It consists in coating a glass plate with a solution of gelatine, albumen, sugar, and bichromate of potash; drying it, exposing it under a negative, and dusting the plate with fine zinc dust, as in photographing on porcelain. The plate is then heated to about 300° Fahr., or else exposed to the light until the coating is rendered entirely insoluble. Before printing, this plate is to be submitted to the action of dilute hydrochloric or sulphuric acid, which, in the places covered by the zinc dust, renders the chrome-gelatine layer more or less sensitive to water, on account of the nascent hydrogen evolved, while elsewhere, or where no zinc adheres, the coating will take up fatty colors. The printing is conducted as on an ordinary lithographic stone.

The advantages claimed for this method are, that the plates are much more durable, the coating does not become crushed or flattened down, as in other processes, and the plate can be used over and over again, even at considerable intervals of time.

ARTIFICIAL MANUFACTURE OF ICE.

The construction of apparatus for the artificial manufacture of ice has been prosecuted within the last few years with a great deal of activity, and it is by no means improbable that, sooner or later, it will be found cheaper and more convenient to obtain this almost necessary of life by making it as wanted, rather than by attempting to store it in large quantities during winter for subsequent use. Various arrangements have been adopted for accomplishing the object, both in America and Europe, among which the evaporation of ammonia is perhaps most frequently used. A German machine on this principle has been constructed to manufacture a thousand pounds of ice per hour, with the aid of three men and an engine of three-horse power.

A special apparatus of this kind, in which no ammonia or other chemical substance is employed, is applied to the cooling of the air in public buildings and dwelling-houses during the hot weather of summer. One of these machines, adapted to the production of 200 pounds of ice per hour, will furnish in the same time 30,000 cubic feet of air, cooled down to a temperature of 23° Fahr.

SCIENTIFIC FEALTY TO THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL.

The Abbé Moigno, in his Scientific Journal, invites all professors in universities and colleges, and all members of academies of science, to present their tribute of adhesion and of obedience to the Œcumenical Council of the Vatican, by sign-

ing their name and address on a blank which he incloses for the purpose, and mentioning the sum of money which each proposes to give. The amount of the donation seems of comparatively little account, a few centimes being considered equally acceptable with a larger sum, the object being simply to secure an expression of allegiance on the part of learned men to the Council now in session.

NEXT TRANSITS OF VENUS.

Considerable interest is manifested among astronomers in reference to the approaching transits of Venus, which will take place in 1874 and in 1882. The stations of the French philosophers for 1874 are already named as being Oahu, in the Sandwich Islands; Kerguelen, in the Indian Ocean; Rodriguez, near the Mauritius; Auckland, in New Zealand; and Alexandria.

ARTIFICIAL ALIZARINE.

Among other contributions of organic chemistry to the arts is the discovery that alizarine, the coloring matter of madder, and the active principle of the Turkey-red dye, can be prepared artificially. The substance from which it is usually obtained is one of the hydrocarbons, called anthracen. This is distilled from asphaltum by the aid of superheated steam, and the raw product purified by sublimation. The anthracen is converted into another substance, called anthraquinon, by gently heating it with twice its weight of nitric acid, and washing the product with water. This last substance is then dissolved at a moderate heat in sulphuric acid; and by the addition of nitrate of mercury, the two substances, alizarine and purpurine, are obtained.

A red dye has lately been obtained from anthracen, which, it is said, is superior to the alizarine derived directly from madder.

REMEDY FOR RINDERPEST.

A Russian remedy for the rinderpest, which, it is stated, has been used with complete success upon a large number of cattle, consists in taking the skin of an animal that has died with this disease, and after wrapping 120 pounds of salt in it, placing it for a whole night before a large fire. The salt thus medicated is to be administered to healthy cattle, which are inoculated with the disease in a mild form, from which they recover in about twenty-four hours, and afterward become entirely proof against the infection.

PRE-HISTORIC MAN.

Among other proofs of the existence of man at a very remote period of time may be mentioned the discovery of the skeleton of a *Halitherium*, a fossil cetacean, with incisions made by human hands in the bone while still in a fresh condition. Specimens of these bones are preserved in the French Ethnological Museum of St. Germain.

Worked bones of the fossil rhinoceros and of the mammoth have already been brought to the notice of the scientific world; and the discovery of carvings of bones of the reindeer in the caves of the Dordogne, and belonging to a decidedly later period, is well established. Specimens of these carved reindeer bones may be seen in the Peabody Museum at Cambridge, and in that of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

COLOSSAL ELEPHANT.

A recent writer in the *Field* newspaper gives the dimensions of an old Indian elephant, which could scarcely have been much inferior in size to a mastodon. According to his account the animal measured eleven feet and three-quarters in height at the shoulders; twenty-five feet and five inches from the tip of the trunk to the end of the tail. The distance from the tip of the trunk to the eye was seven feet; from the eye to the tail nearly thirteen and a half feet; and the tail was four and a half feet in length. The tusks were five feet two inches long.

PHYSIOLOGICAL EFFECTS OF MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

A recent writer gives the results of some interesting experiments made upon himself while ascending Mont Blanc, provided with apparatus of extreme nicety for measuring the rapidity of the circulation, the intensity of respiration, and the temperature of the blood. He found that, up to a height of about 3500 feet, but little effect was produced; beyond that, however, a perceptible change took place in the animal phenomena. According to our author, the effect upon the respiration was slight up to about 10,000 feet, especially upon those who know how to walk up high mountains; namely, with the head lowered, to diminish the orifice of the respiratory channels; the air permitted to pass through the nose only, and the mouth kept shut, and holding in it some small object, like a small stone or nut, to increase the secretion of the saliva. Beyond 10,000 feet, however, the number of respiratory movements, which had been about twenty-four per minute, as at the lower levels, increased to thirty-six per minute, and the breathing became short and troubled.

It was ascertained by these experiments that the quantity of air taken in and exhaled with increasing altitude was much less than in the plains, and that but little oxygen seemed to come in contact with the blood. During the ascent, although very slow and gradual, the circulation became much accelerated; so that, while at the lower level the motion of the pulse of the experimenter averaged sixty-four beats per minute, it rose continually, until, in ascending the last slope, near the top of the mountain, it was one hundred and sixty per minute, and even more. The blood seemed to pass with great rapidity through the lungs, involving an imperfect oxygenation in addition to that resulting from the greater rarity of the atmosphere. At the summit the veins of the arms and head swelled, and paleness and painful sleepiness ensued; even after a period of complete rest the pulse remained at from ninety to a hundred. The internal temperature was shown to vary very considerably, the animal heat falling from the usual average to about 89°—a truly enormous reduction. After remaining stationary for a few moments, however, the temperature rose nearly to its usual maximum. It was found that during the process of digestion this reduction of temperature did not take place; which explains the philosophy of the practice, among the guides in the Swiss mountains, of eating something every hour or two. This decrease in temperature is supposed to arise from the conversion of the heat into mechanical force, which, under ordinary circumstances, is contin-

ually replaced. On the mountains, however, and especially on steep, snowy slopes, a greater amount of heat is required for transformation into mechanical force than the system can supply; whence arises the cooling of the body and the necessity for frequent halts, in order to restore the proper degree of warmth. The rapidity of the circulation is also supposed to be one of the causes of this reduced temperature, as the blood is not allowed a sufficient length of time for combination with the oxygen of the air in the lungs.

COST OF LIVE ANIMALS.

The Zoological Society of London has lately published a list of prices at which certain duplicate animals in its menagerie will be sold. From this we learn that an eland can be had for $250, a Virginia deer for $35, a raccoon for $7, a hyena for $100, and other quadrupeds in proportion. The birds are held at higher rates. Thus, a barred-tailed pheasant will cost $150; a peacock pheasant, $250; and a tragopan pheasant, $400. Our own summer duck is valued at $10, while the mandarin duck costs $20. The cheapest bird in the list is the white-headed pigeon, a well-known Florida species, which can be had at $7 50.

PRESERVATION OF ANIMAL SUBSTANCES.

A patent has recently been granted for a method of preserving animal substances with bisulphite of lime and magnesia, substances already successfully used in the preparation of lemon juice for long voyages. For preserving meats on a large scale a hot solution of these salts, with the addition of ten per cent. of common salt, is to be injected into the blood-vessels before the carcass becomes fixed. The viscera are then to be removed, and the inside wet with the solution. Fish may be prepared in the same way by cleaning them, removing the viscera, and packing them in barrels, and pickling with this mixture. Fermented liquids are said to be much less likely to become sour if kept in vessels that have been washed on the inside with the solution just described.

FURNACE SLAG.

In Belgium, furnace slag is now utilized by allowing it to be run off into moulds along the sides of the furnace, in which it assumes the form of rectangular blocks of any desired size. When cold the mass forms a compact, homogeneous slag, very much resembling porphyry, and equal, for building and engineering purposes, to the best natural stone that can be procured from the quarry.

APPLYING PAINT TO PLASTER CASTS.

Porous plaster or stone may be rendered compact, and fitted to receive paint by applying a coating of a solution of one part albumen in five of acetic acid. The result is a fine, firm, adherent skin, upon which the paint may then be laid.

PHYSICAL CONSTITUTION OF THE SUN.

The results of the observations of the American astronomers upon the eclipse of August, 1869, do not entirely bear out the conclusions based by our transatlantic brethren upon that of 1868. According to Professor Pickering, the coronal light seems not to be polarized, and consequently is not reflected light from the atmosphere around the sun. He therefore supposes it may be a permanent solar aurora. As to the red flames, while it is possible that they consist principally of hydrogen, yet it is probable that other substances are present. The flame is maintained to be not in a state of combustion, but of incandescence.

The theory of the solar spots does not seem to have been materially modified by the American observations—whether they are caused by an upward rush of gas breaking through the photosphere, or are the luminous envelope of the sun, revealing the surface beneath; or whether the rush is downward toward the surface of the sun from the higher atmosphere.

In regard to the source of the light and heat of the sun there has been an infinite number of suggestions; but many among the most accomplished philosophers are of the opinion that the phenomena can only be explained on the supposition that this is to be found in the continued impact of meteoric matter attracted from the surrounding space to the surface of the luminary.

QUICKSILVER IN BORNEO.

A very rich mine of quicksilver has recently been discovered in Borneo, being nearly pure sulphide of mercury, and yielding from 70 to 80 per cent. of the metal.

IMITATING DARK WOODS.

The appearance of walnut may be given to white woods by painting or sponging them with a concentrated warm solution of permanganate of potassa. The effect is different on different kinds of timber, some becoming stained very rapidly, others requiring more time for this result. The permanganate is decomposed by the woody fibre; brown peroxyd of manganese is precipitated, which is afterward removed by washing with water. The wood, when dry, may be varnished, and will be found to resemble very closely the naturally dark woods.

CARBOLIC ACID AND CHOLERA.

A Paris journal contains a letter from a correspondent in Nicaragua, detailing the effect of the use of carbolic acid as a preventive of disease during the cholera epidemic in that country. The superintendent of an extensive plantation, employing several hundred persons, took the precaution to water the corridors and interior of the buildings every day with a solution of the acid, and had the pleasure of finding, as the result, that not a single member of his establishment died of the disease, although many fatal cases were constantly occurring in the neighborhood. An additional advantage was the disappearance of intermittent fever, as well as of fleas, bugs, and other vermin. It was also used with entire success in driving away ants, which are so troublesome as neighbors in tropical countries.

PURIFICATION OF CAST IRON.

We have to chronicle another method for the purification of cast iron previous to forging or conversion into steel. This consists in running the molten metal into shallow pans of five or six inches in depth, lined with a paste composed of nitrate of soda and soft hematite or other iron

ore. When the metal is poured into the pans a violent action takes place, and a large proportion of silica, together with some of the carbon, phosphorus, and sulphur of the iron ore are carried off in the slag; so that when the slabs of metal are worked in the puddling furnace the operations are completed much more rapidly than with ordinary pig-metal, and the result is the production of a much superior quality of iron.

SIZE OF METEORS.

It is now well understood that visible meteors consist generally of small bodies circulating in space and becoming ignited when attracted within the limits of the earth's atmosphere. It may surprise some, however, to be told that, in the opinion of the best meteorologists, the greater number of these bodies are so minute as probably scarcely to exceed a single ounce in weight, and that they consequently become entirely consumed before they can reach the surface of the earth, the larger ones alone resisting the wasting process of combustion.

ALUMINUM BRONZE.

Workers in metal do not seem to become weary in their praises of the virtues of aluminum bronze, especially when composed of ten per cent. of aluminum and ninety per cent. of copper. Its color resembles eighteen-carat gold, and it is capable of receiving a polish far superior in beauty to that of any gilding. This ten per cent. bronze may be forged like iron or steel, either cold or hot, and becomes very compact under the action of the hammer. It can be rolled into sheets, or drawn into wire or tubes of any diameter. Its specific gravity is about that of iron. It is acted upon by atmospheric influences less than any metal or alloy, except gold, platinum, and aluminum. It is tougher than iron, very stiff and elastic; and, in short, possesses a vast category of attributes of the highest value.

It is now much used for watch movements, as well as for articles for the table—such as spoons, forks, cups, etc.

INTERNATIONAL DISTRESS-FLAG.

A proposed international signal of distress, recommended for the use of all nations, by one of the Congresses for the amelioration of the condition of the sick and wounded in war and battle, is to consist of a dark yellow flag, bearing a red cross in the centre.

CONTROL OF INVOLUNTARY MOVEMENTS OF THE BODY.

Several curious facts have recently been published, based, it is said, on good authority, in reference to the power possessed by some individuals of controlling the action of the heart and lungs, and entering at will into a state of catalepsy and apparent death; remaining in that condition for a length of time, extending to days, weeks, and even months! The case of Colonel Townsend, who could check the beating of his heart and pass into a condition of rigid coldness at will, is well known, and apparently well authenticated. Other instances are met with among the Fakirs of India, respecting whom many accounts are on record. In one instance the Fakir was buried alive for six weeks, the tomb being kept under a strict guard, and at the expiration of that time, restoratives having been applied to the body, the vital organs resumed their functions. One devotee was buried alive in a common grave under three or four feet of earth, disinterred after three days, and again restored to his usual condition.

GLYCERINE A SOLVENT FOR CARBOLIC ACID.

It is stated that carbolic acid for medical and therapeutical purposes should be first dissolved in glycerine, in the proportion of one part to six; it can then be diluted to any degree much more readily than when in its simple state. It forms, in its combination, a carbolate of glycerine, without having any of its properties interfered with; while the compound has certain advantageous peculiarities and remedial virtues of its own.

Among the applications of the mixture are its use for a gargle, a lotion, an injection, a disinfectant, a cure for the toothache, etc.

In many cases where carbolic acid is applied to plants for the destruction of parasitic insects both are killed. For such a purpose it is stated that a weak solution of the carbolate will insure the destruction of the latter without injury to the former.

APOMECOMETER.

An instrument, with the euphonious name of *Apomecometer*, has recently been invented for the quick and tolerably accurate measurement of heights. It is somewhat similar in its arrangement to the sextant, but possessing modifications peculiar to itself.

USE OF SLATE IN RELIEF ENGRAVING.

Blocks of slate, of suitable size, are recommended as a substitute for box-wood for engraving in relief. It is claimed that while these blocks are very easily cut, they will furnish a hundred thousand good impressions without wearing. They are not affected by oil nor water, do not vary with the temperature, and never become warped, which is so serious a fault with box-wood in certain instances.

MENTAL DIFFERENCE IN THE SEXES.

Elaborate papers have recently been presented before the Anthropological Society of London upon the peculiarities, mental and moral, occasioned by difference of sex; and on the real difference between the minds of men and women. We commend them to the consideration of such of our readers as are interested in the questions involved.

SNAKE-BITES IN INDIA.

We are accustomed to hear of an occasional death from the bite of a poisonous serpent in America, but we can scarcely realize the scourge which these reptiles constitute in India. In a single district in that country, in 1867, no less than nine hundred and eighty-four persons lost their lives in this way.

SUCKER-LIMBED BAT.

Among interesting novelties in natural history is the discovery of a species of bat with sucker-like disks on the thumb of the wing and the hind toe, by means of which it can attach itself firmly to a smooth surface, the apparatus being very much like that of the tree-frog.

Editor's Historical Record.

THE UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 30th of December. The second session of the Forty-first Congress was assembled on the 6th. Sixty-one Senators and one hundred and eighty-two Representatives were present.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The President's Message was received on the first day of the session. The Message called attention to the full restoration of seven States to their places in the Union. The eighth, Georgia, while complying in all other respects with the requirements of Congress, had, in violation of its own constitution, unseated the colored members of its Legislature, and admitted some members who are disqualified by the Fourteenth Amendment.—The loss of our commerce, one of the results of the late rebellion, required more attention than it had received.—One evil growing out of the rebellion—that of an irredeemable currency—demanded the earnest attention of Congress. A medium of exchange of fixed, unvarying value should be secured. This implied a return to a specie basis, for which no substitute could be devised. "It should be commenced now and reached at the earliest possible moment consistent with a fair regard to the interests of the debtor class. Immediate resumption, if practicable, would not be desirable. It would compel the debtor class to pay beyond their contracts the premium on gold at the date of their purchase, and would bring bankruptcy and ruin to thousands."—The gradual payment of the public debt was recommended. "With a less burden of taxation than the citizen has endured for six years past" the entire debt could be paid in ten years; but such a tax was not desirable. The burden of interest ought to be reduced.—The renewal of the income tax, but at a reduced rate, was suggested; the tax to expire in three years.—Such legislation was recommended as would place the office of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue "upon a footing of dignity commensurate with its importance."—Sympathy was expressed with the struggle of the Cubans for independence; but the contest had "at no time assumed the conditions which amount to a war in the sense of international law, or which would show the existence of a *de facto* political organization of the insurgents sufficient to justify a recognition of belligerency." The United States had no disposition to interfere with the existing relations between Spain and her colonial possessions on this continent, believing that in due time Spain and other European powers would find their interest in terminating those relations.—Attention was called to the project of an interoceanic canal across the Isthmus of Darien; authority had been asked of the United States of Colombia for a survey by our government.—Toward the close of the last Administration a convention had been signed at London for the settlement of all outstanding claims between Great Britain and the United States, which failed to receive the ratification of the Senate. "The time and the circumstances attending the negotiation of that treaty were unfavorable to its acceptance by the people of the United States, and its provisions were wholly inadequate for the settlement of the grave wrongs that had been sustained by this government as well as by its citizens. The injuries resulting to the United States by reason of the course adopted by Great Britain during our late civil war in the increased rates of insurance, in the diminution of exports and imports and other obstructions to domestic industry and production, in its effect upon the foreign commerce of the country, in the decrease and transfer to Great Britain of our commercial marine, in the prolongation of the war and the increased cost, both in treasure and in lives, of its suppression, could not be adjusted and satisfied as ordinary commercial claims which continually arise between commercial nations."—The question of renewing a treaty for reciprocal trade between the United States and the British Provinces on this continent had not been favorably considered by the Administration. The advantages of such a treaty would be wholly in favor of the British producer.—Legislation was recommended to protect the rights of citizens of the United States, as well as the dignity and sovereignty of the nation, against monopolies in ocean telegraphic cables, especial attention being called to the concession granted by the Emperor of the French to a company which, organized under British laws, had laid a submarine cable between the shores of France and America—a concession which excluded the capital and the citizens of the United States from competition upon the shores of France.—Attention was called to claims for the protection of the United States made by citizens of other countries who come to this for the sole purpose of becoming naturalized, and who then return home and pass as citizens of either country, according as their interests and their regard for personal safety dictate.—Invitations had been "extended to the cabinets of London, Paris, Florence, Berlin, Brussels, The Hague, Copenhagen, and Stockholm to empower their representatives at Washington to simultaneously enter into negotiations and to conclude with the United States conventions identical in form making uniform regulations as to the construction of the parts of vessels to be devoted to the use of emigrant passengers, as to the quality and quantity of food, as to the medical treatment of the sick, and as to the rules to be observed during the voyage in order to secure ventilation, to promote health, to prevent intrusion, and to protect the females, and providing for the establishment of tribunals in the several countries for enforcing such regulations by summary process."—Legislation was advised "to forever preclude the enslavement of the Chinese upon our soil under the name of coolies, and also prevent American vessels from engaging in the transportation of coolies to any country tolerating the system."—The mission to China ought to be raised to one of the first-class.—The total repeal of the Tenure-of-Office Acts was earnestly recommended.—The policy which the Administration adopted toward the Indians had been in accordance with that adopted by the Society of Friends, and had been attended with satisfactory results. The management of a few Indian res-

ervations had been given to members of this society, and the burden of selection of agents had been thrown upon the society itself. For superintendents and agents not on the reservations, officers of the army had been selected, because thus there was secured greater economy and a better prospect of peaceful relations.—The abolition of the franking privilege was earnestly recommended.—Attention was called to the inadequate salaries of a number of the most important officers of the government, the justices of the Supreme Court being especially mentioned.

THE DEPARTMENT REPORTS.

The Secretary of the Treasury reports the receipts of the government, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1869, to be $370,943,747; and the expenditures, including interest, bounties, etc., $321,490,597. The estimates for the ensuing year are more favorable to the government, and indicate a much larger decrease of the public debt. The expense of the clerical force of the department has been reduced by a little over half a million of dollars per annum. The decrease of the public debt, from March 1 to December 1, was $71,903,524. The surplus, arising from the excess of receipts over expenditures, had been applied from time to time to the purchase of Five-Twenty bonds—the purchase amounting, November 30, to $75,476,800. As a large part of the surplus was realized in coin, sales of gold had been made and the proceeds applied to the purchase of these bonds. A portion of the purchased bonds, amounting to $28,044,800, had been designated as belonging to the Sinking Fund, as contemplated in the act of February 25, 1862; the rest were held as a special fund, subject to the action of Congress. The Secretary recommends that these latter should also go to the Sinking Fund. The Secretary thinks the resumption of specie payments impossible until our exports are substantially equal to our imports. "One of the most efficient means of strengthening the country in its financial relations with other countries is the development of our commercial marine.....If the entire foreign trade of the country, both of exports and imports, were carried on in American ships, the earnings would not be less than $75,000,000 a year. At present the freights of the foreign trade in American ships do not exceed $28,000,000." The Secretary thinks that it is unwise to resume specie payments while from $700,000,000 to $900,000,000 of our bonds are held in Europe, and to a considerable extent by persons who will dispose of them for speculative purposes whenever the advance shall furnish a sufficient inducement, or whenever political or financial disturbances may create a demand for money for other purposes.

Mr. Delano, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, reports the total receipts for the year ending June 30, 1869, exclusive of the direct tax upon lands and the duty upon the circulation and deposits of national banks, as amounting to $160,039,344 29. The receipts for the current year are estimated at $175,000,000.

The Comptroller of the Currency reports the total number of national banks organized up to October, 1869, as 1694; the number in active operation, 1620. The amount of notes outstanding September 30 was $299,789,055.

The Postmaster-General reports that there are in the United States 27,106 postmasters. The money-order system has proved a success, the business having grown from $1,360,122, in 1865, to $24,848,058, in 1869—the profit to the department in the latter year amounting to $65,553. The postal revenues for the year ending June 30 amounted to $18,344,510, and the expenditures to $23,698,131. The increase of revenues over the previous year was $2,051,909; of expenditures, $967,538.

The Secretary of the Interior announces an increase of more than a hundred per cent. on last year's cash receipts, and the disposition, by sale and pre-emption, of five and a half millions of acres of land; while less than 750,000 acres have been given away to railroad companies. The amount paid to pensioners was $28,422,884.

The Secretary of War suggests a plan of military organization by which the army would be reduced from 52,434 men to 42,650.

CONGRESS.

On the first day of the session Hon. Lot M. Morrill took the prescribed oaths and became Senator from Maine, *vice* the Hon. W. P. Fessenden, deceased. The credentials of the Virginia Senators—John F. Lewis for the long, and John W. Johnson for the short term—were referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. The resignation of Senator Grimes, of Iowa, was received, and ordered to lie on the table. In the House the following new members were sworn in: S. S. Cox, of New York; George Brooks, of Massachusetts; H. C. Burchard, of Illinois; and W. H. Barnum, of Connecticut. The Alabama delegation was sworn in on the 7th.

Among the bills, resolutions, and other business laid before Congress were the following matters:

In the Senate, a petition, signed by 30,000 citizens of Pennsylvania, praying Congress to accord belligerent rights to Cuba, and to recognize her independence; a bill, by Senator Drake, to prevent any court created by Congress to pronounce invalid any act of the latter, and to preclude the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court from confirming any such judgment; a bill, by Senator Sumner, abolishing the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court in proceedings commenced by the writ of *habeas corpus;* a bill to provide for the reconstruction of Georgia; a resolution to remove all disabilities from citizens of the late rebel States after the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment; a bill to amend the banking law, and to promote the resumption of specie payments; a bill to relieve members of Congress from importunity, and to preserve the independence of the departments of the government; a resolution of inquiry into the fluctuations of the New York gold market, September 21–26; a bill to punish election frauds; a bill for the transfer of the Philadelphia Navy-yard to League Island; a resolution of inquiry into the propriety of reducing the expenses of the obsequies of members of Congress; a resolution of inquiry into the conditions on which the French (so called) Atlantic Cable Company holds the concession of the French government; a petition, signed by 72,000 citizens of New York, praying that belligerent rights and the recognition of independence be accorded

to Cuba; a bill authorizing the additional issue of legal-tender notes to the amount of $44,000,000; a resolution to prevent the departure of the Spanish gun-boat fleet; a bill to regulate telegraphic communication between the United States and foreign nations; a bill to reform the Civil Service.

In the House, a bill providing for the taking of the Ninth Census, to fix the number of members of the House, and to provide for their future apportionment among the States; a joint resolution declaring Virginia entitled to representation; a bill to repeal the Tenure-of-Office Act; a bill to abolish the franking privilege; a bill to repeal the duty on coffee, tea, salt, and writing and printing paper; a bill to establish a uniform system of naturalization; a bill to fund the public debt at a lower rate of interest; a bill to abolish duties on coal; a bill providing for the construction of a Niagara ship canal; a resolution (adopted December 13) against renewing a treaty of reciprocity with the British Provinces; a bill to tax the income from U. S. bonds; a resolution of inquiry into the Avondale mine disaster; a joint resolution (passed by both Houses) of tribute to the memory of George Peabody.

Only a few of these measures were taken up by Congress. The most important of these were Senators Drake's and Trumbull's judiciary bills; the bill for the reconstruction of Georgia—providing for the convening of the old Legislature, excluding such members as are ineligible under the Fourteenth Amendment, but none on account of race or color, and empowering the President to enforce the act, using the army and navy if necessary; and the Ninth Census bill. A bill for the suppression of polygamy in Utah was favorably reported back to the Senate by the committee to which it had been referred. The Georgia bill was passed by both Houses and signed by the President. The old Legislature was to be convened January 10. A very significant vote was taken in the House, December 16, giving the sense of that body as to repudiation. Mr. Mungen introduced the subject by a speech in favor of repudiation. Mr. Garfield offered a resolution that any proposition to repudiate any portion of the public debt "is unworthy the honor and good name of the nation," etc. The resolution was adopted, 128 to 1.

General Garfield, Chairman of the Congressional Census Committee, thinks that the taking of the next census can be completed by the 1st of July, 1870. If so, the new apportionment for members of Congress will probably be made in the following December, to take effect with the incoming of the Forty-second Congress, March 4, 1871.

Up to December 9, 1869, twenty-one States had ratified the Fifteenth Amendment. The ratification by Missouri and Kansas was defective, the second section being omitted by the former and modified by the latter.

Elections were held in Mississippi and Texas, November 30, 1869. In the former State General Alcorn (Republican) was elected Governor by a large majority; in the latter the majority for Davis (Republican) is reported as 400, excluding Milan and Navarro counties, in which new elections have been ordered.

The Spanish gun-boats detained at New York were, by executive order, released from the custody of the United States authorities December 10.

A treaty has been made between the United States and San Domingo, by which the former takes possession of the bay and peninsula of Samana for 50 years at an annual rental of $150,000 in coin. The treaty has not yet been ratified by the Senate.

Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, ex-Secretary of War, died December 24. He had just been confirmed an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court.

EUROPE.

General Prim recently stated in the Spanish Cortes that since the commencement of the Cuban insurrection fourteen vessels of war, including two iron-clads, had sailed for Cuba, transporting nearly 40,000 troops.

M. Rochefort has been quite demonstrative in the French Corps Legislatif. On the 3d he demanded that the National Guard be ordered to guard the hall of the Chamber in future for the protection of the members; on the 10th he moved the impeachment of M. Forcade, the Minister of the Interior; this motion being followed by great excitement, in the midst of which the Legislature adjourned.—A republican society has been discovered among the soldiers of the Paris garrison, and seventy-four of the members have been arrested.—The *Journal Officiel* of December 28 announced the resignation of the French Ministry, and also contained a letter from the Emperor to M. Emile Ollivier, requesting the latter to organize a new Cabinet faithfully representing the legislative majority, and resolved to apply, in letter and in spirit, the Senatus Consultum of December 8.—The new session of the Corps Legislatif commenced on the 28th. M. Schneider was elected President.—The trial of Traupmann for the murder of the Kinck family was opened in Paris on the 28th.

The Œcumenical Council was opened at Rome on the 8th by Pope Pius IX. His Holiness, at the head of a procession of 700 bishops, proceeded to the Council Hall, the galleries of which were filled by sovereigns, princes, and members of the corps diplomatique. The Pope, in his allocution to the bishops on the 9th, remarked that the Church was stronger than Heaven even, and had nothing to fear from "false human science and worldly impiety." The Council shortly after its opening was adjourned until after Epiphany. The Pope has issued a bull regulating the method of procedure in the business of the Council. He has ordered committees to be appointed, to whom are to be referred all business, and who are to report resolutions. A cable telegram from Rome, December 28, reports that in questions thus far submitted to the committees nothing has been said on the subject of infallibility.—Cardinal Pantini died in Rome on the 18th.

CANADA.

During the month of November the inhabitants of Rupert's Land and the Northwest Territory rose in insurrection against the lawful authorities instituted by the Dominion of Canada. This region has recently been transferred to the latter power by the Hudson Bay Company. Governor M'Dougal has been thus far unable to successfully oppose the rebellion. The rebel Provisional Government have issued a Declaration of Independence, and has gained possession of Fort Garry.

Editor's Drawer.

THE evidence of tradition, in these modern days of progressive civilization, printing-presses, public schools, libraries, and modes of registration, is assumed by the multitude generally to be weaker than written and printed records of facts and events. We are apt to express surprise, with a leaning to skepticism, that truth should be traced to primeval periods through such a dark labyrinthian passage; and yet there are more things in earth than are recorded by historians or dreamed of by philosophers.

Human knowledge would be scanty confined to and derived from books alone. In the primitive sense of the word, we derive all from tradition. The Church has its traditions; the State has its traditions, as England has its Common Law and Constitution, less liable to change and alteration, perhaps, than one fortified with letters. The Stage has its traditions, not found in its "directions to the players"—as Peter, in "Romeo and Juliet," catching flies; and Hamlet doffing his beaver at sight of the ghost—and both these practices are as old as Shakspeare's time.

We have the names and complete succession of the Roman consuls and of the victors at the Olympic games; while the city of New York, begun long after the discovery of printing, has not a perfect list of its schepens and aldermen. It may be that tradition kicked at some of the latter corporeity, and blotted them out forever.

Consider how few may be the links in the great cable which connects the present with the past.

For illustration: A friend of the Drawer recently was enjoying the company and conversation of the social and learned Gulian C. Verplanck, *clarum et venerabile nomen*, who related to him the following traditionary anecdotes:

When Voltaire was in England, in the early part of the reign of George I., he was entertained at dinner by Pope, the poet. Mrs. Pope, the mother of the poet, Nathaniel Hooke, the writer of a Roman history, and other company, were present. The table-talk of Voltaire was so indecorous, even in those days of license, that the mother left the table with disgust and indignation, and Pope ordered Voltaire out of the room.

This story was told by Mr. Hooke, who was present, to the grandfather of Mr. Verplanck, who told it to the gentleman who gives it to the Drawer.

Another case, related by Mr. V. at the same sitting, and carrying us farther back in the chain of time, with the same few number of joints: One Englebert Haff was plowing his father's field in Old England when he heard the news of the decapitation of King Charles I., on the 30th January, 1649. He came to this country, was in the service of the grandfather of Mr. V. and lived to a great age. He related this circumstance to the grandfather, who related it to his grandson, who told it to the same friend of the Drawer. Haff became a member of the Dutch Reformed Church at Fishkill, and the communion service of plate presented to the church in memory of Haff is inscribed with his name.

"LECTURING in Pennsylvania, the other day," writes the wittiest of American poets, "I heard the following *jeu de mot*, the first publishing of which I give to the Drawer:

"'I beseech of thee not to go to this war,' said a Quaker lady to her son, an accomplished physician of Beaver County, Pennsylvania.

"'But I do not go to fight, mother; I am going as a medical man, surely there is no harm in that.'

"'Well, well,' replied the old lady, with a beaming look of love and loyalty in her eye, 'go, then, if it must be so; but if thee finds that thee kills more than thee cures, I advise thee to go straightway over to the rebels!'"

THERE are in every community men who, by means indirect and underhanded, manage to accumulate wealth, but who invariably accumulate with it the contempt and odium of the community. Such a man was Mr. P——, who long resided in Hoboken, but who finally, in the course of nature, yielded to the Great Destroyer. A legal gentleman, famous not only for remarkable forensic ability, but for a peculiar power of trenchant satire, was speaking of the defunct, and what a blessing it was, on the whole, that he had gone. Said he, "I don't pretend to know how it was in *hell* when this man died, but in *Hoboken* I *know* there was *great rejoicing!*"

ALTHOUGH the first recorded miracle in the New Testament was the converting of water into wine at a marriage ceremony, it is nevertheless not always safe to imbibe, even at a wedding, unless you know something of the vintage. Mistakes will happen, as was the case not long since with the Rev. Dr. ——, of Newburyport, who was called down from his chamber to marry a couple. The hour was late, and the minister's wife, who had retired for the night, did not rise to witness the ceremony, but gave her husband particular directions for the entertainment of the wedding guests. "Don't forget to pass the cake and wine, Doctor," said she. "The cake is in the corner cupboard, and you'll find the wine on the third right-hand shelf in the side-board."

The Doctor promised obedience, and, putting on his garments, went down to perform the ceremony. When he returned to his chamber, half an hour later, he found his wife sitting up in bed, with an anxious expression on her face.

"Doctor," she cried, "did you give them any wine?"

"Certainly, my dear, just as you told me."

"Not from the decanter on the third shelf of the side-board?"

"That is exactly where you directed me to find it, wife."

"Dear! dear! Did they drink *much* of it?"

"Why, yes, they emptied their glasses."

"What *shall* we do!—Doctor, I made a mistake—it was ipecac wine you gave them. Oh, how sick they must be! Do, dear, put on your cloak and go right after them—they can't have got far."

The minister found his bridal party at the corner of the next street. "What made you drink the wine?" he asked. "Couldn't you tell by the taste that there was something wrong about it?"

The bridegroom answered, between his qualms, "She whispered to me that it tasted dretful queer, but I told her 'twas *because we was gettin' married!*"

Our experience runs in this direction: When a woman sends to the village grocery for any particular thing she wants that p. t., and nothing else. If she sends for tea she wants not turkey; if for gin, certainly *not* for ginger. To make it clearer: A lady in one of the villages of Baltimore County, Maryland, sent to her grocer an order for a certain article, which order (the original is before us) reads as follows, verbatim:

Mr. Tuttle—this here thing has got two much hemp in it for mulasses and not quite enough for a cloes line, so I beg you will exchange it for a purer article and plase send me a bar of soap 5 cts hairpins 5 cts pins and the bill Your oblidged
Susan Finnerty.

From Barkerville, British Columbia, where the Drawer seems to be a public comfort, we have the two following items, showing the degree of intelligence possessed by the average Chinaman who migrates thither from the Flowery Kingdom:

"In the claim where I am at present working," writes our correspondent, "are a number of Chinamen, who are employed as 'carmen,' and are equally divided into two 'shifts,' one for the day, one for the night. Among those on the day shift is one whom we call 'Old Lock,' who prides himself on being well posted, or, to use his own words, 'heap sabee.' Getting into conversation with him one day, I spoke about the great men of his country, and among them mentioned Confucius, asking him if he knew any thing of him. Unwilling to admit his ignorance, he replied, 'Oh yes, me know him heap; me thinkee him run car on night shift!'"

Another: "On Good-Friday last a Chinaman who keeps a wash-house in Barkerville, noticing that the banks and shops were closed during the day, and desiring, as a new-comer, to post himself on British laws and observances, entered the shop of his next-door neighbor, a worthy son of St. Crispin, for the purpose of obtaining information as to why the day was so kept. The shoemaker, being of a religious turn of mind, grasped the opportunity to throw light on the benighted intellect of the Celestial, and entered into a detailed account of the crucifixion. After finishing the recital, he asked John what he thought of the wicked manner of the execution. John, who had been somewhat interested, and not a little excited, during the narrative, burst out with the exclamation, 'Bah! *too much foolee!—why no shootee?*'"

Deacons are good men. We have known deacons who got along as well with their wives, in the journey of life, as brokers or bankers—almost as comfortably as insurance men or publishers. Now Deacon C——, of H——, was a good man, but he had his peculiarities. The last sickness of his wife was somewhat prolonged, and at times her attacks were so violent that the attendants thought each would be her last. The deacon, upon the recurrence of these attacks, was always called from his work; but after a few of them, he always assured her and those about her she was in no danger of dying. One day the deacon was busily at work when he was notified that his wife was worse, and was dying. "Oh no, she ain't; she'll come out all right—no trouble," he said. But the attendants insisted upon it that he should go in, and that his wife would not live more than a few minutes. So the deacon laid down the tools with which he was at work, and went to the room occupied by his wife and to her bedside. After looking at her for a few minutes, he turned to those present and exclaimed: "*Well, there; this looks more like it!*" And so it proved—the deacon was never called again.

We have received from a correspondent at Phenix, Rhode Island, a copy of a poem of fifty lines, a few copies of which were printed for private circulation, composed by James W. Gorton on the death of his sister, Sally Green, wife of Varnum Green, who died July 21, 1856. We haven't room for the whole fifty, but segregate eight stanzas as a specimen. Here and there a slight irregularity in the measure may be detected, but not enough to smash the "idee" the author seeks to convey:

Since it was God's holy will my sister from this earth to take,
I thought that I these lines would fill as she no lines herself can make;
When I was parted from my friend it was a weeping day,
And now through life's uneven walk may God direct my way!

'Twas July last, the twenty-first, that Sally ceased to be,
A lonesome day I thought it was, a lonesome day to me;
When I was only ten years old with her I went to live,
And nearly 20 years had rolled when *death did shake his sieve.*

She sought for aid, and sought in vain,
Physicians could not cure her pain;
Her pains were those that can't be cured,
No office had her life insured.

The little fam'ly of three that used to dine around one board,
Now separated we must be, as long as we our treasures hoard;
'Twas Sally of the three that's called from cares away,
The fireside circle she did leave, *her friends she left at bay.*

My sister labored here through pain,
In hopes a future rest to gain.
To Jesus Christ her thoughts aspired;
Soon breathed her last *and then retired.*

My sister of the *number eight*
Was called to leave this earthly state,
And now the pangs of death are o'er,
She rests from labors evermore.

When Elder Lock was called to stand between the living and the dead,
He kindly asked the Lord to aid and set home the truths he said;
As you'll no more your friend behold until the judgment-day,
Now trust in God, he kindly said, now trust and not delay.

Varnum, now you are left on earth to mourn the loss of her that once you loved,
Alas! your bosom-friend from you was torn, 'twas wisely ordered from above.
Then Elder Lock to you did say, the text to you that Sally read
Would be the last she'd read to you, she'd read no more *because she's dead.*

In a general way it may be said that there is not much mirth in a potato; nor has it, so far as

the Drawer has knowledge, been made the subject of verse excepting by Alexander Tait, the mad poet of Tarbolton, whose admiration of that esculent prompted the following rhythmic statement of facts:

"Potatoes! thy name I'll no smother,
I'll make thee to ring like a bell;
Thou fed my father and mither,
And I live upon thee mysel'.

"I get taties to breakfast, wi' butter,
At dinner I eat them wi' sap;
I get taties wi' sybos to supper,
At night then I sleep like a tap."

A Dansville, New York, friend sends the following, which seems to specially commend itself to our brethren the doctors:

The friends of an old lady who died recently in this vicinity, wishing to send the remains to a distant town, to be interred by the side of her husband, and having been informed that the railroad authorities sometimes objected to carry dead bodies unless assured that there was no danger of infection, requested a certain influential individual of the neighborhood to write a certificate setting forth the cause of her death. He complied, as follows:

"This is to certify that we, the subscribers, were acquainted with the deceased, —— ——, and that she came to her death from no particular disease, but having had some time ago an attack of numb palsy, she gradually run down, and died at last, *without the necessity of a physician!*" Signed, etc., etc.

The romance of the runaway darkey was quite played out after the peoples of the North and South had pecked their flints for the final shot. Once in a while, however, there comes a reminiscence which shows Sambo's native humor, and how irresistible was his hankering for the "boon of freedom." Before the war there came into the bar-room of a hotel in Canada, near the frontier, a bright-looking negro, who was thus addressed by one of the eminent persons usually found in such resorts:

"I s'pose you're a runaway slave," said one, looking sharply at the new-comer.

Feeling that he was pretty well away from bondage, the darkey responded that he was.

"Ah, indeed; well, we're glad of it: but you don't seem to look very poor—have good clothes down South?"

"Certainly," said the darkey, with some pride. "Same clothes as my master."

"But you got many a good thrashing, eh?"

"Never had a whipping in my life."

"Never thrashed!" said another; "well, but you niggers don't always get enough to eat, do you?"

"Always had enough, gemmen; never went hungry."

"What!" said the interrogator, "good clothes, no punishment, plenty to eat. Now," said he, turning to the group, "only think of it! —this fellow has left a position where he enjoys all these privileges for an uncertainty."

"Gemmen," said the darkey, "all I'se got to say respectin' dem privileges is, dat if any wants to avail hisse'f of 'em, *de situation am still open!*"

In Mr. P. T. Barnum's recently published "Struggles and Triumphs; or, Forty Years' Recollections," he mentions having been in Washington in the year 1862, with Commodore Nutt. President Lincoln sent Mr. Barnum an invitation to visit the White House, and bring his short friend. The Cabinet happened to be there, and the President introduced the little mariner to them. When Mr. Chase was introduced, as Secretary of the Treasury, the Commodore remarked:

"I suppose you are the gentleman who is spending so much of Uncle Sam's money?"

"No, indeed," said Secretary Stanton, promptly; "I am spending it."

"Well," said the Commodore, "it is in a good cause, and I guess it will come out all right."

Which made the Cabinet to smile.

Mr. Lincoln then bent down his long, lank body, and taking Nutt by the hand, said:

"Commodore, permit me to give you a parting word of advice. When you are in command of your fleet, if you find yourself in danger of being taken prisoner, *I advise you to wade ashore!*"

The Commodore, placing himself at the side of the President, and gradually raising his eyes up the whole length of Mr. Lincoln's very long legs, replied: "*I guess, Mr. President, you could do that better than I could!*"

Mr. Barnum also gives a little specimen of punning between himself and his pastor, the Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin. One day, dining together, Mr. B. was carving a chicken, which Mr. C. pronounced a "hen-ous offense."

"Having some difficulty with a tough wing," said Mr. B., "I exclaimed, 'How shall I get the thing off, any how?'

"'Pullet,' gravely answered the Doctor.

"'Eggsactly,' said I.

"Then began what the Doctor called a 'battle of the spurs'—I trying to 'crow' over the Doctor, and he endeavoring to upset my 'cackleations;' urging me meanwhile to 'scratch away,' until I at last told him if he made another pun on that 'lay' he would knock me off the roost.

"'Oh, then,' said the Doctor, finally feathering his nest, 'Sha'n't I clear?'"

An equally fowl pun of the Doctor's was perpetrated in cold blood, or rather very cold water, down at Rockport, Massachusetts, where many clergymen went for sea-bathing. One season the Doctor arrived a fortnight behind the rest, and when they went down bathing together the acclimated visitors pronounced the water to be "delightful," "just right," and so on.

"But isn't it cold?" asked Dr. Chapin.

"Oh no," replied Starr King; "you have only to go down and up twice, and you are warm enough."

"Ah, I see how it is," said the Doctor, who tried the experiment, and came up half frozen. "You are warm after down and up twice. *Why, that's a pair o' ducks!*"

The last instance of "paying in kind" that comes to the Drawer is related by Dr. L——, who was called to the bedside of a young man, quite ill, but who, by following the doctor's directions and good nursing, recovered. Calling upon the good physician to thank him for his kindness, he expressed regret that his extreme poverty prevented any remuneration other than simple gratitude, "unless," continued he, "you will take payment in my way."

"What is your way?"

"I am a musician by profession; I teach the flute, and would like to give you some lessons."

"Ah! you are a flute-player; have you got your flute with you?"

The young man drew the instrument from his pocket.

"Sit down, young man," said the Doctor, pointing to a chair, "and *blow it out!*"

The young man sat himself down and essayed a toot; but whether he blew out the total amount of the bill at that sitting, or whether he became short of wind, our informant saith not. But his disposition was laudable.

SPEAKING of epitaphs, here is one written in 1626, which we find in the London "Notes and Queries," of November 27, 1869. The gentleman furnishing it asks, "Can any reader kindly inform me of the name of the author, and in what collection of poems it is to be found?"

"Birth is a pain; life, labor, care, toil, thrall:
In old age strength fails; lastly, death ends all.
Whilst long life lasts, let virtuous deeds be shown:
Fruits of such trees are hardly thereby seen or known
To have reward with lasting joys for ay,
When vicious actions fall to ends decay.
Of wealth o'erplus, land, money, stock, or store,
In life that will relieve aged, needy poor.
Good deeds defer not till the funeral rites be past;
In lifetime what's done is made more firm, sure, and fast;
So ever after it shall be known and seen
That leaf and fruit shall ever spring fresh and green."

THIS from Annapolis, where it appears in one of the papers published in that ancient city:

"The ladies of our city held a meeting on Wednesday, the object being to *raise money to replenish our dilapidated grave-yard*, where rest the bones and ashes of our departed dead. God bless the ladies, they are foremost in every thing that tends to good!"

PASSING over the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, a short time since, as the mail was thrown off at one of the stations it was picked up by a negro boy fifteen or sixteen years old, who took it on his shoulder and started for the post-office. After proceeding a short distance he was met by a gentleman followed by a dog. As the dog passed the darkey gave him a kick, which the gentleman resented by seizing him by the coat-collar and giving him a thorough shaking. As soon as the boy recovered from this process he turned upon the agitator and said, "Look-a-heah, massa, you'd better be keerful how you shakes dis chile, cos when you shakes me you shakes de whole United States—*I carries de mail!*"

A RECENT writer in the London *Saturday Review*, in an article on "Packing Up," says, among other things, "We once knew a somewhat eccentric fellow, eccentric, however, on this point alone, who piqued himself on starting for his summer tour simply 'as he stood.' With a hat and an umbrella he would have cheerfully started for the Caucasus or Nova Zembla, if his whim took him there. He certainly did start with this somewhat meagre outfit for Moscow and the Calabrias."

Not unlike this eccentric traveler was the late Hon. Mike Walsh, poor fellow! who used to start for Washington with a single clean shirt-collar in his hat, which made up his entire change of linen. On reaching Willard's the porter asked, "Shall I carry your luggage to your room, Sir?" To which the Hon. Michael, gracefully removing his hat, exhibited that solitary collar to the darkey's bewildered gaze, and politely replied, "Thank you, I can carry *it* myself!"

On another occasion, arriving at Jersey City from Washington, after going on board the ferry-boat, some one inquired of Mike, "Is your baggage aboard?"

"Yes."

"*Where* is it?"

"Well, here I stand—*in the centre of it!*" which was an accurate statement of fact.

THERE is not, probably, in the land a human being who has reached the mature age of sixteen who has not heard the proverb, "The Gray Mare is the Better Horse;" and it is equally probable that not one in ten thousand, if one in a hundred thousand, knows its origin. The Drawer having read up on the gray mare question will proceed to enlighten its readers: A gentleman of a certain county in England having married a young lady of beauty and fortune, found, not long after marriage, that she was of a high temper and always contending to be mistress of him and his family. Having determined to part from her, he waited upon her father, explained how matters stood, and agreed, if he would take her home again, that he would return every penny. The old gentleman asked him why he should be more disquieted at it than any other married man, since it was the common case with them all. The young man dissented. "Son," said the father, "you are but little acquainted with the world if you do not know that all women govern their husbands, though not by the same method; however, to end all disputes between us, I will put what I have said upon this proof, if you are willing to try it. I have five horses in my stable; you shall harness these to a cart, in which I shall place a basket containing a hundred eggs; and if, in passing through the county, and making a strict inquiry into the truth or falsehood of my assertion, and leaving a horse at the house of every man who is master of his family himself, and one egg only where the wife governs, you shall find your eggs gone before your horses, I hope that you will then think your own case not uncommon, but will be contented to go home and look upon your own wife as no worse than her neighbors. If, on the other hand, your horses are gone first, I will take my daughter home again and you shall keep her fortune." The proposal was accepted, and our young married friend set out with great eagerness to get rid, as he thought, of horses and wife. At the first house he came to a woman with a shrill, angry voice told her husband to go to the door. Of course, without further inquiry, he here left an egg. And so on, at a great number of houses, until his eggs were almost gone, when he arrived at the seat of a gentleman of position in the county. He knocked at the door; the master was not stirring; but the servant asked him to walk into the parlor, where his lady was. The lady politely asked him to be seated, and if his business was urgent she would wake her husband,

but had much rather not disturb him. "Why, really, Madam," said he, "my business is only to ask a question which you can resolve as well as he, if you will be ingenuous with me; you may think it odd and impolite for a stranger to ask such a question; but a very considerable wager depends upon it. It is, Madam, my desire to be informed whether you govern your husband, or he rules over you." "Indeed, Sir," replied she, "this question is somewhat odd; but as I think no one ought to be ashamed of doing their duty, I shall make no scruple to say that I am always proud to obey my husband in all things; but if a woman's own word is to be suspected in such a case let him answer for me, for here he comes." The gentleman entering, and after being made acquainted with the business, confirmed all his *obedient* wife had reported in her own favor, upon which he was requested to choose which horse in the team he liked best, and to accept of it as a favor. A black gelding struck the fancy of the gentleman most, but the lady desired he would choose the gray mare, which she thought would be very fit for her side-saddle; her husband gave substantial reasons why the black horse would be best, but madam persisted for the gray mare. "What," said she, "and will you not take her then? But I say you shall, *for I am sure the gray mare is much the better horse.*" "Well, my dear," replied the husband, "if it must be so—" "You must take an egg," replied the gentleman carter; "and I must take all my horses back again, and endeavor to live happy with my wife."

It is some time since the Drawer has had a heart-touching love-letter, such as the following, sent to us by a lover of the beautiful in Buffalo:

Buffalo 4 *May* 1869

(Derest Caroline)

I am taken the chans in the mitle of the day to wright thees few lins to you, Dearest I want to see you as bad as I wand my suber this evening you may baliaf me allso I am very sary that I cann not came before next Sunday because I have bein tackin medicin ever sins last mondy Dearest Caroline you petter balaef that it is very hard fare me to liave with out see your Dearest so I ask you to vergive mee, you must exgus the poor wrighting it was ton in bissy time

the only true to you Peter Houck.

While the Hon. J. D. Baldwin, M. C. from Massachusetts, was in Congress with the Hon. S. S. Cox, then of Ohio, and when there happened to be a "call of the House," Mr. Cox moved, to save time in waiting for absentees, that Mr. Baldwin be allowed unanimous consent to speak an hour on any subject agreeable to himself. Mr. Baldwin is a learned man, author of "Pre-Historic Nations," published by Harper and Brothers. He is, moreover, very tall and huge in bulk. Mr. Cox, per contra, is small. Thad Stevens was present. The House was happy. Leave was given. Mr. Baldwin got up and proposed to yield his time to Mr. Cox. Thaddeus asked, "And *space* too?" The American Congress "took," and there was laughter.

There was published in London, in 1647, a small volume of poems entitled "The Promised Seed; or, the History of the Incarnation, Birth, and first Yeer's Life of our most blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. In way of an Heroicall Poem. By Ph. Fitz-Harry, Gent." This little volume appears to be unnoticed by bibliographers, nor does the name of the author appear in any bibliographical work. The Drawer is in monthly receipt of so many pleasant sayings of the little folk, sent by fond mammas, that we are quite sure we shall give them a little pleasure in return by copying from Fitz-Harry the following exquisite lines, giving his description of the Virgin Mary, and the first and last stanzas of the Virgin's Lullaby to the infant Saviour:

"Mild are her looks and winning, yet severe.
Not courtly in her garb nor yet austere.
Her lips drop wisdom. Every word so weigh'd
That when she speaks, she speaks as one afraid
Lest any them should passe which may not be
Seasoned with grace and grac'd with modesty.
Her thoughts so void of earth and earthly toyes,
So wholly fixt upon celestial joyes,
That even her mirth, her dreames, her very cares,
Are more in heaven than other women's prayers.
In all the tribes of Israel is there none
Whom both the saints and angels joined in one
To make complete but she. A saint for grace,
She seems to be an angel in her face.
So pure without, so sanctified within,
There is no room for folly, lesse for sin."

"Be still, my Babe, and take thy rest,
Afflict not thus thy mother's breast,
Secure art thou from tyrant fell,
And from the dreadful powers of hell.
Then do not crie,
No foe is nigh,
And God looks on thee from on high,
By, by, by, lullaby."

If the public authorities of the State of Massachusetts could be brought to take the same liberal and hygienic view of the drink of the Teuton that prevailed in the orthodox village of Batavia, New York, some dozen years ago, it might soothe, as it were, the spunky feeling that now pervades the people of that commonwealth on the agitated question of lager. In the year of grace 1858 there dwelt in Batavia a publican named William Bender, and William appealed to the men of the bailwick to imbibe his lager not only as a physiological comforter, but on financial grounds; for, said he, in lyric form:

"'Tis Lager Beer improves the health;
It makes the poor man feel his wealth;
It warms the stomach through and through,
And reg-u-lates the bowels, too."

The young lady who, in the last Number of the Drawer, expressed so much admiration of the eloquence of the late Bishop Bascom, gives in the following incident an illustration of the truth of the proverb, "Love is stronger than death." On a certain occasion she had an appointment with a rural lover to go blackberrying. The ardent youth presented himself promptly on time, and was accosted by the young lady's father with, "Good-morning, Sir! How are all over at neighbor Dodson's this morning?" "All well but grandmother," he replied. "She died last night; but Jim promised me to attend to the funeral, as I was going berrying to-day with Miss Bettie!"

There are a few more little things reported in the proceedings of the Peter Cartwright Jubilee too good to be lost in the great stream of daily journalism, and therefore worthy to be preserved in the pages of this Magazine, which, in its Drawer department, may be said to represent the current wit and mirthfulness of the time.

Bishop Morris was unable to be present at the

Jubilee, but sent a letter full of pertinent fact and fancy connected with Brother Cartwright, of whom he had known since 1804. His personal acquaintance with him, however, commenced at a session of the Kentucky Conference held at Lexington in 1821. On being introduced, the following conversation took place:

CARTWRIGHT. "You are not as old a man as I expected to see: your brother Edmund, of Christian County, is much older."

MORRIS. "It is not usual for brothers to be of the same age."

CARTWRIGHT. "They come pretty near it when they are twins."

IN Brother Cartwright's address he alluded to the privations to which the pioneers of the West were subjected. There were no schools in that part of Kentucky where his father settled, and no mills within forty miles; not a paper was published in all that region. "But being the only son of an old fighting soldier," said he, "my father determined, though he was poor, to make an educated man of me, *but he missed it tremendously.* [Laughter.] I had a good mother, thank God, a religious mother; and when it pleased God to give me her religion, *it was not one of your tippy, fashionable, silver-slippered kind of conversions, but it was a square, backwoods conversion.*"

BROTHER CARTWRIGHT gives an amusing account of an incident connected with his earliest religious experience, showing that, unlike the practice of our time, the physician was called in to see what the trouble was. This doctor was "an old Scotch infidel," says Brother Cartwright, "who resided in the neighborhood where my father lived, and when I got under very deep conviction my father sent for him to come and see what was the matter with me. The old doctor told me to poke out my tongue, fumbled over my pulse, and pronounced the disease a determination of blood to the head, or brain, and advised me to shave my head and have a large blister-plaster put on. Well, now, I got satisfaction out of that old doctor. After God converted my soul I was appointed to preach, but I did not know any thing under the heavens about preaching that I could preach, but they thought because I could halloo a little that I could preach, and when I came to open the services there was a young lady just before me that fell as if a rifle-ball had entered her body. Well, I had never seen the like before; I did not know any thing about it; and I frankly confess to you I did not know what to do. The old Scotch doctor hustled up and felt her pulse, and if her teeth had not been clenched he would have examined her tongue. He had a vial of hartshorn with him, and he rammed it to her nose as if she had been a blind horse, but that did not move her nerves. Well, I did not know what to do; the doctor was gray-headed, and I a poor ignorant boy, but I concluded that he must quit that, and I went up to him and said, 'Now don't do that again; the girl is crying for mercy, and I want you to get down on your knees and pray for her.' 'I never prayed in my life,' said he. 'Well,' said I, 'it is time you were at it.' I had never prayed in public in my life, but I got down and did the best I could, and just as I closed my prayer she sprang up like a deer and made for the doctor, and he ran as if the devil was after him, when the idea struck me, and I called out, 'Doctor, don't run, but just try the virtue of hartshorn to your nose.' [Laughter.] He was like most other doctors; he could prescribe very freely, but he could not undertake his own prescriptions."

BISHOP THOMPSON, in responding to the sentiment: "The heroes of Methodism in the West," spoke very appropriately of the pioneer preacher every where. But the pioneer preacher is now a man of the past. There is not much pioneering to be done. The locomotive has settled that. Now and then, however, one of the old sort is heard of, as was the case recently where a clergyman in Vermont, supplying temporarily the pulpit of a church in need of a pastor, thus, in his opening prayer, gave voice to the wants of the people: "O Lord, send them a pastor; not an old man in his dotage, nor a young one in his goslinghood, *but a new-style man, with all the modern improvements!*"

SOMETIMES, in the course of human events, it becomes pleasant to enliven the tedium of legislative proceedings by a little honest hilarity. It came to pass that Colonel J——, formerly editor of the *Age*, a Democratic paper published at Augusta, Maine, while addressing the Legislature, of which he was then a member, in the interest of the Kennebeck Railroad, a narrow-gauge line, which had few passengers and small revenue, gave the Maine Central Road, which had a wider gauge and larger business, the following sharp hit, under cover of the familiar lines of Watts:

"*Broad* is the *gauge* that leads to *death*,
And many ride together there;
But *Wisdom* shows a *narrow gauge*,
With here and there a passenger!"

OUR friends of the express companies have within the past year suffered to a considerable amount from robberies; not, however, from the carelessness or stupidity of messengers, as was the case on one occasion when the business was in its infancy. A messenger named Topp, whose route was from Albany to New York, had charge of the express trunk containing the money-packages, etc., for bankers, merchants, etc., as well as the small paper parcels and packages sent loosely in the express car. On the trip in question he was intrusted, among other things, with two baskets of eggs, marked, "With Care." Arrived in New York, Topp straightway started to deliver the baskets, leaving the trunk on the boat. On returning he found the great trunk missing. The loss was promptly made known to his employers, and diligent search made for its recovery, the police being especially stimulated by a large reward. The search, however, proved fruitless. Topp, on being questioned as to why he had been so imprudent as to leave the trunk to deliver so unimportant a thing as a basket of eggs, calmly replied, "Why *that* package was marked, 'With Care;' *the trunk wasn't!*"

Mr. Fargo thought it was not an eggcellent joke, but nevertheless smiled faintly at the explanation—and settled with the bankers.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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THE STUDY.

PUSSY.

IN a quaint old house of the town of Berne, far from the busy scenes of the new streets, and shut out by high walls from the glorious Alps towering on high all along the horizon, there sat an old man in his garret-room, intent upon his pen and paper. His features were coarse and dull of expression, his mouth bespoke willful obstinacy, and his rounded shoulders and stunted stature bore painful witness to his wretched life, uncheered by active exercise and a joyous communion with nature. Visitors came and went; he had but few words for them, and these he uttered in a low, angry tone; if an effort was made to draw him out, he either sank back into sullen silence, or spoke like the half idiot that he was. And yet, rich and poor, high and low, crowded the miserable chamber under the roof; they brought the ragged hermit money and praise, and not unfrequently ardent admiration. They paid him richly for his little sheets of paper, on which he painfully drew a few lines at a time with pencil or pen, and then colored the outlines slightly in water-colors. If the form was simple and unpretending—no oil-painting, no engraving even on stone or copper, ever came from his hand, so clumsy to the eye, so deft and cunning in its work—the subject was not less strange: he drew nothing but cats! Once he included bears among his pets, and actually left his miserable garret for many days, to study the clever animals in the great moat, where the city of Berne keeps the bears that gave its name and appear in its scutcheon. But he soon fell back upon his old favorites, and drew them in childhood and old age, playful and sorrowful, under all aspects and in all possible humors, till the world called him the Raphael of cats; and when he died, in 1814, deplored the loss of a man whose genius, like a diamond set in black enamel, shone forth all the more brightly on account of its strange and mournful surroundings.

Surely, animals that could inspire such master-pieces as these marvelous drawings, which now are found in all the great museums of the world and fetch almost fabulous prices when a lucky chance brings them within reach of wealthy amateurs, must have had strange charms in their forms and their lives to kindle genuine genius in such an uncouth being—the step-child of nature in body and soul.

And yet cats are not even mentioned in Holy Writ!

Mr. Blythe tells us that the name occurs in some Sanscrit legend, two thousand years old; but long before that the old Egyptians had learned to appreciate the value of an animal whose instinct made it the enemy of the mouse, and thus protected their immense granaries against a small but most dangerous robber. They revered Pussy, therefore, in common with the ibis and the ichneumon; and although no monument as old as the pyramids contains her image, she appears all the more frequently in temple and crypt. Here she sits snugly ensconced under a lady's chair, and there she stands half upright between the feet of King Hana. The Egyptians evidently appreciated the monumental outlines of the strange animal, and hence loved to reproduce it in paintings and in bronze. But Pussy had other claims to be looked upon with great reverence. She was sacred to the goddess Bubastis, the Venus of the land of the Pharaohs, who was wont to assume her form, so that the cat was regarded as the living image of the deity. In the city called after her name, cats had on that account their temples and their hospitals during life, and were gorgeously mummified and entombed after death. To kill one of her race was deemed a capital crime; and if the Egyptian found a dead body, he raised on the instant a fearful plaint, to testify his distress and to announce

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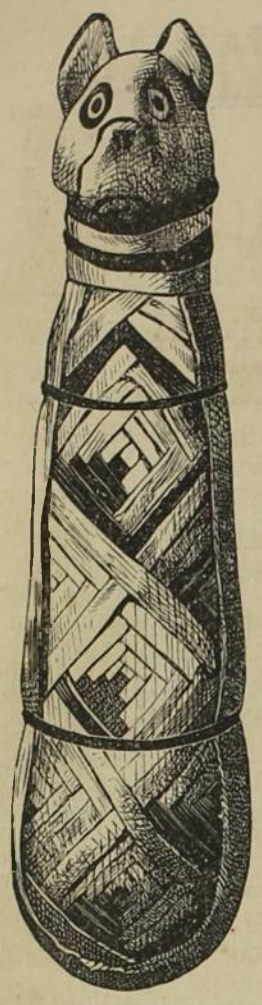


MUMMY OF A CAT.

his innocence. The death of a pet cat brought mourning to the house and the whole neighborhood, and the afflicted family showed their deep grief by shaving off their eyebrows.

In other districts of the Nile land the curious play of Pussy's pupil, in harmony with the rising and setting of the sun, had been observed, and hence she was here specially worshiped as sacred to the great luminary. Heliopolis abounded with cats and images of cats, and to this day incredible numbers of cat-mummies are found there. It is not quite so certain whether the cats which the Egyptians used as we use setters, to catch and fetch water-fowl, were our own familiar cats or a special variety still found savage and domesticated in Nubia and Abyssinia. From numerous paintings it appears that these were not pets in families, nor worshiped in temples, but forced to earn their bread by hard work, as may be seen from the accompanying cut, from a wall in Thebes.

Nor has this worship entirely ceased in Egypt; for the more recent masters of the land of the Nile, the Arabs, it is well known, look upon the cat with almost equal veneration. The story goes that the great Prophet not only loved his pet cat, but communed with her in secret, when meditating on the inspirations that came to him from on high. One evening he had thus been sitting with his cat on his sleeve, trying to give a tangible shape to his ecstatic visions of the houris in paradise, when he was suddenly summoned away to quell a revolt. Rather than disturb Pussy in her innocent slumbers, he cut off the piece of his robe on which she lay, and from that day forth his followers regarded the cat as sacred to their inspired chieftain. This belief spread all the more readily, as before that time already the credulous nations of the East had believed that the Djinns were fond of assuming the form of cats in order to haunt their houses. Hence the delight of one of the prophet's chief officers when he was solemnly invested with the title of Father of Cats; hence also the famous mosque just outside of Cairo, where to this day the liberality of the Sultan El Daher provides for all cats a daily feast. From terraces and flat roofs, from wide streets and dingy alleys, from latticed windows and high stone-walls, the hungry, ravenous crowd comes rushing up to where the priest, at the hour of prayer, distributes the scanty provision. In an instant the table is cleared, and great is the wrath and furious the fight between the old customers, who devour the fat morsels, and the late comers, who find nothing.

The Occident knew much less of such strange reverence paid to cats, partly because Holy Writ for some mysterious reasons said nothing about them, and partly because neither Greek nor Roman seems to have appreciated their good qualities. It is true cats were sacred to the goddess of wisdom in Greece, for the same reason as owls—because they could see in the dark; but there was in this half-sacred character a strong touch of irony. For the story went, that when Apollo tried to terrify his sister by suddenly creating a roaring lion, the goddess replied satirically by opposing to him a cat. Nor does Pussy seem to have enjoyed a very high reputation among the people, for the famous place in which Theocritus mentions her indirectly is not too flattering. "Euona!" cries the mistress, scolding her slave; "Euona, bring water! How slow she is! The pussy cat always wants to sleep! Will you stir? Quick, bring water!" How accurately the Greeks must have known her sublime indolence, and her fondness of real or pretended sleep! Pliny speaks of cats with a most matter-of-fact air, as "quite useful in keeping well-filled barns free from mice;" but, almost in the



PUSSY'S ANCIENT OCCUPATION.

same breath, recommends weasels as far better adapted to the purpose.

It is, perhaps, due to the prominent position in which cats appear in Northern mythology that they were subsequently considered as the favorite companions of evil-doers. The Germans portrayed their beautiful goddess Frouwa, whose smiles charmed through her overflowing tears, as drawn by white cats in her airy car. When these deities were subsequently excommunicated by zealous Christian priests, all such companions and pets fell into bad repute. Pussy seems to have suffered in this respect more than other animals; she became, as it were, the devil's own, and St. Dominick never preached of the Evil One without presenting him to his listeners under the form of a cat. It must be confessed that her thoughtful quietness, as if brooding over some deep scheme, her wicked green eyes with their fiery sheen by night, her tendency to give out sparks when her fur is rubbed, and her cruel temper, all combined to impress ignorant and credulous people with a sense of fear and horror; so they tormented and persecuted her, and on St. John's Day, the day of witches, when popular belief had it that they all left town and village to accompany their fearful mistresses to the great witches' Sabbath, they burned a goodly number for their delight. Such was the custom in France for many a generation, while in Flanders they were wont to throw them from church-steeple and tower. History tells us how Louis XIII., when a child, once begged of his father the lives of all that were to be thrown into the fire; but no chronicler reports whether the nine lives proverbially granted to cats ever saved them from cruel martyrdom. In the town of Ypres, at all events, this does not seem to have been the case, for there the barbarous custom continued till the year 1818! Since witches have gone out of fashion, cats have somewhat recovered their good reputation; perhaps this is to be ascribed to the fact that the French have given Pussy as a pet to the patron saint of lawyers, St. Ives, although Rabelais already interprets the association as by no means peculiarly creditable to the bar.



PUSSY IN CHINA.

There can be no doubt, however, that Pussy is honored in China, not for her good looks and pretty ways, but for her eminent usefulness. The clever French missionary Huc, who, with his companion Cabet, first gave us an intelligent account of life in the interior of the Flowery Kingdom, was not a little surprised, and quite incredulous at first, when his Chinese friends told him that cats were their watches, and enabled them to tell, with unerring accuracy, the hour of the day. He learned, however, by careful observation, that this was really so; for he noticed that the pupil of every cat he saw, though wide open in the early morning, would gradually contract as the sun rose; at noon a perpendicular line of extreme delicacy would be all that was left to be seen, and then the pupil would dilate again, to return to its natural size by sunset. And when poor Pussy has served her time as a dial, she is served up herself—not in disguise, as in French restaurants, but boldly and boastingly. In many a lowly house in town, and in almost every farm-house in the country, a number of cats are seen fastened to chains for the purpose of fattening them; and in the market-houses they hang in long rows, exhibiting their snowy whiteness, and with heads and tails carefully left untouched, to testify to their genuineness. Hence the fondness of the Chinese to introduce them in their illustrations of happy indoor life; while their strange neighbors, the Japanese, show here also their superiority, being fond of caricaturing the poor creatures, and making fun of them after their own manner.

Our country knows Pussy only since she has been brought over, like all good things, in the *Mayflower;* while California not so very long ago imported whole cargoes of the useful animals for the protection of grain and fruits against overwhelming numbers of mice. They were not yet able in those days to imitate the Japanese, who from time immemorial have manufactured china cats, with open eyes, so faithfully copied from nature that one of these toys, with a rush-light inside, will protect a whole house during the night against all marauders.

After the days of persecution were over in Europe, cats ceased to appear in history, except on sorrowful occasions, when they were used to amuse men, and to exhibit man's incredible meanness. Thus, we are told by grave historians that Philip II. of Spain laughed heartily only once in his life. It was when, in the year 1549, he made his solemn entry into Brussels. Among other ingenious contrivances to amuse him, he was met by a wagon on which a bear stood before what seemed to be a large organ; but in reality it was a box containing twenty cats, whose tails were tied up to meet the keys of the instrument. When the bear was stirred up he would smite the keys, the



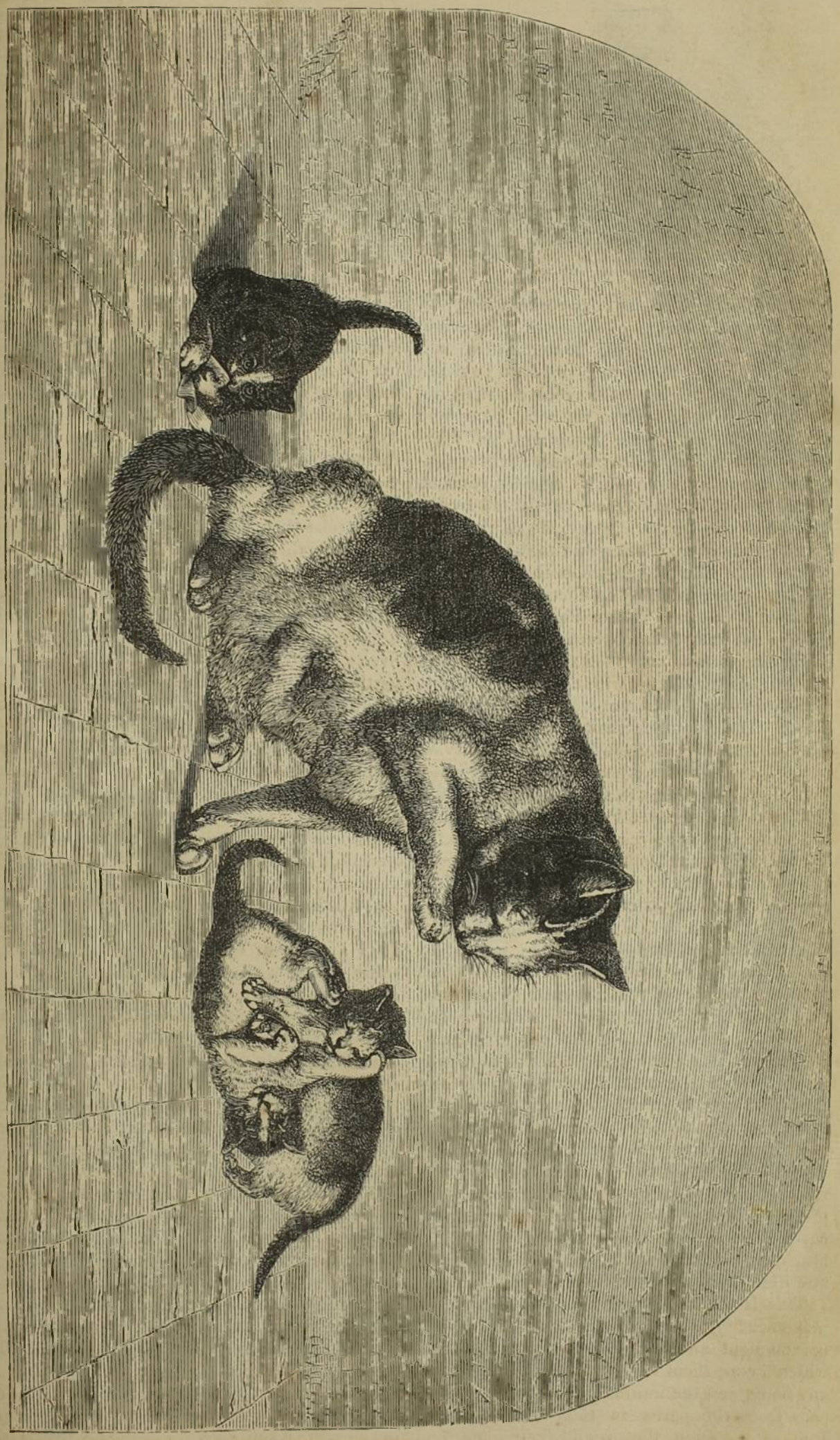
PUSSY IN JAPAN.

keys would pull the tails, and the poor cats would cry piteously, while monkeys danced merrily to the sad, miserable music. And the King laughed! The same savage cruelty has been repeatedly shown to poor Pussy, and even this century has witnessed a similar cat concert, which was given in London.

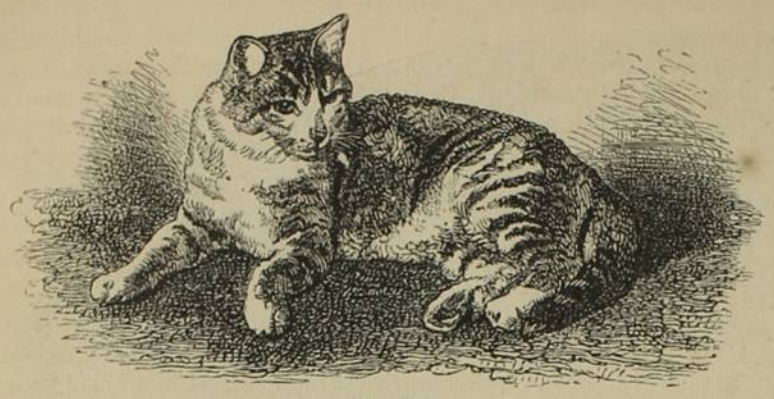
Pussy finds ample compensation, it is to be hoped, in the almost universal tenderness and affection with which she is treated by women, and the fondness with which she has even inspired the greatest of men. Who does not know Tasso's charming sonnet to his cat?—one of the brightest among his smaller gems; and Petrarch is said to have loved his cat only less than his Laura; so that what he could not do for the latter he did for his pet—he had her embalmed, and kept her as long as he lived. Cardinal Wolsey never sat on his almost regal throne, when he officiated as Chancellor, without having one or two of his favorite cats by his side; and Richelieu's grim humor required the constant presence of a number of kittens, whose merry gambols alone could elicit a smile and soothe his temper. Chateaubriand was so passionately fond of cats that the Pope, to whom he went as embassador, could not find a more suitable and acceptable present for the devout son of the Church than his predecessor's favorite cat; and when the great author was growing old he fancied he was also growing like his pets, from his close intimacy and great fondness. Nor have other authors disdained to sing the praise of Pussy: Canning, and Gray, and Cowper have left their tribute to their affectionate friends; Hoffmann introduced them into all his quaint and fantastic tales, of which "Kater Murr" is not the least attractive; Edgar Poe bore cheerful witness to their grace and strange attractions; and Victor Hugo rarely is seen without his magnificent Angora. Books on cats abound in almost every language, and only quite recently a French writer of some distinction—Champfleury—has published quite a superb work on the subject, from which we derive some of the illustrations on these pages.

It has been well said that among the carnivora the most savage is the panther; the only one who kills for pleasure, the cougar; the only one with really gentle manners, the chetah, who is used in India to hunt game for his masters; and the only one that is really intelligent, the domestic cat. The latter alone consents to be the guest of man; he accepts shelter and food, if they are freely offered; he even submits to caresses, but only when he is so disposed. He is not willing to sacrifice his liberty; on the contrary, his motto through life is *Libertas sine Labore*—Liberty without Labor; he does not choose to be our servant as the horse, nor our friend as the dog.

If we see Pussy in the idyllic peace of a pleasant home, we should hardly think of her as first-cousin to the fierce lion and the still more cruel tiger. Before the house the cherry-trees are in full bloom, and send gentle, hardly perceptible fragrance in at the open window, while the bees are humming merrily and gather the first sweet honey Inside all is quiet; only the clock ticks gently; a bunch of violets perfumes the room, and golden sunshine plays on the floor. On the soft cushions of grandma's arm-chair lies Pussy, snowy white, soft like velvet, with closed eyes and graceful limbs—the very picture of happy innocence. But see her a few minutes later, when the great Newfoundland dog looks in at the open door; how she arches her back, till every hair stands on end, how her eyes flash fire, how her tail beats wildly the air in swift, snake-like windings, and her sharp-pointed talons come forth from their downy sheaths, while she hisses with wild rage and defies the gigantic enemy. Surely she does not deny then her descent from the terrible wild-cat of the woods, and makes us fully aware that if all is not gold that glitters, no more is Pussy always as she appears in the midst of her family, peacefully making her toilet. Is the cat a domestic animal? It sounds odd to hear the question asked, when



PUSSY AND HER KITTENS.



ON THE SOFA.

Pussy on her soft rug or cozy cushion is apparently the very image of domestic peace and happiness. But, after all, the domestication is only apparent, or rather the word is to be taken in its most literal sense: the cat loves the house, but not the owner. Even the most pampered pet, indulged by the old people and the playmate of the young, will, upon very slight temptation, run away and join its country cousins. Some return, but others are captivated by the charms of the free-and-easy life of the freebooter, and never submit again to the restraints of domestic life. Even when the question is brought home to Pussy to choose between the kindest of masters and a house, the preference is not unfrequently given to the latter. A French priest was promoted to a better parish, and left his parsonage, with all he held dear in this world—an old servant-woman, a raven, and a cat. The cat stole; the raven pecked at the thief, chattering incessantly; the old servant scolded one after the other; and the poor priest looked on, enjoying the simple comedy. The day after the removal Puss had disappeared; the raven was uneasy, and hopped all over the house, looking for his patient victim; the cook called in vain for her pet, and was almost angry that no choice tid-bit of meat was stolen; and the priest began to fear that, for want of better employment, he himself would be pecked by the raven and scolded by the servant. Upon inquiry it was found that the cat had remained in the old house, although no successor had come yet to occupy it: in vain was Pussy carried triumphantly to the new house, and royally treated to all that could tempt the palate of a fastidious cat; the next day no cat was to be seen, and reports came telling of her haunting the old parsonage. She grew gaunt and grim; her bones stuck out in bare misery; the smooth fur stood up like an ill-kept brush; she uttered piteous cries and moans; but although she was carried twice more to her master's house, she always returned to the house of her first love, and died there a miserable death.

This is what Chateaubriand calls her independence! "I love in cats," he says, "their independent and almost ungrateful character, which keeps them from becoming attached to any body, and the indifference with which they pass from the parlor to their native gutter. You caress them, they round their back, and even pur; but it is the physical pleasure which they enjoy, and not, as dogs do, the stupid satisfaction of loving and being faithful to a master who rewards them with blows. Cats live alone; they need no society; they obey only when they choose, pretend to be asleep when they wish to see better, and seize whatever they can." How a great poet could sing the praises of such a disposition is hard to understand, unless there were—as is not at all impossible—kindred likings in his own character.

It can not be denied that cats, generally speaking, are proud in their disposition, refusing to associate with strangers, repudiating familiarity, and daintily turning up their noses at common food, such as dogs would be glad to get. There is a chilling haughtiness about them, even to persons they have known for years, exceedingly repulsive, and often disgusting. You play with them, you fondle them, you stroke their backs, and scratch their heads, and call them, Poor Pussy; but beware! They will arch their backs, and pur, and appear to respond to your kindness; but a hair turned the wrong way, a careless knock, or even a mere caprice on the part of the cat, and all is over. She becomes a fury, a fiend. Prompt as the stiletto of an Italian brigand to quit its sheath, her steel-like claws come forth from their velvet sheaths, and draw your blood in an instant. It is pretty to see the little kitten lapping its milk with its rosy tongue, gambolling round its mother, playing with the ball of worsted, with now and then a gesture of affection to its parent, and never presenting an outline that is not extremely graceful. But this little innocent babe, this sportive, playful kitten, will in a few weeks play with as much delight—nay, more—with something very different from a skein of silk or a slipper. The plaything now is a wretched, terrified mouse, half dead with fright, and covered with bleeding wounds; hither and thither will the cat toss it; now high, now low, now this way, now that; one moment deluding it with the hope of escape, and at the next recapturing it to renew the torture. This is the playfulness of the cat, this is its graceful sportiveness; this is the ball of cotton to-day, and the timorous, cruelly entreated mouse to-morrow.

For cunning and treachery are the leading features in the character of cats. The proverb says, As false as a cat; and cat's gold and cat's silver, the mica of the geologist, derive their names from their deceptive appearance. Cautious and suspicious against all others, Pussy does not even trust man. She allows the stranger to approach to a certain distance; but if he comes nearer, she glides away on her soft, velvety foot, and vanishes quicker than a bird on his wings. If a dog meets her, she escapes at once; and, when hard pressed, she runs up a

tree, and looks down from her safe retreat with contempt at the foolish barker. She knows every corner and every crevice of her home. In an instant she has caught the fried fish on the kitchen table—the most tempting tid-bit she knows—or lapped up the rich cream on the milk-bowl; and the cook who enters the room finds her in deep slumber snugly ensconced near the hearth! Or she walks leisurely over the roof, just to take an airing after long confinement; to enjoy the bright warm sunshine; and to look down upon the busy world from her vantage-ground. She does not think of the young bird who is trying his half-grown wings—not she; and yet, as he comes near her, she jumps, she strikes, and, quicker than eye can follow her, the poor little sparrow is lying between her feet, and she looks with delight at his agony. For the cat is a beast of prey, in spite of all the apparent gentleness and even bashful coyness she shows in her mistress's lap; the cat kills, and loves to kill, as the lion does; she is, after all, but a domesticated tiger. Her predations are secret, but very pernicious; and yet she enjoys almost perfect immunity, while her companions in evil-doing, the wolf and the fox, are slain without rest or remorse. She kills birds innumerable; the young hare in Europe, the rabbit with us, fall an easy prey to her; and even young chickens and ducks she does not refuse. And how she disguises her murderous instincts and bloody deeds! She never returns to the house till she has effaced every trace of her fearful misdoings in forest and field; and no one suspects her, as she lies in apparent forgetfulness of the world and its wickedness, that she plans new inquities, or enjoys in memory the savor of her last victim.

That very clever and amusing French writer, Théophile Gautier, who has lately given the world an account of what he calls his Private Menagerie, mentions one of the rare cases in which Pussy was most completely taken aback, and lost all presence of mind and self-reliance at once. The cat was accustomed to live in perfect intimacy with the writer, sleeping at his feet on his bed, dreaming on the arm of his easy-chair while he was writing; following him in his garden as he walked up and down the long avenues; keeping him company at meals; and, as he adds, not unfrequently intercepting the morsel on the road between the plate and the lips. One fine day a friend, setting out on his travels, left his parrot in his charge during his absence. The poor bird sat disconsolate on the top of his stand, while the cat stared at the strange sight, and tried to gather up all the strays and waifs of natural history which she might have picked up on the roof, or in the yard and the garden. The writer followed her thoughts in her large green eyes, and read there clearly the words: It must be a green chicken!

Thereupon Pussy jumped down from his writing-table, and assumed, in a dark corner, the air of a panther in the jungle lying in wait for a delicate deer; crouching flat down, the head low, the back stretched out at full length, the elbows out, and the eye fixed immovably on the bird. The poor parrot had followed all her movements with nervous anxiety; he raised his feathers, sharpened his bill, stretched out his claws, and evidently prepared for war.

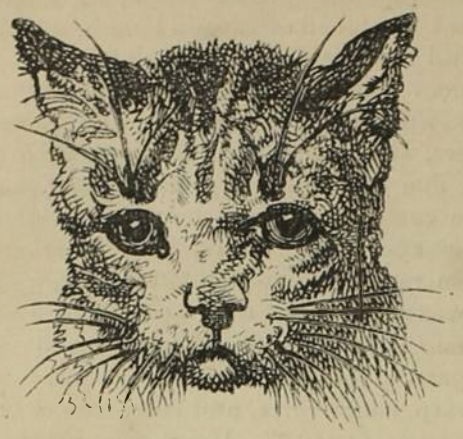
The cat lay still, but the writer read again in her eyes: No doubt, though green, the chicken must be good to eat! Suddenly her back was arched like a bow that is drawn, and, with one superb bound, she was on the perch. The parrot, seeing the great danger, lifted up his sharp, eager voice, and screamed out: "*As tu déjeuné, Jaquot?*"—Have you breakfasted, Jack?

The voice frightened Pussy out of her wits. A trumpet sounded in her ears, a pile of crockery breaking near her, a pistol fired close to her head, could not have frightened her more terribly. All her ideas were overthrown; her eyes said, clearly: This is not a chicken; this is a gentleman! And the parrot rang out, louder than ever:

> "Quand j'ai bu du vin clairet,
> Tout tourne, tout tourne au cabaret."

The cat cast an anxious glance at her master, leaped down in sheer terror, and hid under the bed, from whence no threat and no caress could bring her out for the day.

There must be something mysterious and almost supernatural, however, in Pussy, or she would never have inspired people at one time with such dread, and at other times with such marvelous affection. The poor animal, compelled to hide her love affairs under the benevolent mantle of night, has thus become more or less demoniac in the mind of the ignorant; she appears, in popular belief, with owl and bat, as the unfailing companion of witches; and no scene of ghostly horror is complete without a black cat. In mountain-glens and dark dens cats watch over great treasures, and frighten the adventurous intruder with their fiery eyes; they are found crouching on cross-roads for unknown evil purposes, and they live, at times, in old abandoned mills. Few persons like to meet a black cat in the morning early, and many a poor woman owes the bad repute in which she stands in her village to no greater sin than her love for Pussy. Only Puss-in-Boots is a noble fellow, and many a fair princess has, in common-folk love, been changed into a snowy-white kitten, to be released by a noble knight of surpassing valor. How different is Pussy, with her good-natured face, lying cozily in the lap of her indulgent mistress! The young girl, still fancy free, and overflowing with vague affections; the sorrowful old maid, with her love all wasted; and even the thoughtful housewife, surrounded by a thousand cares—all pet and spoil Pussy, who, somehow or other, manages to become dear to their heart. Nor are men less subject to the mysterious charm, and, as we have seen, not un-



AFTER THE TOILET.

frequently derive much pleasure from their merry gambols and their undemonstrative affection.

Pussy owes this universal predilection to two great virtues she possesses: her extreme tidiness and the unsurpassed grace of all her movements.

With her sharp tongue, covered with tiny hooks, she smoothes and strokes every hair of her soft fur, and the only parts of her marvelously elastic body which she can not thus reach —her brow and her head—are carefully brushed by her paw, after having been daintily wetted. Look at her when she crosses a street or a path after a rain! How tenderly and carefully she puts down her velvet foot! How she looks all around for the cleanest stone—the dryest place! Or watch her, when she stands at the margin of a pond or a bright, clear brook, following with her not very keen eye the swift movements of some tempting fish, which she loves dearly. Now and then she stretches out her paw, as if she would dip it in; but no sooner does she feel the cold water than she draws it back, shuddering, and shakes and shakes till the last drop has been discarded. For she dreads the element, and the ancients already said of her that she had a "dry temper, fitted with fire." Pussy is a lady in all she does. With careless haughtiness, lightly and yet self-conscious, she glides over the rich carpets of parlors, and through the fragrant bushes of green-houses in great palaces; unasked she takes her corner of the softest couch, the place of honor before the fire, or the favorite seat in her mistress's lap. Even her voice is faint and delicate, and very expressive, passing, as it does, in soft, long-drawn accents, through all the five vowels. It is only at night, and out on the inhospitable roof, that in fierce passion she occasionally forgets her reserve and her dignity, and, far from the eyes of sleeping men, performs strange, fantastic dances, and sings in horrible discords. And yet, even in such moments of sad forgetfulness, much may be said in her defense.

A writer in *Chambers's Journal* not long ago gave a happy explanation of the mysterious term "caterwauling." Suppose, he says, you very much desired to visit a friend, a female friend, a lovely creature to whom you were paying your addresses; only an immense wall—which you could not blow down like the Clerkenwell wall, because you had not the Fenian carelessness of results—intervened between you and the beloved object. Well, that is exactly the case with these poor, maligned pussies. "Come over the waur" (feline for wall, just as it is Scotch for worse), "the waur, the waur," cries the imprisoned puss. "Why don't you come over the waur?" "Spikes, spikes, spikes," cries Tom, explaining the nature of the obstruction, whereas we call it "swearing."

We may add that when the obstacle is happily overcome, and Tom and Pussy meet at last at their favorite trysting-place, the lover begins to adjure his beloved in such strains of energetic, irrepressible love that his voice is apt to rise above the subdued tone of a well-bred gen-



COURTSHIP.

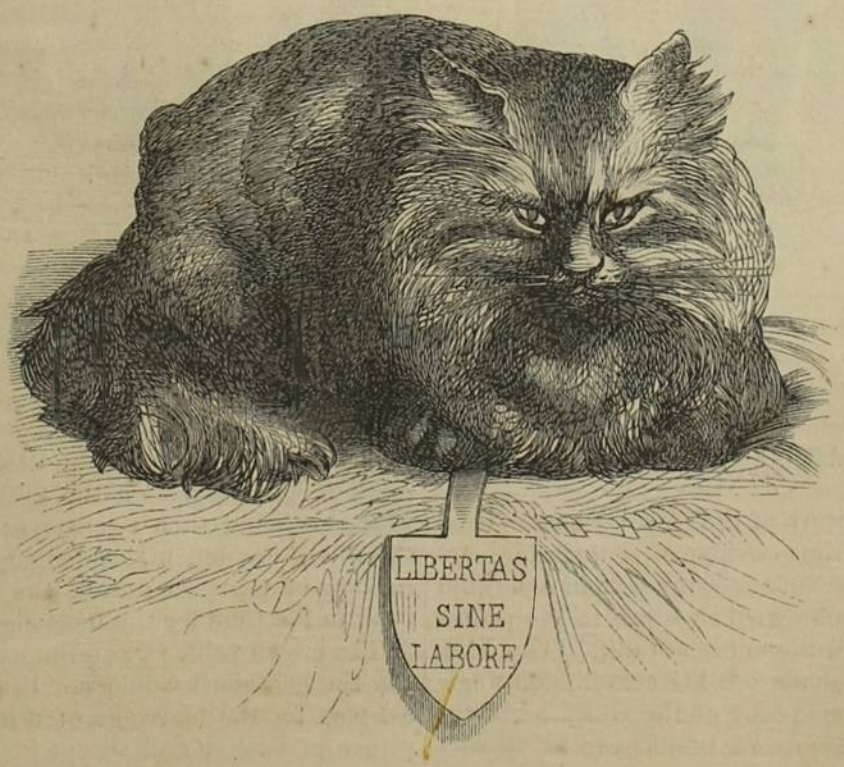
tleman, and there is not yet an end to what we contemptuously call caterwauling. Be it modesty, be it fear, the two lovers remain at some distance from each other, watching every gesture, every turn of the tail, and looking at each other with the greenest of eyes. At last they lift up their voices and sing a duo which lasts for hours.

After they have told each other all they must know before entering upon wedlock, they crawl and creep most cautiously toward each other; but no sooner does Tom come near his flame than she runs and races and skips and vaults to excite the envy of the best of gymnasts. He follows, and, being the stronger and swifter, overtakes her soon; but, alas! his reward is nothing but blows and fierce scratches, and thus they keep up the dangerous and yet delightful game of hide and seek. When poor Tom comes home his nose is bleeding, his ears are torn, his fur is disheveled, and his whole aspect is piteous in the extreme. But such is Man! He is happy in spite of his ill treatment, and the fierce coquette is perfectly sure she will see him return ere long to receive his reward.

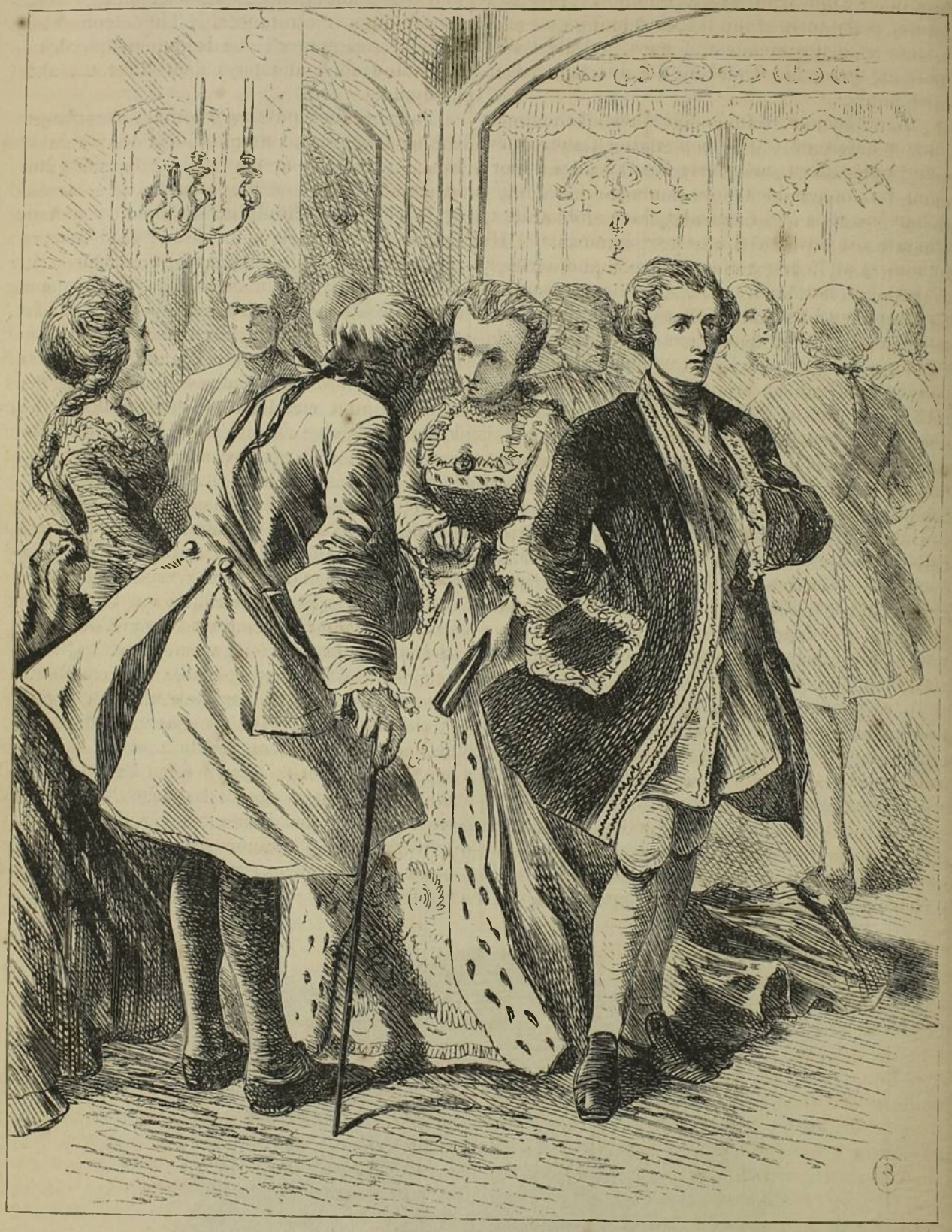
But we must not judge hastily, and fancy that caterwauling is poor Pussy's only vocal performance. So far from it, cats' voices are very peculiar, and so unusually flexible that many notes approach the tones of the human voice—mysterious sounds which made the cat an object of superstitious veneration in olden times.

Pussy's tastes are lady-like, and far above the vulgar fancies of dogs and other coarse creatures. Pussy loves aromas and perfumes; she seeks the sofa where the patchouly of a visitor lingers, and loves to lie on a fragrant handkerchief; she walks in the garden, and enjoys with delight the sweet odors of flowers. She alone among animals knows the charms and the punishment of intoxication: if she has indulged in sweet smelling valerian or a certain mint she becomes excited, performs strange antics and fantastic gestures, dances and tosses about, and raises her voice in weird, inharmonious utterances. Then comes the hour of repentance: she is exhausted, sick in body and soul, and pays dearly for the short enjoyment.

Thus her days pass away amidst the strangest changes known to animal life; to-day in the king's palace, to-morrow in the laborer's hut: at noon on velvet cushions, petted and caressed by fair ladies; at midnight on the cold roof, engaged in fierce fight and bleeding from grievous wounds. Her life seems to be charmed; her skin, not adhering to the body, but enveloping the agile limbs as with a loose bag of thick fur, protects them against the effects of falls that would kill every thing else; and her wounds heal in a few days, thanks to her marvelous strength and elasticity of constitution. She loves to indulge in the best that man's palate can choose, and yet she can hunger and thirst beyond the usual limits. A cat had slipped by chance, or in search of a mouse, without being noticed, into a bale of hemp on board a vessel which was loaded at St. Petersburg. The ship sailed, and when the bale was opened, four weeks afterward, in Leith, the cat was found still alive, though emaciated to a mere skeleton, and soon restored to its normal state. On the battle-field of Sebastopol, also, cats were found several days after the terrible conflict, clinging to the knapsacks of their masters, whom they had accompanied into battle and refused to leave after death. They were likewise mere skeletons, almost starved to death, and thus gave a noble proof that cats, in spite of their proverbial self-indulgence, can be warmly attached to those whom they love, and prove their affection by being faithful unto death.



FREDERICK THE GREAT.



THE BETROTHAL.

IV.—THE MARRIAGE OF THE CROWN PRINCE.

UPON the return of the crown prince to Cüstrin, after the marriage of Wilhelmina, several of the officers of the army sent in a petition to the king that he would restore to the prince his uniform and his military rank. The king consented, and made out his commission anew as colonel commandant of the Goltz regiment at Ruppin. This was a small town about seventy-five miles northeast of Berlin. His commission was signed on the 29th of February, 1732, he being then twenty years of age. In this little hamlet, mainly engaged in the dull routine of garrison duties, the prince passed most of his time for the next eight years.

The crown prince was quite exasperated that the English court would not listen to his earnest plea for the marriage of Wilhelmina to the prince of Wales, and accept his vows of fidel-

ity to the princess Amelia. The stubborn adhesion of the king of England to the declaration of "both marriages or none" so annoyed him that he banished Amelia from his thoughts. In his reckless way he affirmed that the romance of marriage was all over with him; that he cared not much what bride was forced upon him, provided only that she were rich, and that she were not too scrupulous in religious principle. The tongues of all the court gossips were busy upon this theme. Innumerable were the candidates suggested to share the crown of the future Prussian king. The archduchess Maria Theresa, subsequently the renowned empress of Germany, was proposed by prince Eugene. But the imperial court could not wed its Catholic heiress to a Protestant prince. Still the emperor, though unwilling to give his daughter to the crown prince, was anxious for as close an alliance as possible with Prussia, and recommended a niece of the empress, the young princess Elizabeth Christina, only daughter of Ferdinand, duke of Brunswick Bevern. She was seventeen years of age, rather pretty, with a fine complexion, not rich, of religious tastes, and remarkably quiet and domestic in her character.

The crown prince did not fancy this connection at all. His first wish was to journey about, through the courts of Europe, to select him a wife. But that measure his father would not think of. Frederick professed a willingness to submit to marry Anna, princess of Mecklenberg, or the princess of Eisenach. Seckendorf, the embassador of the emperor, aided by Grumkow, who had been bribed, urged the marriage with Elizabeth. The king adopted their views. His decision was like a decree of fate. The following letter, written by the king to his son, dated Potsdam, February 4, 1732, very clearly expresses his views:

"My dear Son Fritz,—I am glad you need no more medicine. But you must have a care of yourself some days yet, for the severe weather gives me and every body colds. So pray be on your guard.

"You know, my dear son, that when my children are obedient I love them much. So when you were at Berlin, I from my heart forgave you every thing; and from that Berlin time, since I saw you, have thought of nothing but of your well-being, and how to establish you; not in the army only, but also with a right step-daughter, and so see you married in my lifetime. You may be well persuaded I have had the princesses of Germany taken survey of, so far as possible, and examined by trusty people what their conduct is, their education, and so on. And so a princess has been found, the eldest one of Bevern, who is well brought up, modest and retiring as a woman ought to be.

"You will quickly write me your mind on this. I have purchased the Von Katsch house. The field-marshal, as governor of Berlin, will get that to live in. His government house I will have made new for you, and furnish it all, and give you enough to keep house yourself there.

"The princess is not ugly nor beautiful. You must mention it to no mortal. Write indeed to mamma that I have written to you. And when you shall have a son, I will let you go on your travels; wedding, however, can not be before next winter. Meanwhile I will try and contrive opportunity that you see one another a few times, in all honor, yet so that you get acquainted with her. She is a God-fearing creature, will suit herself to you, as she does to the parents-in-law.

"God give his blessing to it, and bless you and your posterity, and keep you as a good Christian. And have God always before your eyes, and don't believe that damnable *predestination* tenet; and be obedient and faithful. So shall it here in time, and there in eternity, go well with thee. And whosoever wishes that, from the heart, let him say, Amen.

"Your true father to the death,

"Friedrich Wilhelm."

"When the duke of Lorraine comes I will have thee come. I think the bride will be here then. Adieu; God be with you."

One week after the reception of this letter the crown prince wrote to baron Grumkow in the following flippant and revolting strain. He probably little imagined that the letter was to be read by all Europe and all America. But those whose paths through life lead over the eminences of rank and power can not conceal their words or deeds from the scrutiny of the world. Grumkow, a very shrewd man, had contrived to secure influence over both the father and the son. The prince's letter was dated Cüstrin, February 11, 1732:

"My dear General and Friend,—I was charmed to learn, by your letter, that my affairs are on so good a footing. You may depend on it I am prepared to follow your advice. I will lend myself to whatever is possible for me. And, provided I can secure the king's favor by my obedience, I will do all that is within my power.

"Nevertheless, in making my bargain with the duke of Bevern, manage that my intended be brought up under her grandmother.[1] I should rather have a wife who would dishonor me than to marry a blockhead who would drive me mad by her awkwardness, and whom I should be ashamed to produce.

"I beg you labor at this affair. When one hates romantic heroines as heartily as I do one dreads those timid virtues; and I had rather marry the greatest profligate[2] in Berlin than a devotee with half a dozen bigots at her beck. If it were still possible to make her a Calvinist! But I doubt that. I will insist, however, that

[1] The grandmother was a very gay, fashionable woman, entirely devoted to pleasure.

[2] The prince used a harsher term, which we can not quote.

her grandmother have the training of her. What you can do to help me in this, my dear friend, I am persuaded you will do.

"It afflicted me a little that the king still has doubts of me, while I am obeying in such a matter diametrically opposite to my own ideas. In what way shall I offer stronger proofs? I may give myself to the devil, it will be to no purpose. Nothing but the old song over again, doubt on doubt. Don't imagine I am going to disoblige the duke, the duchess, or the daughter, I beseech you. I know too well what is due to them, and too much respect their merits, not to observe the strictest rules of what is proper, even if I hated their progeny and them like the pestilence.

"I hope to speak to you with open heart at Berlin. You may think, too, how I shall be embarrassed in having to act the lover without being it; and to feign a passion for mute ugliness; for I have not much faith in count Seckendorf's taste in this article. Monsieur, once more get this princess to learn by heart the *Ecole des Maris* and the *Ecole des Femmes*. That will do her much more good than *True Christianity* by the late Arndt. If, beside, she would learn steadiness of humor, learn music, become rather too free than too virtuous—ah! then, my dear general, then I should feel some liking for her; and a Colin marrying a Phillis, the couple would be in accordance. But if she is stupid, naturally I renounce the devil and her.

"It is said she has a sister who, at least, has common-sense. Why take the eldest, if so? To the king it must be all one. There is also a princess, Christina Marie, of Eisenach, who would be quite my fit, and whom I should like to try for. In fine, I mean soon to come into your countries, and perhaps will say, like Cæsar, *Veni, vidi, vici.*"

In another letter to Grumkow, he writes: "As to what you tell me of the princess of Mecklenberg, could not I marry her? She would have a dowry of two or three million rubles.[1] Only fancy how I could live with that. I think that project might succeed. I find none of these advantages in the princess of Bevern, who, as many people even of the duke's court say, is not at all beautiful, speaks almost nothing, and is given to pouting. The good empress has so little money herself that the sums she could afford her niece would be very moderate."

Again, on the 19th of February, 1732, the crown prince wrote from Cüstrin to baron Grumkow. From his letter we make the following extracts:

"Judge, my dear general, if I have been much charmed with the description you give of the abominable object of my desires. For the love of God disabuse the king in regard to her. Let him remember that fools are commonly the most obstinate of creatures. Let the king remember that it is not for himself that he is marrying me, but for *my*self. Nay, he too will have a thousand chagrins to see two persons hating one another, and the most miserable marriage in the world; to hear their mutual complaints, which will be to him so many reproaches for having fashioned the instrument of our yoke. As a good Christian let him consider if it is well done to wish to force people, to cause divorces, and to be the occasion of all the sins that an ill-assorted marriage leads us to commit. I am determined to front every thing in the world sooner. Since things are so, you may, in some good way, apprise the duke of Bevern that, happen what may, I never will have her.

"I have been unhappy all my life, and I think it is my destiny to continue so. One must be patient, and take the time as it comes. Perhaps a sudden tract of good fortune, on the back of all the chagrins I have encountered since I entered this world, would have made me too proud. I have suffered sufficiently, and I will not engage myself to extend my miseries into future times. I have still resources. A pistol-shot can deliver me from my sorrows and my life; and I think a merciful God would not damn me for that; but taking pity on me would, in exchange for a life of wretchedness, grant me salvation. This is whitherward despair can lead a young person whose blood is not so quiescent as if he were seventy.

"I have received a letter from the king, all agog about the princess. When his first fire of approbation is spent, you might, praising her all the while, lead him to notice her faults. *Mon dieu*, has he not already seen what an ill-assorted marriage comes to—my sister of Anspach and her husband, who hate one another like the fire? He has a thousand vexations from it every day.

"And what aim has the king? If it is to assure himself of me, that is not the way. Madam of Eisenach might do it. But a fool not. On the contrary, it is morally impossible to love the cause of our misery. The king is reasonable, and, I am persuaded, he will understand this himself."

To his sister, Fritz wrote, about the same time, in a more subdued strain, referring simply to his recent life in Cüstrin: "Thus far my lot has been a tolerably happy one. I have lived quietly in the garrison. My flute, my books, and a few affectionate friends have made my way of life there sufficiently agreeable. They now want to force me to abandon all this in order to marry me to the princess of Bevern, whom I do not know. Must one always be tyrannized over without any hope of a change? Still, if my dear sister were only here, I should endure all with patience."

Queen Sophie, who still clung pertinaciously to the idea of the English match, was, of course, bitterly hostile to the nuptial alliance with Elizabeth. Indeed, the queen still adhered to the idea of the double English marriage, and ex-

[1] A ruble was about eighty-five cents of our money.

hausted all the arts of diplomacy and intrigue in the endeavor to secure the princess Amelia for the crown prince, and to unite the prince of Wales to a younger sister of Wilhelmina. Very naturally she cherished feelings of strong antipathy toward Elizabeth, who seemed to be the cause, though the innocent cause, of the frustration of her plans. She consequently spoke of the princess in the most contemptuous manner, and did every thing in her power to induce her son to regard her with repugnance. But nothing could change the inexorable will of the king. Early in March the doomed princess Elizabeth, a beautiful, artless child of seventeen years, who had seen but little of society, and was frightened in view of the scenes before her, was brought to Berlin to be betrothed to the crown prince, whom she had never seen, of whom she could not have heard any very favorable reports, and from whom she had never received one word of tenderness. The wreck of happiness of this young princess, which was borne so meekly and uncomplainingly, is one of the saddest which history records. Just before her arrival, Fritz wrote to his sister as follows. The letter was dated Berlin, March 6, 1732:

"My dearest Sister,—Next Monday comes my betrothal, which will be done just as yours was. The person in question is neither beautiful nor ugly; not wanting in sense, but very ill brought up, timid, and totally behind in fashionable address. That is the candid portrait of the princess. You may judge by that, my dearest sister, if I find her to my taste or not.

"You never can believe, my adorable sister, how concerned I am about your happiness. All my wishes centre there, and every moment of my life I form such wishes. You may see by this that I preserve still that sincere friendship which has united our hearts from our tenderest years. Recognize at least, my dear sister, that you did me a sensible wrong when you suspected me of fickleness toward you, and believed false reports of my listening to talebearers—me, who love only you, and whom neither absence nor lying rumors could change in respect of you. At least, don't again believe such things on my score, and never mistrust me till you have had clear proof, or till God has forsaken me, or I have lost my wits.

"Your most humble brother and servant,

"Frederick."

The betrothal took place in the Berlin palace, on Monday evening, March 10, 1732. Many distinguished guests from foreign courts were present. The palace was brilliantly illuminated. The duke and duchess of Bevern, with their son, had accompanied their daughter Elizabeth to Berlin. The youthful pair, who were now to be betrothed only, not married, stood in the centre of the grand saloon, surrounded by the brilliant assemblage. With punctilious observance of court etiquette, they exchanged rings, and plighted their mutual faith. The old king embraced the bride tenderly. The queen-mother, hoping that the marriage would never take place, saluted her with repulsive coldness. And, worst of all, the prince himself scarcely treated her with civility. The sufferings of this lovely princess must have been terrible. The testimony to her beauty, her virtues, her amiable character, is uncontradicted. The following well-merited tribute to her worth is from the pen of Lord Dover:

"Elizabeth Christina, who became the wife of Frederick the Great, was a princess adorned with all the virtues which most dignify human nature; religious, benevolent, charitable, affectionate, of the strictest and most irreproachable conduct herself, yet indulgent and forgiving for the faults of others. Her whole life was passed in fulfilling the circle of her duties, and, above all, in striving without ceasing to act in the way she thought would be most pleasing to her husband, whom she respected, admired, and even loved, in spite of his constant neglect of her."

Baron Bielfeld, a member of the court, thus describes her personal appearance: "Her royal highness is tall of stature, and her figure is perfect. Never have I seen a more regular shape in all its proportions. Her neck, her hands, and her feet might serve as models to the painter. Her hair, which I have particularly admired, is of a most beautiful flaxen, but somewhat inclining to white, and shines, when not powdered, like rows of pearls. Her complexion is remarkably fine; and in her large blue eyes vivacity and sweetness are so happily blended as to make them perfectly animated.

"The princess has an open countenance; her eyebrows are neat and regular; her nose is small and angular, but very elegantly defined; and her coral lips and well-turned neck are equally admirable. Goodness is strongly marked in her countenance; and we may say, from her whole figure, that the Graces have exerted themselves in forming a great princess. Her highness talks but little, especially at table; but all she says is sterling sense. She appears to have an uncommon genius, which she ornaments by the continual study of the best French authors."

The reception of the princess was so cruel, by queen Sophie and her younger daughter Charlotte, that the inexperienced maiden of but seventeen summers must have been perfectly wretched. But she could only bear her anguish in silence. There was nothing for her to say, and nothing for her to do. She was led, by resistless powers, a victim to the sacrifice.

About three weeks after this sad betrothal, Fritz wrote to his sister Wilhelmina, under date of Berlin, March 24, 1732, as follows:

"God be praised, my dearest sister, that you

are better. Nobody can love you more tenderly than I do. As to the princess of Bevern, the queen bids me answer that you need not style her 'Highness,' but that you may write to her quite as to an indifferent princess. As to 'kissing the hands,' I assure you I have not kissed them nor will kiss them. They are not pretty enough to tempt me that way.

"Believe, my charming sister, that never brother in the world loved with such tenderness a sister so charming as mine."

The betrothed princess, bewildered, wounded, heart-broken, returned with her parents to her home, there to await the consummation of her sacrifice by being married to a man who had never addressed to her a loving word, and who, in his heart, had resolved never to receive her as his wife. The crown prince, unfeeling and reckless, returned to his dissolute life in garrison at Ruppin. The queen continued an active correspondence with England, still hoping to break the engagement of her son with Elizabeth, and to secure for him the princess Amelia.

Ruppin, where the crown prince continued to reside for several years, was a small, dull town of about two thousand inhabitants. The only life it exhibited was found in the music and drillings of the garrison. The only important event in its history was the removal of the crown prince there. Of what is called society there was none. The hamlet was situated in the midst of a flat, marshy country, most of it quite uncultivated. The region abounded in peat bogs and dark, still lakes, well stocked with fish.

A comfortable house, with garden and summer-house, was provided for the crown prince. He occasionally gave a dinner-party to his brother officers; and from the summer-house rockets were thrown into the sky, to the great gratification of the rustic peasantry.

Both father and son had become by this time fully satisfied that their tastes and characters were so different that it was not best for them to live near each other. The prince spent much of his time with his flute. He also engaged in quite a wide range of reading to occupy the listless hours. Works of the most elevated and instructive character especially interested him; such as history, biography, moral and intellectual philosophy, and polite literature in its higher branches of poetry and the drama. "What mankind have done and been in this world," writes Carlyle, "and what the wisest men, poetical or other, have thought about mankind and their world, this is what he evidently had the appetite for—appetite insatiable, which lasted him to the very end of his days."

It is unquestionable that the mental discipline acquired by this elevated course of reading, to which he consecrated so diligently his hours, prepared him for the wonderful career upon which he soon entered, and enabled him to act with efficiency which filled Europe with his renown.

It appears, moreover, that Fritz devoted himself very assiduously to his military duties, earnestly studying the art of war, and making himself familiar with the achievements of the most renowned commanders. His frugal father allowed him but a very meagre income for a prince—not above four thousand five hundred dollars a year. With this sum it was scarcely possible to keep up even the appearance of such an establishment as belonged to his rank. Such glimpses as we get of his moral and social developments during this period are not favorable. He paid no respect to the claims of religion, and was prone to revile Christianity and its advocates. He was particularly annoyed if the chaplain uttered, in his sermons, any sentiments which the prince thought had a bearing against the sensual indulgences and the wild amusements of himself and his companions. On one occasion the chaplain said, in his sermon: "There was Herod, who had Herodias to dance before him, and he gave her John the Baptist's head for her pains."

The prince assumed to make a personal application of this. Herod meant the crown prince; Herodias, his boon companions; and John the Baptist was the chaplain. To punish the offender, the prince, with several brother officers, went at night, smashed the windows of the chaplain, and threw in a shower of fire-crackers upon him and his wife, who was in delicate health, driving them in dismay out into the stable-yard. The stern old king was very indignant at this conduct. Grumkow affirms, we hope falsely, that the prince threw the whole charge upon his associate officers, and that they were punished for the deed, while he escaped.

Thus the summer of 1732 passed away. In November Wilhelmina returned from Baireuth to Berlin on a visit. She remained at home for ten months, leaving her babe, Frederica, at Baireuth. There must have been some urgent reason to have induced her to make this long visit, for her reception, by both father and mother, was far from cordial. Neither of them had been really in favor of the match with the young prospective margraf of Baireuth, but had yielded to it from the force of circumstances. The journey to Berlin was long and cold. Her mother greeted her child with the words: "What do you want here? What is a mendicant like you come hither for?" The next day her father, who had been upon a journey, came home. His daughter had been absent for two years. And yet this strange father addressed her in the following cruel and sarcastic words:

"Ah! here you are. I am glad to see you." Then, taking a light, he carefully examined her from head to foot. After a moment's silence he added, "How changed you are! I am sorry for you, on my word. You have not bread to eat, and but for me you might go a-begging. I am a poor man myself; not able to give you much; will do what I can. I will

give you now and then twenty or thirty shillings as my affairs permit. It will always be something to assuage your want. And you, Madam," turning to the queen, "will sometimes give her an old dress, for the poor child hasn't a shift to her back."

This merciless banter from her parents cut the unhappy princess to the heart. With the utmost difficulty she refrained from bursting into convulsive crying. Her husband seems to have been a kind man, inspired with true and tender affection for his wife. But much of the time he was necessarily absent on regimental duty. The old marquis of Baireuth, her husband's father, was penurious, irascible, and an inebriate. Wilhelmina often suffered for the necessaries of life. There seemed to be no refuge for her. The home of her step-parents was unendurable, and the home of her childhood was still more so. Few and far between must have been the joys which visited her crushed heart.

A few days after her arrival at Berlin, Fritz, on short leave of absence, ran over from Ruppin, and had a brief interview with his sister, whom he had not seen since her marriage. The royal family supped together, with the exception of the king, who was absent. At the table the conversation turned upon the future princess royal, Elizabeth. The queen said, addressing Wilhelmina, and fixing her eyes on Fritz:

"Your brother is in despair at the idea of marrying her. And he is not wrong. She is an actual fool. She can only answer whatever is said to her by *yes* or *no*, accompanied by a silly laugh, which is painful to hear."

Charlotte added, in terms still more bitter and unpardonable, "Your majesty is not yet aware of all her merit. I was one morning at her toilet. I remarked that she is deformed. Her gown is stuffed on one side, and she has one hip higher than the other." The cruel girl even went so far as to accuse the princess of suffering from loathsome ulcers. This discourse was uttered in a loud voice, in presence of the domestics. Fritz was evidently greatly annoyed, and blushed deeply, but said nothing. Immediately after supper he retired. Wilhelmina soon followed him, and they met again privately in Wilhelmina's room. The princess asked her brother how he was now getting along with his father. He replied:

"My situation changes every moment. Sometimes I am in favor; sometimes in disgrace. My chief happiness consists in my being absent from him. I lead a quiet and tranquil life with my regiment at Ruppin. Study and music are my principal occupations. I have built me a house there, and laid out a garden where I can read and walk about."

"Then," writes Wilhelmina, "as to his bride, I begged him to tell me candidly if the portrait the queen and my sister had been making of her were the true one."

"We are alone," Fritz replied, "and I will conceal nothing from you. The queen, by her miserable intrigues, has been the source of our misfortunes. Scarcely were you gone when she began again with England. She wished to substitute our sister Charlotte for you, and to contrive her marriage with the prince of Wales.

"You may easily imagine that she used every endeavor for the success of her plan, and also to marry me to the English princess Amelia. The king was informed of this design from its commencement. He was much nettled at these fresh intrigues, which have caused many quarrels between the queen and him. Seckendorf finally took part in the affair, and counseled the king to make an end of all these plans by concluding my marriage with the princess of Bevern.

"The queen can not console herself for this reverse. She vents her despair in the abuse of that poor princess. She wanted me to refuse the marriage decidedly, and told me that she should not mind my quarreling again with the king provided I would only show firmness; in which case she would be well able to support me. I would not follow her advice, and declared to her plainly that I did not choose to incur the displeasure of my father, which had already caused me so much suffering.

"With regard to the princess herself, I do not dislike her as much as I pretend. I affect not to be able to bear her, in order to make the more merit of my obedience to the king. She is pretty—a complexion of lily and rose. Her features are delicate, and her whole face is that of a beautiful person. She has no breeding, and dresses ill. But I flatter myself that when she comes here you will have the goodness to assist in forming her. I recommend her to you, my dear sister; and I hope you will take her under your protection."

On Monday, the 8th of June, 1733, the crown prince left Ruppin, and, joining his father and mother, set out, with a suitable retinue, for the ducal palace of Salzdahlum, in Brunswick, where the marriage ceremony was to be solemnized. Fritz was twenty-one years of age. Elizabeth was not quite eighteen. The wedding took place at noon of Friday, the 12th, in the beautiful chapel of the palace, with the usual display of splendor and rejoicing. The mansion, situated a few miles from Wolfenbüttal, was renowned for its gardens and picture-galleries, and was considered one of the finest in Europe.

The ceremony was performed by the Reverend Johann Lorenz Mosheim, favorably known throughout Christendom for his treatise upon Ecclesiastical History. Immediately after the nuptial benediction had been pronounced Fritz wrote as follows to Wilhelmina:

"Salzdahlum, *Noon*, *June* 12, 1733.

"My dear Sister,—A minute since the whole ceremony was finished. God be praised, it is over. I hope you will take it as a mark of my friendship that I give you the first news of it. I hope that I shall have the honor to see

you again soon, and to assure you, my dear sister, that I am wholly yours. I write in great haste, and add nothing that is merely formal. Adieu. FREDERICK."

The queen behaved very unamiably, "plunged in black melancholy," and treating her new daughter-in-law with great contempt. There have been many sad weddings, but this was surely one of the saddest. Frederick had often declared that he never would receive the princess as his wife. In the evening, just after the newly-married couple had retired to their room, through the arrangement of the prince, a false alarm of fire was raised by some of his friends. This furnished him with the opportunity to rush from the apartment. He did not return. Ever after he saw the princess but unfrequently, treating her with cold politeness when they met, though on public occasions giving her, with all external forms of civility, the position of honor to which, as his wedded wife, she was entitled.

It was apparently easy for the crown prince to relinquish Amelia. But the English princess, being very unhappy at home, had fixed her affections upon Frederick with the most romantic tenderness. In beauty of person, in chivalric reputation, in exalted rank, he was every thing an imaginative maiden could have desired. She regarded him probably as, in heart, true to her. He had often sent his protestations to the English court that he would never marry any one but Amelia. Though the marriage ceremony had been performed with Elizabeth, he recognized only its legal tie. Poor Amelia was heart-crushed. Earth had no longer any joys for her. She never married, but wore the miniature of the prince upon her breast for the rest of her days. We have no record of the weary years during which grief was consuming her life. Her eyelids became permanently swollen with weeping. And when, at the age of sixty, she died, the miniature of the crown prince was still found resting upon her true and faithful heart. Amelia and Elizabeth; how sad their fate! Through no fault of their own, earth was to them both truly a vale of tears. The only relief from the contemplation of the terrible tragedies of earth is found in the hope that the sufferers may find compensation in a heavenly home.

On Tuesday, the 16th, the king and queen of Prussia left Salzdahlum to return to Potsdam. At the close of the week the crown prince and his bride, escorted by a brilliant retinue of Brunswick notabilities, set out on their return. In most of the intervening towns they were received with great pomp. On the 27th, the last day of the next week, the bridal pair had a grand entrance into Berlin. The troops were all out upon parade. The clang of bells, the roar of cannon, and peals of martial music filled the air. All the inhabitants of Berlin and the surrounding region were in the streets, which were spanned by triumphal arches and garlanded with flowers. Gladly would the princess have exchanged all this for one loving word from her husband. But that word was not uttered. Two days before the grand reception at Berlin the princess arrived at Potsdam. Here Wilhelmina, for the first time, met her cruelly-wronged and heart-crushed sister-in-law. In the following terms she describes the interview:

"The king led the princess into the queen's apartment. Then seeing, after she had saluted us all, that she was much heated and her hair deranged, he bade my brother take her to her own room. I followed them thither. My brother said to her, introducing me:

"'This is a sister I adore, and to whom I am obliged beyond measure. She has the goodness to promise me that she will take care of you and help you with her good counsel. I wish you to respect her beyond even the king and queen, and not to take the least step without her advice. Do you understand?'

"I embraced the princess royal," Wilhelmina continues, "and gave her every assurance of my attachment. But she remained like a statue, not answering a word. Her people not being come, I arranged her hair and readjusted her dress a little, without the least sign of thanks or any answer to all my caressings. My brother got impatient at last, and said, aloud:

"'Devil's in the blockhead! Thank my sister, then?'

"She made me a courtesy on the model of that of Agnes in the *Ecole des Femmes*. I took her back to the queen's apartment, little edified by such a display of talent."

It is probable that the princess, in the strangeness of her position, very young and inexperienced, and insulted by cruel neglect, in the freshness of her great grief dared not attempt to utter a syllable, lest her voice should break in uncontrollable sobbings. The crown prince returned to Ruppin, leaving the princess at Berlin. Charles, the heir-apparent to the ducal crown of Brunswick, and brother of the princess Elizabeth, about a week after the arrival of the princess in Berlin, was married to Fritz's sister Charlotte—that same wicked Charlotte who had flirted with Wilhelmina's intended, and who had so shamelessly slandered the betrothed of her brother. Several fêtes followed these marriages, with the usual concomitants of enjoyment and disappointment. Wilhelmina thus describes one of them:

"The next day there was a great promenade. We were all in phaetons, dressed out in our best. All the nobility followed in carriages, of which there were eighty-five. The king, in a Berline, led the procession. He had beforehand ordered the round we were to take, and very soon fell asleep. There came on a tremendous storm of wind and rain, in spite of which we continued our procession at a foot's pace. It may easily be imagined what state we were in. We were as wet as if we had been in the river. Our hair hung about our ears, and our gowns and head-dresses were destroy-

ed. We got out at last, after three hours' rain, at Monbijou, where there was to be a great illumination and ball. I never saw any thing so comical as all these ladies, looking like so many Xantippes, with their dresses sticking to their persons. We could not even dry ourselves, and were obliged to remain all the evening in our wet clothes."

About six miles from Ruppin there was the village of Reinsberg, containing about one thousand inhabitants, clustered around an ancient, dilapidated castle. Frederick was with his regiment in Ruppin. The princess royal, his wife, resided in Berlin. There was an ostensible reason for this separation, in the fact that there was no suitable mansion for the royal couple at Ruppin. The castle, with its extensive grounds, belonged to a French refugee. The king purchased it, and assigned it to his son. As the whole estate was in a condition of extreme dilapidation, Frederick immediately commenced improvements and repairs. The building, the gardens, the forests, and the surrounding lands rapidly assumed a new aspect, until Reinsberg became one of the most attractive spots in Europe.

The situation of the castle was admirable. A beautiful sheet of water bathed its walls on one side, while a dense forest of oaks and beeches rose like an amphitheatre upon the other. The whole edifice assumed the form of a square, with two towers connected by a double colonnade, richly ornamented with vases and statuary. Over the majestic portal was inscribed the motto, *Frederico, tranquillitatem colenti.*[1] The interior of the palace, in the magnitude and arrangement of the apartments, their decoration and furniture, was still more imposing than the exterior. The grand saloon was a superb hall, the walls lined with mirrors and costly marbles, and the ceiling painted by the most accomplished artists of the day. The garden, with its avenues and bowers and labyrinth of bloom, extended the whole length of the lake, upon whose waters two beautiful barges floated, ever ready, under the impulse of sails or oars, to convey parties on excursions of pleasure.

This immense building presented a front of nearly a thousand feet; for, being in a quadrangular form, it fronted four ways. It was all faced with hammered stone. In one of the towers this bachelor husband constructed his library. It was a magnificent apartment, provided with every convenience, and decorated with the most tasteful adornments which the arts could furnish. Its windows commanded an enchanting prospect of the lake, with its tufted islands and the densely wooded heights beyond.

The apartments prepared for the princess royal were also very magnificent. Her parlor was twenty feet high. It had six windows, three opening in the main front toward the town, and the other three opening toward the interior court. The spaces between the windows were covered with immense mirrors, so arranged as to display the ceiling, beautifully painted by one of the finest artists of the day. The artist had spread his colors with such delicacy and skill, so exquisitely blending light and shade, that the illusion was almost perfect. The spectator felt that the real sky, with its fleecy clouds and infinite depth of blue, overarched him.

Three years were occupied in enlarging and decorating this palace. In the mean time the princess Elizabeth resided in Berlin, or in a small country-house provided for her at Schönhausen. The crown prince occasionally visited her, always treating her with the marked respect due a lady occupying her high position.

The king was by no means pleased with the costly luxuries with which his son was surrounding himself. But he had, in a very considerable degree, lost his control over the crown prince. Frederick was now twenty-one years of age. He had married the niece of the emperor of Germany. The emperor had probably once saved his life, and was disposed particularly to befriend him that he might secure his alliance when he should become king of Prussia. Frederick was now the rising sun, and his father the setting luminary. All the courts in Europe were interested in winning the regards of the crown prince.

The king, as we have mentioned, allotted to his son a very moderate income, barely enough for the necessary expenses of his establishment. But the prince borrowed money in large sums from the empress of Germany, from Russia, from England. It was well known that, should his life be preserved, he would soon have ample means to repay the loan. Frederick William probably found it expedient to close his eyes against these transactions. But he did not attempt to conceal the chagrin with which he regarded the literary and voluptuous tastes of his son.

"When I am dead," he said, petulantly, "you will see Berlin full of madmen and free-thinkers, and the sort of people who walk about the streets."

Wilhelmina's purse was generally empty, and she was often in great want of money. Her penurious father had married her below her rank that he might escape settling upon her a dowry. Though her husband was heir to the marquisate of Baireuth, his father was still living. That father was a drunkard and a miser. It seems that the son received but little more than his wages as colonel in the army. Wilhelmina records that one day her brother Fritz came to her and said:

"Seckendorf" (the embassador of the emperor) "sometimes sends me money, of which I have great need. I have already taken measures that he should procure some for you. My *galleons* arrived yesterday, and I will divide their contents with you."

He then gave her a thousand crowns. Wil-

[1] To Frederick Cultivating Tranquillity.

helmina manifested a little natural reluctance in receiving the money. But he shrugged his shoulders, and said:

"Take them freely. The empress sends me as much money as I wish. I assure you that by this means I get rid of the demon of poverty as soon as I find him approaching me."

"The empress, then," added Wilhelmina, "is a better exorcist than other priests."

"Yes," the crown prince replied; "and I promise you that she will drive away your demon as well as mine."

Poland, ever in turmoil, was at this time choosing a king. The emperor advocated the claims of August of Saxony. France urged Stanislaus, a Polish noble, whose daughter had married the French dauphin. War ensued between France and Germany. Frederick William became the ally of the emperor. An army of ten thousand men, admirably equipped and organized, was upon the march for the Rhine, to act with the emperor against France. The crown prince was very eager to join the expedition, and obtained permission to do so.

On the evening of the 29th of June, 1734, there was a grand ball at the little palace of Monbijou. At three o'clock in the morning the crown prince changed his ball dress for a military suit, and with his staff set out at full speed for the seat of war. They traveled in carriages, by post, night and day, hastening to take part in the siege of Philipsburg. A little after midnight, on the morning of the 2d of July, they reached Hof, having traveled two hundred miles, and having two hundred miles still farther to go. At Hof the prince was within thirty-five miles of Baireuth, to which place Wilhelmina had some time before returned. He was very anxious to see her. But his father had strictly prohibited his going through Baireuth, under the assumption that it would occasion loss of time. Frederick made arrangements with Wilhelmina, who was in a very delicate state of health, to meet him at Berneck, about twelve miles from Baireuth. But, unfortunately, one of the carriages, which conveyed the crown prince and his companions, lost a wheel, which detained them several hours. The commands of the king were explicit that the crown prince should not be separated from the rest of the company.

Thus Wilhelmina, upon reaching Berneck, according to appointment, did not find her brother there, and could hear nothing from him. The prince, upon his arrival at Hof, wrote as follows to his sister:

"Hof, *July* 2, 1734, *not long after* 4 A.M.

"My dear Sister,—Here I am, within six leagues of a sister I love, and I have to decide that it will be impossible to see her after all. I have never so lamented the misfortune of not depending on myself as at this moment. The king being very sour sweet on my score, I dare not risk the least thing. A week from next Monday, when he arrives himself, I should be queerly treated in the camp if I were found to have disobeyed orders.

"The queen commands me to give you a thousands regards from her. She appeared much affected at your illness. But I can not warrant you how sincere it was, for she is totally changed, and I no longer comprehend her. She has done me all the hurt with the king she could. As to Sophie, she is no longer the same. She approves all the king says or does, and is charmed with her big clown of a bridegroom.

"The king is more difficult than ever. He is content with nothing. He has no gratitude for whatever favors one can do him. As to his health, it is one day better, another worse; but the legs they are always swelled. Judge what my joy must be to get out of that turpitude; for the king will only stay a fortnight at most in camp.

"Adieu! my adorable sister. I am so tired I can not stir, having left on Tuesday night, or rather Wednesday morning, at three o'clock, from a ball at Monbijou, and arrived here this Friday morning at four. I recommend myself to your gracious remembrance, and am, for my own part, till death, dearest sister, your

"Frederick."

In the mean time, Wilhelmina, disappointed in not finding her brother, wrote to him the following account of her adventures:

"I got to Berneck at ten. The heat was excessive. I found myself quite worn out with the little journey I had taken. I alighted at the house which had been got ready for my brother. We waited for him, and in vain waited till three in the afternoon. At three we lost patience; had dinner served without him. While we were at table there came on a frightful thunder-storm. I have witnessed nothing so terrible. The thunder roared and reverberated among the rocky cliffs which begirdle Berneck, and it seemed as if the world were going to perish. A deluge of rain succeeded the thunder.

"It was four o'clock, and I could not understand what had become of my brother. I had sent out several persons on horseback to get tidings of him, and none of them came back. At length, in spite of all my prayers, the hereditary prince[1] himself would go in search. I was in cruel agitations. These cataracts of rain are very dangerous in the mountain countries. The roads get suddenly overflowed, and accidents often happen. I thought for certain one had happened to my brother, or to the hereditary prince.

"At last, about nine, somebody brought word that my brother had changed his route and gone to Culmbach, there to stay overnight. I was for setting out thither. Culmbach is twenty miles from Berneck. But the roads are frightful, and full of precipices. Every body rose in opposition. And whether I would or not they

[1] Her husband.

put me into the carriage for Himmelkron, which is only about ten miles off. We had like to have got drowned on the road, the waters were so swollen. The horses could not cross but by swimming.

"I arrived at last about one in the morning. I instantly threw myself on a bed. I was like to die of weariness, and in mortal terror that something had happened to my brother or the hereditary prince. The latter relieved me on his own score. He arrived at last about four o'clock; had still no news of my brother. I was beginning to doze a little, when they came to inform me that M. von Knobelsdorf wished to speak to me from the prince royal. I darted out of bed and ran to him."

Knobelsdorf was the bearer of a second letter from the crown prince. The first had not reached her. Frederick, having taken an hour or two of sleep at Hof, rose much refreshed, and continuing his journey about fifteen miles farther, wrote this second letter as follows to his sister:

"MUNCHBERG, *July* 2, 1734.

"MY DEAREST SISTER,—I am in despair that I can not satisfy my impatience and my duty, to throw myself at your feet this day. But, alas! dear sister, it does not depend upon me. We poor princes are obliged to wait here till our generals come up. We dare not go along without them. They broke a wheel in Gera. Hearing nothing of them since, we are absolutely forced to wait here. Judge in what a mood I am and what sorrow must be mine. Express order not to go by Baireuth or Anspach. Forbear, dear sister, to torment me on things not depending on myself at all.

"I waver between hope and fear of paying my court to you. I hope it might still be at Berneck if you could contrive a road into the Nürnberg highway again, avoiding Baireuth. Otherwise I dare not go. The bearer, captain Knobelsdorf, will apprise you of every particular. Let him settle something that may be possible. This is how I stand at present: instead of having to expect some favor from the king I get nothing but chagrin. But what is more cruel upon me than all is, that you are ill. God, in his grace, be pleased to help you, and restore that precious health which I so much wish for you.

"FREDERICK."

Arrangements were made for them to meet at eight o'clock Saturday morning, at the Lake House, situated on a small island in a beautiful artificial sheet of water a couple of miles north of Baireuth. The prince thus obeyed the letter of the order not to go to Baireuth. The following account of the interview which ensued is from the pen of Wilhelmina:

"My brother overwhelmed me with caresses; but found me in so pitiable a state that he could not restrain his tears. I was not able to stand on my limbs, and felt like to faint every moment, so weak was I. He told me that the king was very angry at the margraf for not letting his son make the campaign. I told him all the margraf's reasons, and added surely they were good, in respect of my dear husband.

"'Well,' said he, 'let him quit soldiering then, and give back his regiment to the king. But quiet yourself as to the fears you may have about him if he do go; for I know, by certain information, that there will be no blood spilt.'

"The hereditary prince came in while we were talking, and earnestly entreated my brother to get him away from Baireuth. They went to a window and talked a long time together. My brother told me he would write a letter to the margraf, and give him such reasons in favor of the campaign that he doubted not it would turn the scale. He promised to obtain the king's express leave to stop at Baireuth on his return, after which he went away. It was the last time I saw him on the old footing with me. He has much changed since then. We returned to Baireuth, where I was so ill that for three days they did not think I should get over it."

After this interview the crown prince hurried away on his route to Philipsburg. He reached Nürnberg that night, where he wrote the following brief but affectionate letter to his sister:

"NURNBERG, *July* 3, 1734.

"MY VERY DEAR SISTER,—It would be impossible to leave this place without signifying, dearest sister, my lively gratitude for all the marks of favor you showed me in the House on the Lake. The highest of all that it was possible to do was that of procuring me the satisfaction of paying my court to you. I beg millions of pardons for so incommoding you, dearest sister, but I could not help it; for you know my sad circumstances well enough. I entreat you write me often about your health. Adieu, my incomparable and dear sister. I am always the same to you, and will remain so till my death. FREDERICK."

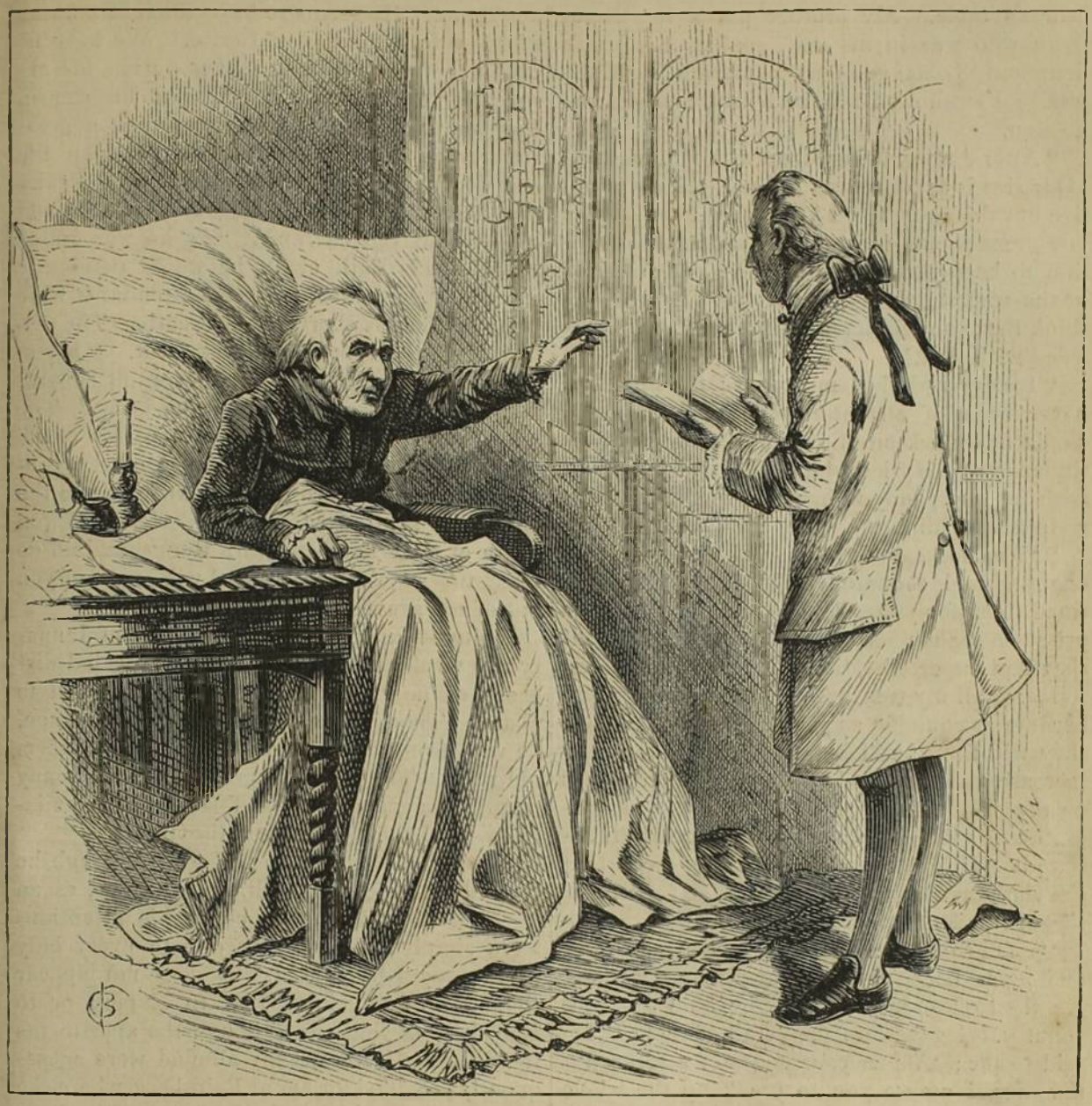
Early on the morning of the 4th the prince left Nürnberg, and reached the camp at Weisenthal on the 7th. Here the imperial and Prussian troops were collected, who had been sent to attempt to raise the siege of Philipsburg. But the French lines investing the city were so strong that prince Eugene, in command of the imperial army, did not venture to make an attack. The crown prince almost immediately rode out to reconnoitre the lines of the foe. As he was returning through a strip of forest a cannonade was opened, and the balls went crashing around him through the trees. Pride of character probably came to the aid of constitutional courage. The prince did not in the slightest degree quicken his pace. Not the least tremor could be perceived in his hand as he held the reins. He continued conversing with the surrounding generals in perfect tranquillity as if unconscious of any danger.

A week after the arrival of the prince the



FREDERICK AND WILHELMINA.

Prussian king entered the camp. As it was expected that some remarkable feats of war would be exhibited in the presence of the king, under the leadership of the renowned prince Eugene, a very large assemblage of princes and other distinguished personages was collected on the field. The king remained for a month, dwelling in a tent among his own troops and sharing all their hardships. He, with his son, attended all the councils of war. Still no attempt was made to relieve Philipsburg. The third day after the king's arrival the city surrendered to the French. The campaign continued for some time, with unavailing manœuvring on both sides of the Rhine. But the crown prince saw but little active service. About the middle of August the king left the camp to return home. His health was seriously impaired, and alarming symptoms indicated that he had not long to live. His journey was slow and painful. Gout tortured him. Dropsy threatened to strangle him. He did not reach home until the middle of September. The alarming state of the king's health added very much to the importance of the crown prince. It was evident that ere long he must come into power. The



THE KING AND HIS SERVANT.

following characteristic anecdote is related of the king during this illness:

One evening, being too unwell to read his usual devotions, he called upon his *valet de chambre* to read prayers. In the prayer occurred the words, "May God bless thee." The servant, not deeming it respectful to use *thee* in reference to the king, took the liberty to change the phrase, and read it, "May God bless *you*." The king, exasperated, hurled something at the head of the speaker, exclaiming, "It is not so; read it again." The terrified servant, not conceiving in what he had done wrong, read again, "May God bless you." The irascible monarch, having nothing else he could grasp, took off his night-cap and threw it into the man's face, exclaiming, "It is not so; read it over again." The servant, frightened almost out of his senses, read for the third time, "May God bless you." "*Thee*, rogue," shouted the king. "'May God bless *thee*.' Dost thou not know, rascal, that, in the eyes of God, I am only a miserable rascal like thyself?"

Early in October the crown prince, not socially or morally improved by his campaigning, set out on his return to Berlin. He was by no means insensible to the fact that the crown of Prussia would soon rest upon his brow. On the 5th he called again upon his sister at Baireuth. She was sick and very sad. The following is Wilhelmina's account of the interview:

"My brother arrived on the 5th of October. He seemed to me in ill-humor. To break off conversation with me he said that he had to write to the king and queen. I ordered him pen and paper. He wrote in my room, and spent more than a good hour in writing a couple of letters of a line or two each. He then had all the court, one after another, introduced to him; said nothing to any of them; looked merely with a mocking air at them; after which we went to dinner.

"Here his whole conversation consisted in quizzing whatever he saw, and repeating to me, above a hundred times over, the words 'little prince,' 'little court.' I was shocked, and could not understand how he had changed so suddenly toward me. The etiquette of all courts in the empire is, that nobody who has not at least the rank of captain can sit at a

prince's table. My brother put a lieutenant there who was in his suit, saying, 'A king's lieutenant is as good as a margraf's ministers.' I swallowed this incivility, and showed no sign.

"After dinner, being alone with me, he said: 'Our sire is approaching his end. He will not live out this month. I know that I have made you great promises, but I am not in the condition to keep them. I will leave you the half of the sum which my predecessor lent you. I think that you will have every reason to be satisfied with that.'

"I answered that my regard for him had never been of an interested nature; that I would never ask any thing of him but the continuance of his friendship; and that I did not wish for one penny if it would in the least inconvenience him.

"'No, no,' said he; 'you shall have those one hundred thousand thalers. I have destined them for you. People will be much surprised to see me act quite differently from what they had expected. They imagine I am going to lavish all my treasures, and that money will become as common as pebbles in Berlin. But they will find that I know better. I mean to increase my army, and to leave all other things on the old footing. I will have every consideration for the queen, my mother, and will satiate her with honors. But I do not mean that she shall meddle with my affairs. If she try it she will find so.'

"I fell from the clouds on hearing all that, and knew not if I were sleeping or waking. He then questioned me on the affairs of this country. I gave him the detail of them. He said to me: 'When your goose of a father-in-law dies, I advise you to break up the whole court, and reduce yourselves to the footing of a private gentleman's establishment in order to pay your debts. In real truth, you have no need of so many people. And you must try to reduce the wages of those whom you can not help keeping. You have been accustomed to live, at Berlin, with a table of four dishes. That is all you want here. I will invite you now and then to Berlin, which will spare table and house expenses.'

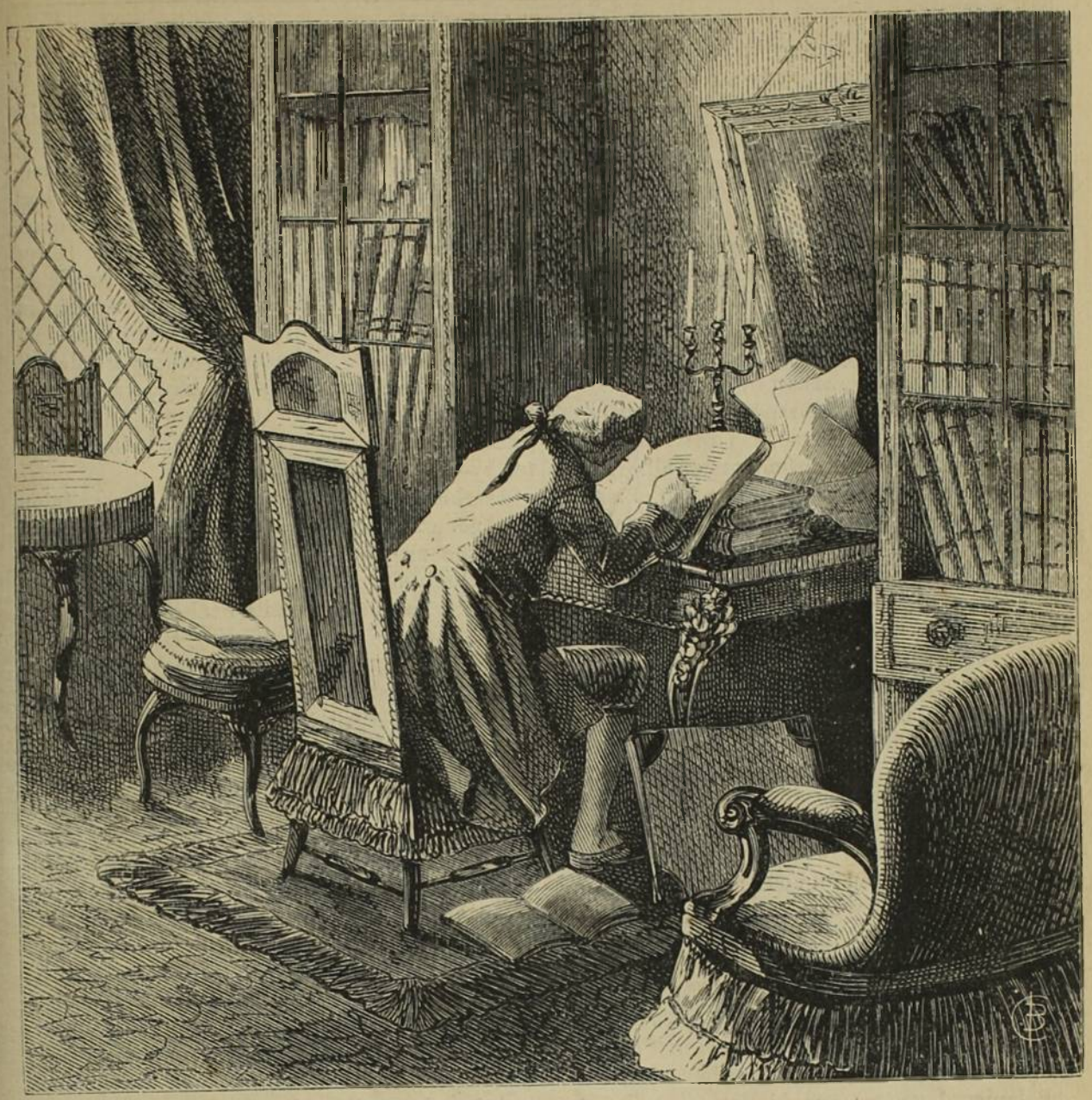
"For a long time my heart had been swelling. I could not restrain my tears at hearing all these indignities. 'Why do you cry?' said he. 'Ah, ah! I see that you are in low spirits. We must dissipate that dark humor. The music waits us. I will drive that fit out of you by an air or two on the flute.' He gave me his hand and led me into the other room. I sat down to the harpsichord, which I inundated with my tears."

On the fourth day after the arrival of the crown prince at Baireuth, a courier came with a letter from the queen conjuring him to return immediately, as the king was growing worse and worse. Frederick immediately hastened to Potsdam; and on the 12th of October entered the sick-chamber of his father in the palace there. He seems to have thought nothing of his wife, who was at Berlin. We have no evidence that he wrote to her during his absence, or that he visited her upon his return. For four months the king remained a great sufferer in Potsdam, trembling between life and death. It was often with great difficulty that he could breathe. He was impatient and irritable in the extreme. As he was rolled about in his Bath chair, he would petulantly cry out, "Air! air!" as if his attendants were to blame for his shortness of breath. The distress from the dropsy was very great. "If you roll the king a little fast," writes an attendant, "you hear the water jumble in his body." The crown prince was deeply affected in view of the deplorable condition of his father, and wept convulsively. The stern old king was stern to the end. He said one day to Frederick, "If you begin at the wrong end with things, and all go topsy-turvy after I am gone, I will laugh at you out of my grave."

Quite unexpectedly the latter part of January the virulence of the king's complicated diseases of gout, dropsy, and ulcers seemed to abate. Though but forty-seven years of age, he was, from his intemperate habits, an infirm old man. Though he lingered along for many months, he was a great sufferer. His unamiability filled the palace with discomfort.

Frederick returned to Ruppin. Though he treated his wife with ordinary courtesy, as an honored member of the court, his attentions were simply such as were due to every lady of the royal household. It does not appear that she accompanied him to Ruppin or to Reinsberg at that time, though the apartments to which we have already alluded were subsequently provided for her at Reinsberg, where she was ever treated with the most punctilious politeness. Lord Dover says that after the accession of the prince to the throne he went to see his wife but once a year, on her birthday. She resided most of the time at Berlin, surrounded by a quiet little court there. However keen may have been her sufferings in view of this cruel neglect, we have no record that any word of complaint was ever heard to escape her lips. "This poor crown princess, afterward queen," says Carlyle, "has been heard, in her old age, reverting in a touching, transient way to the glad days she had at Reinsberg. Complaint openly was never heard of her in any kind of days; but these doubtless were the best of her life."

Frederick had become very ambitious of high intellectual culture and of literary renown. He gathered around him a numerous class of scholarly men, and opened an extensive correspondence with the most distinguished philosophers, poets, and historians all over Europe. He commenced and persevered in a course of very rigorous study, rising at an early hour, and devoting the unbroken morning to intellectual pursuits. The renowned men of earth have not attained their renown but by untiring exertions.



FRITZ IN HIS LIBRARY.

For six or seven consecutive hours every day the prince was busy in his library, when no one was allowed to interrupt him. He wrote to a friend about this time:

"Having been not quite well lately, my physician has advised me to take more exercise than I have hitherto done. This has obliged me to mount my horse and take a gallop every morning. But in order not to be obliged, on that account, to change my ordinary way of life, I get up earlier, in order to regain on the one hand what I lose on the other."

He rose about five o'clock. After a horseback ride of an hour he devoted the mornings to his books. The remainder of the day was given to society, music, and recreation. The following extract from his correspondence throws additional light upon the employment of his time. The letter was addressed to an intimate friend, baron Von Suhm, of Saxony:

"I think you will not be sorry if I say a few words to you respecting our rural amusements: for with persons who are dear to us we love to enter even into the smallest details. We have divided our occupations into two classes, of which the first consists of what is useful, and the second of what is agreeable. I reckon, in the list of the usefuls, the study of philosophy, history, and languages. The agreeables are music, the tragedies and comedies which we represent, the masquerades and presents which we give. The serious occupations, however, have always the prerogative of going before the others. And I think I can say that we make a reasonable use of our pleasures, only indulging in them to relieve the mind, and to prevent moroseness and too much philosophic gravity, which is apt not to yield a smile even to the graces."

Again he wrote a few months after, while absent from home: "I set off on the 25th to return to my dear garden at Ruppin. I burn with impatience to see again my vineyards, my cherries, and my melons. There, tranquil and free from all useless cares, I shall live really for myself. I become every day more avaricious of my time, of which I render an account to myself, and never lose any of it without much regret. My mind is now wholly turned toward philosophy. That study renders me wonderful

services, which are repaid by me with affection. I find myself happy because I am more tranquil than formerly. My soul is much less agitated with violent and tumultuous emotions. I suppress the first impulses of my passions, and do not proceed to act upon them till after having well considered the question before me."

Immediately after his return he wrote again: "I am now a peaceable inhabitant of Reinsberg, applying myself to study and reading almost from morning till night. With regard to the news of this world, you will learn them better through the gazetteers than through me. They contain the history of the madness and folly of the great, the wars of some, the quarrels of others, and the childish amusements of all. These news are as little worthy the attention of a man of sense as the quarrels of rats and mice would be."[1]

The king was not at all pleased either with his son's studies or his recreations. Philosophy and literature were as obnoxious to the sturdy old monarch as were music and all amusements save the rough pastime of hunting stags and boars. He was a thorough materialist, having no other thought than to drill his troops and develop the resources of his realm. Beer and tobacco, both of which he used inordinately, were almost his only luxuries. He often growled loudly at what he deemed the coxcombry of his son and companions at Reinsberg, and frequently threatened to disperse his associates.

But Frederick was now a full-grown man. His heirship to the throne rendered him a power among the courts of Europe. It was doubtful whether he would again submit to a caning. The infirm old king, gouty, dropsical, weakened and lamed by ulcers, could not conceal from himself that his power, with his energies, was rapidly waning. Indeed, at times he even talked of abdicating in favor of his son. Whenever there was a transient abatement in his maladies he roused himself to the utmost, took short journeys, and tried to deceive himself into the belief that he was well again.

The principal companions of Frederick at Reinsberg were gay, pleasure-loving men. Among them were major Keyserling, a thoughtless young man, full of vivacity, and of very agreeable manners; and M. Jordan, a French young gentleman, formerly a preacher, very amiable, and an author of considerable note. M. Jordan was devotedly attached to the prince, and continued so through life. He gives the following testimony to the good qualities of Frederick:

"It is not the king that I love in him; it is the man. If I considered the dignity and the power of the king, I should only seek to keep myself at a distance from him. But the qualities which are personal to him, both of the heart and of the head, they attach me to him for life, without reserve and without fear."[1]

Lieutenant Chasot, another of his friends, was a French officer, who had killed a brother officer in a duel at Philipsburg, and, in consequence, had fled to the Prussian lines. He had brightness of intellect and winning manners, which rendered him a universal favorite. Captain Knobelsdorf was a distinguished musician and architect. He rendered signal service in enlarging and decorating the château at Reinsberg. Baron De Suhm, with whom Frederick kept up a constant correspondence, was then in Saxony translating for the crown prince the philosophy of Wolff. He sent the prince chapter by chapter, with copious notes.

In this assembly of gay young men religion was generally a topic of ridicule. Even Jordan, the ex-preacher, was either willingly or unwillingly borne along by the current. Subsequently, when youth and health had fled, and he was on a sick-bed suffering from lingering disease, he felt the need of those consolations which Christianity alone can give. He wrote, under date of April, 1745, to Frederick, who was then king, and whose friendship continued unabated:

"My complaint increases so much that I no longer even hope to recover from it. I feel strongly, in the situation in which I at present find myself, the necessity of an enlightened religion arising from conviction. Without that we are the beings on earth most to be pitied. Your majesty will, after my death, do me the justice to testify that if I have combated superstition with vehemence, I have always supported the interests of the Christian religion, though differing from the ideas of some theologians. As it is only possible when in danger to discover the necessity of bravery, so no one can really have the consoling advantage of religion except through sufferings."

It speaks well for Frederick that during this illness, which was long and painful, he almost daily visited at the bedside of his friend, ministering to his wants with his own hand. After his death the king continued his kindness to the bereaved family. Baron Bielfeld gives the following account of one of the scenes of carousal in which these men engaged, when in the enjoyment of youth and health:

"About a fortnight ago the prince was in a humor of extraordinary gayety at the table. His gayety animated all the rest; and some glasses of Champagne still more enlivened our mirth. The prince, perceiving our disposition, was willing to promote it. And on rising from table he told us that he was determined that we should recommence our jollity at supper.

"We were scarcely seated at supper before he began by drinking a number of interesting healths, which there was a necessity of pledg-

[1] The above extracts are taken from *Correspondence Familière et Amicale de Frederic II., Roi de Prusse, avec U. F. de Suhm.*

[1] Thibault, *Souvenirs de Vingt Ans de Séjours à Berlin.*



THE BANQUET.

ing. This first skirmish being over, it was followed by an incessant flow of sallies and repartees. The most contracted countenances became expanded. The gayety was general, even the ladies assisting in promoting our jollity.

"After about two hours I stepped out for a moment into the vestibule. I had placed before me a large glass of water, which the princess, opposite to whom I had the honor to sit, in a vein of mischievous pleasantry, had ordered to be emptied, and had filled it with Sellery wine, which was as clear as rock water. Having already lost my taste, I mixed my wine with wine. Thinking to refresh myself I became joyous, but it was a kind of joy that leaned toward intoxication.

"To finish my picture—the prince ordered me to come and sit by him. He said many gracious things to me, and let me see into futurity as far as my feeble sight was then capable of discovering. At the same time he made me drink bumper after bumper of his Lunelle wine. The rest of the company, however, were not less sensible than I of the effects of the nectar which there flowed in such mighty streams.

"At last, whether by accident or design, the princess broke a glass. This was the signal for

our impetuous jollity, and an example that appeared highly worthy of our imitation. In an instant all the glasses flew to the several corners of the room. All the crystals, porcelain, mirrors, branches, bowls, and vases were broken into a thousand pieces. In the midst of this universal destruction the prince stood, like the man in Horace who contemplates the crush of worlds, with a look of perfect tranquillity.

"To this tumult succeeded a fresh burst of mirth, during which the prince slipped away, and, aided by his pages, retired to his apartment; and the princess immediately followed. The day after this adventure the court was at its last gasp. Neither the prince nor any of the courtiers could stir from their beds."

Baron Bielfeld himself was so intoxicated that, in attempting to retire, he fell down the grand staircase from top to bottom. He was severely bruised, and was taken up senseless. "After lying about a fortnight in bed," he writes, "where the prince had the goodness to come every day to see me, and to contribute every thing possible to my cure, I got abroad again."

Frederick William, through spies, kept himself informed of every thing which was said or done at Reinsberg. Such orgies as the above excited his contempt and abhorrence. But notwithstanding the above narrative, there is abundant testimony that the prince was not ordinarily addicted to such shameful excesses. The Italian count, Algarotti, distinguished alike for his familiarity with the sciences and his cultivated taste for the fine arts, was an honored guest at Reinsberg. In a letter addressed to lord Hervey, under date of September 30, 1739, the count writes:

"What shall I say to you, my lord, of the prince royal, the lover and the favorite of the Muses? Several days, which we passed with him in his castle of Reinsberg, seemed to be but a few hours. He is the most intelligent and the most amiable of men. Though I could notice only his private virtues, I can boldly assure you, my lord, that the world will one day admire his royal qualifications; and that when he shall be upon the throne he will show himself to be the greatest of sovereigns. There is all the reason in the world to believe that he will seek out for great men with as much eagerness as his father does for giants."

Baron Bielfeld gives the following account of the ordinary employments, and the tone of conversation of the prince: "All the employments and all the pleasures of the prince are those of a man of understanding. He is, at this time, actually engaged in refuting the dangerous political reveries of Machiavel. His conversation at table is charming. He talks much and excellently well. His mind seems to be equal to all sorts of subjects; and his imagination produces on each of them a number of new and just ideas. His genius resembles the fire of the vestals that was never extinct. A decent and polite contradiction is not disagreeable to him. He possesses the rare talent of displaying the wit of others, and of giving them opportunity to shine on those subjects in which they excel. He jests frequently and sometimes rallies, but never with asperity; and an ingenious retort does not displease him.

"Nothing can be more elegant than this prince's library. It has a view of the lake and gardens. A collection, not very numerous but well chosen, of the best books in the French language are ranged in glass cases, which are ornamented with carvings and gildings in excellent taste. The portrait of M. De Voltaire occupies an honorable place in this library. He is the favorite author of the prince, who has, in general, a high esteem for good French writers both in prose and verse.

"The evenings are devoted to music. The prince has a concert in his saloon, where no one enters who is not invited, and such invitation is regarded as an extraordinary favor. The prince has commonly performed a sonata and a concert for the flute, on which he plays in the greatest perfection. He fills the flute admirably well, has great agility with the fingers, and a vast fund of music. He composes himself sonatas. I have had the honor of standing behind him more than once while he was playing, and was charmed with his taste, especially in the *adagio*. He has a continual creation of new ideas."

SHADOWS.

When I see the long wild briers
Waving in the winds like fires,
  See the green skirts of the maples
Barred with scarlet and with gold,
See the sunflower, heavy-hearted,
Shadows then from days departed
  Come and with their tender trembles
Wrap my bosom, fold on fold.

I can hear sweet invitations
Through the sobbing, sad vibrations
  Of the winds that follow, follow,
As from self I seek to fly—
Come up hither! come up hither!
Leave the rough and rainy weather!
  Come up where the royal roses
Never fade and never die!

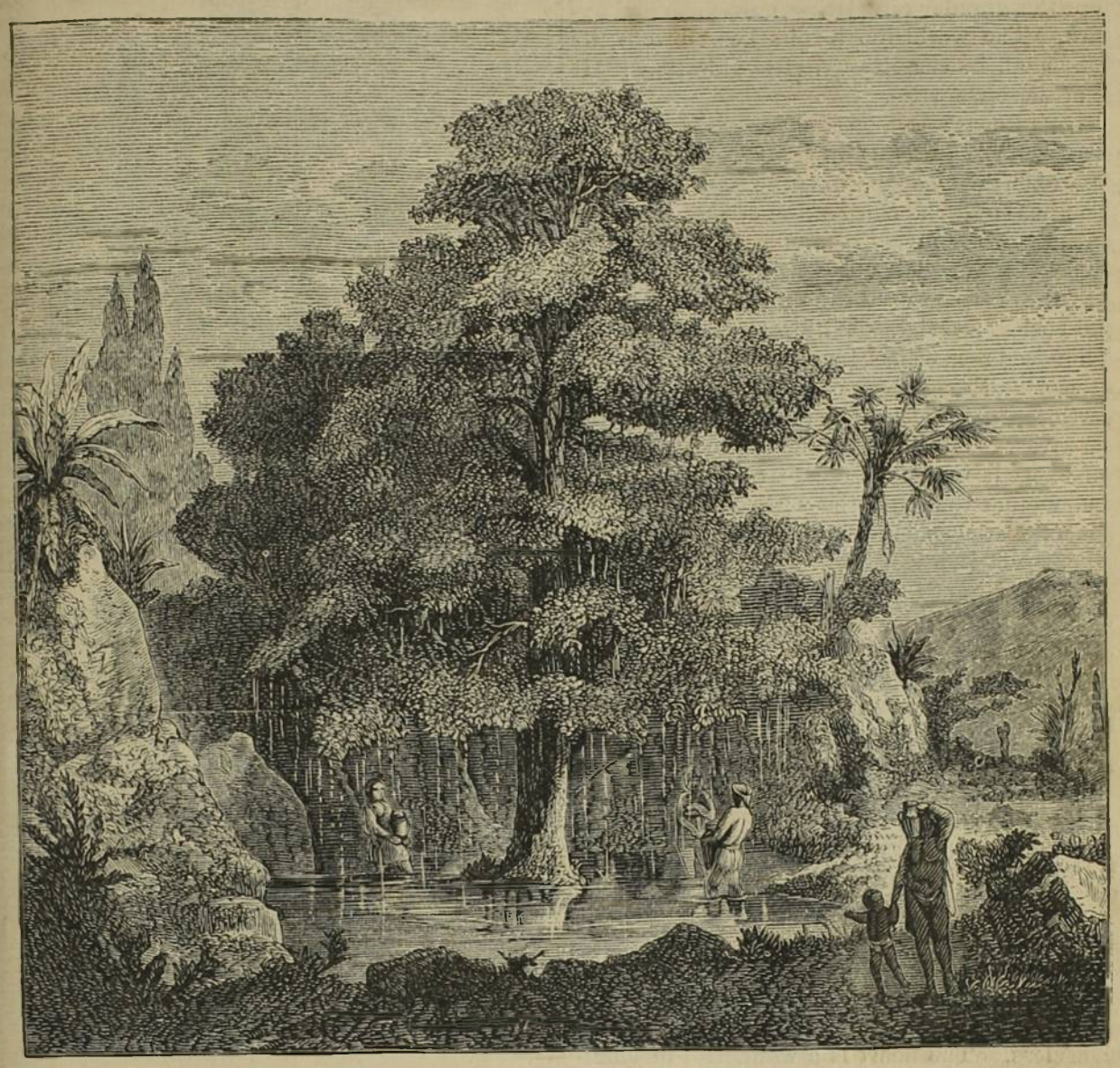
'Twas when May was blushing, blooming,
Brown bees, bluebirds, singing, humming,
  That we built and walled our chamber
With the emerald of the leaves;
Made our bed of yellow mosses
Soft as pile of silken flosses,
  Dreamed our dreams in dewy brightness
Radiant like the morns and eves.

And it was when woods were gleaming,
And when clouds were wildly streaming
  Gray and umber, white and amber,
Streaming in the north wind's breath,
That my little rose-mouthed blossom
Fell and faded on my bosom,
  Cankered by the coming coldness,
Blighted by the frosts of death.

Therefore when I see the shadows
Drifting in across the meadows,
  See the troops of summer wild birds
Flying from us, cloud on cloud,
Memory with that May-time lingers,
And I seem to feel the fingers
  Of my lost and lovely darling
Wrap my heart up in her shroud.

Alice Cary.

NATURE'S COMMON CARRIER.



THE WEEPING-TREE.

IT is now over two hundred years since an illustrious servant of England's infamous king made the discovery which has enrolled the name of Harvey among the benefactors of mankind. It is interesting and instructive to trace the history of discovery and invention. Truth never springs, like Minerva, full armed and perfect at birth.

The circulation of the blood had been hinted at by the ancients. But Harvey first made proof of what had before been, at best, but a vague surmise. His thought has germinated, his one great idea has been tested and followed to its consummation. Every intelligent reader knows, at least dimly, something of the wonderful mechanism which he carries within himself. An intricate system of rivers and canals irrigates and nourishes every part of his frame. The current flows with marvelous rapidity through this elaborate system of passage-ways, before which the famed labyrinth of ancient times fades into insignificance. It completes the entire circuit from the heart to the extremities, from the extremities to the heart again, about twice every second. While the reader has been perusing this paragraph this ceaseless tide has completed, probably, at least one hundred and twenty of these circuits. Night and day, sleeping and waking, it knows no rest. It halts only in the hour of death.

The secret of this mighty movement is a marvelous mechanism whose structure science has, since the days of Harvey, examined, analyzed, comprehended. The heart is the force-pump of the human system. Its pulsations keep pace with the pendulum. These heart-throbs vary in number from forty to one hundred and fifty a minute. Their average number, in a state of health, in middle life, is one a second.*

These muscles of the heart, that never cease

* Whether the circulation of the blood is really due to the pulsations of the heart is indeed a disputed question. But there is no dispute that the muscular contraction of the heart exerts a powerful influence in aiding to produce that circulation.

from the cradle to the coffin, are the only ones which never weary. Breathing even becomes at times laborious—heart-throbs never.

But the grandeur of this circulation pales before the grander circulating movements of nature. The world too has its heart-throbs, its life-blood, its ceaseless, tireless pulsations. It is of these we write.

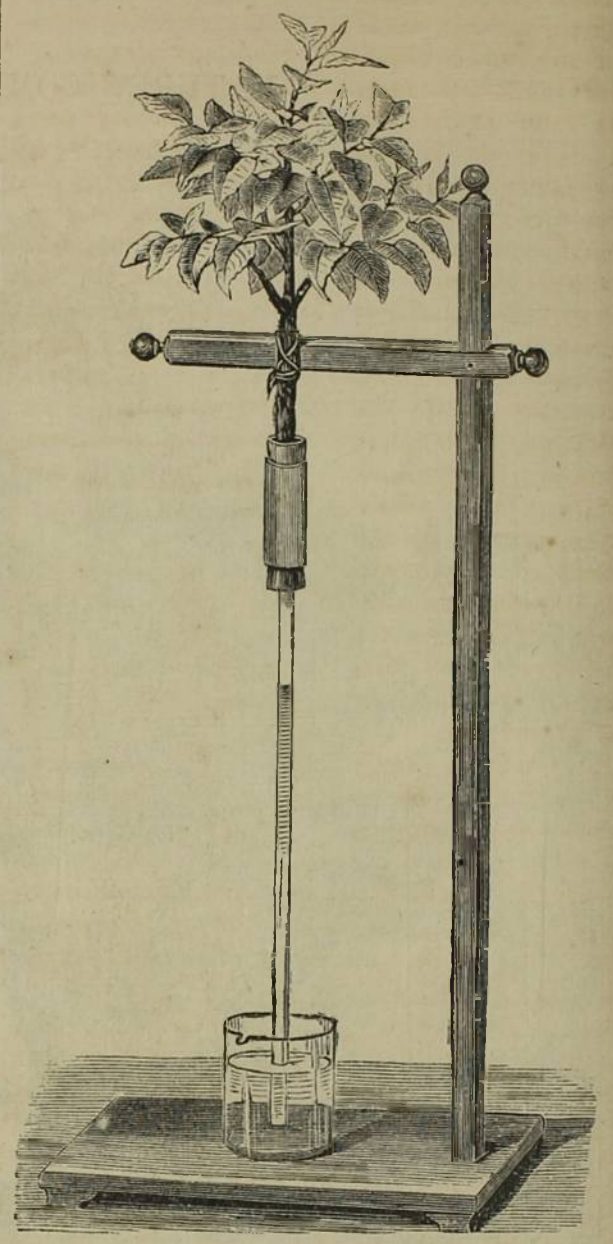
Go into a forest on a summer's day. Nature seems absolutely in repose. At first an unbroken silence appears to reign. Listen! You hear only the chirp of the cricket, the melancholy or the merry note of a single songster, or possibly the whir of a partridge through the leaves. Yet you are in the midst of a scene of the busiest activity. Within reach of your eye a hundred mysterious, invisible force-pumps are at work driving the nourishing juices of the earth far up into the leafy chambers of the tallest trees. The force employed in this forest far exceeds in the aggregate that of the noisiest factory that disturbs with its clangor the peaceful atmosphere of any New England village. Yet it performs its work so quietly, so noiselessly, that its presence even is not recognized. You rejoice in a house supplied with all the modern improvements. You have water in every room. The elm which overshadows you laughs at your bungling imitation of its own delicate mechanism, which noiselessly sends the supply far above your roof-tree.

And its cistern never fails; its pump never gets out of order.

Strangest of all, when the vegetable anatomist dissects the tree he can find no heart. These pulsations, which set at defiance the law of gravitation, seem to put at fault alike the naturalist and the metaphysician. They seem almost to refute the axiom, "Every effect has a cause." To the sense they appear to be causeless. The heart is a wonderful mechanism. There is something yet more wonderful. It is the ceaseless pulsation of nature without a heart.

Hales, by a curious experiment, demonstrated the power of this invisible energy. He fitted a long tube to the stem of a young vine which he severed for the purpose. The fluid rose in the fountain to the height of forty-four feet. Subsequent experiments have measured its power yet more accurately. The mysterious mechanism of the elm is more powerful than the heart of the ox, the horse, or even the elephant. The current flows with a quiet but mighty energy which is positively inexplicable. Modern science has for this phenomenon no other explanation than that which the Psalmist intimates: "The trees of the Lord are full of sap." This mysterious power witnesses, not more truly but more evidently and singularly than more explicable phenomena, to the divine life-principle with which nature has been endowed by nature's God.

We have spoken as though the sap were driven up from below. The experiment of Hales would seem to indicate this. An ex-

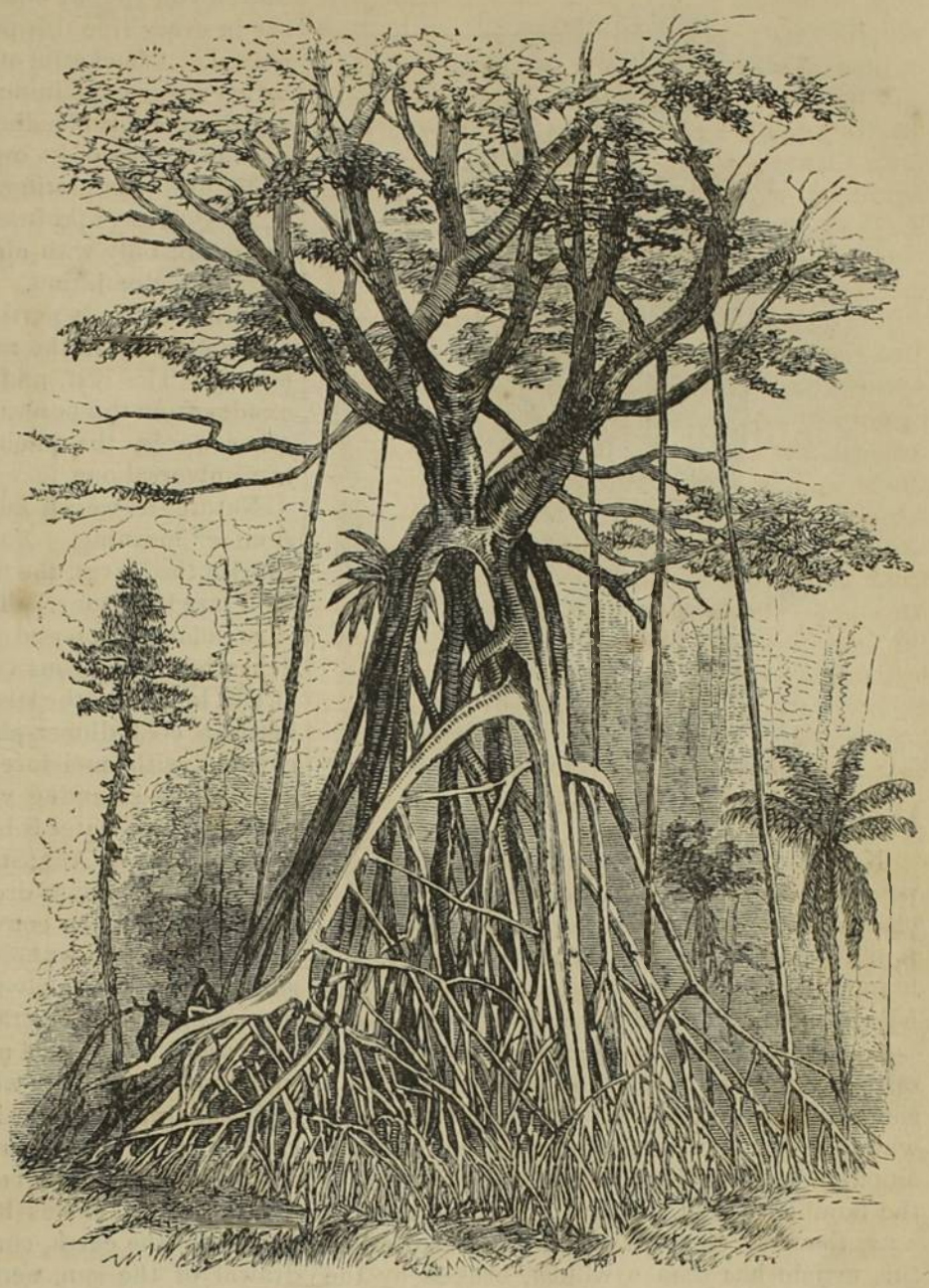


HALES'S EXPERIMENT.

periment made by M. Pouchet, of the Museum of Natural History at Rouen, indicates, on the contrary, that the power is applied from above, or inheres in the arteries of the tree. It at the same time illustrates the rapidity of the circulation. It is not difficult of repetition, though it requires delicacy and skill in the experimenter. M. Pouchet cut off a branch of a tree and inserted the lower end into an air-tight tube filled with water. The other end of this tube was plunged into a vessel filled with a colored liquid heavier than and which would not mix with the water. The tree drank up the water. The colored liquid followed the retreating column of water up the tube. It rose at the rate of half an inch a minute.

The root constitutes the plant's mouth. It terminates in a little sponge. The sponge drinks up the moisture from the surrounding earth. A simple experiment proves that whatever an amputated branch may do for an hour, the mouth of the plant is necessary to its permanent vitality. Two plants are placed for this purpose, side by side, in contiguous vessels. The roots of the one are in water or

moist and fruitful earth, while a layer of dry sand above surrounds the stem. It flourishes. The roots of the second are in dry sand, while the water or fruitful earth surrounds its stem. It dies. Indeed, one need not try such experiments. Nature has demonstrations quite as striking. Every boy has seen in the woods the roots of some tree, planted by the birds or the winds in the crevices of a rock, wandering down the sides of the great boulder in search of nourishment. Dr. Davy tells of a case in which a horse-chestnut, growing on a flat stone, sent out its roots thus to forage for food. They passed seven feet up a contiguous wall, turned at the top, and passing down seven feet on the other side, found the needed nourishment there, which their own barren home denied them. Thus closely does the instinct of vegetation imitate the wisdom of the animate creation. In another instance, narrated by Malherbe, an acacia threw its roots across a hollow of sixty-six feet, to find its labors rewarded by the discovery of a well of water in which they plunged, and from which they drew the food it so much needed. What strange sense drew them toward the water rather than toward the rock or the sand?



AN AERIAL TREE.

A yet more singular instance of this search for food is narrated by Wallace in his "Malay Archipelago."

A seed had been dropped by one of nature's husbandmen, a bird, in the decaying trunk of an old tree. It sprouted, put forth roots, branches, a little stem. But its roots in vain sought nourishment at the breast of its dying foster-mother. At length, abandoning all hope of support from her, they pushed out from their home to seek a living. They dropped to the ground, a distance of sixty or seventy feet, and fastening there, succeeded in securing an independent livelihood. As time passed on the old trunk died, decayed, disappeared. The new tree remained suspended, as it were, in mid-air, the roots proceeding downward and the branches upward from a point about equidistant between the two.

It is not thus alone that the root exhibits its intelligence. It displays equal sagacity in selecting from the soil only those elements which its own plant requires. Sometimes it errs, and drinks in a deadly poison. But its native instinct is more rarely at fault than the supposed superior wisdom of man. Trees rarely eat unwisely. They are never guilty of gluttony.

Yet if the root be the principal feeder of the plant, the chief source of supply for its marvelous circulation, it does not alone fulfill this office. The leaves also absorb moisture from the air. "In the burning days of summer," says M. Pouchet, "I have found carpets of ice-plants on the most arid rocks in Greece. Although it had not rained for a month, these plants displayed a remarkable freshness, and their leafage was none the less covered with a coating of icicles."



DUHAMEL'S EXPERIMENT.

Nature is never guilty of red-tapeism. It possesses in an eminent degree that peculiar characteristic of genius, the power of adaptation to circumstances. When necessary, the branch becomes a root, the root a branch. Duhamel illustrated this by a curious experiment.

He inverted a willow, placing its roots in the open air and its boughs in the earth. In a short time the roots were covered with leaves, while the branches, conforming to their strange situation, had put on spongioles, and commenced the humble task of serving their ancient servants, the now elevated roots. The writer of this article has seen a willow, broken by the force of a tornado and cast upon the ground, repeating the same operation. The inverted boughs had put out roots, the roots had begun to clothe themselves with verdure and assume the semblance of branches. M. De Raguse tells a still more remarkable story of the power of nature to conquer its circumstances. A Russian gentleman, in a whim, planted an avenue of limes upside down. The trees acquiesced, and conformed to their new and singular condition. The branches became vigorous roots, while the roots were completely transformed into leafy branches.

One looks with wonder at the amazing *force* of the vital energies of plants. The *amount* of their circulation is equally amazing. Our northern forests afford annually an illustration of the quantity of water which the tree absorbs from the earth. Every spring, as the sap begins again, after its long hibernation, to flow, the woodsmen prepare to attack the sugar-maples. They build their camps in the midst of the grove whose treasures they covet. Boring a hole into the very heart of the tree, they insert a rude wooden tube. If in February or March you ride by one of these groves, you will see in every tree this process of phlebotomy repeated. A bucketful of its blood is often yielded by each uncomplaining victim every day; and yet, despite this bleeding, it reserves enough for the full supply of its own life.

Nature, interpreting Him whose minister she is, gives always profusely. She supplies vegetation not only with abundant, but with superabundant circulation. What the tree receives from the earth it partially uses in its mysterious laboratory in the manufacture of fruit and flower. The rest, and it is a large surplus, it exudes from the pores, chiefly of its leaves. In other words, the phenomenon of perspiration is a universal one.

Nature, as we all know, takes a bath every summer morning. For an hour or more after sunrise the leaves, the flowers, the grass sparkle with rare brilliancy. This phenomenon of dew is popularly supposed to be owing to a condensation of aqueous vapor in the atmosphere. If you hold over the steaming nostril of the tea-kettle a cold dinner-plate, it will presently be covered with moisture. The cold has condensed the steaming vapor into water. If a pitcher of ice-water is brought into the room on a warm day in August, its sides are presently covered with dewy drops. The cold surface of the pitcher has converted the vapor of the surrounding atmosphere into water. If, on a summer day, you lazily lie on the meadow, looking up into the blue ether above, you may perhaps see a fleecy cloud mysteriously form, seemingly out of nothing, and sail away to join its white comrades in the horizon. A current of cold air, striking athwart the warmer strata, has converted part of the before invisible vapor into a thin mist. It has been imagined that the cooling of the earth, consequent upon the withdrawal of the sun, acts in a similar manner, and compels from the atmosphere this minute shower which we call dew.

But science does not altogether confirm this theory.

The writer of these pages received the other day from a member of a popular scientific club a letter on this subject. "We discussed," said this correspondent, "the subject of dew lately. The accepted scientific explanation was called in question by one or two members, and experiments afterward made with the thermometer were, for the most part, opposed to the results given in the books, the ground being found warmer than the air after nightfall." Professor Muschenbroeck, of the University of Leyden, by a very simple illustration still more clearly demonstrated that dew is not altogether owing to such a process of condensation. He covered the entire circumference of the root of a white poppy with a leaden plate. He then covered the plant with a bell-glass, which he cemented to the lead. The dew which nightly gathered upon its leaves was not, however, in the least abated. During the dryest nights the plant was covered with drops of water, and the sides

of the glass were even obscured by it. The quantity far exceeded that which could have been held in solution by the small quantity of air within the bell-glass. He thus demonstrated that dew is not exclusively, even if it be partially, a condensation of aqueous vapor from the atmosphere. It is in fact largely, if not chiefly, produced by the exudation of surplus water from the pores of plants. In other words, it is the perspiration of nature.



MUSCHENBROEK'S EXPERIMENT.

Science has gone further. It has measured with accuracy the exact amount of this perspiration. This was done by an experiment of which Guettard was the originator. He inclosed the branch of a tree in a glass globe. A neck proceeding from this globe was inserted in a flask. The whole was hermetically sealed to prevent evaporation. The moisture, transpiring from this branch, gathered in little drops upon the sides of the globe, and trickled down into the flask below. The results, as they are reported, are almost incredible. The branch, in twenty-four hours, gave off in perspiration double its own weight. It weighed five drachms and a half. The water which it exuded in a single day weighed an ounce and three drachms.

Thus nature makes vegetation continually supply itself. The shower is by no means the only, perhaps not even the chief means of supply. Water, it has been said, is nature's great transporting medium. It is water which is nature's common carrier. Sucked up by the roots, it carries the juices of the earth into every part of the plant, and supplies all its tissues. Its office completed, it exudes in immense quantities, in countless myriads of drops, through the minute pores of the leaves. Absorbed by the atmosphere, it is in turn condensed in shower. Or it rolls from the leaf directly down to the root of the plant, takes up a new supply of food, and repeats again and again its circuit. Thus, ceaselessly, with a mighty but noiseless enginery, the plant is made to supply itself with the sources of life. The steam-engine, that marvel of human genius and skill, which transforms water into vapor, and, having used its almost immeasurable force, reconverts it into water, to be employed again and again as steam, after all only imitates an operation which nature has been carrying on for ages upon a scale of grandeur of which the imagination in vain endeavors to form an adequate conception.



GUETTARD'S EXPERIMENT.

But the plant does not confine the benefits of this process to itself. In many ways it is rendered beneficial to others.

The benighted traveler in the South American forests finds himself in a situation only less horrible than that of one who is lost in the waterless desert of Africa. In the midst of a marsh, he is yet without water. That which environs him is not only lukewarm and nauseous; filled with rank and decaying vegetation, it is dangerous to the health as well as sickening to the palate. There are no rocks to hold in their hollows—nature's cisterns—the accumulated moistures hoarded up from recent rains. In vain, in this wild waste of too luxuriant vegetation, where life by its very abundance overpowers, does he look for springs. Happy now is it for him if he find the purple



THE MONKEY-CUP.

sarracenia. This singular plant affords a natural vase, than which the art of Etruria or Sèvres never constructed one more elegant. Its circling leaves unite firmly at their edges, transforming the flower into a graceful and elegant amphora. An ample green auricle, decorated with scarlet veins, surmounts this vessel—nature's drinking-cup—which is filled with fine and delicious water. The traveler may drink of it with entire safety.

In India somewhat similar flowers afford the denizens of the forest natural reservoirs, which are named, for those who use them the most, monkey-cups. These flowery receptacles are provided with a lid, which the plant, with admirable forethought, draws down at night. The cup thus closed is then filled by exudation from its own veins. By day the lid is raised, and the contents are given off in evaporation for the benefit of shrubs and flowers less happy than itself. These cups, in the smaller varieties, hold about half a pint of water each. Mr. Wallace reports finding some on the island of Borneo which contained two quarts of water.

A yet more extraordinary illustration of this peculiar transpiration of plants is afforded by the weeping-tree of the Canary Islands.* This extraordinary tree lives in a perpetual shower. The water, exuding from its foliage, falls in a copious rain from its branches. It thus stands in the midst of a little pond, which it perpetually supplies. The inhabitants of the vicinity come hither to get their water. M. Pouchet, from whose pages we take this remarkable account of the weeping-tree, adds: "At first I suspected some exaggeration in the accounts given by travelers as to the transpiration of this tree; but after seeing an arborescent fuchsia, in one of the greenhouses of the botanical garden of Rouen, rain down so much water upon the plants round it that it was necessary to remove them, I have believed the statements."

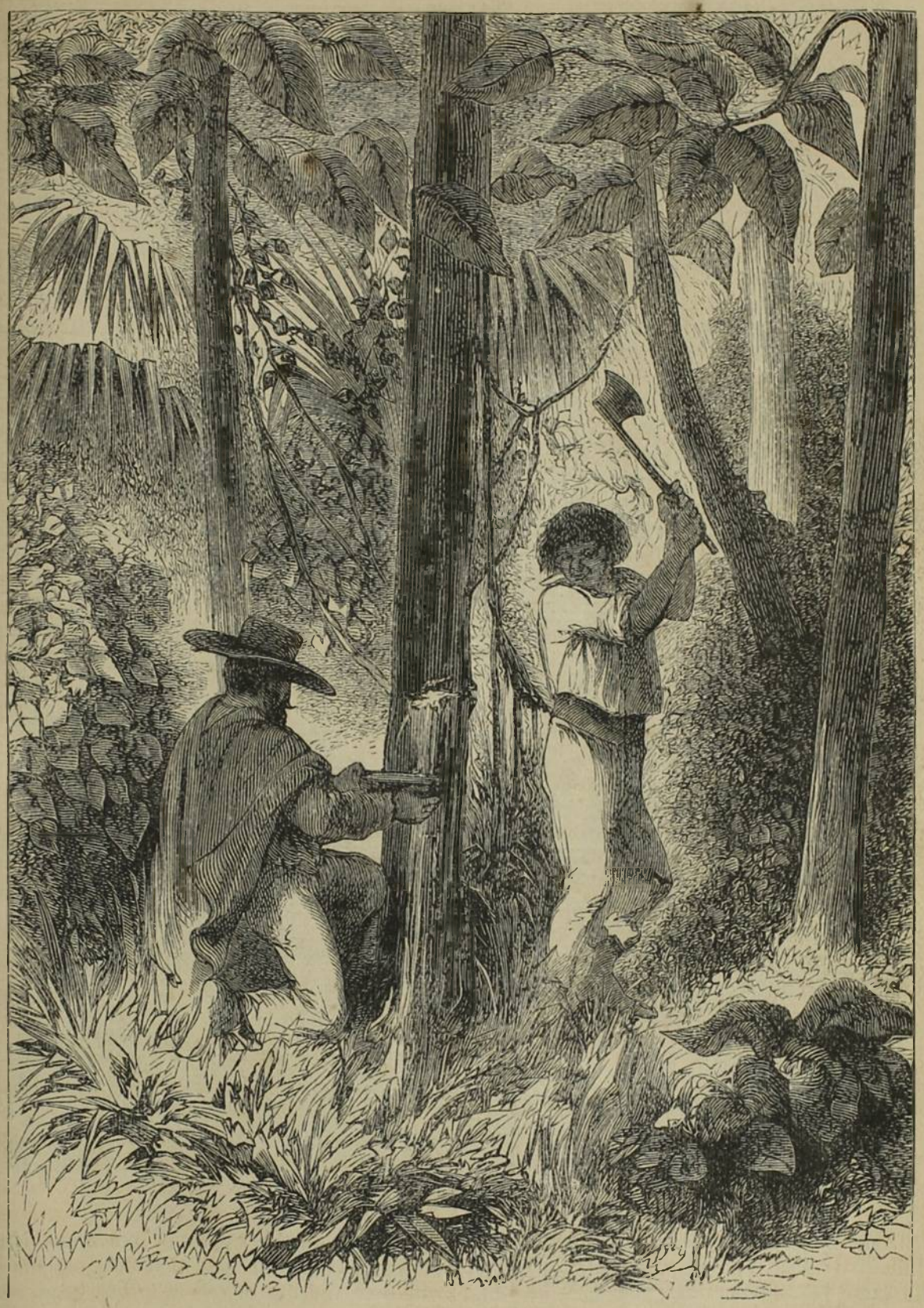
It is not, however, water only which nature thus singularly but generously provides. The tree is not only a reservoir; it is a manufactory, a laboratory, yes! even a distillery.

"A land flowing with milk and honey" was, if we may judge from the present aspects of nature in Palestine, an hyperbole when applied to that land of promise. Yet it is true that both sometimes literally flow from the products of the soil.

The peasants of Sicily find, exuding from the pores of the flowering ash, a sugary substance resembling honey. They gather it, as the boys do chewing-gum from the spruce, with a knife. Similar exudations are observed in the larch-tree of Briançon. Bruce observed an analogous phenomenon in Abyssinia. On the other hand, in Caracas, South America, the natives, making an incision in the trunk of what they very properly designate the cow-tree, extract a fluid which has not only the appearance, but all the qualities of milk.

Nature also churns. The natives of the Niger gather their butter from the butter-tree. They even sell it in their markets. It abounds in such quantities as to threaten to become an article of commerce, and bring their isolated

* See illustration on page 507.



THE COW-TREE.

land into relations with other and civilized communities. The slave-dealer dreads it more than the English blockade. At his solicitation the King of Dahomey ordered it exterminated. But it will not die. A ceaseless war is proclaimed in the name of this infamous traffic against the tree. The malice of its foes it repays only by persistent beneficence. It is annually burned by royal decree. It annually springs up again.

Alas! that we should be obliged to confess it, nature, which furnishes us so abundantly with fruits of innumerable kinds, provides also, in its mystic laboratory, wine. The wine-bearing palm of Western Africa yields a vinous sap, which is indeed mild and sweet when first drawn, but ferments in a few hours, and is then invested with intoxicating qualities. The teetotaler will, however, remind us that vegetation, which produces water in such abundance and in every land, furnishes wine but in one country and in limited quantities. He may add, also, that even this fact is less significant than it seems; that Nature is not always be-



THE WINE-TREE.

neficent, nor her gifts to be taken without examination; that, like man, she makes out of the same juices sometimes the most healthful fruits, and sometimes the most noxious poisons. And he will be undoubtedly right. Inanimate, as well as animate nature, furnishes venomous reptiles whose secretions are death itself. There is nothing incredible in the story which Xenophon narrates of the accident which overtook his army. Having found some honey, the soldiers eagerly devoured it. Those that partook were dangerously poisoned. This event, inexplicable at the time, science has since explained. The honey was composed, doubtless in part at least, of the poisonous juices of the *Asalea pontica*.

The nettle, which in our northern climate only stings, in the tropics is dangerous, if not deadly. It is even said that only amputation will save the life of one who has been, so to speak, bitten by one of these "serpents of the vegetable kingdom." This species of plant, armed with organs which closely resemble the fangs of a serpent, is called by the natives the "devil's leaf."

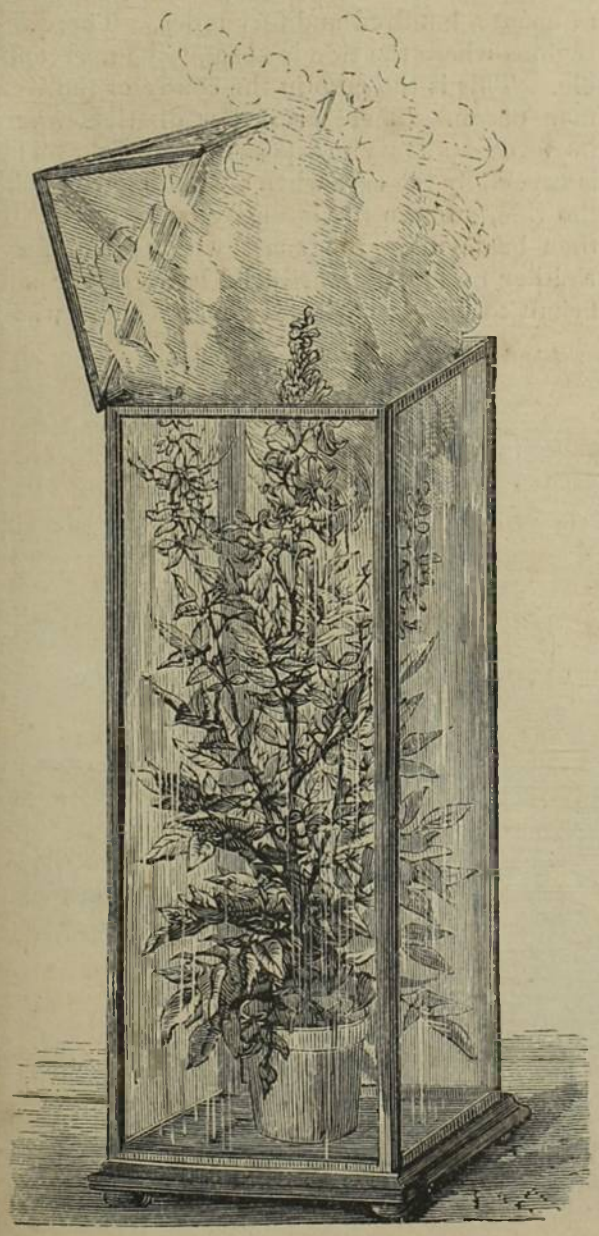
These noxious juices are, however, the exception. Those which seem poisonous sometimes possess rare medical qualities. Such is the case with the cinchona, from which we derive the quinine, the only remedy which science has yet discovered for those burning fevers which are produced by the luxuriant vegetation in the midst of which the cinchona is found. Perhaps science will yet discover that nothing

in nature is really noxious; that it is only our ignorance which makes it appear so.

Nature does not content herself with providing fruits, beverages, and medicines. She has also a proper regard for our appearance. She furnishes us with soap and perfumes for our toilet, and with light for our use when darkness veils the earth.

The negro picks out his letters in his Southern cabin by the light of a pitch-pine torch—the light, that is, of the resinous exudation of one of the common trees of the American forests. Nor is it always in the form of resin or pitch that this exudation takes place. It is sometimes a vapor. This is the case with the fraxinella, which is a minute but beautiful gas-factory. If it be guarded against the wind—by being placed in a glass case, for example—and the vapor which it throws off be thus at the same time collected, the latter will take fire when lighted, and burn with a bright, sparkling light like that of the lycopodium, which is used in producing the harmless conflagrations of the melodrama.

The seeds of some leguminosæ afford the Chinese a substitute for soap. The mendicant



THE FRAXINELLA.

friars of the Middle Ages employed the leaves of the soapwort for the same purpose. Neither Chinaman nor friar attained, however, such results in cleanliness as would make us desirous to substitute their article for that produced by artificial means.

In perfumeries nature is more successful. It is said that the odor of the rosemary indicates to the mariner the coast of Spain more than ten leagues out at sea. Other plants as well, exuding odoriferous oils, provide the perfumer with the materials of his art, and the ladies with the contents of those expensive little bottles which are the necessary furniture of every well-appointed toilet-table. In France, where the art is carried to its greatest perfection, immense gardens of flowers are cultivated exclusively for their fragrance, which is caught, caged, and shipped to every quarter of the civilized globe. In a single establishment, near Cannes, there are annually used one hundred and fifty-three thousand pounds avoirdupois of orange flowers, the same quantity of rose flowers, over thirteen thousand pounds of black currant flowers, thirty-five thousand pounds of jasmine flowers, twenty-two thousand pounds of violets, nearly nine thousand pounds of tuberoses, besides mint and rosemary. In the district of Provence the flower market is quite as important as that of the grains or the fruits.

We have spoken of Nature's manufactories as well as of her laboratories. It is only necessary to remind our readers that modern science has found in the milky juices of the cahuchu of South America, and the *Isonandra gutta* of the Malay Archipelago, a substance capable of serving a greater variety of uses than any one wood or single metal. The India rubber and gutta-percha, under the skillful manipulations of modern art, assume a greater number of transformations than imagination ever conceived of as being produced by the magic wand of the most potent fairy. It runs, indeed, the whole gamut of the useful and ornamental, from the breast-pin on the bosom of the belle to the life-boat in the surges of the ocean.

Such are some, by no means all, of the many marvels of that mysterious circulating process which is always going on, in different forms and with such widely different results, in the veins of every tree, plant, shrub, flower, grass.

But the circulation of nature is not confined to vegetation. We may even say that this is but a small part of it.

The poet is accustomed to call the ocean "a waste of waters." To the careless observer it seems strange that three-fourths of the surface of the earth should be given up to this trackless but mobile desert. But this immense mass of water constitutes, in fact, the heart of the globe, and supplies nature with its life-blood. Were it not for this "waste of waters," the continents would soon become a waste of land.

This heart has its pulsations. Twice in twenty-four hours the gigantic heart-throb occurs which we call the tide.

The fiercest storm that ever plows the surface of the Northern Atlantic produces but a ripple on its surface. Science has measured the height of the wave. It is pronounced but twenty feet high. This measurement makes account, it is true, only of the regular undulations of the sea. When this wave meets with any obstacle, as a rock, or another wave coming in an opposite direction, or even an audacious ship daring its assault, it mounts much higher. Its spray sometimes is thrown up to a distance of a hundred, a hundred and twenty, or even a hundred and fifty feet. But what is this upon the surface of waters whose depths are measured in miles? The passion of the ocean is but at the surface, after all.

"When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down, beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

"Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea."

It is not so with the tide. The tidal wave affects the entire mass. The whole ocean seems to leap up from its bed in a vain effort to follow the beck of the moon it adores, then falls, despairing, back into its place again.

If this were all, the tidal wave would be a very simple matter. But it is not all. This immense pulsation is modified, retarded, accelerated, deflected, by many influences: by the configuration of continents and islands, by ocean currents, by winds, by the conjunction or the opposition of the sun and moon, which at times unite their forces to draw the water from the embraces of the earth, sometimes opposing, neutralize each other's influence. Finally, this wave is deflected by the rotary motion of the earth itself upon its axis.

The tide, then, is not a single wave of water flowing round the globe. It is a marvelous, profound, and widely diversified agitation of the entire ocean. It produces extraordinary, and sometimes awful, phenomena. It begets the most singular and, to the unlearned, the most inexplicable currents, which, suddenly and apparently causelessly springing up in a quiet sea, seem to the ignorant supernatural, and are attributed by their superstitions to the wrath of some offended deity. It is even said that Aristotle drowned himself in the Euripus because, with all his sagacity, he could not comprehend its irregular and mysterious fluctuations.

This tidal wave, at the island of St. Helena but three feet high, and among the islands of the Pacific scarcely perceptible, rises upward of sixty feet in the Bay of Fundy. At the equator it moves at the rate of a thousand miles an hour. It takes, on the other hand, three hours and nine minutes for it to perform the journey from Aberdeen to Newcastle, a distance of about a hundred and fifty miles. There are regions where the tide is absolutely imperceptible. This is the case in the centre of the German ocean. There are other districts where its force and fury are positively awful. This is especially the case when a wind, blowing with the tide, adds to the intensity of its force. It then beats upon the coast with fearful fury. Neither natural nor artificial barriers are sufficient to withstand it. In a few hours whole



A TIDAL INUNDATION.

towns are swept away, and fields and farms are ravaged and destroyed. Instances are recorded in which forty thousand acres have been submerged, four thousand houses have been swept away, four hundred thousand persons have lost their lives.

It is to tidal waves, meeting from opposite directions, that those whirlpools are due which have been rendered famous in song and story, but which science has comprehended, and proved to be comparatively dangerless. The Sicilian fisherman no longer fears the Charybdis which gave Ulysses so much trouble. The maelstrom on the coast of Norway, long supposed, at least by the ignorant, to be caused by some subterranean, or perhaps we should say subaqueous, passage into the bowels of the earth, is really a product of the tides, sometimes aggravated by the wind. Now that its nature is understood it is robbed of most of its terrors, though it is still avoided by the careful navigator when peculiarly violent.

Sometimes the grandeur of this tidal wave is greatly increased by the peculiar formation of the rocks against which it beats. This is the case on the south coast of the Mauritius. There a long promontory of rock runs far out into the open sea. The waves have worn in this rock marvelous grottoes and caves of all imaginable grotesque forms. Through the roof of two of these caves it has forced a passage out, making an aperture in the rock like a chimney. This roof is thirty-five or forty feet above the low-water mark. But when the tidal wave reaches the coast it enters this cave, and, striking with great force against the roof, flies through the vent full sixty feet in the air. The roar of this majestic fountain, which nature has thus wrought for itself, can be distinctly heard at a distance of two miles.

Electrical phenomena add their terror at times to the grandeur of the ocean tides. Among the caves and grottoes of the storm-beaten coast of Norway, these are sometimes seen in forms which are absolutely terrific; as, for example, in the Lyse Fiord, a prodigious ditch twenty-five miles or so in length, shut in between two walls of sharp-pointed, perpendicular rocks, of the average height of more than half a mile. The tidal wave, impelled by a raging storm, rushing through this natural chasm, would alone render the desolate scene one of almost awful grandeur; but at such times the heavens often lend their terrors to add to its weird sublimity.

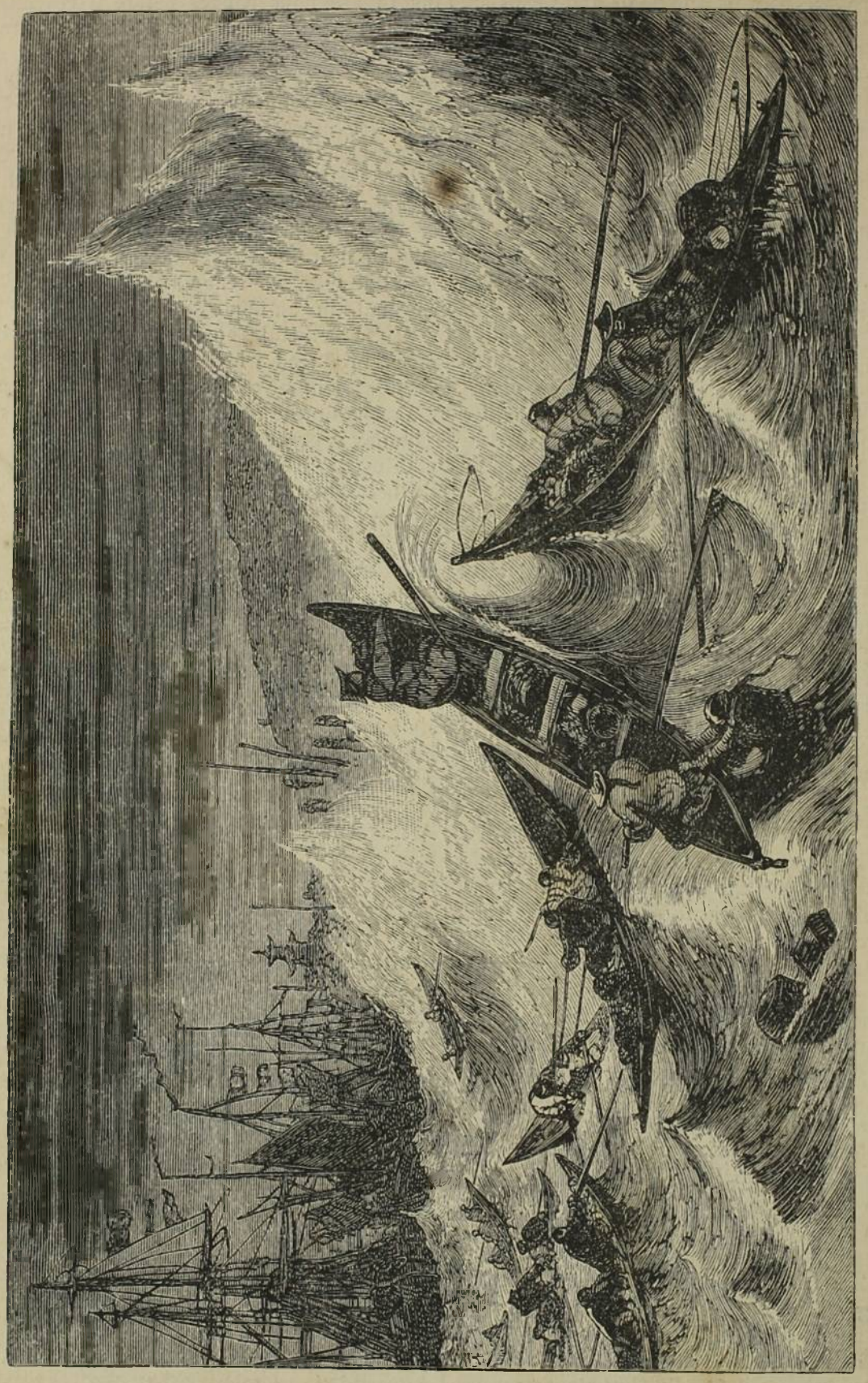
"When the southwest wind blows rudely," says a recent writer, "and plunges by violent gusts into the vast chasm of the Lyse Fiord, a strange meteoric phenomenon adds to the terrible majesty of the scene. Fifteen feet above the level of the sea, and at two-thirds of the height of the wall that rises to the southward of the entrance to the gulf, there is seen a flash of lightning leaping from time to time from the black rock, spreading, then contracting, then expanding, and shrinking again, and dispersing in luminous fringes before it reaches the northern wall. This broad tongue of fire advances, whirling round and round as it goes, and it is to this rotary movement that the apparent expansions and contractions of the lightning are due. Rapid detonations are heard with an increasing power before the live flame leaps from the rock; a violent clap of thunder accompanies it, and reverberates in prolonged echoes through this narrow corridor of the sea. One would think that some battery, hidden behind the cliff, was cannonading some invisible casemate in the opposite wall."

Quite as awful, though quite different, is the effect produced when the tide, forced by the peculiar contour of the land, is driven in a single wave up the channel of a narrowing river. The day is perhaps bright and calm. There is nothing to give presage of the approaching battle between the current of the ocean and the current of the stream. Suddenly a distant roar is heard, like the mutterings of far-off thunder. It waxes louder and louder. It is the sea advancing to the charge. Then a line of white foam is visible in the distance. This line of foam is the crest of an ocean wave. It is a rampart, a wall of water like that which reared itself at the rod of Moses. That was stationary. This marches with marvelous rapidity, sometimes at the speed of the most rapid railroad train. In the Tsien-kiang River of China it travels thirty-five miles an hour. A moment ago and the surface of the water was thirty feet below the bank. The wave passes. The river now laves your feet. While this moving cataract of waters advances, all the busy traffic of the river is for the moment suspended. Every thing waits in expectancy its approach. The boatmen turn their prow to this ocean monster, and safely ride what at first threatens to engulf them.

But the tide is by no means the only circulation of the ocean.

The ocean as well as the land has its rivers, rivers that are as much grander than those of the continents as is the medium through which they flow—rivers with banks almost as well defined, with currents as ceaseless, with volume immeasurably larger. Lyell describes one of these oceanic rivers as four thousand miles long, and from one hundred and fifty to four hundred and fifty miles wide. Lieutenant Maury attributes to the Gulf-stream a volume one thousand times greater than that of the Amazon or the Mississippi. These ocean rivers flow with a rapidity exceeding that of the largest navigable continental streams, and are so deep as to be sometimes obstructed, and occasionally turned aside, by banks the tops of which do not rise within three hundred feet, yes, sometimes not within six hundred feet of the surface of the sea. These currents, whose causes are only partially understood, fuse all the waters of the ocean, and keep up a perpetual circulation between its various parts.

This circulation is the grand equalizer of



THE PEOBOBOCA.

temperatures. It is the Gulf-stream which gives the grape to the coast of France in a latitude five degrees north of that of Nova Scotia. The traveler leaving the harbor of New York, ice-locked and snow-clad, lands in January on the coast of Ireland, ten degrees further north, astonished to find it attired in a garment of green. The Gulf-stream has brought the climate of the Gulf of Mexico across the Atlantic, to mitigate the rigors of what would otherwise be an unendurable winter. Science even surmises that this same oceanic river, flowing by Nova Zembla, produces that mysterious open sea which Morton discovered, and gives to the pole a milder climate than our futile researches, thus far conducted, would seem to indicate.*

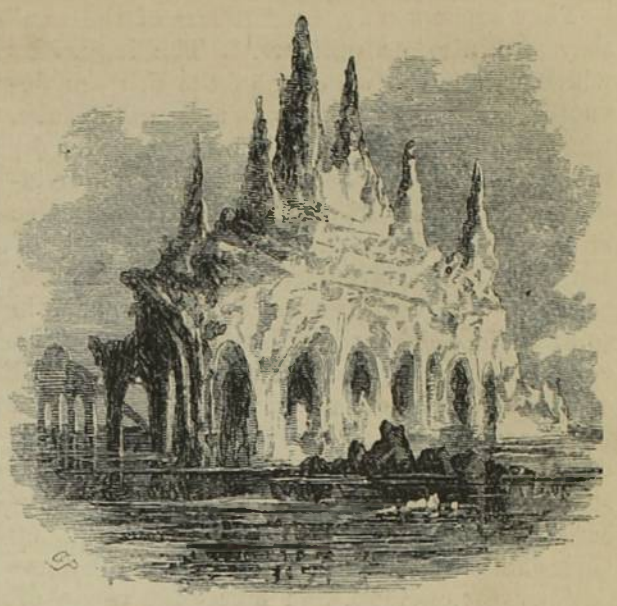
The causes of these oceanic currents, though

* It is true that this effect of the Gulf-stream has been recently doubted, and all that Lieutenant Maury has written about it is not to be received without question. But a recent writer, in *St. Paul's Magazine*, has shown, we think satisfactorily, that the main facts, as stated above, have not been successfully impugned.

still wrapped in mystery, are by no means wholly unknown to modern science. The chief causes are heat and animalculæ.

The operation of heat in producing oceanic currents is explained by Sir Charles Lyell by means of a very simple illustration. The experiment which he describes does not even require to be tried. Let the reader, in imagination only, take a long trough, divided by a partition into two compartments. Let him fill one compartment with quicksilver, the other with water. Let him then remove the partition which separates them. He does not need to be told that the quicksilver will at once flow into its neighbor's compartment, seeking the bottom of the trough; the water will, on the other hand, occupy the vacated half of the quicksilver's chamber, rising to and floating on the surface. It is such an interchange which perpetually occurs between the waters of the tropic and of the arctic zones. The ocean waters, heated in the Gulf of Mexico, rise to the surface, and flow toward the North, to take the place of the heavier water there, which, losing its heat, sinks to the bottom of the ocean, and returns in an undercurrent toward the equator.

That there are thus two currents flowing in opposite directions is ocularly demonstrated every spring by the floating icebergs. These push their way against the upper current of the Gulf-stream so far to the south as to constitute the mariner's greatest danger in his transatlantic voyage. The reason of their mysterious progress is partly to be found in the fact that it is the surface alone which encounters the warm current from the Gulf. By far the largest portion of the iceberg is immersed in the colder current below, which carries with it this native

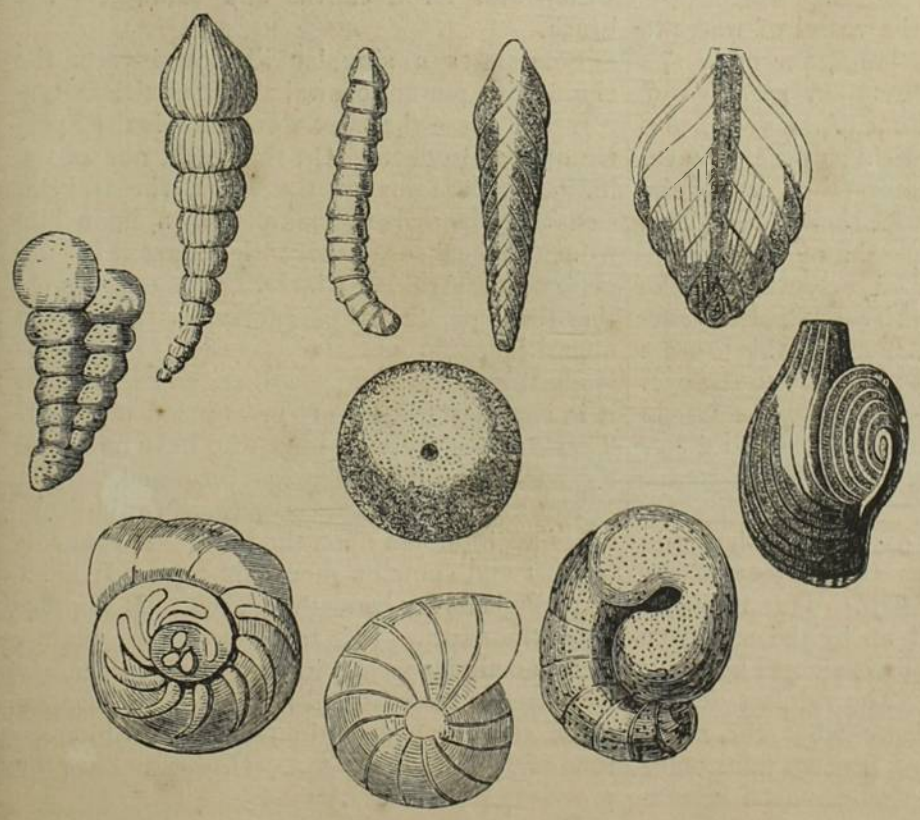


A FLOATING ICEBERG.

of the pole to perish beneath the genial influences of the temperate zone.

This circulatory process, seemingly so simple, is really complicated. The ocean currents, like the tides, are modified, retarded, accelerated, deflected, by many causes. These combine to keep the ocean in a perpetual state of healthful agitation.

More difficult to comprehend, more incredible, despite the demonstrations of science, are the effects produced upon ocean currents by the infusoria. It surpasses belief that it should be in the power of these infinitesimal little insects —so small that it requires eleven millions of their shells to make one cubic inch of sand—to produce any effect upon the mighty ocean. But their number compensates for their individual insignificance. They are literally as the sand of the sea-shore for multitude. Their shells enter into the composition of every beach, and of many mountains. The colossal sphinx and the largest of the pyramids are alike constructed of their corpses. Their industry has reared not only formidable breakers, those coral reefs which are so dangerous a foe to navigation, but has laid the foundation of habitable islands. Their labor is as rapid as its results are marvelous. One of the straits in the approaches to Australia, which a few years ago only possessed twenty-six of these coral islands, at present displays a hundred and fifty.



SHELLS OF THE INFUSORIA.

But how is it that these little insects affect the oceanic currents?

They are not only the "toilers of the sea," they are also its purifiers. The impurities which escape the voracity of the fish are devoured by the yet more voracious animalculæ, whose power of appetite is only exceeded by their power of reproduction. A single individual possesses sometimes a hundred stomachs, and gives birth in a single day to a family of ten thousand children. These little creatures seize upon the calcareous substances held in solution in the myriad drops of water which constitute their home. The water, lightened of its freight, rises to the surface to make room for a new drop freighted with stores brought down from above. So this commerce of the seas is carried on through the ages without cessation, and these infinitesimal little *polypi*, by their energetic industry, not only form the foundations of new land, and purify the ocean of foreign substances, but also establish and maintain a ceaseless current between the bottom and the surface of the sea.

Over the "vasty deep" hovers another, an aerial sea, which plays in the circulation of the earth a part even more important than that which we have just described. This circumambient sea, child of the ocean, is, says Lieutenant Maury, "an envelope or covering for the dispersion of light and heat over the surface of the earth; it is a sewer into which, with every breath we draw, we cast vast quantities of dead animal matter; it is a laboratory for purification, in which that matter is recompounded and wrought again into wholesome and healthful shapes; it is a machine for pumping up all the rivers from the sea, and conveying the waters from their fountains on the ocean to their sources in the mountains; it is an inexhaustible magazine, marvelously adapted for many benign and beneficent purposes."

When the nurse puts the vessel of water to be heated over the spirit-lamp, presently she sees, or may if she be observant, particles of vapor forming on the bottom of the vessel, detaching themselves, and rising to the surface. The colder particles of water—though this she does not see—descend to take their place. This operation is repeated on a sublime scale in the aerial ocean. The water of the surface of the sea, converted into vapor, rises toward the surface of the atmosphere. Generally this process is so subtle as to be imperceptible to the eye. At times, however, the aqueous vapor forms in clouds, and hangs over the ocean, a dense fog, the dread of the mariner, but a prolific source of life to the earth.

It is estimated that the average depth of rain which annually falls upon the surface of the globe is four feet and a half. This immense body of water is pumped up by the sun from the surface of the ocean and distributed by winds over the earth's surface. The rainless deserts of Africa suffice to indicate what the world would be if this circulating process were omitted. The drought of a single season is sufficient to demonstrate our dependence upon it.

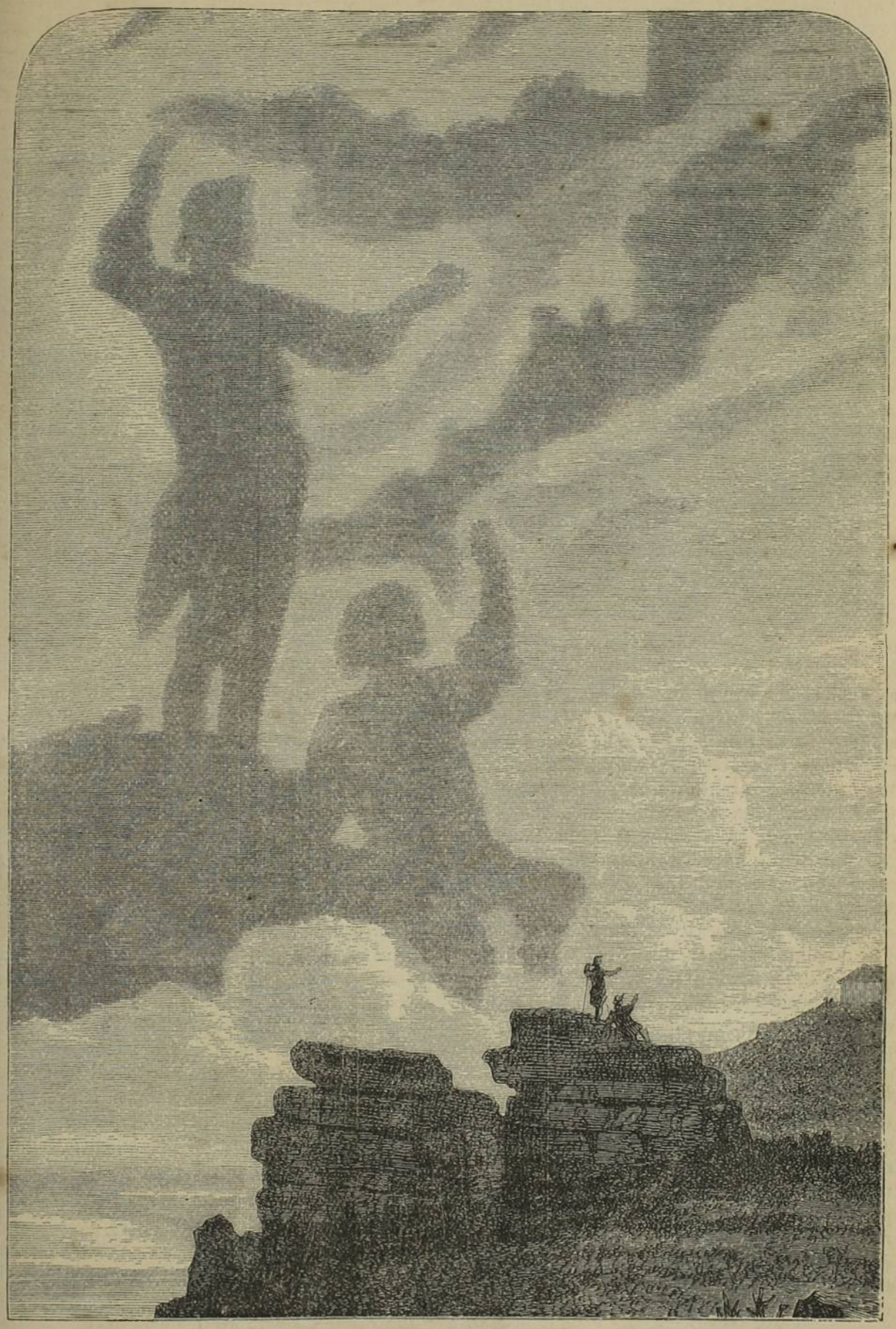
While we are writing a furious storm is raging without. The wind is blowing a gale from the southeast. The rain is beating with violence against our windows; that is to say, God's carriage is bringing from the not-far-distant sea the treasures of rain for our fields. These clouds are, however, often carried to an immense altitude. He who climbs the highest mountains sees them often yet far above him. Frequently they travel myriads of miles in invisible forms. Perhaps to-morrow, in a higher level, the same carriage will convey the aqueous vapor, held in solution, till it reaches the banks of the Mississippi, when, a cold current striking it, it will precipitate the moisture in rain upon the prairies of Illinois. These operations perpetually repeated, obedient doubtless to laws, but to laws that are at best but imperfectly understood, not only give to the earth those juices which, as we have already seen, the plant so well knows how to use, but furnish the mountains with their springs—the streams, rivers, ponds, lakes, with their contents. Filtering through the earth, they take up the medicinal properties of the soil, and become famed for their healing virtues; kept from the heats of summer by their earthy covering, they afford a delicious drink in the hottest of the dog-days; or, descending into the very bowels of the earth, they are heated by its mysterious subterranean fires, and reappear in the form of warm, or even boiling springs.

This wonderful, this divine mechanism produces effects as marvelous for their beauty as for their utility. No forms are so varied, so graceful, so grand, so majestically, so terribly sublime even, as those which the great Sculptor carves in the clouds. No tints are so exquisitely beautiful as those which God paints, with water for a canvas and sunlight for a brush.

Sometimes a singular illusion invests the cloud with power to awaken superstitious terror. Of these the most wonderful is the Spectre of the Brocken. On this peak, one of the loftiest mountains of the Harz, the traveler sometimes perceives, looking down upon him from the heavens, a gigantic figure like the genii of the Arabian Nights. It is not strange that the superstitious peasantry, terrified by the apparition, had not the presence of mind to study this shadowy appearance, and learn that it is but a reflection of the startled observer. They are not the only ones who have mistaken a gigantic and illusive image for a god.

Not a little of the water falling in rain-drops takes up its home upon the land. It congeals in frost and snow on mountain-tops. It hides in rocky beds far beneath the soil. It impregnates the earth. It is taken up by the plants. The remainder wends its way back to the sea by means of streams and rivers. The Amazon alone restores every minute half a million of tons of water to the ocean. How grand are the processes of God in nature!

Nor are these rivers the mere waste-pipes



SPECTRE OF THE BROCKEN.

of the continent. They are rather its arteries. The blood of the earth, like that of the tree and the body, is a builder. The Egyptians rightly regarded their country as a gift from the Nile. This fertile plain, the home of a once proud nation, the cradle of our material civilization, as Palestine is of Christianity, has been redeemed by the river from the desert. The delta of the Niger is less widely known, but is considerably larger. There are others in India and South America which are not inferior to either in the fertility of their soil and the luxuriance of their vegetation. There is little reason to doubt that the fertile prairies of our own West, as well as the alluvial lands which skirt the Connecticut, the Ohio, and the Mis-



THE DELTA OF THE NILE.

sissippi rivers, are due to the action of water, which not only irrigates and fructifies, but absolutely forms continents. The action of glaciers, those rivers of ice, is only less important; their processes are, however, so slow that it is with difficulty that science estimates the extent of their work. We know that the Banks of Newfoundland have been sensibly raised by their deposits; and the occasional boulder, whose presence on his otherwise rockless prairies is such a perplexity to the Western farmer, has undoubtedly been deposited there in past ages by the arms of some floating iceberg.

It is even asserted, though it can hardly be said to be demonstrated, that the changes thus produced are gradually modifying the form and affecting the rotary motion of the earth itself. Captain Ericsson has called attention to the fact that a considerable majority of the rivers of the earth flow toward the equator. These rivers are constantly carrying thither immense quantities of débris from the northern mountains, plains, and valleys; and he has even entered upon a calculation, based upon scientific estimates, of the number of pounds annually transferred from northern latitudes, where the circuit which the earth traverses is comparatively insignificant, to the equator, where its journeys through space are greatly increased, and the consequent effect in the expenditure of force and the gradual retardation of the earth's revolutions. That effects so momentous and far-reaching, affecting even the relations of this planet to other worlds, can be produced by the simple flow of rivers to the sea, does indeed seem, at first, incredible. But it is not, perhaps, more intrinsically improbable than that invisible animalculæ should be able to produce ocean currents.

We have not exhausted our subject, which is indeed illimitable. But we have seen enough to assure ourselves that circulation is the secret and source of all life; circulation of blood in the body, of sap in the plant, of water in the ocean, air, and earth. The preacher was perhaps wiser than he thought; at all events, the revelations of modern science give a new significance to his saying: "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth forever. The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose. The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits. All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full: unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again."

BROKEN MUSIC.

A SONNET.

The mother will not turn, who thinks she hears
  Her nursling's speech first grow articulate;
  But breathless with averted eyes elate
She sits, with open lips and open ears,
That it may call her twice. 'Mid doubts and fears
  Thus oft my soul has hearkened; till her song,
  A central moan for days, at length found tongue,
And the sweet music welled and the sweet tears.
But now, whatever while the soul is fain
  To list that wonted murmur, as it were
The speech-bound sea-shell's low importunate strain;
  No breath of song—thy voice alone is there,
O bitterly beloved! And all her gain
  Is but the pang of unpermitted prayer.

SOUTH-COAST SAUNTERINGS IN ENGLAND.

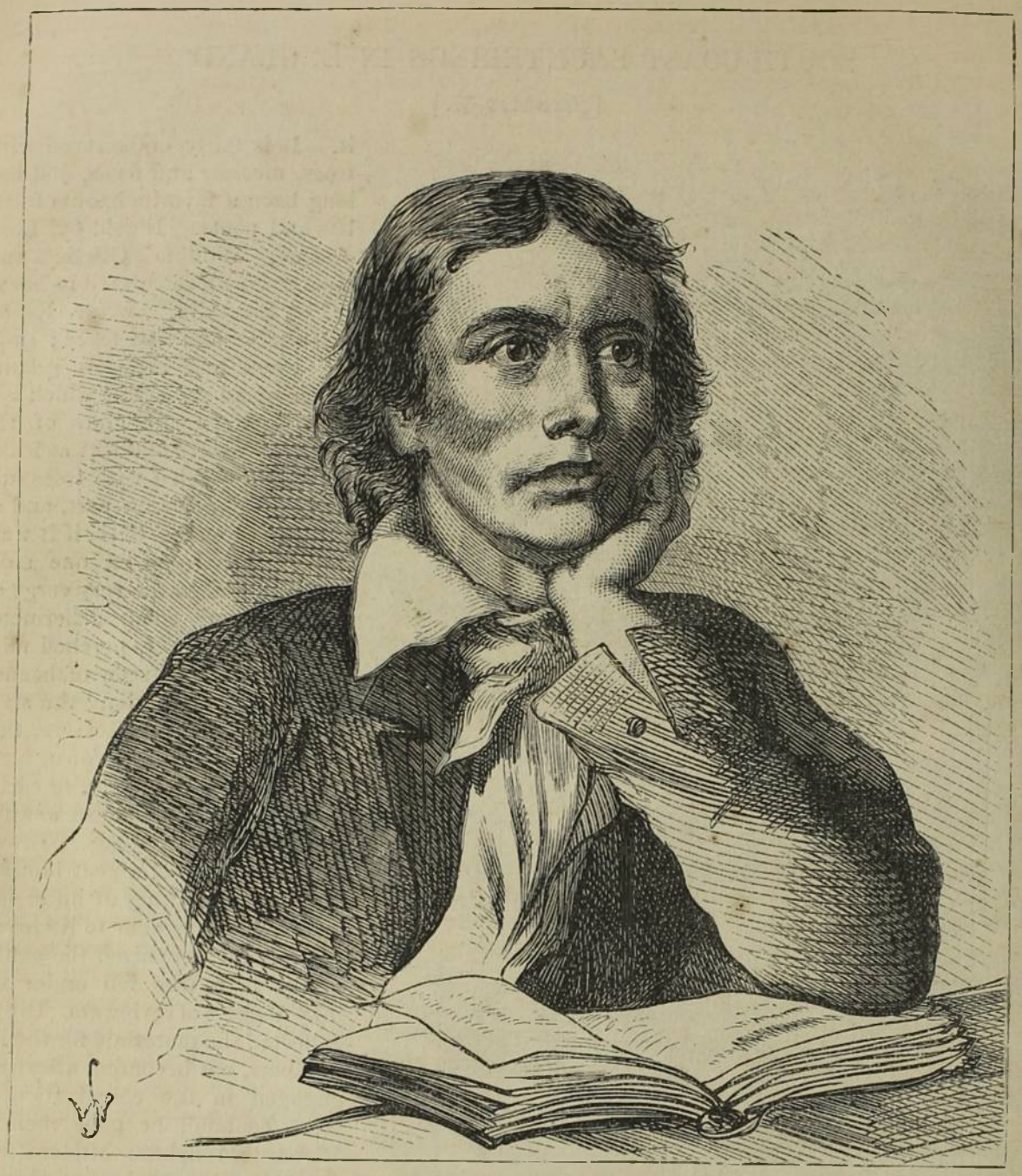
[Saunter V.]



SHANKLIN CHINE.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—II.

SHANKLIN is thought by many the most romantic spot in the island, and indeed it would be difficult to find a place of more various beauty. Running nearly east and west there is a great mass of chalk, which makes what is called the back-bone of the island; it makes the elevated downs, and at Shanklin ends in a precipitous cliff three hundred feet high. There is here the most famous of the great fissures, which have been made by descending streams, called the "Chines." The significance of the word, as it is applied to these fissures, is to be found in its derivation from the Greek χαινω (*chaino*), to cleave asunder. The Shanklin chine cuts into the land for a mile, and it gives one a lesson of the power of a little thing to conquer a big one, to see what a vast chasm has been worn in the rock by the little pebbly stream which flows through it. It is fairly embowered with trees, mosses, and ferns, and has long been a favorite haunt of artists and poets. Ingoldsby, Lord Jeffrey, William Gilpin, and Keats have all celebrated its beauty. "Shanklin," wrote Keats, "is a most beautiful place; sloping wood and meadow ground reach round the chine, which is a cleft between the cliffs of the depth of nearly 300 feet at least. This cleft is filled with trees and bushes in the narrow part, and as it widens becomes bare, if it were not for primroses on one side, which spread to the very verge of the sea, and some fishermen's huts on the other, perched midway in the balustrade of beautiful green hedges along the steps down to the sand." Here, fifty years ago, Charles Brown, a retired Russian merchant, fixed his residence, and his house was the home of the poet Keats. Brown was something of a poet himself, and also something of an artist; but his name is dear to literature because he recognized the genius in the man who fell under the inky daggers of reviewers. Brown collected the materials for the life of Keats, but becoming afterward engaged in the colonization of New Zealand, he gave them to Richard Monckton Milnes (now Lord Houghton), who used them in his "Life and Letters of Keats." Here the two whiled away many of the fairest summer days that ever shone on one of their lives at least, and their friends called them "Sauntering Jack and Idle Joe." But they were not so idle as they seemed. They undertook to write a play together; Brown was to supply the plot and characters, Keats the diction and verse. They sat opposite each other at a table, and Brown invented, while Keats invested. Keats at length thought Brown too melodramatic, and managed the fifth act alone. The tragedy of "Otho the Great," which was the result, did not have a success calculated to encourage literary partnership. Elliston, the manager of Drury Lane, accepted it, but then backed out, though Kean liked the principal character, and desired to act in it. The manager of Covent Garden "declined with thanks." Brown's invention had certainly been more at fault than Keats's diction. Here Keats wrote "Lamia." As he found repose amidst these leafy solitudes, and

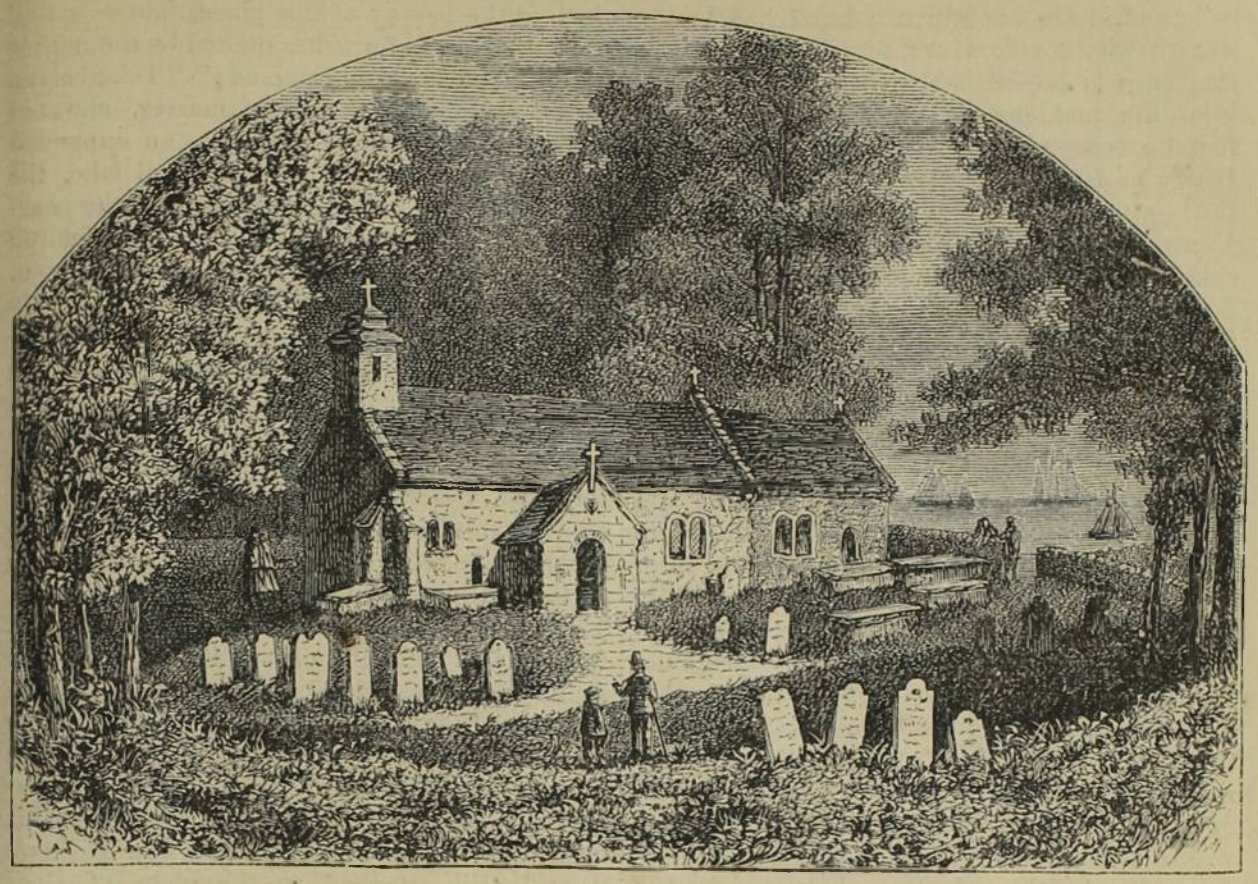


JOHN KEATS.

in the home of those who loved him, he could muse on the emptiness of the glittering aims of the world. Perhaps it was as he lay on this mossy ledge, tasting the lazy indolence of the brook, and watching, as from a shelter, the restless sea over there, so typical of his past life, that he saw the three Spirits—the fair maid whose name was Love, the pale youth whose name was Ambition, and the "maiden most unmeek," Poesy.

"They faded, and, forsooth! I wanted wings:
O folly! What is Love? and where is it?
And for that poor Ambition! it springs
From a man's little heart's short fever-fit;
For Poesy!—no—she has not a joy—
At least for me—so sweet as drowsy noons,
And evenings steeped in honeyed indolence:
O for an age so sheltered from annoy
That I may never know how change the moons,
Or hear the voice of busy common-sense!"

But the three Spirits had their work to do with Keats, and his rest at Shanklin was only as a bird might alight on a green tree, on its way to some fairer land. When Coleridge and Leigh Hunt, walking a lane, met Keats and shook hands with him, Coleridge said to Hunt the moment after, "There is death in that hand." It needed only such cruel denunciations as jealousy oftener inspires than the interests of literature, to bring out the death thus lurking about the poor youth. The wild brier of revolutionary liberty which shot up in Wilkes's time had in the following generation borne wild roses; its blooms were Shelley, Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, and Keats. Conservatism hated them all. Coleridge compromised with it, but the uncompromising three were hunted out of the country as by blood-hounds. "We will go at once to Rome," said Keats, at last; "I know my end approaches, and the continual visible tyranny of this government prevents me from having any peace of mind. I could not lie quietly here. I will not even leave my bones in the midst of this despotism." So there he rests by the side of his great friend, on whose



BONCHURCH.

tomb is written "Cor Cordium." How his true brothers encircled him with their arms to save him! "Let me have him here at Pisa," begged Shelley. Severn watched over him like the tenderest brother. "Tell him," wrote Leigh Hunt, "he is only before us on the road, as he was in every thing else; or whether you tell him the latter or no, tell him the former, and add that we shall never forget he was so, and that we are coming after him. The tears are again in my eyes, and I must not afford to shed them." Keats was already dead; alas, that his fading senses could not have been reached by that letter—the most beautiful and touching, I think, ever written from poet to poet.

Among all these, one poet, if he must be still so called, stood with a malignant scowl on his face. "No more Keats, I entreat!" wrote Byron to the reviewer, the poison of whose pen he had himself known. "Flay him alive: if some of you don't, I must skin him myself. There's no bearing the driveling idiotism of the manikin." The blow is struck, and Keats lay dead. Then Byron writes to Murray: "I would not be the person who wrote that homicidal article for all the honor and glory in the world." Amidst the tears that fell upon the dead face of Keats came that Mephisto laugh in "Don Juan:"

> "'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
> Should let itself be snuffed out by an article."

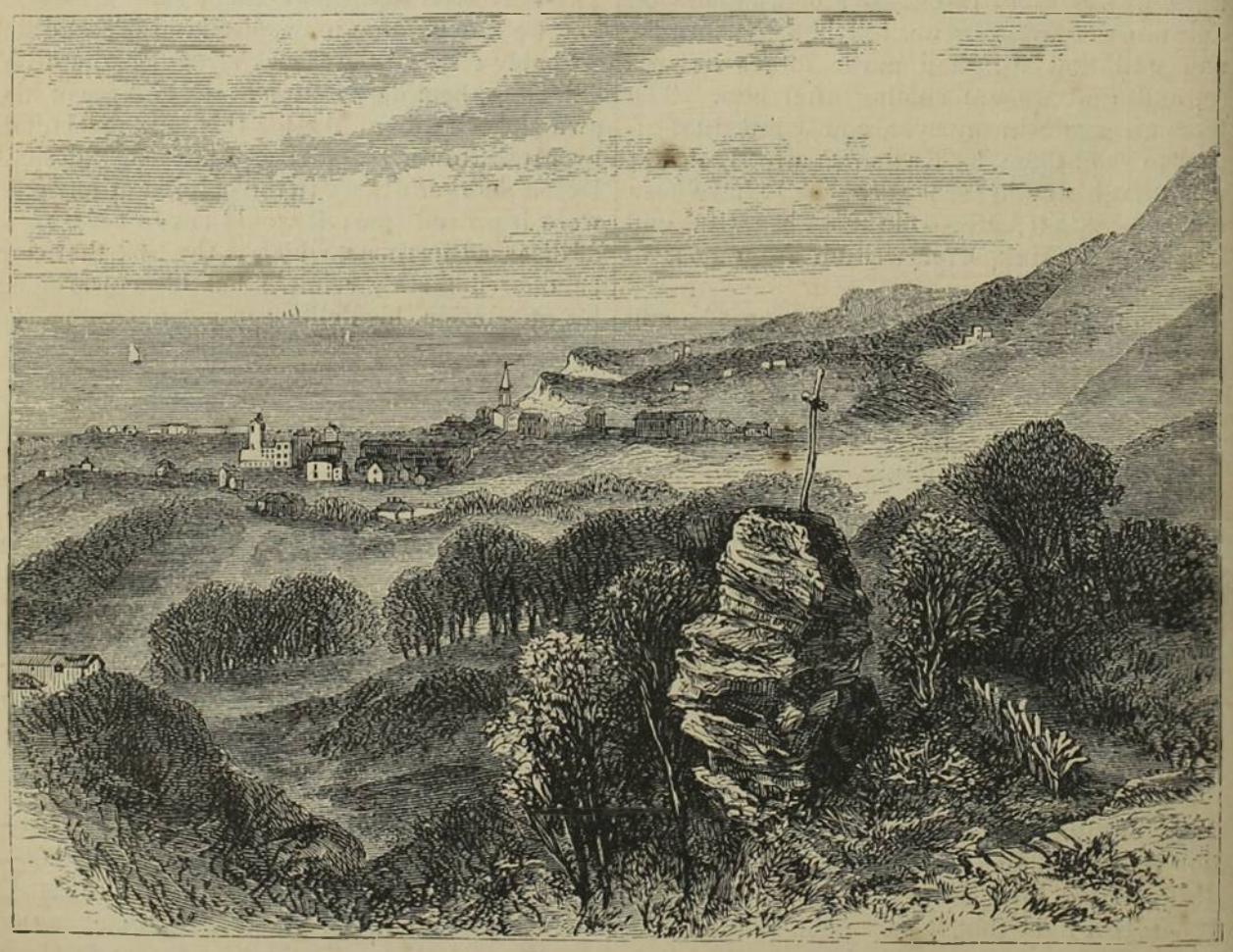
It is not altogether true. Keats had consumption by inheritance, and the reviews, joined to disappointed love, brought it out. But there is hardly a light that is cast upon Byron under which he does not seem blacker, as every light that has been cast on Keats has made him appear brighter. Byron was *always* mean. He could pretend affection to Shelley in Italy, while he was secretly joining in the cry against him in England. He betrayed Leigh Hunt; he betrayed every hand that ever touched his. The only good thing that can be said of him is, that he finally came to despise himself; and he probably entered the Greek struggle, where he fell, from sheer desperation at the glimpse of his own degradation. As for this new revelation by Mrs. Stowe, I don't see that it should sink Byron another degree in the opinion of any one were it proved true; it would suggest the plea of diseased instincts, which is the best that can be offered for his crimes; but his cowardice, his affectation, his deliberate meanness—pah!

One to whose grave I am now on a pilgrimage wrote: "Lately, I have been reading again some of Alfred Tennyson's second volume, and with profound admiration of his truly lyric and idyllic genius. There seems to me to have been more epic power in Keats, that fiery, beautiful meteor; but they are two most true and great poets. When we think of the amount of recognition they have received, one may well bless God that poetry is in itself strength and joy, whether it be crowned by all mankind, or left alone in its own magic hermitage." So wrote John Sterling only some thirty years ago; and now such is the "recognition" that one of the poets he praised receives that his problem is how to escape certain forms of it! It might not have been different with Keats had he managed to outlive the earlier frosts of his life.

It is at Bonchurch, which Keats thought the most beautiful place in the island, that Sterling

is buried. On his grave a hand has laid a wreath whose colors are unwithering, whose fragrance is imperishable: in it Sterling's too brief life and incomplete work have almost found a complement and adequate fulfillment. It was in June, 1843, when Sterling was about thirty-nine years of age, that he came here at Ventnor, close by which is Bonchurch, to reside. Wealth had come to him at last only to find health gone, and the "heart gone out of him;" for his mother and his wife had both been taken from him. To pleasant "Hillside" he now took the children to whom he must henceforth be both father and mother. About this time friends of Emerson—whom, I believe, he never met, but whom he ardently admired and corresponded with—came to see him—Theodore Parker, Henry James, and others. But later pilgrimages had to be made to his grave. "He sleeps now," wrote Carlyle, "in the little burying-ground of Bonchurch; bright, ever-young in the memory of others that must grow old; and was honorably released from his toils before the hottest of the day." Never did poet rest in a lovelier spot. Far away from all noises, save that of the waves which scatter their shells within a hundred yards of his grave, the peaceful little church-yard slopes between the sea and the little church, a green-sward sheltered by elms. It is reached from Ventnor by a road that passes beneath an archway of foliage, dotted each side with cottages covered with roses and honey-suckle. Close by the church is a little pool filled with gold and silver fish, from the centre of which plays a fountain. Such is the beauty of this place, that I felt all the enthusiasm of a writer quoted by the author of the "Sea-kings of England:" "Take barren rocks, prolific soils, broken masses, elevated cliffs, and precipitous descents, an expanded sea, a winding rivulet, and tranquil lake, the wild-flower dell and the rich pasture, the peasant's hut, the farmer's yard, and the admired villa, employ the colors of the bow of heaven, let the motions of animated nature be within observation, cover the whole with an expanded arch, light it with a summer's sun, and call it—Bonchurch."

It is the "hallowed ground" of the island traditions. In its little cove, still called "Monk's Bay," St. Boniface and his priests landed, and on the spot where Sterling sleeps first (A.D. 755) taught their faith to the islanders. Bonecerce —the old name—meant Boniface's Church. The Doun above is called after him, and a famous well bubbling out of it is St. Bonny's well. Some benighted bishop traveling there discovered the well by his horse's feet slipping into it. The bishop vowed to St. Boniface that, if he reached the bottom of the cliffs safely, he would dedicate an acre of land to his honor; a bit of land called "The Bishop's Acre," still attached to the glebe of Bonchurch, records the good faith of the bishop. In the good old times, all the bonny young people were in the habit of celebrating St. Bonny's day by decorating this well with garlands, there being a legend also that the one who first drank of the well on that day would have a wish fulfilled. The custom was discontinued,



VENTNOR, FROM PULPIT ROCK.

like so many similar ones, through the rather ardent love-making with which it became associated. Near at hand is a cliff with a cross upon it, called *Pulpit Rock*, 400 feet above the sea, which commands noble prospects. There are indeed evidences that there was a very ancient church here; the present is about eight centuries old, and is one of the two smallest churches in Great Britain, or, perhaps, in the world. It can not be ten yards long, and is only three or four wide; it has seven pews and two little galleries, and might hold about twenty people. Yet there is a good deal of elegance about it. The style is Norman, the ceiling circular, and the chancel separated from the body of the building by a stone partition. Some years ago, as the wall was being cleaned for a fresh coating of whitewash, a very good painting of the Last Judgment was discovered on the wall. An ancient cross carved out of black oak stands on the altar. There is still regular preaching here, the larger part of the congregation being seated out of doors, under awnings, and hearing through the doors and windows.

The kindly woman who attends to the little church was eager to show me the grave of the Rev. William Adams, the author of various religious works, among which the most important is "The Shadow of the Cross." He was an Oxonian, and preached at Oxford, but removed to Ventnor in 1842 for the sake of his health. He was much beloved, and was known as "the good gentleman." He died of consumption in 1848, aged 33, and his grave is marked by a coffin-shaped stone, with a cross of iron placed horizontally over it, so that whenever the sun is shining, there shall be cast upon his grave "The Shadow of the Cross." One of the most beautiful tombs has on it simply the word "Joe." The sextoness said it was now and then visited by a beautiful lady in black, who once, in reply to an observation that the tomb excited considerable remark, said, "It is not necessary the world should know that my sister's husband lies here." Sterling's grave has only a marble head-stone and foot-stone, with the name and age engraved. A beautiful fuchsia in full blossom grew near him, and seemed emblematic of the freshness and delicacy of the poet. The sextoness did not understand my interest in the grave, and said it was rarely inquired for. And when I kneeled and planted a sprig of myrtle I had brought over his breast, she sympathetically suggested that he might be a relation. I was more surprised that an English artist who sat by the wall painting the scenery, with whom I held some conversation, was not aware that Sterling's grave was near, or, indeed, that there had been such a man. It is but one more evidence that England little knows how great a son she lost when he died; a still more remarkable proof being that two of his best works—"Arthur Coningsby" and "The Election"—were allowed to run out of their first small editions, and are now altogether inaccessible to the general public. Of the former of these two works I have before me a copy put into my hands by Mrs. Carlyle, shortly before her death, which has written in it, some words which bring me almost into the presence of the noble spirits of other days:

"A work published eleven years ago by my beloved son John, who died at Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight, on the 18th Sept. (ult.). My own copy was mislaid, and I have replaced it with some difficulty. —Edward Sterling.—Oct. 4, 1844."

Another inscription, too, it bears, which I may not copy. The story is in three loosely-printed volumes, and is interesting throughout. Arthur Coningsby is a young scholar allured from the side of Isabel, and all the peaceful career symbolized by her, by the phantasmal splendors of French revolutionism. When Sterling himself was about to go on the Torrijos expedition against Spain, he went to bid farewell to just such a lady; in which case the lady bursts into tears, and the scholar becomes suddenly too much "indisposed" to attend to any engagement except one that speedily takes him before the altar of Christchurch, Marylebone. But in this, his first volume, the hero goes to Paris, and there mingles with the scenes and characters of the revolution. Many of the portraits of the notables of those days are very fine, and the pictures of the revolutionary cruelties given with intensity and art. Sick of the horrors, Coningsby finds Madame De Valence sick of them also, while apparently one of the queens of revolution, and together they dwell in a distant retreat until she dies. Coningsby then goes to America. "Some future wanderer in the western forests will perhaps stumble or pause at a low mound in some dark thicket; but there will be neither inscription nor emblem to inform him that the bones of an English outcast were there laid in earth by the hands of the red warriors." Such are the closing words of Coningsby's last letter, and of the book. There are in this work some exquisitely fine thoughts, of which I can only give one or two specimens:

"Every man must have asked himself whether, in the immense system of decay and reproduction which constitutes the world, and every single human life, there is nothing stable and unperishing? Yes, I answer; there is in the mind a nucleus of thought, a vital point, the seat of reason and of consciousness, in which every man may exult as in an indestructible heritage, and which offers to the philanthropist a sure foundation for his fabric of universal happiness. Amidst fallacious meteors and unsteady clouds, there is one fixed star that never eludes us."

"That which makes our view of the present state of the world a source of perplexity and horror is the consideration that every human heart bears in itself a type, more or less distinct, of those powers and that happiness which have been the portion of the most exalted minds. There is, perhaps, no spot on earth, however dreary, in which the germs of many plants, and the larvæ of shining and light-winged insects, are not hidden, though for thousands of years undeveloped, and still expecting the warm breeze that shall call them out in life and beauty."

"I have often thought that poetry gives the kind

of transparent coloring to our thoughts and to images of nature which a landscape wears when reflected in deep and clear water. We see through that fine medium, hills, woods, and sky, battlement and spire, the laborers in the harvest-field and the winding troop of cavaliers. But with these are mingled, in magical unity, the plants, shells, and rocks, and the living creatures of that crystal region, and the sunken fragments of human magnificence, which it has made its own. All are tinted, modified, harmonized, refined; and all have an aspect of tranquillity, which allures the soul to leave its wearisome and stony pathway, and dwell in those serene depths."

"The Election"—the longest poem he ever wrote—shows that had his genius fallen to the nurture of other than the sad, skeptical, and transitional times which have overcast the greater part of this century, Sterling might have taken rank with the finest of English humorists. As it is, no other modern poem deserves so well to rank with "The Biglow Papers." Cox, the member for Aleborough, having died of too much turtle, Mogg is put up as candidate, amidst much enthusiasm.

"Though short of days, how large the mind of man—
A godlike force inclosed within a span!
To climb the skies we spurn our nature's clog,
And toil as Titans to elect a Mogg."

In pursuing his canvass among the tradesmen, Mogg becomes possessed of a variety of things:

"A stuffed jackdaw upon an upper shelf
Now caught his fancy, now a cup of delf;
He paid three pounds for each. A cat that tore
His fingers cost him ten, a rabbit more....
Five Bibles, Man's Whole Duty, and three dice,
Fifteen old almanacs, and two white mice."

In his hustings speech Mogg, after pitying the rest of the world who do not live in Aleborough, proceeds:

"I love the Constitution, yet maintain
'Tis far too mild tow'rd all who dare complain....
I ask, has earth a spot where laws abound
So many, curious, ample, and profound?
Where lawyers never strain their private wit
To ask what's reason, but proclaim what's writ?
Where else are all men equal, save that one
Has lands and houses, and another none?—
A difference 'twixt the mean and great
Which Heaven itself forbids to violate.
I also love the Church that claims our awe
Tow'rd holy Truth by force of Statute Law,
And helps free grace to gain the soul's assent,
And cleanse our sins by Act of Parliament."

A charming little story of love and elopement is set in this satire, one of the finest pictures it contains being quoted by Carlyle.

Among Sterling's friends was William Maccall, the author of "National Missions," "Agents of Civilization," and other very able works that should be better known in America. Mr. Maccall is now known as a brave radical preacher and lecturer. The following, from a letter which I have received from Mr. Maccall, casts an interesting light upon Sterling's character:

"In the spring of 1841, when traveling from Bristol to Exeter, I had for fellow-traveler in the inside of the coach a tall, pale, somewhat military-looking gentleman, who entered into conversation with me. I praised an article which had appeared not long before, in the *Westminster Review*, on Carlyle's works. He told me that he was the author of the article, and that his name was John Sterling. Of course this profoundly interested and impressed me. It was chiefly about German literature and Spinoza that we talked. We parted at Exeter. But in a week or so I received an invitation from Sterling—who had, meanwhile, been at Torquay—to meet him at Plymouth. I went, and thus I met Sterling the second time. Next morning I went to see him off by the Falmouth steamer. He repeated, as the steamer left the quay, some lines of Lucretius. John Sterling I never saw more. But we corresponded, and I received about a dozen letters from him altogether. When I visited London, early in 1842, he gave me letters for Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Mill. The latter I saw at the India House; but Mr. Carlyle was absent in Scotland, and I was not introduced to him till 1848, at a great Emerson gathering. The first time after this I called at Mr. Carlyle's house I took Sterling's letter with me, and he seemed not a little moved at receiving a message from his dead friend. The delineation of Sterling's career and character, by Carlyle, is full and masterly. The chief thing in Sterling was the brilliant and gallant individuality. In conversation he dashed at a topic as if he were leading a storming party to take a fortress. His impulses, his tendencies were all polemical, though he tried to restrain them into poetical beauty, and soften them into poetical sweetness. He suffered bravely, died young, and was essentially noble; but he never could have uttered or dared any thing great except in conflict."

I am also indebted to Mr. Maccall for the letters received by him from Sterling, some passages of which, as they are not included in the memoirs by Hare and Carlyle, may be properly quoted here. Under date of June 28, 1841, Sterling writes:

"Thank you for your extract from Mr. (James) Martineau's letter. You will oblige me by offering him my best respects, and telling him that I have often thought with pleasure of perhaps one day making his acquaintance, whether in or out of the body. By-the-way, I consider his sister's novel of 'Deerbrook' the best in our language since the death of Walter Scott."

Under date of February 19, 1842:

"You seem to me hardly fair in calling Goethe an Epicurean. *Art* to him was an idea to which his life was devoted, and he was far from wishing to release man from Duty. But, at all events, you will find Spinoza a nut worth cracking—the greatest teacher of the God of Nature our Western world has ever produced, at least, till Schelling—teacher, I mean, in dialectic forms—for Shakspeare and Goethe possess the same idea in the symbols of human life. Of this God of Nature, the Kantean and Fichtean God of Reason is the great opposite. Perhaps to behold them both as one is the highest speculative effort we can reach to. At all events, the poor Dutch Jew was one of the deepest heads in our moral world. Goethe and Schleiermacher united in admiration of him, and perhaps in hardly any thing else."

December 4, 1842: "To me it seems that the time is just coming for some distinct manifestation of newer truth, or at least purer, more comprehensive, than can be found in any sectarian denomination. Christianity has been so cramped into lifeless forms that one is often tempted to think no good can be done unless by presenting its truths in a wholly new form, leaving the Jewish theology altogether aside. But it is hard to know how much of one's own thought is more than individual, and at all suited to the world we live in."

December 18, 1842: "Coleridge was the first Englishman who made known to us the existence of a German Philosophy, who professed Spiritualism.* And because he had great faults this is to go for nothing....And then that word *Apostate* is the one

* I need hardly remind the reader that the modern use of this word was unknown at the time Sterling wrote, and that he referred to the philosophy then alone known by that name.

which of all others a philosopher, nay, a good man, is slowest to use. Why, St. Paul was an Apostate, and even a holier than he....Easy enough for any one now to profess a philosophic Christianity learned in Germany. But in England, forty years ago! Coleridge was long the only man in England who said (with much timid diplomacy), the only man who taught that there is a truth in the soul of man which must judge all truth, and that, so far as Christianity agreed with this, *that* is true, and no farther....Do not say I am prejudiced in Coleridge's favor by having known and loved him. I sought him out *because*, from his writings, I saw him to be the only Englishman from whom I could get the help I needed, and it was from him I learned to give up boldly the crude Biblical-Idolatry in which we were all brought up."

Among Sterling's intimate friends Carlyle names Francis Newman, "then and still an ardently inquiring soul, of fine university and other attainments, of sharp-cutting, restlessly-advancing intellect, and the mildest pious enthusiasm; whose worth, since better known to all the world, Sterling highly estimated—and indeed practically testified the same; having by will appointed him, some years hence, guardian to his eldest son; which pious function Mr. Newman now successfully discharges." This passage is perhaps the only preface needed to the following letter, which I am permitted to lay before my readers, from the pen of Professor Newman:

"My dear C.,—You ask me to write some reminiscence of my long lost and still lamented friend, John Sterling. I can not pretend to give any general view or general estimate. For that, one ought to stand right above; and if I could, it can rarely be a friend's office. My acquaintance with him was short and sweet. He came to Clifton, far gone in pulmonary consumption, and instantly fell into the most easy relations with me. He had once dined with me at Baliol College, Oxford, when I was a young Fellow, probably in 1829. I was then so preoccupied, so plunged head over ears, in far-going Puritanism (if that is the right word), that it never occurred to me that I could ever be his friend; yet I was both delighted and instructed by his fluent talk; and in the retrospect was much struck with his great amiableness in bearing with my peculiarities. One of my college co-Fellows (a man now eminent) said, years after, 'I think that Sterling's talk is better than his prose, and his prose better than his poetry.' He was made for an English statesman. He contracted disease in the lungs (by standing long in the water while helping to extinguish a fire) so early that he never had strength for continuous study of *any* thing; and I gather that his reading at college was principally extra-collegiate, and extremely diversified. He knew no one subject thoroughly (unless it was metaphysics! of that I can not speak), but he dived with astonishing ease into the heart of any thing, instantly seeing what were the cardinal points, and combining whatever he knew so as to bear on any subject of discussion. A person once present as a third to Sterling and me, afterward scolded me for saying so little, said that I truckled to him, and ought to oppose him, not hang on his lips. This led me to think what was the real case; and I found, *first*, that I too much liked to hear him talk to be willing to interrupt him; *next*, that his mind had passed over much that mine had not; and even where he did not convince me, I had no readiness of debate on a new topic. I need to think over all quietly first, and chew the cud. But I did, from time to time, take opportunities of saying where I thought him wrong; and it was almost always on the same topic—that he was easily dazzled by those whom he thought to be *men of genius*, and overrated their influence on mankind. I much rather believed that the hard plodders, the ever-industrious coral insects, build for us the really solid results. But he and I were as unlike as man and wife, which perhaps led to our easy and rapid friendship. He once said, 'Our head-pieces and the machinery in them are quite unlike: we always do our work differently, and it is the more satisfactory that we nearly always come to the same result.' He would have been a most brilliant *debater* in Parliament, not from any thing flashy, but from the rapidity and depth of his thought, and his simple, powerful logic. He had generally too many words, which to me greatly damages prose, but in rapid, fluent speech signifies little; and he had often a short, emphatic quaintness which enlivened his periods. I remember that when some one asked, 'What think you of Dr. ——?' (This was a clever gentleman, equaling Sterling in quantity of talk, with many original ideas, and, passing as a radical, was really a very moderate reformer in nearly every branch of Church and State. He had just been introduced to Sterling, and talked for half an hour on his own subjects.) Sterling instantly replied, 'I think him *profoundly superficial*'—that is ὀξυμωρον of the Rhetoricians! I once said to him: 'I certainly never could become a Unitarian like Dr. Lant Carpenter' (then their great representative here): 'I must go farther if I have to go so far.' 'True!' replied he; 'they make two bites of a cherry.' What he admired most in some ladies who tried to evangelize him in illness was, he said, their 'timid omniscience.' I had quite a tough argument with him about Alexander the Great, whom he inordinately admired as a man of genius, without any adequate knowledge of the history, as I thought. I at that time much admired Thomas Carlyle, though I complained that he repeated himself terribly, and had very few ideas, which Sterling frankly admitted. But Sterling's elaborate attempt to glorify him in a long article really did nothing but lower him to me—I found so little in it, after all. I thought that he did not hold himself up firm enough toward Carlyle. He did not live to see into what a hater of negroes, Irishmen, and all weak classes his friend would turn: it would have gone into his heart as into mine. Sterling had an honorable appreciation of good men every where, whether among Jesuits, Anglicans, Dissenters, Mohammedans, or Medieval Christians. Though he had totally renounced Christianity, among his last words to me were: 'There are no better persons in the wide world than Frederick Maurice and his wife.' He was a great admirer of Jesus as a man of high genius who had revolutionized the world; but though he was a clergyman (driven perhaps into the Church largely by weak health), yet, if I may confess it, I did not think he knew much *in detail* about Old or New Testament. He knew German arguments *about* them, and appreciated them with wonderful skill and accuracy. Had he lived—nay, had he had strength and health to study—it must have modified many of his judgments. I think he would have outgrown that Pantheism which (if I remember) Carlyle takes credit for having taught him. I did not think it wise to *argue* on deep and sacred matters, which each heart must learn for itself; but without knowing what was his creed, I felt in Sterling a want of back-bone in religion. He saw through and grieved over the hollowness of Fashion, Luxury, Mean Aristocracy, Tyrannical Royalties, Unjust Institutions, etc., etc. We agreed extremely; yet I missed in him a warmth of hatred and indignation against evil. I thought he rather *disapproved* than *hated*; and I fear that neither martyrs, nor heroes, nor stanch resisters of temptation, can be made without sterner material. I at last imputed this to want of strong belief in what Carlyle derided as 'personal God.' But Sterling was sure to take the sympathetic and righteous side in every thing. His last (unpublished) poem was ruined, alas! by my criticism. It was called 'Richard Cœur de Lion,' and written in Ariosto's style. He admired Richard (as a man of physical energy), as I thought, too much: but never mind that. It consisted of three cantos. I told him that the third was unworthy of the first two, which abounded with beauty and pathos. My objections convinced him; but instead of altering the third only, he recast the work, cut out much that I thought

exquisite (though I did not generally care for his poetry), and interlarded a mass of magic which I thought a deformity, besides changing the whole story. In fine, he wrote *eight* cantos, and died without completing the poem. An attempt was made to publish canto by canto in *Fraser;* but it was judged too tedious, and broken off. Sterling regarded himself as having received his *higher education* from Coleridge's talk, and became a great reader of German metaphysics. But while I knew him his judgment of Coleridge was ever sinking, as his own mind got broader and his knowledge fuller. It is certain that he felt himself to stand quite *above* Coleridge, and marveled at his half-utterances and his assumptions of originality. Sterling's mind was ever growing, and, if life had been granted him, he might have taught many lessons to Whigs and Radicals and Secularists which Coleridge desired in vain to teach. Most truly yours,

"F. W. NEWMAN."

With reference to my friend's mention of Carlyle I will only say, that while I do not wonder that one who has thrown his noble powers and elegant attainments so bravely on the side of the despised and wronged is indignant with the later phases of Carlyle's life, the time is not yet ripe for passing the final verdict on the life and work of that man, which must be judged at last as a whole.

The now large and flourishing town of Ventnor consisted, fifty years ago, of half a dozen fishermen's huts, and an inn called "The Crab and Lobster," which is now the one bit of antiquity in the place. London had only a gastronomic acquaintance with it, by reason of the excellent crustacea it sent to market. But some physician discovered that it was a bit of France, as to climate, which adhered to England after the rest was washed away. The Handbook declared—"The myrtle blooms in this favored spot, the geranium flourishes, even in the chill autumnal months. An Italian atmosphere seems to breathe its balm around. Leafiness makes a bower of each sequestered knoll," etc., etc. So the building fever came, and now Ventnor has become a kind of English Newport. It consists of fine houses, built over irregular cliffs, and from the sea looks like some enormous spread-out castle, with a turret for every cliff—altogether of a very brilliant effect. From this point there stretches westward what is known as the "Undercliff." It has been made by a series of great landslips, which have sunk a hundred feet below the high downs of the island a mass of land half a mile wide and seven in extent, along the coast. This, now overgrown with bushes, mosses, and the very rich flora of this part of the island—among which, even in December, Dr. Martin collected in bloom fifty species of garden flowers*—conveys the impression of a vast natural terrace. The base of the formation is red sand and blue marl, above which come green sandstone and chalk. The soft sand and marl beneath have been washed out to a great extent by the sea on one side and the island streams on the other, and the subsidence was inevitable. Some late subsidences have occurred: 100 acres were hurled in confusion to the shore in 1799, near Niton, causing a terrible panic in the island; thirty acres sank in 1810, fifty in 1818, and in 1847 a vast mass of rock. Lord Jeffrey, who lived in the neighborhood in 1806, and the Rev. J. White (the author of the play of "King of the Commons," in which Macready acted, and of sundry "Landmarks" of English, French, and Greek history), who lived here until lately, have written accounts of the "Undercliff," but Mrs. Radcliffe has written a better description than either. There is a sensational character about the scene which accorded well with the temperament of the authoress of the "Mysteries of Udolpho." As one passes beneath the vast wall which sometimes overhangs the road, there is an element of danger which enhances the effect. "Lot of us 'll be buried 'ere yet," said Hodge, on his cart, for my encouragement; and I replied, in good faith, "Very likely." Of one thing I feel quite sure, that no genuine British Hodge will turn aside from the old road till the wall falls across it or on him. Seen from the deck of the *Mayflower*, the little steamer that takes parties all around the island, the Undercliff looks like palisades of crystal, double in height and extent of those on the Hudson. Toward the close of the last century a cottage-building plague seized upon the wealthy gentlemen of London, and they came down into this, among other regions, and built them, putting large amounts upon them. Since they wished to combine luxury with rusticity, they frequently made themselves ridiculous—as, for instance, when they pasted ballads on the walls in imitation of laborers' dwellings. William Gilpin, of whom I have spoken in a former paper, found the Undercliff spoiled by "Mr. Stanley's Cottage." "It is covered indeed with thatch," he writes; "but that makes it no more a cottage than ruffles would make a clown a gentleman, or a mealy hat would turn a laced beau into a miller. We every where see the appendages of junket and good-living. Who would expect to find a fountain bubbling up under the windows of a cottage into an elegant carved shell to cool wine? The thing is beautiful, but out of place. The imagination does not like to be jolted in its sensations from one idea to another, but to go on quietly in the same track, either of grandeur or simplicity. Easy contrasts it approves, but violent interruptions it dislikes." Hans Stanley was the governor of the island. The cottage came into the hands of J. Hambrough, Esq., who has built a grand mansion, with a superb Gothic tower, commanding a glorious outlook.

Our way westward brings us to the little village of St. Lawrence, notable for its queer little church—the smallest in the world. It is twenty-five feet long, eleven wide, and about as high as a tall man. Its walls are Saxon, and very old. As in the case of Bonchurch, the congregation listens from outside. This church, by-the-way, has given rise to a curious

* The mean annual temperature of Ventnor is 51.72°.



THE WELL OF ST. LAWRENCE.

version of the proverbial phrase, "Lazy Lawrence." In Hampshire, a lazy man is called an "Isle o' Wight man." There seems to be little reason to doubt that the expression was originally used, not because the islanders were lazy, but because they had dedicated a church to the lazy saint. The legend is, that St. Lawrence was roasted on a gridiron. While his martyrdom was going on, he neither groaned, writhed, nor turned over. "How great must be his faith," said a Christian present, "that he can be so calm!" "Not so," replied the pagan executioner; "he's too lazy to turn over." From this arose the phrase "Lazy Lawrence," modified by the Hampshire folk, who wished to twit their neighbors, into "Isle o' Wight man."

As I went on westward I became aware, by the striking appearance of a fisherman in the water, that I was approaching the village whose crustacean fame has given it the name of *Crab-Niton*. A famous old place it must have been in its time, for there are old Celtic mounds around it, and an ancient road along which, the antiquarians say, the Phœnicians used to carry the tin they got from Cornwall, while as yet the island was joined to the main land. It is now a pleasant enough fishing hamlet, with some pretty villas on the down, at whose foot it lies. The village is not without its romance. Early in the last century, a little orphan boy named Hobson was brought here from Bonchurch, where he was born, and apprenticed to a tailor. He did well, and the tailor and his wife became very fond of him, as also did the neighbors. In fact, "Hobby" was a general favorite, was particularly good at singing, and often went out with the fishermen in their boats. Great, therefore, was the grief when he was one day missed; after a time his hat was washed up on shore, and a boat in which he was wont to paddle was picked up off the coast empty. Hobby was given up as lost. The fact was, however, that the lad, as he sat with his needle, had seen the English squadron sailing majestically in the Channel, and it was too much for him. An hour or so later, the admiral of the squadron was called to observe a boy in a boat, making for his ship. The boy was Hobby, who entreated to be taken on board. His request was granted, the boat was cut adrift, and the boy was taken up with no loss except that of his hat, which the wind had blown off soon after he had left shore. The



A CRAB-NITONER.

squadron was going to fight for Queen Anne against the French fleet, with which it soon was engaged. After two hours of desperate fighting, the young volunteer naïvely asked a sailor for what object the fleets were contending. "Do you see that rag there?" said the sailor, pointing to the French flag on the flag-ship. "Ay," said Hobby. "That must come down." "Oh!" said the boy, "if that's all, I'll see what I can do." The ships of the two admirals were touching their yard-arms, and enveloped in smoke. The boy climbed the shrouds, crossed the main-yard, and, under the cover of smoke, actually seized the flag, and returned to the deck. The disappearance of the flag was soon noticed; the British cried "Victory," the French thought that their officers had surrendered, and in the confusion the British boarded the hostile ship and captured it. The boy, unconscious of what he had done, was found by the admiral with the French flag round his arm, and was at once promoted. From that time he rose rapidly to be Admiral Hobson. Of course, the humble folk of little Crab-Niton knew nothing of all this, and the tragical tradition of the little 'prentice was almost forgotten when, one day, the knighted admiral and some other officers paid a visit to the place. They went straight to the house of the now aged tailor and his wife, and asked for dinner. The ham and eggs—all they could provide—were set before the distinguished guests, who, however, had brought with them wines and other luxuries, which their entertainers were invited to partake. When the dinner was over, the admiral struck up an old ballad which he used to sing when a boy at Niton. The old woman was touched, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed, "Poor Hobby!" The admiral forgot all his magnificence, and soon had his arms round the old lady's neck. The hamlet was given up to a joy which still kindles the village story-tellers, as they pass the romance on from generation to generation, and point to the comfortable dwellings of the tailor's descendants as monuments of the old admiral's gratitude.

The Undercliff terminates with Black-gang Chine, a weird cleft terminating in a dark arched cavern, into which falls a cascade of seventy feet. The place is full of the vestiges of a savage battle between flood and rock, and the desolation is exceedingly impressive. When the sea is high it roars up into the cavern, and the burden of its gloomy music, enhanced by the echoes of the chasm, is very grand. The spot is the natural haunt of legends. Some dollars, washed up, no doubt, from the wreck of a Spanish ship, were once

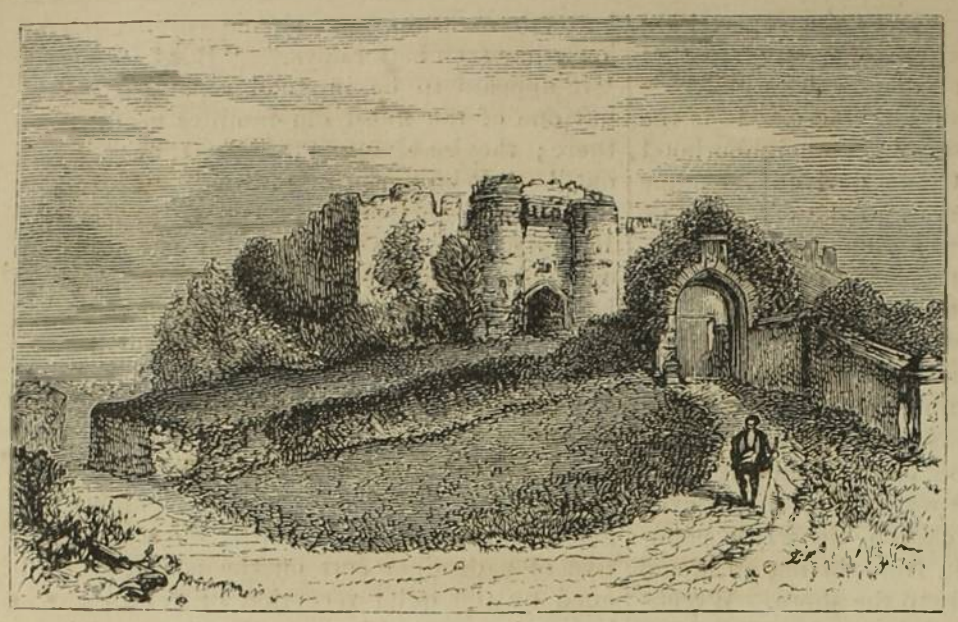


BLACK-GANG CHINE.

found there, and gave rise to the superstition that the water was a Pactolus stream—that the sands were golden—that robbers had hidden treasures there—and the like. It is the firm faith of every peasant in the neighborhood that the Black-gang Chine derived its name from the *gang* of robbers and the *blackness* of their deeds; and if any philologist has the temerity to suggest that *gang* is old Saxon for any opening, and that *black* is suggested by the darkness of the fissure and cavern, he will be snubbed for his pains. The whole region was, however, very famous in old times for smuggling; and there is even a comparatively modern story, that one Sunday morning the rector of St. Lawrence was unable to get even so much as a clerk to church, the whole population being engaged in transporting an illegal cargo from a Dutch ship to the shore. Wreckers, too, used to abound here; but they have been converted, and have now combined to form a bazar, where each visitor is compelled—"expected" is the euphemistic word they use—to buy something he doesn't want at more than it is worth if he did want it. That this is a Christian-like custom any one who has been at church fairs needs not be informed.

There is in the neighborhood a residence called "Medina Hermitage," noticeable for having near it seventy-two feet of flunkeyism in the shape of a column of that height, bearing the inscription: "In commemoration of the visit of his Imperial Majesty, Alexander I., Emperor of all the Russias, to Great Britain, in the year 1814, and in remembrance of many years' happy residence in his dominions, this pillar was erected by Michael Hoy." A few years ago Garibaldi visited the neighborhood on a visit to Mr. Seeley, M.P., but I have not seen any column commemorative of the event. In the garden of Faringford, however, the Wellingtonia, planted by the Laureate's own hand that day, still flourishes.

Wishing to go into the interior of the island I retraced my steps to Ventnor, and early on the next morning took my seat beside the driver on the stage-coach for Newport. The driver was the very Turveydrop of drivers; he was dressed as fine as any beau of Regent Street, and had a bouquet of flowers on the lapel of his coat, which was the wonder and delight of the ladies, and the envy of the male passengers. His attention to the fair travelers, the delicacy with which he helped them to alight when the coach stopped, the bow with which he offered glasses of water or wine, induced the ladies to vote him a perfect love. It need not be added that he was an aristocrat; he was proudly familiar with the pedigree and condition of every old family whose mansion we passed, and had a perfect shrug for the houses of the vulgar. I can not get rid of an impression that he is at this moment some nobleman incognito who has taken to the stage-box, as Peter the Great and others to their several disguises. Passing the old Yarborough mansion, he said, mournfully, "That 'ouse has seen better days." "But," we urged, "it appears to be in good repair." "Yes; but one of the finest old families used to live there; they're dying out, Sir—they're dying out." "Who lives there now?" "Nobody—they 'ave a big school or college in it now." His great joke was to induce the passengers to eat some of the large sloes, which could easily be plucked from the hedges between which we passed, and had the appearance of small damsons. Those whose limited knowledge of botany led them to do so had their mouths puckered up; whereat our driver laughed till he cried. We all listened very quietly for some time to our driver, who was too gallant and good-humored to quarrel with; but a conservative of a deadlier sort on the coach, emboldened by the quiet reception of Jehu's views, began to put in *his* oar. We were passing a field where some fellows were sowing soot. Each had a bag of soot, and against the white field they looked like moving statues of ebony. "Their money is bright enough," remarked one. Their appearance was indeed comical, and the laughter they elicited encouraged our conservative to sneer at the new Gladstonian phrase. "Oh, they're all 'our own flesh and blood.' They're our future law-makers." "I wouldn't like to handle their voting tickets," said another. This, of course, must bring out the inevitable radical, who is at this moment to be found at every place in England where there is a conservative rib to be poked. So up spoke an old farmer: "It's better to be black outside than inside." "I don't object to people in their places," said the Tory, who was what is called in England a gentleman; "but it don't follow because a man can scatter soot that he's fit to go to Parliament." "It isn't every member of Parliament that has clean hands." The bribery commissions were much talked of, and the farmer's dig was pretty severe. The applause that followed it silenced the conservative for a time, but another scene presently called him out again. We passed a recently-harvested wheat-field in which some half a dozen girls were gleaning, and already bore considerable sheaves in their arms. A youth, whom I supposed to be an artist, suggested that it was a "pretty sight." The Tory suggested that it was "stealing." "You are a conservative," said the artist, "and ought to hold by good old customs. Gleaning is Scriptural. Moreover, old English law gives people the right to glean after harvest, or even to carry away from a field of wheat through which they pass as much grain as they can hold in their two hands." "That's a new doctrine," returned the other; "I had the old-fashioned notion that it's stealing to take what don't belong to you." "The old-fashioned idea," said the youth, "is that the land belongs to no man, not any more than the air or sunshine. God gave it to feed mankind. A few kings and lords have managed to slice it up among them-



CARISBROOKE CASTLE.

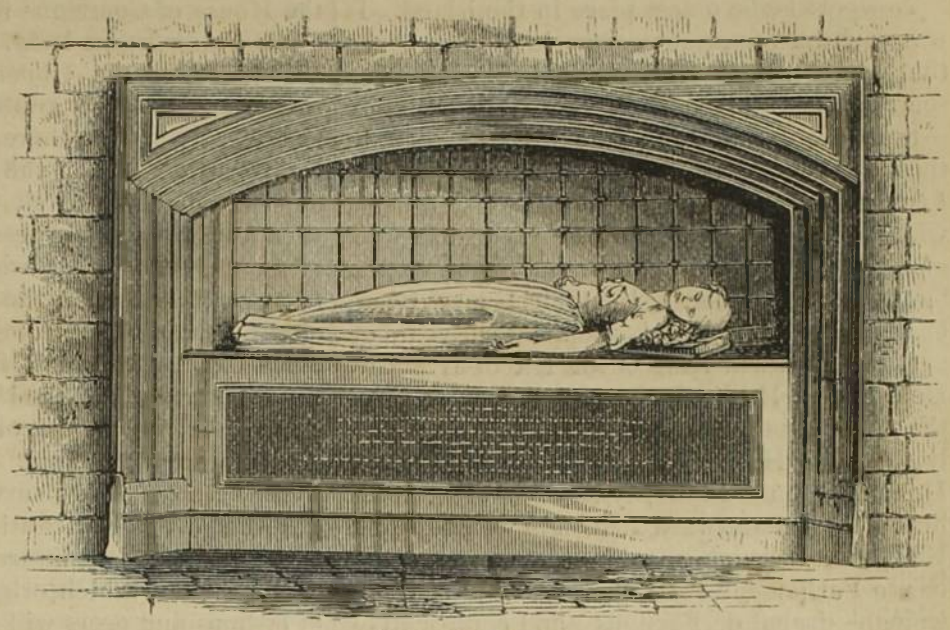
selves; they would have done the same with the sunlight if they could; but their day is passing, and the land will be divided up among the people." "That's a pretty doctrine to be scattered broadcast!" gasped the Tory. "Heaven knows what we are coming to!" The silence which prevailed showed that the radical had given the company meat a little too strong. The subject gave way before remarks on the beauty of the archway of foliage beneath which we were passing, and the extreme narrowness of the roads. Whether the Isle of Wight landowners are destined to give up their estates to the people or not, thus far they have left to the public only enough roadway between the thick hedges for one vehicle to pass; and what would be the result were two of them to meet, I can not imagine. We dashed along merrily, however, and were soon aware that our driver was conscious that he and his voyagers were the daily sensation of the historic town of Newport, whose crowd was awaiting us as we rattled up to the Wheat-Sheaf Inn.

The first thing to be done at Newport is to visit Carisbrooke Castle,

"the gloomy bower
Where Charles was prisoned in yon island tower,"

as one reads in "Marmion." "I do not think I shall ever see a ruin to surpass Carisbrooke Castle," wrote Keats; "and certainly none in these islands can equal it for solemn grandeur, and none but those at Stirling and Edinburgh compare with it for commanding situation. The old Roman wall near by shows that the conquerors of the world recognized the position as the natural citadel of the island, and the important part it has borne in English history shows that their estimate was just. Epochs of history have left their marks upon it in their glacial march. Under the escutcheon of the White Rose you pass; there is the window where Charles tried to escape; beyond is the sward where the Princess Elizabeth beguiled her prisoned life with bowls; and here again the Countess of Portland stood with a match in her hand, declaring she would fire the cannon and defend the castle and her five children to the last, bringing the soldiers of Cromwell to terms. We passed over the *brooke* to the *Cuer*, or fort—which together give the strong-hold its name—and found the place alive with picnic parties. It was strange to hear merry songs among the old keeps and buttresses which had in their day frowned remorselessly on so many lives. Time is the only radical reformer sure to beat, and it has effectually beaten the spears of Carisbrooke into spears of grass, and festooned its battlements with flowers. It has turned its hard histories into ornamental myths. As in the old well there, 144 feet deep, a donkey on his treadmill sends down the lamp, and turns the water at the bottom into liquid gold, so does the old woman go over the routine of the castle romances, and let down a sixpence worth of light, not without its mellowing effect, into the deeper historic well of truth. It is curious to witness the effect of visiting the place upon your true Briton. The freedom in which he rejoices was in great part purchased by the imprisonment of Charles I. at Carisbrooke; yet he can not resist a tender emotion toward the poor king as he comes so near to the scene of his captivity. A gentleman who has been showing some ladies around pauses on the bowling-green which Charles's jailer prepared for him, and with a pleasant voice goes over the story. "He fled by way of Lymington. As he passed along the street from Newport here, a woman found in her garden a rose which winter had not killed, and threw it to him." "That was pretty of her," put in a pretty lass. "Colonel Hammond was his jailer; he was said to have struck the king in the face." "He ought to ha' been struck back," suggested a lad from the score of auditors who had now grouped themselves around the story-teller. "That was proved to be untrue; Hammond was very kind, and made the king as comfortable as possible." "Oh—ah!" "The king had a pleasant bower to read in; he read Hooker, Bishop Andrew, Herbert's 'Divine Poems.'" "He was very pious when he got to Carisbrooke," suggested a rustic red; but the king's star was in the ascendant, and the speaker brought his laugh to a sudden stop. "He also wrote books himself—chiefly poetry: he wrote '*Suspiria Regalia.*'" "A kind of cigar, wasn't it?" "No, it means Royal Sighs; and he wrote 'Majesty in Misery.' His

motto was *Dum spiro, spero*—that is, while I breathe, I hope." "Poor fellow!" "A man named Firebrace tried to help him to escape. It was the dead of night. Horses were ready just out there. Under the window—the higher one—Firebrace stood armed for any emergency. All was still, and the fate of England hung in the balance. A bar had been filed away from the window. Firebrace gave the signal. One leap, and King Charles is safe. He gets hung in the window, and is lost." (Sensation, and some pouting.) "You see, ladies, it's impossible for a well-fed king to get through a space much smaller than his body." "Oh yes, certainly!" from one or two girls who don't know whether to titter or not. "There ought to have been another bar removed. As it was, the poor monarch stuck so fast between the bars that he couldn't get out or back again. In fact, he groaned, and found a certain relief in the appearance of his jailer, who released him from his affliction. After that the king was removed to another room—probably near that corner. There he used to discuss theology with the Rev. Mr. Troughton, the chaplain. The king was sharp in argument. Once when Troughton was arguing, Charles drew a sword on him" ("The gentleman's making fun!"), "whereupon Mr. Duncomb, who was present, knelt under the sword; and this, calling the king to himself, gave him at the same time an opportunity for turning off the incident. He knighted the gentleman on the spot, so that he rose up Sir John Duncomb. But the king tried again to escape. This time enough bars were removed—he got fairly through. Seeing, however, a considerable number of persons awaiting him, other than his friends, he returned by the way he came, and retired to rest. At last there were whisperings. Then came soldiers. The end was drawing nigh. In the gray twilight of morning, a coach with troops was at the castle gates. The king looked on with a wayworn expression, and said to his attendants, gloomily, '*Get me something to eat!*' Alas! this pathetic request was not heeded; the king was borne breakfastless to Hurst Castle. The little unpleasantness that subsequently happened to him in London need not be repeated." It was amply apparent by this time that the story-teller was a scoffer. The romance of the royal prisoner had been punctured like a baby's balloon in each mind, and could not be inflated again. Yet I doubt much might be said for one who loved to read George Herbert's poems, and who was able to secure the devoted attachment of another Herbert, who had come to watch him as an enemy, whose pen he inspired to write the "*Threnodia Carolina.*" However, our story-teller compensated the company for its evident disappointment in his narrative of "the Martyr King" by telling with simplicity and sympathy the history of his unhappy daughter Elizabeth—the little student who read her Bible in the originals at ten, and talked Latin, Italian, and French before she was thirteen—how, after her father's execution, she and her brother, tossed here and there, found more repose and happiness here than they might have looked for; how at last she died with her cheek resting on the Bible which had been her father's last gift to her. So withered at fifteen one of the two whom Crashaw described as "silken sister-flowers." Baron Marochetti's finest work is, I think, the monument which he made thirteen years ago of this princess for the church of St. Thomas,* in Newport. It was at the sole expense of the Queen, and the likeness of the girl reclining with her cheek on the open Bible is from a portrait in possession of the Queen. The inscription is: "To the memory of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I., who died at Carisbrooke Castle on Sunday, Sept. 8, 1650, and is interred beneath the chancel of this church, this monument is erected—a token of respect for her virtues and of sympathy for her misfortunes—by Victoria R., 1856."



ELIZABETH'S TOMB.

* There is in this church a singular old pulpit, transferred to it from an older building pulled down fifteen years ago, which is a queer indication of the taste in such things which existed in 1631, when it was carved. The name of the architect, *Caper*, is preserved in a goat at the back. Around the sounding-board is carved, "Cry aloud, and spare not; lift up thy voice like a trumpet." The Cardinal Virtues and the Three Graces are blended in the bass-reliefs, and beneath are a row of figures, with their symbols, representing the seven liberal sciences—Grammatica, Dialectica, Rhetorica, Musica, Arithmetica, Geometria, and Astronomia.

Newport is the oldest place in the island. It was such an important centre in Roman times that some keen-eyed philosophers fancy they see more of the Roman type in its inhabitants —especially in its handsome women—than in those of other parts of Great Britain. But this I could not see; to my eye England is crowded with men of the clear-cut Roman type, and with girls much prettier than ever flourished on the banks of the Tiber. In 1439 Henry Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, then sixteen years of age, was crowned King of the Isle of Wight by Henry VI. He died aged twenty-two, and was the only king the island ever had. Subsequently the same Henry VI. gave the island to the Duke of Somerset to pay some debt he owed him. At last Edward I. bought it, and made Newport a borough, capable of sending a member to Parliament. Its charter was given by a woman—Isabol de Fortibus—and confirmed by a woman—Queen Elizabeth. It is queer in these days, when men are found ready to pay ten thousand pounds to get into Parliament, or to drown themselves in order to escape the entanglements they have got into in their race for that honor, to find that there were days when boroughs petitioned for exemption from the necessity of electing a representative, and representatives to be discharged from service. From the twenty-third year of Edward I. to the twenty-seventh of Elizabeth Newport was excused from sending a representative; and so late as 1642 I find a petition from Sir Henry Worsley, who had been returned for Newport, petitioning the House of Commons for exemption on the mysterious ground that, "by reason of some scruples he hath in his conscience in relation to the Publique, he is much indisposed at present and unfitted for doing his service in the Parliament." The baronet was not excused, however. At this time, too, members of Parliament were paid two shillings a day for borough, and four for county members (it would be nearly ten times the amount now). This old law by which members of Parliament were paid was never repealed; it simply fell into desuetude. I believe it is thought that members might still claim payment. The last member ever paid by his constituents seems to have been the celebrated Andrew Marvell, who represented Kingston-upon-Hull. In early days the payments made to members remind one of the little dog and other articles offered at Salt Lake at the ticket-office for Artemus Ward's lecture. Thus, John Etrawnge entered into an agreement with the bailiffs of Dunwich, Suffolk, to take no more for his wages in Parliament than a cade and half a barrel of herrings, whatever might be the duration of Parliament. The strong desire now felt in many quarters that there should be some representatives of the working-classes in the House of Commons promises to revive the old custom of payments.

One finds many illustrations in the annals of these ancient English boroughs of the fact that the House of Commons was at first a comparatively unimportant body. At the head of the kingdom was the Upper House of Convocation, who were too grand to sit with the inferior clergy. Thus there were two Houses of Convocation. Then the tenants of the king's demesne declined to sit in the same chamber with knights and burgesses—hence the House of Lords. The king originally meant to have but one legislature; the others were made by clerical and civil caste. But the first have become last, and the last first; the Convocation has become a ghost, the House of Lords a simulacrum, and the House of Commons the sovereign power of England. Even in America we have these old castes surviving in the superstition that it is a constitutional necessity to have two houses of legislature; and it is probable that a custom which originated in the hauteur of bishops and peers will still be maintained in the republic, as supplying a necessary balance between the conservative and progressive forces. But the superstition will pass away, and we shall in the end have no such feudal relic as the Senate at all. When there is no longer an attempt to bottle up the conservatism of the legislature in a separate house, we shall find our popular house much more able and dignified.

Newport has produced several worthies, among them Dr. Thomas James (1570), the friend of Archbishop Usher, and the first Bodleian librarian, who collated all the old MSS., and was the father of English bibliography. He left fifteen works much valued by scholars. His nephew, Richard James, who was born here in 1592, was a great linguist, especially versed in the Old Gothic and Saxon languages, and classified the Cotton Library. He was accused of being "atheistical," but the allegation is not borne out by the many learned works he wrote. Sir Thomas Fleming, one of the Chief Justices of England, was born at Newport in 1544. He seems to have gained his promotions rather by marrying a daughter of Queen Elizabeth's physician, Mark James, than by any great ability. In 1601 he entered the House of Commons, and having broken down in his maiden speech, never opened his lips in that body again. He obtained the favor of James I., who elevated him to the bench. He was one of the judges who tried Guy Fawkes; in which case, says Lord Campbell, "he followed the useful advice for subordinate judges on such occasions—'to look wise and say nothing.'" He succeeded Sir John Popham as Lord Chief Justice; but having joined in some revels of his tenants, he died next morning, and was buried (1613) at North Stoneham, where his figure, in full insignia, may be seen by the side of his ruffed and hooded lady, whose waist is represented small enough to put one's hands around.

From Newport I went on a pleasant coach, with an agreeable company on top of it, to Yarmouth—a distance of about ten miles. The houses and their inhabitants along the road were of a very primitive description. "A pret-

ty good-morning to you," cries each man we meet. At the little village of Shalfleet, where we stop to water our horses, and whose inn bears the usual inscription, "Licensed to be drunk on the premises," in large letters, and the qualifying clause, showing that it is beer and not men so licensed, and visit the ancient Norman church, which has a curious mural design of David (?) with a bear and a lion. Our company are full of gossip, and one or two of them wags. One of them is fond of singing ballads, which plainly do not please a gentleman in black dress, whom I took for a colporteur. When the singer came to

"She fancied a foreigner
Who played a flageolet—"

the sombre gentleman said, "Do you know, Sir, that in London a man singing obscene songs is liable to be taken up?" This odd use of the word "obscene," in reference to one of the least objectionable ditties, caused a titter among the ladies present. He of the ballad replied, with a wink, "They don't know every thing in Lunnun." "They know enough to preserve public decency." "Friend," responded the musical party, "thou may'st take my hat"—at the same time proffering the beaver in question. "By-the-way," he added, "I'll bet you fifty guineas to one you can't tell me how I came by that hat." The grave gentleman turned his head away with disgust, and the coach went on in silence for a mile. But the ballad-singer had awakened some interest, and the three or four young ladies present could not suppress their desire to hear him sing again. "For my part," murmurs one, "I like singing, and I *can't* see the harm." But another prompts her brother or husband in a half-whisper to ask the man how he got his hat. "Oh yes, do," chimes in a miss of fourteen. "Will you be so good, Sir," asks the gentleman so urged, "to inform these ladies, who are dying of curiosity, how you came by your hat?" "Well, Sir," answered the singer, gravely, "we must all have our little secrets in this world." So the coach proceeds for a mile or two, until we drive into the hamlet of Ningwood. Here our musical friend leaves us. Having dismounted and gone a few yards, he turns, and bowing low, says, "Farewell, gentlemen and ladies. I hope the serious gentleman will remember me in his prayers. And as it isn't likely we'll all meet again in this world, I don't mind telling the ladies how I got this hat. I bought it."

After we had started again the serious gentleman showed signs of improving the occasion presented by passing the estate of an eccentric old gentleman who had dug a well for the use of travelers on the highway, and left in his will a provision for some advantage to the neighborhood (I forget what); from which, however, all clergymen were to be carefully excluded. Our Mentor hinted that the old gentleman was probably now in a place where he would be glad of a drop of water from his own well, and where he would rejoice in the ministrations of a clergyman. The driver, dreading a discussion of this kind, suggested that his coach was not a hearse. A scholarly-looking man grappled with Mentor, however, by repeating the old Arabic saying that a man who dug a well and planted a grove was sure to go to heaven. This suddenly plunged us all into a theological discussion, which our driver vainly endeavored to suppress. The orthodox and the heretical were about equally matched. Gradually the conversation veered from doctrines to the clergy, who evidently had fewer friends among us than orthodoxy. Much was said of an instance of clerical servility to the aristocracy which had recently caused a sensation in the neighborhood of Freshwater. A young India officer of high family had formed an engagement of marriage with a pretty servant-girl. The match was opposed by the colonel's family; but he was of age, and persisted. No clergyman in the island could be found to perform the marriage service, and one had to be imported for the purpose. There were circumstances in the life of the servant-girl which led the people of the neighborhood to take a deep interest in her. She was refined and educated, though poor, and the Tennysons acknowledged her as a friend, and were present at the wedding. The clergy had rendered themselves very unpopular by their course in the affair. Such, at least, was the gossip on our coach.

Yarmouth, anciently Eremuth, at the mouth, that is, of the Yar, is not a lovely place, but it is queer. It cherishes old customs. The mayor does not envy the grandeur of the Lord Mayor of London. He is chosen under solemn circumstances. When a vacancy occurs in the mayoralty the twelve members of the corporation are locked up in the Town Hall, and there they must sit, without a morsel of food, until nine out of the twelve have agreed on the proper man for the office. It is, perhaps, the only town in the United Kingdom which preserves the ancient *pie poudre* court—a court formerly held at fairs to redress disorders summarily. The name is *pied poudreux*, or dusty foot. The reader who has access to "Notes and Queries" will find some curious information concerning it in the 2d Series, vol. vii. The Reform Bill of 1832 put an end to one of the antiquities of Yarmouth. Up to that time the place returned two M.P.'s, whose electors had for thirty years numbered just nine! Among the old customs is one which the children have followed from time immemorial, of going through all the streets on New-Year Day, singing this carol:

"Wassail, wassail to our town!
The cup is white and the ale is brown;
The cup is made of the ashen tree,
And so is the ale of good barley;
Little maid, little maid, turn the pin,
Open the door and let me come in;
God be here, and God be there!
We wish you all a happy New Year!"

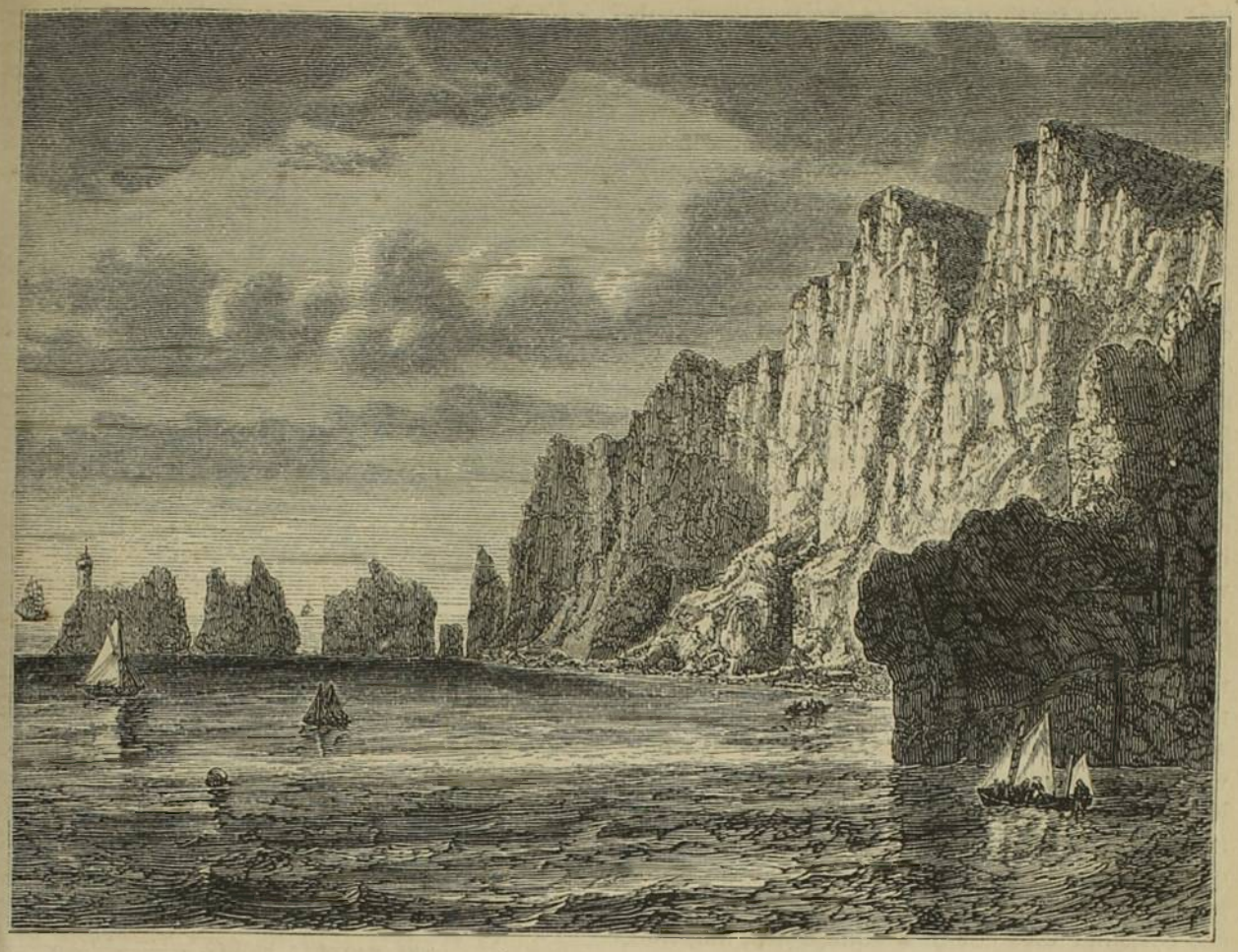
This, no doubt, is the usage referred to in the

phrase in *Hamlet*, "Keeps wassel." In the annals is a presentment by the Leet Court of Yarmouth (1623) of two men for "brewing their own beer." There is also a curious letter from the governor (Hunsden) of the island (1601), reminding the corporation of his generosity to them, and, as the queen had summoned a Parliament, and they could send two burgesses, requesting them thus: "You will, with all the conveniencie you may, assemble yourselves together, and with your united consent send up unto mee, as heretofore you have don, your Writte with a Blanke; wherein I may insert the names of such persons as I shall think fittest to discharge that dewtie for your behoof; whom I will take care shall likewise free you of whatsoever shall be dewe by you for the place." This explicit document is dated from London. Its writer was Queen Elizabeth's cousin. In 1663 Lord Holmes, the most famous name connected with Yarmouth, charged the manor of Alverstoke with £30 per annum: £10 whereof to be paid the minister of Yarmouth; £10 to apprentice a poor child of the town; and £10 to keep his son's monument in repair, and distribute to the poor from the same yearly. He was ancestor of the Rear-Admiral Holmes who helped to reduce Quebec in 1759.

From this point one may easily walk to see the famous "Needles," as the five singular rocks standing off the coast are called. When Benjamin Rush came as embassador to England he sailed past these strange turreted rocks, which have, especially under certain lights, the pearly and opaline tints, as well as the shape of icebergs. Rush wrote in his "Journal of Residence, etc.:" "In due time we approached the Needles. The spectacle was grand. Our officers gazed in admiration. The very men who swarmed upon the deck made a pause to look upon the giddy height. The most exact steerage seemed necessary to save the ship from the sharp rocks that compress the waters into the narrow straits below; but she passed safely through. There is something imposing in entering England by this access." The effect is much heightened by the lofty cliffs which inclose Alum Bay like an enormous marble basin cut in half. The cliff rises at some points as high as 700 feet over the sea. They are made of strata—sands, marls, clays—which sweep in unbroken seams with half of the vast curve, and their colors, ranging through black, red, yellow, blue, and gray, have an effect as if some great rainbow had been copied on the chalk. The sands worn off these cliffs make the many-hued beach beneath; and small vessels are always seen—they look from above like swans—gathering it to be worked into ornamental paper-weights and other trifles. Wedgewood once tried to use the white sand for his porcelains, but the experiment did not succeed; but it makes beautiful glass and stone china. These cliffs are the haunt of sea birds—eider-ducks, puffins, razor-bills, willocks, gulls, cormorants, Cornish choughs, and of daws, starlings, and wild pigeons. The marine birds lay their eggs in the thousands of crevices in the precipice, and it used to be common for men to be let down by ropes over the tremendous gulf to get them. The eggs are regarded as a delicacy, and bring three shillings a dozen to any one fool-hardy enough to get them—as some still are.

The Needles Light-house is a noble structure at the extremity of the island. It stands at an elevation of 474 feet above the sea, which, however, dashes at times with such fury against the cliff on which it stands as to hurl stones against its windows and sometimes break them. The light-house has ten Argand lamps over reflectors, and its light is visible over thirty miles. It consumes 700 gallons of oil annually. The ground is sometimes strewn with the little birds that have been allured by its lights to dash themselves against its panes. But the building is associated with a human tragedy also. Thomas Colcreine, the light-house keeper, started from Freshwater at six o'clock on a foggy morning to return home. He was afterward picked up dead in the sea at the foot of the cliff on which the light-house stands. It passed for an accident, but the belief of the fishermen is, that he was hurled over by some smugglers whose business he had interfered with. It is a terrible place to live, with its wild winds, its hail of bits from the cliff in stormy times, which keeps the family living there prisoners at times, and this haunting tragedy of the light-house keeper. In foggy weather the light is so high as to be insufficient, and another light-house has been built on the outermost of the five rocks known as the Needles.

From this point one can almost *see* the geological history of the island. Within the memory of persons now living a high rock called Lot's Wife was swept away, and the rest of the Needles will no doubt follow. No doubt they are the last remnants of the land which originally connected the island with the main land. The name of the intervening channel is "The Solent," which is simply the *Solvent*, or separator of the two shores. But "Solent" is only the Latinized form of the original name of the island. The name was given by the Saxons as Guith—nearly related to our *gutter* and *gut*—which the Romans made into *Ictis* or *Vectis*, which has gradually become *Wight;* which is, consequently, rather the name of the channel than of the island itself. The changes which have made the island have left their impress in language, if not in history, so recent are they. Thus, there is near Yarmouth an ancient road called "the Rew," which was probably *Rue* or Street (French words are still in use in some of the villages), and this road or street runs directly upon a precipice, as if it had been used by man at a time when the sea was not there. Another remarkable fact is, that within quite historical times the sea has made important encroachments on one side, and on another land has been laid bare. Sir John Oglander records



SCRATCHELL'S BAY AND THE NEEDLE ROCKS.

a bowling-green and row of trees near Sandown Fort, on the northeast part of the island, of which there is now no trace; whereas on the southeast vessels are described as having come up to Nettlestone and Barnsley, which are now a mile from the shore. It is thus just possible that the Isle of Wight may make a bridge of land to France before the Channel is tunneled.

Toward the close of the last century a Mr. Arnold settled himself on the pleasant farm of Pitlands, in the Isle of Wight, and Mr. Bradshaw of the Treasury laid the foundations of a fine mansion. But on the 7th of February, 1799, the entire farm of 100 acres was found to be afloat, and after floating two days went, as it were, to pieces. The orchard became a pool of water. Mr. Arnold's chimney-tops peeped out of the surface of a lake. The land slipped seaward. The old story of the sailor building his fire upon what he supposed to be an island, but which, being a fish, swam away with him, was nearly realized. The appropriateness of the fable is heightened, if one looks at the shape of the island from the French side: it bears a far closer resemblance to a fish than England, Scotland, and Wales do to a ship, to which they are often compared. The Isle of Wight is shaped just like the ugly fish called "John Dory:" the Needles constitute its tail; Brading Harbor its mouth; and the two points at the mouth of the Medina its dorsal fins.

There is on the downs a little hotel called "The Needles Inn," where I passed the night. It has acquired a certain celebrity as a favorite place of sojourn for artists, men of science, and others, which its host is very proud of. He keeps a register, in which his visitors record their impressions of himself and his wife, and of the neighborhood, along with their names. The artists have left sketches of themselves and their companions drinking from huge tankards, or busy at the table which stands out under the trees. In it I read the following: "Miss Sarah Jex-Blake, in search of a husband: if not successful this year, will try the Isle of Man next year; after that the Isle of Dogs." "Craven Henry Clotworthy Wade, Co. Meath, Ireland (will probably marry the above)." "Hic tibi copia," "Young lady, suffer and be strong," have been added by various hands as suggestions to Miss Jex-Blake. A young man from Calne reports his vexation with John Bright for calling that little borough, then represented by Hon. Robert Lowe, "a small town in the west of England." Sundry Americans have recorded their admiration for the island scenery, and some of them the success with which they have waylaid and got an eye-shot at a new species of game to be found exclusively in this region—namely, the Poet Laureate.

At Freshwater I went to see Mrs. Cameron, a lady who is well known in England as having made photographs worthy of being designated as works of art. By using the best materials, giving great care to the costume and attitude of her subjects, and adjusting the focus of the camera so as to soften a little the hard lines

made by too much exactness, she has managed to throw a life and delicacy into pictures which I have seen framed in the drawing-rooms of artists. They can be procured at several places in London, and are well worth the attention of those who are interested in photography. I first met with her pictures at the Paris Exposition, where they excited wonder by their delicate beauty. She has made portraits of Tennyson, Henry Taylor, and others, which will convey an impression of those gentlemen which can not be obtained from the ordinary photographs. Mrs. Cameron was once, as the wife of a distinguished officer, at the head of society in India, and is a woman of remarkable ability and experience. She was, when I visited her, somewhat excited by the romance to which I have already alluded as the subject of conversation on the stage-coach. The "servant-girl," so called, whom the young officer had just married, had been an inmate of her own family, and she related to me the brief story of the affair, which, she declared, she had no objection should be made public. She was once walking in the streets of a city when a very lovely little child appealed to her. Struck by its appearance, she resolved to make some inquiries concerning it, and, finding that the child was an orphan, and had no relative to object, she took her into her own family, and had her carefully educated and trained. She turned out to be in every respect a lovely girl, worthy of any position. However, Mrs. Cameron's pecuniary circumstances became somewhat changed, and it became necessary that the girl should assist in the services required by the family. There came to see Mrs. Cameron's pictures a young officer, who had gained some distinction among literary men by a philosophical essay which he had recently written and published. He was struck by the graceful beauty and refinement of the young girl who had met him at the door, and, after hearing her story, an honorable courtship ensued, which ended in marriage. The officer had just taken his young wife off to India—where his regiment is stationed—amidst the hearty congratulations of many literary men and artists, who, knowing the circumstances, felt a genuine admiration for the youth who had held to his love and adhered to his resolution against all gainsayers, and despite social prejudices. I shall not marvel if the pretty incident should, on some halcyon day, blossom into a form fit for it out of the stem that bore "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" and "Locksley Hall."

Having put up at the "Albion," I walked out on the downs, and knew I was near the much-hunted poet by seeing one of his natural enemies. He would, no doubt, have professed to be only going to and fro seeking to devour the views of the island, but the muzzle of his fatal instrument was already prepared and pointed to a spot where the famous man loves to walk—a cliff on the verge of his own manor, overlooking the grandeurs of Freshwater Bay. But,

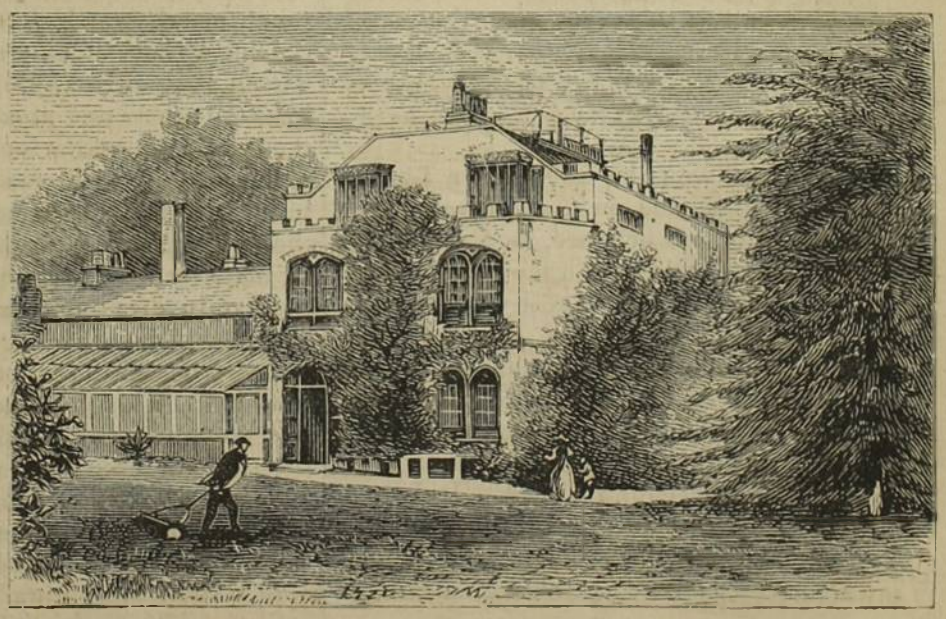


THE NATURAL ENEMY.

alas for the solitude he came to seek at Faringford! he startles a curious eye lurking in every bush, and doesn't know when he returns from his walk how many copies of him have been snatched by the remorseless nitrate. I am not sure that Tennyson is not morbid about these invasions of his privacy. On the coach between Newport and Yarmouth he was talked about, and some who lived in his neighborhood said that he was not so much beset as was reported. "He has not been half so much observed," said one, "as a beautiful niece of his who sometimes stays at Faringford." "I never looked at him but once," added another; "he didn't seem very shy. I took him a fine buck from her Majesty, then at Osborne." Mrs. Henry Taylor (wife of the poet) told me that she was one of a party with whom Tennyson went to see some grand naval review (where the Queen was to be present) at Spithead, and that Tennyson really seemed hurt at every gaze fixed upon him. "See those people there—they are looking at us now!" "Yes," laughed the lady, "and we are looking at them!" A good deal of this sensitiveness is no doubt to be ascribed to the early solitude which Tennyson enjoyed when, as yet an unknown poet, he roamed in Epping Forest. In those days he could come to London and walk the street, with his great country shoes, and be remarked only as a brown, rustic individual, who had evidently not been long in town. It has been said of him that he loves his fellow-men more than he likes them; but if he can mingle with them incognito, on equal terms, he likes to con-

verse with the common people. He once made a pedestrian excursion in Devonshire with a person of my acquaintance, stopping at wayside inns, and was now and then the life of the common tap-room, talking with the farmers about their crops, and sometimes getting into warm discussions of religious topics, in which he valiantly defended the liberal side. He enjoyed such occasions very much; but once, when some one present called him by name, he drew up in his shell of reserve like a turtle. When he went to Oxford, in 1855, to receive his honorary degree of D.C.L., and entered the theatre amidst the even unusual demonstrations of that very noisy set of students, some one compared his look to that which an ancient Christian thrown to wild beasts at Rome might have worn. But while he hates publicity, no man more likes a true companionship; and he and Carlyle love to recall the days when they used to sit together in the garden of the latter, smoking their pipes, and interlarding their conversation with brilliant flashes of silence. They were very intimate friends, and their intimacy has survived as well as it could with so many miles between them. Nor are they so unlike as readers of their works might imagine. Tennyson is remarkable for his plain, blunt way of talking, and utters his straightforward opinions in a simple deep voice somewhat surprising to those who know him only by the superfine art indicated by his poems. He is especially addicted in his conversation to strong Saxon expressions, and is full of humorous anecdotes.

I went to the door of Faringford with a letter from Robert Browning, and was received with cordiality. After dinner he took me up to his study, where he sat smoking and talking in the frankest manner. Among other things, he told me of the people who waylaid him, the incidents being sometimes very amusing. Two men, for example, having got into his garden separately, one climbed a tree at the approach of the other. The other, seeing him, called out, softly, "I twig!" and immediately climbed another tree. And yet he declared that no man was more accessible than he to any one who had any good reason for wishing to see him, or had any introduction to him. So I, for one, certainly found it, the hospitalities of Faringford having been offered to me beyond my willingness to accept them. It had been a stormy evening, and the night was of pitchy darkness when I started out, against kind invitations to remain, to go to the "Albion" inn near by. Tennyson insisted on showing me a nearer way, but amidst the darkness got off his bearings. Bidding me walk close behind him, we went forward through the mud, when suddenly I found myself precipitated some eight or ten feet downward. Sitting in the mud, I called on the poet to pause; but it was too late; he was speedily seated beside me. This was seeing the Laureate of England in a new light, or, rather, hearing him under a new darkness. Covered with mud, groping about in the darkness, he improved the odd occasion with such an incessant run of witticisms and anecdotes that I had to conclude that we had reached a condition which had discovered treasures of fun and humor in him before unsuspected. His deep bass voice came through the congenial darkness like a mirthful thunder, not without flashes of light; and the shades of all who ever stumbled in the night seemed around him, and to remind him of a whole literature of such emergencies. Vexation was at least not among the shadows that encompassed us, though for a time we were wandering in a muddy field, with no object, not even the sky, visible. "That this should have happened after dinner!" he exclaimed. "Do not mention this to the temperance folk." Tennyson's love of fun, his wealth of witty stories, were from the first a surprise to me. But, indeed, he is personally very different in every way from the man I expected to see. Tall, of dark complexion, with a deep and blunt voice and manner, almost Quaker-like in its plainness, fired of the homeliest Saxon words, he seemed to be the last person one would have picked out as the delicate and superartistic idylist. In conversation he never rose into any thing like the heroic strain, except when speaking of England. His pride in his country amounts to a passion. He had also a keen interest in all scientific subjects, concerning which he has evidently read a great deal. He spoke much of the philosophical questions of the day also, his interest in which



FARINGFORD—THE RESIDENCE OF ALFRED TENNYSON.

has led to the formation of the meetings for discussion between Huxley, Tyndall, Dr. Manning, James Martineau, himself, and others. Next morning it was found that Mrs. Tennyson had directed the gardener to make some improvements at that point which had not been completed. A walk was in existence there, however, at the close of the next day, to which was given a name commemorative of the catastrophe, which was happily without any unpleasant results.

The next morning was brilliant, and the poet took me on a walk around the manor of which he is lord, the advantages of the position being that he can have his sheep graze on the common, which otherwise belongs as much to the public as to himself. The house is modest and cheerful, surrounded by beautiful trees, with, on one side, a thicket of wild bushes and pines, very favorable to the pursuers already mentioned. The window of his study opens on a magnificent sea view. The quiet home where Tennyson dwells, surrounded by a charming household, is well portrayed in his invitation to the Rev. F. D. Maurice:

"Where, far from smoke and noise of town,
I watch the twilight falling brown
All round a careless ordered garden,
Close to the ridge of a noble down.

"You'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine,
And only hear the magpie gossip
Garrulous under a roof of pine.

"For groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter, stand;
And further on the hoary channel
Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand."

The poet has sometimes received as well as sent out poetical invitations. Here is one from Walter Savage Landor:

"I entreat you, Alfred Tennyson,
Come and share my haunch of venison.
I have, too, a bin of claret,
Good, but better when you share it.
Though 'tis only a small bin,
There's a stock of it within,
And, as sure as I'm a rhymer,
Half a butt of Rudesheimer.
Come; among the sons of men is one
Welcomer than Alfred Tennyson?"

When I have seen the Laureate in London he has always seemed, in dress, manner, and expression, to be out of place, as a wild wood bird might be alighting for a moment in Hyde Park, but dreaming of the forest whose glooms its wing was meant to light up. He is the natural companion of the clouds, the downs, and the breaking waves, with the far-off vistas from which they bear him well-understood messages. And as I parted from him on the cliff, to wend my way to London again, I turned to look upon him as he was gazing out upon the sea, and the cliff seemed his appropriate pedestal. He stands in my memory as the Prospero of an enchanted isle.

A NEW JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

IN Rome, of course, one does as Rome does; and that part of Rome which is represented by the artists and visitors of artistic taste who throng the city idles and lounges a great deal; and even strangers from busy New York and shrewd New England soon fall into the ways of pleasant indolence. Perhaps there is hardly any where a more harmless and a more happy kind of existence than that which is led by some easy, joyous circles of artists and art-amateurs from England and the United States who come together in the Pope's capital. Nowhere, perhaps, do Americans and English more cordially and thoroughly relax than in Rome; and you shall see the real man or woman come gradually out of the shell of formality or business, care or conventionality, which he or she had always worn in Wall Street or on Murray Hill, in the Strand or May Fair, and bask freely in the sunshine, and admit joy into the daily existence.

Some few winters ago (I must not say how many, but not many) there was a remarkably pleasant little cluster of bright, intelligent women from Great Britain and the United States who were in the habit of meeting very often in Rome. Some two or three were professional artists, a few were art-students; some played at studying art; the greater number loved art and artistic society in a general way, but did not themselves pretend to handle brush or chisel. Of course these ladies, or the majority, had gentlemen attached to them in one capacity or other, as husbands, brothers, fathers, or admirers. But it so happened that, one evening, some dozen or more of the very brightest and liveliest of these ladies found themselves in a *salon* wherein no male creature, married or single, was then present. The temptation was naturally great to discuss the various good qualities of their several male friends; and among the qualities on which these ladies seemed to lay most stress was, I greatly grieve to say, the frivolous, perishable, and, to the philosophic mind, utterly worthless gift of personal beauty.

One whimsical and audacious lady, seized with a sudden idea, proposed that they should institute a new and greatly amended version of the Judgment of Paris; that they should fully and elaborately discuss and consider the externals of the gentlemen they were regularly in the habit of meeting; that they should decide, by majority of votes, which should be declared the handsomest; and that to him there should be presented an apple, it being settled by lot which lady should hand over the prize thus awarded. This proposal was voted delightful, and adopted without dissenting voice. But the spirit of frolic, once aroused, went a little further. It was suggested that there should be an award for the least handsome too; and that a lady, chosen by lot, should have the disagreeable task of presenting this unwelcome prize, and of explaining its meaning.

An animated discussion set in, interrupted by many merry peals of silvery laughter. Each lady descanted warmly on the personal peculiarities of her own favorite; and the comparative merits of blonde and brown were debated almost as earnestly as they have lately been among a certain class of play-goers in New York. At last it came to a ballot, and each lady, writing the name of her candidate for the beauty-prize on a scrap of paper, tossed the paper into the hostess's hat; and when a scrutiny was taken the result was found to be as follows:

Louis Steadman, of New York, and the Honorable Captain Charles Harbord, of London, England, were found to have an equal number of votes. Vincenzo Luca, artist, of Milan, had a few votes. The Honorable Rufus Welles, of Boston, Massachusetts, had one vote—given, it was loudly asserted, by the Honorable Mrs. Rufus Welles, newly married.

Rufus's claims were dismissed with laughter. Vincenzo Luca was also put aside, although his long dark hair and flashing eyes had made deep impression on the minds of some of the ladies. A vote was then taken to decide between the claims of the other two gentlemen, and Captain Charles Harbord was found to be the winner of the prize. Then it was decided by lot that Mrs. Rufus Welles, a very pretty young woman, should present the apple. Mrs. Welles blushed a good deal, and endeavored to evade the duty; but the decree of the assembled ladies was inexorable, and she had only to submit.

Then came the less agreeable question—not who shall be fairest, but who shall be homeliest, as the American ladies said—ugliest, as the English ladies put it. Alas! this odious question proved but too easy of settlement. The vote being taken, it was found that only one name had been written down by all the ladies present. There was an absolute unanimity as to the least handsome of the men known to the members of that pleasant company.

The one name thus unanimously branded was that of Donald Owenson, a young American journalist.

The lady on whom fell by lot the task of awarding this prize was Miss Lucia Marston, daughter of a rich American gentleman.

It was arranged that the prize for manly beauty should be the finest apple to be found in the best fruit-shop; the other prize to be the most withered and uninviting "crab" apple the ladies could succeed in discovering. The gentlemen were to be all convened through the medium of the husbands of two of the ladies present (these two gentlemen alone to be admitted into the secret beforehand); and then the presentations were to be made in full convention.

"Oh, really, you must let me off—you must not ask me to do this!" exclaimed Miss Marston, now blushing and very much in earnest. "I can't do it! I hardly know him—Mr. Owenson—at all; and it would hurt his feelings, perhaps. Don't ask me to do it."

"Positively," declared Mrs. Rufus Welles, "I think my task is the more trying of the two. Only think—to have to hand a man a prize and tell him he gets it because he is the best-looking man we know! And such a self-conceited creature, too, as Captain Harbord!"

"Suppose we exchange, then," Lucia Marston said, eagerly. "I don't mind Captain Harbord and his conceit! I'll give him the prize, if you will do the other."

Thus brought to the test, however, Mrs. Welles did not seem quite willing to make the exchange; and all the other ladies cried out against any alteration of the programme. Then Lucia declared she would not carry out her part of it; whereupon she was assured that, if she declined, some other lady would make the presentation in her name, and would explain that Lucia had refused to do it herself out of personal consideration for the feelings of the unlucky recipient, and thereby make the matter ten times worse than it would otherwise be. I am afraid the spirit of mischief had taken dreadful possession of some of these matrons and maids.

Poor Lucia wished, very sincerely, that she had never had any thing to do with the whole affair; but, as her fair colleagues were so resolute and so mischievous, she thought she could, after all, manage the matter best by retaining it in her own hands; and so she finally consented to become the donor of the invidious prize.

Now the one man in the whole of the circle she belonged to who had hitherto won least favor in the eyes of Miss Lucia Marston was just this person on whom she had to confer the honor which she could hardly expect him to receive with gratitude. Lucia was, to begin with, an heiress belonging to one of the "first families" of one of the most pretentious cities in the Eastern States; and Mr. Owenson came from the very same city and was poor, and had at home no manner of social pretension whatever. Lucia had, when at home, had the knowledge forced upon her that the Owenson family existed, for the plain reason that Mrs. Owenson was a dress-maker, and had sometimes been employed by Lucia's mother; and Miss Lucia could even remember having seen young Donald Owenson himself; but of course she had never met him or heard of him in society. The first time she ever exchanged a word with him was in Rome. He had made his way into literature, and was at present living in the Eternal City as correspondent of an influential American journal; and he wrote a good deal for other journals and magazines, and mixed with the best of the artist class, and dined with diplomatists, and was received by cardinals, and was, in his way, quite a person of consideration. But Lucia could hardly get over the memory of the hard-featured, mannerless, commonplace old woman who helped to make the dresses and who was the mother of Donald Owenson.

Well, he was a homely fellow, this poor Donald Owenson. He had, so to speak, no complexion; his hair was rough and stubbly; his sight was bad, and he stumbled over foot-stools when entering rooms; his manners were awkward; he used to make the most dreadful bows sideways; his face was rugged; his beard was almost red. One thing good about him was his voice—deep, sweet, and full, with a certain melancholy cadence in it which lent a strange, odd charm to the quaint, fantastical, satirical sayings he sometimes let drop. Those who knew him well reported him to have a marvelous gift of conversation, and an immense and varied stock of knowledge; and it is certain that he was the only foreigner in the whole of this circle now gathered together in Rome who could speak Italian with perfect fluency and pure accent. Lucia, who with whatever prejudices and weaknesses was a girl with some brains, had always felt a sort of respect for Donald Owenson, although she kept aloof from him as much as possible.

The eventful night came; the whole foreign colony was effectively represented; every body knew that something odd and frolicsome was to be done, but very few were in the secret, and could tell what it was to be.

Mrs. Rufus Welles came forward, and with the prettiest little embarrassed manner, and the most delightful blushes, made her small and carefully-prepared speech, with a few faint, mild efforts at wit in it; and she presented her apple, amidst much applause and loud laughter, to Captain Harbord. The latter took the prize with becoming gratitude, and said one or two pretty things in acknowledgment.

"Is that all?" people asked of each other.

No, not all; for Miss Lucia Marston came out from among the ranks of her sisterhood and evidently had some task to perform. She was a beautiful girl at all times, and this night she looked especially lovely. Every unmarried man in the room felt his heart beat as he looked upon her, and hoped that she had some second-class prize or prize of some kind to confer on him. She was very tremulous, and could hardly speak; and when she raised her eyes from the ground and they met those of Donald Owenson she dropped them suddenly with a new and deeper confusion.

Owenson was stricken with wonder when he saw the effect thus produced on her. The thing was growing awkward for every body. Lucia had prepared some verses meant to soften the effect of her blow—verses of which the object was to show that there is honor in being at the head of any class—if not the beautiful, then the unbeautiful; that Vulcan was rather a fine sort of fellow; that Mirabeau had his admirers, and so forth. But she broke utterly down, and could not go through with the foolery.

At last she braced herself up to finish the matter somehow, and said, in a clear voice:

"Ladies and gentlemen—I have been selected for the ungracious task of presenting the prize decreed to the—to the most—I mean to the least handsome of the gentlemen present; and therefore—"

"And therefore I claim the prize, Miss Marston!" Donald exclaimed, coming eagerly forward. "I know no one here can honestly venture to dispute the palm with me. Let the *Detur pulchriori* be reversed for once, Miss Marston, and give me the prize you hold. I declare that I am delighted to get it! Better be any thing distinctive than nothing! At least I have not been ignored or overlooked by that brilliant group of ladies; and when the fairest of all gives me a prize, I have, of course, the old, undisputed privilege of the chivalric days, and may kiss the hand which bestows the gift."

So, with an ease and something almost of grace, which certainly no one ever expected of him, Donald Owenson knelt on one knee, took the withered old apple from the white, young, tremulous fingers, touched these ever so lightly with his lips, and then rising, exclaimed:

"I swear 'before the peacock and the ladies'—the old chivalric oath—always to keep this prize. I have the satisfaction of knowing, at least, that I am fairly entitled to it; and I know Captain Harbord's modest breast is racked by doubts as to the fullness of *his* claims to the prize bestowed on him."

So the invidious task was easily got over amidst laughter and good-humor. Lucia shot a glance of sincere gratitude and of something very like admiration at Mr. Owenson—a glance to earn which he would willingly have been stigmatized as Nature's most hideous piece of work. Thus the folly of the night was accomplished, and the company extemporized a dance.

"You will waltz with me, Mr. Owenson?" Lucia said, going boldly up to the dress-maker's son. "I have a claim on you; and you will not refuse me."

"I do not waltz, Miss Marston."

"Do not waltz! Why?"

"Because I don't know how. I never learned; and I have no ear for music."

"But you forgive me, Mr. Owenson? You are not offended with me? Indeed, it was a mere piece of folly, of which I am ashamed—and I was first drawn and then driven into it—and, to say the truth, I don't think, now, that you deserved that prize at all—and, oh, I do so hope that I have not offended you."

She raised her eyes piteously, pleadingly to the young man's face. She was so grateful to him for the quick, manly way in which he had relieved her of her odious task, and she felt now peculiarly angry with herself for ever having consented to perform it. "He will think so meanly of me," she was even now saying to herself. "He will fancy that I have done this because I am paltry enough to look down on him on account of my knowledge of his parents and their humble position. What a true gentleman he is! And he is not so ugly at all. Nay, I should much rather hand the prize for ugliness to that inane, grinning blockhead,

Harbord, who is evidently trying to make fun of *him* and of me, because he sees us together."

Thus thinking, she looked into Owenson's eyes, and even put her hand out and gently touched his.

"Offended me? No, Miss Marston—not in the least. I saw the whole thing in a moment, and perhaps I did not quite like it at first, but I very soon saw that the task was an unpleasant one to your good-nature, and I did my best to help you out with it."

"Yes; you do not know how thankful I was to you."

"Then if you were, have I not really gained the best prize that could be given to me—a moment of your good-will?"

"And we are—not enemies, Mr. Owenson?"

"Not enemies, surely," he said, with a smile. "May we not say we are friends?"

"I am your friend, Mr. Owenson; from this time forward you have my sincere respect and esteem."

He bowed, rather awkwardly it must be owned, but Lucia scarcely noticed the awkwardness. Then they separated, and Donald Owenson walked home that night with a heart that throbbed and swelled as it had never done before. Pride, joy, passion, pain—a wild hope, succeeded in a moment by a blank despair—swept through him. The poor, ugly youth, son of a dress-maker, was in love with the beauty and the heiress.

"I might as well be in love with that goddess," he said to himself, as entering his room his eye rested on a cast of the incomparable Venus of the Louvre. "Well, well, a goddess is to be worshiped; the meanest of us has as good a right to adore her as the greatest king or conqueror. I shall maintain my right, and worship my goddess—from the proper distance."

And though it was very late, he set to work manfully at some writing he had to do, and crushing down his feeling, he wrote steadfastly on to the bright morning. Then he slept, and dreamed that Lucia Marston had again touched him with her hand.

After that evening these two met much more often and more familiarly than they had been wont to do. Lucia was bent on proving that she had a sincere respect and regard for the young man; and she soon succeeded. She was the only child and the spoiled child of her parents. Her father was at present in the United States, and her mother allowed her to rule the household and do as she would. So when Lucia spoke warmly in praise of Donald Owenson, and wished him to be invited often to her mother's *salon*, the wish was a law for Mrs. Marston, and Donald found himself a constant visitor there. The poor youth was unspeakably happy. Never had he dreamed of any thing like such happiness before, and he prospered and grew strong under its influence. His intellect grew brighter; his pen became keener and more brilliant; the frequent presence, the constant thought of Lucia lent new richness to his culture and new force to the manly eloquence of his style.

How was it all this time with Lucia? At first she only thought of being kind to him; of showing that she had no mean and silly prejudices; of patronizing him, perhaps, in a delicate and graceful sort of way. She began, in fact, under the influence of that most fascinating and dangerous delusion with which woman can enter into friendly association with man—the belief that the association never can be any thing more than friendly. She held herself on no guard in her intercourse with him; she treated him almost as if he were a brother; then she began to say to herself that she wished she had such a brother. She grew to find delight in his conversation, in his varied knowledge, his wide reading, his keen, quiet humor, suffused as it was by a pervading and subtle tenderness of thought and expression, which harmonized exquisitely with his deep musical voice. She found in him the charm of perfect manhood; she gladdened when he came; she was sorry when he went away—and, in short, she did not know that she loved him.

One day—at last—there came a crisis. Two events startlingly concurred to bring it about: the Hon. Captain Harbord came to make a proposal of marriage to Lucia; and Donald Owenson came to say good-by.

This latter visit took precedence in order of time. Owenson had to return to the States. He was recalled to New York by the journal which he represented, and on the staff of which he was about to have a more important post. Once this would have been a source of honorable pride and joy to him; now he took it blankly, and even sadly, only reconciled to it at all by the conviction that, while in Rome, he was living in a fool's paradise, and that the sooner he tore himself from it the better. He stood up, however, like a man against his hopeless love. And in parting with Lucia he did his best, his very best, not to betray the fact that he loved her; and it was the very sincerity and earnestness of his effort which, for the first time, revealed completely to Lucia's eyes the truth that in Donald Owenson she had a devoted lover.

Even still she did not know how much she loved him. There were tears glittering in her eyes as she held out her hand to him and said farewell—he was to leave Rome next day—and, perhaps, if he had then spoken out his heart, it would have found hers responsive; but the poor journalist did not venture to sue for the hand of the rich heiress, and he went away, his secret unspoken—and Lucia did not know, yet, that she loved him.

It was when Captain Harbord, the handsome, the rich, the aristocratic, the object of so much admiration on the part of girls and speculation on the part of mothers—it was when this Adonis of the British aristocracy came

and offered her his hand that Lucia learned, as by a revelation, the secret of her own heart. The bare thought of marriage with him, with any one likely to offer himself, made her recoil with so much repugnance and horror that she fell back, as it were, into the inner depths of her own consciousness, and she saw what had long been hidden there.

In vain Captain Harbord pleaded—he was firmly dismissed; and Lucia ran, in tears, to her mother.

Now Mrs. Marston, like many good American mothers, would have dearly wished her daughter to marry a lord, and I assume that all my readers are sufficiently acquainted with the polite mysteries of the British peerage to know that the Hon. Captain Harbord was heir-apparent to the title of his father, Lord Rountown. She did hope that Lucia would have accepted the present suitor and the future title. She was surprised and shocked when Lucia, agitated and weeping, flung herself into her arms.

"You have not accepted him, my child?"

"No, mamma—never! The very idea is hateful to me; I never could marry him."

"Why not, Lucia?"

"Because I don't love him, mamma; because I detest him; because—oh, well, because I love somebody else!"

An awful idea shot, for the first time, across Mrs. Marston's mind.

"Lucia, my dear, it can not be—you really don't mean to say that you love that young man, that—"

"Yes, I do! I know whom you mean; and dear mother, not a word, please, against him. I love Donald Owenson, and if I do not marry him, I will never marry mortal man!"

"Has he spoken to you, then, of this?"

"Not a word—not a single word. He is too honorable and generous."

"Then, dear," interrupted the elder lady, catching feebly at a poor straw of hope, "how do you know that he loves you?"

Lucia turned to her mother with a quiet, bright, triumphant smile breaking through her tears, and said:

"Oh yes, mamma—I know he does!"

Owenson returned to New York; and the Marstons went back not long after. He became a frequent visitor at their house, and he soon found that he might speak out. He asked for Lucia's love, and he learned that it was his; and her parents accepted the situation and consented to their marriage. And on the morning of their wedding Donald showed his young bride the withered and shriveled old apple which her hand had given him as a satirical prize, and which he had treasured and preserved ever since.

"And so, after all," he said, "the race is not to the swift, nor the prize of beauty to the handsome man! Let Captain Harbord keep his golden apple. I have the goddess's own gift—the most beautiful woman for my wife!"

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

AFTER nearly three-quarters of a century of experience the nation demands from government such a change in the management of its daily business that it may cease to blush for its system compared with that of China, or to envy the methods for securing honesty and sense in the ordinary public civil service that are employed in Turkey. We boast ourselves as apt and intelligent beyond the rest of the world; we talk of freedom as if we had discovered and regulated it; and if the thing called business, or its name, had never existed, an American would have invented both; yet among the civilized nations of the earth there is none so stupidly wasteful of its resources—none whose public virtue stands at this moment in greater danger of decay—none that so trusts its everyday work to faithless and worthless hands. Whatever else might have been foretold, at its outset, of our great experiment, the cheap and wise working out of its practical details seemed at least assured; yet this fair promise has ended in such disgrace that our choice of tools in the administration of government affairs would shame a bungler or a knave.

What the civil service of the United States government is, how it is manned, watched, and paid, how it compares with those of other nations, whether its duty is well done, and if ill done how that ill-doing may be mended, are subjects worth the instant and serious study of every tax-payer in the land, whether he hopes to form a part of that service himself, or only expects to sustain it, and desires to perfect it for the benefit of those who are to come after him. If in the course of that study some surprising chapters are unfolded—if the tax-payer reads therein that he is cheated and betrayed because his servants do not know or will not do their duty—if he is startled at the careless waste of revenue carelessly collected—if he grows indignant over honesty pinched that fraud may thrive, and corruption lavishing what labor pays—if he shrinks from this picture of himself contemptuously treated as one of a "misera contribuens plebs," let him remember that he has the remedy in his own hands, and that it is his own house he is called to set in order.

As generally defined, the civil officers of a government are those who are not employed in its military and naval service. Not only is this distinction more marked in modern states than in those of ancient times, but the relative importance of the civil service has constantly increased with the spread of civilization and national intercourse, and the developing variety of modern life. Of course its agents multiply with the advance of population, but the ever-new needs and relations of men, and the fresh fields which science and invention open, have had quite as much to do with enlarging their numbers and diversifying their functions.

Moreover, the science of government itself is steadily improving by experience, and many systems exist for securing its wise practical administration, some of them of almost unknown antiquity, and others very recently devised or introduced. One is in doubt whether to laugh or to grieve that the United States, the most advanced of all nations as to its principles of government, should be almost the last to apply thorough and approved methods of carrying out those principles in detail.

Under our own Constitution a further distinction is made among officers of the civil service—between those who are elected by the people or named by the President with confirmation by the Senate, and that far greater number who receive their appointment directly from some superior officer. These last, to borrow an English phrase, might properly be called place-holders. Of the former class are the chief executive officers, the legislators, the judiciary, foreign ministers, and heads of departments. Any discussion as to the mode of their selection, determined as it is by the very frame of our government, belongs to merely political questions, and would be out of place here. The latter class comprises all the "inferior officers" mentioned by the Constitution, under which Congress, by a series of acts passed at different times as occasion arose in our national progress, has provided for their appointment, either by the President alone, the heads of departments, or the courts of law. Among those whose confirmation depends on the Senate, postmasters and consuls may also be classed with the minor officers of the civil service. These men transact the whole administrative business of the government. They do its work in foreign countries as commercial agents, and at home in the collection and paying out of revenue, whether from customs or taxes, in the financial bureaus of the army and navy departments, in the postal service, in matters of claims and accounts against the government, in all business growing out of the census, the public lands, Indian affairs, land warrants, patents, and pensions. They are distributed among the different departments in very unequal numbers, the Treasury employing more than all the other departments combined. They are organized in various bureaus, and classified into many grades. And they number more than fifty thousand. It must also be kept in mind that almost every man of these fifty thousand is the centre of a circle of others dependent on him for support, and that each of them was, just before his appointment, the head of an almost endless queue who were struggling to gain possession of his place.

The increase in the number of these officials has been far more rapid in proportion than the growth of our population. Upon the organization of the Federal civil service in 1789, when the several departments of War, the Treasury, and State, or that for Foreign Affairs, as it was then styled, were created, the place-men were "a mere handful" in number. In the year 1802 the roll of officials contained 2622 names. Between the beginning of the present century and the close of the war with England the population of the country nearly doubled, and the officers of the civil service grew in numbers in about the same proportion—reaching 5608 in 1817. But during the fifty years from 1817 to 1867, while the population quadrupled, the number of office-holders was multiplied ten times over, and it now exceeds that of the whole force employed, including officers, in the military and naval services combined. But it must not be inferred that this increase surpasses, in any great degree, the expanding needs of the government. During the early part of this period of fifty years the rapid growth of our commerce, the additions to our territorial dependencies, the extension of our sea-coast by the cession of Florida, Texas, and California, and the Indian and Mexican wars, all furnished grounds which did not exist at its commencement for the enlargement of this branch of the national service. And more lately, the vast movements and expenditures caused by the rebellion, and the public debt and new system of taxation which remain among its bitter fruits, have raised the rate of increase in the number of offices far beyond its earlier ratio to that of our expanding population. How many of these public servants might be spared through a reform that would permit the work of the incapable many to be better done by the competent few, and how much of their present cost to the government of thirty millions annually might be economized by the mere cutting off of useless salaries, will be shown as we proceed. Enough to say here, that if the people, once held the most thrifty on the face of the globe, can afford to go on paying higher prices than any other civilized nation gives for worse service than is any where else rendered in return, its reputation can only be maintained by adding to its fame for cleverness also, through the discovery of some new theory regulating work and wages.

The business intrusted to the care of these officials is as diversified as the needs of the government. In foreign lands you may "survey the world from China to Peru," and you will find in every port of any consequence a commercial agent of the omnipresent American nation. Along our own coasts they are dotted from Castine to Sitka, wherever a light-house gleams or a freight is landed. Throughout all the States and Territories they are scattered in countless post-offices and assessors' bureaus; they creep under the Apache's wigwam, and bivouac along the frontier soldier's march; they cluster in masses at the great business centres, and they swarm as a legion at the national capital. And wherever as a fixed point an official is discovered, imagination sees hovering about his place a great cloud of aspirants eager to dislodge or to succeed him.

The names of clerks and assistants, given to by far the greater number of these officers of

the civil service, denote clearly enough the class of duties they are expected to perform. These demand neither genius nor culture, and the education given in our higher schools equips young men sufficiently for their discharge. In the upper branches of the service, it is true, superior ability and learning find a place. The consular function especially calls for a wider range of acquirements, including a knowledge of languages and of foreign and international law, besides intelligence enough to collect and transmit correct details as to the resources, commerce, and general statistics of other countries. But for the most part experience and training would soon perfect the ordinary incumbent of a civil office in all that his position requires, beyond the sound, plain English education with which he is, or should be, expected to come furnished. Average intelligence is, of course, presupposed. For, strange as the statement may seem to be in the present condition of things, a dull youth has really no more right to ask a seat at a desk in the national offices than he has to expect employment in a merchant's counting-room.

Equally strange in the face of recent disclosures may seem the idea that integrity is a necessary qualification for public place. Yet it should, at least, be required that those official hands be clean through which the immense revenues of this republic—about four hundred millions of dollars yearly—pass once in the process of collection, and once again through the various modes of disbursement. Nothing but proved honesty can be relied on to protect any government from enormous losses by the fraud which the evil wit of men will practice, in spite of all imaginable checks and devices of control.

One other essential may be named. To the common mind in all countries government is an abstraction. Whether it be the flesh and blood ruler in his palace, or the ideal sovereignty throned in the capitol, government reveals itself to the subject or the citizen only through its agents. Its spirit is present to thought alone, while the machinery by which it works is seen and felt of all men. That machinery, in ordinary times, is the civil service, whose officers bring the supreme power near to every man, intervene actively in his affairs, and come into actual contact with his daily life. When Jackson was President, most United States citizens saw and knew very little of the federal authority, except through its post-offices; now, thanks to the public debt and taxes! its omnipresence has grown visible, and touches each one sensibly and daily. Now the shape in which government thus discloses its majesty is not a welcome one. The hand it extends to protect is remote, intangible; while the hand that may not be overlooked nor put aside is that which it stretches out to ask for support. If this function of government is not a pleasant one for the governed, there is wisdom in performing it with all dignity and courtesy. Abstract reverence and ideal patriotism go a very little way toward soothing a man's feelings into respect for law, when the official who personates it for the time being heightens the inconvenience of his demands by harshness or rudeness in his manner of making them. Civility, and a readiness to inform or oblige, are the duty of every official as much as honesty is.

After all, then, there is no mystery in the management of these practical affairs of government. It is not in this sphere that the craft of ruling is displayed. The divinity that doth hedge a king hardly envelops a place-man. The work that the greater part of civil service officers have to do is plain, everyday business, differing only in its forms and its scale from that which is transacted in any counting-house. The same principles that insure success when applied in mercantile pursuits must be applied to the public service for its proper discharge, and the same mistakes that would ruin a commercial firm must be guarded against if we would shun national loss and dishonor. Good sense, judgment, a plain, sound education, integrity, and civility are all that a public servant need come provided with when he begins his career. How closely has our government followed these simple business rules in the choice of its civil officers, and how well, in consequence, has it got its work done?

The mode of appointment to civil offices in the United States has remained unchanged since its adoption at the formation of the Union. It was then adopted from the practice of the several States, which in their colonial days had borrowed it from the mother country. Leaving behind them church establishments and a feudal system of land-laws, the colonists brought over certain other institutions and practices of government quite as unsuited to the new air and soil. Some of these, as the theory of marital rights and the black-letter codes, have been reformed into harmony with modern thought and republican spirit; but the system of choosing the public servants, dictated by antiquated tradition, still lingers not only unimproved, but even depraved by democratic influences. As if the past had no lessons worth our study, and as if government were not a progressive science, we lag behind all civilized nations in this most practical improvement of its administration. Even England, which has borrowed many of our reforms, has lately in her turn shown us in this a better way.

A high tone in the personnel of all great modern governments except our own is secured, in general words, by a fixed standard of fitness for place, rigid examination with open competition to all, strict oversight, regular promotion upon good behavior, and a moderate provision on retirement.

It was experience rather than historic example that dictated the adoption of these principles. For many reasons the records of ancient times, usually so fertile in warnings and in precedents, could furnish scant teaching upon this

point. In the military and naval service, indeed, from the very nature of the case, efficiency has been secured by discipline in all well-governed states, ancient or modern, and capacity tried by proof. But the civil service of ancient states was unimportant as compared with the military, partly on account of the general military spirit and aims of their governments, partly from the prevalence of slavery, in which the masses labored and were controlled by mere force, and most of all from the simplicity of human conditions, contrasted with the complex relations of men to each other in modern life. Two figures represent the public servants of ancient states—the soldier and the tax-gatherer; and often, as in the Persian empire, these two were one. The chief officers intrusted with the collection of revenue were elective in Athens, as the ærarian tribunes and questors were at Rome. A hint from Horace gives us light upon the ways and repute of the latter officials—the poet declaring that he can live at his country box more pleasantly and respectably "than if his grandsire, uncle, sire, had all been questors." In theory these collectors were held to strict responsibility; but how their subordinates were appointed, or whether these were any thing more than the tools of their masters' rapacity, it is not easy to determine. In the provinces of Rome it is certain that violence was unbridled, and official plunder enormous. It would be interesting to know the detailed arrangements for carrying out the decree of Tiberius, in the time of our Saviour, that all the world should be taxed. And the record of that system begun under Augustus, and perfected by the later emperors, for the mapping out of the whole vast Roman empire into revenue-districts, would have been invaluable if preserved, as a monument of government labor and an instance of government methods.

The modes in which later civilization has led governments to multiply their agents are worthy of remark. One of its first steps, that of commercial and national intercourse, created a new sphere for authority and a new profession of state—that of diplomacy. Athens, indeed, possessed the germ of our modern system of resident embassadors in the *Xenii*—Athenians of influence and dignity to whom the allied states committed the charge of their interests, especially in those matters of mutual litigation which, with politic art, she managed to draw to her own forum in the last appeal. And many instances in the life of Cicero indicate his position as a kind of patron for the welfare of certain of the allies or provinces of Rome. So, too, the Grecian states had often a resident to watch their interests or further their intrigues against each other at the Persian court, and special embassies, upon matters of war and peace, were frequent. But the intercourse between ancient nations was so rare, and its usual spirit so unfriendly, that the diplomatic profession, as understood in modern days, can not have had an existence; still less could public commercial agents, clothed with authority from foreign powers, such as our consuls are, have found a place among them.

Turn to colonial establishments, that modern middle ground in government between foreign and home affairs, and we again remark the vast number of officials that have arisen to meet their needs. The civil servants of England in this department are scattered all over the face of the globe, and are counted by thousands; while our own territorial establishments, which stand somewhat in the relation of colonies, and our Indian bureau, enlist the services of great numbers. Still larger is the multitude introduced by the postal system—that grand modern device for the circulation of thought, which, flying restlessly from land to land, interweaves the ideas, the passions, and the interests of mankind, as with the shuttles of some mighty loom. Another peculiar source of patronage is the patent-office—the birth of modern inventiveness nursed by modern science. And the fullest and most abounding spring of all our woes of this nature is the modern custom-house, with its army of retainers in all lands—a host whose growth is checked in other countries by the progress of free trade, as we may hope that it will begin to dwindle ere long in our own, until it becomes itself a thing of the past.

There is one government, however, whose history stretches unbroken from the eldest to the latest days, bridging over with its continuous unity that chasm of the Middle Ages into which the ancient nations of the West crumbled, and out of which the modern ones have crept—namely, the Chinese empire. And if, in their youthful contempt for its hoary venerableness, the peoples of European descent had not laughed at the thought of learning from the wise men of the East, they might have thence adopted in its completeness the system which they have constructed by painful experience. In China, every office in the state, below the throne, is open to every subject. Education, promoted by such rewards, is universal. Officials are chosen by competitive examinations, are held to their duty by regulations of ingenious strictness, and by a system of espionage and of responsibility for each other, and are promoted or degraded according to their acquirements and faithfulness. No defaulting or useless placeman among the half million employed in China ever resigns, or buys remission of his sentence. Between suicide, granted as a favor, or decapitation, fine, flogging, or convict slavery, the choice of punishments is likely to terrify him into diligence. In the Flowery Kingdom, by a curious inversion of the order of things prevalent among outside barbarians, the military power is, not merely in theory but in fact, subject to the civil, literary mandarins who are civilian governors of provinces taking military command. Were it not for this severe and elaborate system for maintaining talent and honesty in the administration of public affairs, China, with its despotic rule, its gross super-

stition, and its obstinate aversion to light from without, would ages ago have sunk into distraction and barbarism, instead of preserving to this day a sort of paralytic coherence, as respectable as it is queer.

Coming westward to a country which we superciliously regard as yet only half civilized, we find in Russia a similar plan of introduction into the civil service. Although strictly modeled upon the military system in its grades, these are open to any of the lowest classes even who can produce certificates of education. Promotion is as regular and discipline as rigid as in the army; and though corruption prevails in the civil service as every where else in Russia, it exists in spite of the system of appointment, and not by reason of it, and is far less ruinous than it would become if that system were looser and less correctly grounded.

In Prussia the administration of government is raised to the rank of a science. The benefits flowing from its perfection, in the opinion of an eminent French publicist, almost reconcile the people to the refusal of political rights. Prussia, fighting her way up through centuries from the position of a petty dukedom to that of a first-class power, incessantly militant, not only became thoroughly penetrated with the spirit of order and discipline, but realized the need of constant economy of her resources. Within her originally narrow limits she applied, and as these widened she has perfected, a system of public service the most efficient and the least costly in the world. It is a provision of the common law of Prussia that no one shall be appointed to an office unless he possesses the competent qualifications, and has produced evidence of his fitness. Most of the civil service employés are taken from the various preparatory schools throughout the kingdom, open to all without distinction of birth or fortune, in which they have passed through a severe training. Upon applying for an appointment the candidate undergoes a strict scrutiny into his acquirements, intelligence, morals, habits—a thorough sifting of the man. After a year's probation, employed in studying the laws and regulations of the service, and a second rigid examination, he receives, if approved, a nomination from the head of a department. As an instance of the seriousness of these tests, we may cite an accomplished American lawyer, a Prussian by birth, who has passed them, and whose dreams even now, after an interval of thirty years, occasionally take the shape of a nightmare in anticipation of examination. Clerks who are to have the handling of the public money deposit a guaranty in cash, upon which interest is paid them. Military invalids, if qualified, are selected in preference to civil candidates. Promotion depends upon industry and aptitude, and a pension is allowed upon retirement from age or ill health. The impartiality of the appointing power is unquestioned, and fraud almost unknown.

From the organizing genius of France we might expect the closest study of the problem of administration. But whether it be due to their restless temperament or to political partiality and change, the descendants of the "fickle Gauls" have not worked out their theories, as regards the higher branches of the service at least, into those finished results which mark the Prussian system. As to their choice of inferior place-men, however, in that class which corresponds to the non-elective officers of this country, wise principles are established, and uniform excellence of service prevails. Their efficient consular system dates from the time of Louis XIV. In the carnival of 1789, when government from top to bottom was destroyed, constructed, and reconstructed, the bases of the civil service were laid firmly and sagaciously enough to have endured to the present time. Napoleon strengthened and improved them, and the studies of later philosophic statesmen have still further developed their plan of civil service. It is, indeed, the only stable pillar in the government edifice of France—untouched by favor, unshaken by revolution. In most of the branches of the revenue and treasury administration candidates undergo repeated examinations, and in many other divisions of the service experience must be gained during a term of probation which tests the fitness and zeal of the aspirant. Once appointed, officials are in fact, if not in law, unremovable during good behavior; they are promoted, usually in regular line of seniority, upon favorable reports as to their character and efficiency, which are singularly minute and exact; and they are entitled to a pension in age after faithful service, and to a provision for their families if accidentally disabled. Through these wise arrangements the state secures in its business offices the best work, in their best years, of a chosen class of men, and in the treasury bureaus especially it is believed by competent observers that no government in the world collects so large an amount of revenue with so small a loss from fraud as that of France. It is a little singular, considering the cleverness in managing business details which the women of the bourgeoisie display, that among the 250,000 places in the public service, the sex enjoys the right of admission only to a few petty offices in the postal department.

We should naturally look to the government of Great Britain, the home of the most practical people in Europe, for an early adoption of the most perfect methods in civil administration. But we would look in vain. The English Constitution, that singular agglomeration of law, tradition, and usage, has indeed always proved flexible enough to admit any improvements persistently demanded by a majority. In our own day we have seen far deeper inroads made upon its supposed sacredness than a change in the mode of appointing place-holders would have wrought. But here, first, we meet that word of sinister meaning which describes the source of official life as Patronage.

The Tudors or Stuarts would, of course, have frowned upon any other claim to office than that of their own favor; and afterward, so long as the alternations of party victory only shifted power from one set of great houses to another, personal and political influence alone controlled appointments to place. The order which drove a traffic in the dignities of the Church would loosen its grasp reluctantly upon the fifty thousand minor offices of the state. At length, however, so unsatisfactory had the condition of the public service become, that, in 1853, a Parliamentary commission was appointed for its reorganization. Two years later an Order in Council was issued, naming commissioners to conduct the examination of candidates for the junior posts in the civil service, and the principle of open competition for such examination was formally approved by resolutions of the House of Commons in 1856 and 1857. Two years afterward the act for the better government of India sanctioned the system of competition for appointments in the Indian service; and in 1860, upon the report of a select committee of the House, the application of that principle to the home service was extended and improved. The clerks to which this regulation applies correspond generally to the "inferior officers" of our system. The commissioners do not appoint—they merely examine—but without their certificate of fitness no appointment is ever made. The inquiry is directed to health, character, knowledge, and ability. The rules as to qualifications are rigidly enforced, and the admissions impartially made to a conditional appointment, which, after a period of satisfactory probation, is confirmed. Over the official once appointed political changes sweep harmlessly; his advancement follows, as a matter of course, upon diligence and efficiency; and provision is made for the superannuated, or those disabled by ill health. The system as practiced in England is still considered experimental, but a late report of the commissioners upon the subject, in 1865, represents it as working extremely well, and it is too decidedly a step in the right direction to be ever retraced.

From this spectacle of dull progress and feeble advance toward improvement in civil administration among the decrepit monarchies of the Old World it is, of course, gratifying to turn to the exemplary practice of our young, vigorous, and virtuous republic. Experience has taught the people of Europe that governments exist for the good of the governed; we, who adopted that as the principle of our national life, beginning where they ended, can not fail to have applied it wisely and exactly in all the business details of administration. Let us see whether in our civil service we have done any thing more than to shift our colonial swaddling-clothes for the beggarly rags of a scarecrow. Statesmen and people alike in the rest of the civilized world are in accord upon certain cardinal points: That the working business servants of a government should be chosen for their fitness—we reward them with place for foul, often criminal, party service; that the appointing power should be impartial—our Congressmen trade with offices as bribes for their own re-election; that a fair opportunity should be given to all competitors—we proscribe the defeated, and shame the deserving away from the scramble; that civil servants should hold place during good behavior—we cast them out at the end of four years, that they may return at the next period with seven others worse than the first; that promotion should stimulate fidelity—we invite them to eager plunder while expulsion delays; that vigilance should prevent fraud—we fill rogues' hands with unwatched gold, and when they turn thieves, suffer them to run, buy, or swear themselves off; that when worn down with service they should receive support—we kick them out as paupers whenever they grow too old for tools as rascals; that diligence, order, and courtesy should pervade all the public offices—with us, some of them are full of negligence and faithlessness, and others reek with corruption, brutality, fraud, and national dishonor. Not a line of this picture is distorted, nor a shade deepened beyond the truth. There are, indeed, among the public servants some honest and capable ones. We do full justice to them—the pinch of salt that arrests decay. The system is rotten, but not all gone putrid, or it must have perished. We can endure a little minuter dissection of it without too much disgust.

This taint in the life-blood of our administrative system, drawn from its English source of Patronage, delayed very long to develop its corrupting power. The new government was too full of youthful strength and fresh promise to grow at once depraved. The circumstances of the country opened so many untried and boundless fields to talent and energy that these sought in independent action more hope and fruit than places at the capital could yield. Guided by the purest intentions, the appointing power found no difficulty in filling, upon personal knowledge of the few applicants, the small number of offices which it had to bestow. Washington did not think it beneath him to inquire the character and fitness of the most insignificant appointees, none of whom ever met an objection in political opinions, or dared to urge personal friendship as a plea. During the first twelve years of our history seventeen persons were removed from subordinate offices, and all for cause. Even the furious party rage of Jefferson's time disdained to use that weapon for success or revenge. Those wars were not fought with poisoned arrows. Thirty-nine vacancies made among nearly five thousand places, and none of those for political reasons, fill up the list, which not even the bitter enmity that could style the great democratic philosopher a partisan infidel ever laid to his account as sins of favoritism. Down to the end of the second Adams's term, subordinate officers were chosen

with great care on the ground of their fitness, and retained their places although their party lost power, without a single removal except for good cause. But the advent of Jackson to the Presidency—who seems to have dropped with his military career its ideas of discipline and fair advancement—ushered in a new era in American politics—an era in which party strife took final leave of dignity without regaining fairness, learned to satiate rancor through intrigue, and sacrificed public virtue to success. The journals and correspondence of the day are filled with instances of the disgust and dismay inspired by the innovation of sweeping removals from office on the avowed ground of opinion only. No dark oath ever bound accomplices more strongly in a conspiracy than the single tie of party fealty linked their creatures with the chiefs and managers who then rose to power. To that day and to those men—though the author of the infamous invention is uncertain—we owe that device of blended threat and boast, "To the victors belong the spoils," which flaunted like a pirate flag over their attack upon the institutions of their country. Never did political quarrel borrow from the dialect of war a more immoral rallying-cry. The famous maxim of despotism, "Quid principi placuit legis habet vigorem," fitted in its slavishness the temper of the times that suffered it; but this bandit's pass-word gave the lie to that equality of right and freedom of thought from which party in modern days is supposed to spring.

The proscription lists thus opened by one party were of course filled up by the other in its turn; and political struggles, becoming for thousands of employés questions of literal life and death, soon took the character which they have ever since retained, of desperation inflaming conviction, the fight for place embittering and degrading the contest of principles. Our modern practice divorces the ideas of office and duty, which should be indissolubly joined, and substitutes the false notion of a claim to place as a right. The civil service is staked as a prize for the winner; its posts are all counted, valued, and assigned even before the contest begins; and each leader points to its pay-roll as lawful plunder, as Bonaparte showed his starving troops the fat plains of Italy.

So soon as the result of a Presidential election is known, the whole country from Maine to Mexico, and from Vancouver's Island to Cape Sable, becomes alive with hordes of migrating office-seekers. It is as if the very dust of the land were turned into the least decent of the plagues of Egypt. For each of the defeated dependents preparing for a departure that for him is ruin, at least a hundred serviceable expectants are crowding toward the sources of patronage. President Lincoln wrote, just after his election, "I am now receiving one-sixth of the nation, which wants to live at the expense of the other five-sixths." The attack of these famishing packs of place-men is believed to have worried the life out of two Presidents, as it fills the first three months of each new one's term with disgust and annoyance. True, many applicants are fit for office, and among such a multitude some fit ones must be appointed. But the effect of this disgraceful scramble is to deter most men of good character from applying at all, conscious that fitness is the last thing seriously inquired into. No longer the well-known test, "Is he honest, is he capable?" is applied; but we are fast nearing the time when the questions asked will be—"Is he dishonest enough to stop at no knavery for the party's sake?—is he capable of going all lengths, even to crime, to serve the person who procures his nomination?" The most preposterous and infamous claims—a remote relationship, general uselessness and ill-success in life, an election fraud, a newspaper puff, a well-managed riot, a share of expected pay, aid in speculations, ruin from evil courses in party service—are urged and acceded to. This play of base motives, this tragi-comedy of desperate intrigue, culminates during the few months after the inauguration in the dismissal from office of thousands, their replacement by a swarm as worthless and more ravenous, and the cry of disappointed rage or despair rising from a hundred throats where one rejoices. One needs a double countenance, half Democritus and half Heraclitus, to do justice to the humorous grimness of description in the journals a year ago of the multitudes in the Capitol corridors. Between the downcast and the exulting the scene presents a sort of tattered travesty of that other splendid instance of human baseness—the rush of the court of France, upon the cry "le roi est mort," away from the dead king to greet the living one. This great whirlpool stirs up countless eddies of intrigue and bargaining in every shire and town of the several States. The interests and the evil influences connected with these sweeping changes ramify through all the land, and are set again at their work of mischief, on a smaller scale, as often as any place falls vacant. For though, as of old, our office-holders are a race of whom few die and none resign—perhaps because time is not given them to do either—yet it does occasionally happen that conscience or detection causes the abrupt departure of those whose genius for "conveying" develops too rapidly. Some few have even exchanged a bureau for a deserved jail.

So long as the present system of appointment is maintained, some such perversion of it is inevitable. Upright purpose and diligent attention on the part of the Executive, and the heads of departments, and chiefs of bureaus—and we do not believe these are often wanting—must be fruitless, since the immense number and variety of applicants has made that personal knowledge which formerly guided a choice impossible. The appointing power must be governed in its selection, for the most part, by the representations of friends, and especially of the members of Congress. These, from the nature of the case, form a sort of advisory

council, each one of whom is supposed to be familiar with the worth and fitness of applicants for office from his own locality, and to bear his share of the duty of inquiry, which could never be got through with except by some such distribution of it. This virtual delegation of the appointing power becomes fatally connected with a Congressman's interest. Each one of the hundred solicitors for each vacant place who beset him not only is a voter, but may be also the pivot of an organized machinery of multitudinous voters, and often an unscrupulous adept in party management. Promise and punishment are in his hands, and he can back his demands with the terrors of a *plebiscite*. When the member's election is yet to be paid for, and his re-election, perhaps his whole political career, hangs on his choice of a nominee for appointment, how is he likely to choose between modest merit and influential worthlessness? Human nature can rarely resist such a strain, even were it not proverbial that Congressional virtue is rather eager to embrace than coy to shun such seductions. Necessarily too, under the present system, members are constantly employed in attending to the solicitations, and involved in the intrigues of office-seekers. Thus to defraud the country of the time that should be given to their legislative duties, thus to debase their office by dancing attendance in ante-chambers, must wound the self-respect of honorable men, and lead to their replacement by others less sensitive and more partisan, and to a gradual decline in the character of our legislators. We do not say, of course, that such a decline, due precisely to this mischief, is far advanced already. But when the lowest depth is reached, Congressmen, then all self-seeking calculators, may perhaps bethink themselves that with every gift they destroy many hopes, creating ten enemies where they pay or attach one friend, and that thus, by retributive justice, the evil returns to plague the inventors.

But this is far from being the worst of the indirect influences upon government exerted by our vicious system of civil appointments. The temper of Congress is not to sue the Executive for what it has the power to take; the step is easy from suggesting to demanding appointments, and it has long since been made. Representatives nowadays claim the appointments to offices within their districts as their own property, and use the public trust shamelessly as a fund to pay their own political debts. Of course no representative thinks of giving money—not his own money at least—for the caucus work of intrigue, or the polls work of fraud by which his henchmen got him his place; but the public money is there, and he demands the use of it. Now the public man who puts his creature into a place for which he knows him to be unfit, is in morals as much a robber as if he broke open the Treasury vaults. He would do a less dangerous though a bolder wrong by employing his shoulder-hitter directly in that burglary than by placing him where he will cause greater loss through fraud. And is this claim upon the Executive yielded to the legislator without an equivalent? Assuredly not! If a share of patronage is given, a share of legislative support is expected in return. It matters not what influence is applied to bring about the exchange. It may be only suggestion, reasoning, persuasion, now. Still the elements of a contract exist, the sense of a mutual obligation grows up, and as the system matures it must ultimately take the form and bear the scandal of a constant bargaining. This is English patronage, poisonously luxuriant in the new soil. The independence of the executive and legislative departments of each other must become undermined, the limits of their respective powers confused, and an essential principle of our government vitiated and destroyed by the reflex action of its defective system of civil administration.

Fitly or unfitly, then, as often in the latter as in the former way, the minor offices are thus filled, and the spoil divided. No one has sought their steady obscure work, with the small salary to be snatched from him in four years more at farthest, who could have employed his abilities otherwise with the prospect of a certain and permanent career, however modest. Very few to whom they fell as the hire for party service intend to earn their official pay, or scruple to find and make opportunities for plunder during their short holiday. "Work!" said one of these creatures; "I worked to get here. You don't expect me to work, now I am here?" Many of these men are ignorant, imbecile, intemperate, profligate. In the revenue service, especially, they draw larger pay than the industrious, for party service as ward politicians, election bullies, and petty wire-pullers. If they condescend to work at all, it is with a blundering inefficiency that would cause their instant dismissal from a decent tradesman's shop. But as the work must be done, it falls with a double and most unfair burden upon the capable and diligent. And these are deprived, by the absurd system of rotation in office, of the aid of experience. Official training and official traditions make up a great part of a place-man's efficiency, and for the lack of these the public civil service drags in disgraceful contrast to the prompt and exact movement of affairs in the military and naval branches. A single experienced clerk will perform with ease duties that are indifferently discharged by several inexperienced ones. The dismissal of useless and incompetent place-men would effect a saving far more than sufficient to pay accomplished business men the best salaries, which they now quit the government service by hundreds to seek elsewhere. Yet the drones continue to be paid, and the famous rotation system is thus branded as not less extravagant than immoral. Still, their unfaithful neglect is less ruinous than their active rascality. Few who have had any experience, especially in the revenue offices, are not

astounded at the extent and boldness of their corruption, and so notorious has the scandal become that a member of Congress has not scrupled to declare that thieves infest all the government departments, and honesty is the exception rather than the rule.

For any private business establishment, such a statement, if not a libel, would be a prophecy of ruin. Yet an examination into details proves its truth as regards the civil service of the United States to be not less conspicuous than it is disgraceful. One hundred millions of dollars, one-fourth the revenue to be raised by our tax and tariff laws, vanishes before it reaches the Treasury. One-fourth of the impost laid for the support of government upon the labor of the working-classes and the ability and capital of those who do not live by wages, goes to maintain idlers and cheats in the public offices. One-fourth the price paid by toil for its protection by law feeds the worthless lives of those who creep into place to corrupt or break law. It has come to this, that the government founded for the greatest good of the greatest number manages its pecuniary affairs for the benefit of the worst few at the cost of the many. In the customs department, it is estimated by the highest authority that from negligence and connivance, which defects in the law assist, the government does not receive more than one-half the duties it is entitled to. At the port of New York alone there is a yearly loss to the revenue of over thirty millions. The tax on spirits fails by tens of millions to yield its due fruit. The journals teem with accounts of frauds and defalcations in the public service, in which the successful scoundrel scorns to swoop at less than a fortune. These operations vary in their methods, being conducted sometimes with the secrecy of collusion, and sometimes with the boldness of defiance. The scent of such corruption attracts from afar clouds of obscene birds who settle upon our coasts as fraudulent importers, thrive by the aid of venal accomplices, and return home with their spoil to defame republican institutions. The gibbet, that melancholy sign of civilization which greeted the voyager to a strange shore, should rise beside our light-houses to punish that combined breach of hospitality and honesty committed by these Hessians of trade. Other plunderers along our extended frontier, uniting skill with daring, elude the payment of duties by smuggling, to the ruin of honorable merchants as well as to the injury of the government. Still more outrageously, illicit distillers, trusting the supineness and disdaining the safe purchase of official friends, intrench themselves in the heart of cities, and wage a little war against the troops sent to dislodge them. And others still, boldly steaming into the large ports, buy or watch the opportunity of landing parts of their cargoes in fraud, and pay from the plunder for the desperate services rendered in some cases by their villainous tools in maiming and murdering the faithful officials set to watch them. No wonder that, with decency discouraged by such associations, and honesty deterred by such dangers, the civil service sinks steadily into deeper discredit. No wonder, when Congress rejects an enlightened plan for its reform, that on the very day that plan was defeated a fraud by a Treasury clerk should have been detected to an amount that would have paid for the expense of establishing it. Thus, instead of creating schools for training young men in the various branches of the civil service, as other governments have done, we convert our public offices into seminaries where every art of fraud is taught, and pay our pupils for learning to cheat us more shrewdly. The United States indeed "builded worse than they knew" in erecting on the Island of Manhattan that stately pile which invites tenants worthy of the edifices of Blackwell's, shelters inmates whom the hospital and the bridewell would welcome home, and promotes its candidates from the pot-house through public service to the penitentiary. Pity that so few exchange official pap for the more wholesome black bread and broth of Sing Sing.

Yet this dilapidation of our finances, and the consequent strain upon our resources, grave as these mischiefs are, do not complete the view of the serious evils inflicted by the wretched condition of our civil service. These conspicuous samples of negligence permitted and wrong tolerated by the supreme power deprave general morality, and loosen the strictness of integrity in private affairs. It is a grievous evil that dishonest officials tempt and taint their associates; it is a fearful danger that every four years new hordes of unprincipled men, despising work, are cast out from the public offices to get their living at the expense of the community; but this influence is far less subtle and corrupting than is the idea thus implanted in the public mind that the state does not need or care for virtue in its civil servants. What squeamishness to complain of individual breaches of trust, of legislative bribery, of venality in the courts, of universal faithlessness in work, when the state itself founds a perpetual lottery of license, and distributes its quadrennial prizes among the most cunning and rapacious!

Unhappily, lack of knowledge does not excuse, but rather weakness of principle disgraces the nation for so long a tolerance of this monstrous system. More than fifty years ago Josiah Quincy exposed and whipped the baseness even then intriguing about him under its shelter. Our wisest statesmen deplored and warned against the dangerous corruptions flowing from the innovation of rotation in office. And the utter depravity into which the service has festered of late, under the stimulus of our extended tax and revenue demands, has alarmed all who care for the country more than for parties or personal interests. Three years ago Mr. Jenckes presented to the House of Representatives the project of a law for the reform of the civil service, which, after certain modifications made to

satisfy objections to its form, has been discussed and defeated at each succeeding session. The need of such improvement as the bill proposes is not seriously denied, its most vigorous opponent confessing that the truth is even understated in the assertion that the people are robbed by their civil service agents of three times the amount the whole civil service costs. The purification and strengthening of our administrative system is sought, by this measure, through the adoption of the leading principles that give such efficiency to the practice of other nations. It proposes competitive examination, open to all, of candidates for places, excepting, unnecessarily as it seems to us, postmasters and consuls. Is a postmaster fit for his place who can not read writing or keep plain accounts, or a consul who can not speak the tongue of the country he goes to? and are none of our present officials of these classes wanting in these elementary qualifications? Why is the frequent and safe distribution of letters impossible in our great cities, except because permanence in place offers no inducement to the best men to enter the postal service? Why do we gain so little authentic knowledge of the recent statistics and internal interests of foreign nations, such as they collect of ours, except from the want of special knowledge and experience in our commercial agents? The bill further provides for promotion by seniority, giving room, however, for the earlier advance of those best qualified or specially deserving, through particular examinations. It also prescribes modes of trial, removal, or suspension for delinquency; it subjects existing place-holders to a test of their fitness for office; and it defers to the spirit of the times in opening admission to the public service for all women who prove their capacity for it. But it omits, probably from dread of plausible but unintelligent attacks, any provision whatever for the support of civil servants upon retirement, from age or incapacity occurring while in service. It arranges for the division of the country into numerous examination districts, for the convenience of candidates, and proposes to defray a part of the cost of the new system from small fees to be paid by applicants, about equal to the hotel bill for one day which each of the temperate ones now pays whenever he posts to the capital on his doubtful mission. The action of the Board of Commissioners which this law would create is confined to prescribing rules, conducting examinations, and giving certificates of fitness. They are to make no appointments whatever, but merely recommendations for appointments, from among which the appointing power will select and nominate to office, as the existing law directs. For candidates who pass the tests, but are not able to obtain a place, these official certificates would be valuable proofs of character and capacity, and would serve, as similar ones now do in England, as the highest recommendations for employment elsewhere.

No one can hope to reform a system without a struggle against those who profit by its abuses; and the more profoundly these abuses have penetrated, the more violent the effort usually is to maintain them. Yet so plain is the need for an amendment in our civil administration, that most of the legislators who grieved to see its fountains of corruption dried up, preferred to resist its purification by the silent scandal of a vote rather than the open mistake of speech. The facts demonstrating that need are too flagrant and too exactly stated to be gainsayed; the improved machinery of the plan for assuring the remedy is too simple and efficient for cavil; and the objections urged against its principle hardly cover their weakness with a show of plausibility.

The principal of these objections are, that the system will be costly; that it will not be faithfully and vigorously managed; and that it is borrowed from monarchical governments, and contradicts the theory of our own by creating a privileged order. Its annual expense is estimated, by those who cling to the present abuses, at the interest upon a million dollars. But as the saving which it fairly promises to effect in the mere matter of stealing is just a million a year, to say nothing of the reduced number of paid places which it contemplates, this particular unfavorable view does not seem to deserve much attention from any one who is able to cipher. The second exception taken implies both that a sense of high official duty dictates negligence, and that the new system would be abused as a state engine for party objects. But it contradicts experience to assume that the commissioners named to carry out this or any similar improvement, holding a post at least as dignified and important as that held by the head of a department, would be willfully careless, or would knowingly employ careless subordinates. The cases are rare in which even party zeal seriously charges opponents in high places with that peculiar mode of throwing away their reputations; and still rarer are the instances of such charges sustained by proof. And granting that the amended plan could be usurped and controlled by party, would not its operation even then be a great improvement upon our present wretched methods? Would it not be better to have occasional vacancies filled by fit men from a party in power, than to have vacancies made by wholesale expressly to be filled with unfit men from either party in turn? But it is a striking merit of the new system, shown by the experience of its working in other countries, that the place-man ceases to be a partisan, when the enmity of one party and the favor of the other can neither help nor harm him so long as he is faithful to duty. This whole argument rests on the assumption, unworthy of patriotism, that there is no such thing as public virtue left in the land; and if that be well founded, we might almost as well dispense with free government altogether, for we would then be much nearer to despotism than our demoralizing practices of administration have yet brought us.

The affected horror which shrinks from a reform in our civil service system because it is copied from the practice of monarchical governments might raise a cheer from a mass-meeting, but scarcely deserves serious reproof. The bases of that reform are adopted by all enlightened governments of whatsoever nature; they were laid down in France by the reddest radicals the world ever saw, and they are acted on in Switzerland at this day. This objection, if sincere, overlooks the distinction between principles of government and methods of applying those principles in routine affairs. The form and theory of a government are one thing; the civil administration of its details is quite another thing, the latter being a pure matter of business, with no more political character about it than book-keeping has. Fitness and faithfulness have nothing to do with opinions; and the best way of securing those for its service is the only way that a government worthy of the name ought to employ. So far indeed is the nature of this reform from being antagonistic to the spirit of our government, that when the system it imitates was proposed in England it met with resolute resistance from the patrician order, instinctively conscious that it was founded on the purest democracy. It is objected that the reform "runs a line through the mass of citizens, and sets off the favored class." It proposes to do precisely that—to set off, on one side, those who prove themselves worthy of public favor and fit for public service, and to give every one of them, man or woman, an equal chance of entering it; while it sets off, on the other side, all whose lack of energy and capacity and character unfits them for any trust whatever. It is charged against this reform that it creates a privileged class. On the contrary, it has not an element of privilege about it, and its whole tendency is hostile to privilege. It would indeed invite the best qualities and the best moral training every where into fair competition for public employments, and it would destroy the preposterous notion of a right in any one to "the honors and emoluments of office," to quote the cant of caucus, while it would utterly root out the only really privileged class in the republic — the permanent class of small politicians whom larger politicians bribe into intrigue and violence by the pay of place—the class whose impudent and ceaseless claim to live idly at the expense of the state now drives the worthier five-sixths of their fellow-citizens away from its service.

In their dependence upon that dangerous class we detect a motive for the steady resistance made by legislators to this wise and essential reform of the civil service. They are slow to admit what they more than suspect, that that dependence has already sunk into a servitude which injures their personal interest quite as much as it disgraces their public character. Is it not time for them to reflect that besides and above the sordid accounting for places with their mercenaries which satisfies one where it enrages ten, there is an account of their own fidelity in high office to be rendered to the people, who understand and watch these abuses? Neither party can suffer by laying aside this implement of warfare which has proved ruinous to both, since the disarmament will be mutual. And no one, of either party, can more easily win a title to the gratitude of his countrymen than by sustaining the cause of this indispensable reform.

Sooner or later it must be carried out. The people of the United States must either confess their inferiority in practical good sense to all other nations, or they must redeem their administrative system. That reform will save revenue and lighten taxation; it will paralyze the hand of the public thief, and stop the political bully's wages; it will speed dispatch, perfect accuracy, and lessen cost in the transaction of the public business; it will open an honorable career to the tens of thousands of young men and women who will gladly fit themselves to serve the state when honesty earns a place and diligence can keep it for life. By that reform the strongest bond connecting the carrion of the lobby with the living body of the legislature will be cut asunder; the great departments that share supreme power among them will again work each in its limited sphere, without discord or encroachment; official virtue will cease to be a by-word, and private faithlessness lose the excuse it takes from public laxity. State administrations may mend by the example, and the overthrow no longer seem hopeless of the kleptocracy that tramples our great cities under its satyr hoofs. For the first time we shall stand in the brotherhood of nations equals of all the rest in mutual knowledge and intelligent intercourse; and for the first time justify our boast of model republicanism, as a commonwealth ruled by common-sense and common virtue. Of two fatal presents made by the Old World at our birth, we have cast away one, the Slavery which belied our political theory, before the first century of national life ended; the second will be nobly begun by the perfect practical development of that theory, when we reject the other evil gift of Patronage.

MISS ELLINGTON'S NIECE.

A LOVE STORY.

PEOPLE pitied Laura Ellington very much when she was, by the death of her grandfather, left alone in the world, as they phrased it. That is to say, a great deal of verbal pity was expressed for the pretty young lady, but in reality there was little felt; for it was a tolerably well understood fact that old Ellington had been a very dubious kind of guardian to his grand-daughter.

Moreover, it would have been hard to feel pity for such a girl as Laura Ellington, even had she not been left the wealthy, unfettered girl she was by her grandfather's will. It would have been hard to feel "pity" for that

handsome, clear, brown-skinned girl, with the deep gray eyes and the nut-brown hair, with the finely rounded, erect figure, and the proudly poised little head. Pity and Laura Ellington rarely occurred to the minds and hearts of men simultaneously.

She was the only daughter of old Mr. Ellington's only son, and for many years, ever since the death of her parents—when she was quite a child, in fact—she had lived with her grandfather in the handsome old family mansion in one of the Regent's Park terraces. Friends of the family speculated about her a good deal, and conjectures were rife as to whether the old man's attractive companion would be his heiress or not. The doubt was caused by this fact—Laura had a brother.

Many years before the date of the opening of this story—when Laura Ellington was a little girl of four, indeed—this brother, then a young man of twenty-one, had shocked his family out of all natural affection for him by marrying suddenly and strangely. He was at Oxford, reading for honors they all thought, when one morning to them there came these tidings: he had outraged authority and been rusticated; he had outraged common-sense and got himself married to a nobody.

In hot wrath the Ellington family inquired angrily of the offender himself why he had done these things; and when he pleaded his wife's charm of grace and beauty in extenuation of his folly, they refused to listen to him. Even his mother turned a cold, deaf ear to the voice of her first-born, now that he had acted in opposition to her wishes. Even his father had no sympathy with a young man's love for a fair face. While as for his grandfather, the head of the house, he cast off the luckless scion of it utterly.

Young Ellington was as proud as the proudest of them. He tore their letters of reproof and renunciation to tatters, and with his wife went forth to fight the battle of life without making any further sign to them. His little sister soon forgot him; and so, when her grandfather died and she was left his sole heiress, she was not troubled with compunctions of conscience respecting the brother who ought, at least, to have shared with her. Whether he had died in distress or was living in poverty, whether the world had been kind or cruel to him, she did not know, and, to tell the truth, she did not very much care.

"I was an infant when Robert cut himself off from his family by his own folly," she would say to the few who did venture to name him to her; and in that speech was comprised all the knowledge she had of the brother who had left boyhood behind him when she was a baby.

Miss Ellington was left the uncontrolled mistress of herself and of all the possessions that had been her grandfather's; and these possessions were not few. In addition to the big, magnificent, dreary house in the Regent's Park, she owned a fair estate in one of the midland counties, and a good deal of house property in one of the most crowded and busiest metropolitan districts. Altogether her income was a large one; and her "responsibilities were proportionably great," she tried to feel as she sat in her stately drawing-room alone the night after her grandfather's funeral.

Miss Ellington was alone. Several dozen devoted friends and acquaintances would have been enchanted to share her solitude and her luxury, her grief and her seclusion. But Laura was an independent-minded girl; and so, when one correct female friend after another had been proposed to her as a sort of unofficial chaperon for the time, she had declared her intention of protecting and countenancing herself for the future unaided until she married.

She had been very fond of the old man, who, in his turn, had idolized her; and she was thinking of him tearfully now as she sat alone, with the words of the solemn funeral service still ringing in her ears. Still she knew that she did not regret him very much, in the honest acceptation of the word. He had idolized her, but he had also thwarted her will; and Miss Ellington was not one to meekly endure having her will thwarted.

She was four-and-twenty now, and it will readily be understood that she had not reached those years unscathed, unloving, and unloved. "Talk about experience!" she had often said hotly to her grandfather; "I have been through a very fiery furnace, and learned more in my journey than the tame experience of a hundred years can teach me." And then her grandfather had been wont to shake his head sadly, and to lament over the ill-regulated mind that had made the ordeal he had condemned her to a fiery one.

Three years ago, on the occasion of the celebration of her twenty-first birthday, she had fallen in love. She gave herself up to the free indulgence of the luxury the feeling was to her for a few weeks, and then she was rudely aroused, and compelled to own herself wanting in judgment for having so given up. The man she loved had the misfortune to be poor, too poor to keep a wife in any position at all, too poor to dare to risk the dangers of matrimony with such a delicately nurtured woman as Laura, unless Laura's grandfather would secure her from discomfort and dependence by making her a fixed allowance.

Captain Meredith told Laura this truth openly and honestly—unfortunately, he did not tell it to her until after he had told her how he loved her, and won the tale of her love from her in return. She told it to him passionately, rapturously. Her young, handsome artillery captain was a hero in her eyes—no grandfather could withstand him, she thought—no human being could deem her other than fortunate and enviable in having won his love. She fired her lover with some of the ardor of her faith. It was a surprise to the young man when his suit was rejected by old Mr. Ellington—a surprise

to the young man, but a bad, bitter shock to the girl.

For a few days after her grandfather had given his definitive in some hard sentences, in which he declared his determination that "no pauper should batten on his heiress," the girl nourished a hope. It was a wild, foolish hope; it was soon proved a fallacious one. "If Guy Meredith asks me to run away with him, I'll forfeit every thing and do it," she said to herself. But Guy Meredith was a man of honor, and so he would not tempt Laura to make any sacrifice in her haste which she might reasonably be expected to repent of at her leisure.

He said good-by to her sadly enough, and left her to the misery that eats out the freshness from the heart of many a passionate young maiden. They loved each other; but the knowledge that they did so gave her no comfort when once the truth was borne in upon her mind that well as he loved her, he loved honor more. "We must trust to time and be faithful to each other," he whispered to her in their last stolen interview; "my prospects must improve, and then, Laura, will you come to me?"

Would she go to him then? How her heart throbbed as he asked the question! Did he not know right well that she would go to him then or now, or at any moment? She longed to burst the bonds of the instinct of maidenly reserve, and tell him that she would follow him through all the world without ever giving a thought to that which she would relinquish. She longed to do this; but she restrained herself strongly, gave him the promise to be faithful to him and to hope for better times feebly, and then they parted.

All this had happened three years ago, and the name of Guy Meredith had never been heard in their circle since. For a while she had nurtured wrath against her grandfather for the cold way in which he had caused a cloud to obscure the sun of her young love. But, after a time, when she learned from other sources that Guy's prospects were brightening, she forgave her grandfather, and began to look forward joyfully to the day when Captain Meredith should come and test her constancy.

He had exchanged into a regiment that was going to India, and when he had been in India long enough to master some of the dialects, he had been given a good staff appointment, where his services as interpreter made him of note, and paved the way to speedy promotion. As soon as he could get leave he was coming home to demand his bride. Laura's heart beat proudly and fondly of all she, whom he believed to be penniless, could endow him with.

"I hope he will not hear it until he has asked me to be his wife," she thought; "there is no engagement between us, and I should like him to seek me again before he knows I'm an heiress." Then she went on to plan out for him a career that would keep him in England. He should be a magistrate; he should breed prize cattle, and hunters, and greyhounds. He should go into Parliament, and make her as proud of him as she felt it was in her to be of her own noble-hearted Guy. On the whole, it must be admitted that her meditations on the evening after her grandfather's funeral were not misanthropical.

Old Mr. Ellington died in May, and early in June Laura received a letter from a legal firm advising her of the death of her almost forgotten brother and of the existence of his daughter; to which latter fact they begged to call her special attention. At first, on receipt of this letter, Miss Ellington was very much shocked. Then she felt rather surprised at the actual existence of a live niece. And then she felt considerably bored as she reflected that it unquestionably behooved her to see to that niece's well-being.

As soon as she had convinced herself of this responsibility she set to work to fulfill it. "A child will be greatly in my way when I marry," she said, candidly, to her friends; "but I feel it to be my duty to adopt and provide for my brother's daughter." And then her friends suggested various schools at home and abroad where Miss Ellington's niece could be taken in and done for at a more or less reasonable rate.

It was a sharp pang of mingled pleasure and pain that assailed her when she first looked upon her niece. The senior partner of the firm that had first written on the subject brought Kate Ellington to her aunt's house; and then, in place of the child whom she had expected, Miss Ellington saw a woman very little younger and even more beautiful than herself. She had never thought of her brother's child as grown up and pretty, far less had she thought of her as fascinating, self-possessed, and fully conscious of her own claims to consideration, as this young lady appeared to be.

Kate Ellington had the beauty of a Venus and the fatal gift of pleasing of a Vivien. Miss Ellington's own eyes were deeply gray, and beautifully fringed with black lashes, but they lacked the luminous splendor of Kate's violet orbs. Miss Ellington's locks were a bonny bright brown that would glitter as though there were golden threads in it in the sun; but these locks did not, however deftly arranged, crown her head with the queenly grace that Kate imparted to the most careless tiring of her ruddy auburn tresses. Miss Ellington had a finely formed, erect figure, but it seemed insignificant and stiff by the side of Kate's magnificently formed bust and grand languor of bearing. In short, the aunt was a very pretty woman—the niece a very beautiful one.

Kate was an enigma. She candidly confessed that she was ignorant, that she knew nothing of the usages of good society, and that she had frequently faced actual privation. Yet whatever subject she spoke about had a charm for her hearers; her manners were perfect, and her tastes and habits as extravagant as if from her babyhood she had been allowed the unlimited control of money. For many years her

father had held a situation of trust in a county bank in a garrison town. "It was a post that was more honorable than remunerative," Kate said, coolly; "so, as you may imagine, Aunt Laura, my fasts were more frequent than my festivals."

"You don't mean to say you ever wanted—were hungry, and couldn't have things?" Laura cried, in high excitement.

"Oh no!" the beauty answered; "my privations were of a different order, but they were privations nevertheless. I had to wear scant skirts when full ones were the fashion, and *vice versa*, and I would rather have been hungry than that any day."

"In other words, your papa couldn't afford to dress you well," Laura said, rather crossly.

"Exactly; and you, who have always been able to dress as you like, don't know the full horror of it. I never could be afforded any thing striking until it was going out, so I was always behindhand. Papa used to try and make me believe that I looked well in any thing, the simpler the better; but I knew better than that. I wish, as you're so good, that I had been let know you before."

"Perhaps I couldn't have helped you before, Kate."

"Perhaps not, so it doesn't signify. I know you now, and I'm only twenty, so I have plenty of time before me."

"For what, Kate?"

"For 'fulfilling my destiny;' isn't that the slang expression people use for marrying, and having children? I wonder you haven't married, Aunt Laura."

"I think I will tell you why I haven't," Laura said, half to herself, half to her niece; but even as she made up her mind to do it a fear assailed her that Kate would not understand the motives that had actuated Captain Meredith, and the love that had kept her constant to him.

"I think I should like to hear your story," Kate said, languidly, placing herself as she spoke in the depths of a softly cushioned sofa. "Don't introduce any irrelevant matter please, Aunt Laura, or I shall forget who's who."

"I think you are forgetting that already," Laura said, coldly. She did not desire to live on other than terms of perfect equality with her niece; but she certainly had no intention of quietly suffering her niece to assume airs of superiority over her. So she said that she thought Kate was forgetting who was who already, and then felt nervously fearful lest Kate should feel crushed.

But Kate was apparently quite unconscious of the rebuke conveyed so mildly.

"I assure you I'm all attention and comprehension," she said, laughing. "Now, dear Aunt Laura, confide in me and I will give you my advice," she said, saucily. And then Laura related that little experience of hers with regard to Captain Meredith.

"And so you have waited for each other for three years. And now you'll reward him with your hand and your fortune. Is he nice?"

"That is no word for him. Oh, Kate! I can't tell you what a good, dear fellow he is. I fell in love with his handsome face first, I acknowledge, but I soon got to think only of his cleverness and goodness—"

"Dear me! I should never fall in love with a man's goodness," Kate interrupted; "it's such an abstract thing. Is he good style?"

"Of course he is," Laura said, scornfully. "Don't I tell you that he belongs to a branch of one of our best and oldest families. He's a thorough gentleman, Kate. He couldn't do a mean thing, or a false thing, or a cruel thing."

"In short, 'he's a darling and a king, my Hugo!'" Kate sang, laughing. "I wonder what he will think of *me*." She rose up on one elbow as she spoke, and held the other hand out to attract Laura's attention. The movement caused her sleeve to fall back, and disclosed an arm so rarely proportioned and colored that the statuesque character of her beauty impressed itself afresh upon her aunt.

"Think of you! He will think you superb, Kate," she said; and Kate smiled and replied:

"But men don't care to have their wives' nieces haunting their houses perpetually, however superb they may be. *We* are too nearly of an age for him to feel that you are bound to be my protectress, though you have been good enough to act as if you thought so. If he doesn't like me for myself, he will feel me to be an intruder."

"He will like you for yourself—of course he will like you for yourself," Laura said, impatiently. "I wish you hadn't raised the question, Kate; you are *my* niece, that will be enough for Guy."

"Notwithstanding, I shall wish him to like me for myself if I am to live in his house," Kate said, quietly, and then there was a pause; and when Laura Ellington spoke, some few minutes afterward, it was on another subject.

The day came at last when Guy Meredith was to come to claim his bride. He had never once in his letters alluded to her grandfather's death, and Laura rightly conjectured that he did not know of it. Her fortune, her position as positive possessor of all the old man's wealth, was unknown to Guy as yet, and Laura loved to think that it was so—loved to feel that it was for herself (only herself) that she was sought. When the hour came for his arrival such a soft, bright flush mounted to her cheek that she looked even younger than her magnificent niece, who was feeling rather bored by all this "fuss and excitement," as she termed it, about the advent of another woman's lover.

He came at last; and Miss Ellington's niece saw in her aunt's future husband "nothing extraordinary," she averred to herself, with some satisfaction. He was a well grown and well set up man, with a soldierly bearing, a gentlemanly address, and a face that would have been handsome if it had not "been bronzed out of all harmony with his light blue eyes," she said. And he saw in her the realization of ev-

ery wild dream of sumptuous beauty which he had ever dreamed. Even as Laura, holding him proudly by the hand, introduced him to her niece in the words, "This is the Guy Meredith I have told you of, Kate; he is going to be my husband"—even as she said these words with such an intensity of affection and pride and trust in him, he felt his heart beat more quickly as he met the violet eyes of the one who was gifted with such beauty and grace as might have been hers who tempted Launcelot from his knightly allegiance, and wrought the ruin of the round table.

Their paths apparently lay smoothly before them. He had but to renew his offer in order to be accepted; and when he had renewed it, justifying it by the assertion that now he could maintain her as she ought to be maintained, she told him of the old man's death and her own riches. "I am glad you did not know any of this before you came back to me, my own true Guy," she said; "it is such a joy to me to be able to tell you that all this is *mine*, and that all that's mine is thine from this day forth!" She spoke these words very joyously, and it crushed her spirits rather when he replied, despondingly:

"I wish to Heaven your grandfather had acceded to our moderate wishes and enabled us to marry three years ago. A little then would have made us happier than—" He paused abruptly, and she asked, anxiously,

"'Than' what, Guy?"

"Than the delay has made us," he answered, confusedly.

"Delay has not been dangerous in our case," she said, fondly. "Guy, these three past years seem as nothing now I see you again; and I do rejoice in my wealth and in the power it gives us for your sake."

He took her hand and kissed it almost humbly. "You good, true woman," he said, in a low voice; "I will do my best to make you feel that delay has not been dangerous in our case."

"How strangely you speak, Guy!" she said. "Why, delay has been our friend—has aggrandized you and enriched me; and I am not less pretty, less graceful, less lovable, than I was three years ago—am I?" she added, anxiously.

He took her in his arms then and kissed her, assuring her, passionately, that she was more than all these things; but still something in his tones rang untrue, although his words were kind.

And while he was embracing and reassuring her the beautiful niece who was dependent on Miss Ellington came into the room, and looked with grandly wondering eyes upon the scene.

"I am sure I beg your pardon," she said; "but really I had no idea I should intrude upon any thing so poetical as the embrace of a pair of reunited lovers. Captain Meredith will be longer according me his forgiveness than you will be, Aunt Laura. I see it in his eyes."

"Indeed you read their language wrongly," he said, warmly; and Kate shrugged her handsome shoulders as she answered:

"*You'll* think me beneath anger when you hear my mission." Then she turned to Miss Ellington and put out her hands with a pity-imploring gesture. "They say beggars mustn't be choosers; but don't condemn me to that odious tea-green suit which Mrs. Bertrand says she had express orders from you to make for me."

"Oh, Kate, I thought it lovely!" Laura said, eagerly.

"Did you so? Well, I pity your taste, and resign myself," Kate said, looking through her lashes.

"Don't keep it if you dislike it," Miss Ellington said, in a slightly offended tone. The costume under discussion had cost her much care and thought. It was new in color and rich in material, and was well suited to display the peculiar beauty and brilliancy of her beautiful and brilliant niece. It struck Miss Ellington as hard, rather, that Kate should elect to make herself out aggrieved, even in such a minor matter as this, before Captain Meredith.

"What did your niece mean by saying beggars mustn't be choosers?" he asked, rather constrainedly, of Laura a little later.

"Don't call her my niece in that hesitating way, Guy."

"What shall I call her? *you* are Miss Ellington."

"Call her Kate."

"That sounds too familiar."

"Please don't stand upon the order of your speech to her; she will think you dislike her if you are stiff."

"Dislike her," he repeated, in an impassioned tone; "she's not a creature to call forth that faculty. How lovely she is, to be sure!" he added, enthusiastically. Then he bent down and kissed Laura's hand, which she had put out to him when she had made her protest against the exceeding formality of his mention of her niece—bent down and kissed it. Kissed it tenderly; but still not as he would have kissed it three years ago, she felt.

It was not well with any one of those three, seemingly, that night. A pang of doubt—of doubt which she could not dissolve, could not analyze even—had assailed Laura. It seemed to her that a change had come over Guy—her once ardent-hearted, noble-souled lover. But in what this change consisted it was impossible to say. He was almost the same, but not quite the same; and how one hates the almost, under such circumstances.

And a more horrible pang than even this doubt had assailed Guy Meredith. Laura distrusted something vague; but he distrusted a more dangerous tangibility. He distrusted that dreadfully beautiful niece's power over him—the affianced of her aunt. He knew that his heart was revolting already against the allegiance he had voluntarily vowed. He knew himself failing, in fact—failing in all those qualities of honor and constancy and consistency on which he had once prided himself. He knew himself bewitched—hopelessly and fool-

ishly bewitched by the graciously beautiful siren, who on the surface was so oblivious of him and of his adoration.

But oblivious only on the surface. In the heart which throbbed under that grandly modeled chest she had planned many a pretty artifice, many a winning wile. And that which she had cleverly planned she had fairly executed. Before he had been thrown in contact with her a month, he had learned to look with admiring interest on every fresh phase of her splendid caprice. She was by turns indifferent and careless to him and to every one else, and carefully charming. He hardly knew which manner beseemed her best, which grace of hers was more dazzling to him. It was a very fiery furnace this, through which the gallant young officer was passing, and he got most horribly singed in the ordeal.

As for Kate, she was "only fulfilling her destiny," she told herself, reassuringly. Her father had been unjustly treated—robbed of his birth-right by the very man who had enriched her aunt. It was only poetical justice, if in turn she took to herself something that was of value to that aunt. Only poetical justice, even if she squandered it.

So she reasoned; so in pity for her womanliness let us believe she felt. At any rate she did not hold her hand. At any rate she did not indulge herself with the luxury of being merciful. If it was fine to spare, it was also fine to spoil. "Let those take who have the power, and let those keep who can," she said, with one of the prettiest waves of her pretty head. And at the time she said it she felt tolerably certain that she had the power to take, and that "Aunt Laura" had not the power to keep.

"Oh! the dalliance and the wit! the flattery and the strife!" That period was so full of all these elements to the trio with whom these annals have to deal. It came to an end at length; and the end came in this way:

The wedding-day was fixed—the wedding-day which was to see consummated that long-tried fealty and love which had been between Laura Ellington and Guy Meredith. And as soon as it was fixed, anxious heed was taken of it, and all and sundry were on their mettle to do it honor. Into the midst of the festal strain of preparation there came this passing discord: Kate would not be the bridemaid of her aunt! Kate was determined to seek another home!

The announcement of this intention came upon Miss Ellington like a thunder-clap. When? why? what did it portend? It had all along been understood that Kate should live with them. She looked at her lover for his indorsement of this expression, and she read only blank dismay in his face. "I do not wish to part with her," she said. "I owe something to my brother's child—something that we will both strive to repay; won't we, Guy?"

"Don't ask me—don't ask me, for Heaven's sake."

"Why not? Oh, Guy, what is this that has come upon you, making you doubt if my niece can be your niece too?" The woman who was still young asked this question, with a wild fear upon her of the younger, more attractive woman. A fear that she hoped and prayed might be assuaged in his answer; and this is how he answered her:

"Oh, Laura, I said truly enough that delays are dangerous; we have delayed overlong. My heart is less worthy of you, being less wholly yours than when I parted from you."

"But the delay was none of my making," she cried.

"Nor was it of my making; it was of fortune's making. We were parted because—because it was expedient we should part; and now we must rue the fruits of such expediency. Three years ago I could have withstood Venus herself, if you had been the price of withstanding; but now, Kate's beauty has gone into my soul, and I love her, Laura."

He said the last words in so contrite a tone that she dared not have blamed him, even if her pride would have let her do so.

"Be it so," she said. "Substitute 'Kate' for 'Laura' Ellington, and let all be the same, if she agrees."

"I dare not ask her," he said, passionately. "What am I made of, do you think, that I could dare to offer her a heart that has been laid at another woman's shrine?"

"How you love her!" she said, bitterly.

"Ay, how I love her!" he responded, with equal bitterness; "and how lightly my love will weigh with her! She will despise me for my looseness of purpose—for the very weakness which has made me her slave. When I shall be simply your left-off lover, Heaven help me!"

"And Heaven help *her* to bear the hearing that her scorn is your worst grief!" Laura said, in a low voice. "We must be clear from this point—we must understand each other, however *she* may misconstrue your exalted motives. If money can smooth your path to a marriage with my niece, it shall be smooth."

"Laura! why didn't you marry me three years ago?"

"Why! do you ask why? Could I force you to the altar against your prudent convictions? Ah, Guy, there are some things better worth having than silver and gold. I have these, and I have nothing else. Three years ago I would have followed you blindly through all the world, like the wakened beauty in the 'Day Dream;' but you were overwise, and this is the result."

She bent down her head and sobbed; but when he came near to comfort her she shrank away.

"No; all that is over," she said; "Kate has won you—"

"Against my will," he interrupted.

"Yes; against your will, against your judgment, against your taste. I know all that,"

she cried, impetuously; "still she has won you, and if you find that you can win her, you shall have a richly endowed bride."

They parted then very mournfully, as friends.

The day that had been fixed for the wedding-day arrived; and Kate—on whom the conviction had dawned that there was a screw loose between her aunt and her aunt's betrothed—sat biding the issue of it in a white morning gown that could easily be displaced for the more elaborate bridal array. Suddenly, upon her seclusion, Laura Ellington, the bride-elect, broke, and Kate, looking up languidly, asked—

"Isn't Captain Meredith rather late?"

"He is here waiting for you," was the answer.

"For me!" Kate said, the remembrance of all her little machinations causing a blush to come into her cheeks.

"Yes, for you—the man who was to have been my husband waiting for you to go to the altar with him," Laura Ellington pursued, excitedly. "I am only three or four years older than you, Kate; yet your life begins to-day, and mine ends. Will you marry him?"

"Me! Aunt Laura, what bad taste!" The girl, who had harmonious instincts in spite of her inherent coquetry, sprang to her feet as she spoke.

"Yes, you. This house, the country place—all my property—shall be yours as soon as you are his wife."

"*His* wife! Captain Meredith's wife! *You* are to be that, Aunt Laura."

"I was to have been; but—ah! this has been play to you, but worse than death to me," the poor, heart-sore woman cried. "He loved me, and was prudent; and when the reign of prudence was over, he was false. Oh! Kate! Kate! am I mad?"

Her niece could not answer her question. The winning of Captain Meredith's heart, and the undermining of Captain Meredith's honor, had been a very pleasant pastime to this young lady; but she had not contemplated any thing so serious as this. She did not want to marry Guy Meredith herself. "It is impossible to marry all the men who love one, you know," she argued coolly, when he asked her to do so. Besides, wider fields were open to her, for Laura Ellington executed a deed of gift, whereby her niece became possessed of all her wealth. And shortly afterward, that last frantic appeal of Laura—"Kate! Kate! am I mad?" was answered tangibly. "Poor Miss Ellington" (people pitied her more than ever now) was removed from her own "luxurious abode" (so the penny-a-liner had it) to the confines of a private lunatic asylum, where she still lives. Always dressed in white, like the bride she believes herself to be; and always stung to frenzy by the suspicion of any thing like a prudential movement, or the sight of a bit of red cloth. The one recalls the conduct, the other the cloth of the lover who left her.

As for him! Kate never rewarded the perfidy she had caused. The beautiful Miss Ellington, possessed of all her aunt's wealth, played for higher stakes than a poor captain in the line, with a temporarily good staff appointment. She married a peer of the realm, who is endowed with a great gift of forbearance—and it may be added that her Aunt Laura is not the only woman she has driven mad.

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A BRAVE LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

With Illustrations.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AS I have said, the battle was ended: but there followed the usual results of victory—of ever so great a victory—picking up the wounded and burying the slain.

Lady de Bougainville had only too much of this melancholy work on hand for some days following her interview with Mr. Summerhayes. A few hours after her fainting-fit, Adrienne rose from bed, and appeared in the household circle just as usual; but for weeks her white face was whiter, and her manner more listless than ever. This love-fancy, begun in the merest childhood, had taken deeper root in her heart than even her mother was aware; and the tearing of it up tore some of the life away with it.

She never blamed any one. "Mamma, you were quite right," she said, the only time the matter was referred to, and then she implored it might never be spoken of again. "Mamma, dearest! I could not have married such a man; I shall not even love him—not for very long. Pray be quite content about me."

But for all that, poor Adrienne grew weak and languid; and the slender hold she ever had on life seemed to slacken day by day. She was always patient, always sweet; but she took very little interest in any thing.

For Sir Edward, he seemed to have forgotten all about Mr. Summerhayes, and the whole affair of his daughter's projected marriage. He became entirely absorbed in his own feelings and sensations, imagining himself a victim to one ailment after another, till his wife never

knew whether to smile or to feel serious anxiety. And that insidious disease which he really had—at least I think he must have had, though nobody gave it a name—was beginning to show itself in lapses of memory so painful, and so evidently involuntary, that no one ever laughed at them now, or said, with sarcastic emphasis, "Papa forgets." Then, too, he had fits of irritability so extreme, mingled with corresponding depression and remorse, that even his wife did not know what to do with him. Nobody else ever attempted to do any thing with him. He was thrown entirely upon her charge, and clung to her with a helpless dependence, engrossing her whole time and thoughts, and being jealous of her paying the slightest attention to any other than himself, even her own children. By this time they had quitted Paris, which he insisted upon doing, and settled temporarily in London: where, between him and Adrienne, who in his weakness though not in his selfishness, so pathetically resembled her father, the wife and mother was completely absorbed—made into a perfect slave.

This annoyed extremely her son César, whose bright healthy youth had little pity for morbid fancies; and who, when he was told of the Summerhayes affair, considered his mother had done quite right, and was furious at the thought of his favorite sister wasting one sigh over "that old humbug." "I'll tell you what, mother—find Adrienne something to do. Depend upon it, nothing keeps people straight like having plenty to do. Let us buy Brierley Hall, and then we will set to work and pull it down and build it up again. Fine amusement that will be—grand occupation for both papa and Adrienne."

Lady de Bougainville laughed at her son's rude boyish way of settling matters, but allowed that there was some common-sense in the plan he suggested. Only it annihilated, perhaps forever, her own dreams about Oldham Court.

"Oh, never mind that," reasoned the light-hearted young fellow: "you shall go back again some day. There are so many of us, some will be sure to want Oldham Court to live at; or you can have it yourself as a dower-house. It is securely ours; we can not get rid of it; Mr. Langhorne tells me it is entailed on the family. Unless, indeed, you should happen to outlive us all, your six children, and—say sixty grandchildren, when you can sell it if you choose, and do what you like with the money."

Laughing at such a ridiculous possibility, Lady de Bougainville patted her son's head, told him he was a great goose, but nevertheless yielded to his reasoning.

In this scheme, when formally consulted—of which formality he was now more tenacious than ever—Sir Edward also condescended to agree; and Adrienne, when told of it, broke into a faint smile at the thought of changing this dreary hotel life for a real country home once more—a beautiful old house with a park and a lake, and a wood full of primroses and violets: for Adrienne was a thorough country girl, who would never be made into a town lady.

So Brierley Hall was bought, and the restorations begun, greatly to the interest of every body, including the invalids, who brightened up day by day. A furnished house was taken in Brierley village, and thither the whole family removed: to be on the spot, they said, so as to watch the progress of their new house, the rebuilding of which, César declared, was as exciting as the re-establishment of an empire. True, this had not been done on the grand scale which his youthful ambition planned, for his wiser mother preferred leaving the fine old exterior walls intact, and only remodeling the interior of the mansion. But still it was an entirely new home, and in a new neighborhood, where not a soul knew any thing of them, nor did they know a single soul.

This fact had its advantages, as Josephine, half pleasurably, half painfully, recognized. It was a relief to her to dwell among strangers, and in places to which was attached not one sad memory—like that spot which some old poet sings of, where

> "No sod in all the island green,
> Has opened for a grave."

"This is capital!" César would say, when he and his mother took their confidential stroll under the great elm avenue, or down the ivy walk, after having spent hours in watching the proceedings of masons and carpenters, painters and paper-hangers. "I think rebuilding a house is as grand as founding a family—which I mean to do."

"Re-found it, as we are doing here," corrected the mother with a smile, for her son was growing out of her own conservative principles; he belonged to the new generation, and delighted in every thing modern and fresh. They often had sharp, merry battles together, in which she sometimes succumbed; as many a strong-minded mother will do to an eldest and favorite son, and rather enjoy her defeat.

César was very much at home this year, both because it was an interregnum between his college life and his choice of a profession, which still hung doubtful, and because his mother was glad to have him about her, supplying the need tacitly felt of "a man in the house"—instead of a fidgety and vacillating hypochondriac. No one gave this name to Sir Edward, but all his family understood the facts of the case, and acted upon them. It was impossible to do otherwise. He was quite incapable of governing, and therefore was silently and respectfully deposed.

Nevertheless, by the strong influence of his ever-watchful guardian, his wife, the sacred veil of sickness was gradually dropped over all his imperfections; and though he was little consulted or allowed to be troubled with any thing, his comfort was made the first law of the household, and every thing done for the amuse-

ment and gratification of "poor papa." With which arrangement papa was quite satisfied; and, though he never did any thing, doubtless considered himself as the central sun of the whole establishment: that is, if he ever thought about it at all, or about any thing beyond himself. It was as difficult to draw the line where his selfishness ended and his real incapacity began, as it is in some men to decide what is madness and what actual badness. Some psychologists have started the comfortable but rather dangerous theory, that all badness must be madness. God knows! Meantime, may He keep us all, or one day make us, sane and sound!

This condition of the nominal head of the household was a certain drawback when the neighbors began to call; and, as was natural, all the county opened its arms to Sir Edward and Lady de Bougainville and their charming family. For charming they were at once pronounced to be, and with reason. Though little was known of them beyond the obvious facts of a title, a fortune, and the tales whispered about by their servants of how they had just come from Paris, where they had mingled in aristocratic and even royal circles, still this was enough. And the sight of them, at church, and elsewhere, confirmed every favorable impression. They were soon invited out in all directions, and courted to an extent that even Sir Edward might have been content with, in the neighborhood which they had selected as their future home.

But, strange to say, Sir Edward's thirst for society had now entirely ceased. He considered it an intolerable bore to be asked out to dinner; and when he did go, generally sat silent, or made himself as disagreeable as he had once been agreeable in company. The simple law of good-manners—that a man may stay at home if he chooses, but if he does go out, he ought to make himself as pleasant as he can—was not recognized by poor Sir Edward. Nor would he have guests at his own house; it was too troublesome, he said, and he was sure nobody ever came to see him, but only to see the young people and their mother. He was not going to put himself out in order to entertain their visitors. So it came to pass, that in this large establishment the family were soon afraid even of asking an accidental friend to dinner.

But over these and other vagaries of her master, which old Bridget used to tell me of, let me keep silence—the tender silence which Lady de Bougainville scrupulously kept whenever she referred to this period of her life, externally so rich, so prosperous, so happy. And, I believe, looked back upon from the distance of years, she herself felt it to have been so.

I think the same. I do not wish her to be pitied overmuch, as if her life had been one long tragedy; for that was not true; no lives are. They are generally a mixture of tragedy and comedy, ups and downs, risings and fallings as upon sea-waves, or else a brief space of sailing with the current over smooth sunshiny waters, as just now this family were sailing. A gay, happy young family; for even Adrienne began to lift up her head like a snowdrop after frost, and go now and then to a dance or an archery meeting: while at the same time she was steadily constant to the occupations she liked best—walking, basket-laden, to the cottages about Brierley, wherever there was any body sick, or poor, or old; teaching in the Sunday-school; and being on the friendliest terms with every child in the parish. Some of these, become grown-up fathers and mothers, had cherished, I found, such a tender recollection of her—her mild, pale face, and her sweet ways—that there are now in Brierley several little girls called "Addy," or "Adorine," which was their parents' corruption of the quaint foreign name after which they had been christened, the name of Miss de Bougainville.

Looking at her, her mother gradually became content. There are worse things than an unfortunate love—a miserable marriage, for instance. And with plenty of money, plenty of time, and a moderate amount of health (not much, alas! for Adrienne's winter cough always returned), an unmarried woman can fill up many a small blank in others' lives, and, when she dies, leave a wide blank for that hitherto unnoticed life of her own.

They must, on the whole, have led a merry existence, and been a goodly sight to see, these young De Bougainvilles, during the two years that Sir Edward was restoring Brierley Hall. When they walked into church, filling the musty old pew with a perfect gush of youth and bloom, hearty boyhood and beautiful girlhood; or when in a battalion, half horse, half foot, they attended archery parties, and cricket meetings, and picnics, creating quite a sensation, and reviving all the gayety of the county—their mother must have been exceedingly proud of them.

"Only three of us at a time, please," she would answer, in amused deprecation, to the heaps of invitations which came for dinners, and dances, and what not. "We shall overrun you like the Goths and Vandals, we are so many."

"We are so many!" Ah! poor fond mother, planning room after room in her large house, and sometimes fearing that Brierley Hall itself would not be big enough to contain her children. "So many!" Well, they are again the same number now.

By the time the Hall was finished, the De Bougainvilles had fairly established their position as one of the most attractive and popular families in the neighborhood. The young people were pronounced delightful; the mother in her beautiful middle-age was almost as young as any of them, always ready to share in and advance the amusements of her children, and keep them from feeling their father's condition as any cloud upon themselves. She stood a constant and safe barrier between him and

them;—a steady wall; with sunshine on the one side and shade on the other, but which never betrayed the mystery of either. Many a time, after a sleepless night or a weary day, she would quit her husband for an hour or two, and come down among her children with the brightest face possible, ready to hear of all their pleasures, share in their interests, and be courteous and cordial to their new friends; who, young and old, were loud in admiration of Lady de Bougainville. Also, so well did she maintain his dignity, and shield his peculiarities by wise excuses, that every body was exceedingly civil, and even sympathetic, to Sir Edward. He might have enjoyed his once favorite amusement of dining out every day, had he chosen; but he seldom did choose, and shut himself up from society almost entirely.

At length the long-deserted mansion was an inhabited house once more. Light, merry feet ran up and down the noble staircase; voices, singing and calling, were heard in and out of the Hall; and every evening there was laughter, and chatter, and music without end in the tapestry-room, which the young De Bougainvilles preferred to any other. It was "so funny," they said; and when a house-warming was proposed, a grand ball, to requite the innumerable hospitalities the family had received since they came to the neighborhood, César, and Louis too—so far as Louis condescended to such mundane things, being a student and a youth of poetical mind—insisted that the dancing should take place there.

"It would be grand," said they, "to see these ghostly gentlemen and ladies looking down upon us flesh and blood creatures, so full of fun, and enjoying life so much. Mamma, you must manage it for us. You can persuade papa to any thing—persuade him to let us have a ball."

She promised, but doubtfully, and the question long hung in the balance, until some accidental caller happened to suggest to Sir Edward that with his rank and fortune he ought to take the lead in society, and give entertainments that would outshine the whole county. So one day he turned suddenly round, not only gave his consent to the ball, but desired that it might be given in the greatest splendor, and with no sparing of expense, so that the house-warming at Brierley Hall might be talked of for years in the neighborhood. It was.

"Now, really, papa has been very good in this matter," said César, rather remorsefully, to his sister, as they stood watching him creep from room to room, leaning on his wife's arm, and taking a momentary pleasure in the inspection of the preparations in ball-room and supper-room. The young folks had now grown so used to their father's self-engrossed valetudinarianism that they took little notice of him, except to pay him all respect when he did appear among them, and get out of his way as soon as they could. As ever, he was the "wet blanket" upon all their gayety—the cloud in their sunshiny young lives. But now he could not help this; once he could.

It was astonishing how little these young people saw of their father, especially after he came to Brierley Hall. He had his own apartments, in which he spent most of his time, rarely joining the family circle except at meals. His children's company he never sought; they knew scarcely any thing of him and his ways, and their mother was satisfied that it should be so. The secrets of the life to which she had once voluntarily linked her own, and with which she had traveled on, easily or hardly, these many years, were known to her, and her alone. Best so. Though she was constantly with him, and her whole thought seemed to be to minister to his comforts and contribute to his amusement, it was curious how little she ever talked to her children about their father.

The day of the ball arrived. One or two persons yet living, relics of the families then belonging to the neighborhood, have told me of it, and how splendid it was—finer than any entertainment of the kind ever remembered about Brierley. Though it was winter time, and the snow lay thick upon the ground, people came to it for fifteen miles round—the grand people of the county. As for the poor people—Miss de Bougainville's poor—they were taken by herself beforehand to see the beautiful sight, the supper-room glittering with crystal and plate, and the decorated ball-room, which was really the tapestry-room, both on account of César's wish, and because Sir Edward thought, as a small flight of stairs alone divided it from his bedroom, he would be able to go in and out and watch the dancers, retiring when he pleased. He had declined appearing at supper, which would be far too much trouble; but he was gratified by the handsome appearance of every thing, and in so bland a mood that he consented to his wife's desire that there should be next day a second dance in the servants' hall, where their humbler neighbors might enjoy the remnants of the feast. And as she arranged all this, Lady de Bougainville felt in her heart that it was good to be rich—good to have power in her hands, so as to be able to make her children and her friends happy—to spread for them a merry, hospitable feast, and yet have enough left to fill many a basket of fragments for the poor.

"When your father and I are gone," she said to César—after telling him what he was to do as the young host of the evening—"when we have slipped away and you reign here in our stead, don't ever forget the poor; we were poor ourselves once."

No one would have thought it who saw her now, moving about her large house, and governing it with a wise liberality. All her petty, pathetic economies had long ceased; she dressed well, kept her house well, and spared no reasonable luxury to either herself or her children. She took pleasure in this, the first large hospitality she had ever exercised—al-

most as much pleasure as her children; until, just at the last moment, a cloud was cast over their mirth by Sir Edward's taking offense at some trifle, becoming extremely irritable, and declaring he would not appear at night at all—they might manage things all themselves, and enjoy themselves without him, as they were in the habit of doing. And he shut himself, and his wife too, in his own room, whence she did not emerge till quite late in the day.

"It is very vexing, certainly," she owned to César, who was lying in wait for her as she came out; "but we must let him have his own way. Poor papa!"

And after her boy left her—for he was too angry to say much—Josephine stood for a minute at the window of the ante-room which divided her room from that of the girls, who were all dressing and laughing together. Once or twice she sighed, and looked out wistfully on the clear moonlight shining on the snow. Was she tired of this world, with all its vanities and vexations of spirit? Or was her soul, which had learned much of late, full only of pity, and a certain remorseful sorrow that there should be nothing else but pity left, for the man who had been her husband all these years? I know not; I can not sufficiently put myself in her place to comprehend what her feelings must have been. But whatever they were she kept them to herself, and went with a smiling face into her daughters' chambers.

There were two, one for the younger girls—a quaint apartment, hung with Chinese paper, covered over with quaint birds, and fishes, and flowers; and another, the cheerfulest in the house, where the fire-light shone upon crimson curtains and a pretty French bed, and left in shadow the grim worn face of John the Baptist over the fire-place; I know the room. There Bridget stood brushing the lovely curls of Miss Adrienne, for whom her mother had carefully chosen a ball-dress, enveloping her defective figure in clouds of white gauze, and putting tender blush roses—real sweet-scented hot-house roses—in her bosom and her hair; so that for once poor fragile Adrienne looked absolutely pretty. For the two others, Gabrielle and Catherine, they looked pretty in any thing. If I remember right Bridget told me they wore this night white muslin—the loveliest dress for any young girl—with red camellias in their bosoms, and I think ivy in their hair. Something real, I know it was, for their mother had a dislike to artificial flowers as ornaments.

She dressed, first her daughters and then herself; wearing her favorite black velvet, and looking the handsomest of them all. She walked round her beautiful rooms, glittering with wax-lights, and tried to put on a cheerful countenance.

"It is a great pity of course, papa's taking this fancy; but we must frame some excuse for him, and not fret about it. Let us make ourselves and every body about us as cheerful as we can."

"Yes, mamma," said Adrienne, whose slightly pensive but not unhappy face showed that, somehow or other, she too had already learned that lesson.

"Mamma," cried César and Louis together, "you are a wonderful woman!"

Whether wonderful or not, she was the woman that God made her and meant her to be; nor had she wasted the gifts, such as they were. When, in years long after, her children's fond tongues being silent, others ventured to praise her, this was the only thing to which Lady de Bougainville would ever own. "I did my best," she would answer—her sweet, dim old eyes growing dreamy, as if looking back calmly upon that long tract of time—"Yes, I believe I did my best."

Most country balls are much alike; so there is no need minutely to describe this one. Its most noticeable feature was the hostess and her children, who were, every body agreed—and the circumstance was remembered for years—"quite a picture;" so seldom was it that a lady, still young-looking enough to have passed for her eldest son's sister instead of his mother, should be surrounded by so goodly a family, descending, step by step, to the youngest child, with apparently not a single break or loss.

"You are a very fortunate and a very happy woman," said to her one of her neighbors, who had lost much—husband, child, and worldly wealth.

"Thank God, yes!" answered gently Lady de Bougainville.

Every body of course regretted Sir Edward's absence and his "indisposition," which was the reason assigned for it; though perhaps he was not so grievously missed as he would have liked to be. But every body seemed wishful to cheer the hostess by double attentions, and congratulations on the admirable way in which her son César supplied his father's place. And, after supper, the rector of Brierley, who was also the oldest inhabitant there, made a pretty little speech, giving the health of their absent host, and expressing the general satisfaction at Sir Edward's taking up his residence in the neighborhood, and the hope that the De Bougainvilles of Brierley Hall might become an important family in the county for many generations.

After supper the young folks began dancing again, and the old folks looked on, sitting round the room or standing in the doorway. Lady de Bougainville looked on too, glancing sometimes from the brilliantly lighted crowd of moving figures to that other crowd of figures on the tapestried wall, so silent and shadowy. How lifelike was the one—how phantom-like the other! Who would ever have thought they would one day have changed places: those all vanished, and these remained?

It was toward one o'clock in the morning that a thing happened which made this ball an event never forgotten in the neighborhood while the generation that was present at it sur-

vived. Not only Bridget, but several extraneous spectators, have described the scene to me as one of the most startling and painful that it was possible to witness.

The gayety was at its climax: cheered by their good supper, the dancers were dancing and the musicians were playing their very best: all but a few guests, courteously waited for by César and Adrienne, had returned to the ball-room; and Lady de Bougainville, supplying her elder children's place, was moving brightly hither and thither, smiling pleasantly on the smiling crowd.

Suddenly a door was half opened—the door at the further end leading by a short staircase to Lady de Bougainville's bedchamber. Some of the dancers shut it; but in a minute more it was again stealthily set ajar, and a face peered out—a weird white face, with long black hair hanging from under a white tasseled night-cap. It was followed by a figure, thin and spare, wrapped in a white flannel dressing-gown. The unstockinged feet were thrust into slippers, and a cambric handkerchief strongly perfumed was flourished in the sickly-looking hands. Such an apparition, half sad, half ludicrous, was never before seen in a ball-room.

At first it was only perceived by those nearest the door, and they did not recognize it until somebody whispered "Sir Edward." "He's drunk, surely," was the next suggestion; and one or two gentlemen spoke to him and tried to lure him back out of the room.

No, he was not drunk; whatever his failings, intemperance had never been among them. It was something far worse, if worse be possible. The few who addressed him, and met in return the vacant stare of that wild wandering eye, saw at once that it was an eye out of which the light of reason had departed, either temporarily or forever.

The well-meant efforts to get him out of the room proved fruitless. He broke away with a look of terror from the hands which detained him, and began to dart in and out among the dancers like a hunted creature. Girls screamed—the quadrille was interrupted—the music stopped—and in the sudden lull of silence, Lady de Bougainville, standing talking at the further end of the room, heard a shrill voice calling her.

"Josephine! Josephine! Where is my wife? Somebody has taken away my wife!"

Whether she had in some dim way foreboded a similar catastrophe, and so when it came was partially prepared for it, or whether the vital necessity of the moment compelled her into almost miraculous self-control, I can not tell; but the testimony of all who were present at that dreadful scene declares that Lady de Bougainville's conduct throughout it was something wonderful: even when, catching sight of her through the throng, the poor demented figure rushed up to her, and, as if flying there for refuge, clung with both arms about her neck.

"Josephine, save me! These people are hunting me down; I know they are. Dear wife, save me!"

She soothed him with quiet words, very quiet, though they came out of lips blanched dead-white. But she never lost her self-command for a moment. Taking no notice of any body else—and indeed the guests instinctively shrunk back, leaving her and him together—she tried to draw her husband out of the room; but he violently resisted. Not until she said imperatively, "Edward, you *must* come!" did he allow her to lead him, by slow degrees, through the ball-room, to the door by which he had entered it.

It was a piteous sight—a dreadful sight. There was not even the sublimity of madness about it: no noble mind overthrown, no

"Sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh."

Sir Edward's condition was that of mere fatuity—a weak soul sinking gradually into premature senility. And the way in which his wife, so far from being startled and paralyzed by it, seemed quite accustomed to his state, and understanding how to manage it, betrayed a secret more terrible still, which had never before been suspected by her guests and good neighbors. They all looked at one another, and then at her, with eyes of half-frightened compassion, but not one of them attempted to interfere.

She stood a minute—she, the tall, stately woman, with her diamonds flashing and her velvet gown trailing behind her, and that forlorn, tottering figure clinging to her arm—and, casting a look of mute appeal to those nearest her, whispered: "Don't alarm my children, please. Take no notice—let the dancing go on as before;" and was slipping out of sight with her husband, when Sir Edward suddenly stopped.

"Wait a minute, my dear," said he. A new whim seemed to strike him; he threw himself into an attitude, wrapping the folds of his dressing-gown about him something like a clergyman's gown, and flourishing his white pocket-handkerchief with an air of elegant ease quite ghastly to witness.

"Ladies and gentlemen—no, I mean my dear friends and brethren—you see my wife, a lady I am exceedingly proud of; she comes of very high family, and has been the best and kindest wife to me." The sentence was begun *ore rotundo*, in a strained, oratorical, pulpit tone, gradually dwindling down almost to a whine.

"She is very kind to me still," he resumed, but querulously and petulantly, like a complaining child. "Only she worries me sometimes; she makes me eat my dinner when I don't want it; and, would you believe it?"—breaking into a silly kind of laugh—"she won't let me catch flies! Not that there are many flies left to catch—it is winter now. I saw the snow lying on the ground, and I am so cold. Wrap me up, Josephine; I am so very cold!"

Shivering, the poor creature clung to her

once more, continuing his grumblings, which had dropped down to a mere mutter, quite unintelligible to those around. They shrunk away still further, with a mixture of awe and pity, while his wife half drew, half carried him up the few stairs that led to his bedroom door. It closed upon the two; and from that hour until the day when they were invited to his funeral, none of his neighbors, nor indeed any one out of his own immediate family, ever saw any more of poor Sir Edward de Bougainville.

And they heard very little either. The Brierley doctor, whom some one had sent for, came immediately, was admitted just as a matter of form, reported that the patient was asleep, but really seemed to know little or nothing about his illness. Nor did the sick man's own children, to whom every body, of course, spoke delicately and with caution during the brief interval that elapsed before the ball broke up and the guests dispersed. They were very kindly and considerate guests—would have done any thing in the world for their hostess and her family; but the case seemed one in which nobody could do any thing. So, after a while, the last carriage rolled away; César, left sole representative of the hospitality of the family, saw the visitors depart with due attention and many apologies, but as few explanations as could possibly be made. He was his mother's own son already, both for reticence and self-control.

When the house was quiet, he insisted upon all the servants and children going to bed; but he and Adrienne, who had at first terribly broken down, and afterward recovered herself, spent the remainder of the night—the chilly winter night—sitting on the little stair outside their parents' door.

Once or twice the mother came out to them, and insisted on their retiring to rest.

"Papa is fast asleep still—he may sleep till morning—he often does. Indeed, I am quite used to this, it never alarms me. Don't vex your dear hearts about me, my children," she added, breaking into a faint smile as she stooped over them and patted their hair. "You are too young for sorrow. It will come in God's own time to you all."

So said she, with a sigh; mourning over the possible chance of her children's lives being as hard as her own, nor knowing how vain was the lamentation. Still, her feeling on this point was so strong and immovable, that, say what they would, nothing could induce her to let either son or daughter share her forlorn watch; both then and afterward she firmly resisted all attempts of the kind. I fancy, besides the reason she gave, there were others equally strong—a pathetic kind of shame lest other eyes than her own should see the wreck her husband had become, and a wish to keep up to the last, above all before her children, some shadowy image of him in his best self, by which, and not by the reality, he might be remembered after he was gone.

The end, however, was by no means at hand, and she knew it, or at least had good reason for believing so. The most painful thing about Sir Edward's illness was that the weaker his mind became the stronger his body seemed to grow. Mr. Oldham's state had been pitiable enough, Josephine once thought, but here was the reasoning brain, not merely imprisoned, but slowly decaying within its bodily habitation, the mere physical qualities long outlasting—and God only knew how many years they might outlast—the mental ones; for Sir Edward was still in the middle of life. When she looked into futurity Josephine shivered; and horrible though the thought was to enter her mind, still it did enter, when he suffered very much—that the heart-disease of which Dr. Waters had warned her, and against which she had ever since been constantly on her guard, might after all be less a terror than a mercy.

He did suffer very much at times, poor Sir Edward! There were at intervals many fluctuations, in which he was pathetically conscious of his own state, and to what it tended; nay, even, in a dim way, of the burden he was, and was likely to become, to every body. And he had an exceeding fear of death and dying—a terror so great that he could not bear the words spoken in his presence. In his daily drives with his wife—often with the carriage-blinds down, for he could not endure the light, or the sight of chance people—nothing would induce him to pass Ditchley church-yard.

"It is very strange," Josephine would say to Bridget, who now, as ever, either knew or guessed more than any one her mistress's cares. "He is so afraid of dying; when I feel so tired!—so tired!—when I would so gladly lay me down to rest, if it were not for my children. I must try to live a little longer, if only for my children."

But yet, Bridget told me, she saw day by day Lady de Bougainville slowly altering under the weight of her anxieties, growing wasted, and old, and pale, with constant confinement to the one room, out of which Sir Edward would scarcely let her stir by night or by day. Seldom did she get an hour's refreshing talk with her children, who were so entirely left to themselves in that large empty house, where of course no visitors were now possible. It would have been a dull house to them, with all its grandeur, had they not been, by all accounts, such remarkably bright young people, inheriting all the French liveliness and Irish versatility, based upon that solid ground-work of conscientiousness which their mother had implanted in them, implanted in her by the centuries' old motto of her race, "Fais ce que tu dois, advienne que pourra."

And so when that happened which she must have long foreseen, and Sir Edward fell into this state, she and they still did the best they could, and especially for one another. The children kept the house cheerful; the mother hid her heaviest cares within the boundary of that sad room. Oh, if rooms could tell their



WAITING ON THE STAIR.

history, what a tale to be told there! And when she did cross its threshold, it was with a steadfast, smiling countenance, ready to share in any relaxation that her good children never failed to have ready for her. And she took care that all their studies and pursuits should go on just the same, at home and at college, except that César, who had no special call elsewhere, remained at Brierley Hall. She had said to him, one day, "I can't do without *you*; don't leave me;" and her son had answered, with his prompt decision, so like her own, "I never will."

But as the summer advanced, and she felt how dreary the young people's life was becoming, with that brave motherly heart of hers she determined to send some of them away, out of sight and hearing of her own monotonous and hopeless days. For she had no hope; the best physicians, who of course gave their best consideration to the case of so wealthy a man, and so important a member of society (alas, the mockery!) as Sir Edward de Bougainville, could give her none. Cure was impossible; but the slow decay might go on for many years. Nothing was left to her but endurance; the hardest possible lesson to Josephine de Bougainville. She could fight with fate, even yet; but to stand tamely with bound hands and feet, waiting for the advancing tide, like the poor condemned witches of old—it was a horrible trial. Yet this was her lot, and she must bear it. In hers, as in many another life, she needed to be taught by means least expected or desired; had to accept the blessings which she never sought, and lose those which she most prayed for; yet long before the end came, she could say—I have often heard her say—not "I have done my best," but "He has done His best with me, and I know it." And the *knowing* of it was the lesson learned.

But just now it was very hard; and she felt often, as she owned to Bridget, "tired—so tired!" as if all the happiness that existence could offer would not be equivalent to the one blessing of mere rest.

I have said little about Bridget lately; indeed, these latter years she had retired into what was still called the nursery, as a sort of amateur young ladies' maid, occupying no very

prominent position in the family. Her plain looks had grown plainer with age; Sir Edward disliked to see her about the house, and nothing but his wife's strong will and his own weak one could have retained in her place the follower of the family. In the sunshine of prosperity poor Bridget retired into the shade, but whenever a cloud came over the family, her warm Irish heart leaped up to comfort them all; her passionate Irish fidelity kept their secrets from every eye; and her large Irish generosity forgot any little neglect of the past, and flung itself with entire self-devotion into the present. (This little ebullition must be pardoned. I was very fond of Bridget, who stood to me as the type of all that is noble in the Irish character, which is very noble sometimes at its core.)

During this sad summer, Bridget rose to the emergencies of the time. She lightened her mistress's hands as much as possible, becoming a sort of housekeeper, and doing her duties very cleverly, even in so large an establishment as Brierley Hall. For there was no one else to do it; Adrienne was not able; it was as much as Bridget's caution could do to conceal from her mistress a care which would have added heavily to all her other burdens, namely, that things were not quite right with poor Miss Adrienne. Her winter cough lingered still. That gay ball-dress in which she had looked so pretty, proved a fatal splendor; during the long chilly night when she and César had sat at their mother's room door, the cold had pierced in through her bare neck and arms. She scarcely felt it; her mind was full of other things; and when, in the gray dawn, she took out of her bosom the dead hot-house roses gathered by her mother with such care, she little thought, nor did any one think, that underneath them Death himself had crept in and struck her to the heart.

Not a creature suspected this. That strange blindness which sometimes possesses a family which for many years has known neither sickness nor death, hung over them all—even the mother. She was so accustomed to Adrienne's delicacy of health, and to Bridget's invariable cheery comment upon it, "It's the cracked pitcher goes longest to the well," that her eyes detected no great change in the girl. And Adrienne herself said nothing; she was so used to feeling "a little ill," that she took her feebleness quite as a matter of course, and only wished to make it as little of a trouble as possible—above all to her mother, who had so many cares; and she urged with unselfish earnestness a plan Lady de Bougainville arranged, and at last brought about, that the three boys should go with an Oxford tutor on a reading-party to Switzerland for two months.

César resisted it a long time. "I will not leave you, mother. You said I never must."

"I know that, my son, and I want you very much, but I shall want you more by-and-by. This kind of life may last for forty years—years! I can bear it better when I see my children happy. Besides," added she, more lightly, "I could not trust your brothers without you—you grave old fellow! You are the strong-hold of the house. Nevertheless, you must do as your mother bids you a little while longer. Obey her now, my darling, and go."

So César went.

The morning of departure was sunshiny and bright, and the three lads were bright as the day. It was natural—they were so gay, and healthy, and young; their sisters too—to whom they promised heaps of things to be brought home from Switzerland. Adrienne was the only one who wept. She, clinging to César, always her favorite brother, implored him to "take care of himself," and be sure to come home at the two months' end.

"Ay, that I will! Nothing in the world shall stop me for a day," cried he, shaking his long curls—very long hair was the fashion then—and looking like a young fellow bound to conquer fate, and claim from fortune every thing he desired.

"Very well," said his mother, gayly. "Come back on the 1st of October and you'll find us all standing here, just as you leave us. Now be off! Good-by—good-by."

She forced the lads away, with the laugh on her lips and the tears in her eyes. Yet she was not sad—glad rather, to have driven her children safe out of the gloomy atmosphere which she herself had to dwell in, but which could not fail to injure them more or less.

"The young should be happy," she said, half sighing; "and, bless them! these boys will be very happy. What a carriageful of hope it is!"

She watched it drive away, amidst a grand farewell waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and then turned back with her three daughters into the shadows of the quiet house, gulping down a wild spasm at her throat, but still content—quite content. Women that are mothers will understand it all.

CHAPTER XIX.

In this straightforward telling of the history of my dear Lady de Bougainville, I pause, almost with apprehension. I am passing out of the sunshiny day, or the checkered lights and glooms which, viewed from a distance, seem like sunshine, into the dark night—as she had now to pass. The events next to be recorded happened so suddenly, and in such rapid succession, that in the recording of them they seem a mountain of grief too huge for fate to heap at once upon one individual. Yet is it not true to the experience of daily life that sorrows mostly come "in battalions?"

Lady de Bougainville had had many perplexities, many trials, many sore afflictions; but one solemn Angel had always passed by her door without setting his foot there, or taking any treasures thence, except indeed her little

new-born babies. Now, on that glorious August day, he stood behind her, hiding his bright still face with his black wings, on the very threshold of Brierley Hall.

After the boys had departed, Bridget came to her mistress, and hastily, with fewer words than voluble Bridget was wont to use, asked if she might go up to London with the young ladies and their governess for some little pleasuring that had been planned.

"And I'm thinking, my lady, if afterward I might just take Miss Adrienne to see the doctor" (a physician of note who sometimes attended the family). "She's growing thin, and losing her appetite of late: fretting a little, maybe, at losing her brothers. But now they're fairly gone, she'll soon get over it."

"Of course she will," said the mother, smiling; for Bridget spoke so carelessly that even she was deceived. Doubly deceived next day by her daughter's red cheeks and sparkling eyes, caused by the excitement of this brief two-hours' journey.

"You don't look as if you needed any doctor, my child. However, you may go, just to satisfy Bridget. Mind and tell me all he says to you."

But when they came back there was nothing to tell; at least Adrienne reported so: "All the doctor's orders were given to Bridget in the next room; he only patted me on the shoulder, and bade me go home and get strong as fast as ever I could—which I mean to do, mamma; it would be such a trouble to you if I were ill. There's papa calling you! run back to him—quick—quick!"

It happened to be one of Sir Edward's bad days, and not till quite late at night had his faithful nurse—for he would have no other—a chance of leaving him and creeping down stairs for a little rest in the cedar parlor. There she found Bridget waiting for her, as was her frequent habit, with a cup of tea, after all the rest of the household was in bed.

"Thank you!" Josephine said, and no more—for she had no need to keep up a smiling face before her faithful old servant—and she was utterly worn out with the long strain of the day.

Bridget once told me that as she stood beside her mistress that night, and watched her take that cup of tea, she felt as if it were a cup of poison which she herself had poured out for her drinking.

"Now," continued Lady de Bougainville, a little refreshed, "tell me, for I have just ten minutes to spare, what the doctor said about Miss Adrienne. Nothing much, it seems, except telling her to go home and get strong. She will be quite strong soon, then?"

The question was put as if it scarcely needed an affirmative, and Bridget long remembered her mistress's look, and even her attitude, sitting comfortably at ease with her feet on the fender and her gown a little lifted, displaying her dainty silk stockings and black velvet shoes.

"Why don't you answer?" asked she, suddenly looking up. "There is nothing really wrong with the child?"

"There is—a little," said Bridget, cautiously. "I've thought so, my lady, a good while, only I didn't like to tell you. But the doctor said I must. He is coming down to-morrow to speak to you himself."

"To speak to me!"

"It's her lungs, you see; she caught cold in winter, and has coughed ever since. He wants to bring a second doctor down to examine her chest, and I thought you might be frightened, and that I had better—"

Frightened was not the word. In the mother's face was not terror, but a sort of instantaneous stony despair, as if she accepted all, and was surprised at nothing. Then it suddenly changed into fierce, incredulous resistance.

"I abhor doctors. I will not have these men coming down here and meddling with my child: she should never have gone to town. You take too much upon yourself, Bridget, sometimes."

Bridget never answered; the tears were rolling fast down her cheeks, and the sight of them seemed to alarm Lady de Bougainville more than any words.

She held out her hand. "I did not mean to be cross with you. I know I am very cross sometimes, but I have much to bear. Oh, if any thing were to go wrong with my child! But tell me—tell me the whole truth; it is best."

Bridget knew it was best, for the doctor would tell it all, in any case, to-morrow; and his opinion, as expressed to herself, had been so decided as to leave scarcely a loophole of hope. It was the common tale—a neglected cold, which, seizing upon Adrienne's feeble constitution, had ended in consumption so rapid that no remedies were possible: indeed the physician suggested none. To the patient herself he had betrayed nothing, of course, sending her away with that light cheery speech; but to the nurse he had given distinctly and decisively the fiat of doom. Within a few months, perhaps even a few weeks, the tender young life would be ended.

The whole thing was so sudden, so terrible, that even Bridget herself, who had had some hours to grow familiar with it, scarcely believed the words she felt herself bound to speak. No wonder, therefore, that the mother was utterly and fiercely incredulous.

"It is not true! I know it is not true!" she said. "Still something must be done. I will take her abroad at once—ah, no! I can't do that—but you will take her, Bridget. She shall go any where—do any thing—thank God we are so rich!"

"If the riches could save her, poor darling!" broke in Bridget, with a sob. "I never told you how ill she was; she would not let me; she said you had enough to bear. But when

you see how much she suffers daily and may have to suffer, the doctor says—oh, my lady!—you will let the child go."

"I will not!" was the fierce cry. "Any thing but this; oh, any thing but this!"

Josephine had known many sorrows—almost every kind of sorrow except death. True, she had mourned for her lost babies, and for her father; though his decease, happening peacefully at a ripe old age and soon after her own marriage, was scarcely felt at the time as a real loss. But that supreme anguish which sooner or later smites us all, when some one well-beloved goes from us, never to return—leaving behind a deep heart-wound, which closes and heals over in time, yet with a scar in its place forever—this Josephine had never known nor understood till now.

Nor did she now—even though, after the doctors had been there, the truth was forced upon her from the lips of her own child.

"Mamma," whispered Adrienne, one day, when, in the pauses of sharp suffering which often troubled a decay that otherwise would have been as beautiful as that of an autumn leaf, she lay watching her two sisters amusing themselves in her room, from which she seldom stirred now, "Chère maman, I think, after all, Gabrielle will make the best Miss de Bougainville. Hush!" laying her hand on her mother's lips, and then reaching up to kiss them, they had turned so white; "I know all; for I asked Bridget, and she told me. And I am not afraid. You may see I am not afraid."

She was not. Either from her long-confirmed ill health, and perhaps her early disappointment, life had not been so precious to poor little Adrienne as they had thought it was; or else, in that wonderful way in which dying people, though ever so young, grow reconciled to dying, death had ceased to have any terrors for her. Her simple soul looked forward to "heaven," and the new existence there, with the literal faith and confidence of a child; and she talked of her own departure, of where she would like to be buried, and of the flowers that were to be planted over her—"that I may spring up again as daisies and primroses: I was so fond of primroses"—with a composure that sometimes was startling to hear.

"You see, Bridget," she would say, "after I am gone, mamma will not be left forlorn, as if I were her only one. She will still have two daughters, both much cleverer and prettier than I, and her three sons—oh such sons!—to carry down the name to distant generations. I can be the easiest spared of us all."

And in her utter unselfishness, which had been Adrienne's characteristic from birth, she would not have her brothers sent for, or even told of her state, lest it might shorten their enjoyments abroad, and bring them sooner back to a dreary home.

"I can love them all the same," she said; "and I want them to remember me with love, and not in any painful manner. If they just come in time for me to say good-by to them, I should like that—it will do quite well."

Thus, in the quietest and most matter-of-fact way, her sole thought being how she could give least trouble to any body, Adrienne prepared for her solemn change.

Was her mother also prepared? I can not tell. Sometimes Bridget thought she seemed to realize it perfectly, and was driven half frantic by the difficulty she had in getting away from her husband—who remained in much the same state—to her poor child, with whom every moment spent was so precious. Then again, as if in total blindness of the future, she would begin planning, as usual, her girls' winter dresses—her *three* girls; or arranging with eagerness, long beforehand, all the Christmas festivities and Christmas charities which Adrienne was to give to her poor people, who came in dozens to ask after Miss de Bougainville, and brought her little offerings of all sorts without end.

"See what a blessing it is to be rich!" Lady de Bougainville would say. "When I was at Ditchley I used to dread Christmas, because we were so poor we could do nothing for any body: now we can. How we shall enjoy it all!"

Adrienne never contradicted her, and entered into her arrangements as if she herself were certain to share them; but sometimes, when Lady de Bougainville had quitted the room, she would look after her with a sigh, saying, "Poor mamma! poor mamma!"

Yet it would be a mistake to suppose that Adrienne's illness was altogether a miserable time. I think mere sickness—nay, mere death—never is, unless the poor sufferer helps to make it so. By degrees the whole household caught the reflection of Adrienne's wonderful peace and contentment in dying. The leaves that she watched falling and the flowers fading—it happened to be a remarkably beautiful autumn—did not fall and fade in a more sunshiny calm than she.

"I know I shall never 'get up May hill,' as Bridget expresses it; but I may have a few months longer among you all. I should like it, if I didn't trouble you very much."

By which she meant her own sufferings, which were often very severe—more so than any one knew, except Bridget. The nurse with her child, the wife with her husband, throughout all that dreary time, shared and yet concealed one another's cares; and managed somehow to keep cheery, more or less, for the sake of Gabrielle and Catherine, who were now the only bit of sunshine left in Brierley Hall. It began to feel chill and empty; and every one longed for, yet dreaded, the boys' return, when one day, after the bright autumn had turned almost to premature winter, Adrienne drew her mother's face down to hers, over which had come a great and sudden change, and whispered, "Write to my brothers: tell them to come home."

So Lady de Bougainville wrote a letter in which for the first time she broke to her sons

something of the truth, and why, by Adrienne's desire, it had been hitherto concealed from them.

"Come home quick," she wrote—(I have myself read the letter, for it was returned to her, and found years after among her other papers). "Come, my sons, though your merry days are done, and you are coming home to sorrow. You have never known it before; now you must. Your mother can not save you from it any longer. Come home, for I want you to help me. My heart is breaking. I sometimes feel as if I could not live another day, but for the comfort I look forward to in my three dear boys."

Thus wrote she, thus thought she at the time. Years after, how strange it was to read those words!

The letter sent, Adrienne seemed to revive a little. It was the middle of September. "They will be home, you'll see, on the 1st of October; César never breaks his word. He will not find me on the hall door steps as you promised him, mamma; but he *will* find me, I feel sure of that; I shall just see them all—and then—" Then?

That night, when forced to quit her daughter's cheerful side to keep watch in the gloomy bedroom which Sir Edward had insisted upon furnishing so sumptuously, with a huge catafalque of a bed to sleep in, and tall mirrors to reflect his figure, the miserable, little stooping figure!—that night, and in that chamber, where the blessedness of married solitude had become a misery untold, Lady de Bougainville, for the first time in her life, meditated solemnly upon the other world, whither—in how many days or hours, who could tell?—Adrienne was so fearlessly going.

It might have been that in the cloud which had fallen upon so many of her mortal delights, the blankness that she found in her worldly splendors, Josephine's mind had grown gradually prepared for what was coming upon her; or perhaps on that special day—she had reason to remember it—the invisible world was actually nearer to her than she knew; but she sat by her fire long after her husband was asleep—sat thinking and thinking, until there seemed to be more than herself in the room, and the portraits of her children on the walls followed her wistfully about, as the eyes of portraits do. She grew strangely composed, even though she knew her daughter was dying. We never recognize how we have been taught these kind of things, nor who is teaching us, but to those who believe in a spiritual world at all, there come many influences totally unaccounted for; we may have learned our lesson unawares, but we have learned it, and when the time comes we are ready.

It was one of the latter days of September—I think the 29th—that the *Times* newspaper communicated to all England, in a short paragraph, one of those small tragedies in real life which sometimes affect us outsiders more than any wholesale catastrophe, shipwreck, earthquake, or the like. The agony is so condensed that it seems greater, and comes more closely home to us. We begin to think how we should feel if it happened to ourselves, and how those feel to whom it has happened, so that our hearts are full of pity and sympathy.

Thus, on that 29th September, many a worthy father of a family, enjoying his *Times* and his breakfast together, stopped to exclaim "How shocking!" and to read aloud to wife or children, mingled with sage reflections on the dangers of Alpine exploits and of foreign traveling in general, the account of an accident which had lately befallen some Swiss tourists, in crossing the Lake of Uri from Bauen to Tell's chapel. They had put up a small sail in their crowded boat, and one of the sudden squalls which, coming down from the mountains all round it, render this one of the most perilous of the Swiss lakes, had caught and capsized them. Two of their number, said to be English—Oxford men, named Burgoyne—were drowned.

Lower down, inserted as "From a Correspondent," was another version of the catastrophe; explaining that the number in the boat was only five: three young men; an elderly gentleman, their tutor; and the boatman. The latter two had saved themselves by swimming, and were picked up not far from Bauen; but the three young fellows, brothers, after making ineffectual attempts to help one another, had all gone down. They were sons of an English gentleman of fortune, this account said; and their names were not Burgoyne, but De Bougainville.

Twenty-five years ago there was no electric telegraph, and a very uncertain foreign post; the *Times* couriers often outsped it, and news appeared there before any private intelligence was possible. Thus it happened that she of whom many a kind-hearted English matron thought compassionately that morning, wondering if those three poor lads had a mother, how the news was broken to her, and how she bore it—had no warning of the dreadful tidings at all. She read them—read them with her own eyes, in the columns of the *Times* newspaper!

Sir Edward's sole remaining interest in the outside world was his daily paper. How much of it his enfeebled mind took in was doubtful, but he liked to hear it read to him in his wife's pleasant monotonous voice; while to her this was rather a relief than not, for it killed two hours of the long dreary day. Besides, she got into a habit of reading on and on, without comprehending a single sentence; nay, often thinking of something else the whole time. As she did this morning; wondering if her boys had reached Calais, and what sort of a crossing they would have, for the wind had been howling all night in the chimneys of Brierley Hall. Not that she was afraid of the sea, or indeed of any thing; none of those sudden misfortunes which seem the portion of some lives had ever happened in hers. Though she had had no an-

swer to her letter, it never occurred to her to be uneasy about her sons. They were sure to come home again, and in good health, for, except Adrienne, all her children inherited her own excellent constitution. That very morning she had said to Bridget, half sadly, "Oh yes. I am quite well—always am well. I think nothing could ever kill me."

She had just finished the leading articles and was turning to the police reports—any thing did for reading—when this fatal paragraph caught her eye. It might not have done so, so preoccupied was she, but for the word "Switzerland," which reminded her of her boys. So she paused to glance over it, just to herself; read it once—twice—thrice—before she could in the least take it in. When she did, her strong soul and body alike gave way. She threw up her arms with a wild shriek, and fell flat on the floor like a stone.

Admission to Sir Edward's room was rare. Sometimes whole days passed without the younger girls being sent for even to say good-morning or good-night to papa—all they ever did; and it was weeks since Adrienne had seen her father. He made no inquiry after her; seemed scarcely aware of her state, except to grudge her mother's absence in her room. Thus, after the morning visit to her sick child, it was so usual for Lady de Bougainville to spend the whole forenoon shut up with her husband, that nobody inquired for her, or thought of inquiring, until Bridget, noticing that among the letters which came in by the post was a foreign one, and not in any of the boys' handwriting, thought she would take it in to her mistress herself, and so bring sooner to Miss Adrienne, who was very feeble that day, the news of her brothers' arrival, and the hour.

Bridget knocked several times, but no one answered. Then, terribly alarmed, she pushed open the double doors of green baize, which shut off all sounds in that room from the rest of the house, and ventured in. There, the sight she saw almost confirmed a dreadful possibility which she had never dared to breathe to mortal, but which haunted poor Bridget night and day.

Sir Edward sat with his wife's head upon his knees; she lying as if she were dead, and he stroking, with a miserable sort of moan, her hands and her hair.

"Come here, Bridget; tell me what is the matter with her! I haven't hurt her, indeed I have not. I never even said one unkind word. She was just quietly reading the newspaper, when down she dropped as if somebody had shot her. Is she killed, I wonder? Then people will be sure to say I killed her. Take her, Bridget, for I must run and hide."

He shifted the poor head from his own lap to Bridget's, and the movement brought a sigh of returning life to the breast of the unfortunate mother.

Josephine had said to her eldest son in the letter which never reached him, for it came back to her unopened, that "her heart was breaking." But hers was not one of the hearts that break.

She opened her eyes, lifted herself up on her elbow, and stared wildly around.

"Something has happened. Is it Adrienne?" And then she caught sight of the newspaper on the floor. "Ah, no! It is my boys!" she shrieked. "Bridget, my boys are dead—drowned in the lake!—the newspaper says so."

"Newspapers don't always tell the truth," cried Bridget, and, terrified and bewildered as she was, bethought herself of the letter in her hand. Together the two women managed to break it open and read it, spelling it out with horrible exactness, word by word.

Alas, no! There was no refutation, nor even modification of the truth. In mercy, perhaps, came the speedy confirmation of it, before any maddening gleam of hope could arise. Her three sons were all dead—drowned and dead. Before this letter of the tutor's was written, the "bodies"—ghastly word!—had been recovered from the lake, identified, and buried; half the population of Bauen, and all the English strangers for miles round, following them to the grave. The three brothers slept side by side in a little out-of-the-way Swiss church-yard, and the name of De Bougainville was ended.

To realize the blow in all its extent was impossible. Josephine did not, or her reason would have left her. As it was, for an hour or more poor Bridget thought she had gone quite insane. She did not faint or in any way lose her consciousness again, but kept walking up and down the room, rapidly calling upon her sons by name one after the other, then falling on her knees and calling upon God.

It was an awful agony; the more so as, except by her poor servant, who watched her terrified, but attempted no consolation, it was an agony necessarily unshared. Sir Edward had crept away into a corner, muttering, "Josephine, be quiet—pray be quiet;" and then relapsing into his customary childish moan. At first she took no notice of him whatever; then, catching sight of him, with a sudden impulse, or perhaps a vague hope of giving or getting consolation, she went up to him, put her arms about his neck, and laid her head on his shoulder.

"Edward, dear husband," she cried, in a wailing voice, "Edward, our sons are dead! Do you understand? Dead—all dead. You will never see one of them any more."

He patted her cheek, and kissed her with his vacant smile. "There now, I knew you'd soon be quiet. And don't cry, Josephine; I can't bear to see you cry. What were you saying about the boys? Dead? Oh, nonsense! They were to be home to-night. Bridget, just ring the bell and ask one of the servants if the young gentlemen are come home."

Josephine rose up, unlocked her arms from

her husband's neck, and stood looking at him a minute. Then she turned away, and walking steadily to the middle of the room, stood there again, for ever so long—dumb and passive as a rock—with all her waves of misery breaking over her.

"My lady," said Bridget, at length venturing to touch her.

"Well?"

"I must go. I dare not leave Miss Adrienne any longer."

"Adrienne, did you say?" And the mother's heart suddenly turned—as perhaps Bridget had meant it should turn — from her dead sons to her still living daughter.

"Miss Adrienne is sinking fast, I think."

"Sinking! That means, dying."

Lady de Bougainville said the word as if it had been quite familiar, long-expected, painless. Hearing it, Bridget wondered if her mistress's mind were not astray again; but she looked "rational like," and even smiled as she clasped her faithful servant's hand.

"Do not be afraid, Bridget; I am quite myself now. And I have been thinking—Adrienne was so fond of her brothers. I don't know where they are"—and the wild, bewildered stare came into her eyes again—"but I suppose, wherever they are, she will go to them; and soon, very soon. Why need we tell her of their death at all?"

"My lady, you could not bear it," cried Bridget, bursting into tears. "To go in and out of her room all day and all to-morrow—for she says she *will* stay till the day after to-morrow—and hear her talk so beautifully about you and them, you could not bear it."

"I think I could; if it were easier for my child. Let us try."

Without another word Josephine went and washed her face, combed out her long gray hair, which had fallen down disheveled from under her cap, arranged her collar and brooch, and then came and stood before Bridget with a steadfast, almost smiling countenance.

"Look at me now. Would she think any thing was wrong with me?"

"No, no," sobbed Bridget, choking down her full Irish heart, half bursting with its impulsive grief. But when she looked at her mistress she could not weep; she felt ashamed.

Lady de Bougainville took her old servant's hand. "You can trust me, and I can trust you. Go in first, Bridget, and tell my child her mother is coming."

And, a few minutes after, the mother came. All that long day, and the next, she went about her dying child—moving in and out between Adrienne's room and her husband's—(for Sir Edward had taken to his bed, declaring he was "very ill," and kept sending for her every ten minutes) but never by word or look did she betray the calamity which had fallen upon her, and upon the household.

Adrienne said often during that time, "Mamma, I am such a trouble to you!" but no; her brief young life remained a blessing to the last. While the rest of the house was shut up, and the servants went about noiselessly with frightened faces, awed by the sorrow which had fallen upon the family—within Adrienne's room all was peace. While every other room was darkened, there her mother would not have the blinds drawn down, and the soft yellow sunshine fell cheerfully across the bed, where, quiet as a baby and almost as pretty, in her frilled night-gown and close cap, she slept that exhausted sleep—the forerunner of a deeper slumber, of which she was equally unafraid.

Nothing seemed to trouble her now. Once only she referred to her brothers. "Mamma, there are twenty-four hours still"—to the 1st of October she evidently meant. "I may not stay with you so long."

"Never mind, my darling."

"No, I do not mind—not much. You will give my love to the boys; and tell them to be good to you, and to Gabrielle and Catherine. They will; they were always such good boys."

"Always—always!"

Here Bridget came forward, and suggested that the mother had better go and lie down for a little.

"No; let her go to bed properly—she looks so tired. Good-night, mamma," and Adrienne held up her face to be kissed. "You will come to me the first thing to-morrow morning."

"Yes, my child."

She tottered out, and between her daughter's room and her husband's Josephine dropped insensible on the floor—where Bridget found her some minutes afterward. But nobody else knew.

To Adrienne the morning and the mother's morning kiss never came. In the middle of the night Bridget—who lay by her side asleep, "sleeping for sorrow"—woke, with a feeble touch trying to rouse her.

"I feel so strange, Bridget. I wonder what it is. Is it dying? No, no" (as Bridget started up); "don't go and wake mamma—at least not yet. She was so very tired."

The mother was not wakened; for in a few minutes more, before Bridget dared to stir—with her head on her nurse's shoulder and her hand holding hers, like a little child, Adrienne died.

* * * * * *

As I said a while ago, I hardly know how to make credible the events which followed so rapidly after one another, making Brierley Hall within six months an empty, desolate, childless house. And yet they all happened quite naturally, and by a regular chain of circumstances—such as sometimes befalls, in the most striking way, a family from which death has been long absent, or has never entered at all.

At the time of Adrienne's illness there was raging in Brierley village a virulent form of scarlet-fever. Lady de Bougainville had not heard of this; or if she had, her own afflictions made her not heed it. When, before the fu-



"SHE USED SOMETIMES TO HEAR HER CHILDREN'S VOICES ABOUT THE EMPTY HOUSE."

neral, a number of Miss de Bougainville's poor children, and parents too, begged permission to look once more at her sweet face as it lay in the coffin, the mother consented, and even gave orders that these, her child's friends, should be taken in and fed and comforted, though it was a house of mourning. And so it happened that the death they came to see they left behind them. The fever, just fading out of the cottages, took firm hold at the Hall. First a servant sickened, a girl who waited on the young ladies; and then the two children themselves. The disease was of the most malignant and rapid form. Almost before their mother was aware of their danger, both Gabrielle and Catherine had followed their brothers and sister to the unknown land. They died within a few hours of one another, and were buried on the same day.

"How can you live?" said Dr. Waters and Mr. Langhorne, coming back from the funeral, where, the father being incapable, they had acted as chief mourners. "How will you ever live?" And the two old men wept like children.

"I must live," answered Josephine, without the shadow of a tear upon her impassive, immovable face; "look at him!" She pointed to her husband, who stood at the window, absorbed in his favorite amusement of catching flies—the last solitary fly that buzzed about the pane. "You see, I must live on a little longer."

She did live; ay, until, as I once heard her say—and the words have followed, and will follow me all my life, like a benediction—she had been made to "enjoy" living.

But that was long, long afterward. Now, for many months, nay years, the desolate woman fell into that stupefied state which is scarcely living at all. I will not, I dare not describe it, but many people have known it—the condition when every thing about us seems a painted show, among which we move like automaton figures, fulfilling scrupulously our daily duties, eating, drinking, and sleeping; answering when we are addressed, perhaps even smiling back when we are smiled upon, but no more really alive, as regards the warm, breathing, pleasure-giving, pleasurable world, than the dead forms we have lately buried, and with whom half our own life has gone down into the tomb.

It was so—it could not but be—with the childless mother, left alone in her empty house, or worse than alone.

How much Sir Edward felt the death of his children, or whether he missed them at all, it was impossible to say. Outwardly, their loss seemed to affect him very little, except that he sometimes exulted in having his wife's continual company, and getting her "all to himself," as he said.

He was very fond of her, no doubt of that—fonder than ever, it appeared; and as if in some sort of compensation, he became much less trouble to her, and far easier to manage. His fits of obstinacy and violence ceased; in any difficulty she had unlimited influence over him. His inherent sweet temper returned in the shut-

up life he led; no temptations from outside ever assailed him, so that all Josephine's old anxieties from her husband's folly or imprudence were forever at an end. He never interfered with her in the smallest degree; allowed her to manage within and without the house exactly as she chose; was content just to be always beside her, and carry on from day to day an existence as harmless as that of a child, or what they call in Ireland a "natural." He was never really mad, I believe, so as to require restraint—merely silly; and the constant surveillance of his wife, together with her perfect independence of him in business matters, prevented the necessity of even this fact becoming public. Upon the secrets of his melancholy illness no outside eye ever gazed, and no ear heard them afterward.

The forlorn pair still lived on at Brierley Hall. Sir Edward could not, and, fortunately, would not, be removed from thence: nor did Lady de Bougainville desire it. If she had any feeling at all in her frozen heart, it was the craving to see, morning after morning, when she rose to begin the dreary day, the sun shining on the tall spire of Brierley Church, under the shadow of which her three daughters lay: her three sons, likewise, in time; for after some years she had them brought home from Switzerland, and laid there too, to sleep all together under the honey-scented, bee-haunted lime-trees which we are so proud of in our Brierley church-yard.

In the early days of her desolation she had parted with Oldham Court, according to the conditions—which she and her son César had once laughed at as ridiculously impossible—of Mr. Oldham's will. She sold the estate, but not to a stranger; for another impossibility, as was thought, also happened. Lady Emma, so tenderly cherished, lingered several years, and before she died left a son—a living son—for whom his father bought the ancestral property, and who, taking his mother's maiden name, became in time Mr. Oldham of Oldham Court. When Lady de Bougainville heard of this, she smiled, saying, "It is well;" but she never saw the place again, nor expressed the slightest desire to do so. Indeed, from that time forward she never was ten miles distant from, nor slept a single night out of, Brierley Hall.

She and Sir Edward lived there in total seclusion. No guests ever crossed the threshold of their beautiful house; their wide gardens and pleasure-grounds they had all to themselves. In summer time they lived very much out of doors; it amused Sir Edward; and there were neither children nor children's friends to hide his infirmities from, so that his wife let him wander wherever he chose. He followed her about like a dog, and if left a minute wailed after her like a deserted infant. His entire and childlike dependence upon her was perhaps a balm to the empty mother-heart. Bridget sometimes thought so.

It was needed. Otherwise, in the blank monotony of her days, with nothing to dread, nothing to hope for, nothing to do, in the forced self-containedness of her stony grief, and in the constant companionship of that half-insane mind, Josephine's own might have tottered from its balance. She used sometimes to have the strangest fancies—to hear her children's voices about the empty house, to see them moving in her room at night. And she would sit for hours, motionless as a statue, with her now constantly idle hands crossed on her lap; living over and over again the old life at Wren's Nest, with the impression that presently she should go back to it again, and find the narrow, noisy, poverty-haunted cottage just as before, with nothing and no one changed. At such times, if Bridget, who kept as close to her as Sir Edward's presence rendered possible, and kept every one else sedulously away, suddenly disturbed her dream, Lady de Bougainville would wonder which was the dream and which the reality; whether she were alive and her children gone, or they living and she dead.

To rouse her, there came after a while some salutary suffering. In the slow progress of his disease, Sir Edward's failing mind took a new turn. That extreme terror of death which he had always had became his rooted and dominant idea. He magnified every little ache and pain, and whenever he was really ill fell into a condition of frantic fear. All religious consolations failed him. That peculiar form of doctrine which he professed—or rather, that corruption of it, such as is received by narrow and weak natures—did not support him in the least. He grew uncertain of what he was once so complacently sure of—his being one of the "elect;" and, in any case, the thought of approaching mortality, of being dragged away from the comfortable world he knew into one he did not know, and, despite his own poetical pictures of glory hereafter, he did not seem too sure of, filled him with a morbid terror that was the most painful phase of his illness. He fancied himself doomed to eternal perdition; and the well-arranged "scheme of salvation," which he used to discuss so glibly, as if it were a mere mathematical problem, and he knew it all, faded out from his confused brain, leaving only a fearful image of the Father as such preachers describe Him—an angry God, more terrible than any likeness of revengeful man, pursuing all His creatures who will not, or can not, accept His mercy, into the lowest deep of judgment—the hell which He has made. For this, put plainly—God forbid I should put it profanely!—is the awful doctrine which such so-called Christians hold—also, strange to say, many most real and earnest Christians, loving and tender, pitiful and just; who would not for worlds act like the God they believe in. Which mystery we can only solve by hoping that, under its external corruption, there is a permanent divineness in human nature which makes it independent of even the most atrocious creed.

But Sir Edwards's religion was of the head,

not of the heart; a creed, and nothing more. When, in his day of distress, he leaned upon it, it broke like a reed. His feeble mind went swinging to and fro in wild uncertainty, and he clung to his wife with a desperation pitiful to see.

"Don't leave me! not for a minute," he would say, during their long weary days and dreadful nights, "and pray for me—keep always praying, that I may not die, that I may be allowed to live a little longer."

Poor wretch! as if in the Life-giver and Life-taker—omniponent as benign—he saw only an avenging demon, lower even than the God whom, after his small material notions, he had so eloquently described, and so patronizingly served. At this time, if she had not had her six dead children to think of—her children, so loving and loved, whom God could not have taken in anger; who, when the first shock of their death had passed away, began to live again to her, as it were; to wander about her like ministering angels, whispering, "God is good, God is good still;" but for this, I doubt, Josephine would have turned infidel or atheist.

As it was, the spectacle of that miserable soul, still retaining consciousness enough to be aware of its misery, roused her into a clear, bold, steady searching out of religious truth, so far as finite creatures can ever reach it. And she found it—by what means it is useless here to relate, nor indeed would it avail any human being, for every human being must search out truth for himself. Out of the untenable negation to which her husband's state of mind led, there forced itself upon hers a vital affirmative; the only alternative possible to souls such as that which God had given her—a soul which longs after Him, can not exist without Him, is eager to know and serve Him, if He only will show it the way; but whether or not, determinately loving Him; which love is, to itself, the most conclusive evidence of His own.

I do not pretend to say that Lady de Bougainville was ever an "orthodox" Christian; indeed, unlike most Christians, she never took upon herself to decide what was orthodox and what heterodox; but a Christian she became; in faith and life, and also in due outward ceremonial; while in her own spirit she grew wholly at peace. Out of the clouds and thick darkness in which He had veiled Himself, she had seen God—God manifest in Christ, and she was satisfied.

"It is strange," she would say to Bridget, when coming for a moment's breathing space out of the atmosphere of religious despair which surrounded poor Sir Edward—"strange, but this gloom only seems to make my light grow stronger. I used to talk about it—we all do—but never until my darlings were there did I really believe in the other world."

And slowly, slowly, in the fluctuations of his lingering illness, did she try to make it as clear to her husband as it was to herself. Sometimes she succeeded for a little, and then the shadows darkened down again. But I can not, would not even if I could, dilate on the history of this terrible time, wherein day by day, week by week, and month by month, Josephine was taught the hardest lesson possible to a woman of her temperament—patiently and without hope to endure.

There is a song which of all others my dear old lady used most to like hearing me sing; it is in Mendelssohn's Oratorio of "St. Paul:" "Be thou faithful until death, and I will give thee a crown of life." I never hear it, with its sweet, clear tenor notes dying away in the words "Be thou faithful—be thou faithful until death," without thinking of her. She was "faithful."

Sir Edward had a long season of failing health; but at last the death of which he was frightened came upon him unawares. The old heart-disease, which had once been so carefully concealed from him, after lying dormant for years, till his wife herself had almost forgotten it, reappeared, and advanced quicker than the disease of the brain. It was well. That final time of complete idiocy, which the doctors warned her must be, and to which, though she kept up her strength to meet it, she sometimes looked forward with indescribable dread, would never come.

Her husband woke up one night, oppressed with strange sensations, and asked, as his daughter Adrienne had asked, but oh, with what a different face—"Can this be dying?"

It was; his wife knew it, and she had to tell him so.

Let me cover over that awful scene. Bridget was witness to it, until even she was gently thrust away by her beloved mistress, who for more than an hour afterward, until seclusion was no longer possible, locked the door.

Toward morning, the mental horrors as well as the bodily sufferings of the dying man abated a little; but still he kept fixed upon his wife that frightened gaze, as if she, and she only, could save him.

"Josephine!" he cried continually, "come near me—nearer still; hold me fast; take care of me!"

"I will," she said, and lay down beside him on the bed—her poor husband, all she had left in the world!—almost praying that it might be the will of God to lengthen out a little longer his hopeless, useless life, even though this might prove to herself a torture and a burden greater than she could bear. But all the while she felt her wish was vain; that he must go—was already going.

"Edward," she whispered, and took firm hold of the nerveless hand which more than thirty years ago had placed the wedding-ring upon her finger—"Edward, do not be afraid; I am close beside you—to the very last."

"Yes," he said, "but afterward? Where am I going? Tell me, where am I going? Or go with me. Can you not go with me?"

"I wish I could!" she sobbed. "Oh, Edward, I wish I could!"

Then again she told him not to be afraid. "Say 'Our Father,' just as the children used to do at night. He is our Father. He will not harm you, He will only touch you—though how, I do not know; but surely, surely He will! Edward—husband," pressing closer to his ear as the first struggles of death came on, and the blindness of death began to creep over his eyes. "There is nothing to be afraid of; God is good."

And then, when speech had quite failed him, Josephine crept down on her knees beside the bed, and repeated in her sweet, clear voice, "Our Father, which art in heaven," to the end.

The words, comprehensible to the feeblest intellect, yet all that the sublimest faith can arrive at, might have reached him, or might not, God knows! but the dying man's struggles ceased, and a quiet look, not unlike his daughter Adrienne—the one of his children who most resembled him—came over his face. In that sudden "lightening before death" so often seen, he opened his eyes, and fixed them on his wife with the gaze almost of her young lover Edward Scanlan. She stooped and kissed him; and while she was kissing him he slipped away, where she could not "take care" of him any more.

Thither—it is not I who dare follow and judge him. Poor Sir Edward de Bougainville!

OUR RELATIONS WITH ENGLAND.

"I hope that the time may soon arrive when the two governments can approach a solution of this momentous question with an appreciation of what is due to the rights, dignity, and honor of each, and with the determination not only to remove the causes of complaint in the past, but to lay the foundation of a broad principle of public law, which will prevent future differences, and tend to firm and continuous peace and friendship."—*President Grant's Message.*

THE writer of these pages has had some opportunity of knowing not only how sincerely these sentiments are entertained by the President and his Cabinet, but also how cordially they are reciprocated by the present English government. If only the *people* on both sides of the water could understand more thoroughly the temper and sentiments of each, could look a little more clearly into each other's hearts, could know a little more absolutely what have been the acts and what are now the thoughts each of the other, the end which is so much to be desired might be nearer accomplishment. But, hitherto, the fact that the people on neither side have fully appreciated the situation or the sentiments of the other has prevented any real approach to a settlement of the questions at issue. It is the object of the present paper to state what fell beneath the writer's observation during a recent three or four months' stay in England, and by proving to Americans what is really the state of feeling there, to do some little, perhaps, toward fostering those relations on both sides which only can conduce to the prosperity of each and of mankind.

The rejection of the Johnson-Clarendon treaty, the speech of Mr. Sumner in the Senate on the 13th of April last, and the able dispatch of Mr. Fish to Mr. Motley on the 25th of September, as well as the language of the President's Message, have at last presented to the people and government of England not only a full exposition of the views of the present administration in the matter of our international relations, but also a statement of the feelings almost universally entertained on this side of the Atlantic toward England. The arguments have been put so ably that it is not likely any American will utter them with more force, and the expression of feeling is so unmistakably and almost unanimously approved by the country, that the English probably now understand perfectly well what America regards as her side of the case. They seem, indeed, by the tone of the utterances since the publication of the Message, to appreciate not only the sense of injury entertained by Americans, but the hearty desire for accommodation and harmony which all the authoritative expositions from American sources have contained. I say all, for even Mr. Sumner, whose speech has been in England the subject of so much bitter comment but of so little careful examination, says: "Be the claims more or less, they are honestly presented, with the conviction that they are just, and they should be considered candidly, *so that they shall no longer lower* like a cloud ready to burst upon the two nations, which, according to their inclinations, can do each other such infinite injury or *infinite good.* I know it is sometimes said that war between us must come sooner or later. *I do not believe it.* But if it must come, *let it come later, and then I am sure it will never come. Meanwhile, good men must unite to make it impossible.*"

In Mr. Motley's original letter of instructions, recently published, will be found the following paragraph: "Upon one point the President and the Senate, and the overwhelming mass of the people are convinced—namely, that the convention, from its character and terms, or from the time of its negotiation, or from the circumstances attending its negotiation, would not have removed the sense of existing grievance, would not have afforded real substantial satisfaction to the people, would not have proved *a hearty, cordial settlement* of the pending questions, but would have left a feeling of dissatisfaction inconsistent with *the relations which the President desires to have firmly established between two great nations of common origin, common language, and common objects in the advancement of the civilization of the age.* The President believes the rejection of the treaty to have been *in the interest of peace and in the direction of a more perfect and cordial friendship* between the two countries, and *in this belief* he fully approved the action of the Senate."

So again, in Mr. Fish's dispatch to Mr. Motley of the 25th of September last, these words occur: "All these are subjects for future consideration, which, when the time for action shall arrive, the President will consider, with sincere and earnest desire that all the differences between the two nations may be adjusted amicably and compatibly with the honor of each, and to the promotion of future concord between them, *to which end he will spare no efforts* within the range of his supreme duty to the rights and interests of the United States."

I think, then, it may fairly be taken for granted that the English now understand, not only that America feels that she has sustained a great wrong, but that she is extremely anxious to have all difficulties amicably settled, and to preserve hereafter a closer harmony with that country with which, after all, we have more in common than with any other people on the globe.

The Johnson-Clarendon treaty was rejected almost unanimously by the Senate on the 13th day of April last, and on the same day a successor to Mr. Johnson was confirmed. The speech made by Mr. Sumner on this occasion reached England a few weeks before Mr. Motley's arrival, and produced an immense sensation there. Mr. Sumner himself had been familiar with the most distinguished circles in London, and had enjoyed peculiar intimacies with all the leading liberal and radical Englishmen. But almost without exception these disapproved his speech, and the position which they imagined it to assume. The censure was severe; the newspaper press was especially indignant, and the tone of society unanimous; while members of the government alluded to the speech in tones of reprehension from their places in Parliament. Mr. Motley was known to be the intimate friend of Mr. Sumner, and to have been urged by him upon the President for the post of Minister to London; to have been confirmed by the Senate immediately after the utterance of Mr. Sumner's speech, and on his motion; and there were not wanting surmises that the new Minister might meet with a less pleasant reception than could be desired. These surmises, however, were speedily shown to be unfounded.

Mr. Motley arrived at Liverpool on the 29th of May, and was met at the landing by the Mayor of the town, who proffered his state carriage to convey the Minister to his lodgings. Mr. Motley had been previously notified that the Liverpool Chambers of Commerce wished to present him addresses of welcome before he left for London, and, accordingly, he remained a day to receive them. The addresses were of the most cordial character, expressing great respect for the new administration in America (whose first action toward England had been to indorse the rejection of the claims treaty), and also signifying complete satisfaction at President Grant's selection of a representative. Mr. Motley replied in courteous language, giving utterance to equally fervid desires for the amicable settlement of all difficulties, upon a basis consistent with the honor, dignity, and rights of each nation. His action in receiving these addresses, as well as the text of his replies, was promptly reported to his government, and as promptly commended. The civilities shown him, however, were popular as well as official, for a large crowd was present at the station, and loudly cheered him as he was leaving Liverpool.

Compliments of every sort poured in on his arrival in London. The Queen herself signified her gratification at his appointment, and deviated from court etiquette to pay a civility to the new Minister and his family. The same disposition was apparent every where in society, although the comments so freely made in the American press upon the object and results of the hospitalities offered to Mr. Motley's predecessor might not unnaturally have inclined unofficial personages to be less lavish of compliments. Nothing of the sort, however, was noticeable. Every circumstance showed that despite the rejection of the treaty, there was a disposition to be in every way cordial to the new representative of the United States.

Nevertheless public and private opinion in regard to Mr. Sumner remained unmodified. It seemed to be even more excited because of his speech than because of the rejection of the treaty. The speech itself, however, was very little read. A few extracts, some garbled, others misquoted, and, perhaps, here and there, one given correctly, were bandied around in the press, and the entire tone and object of it misapprehended. I was often asked by influential persons if the speech was representative of American sentiment, to which I invariably replied, that the idea of it current in England was not representative; that I had not met two Englishmen who would say that they had read it; that I had never seen a copy of it in England, except those which I carried thither; but that the real speech, as a statement of the grievance which the whole loyal American people felt they had sustained at English hands, was eminently representative.

This, however, did not seem to be satisfactory. The Liberals, especially, were sore on the subject. They seemed to me to feel as if they had been unjustly treated, as if in his arraignment of England the Senator should have especially exempted them. They complained that they, who had been stanch friends of America during the war, were coupled with the men and charged with the acts of those who had been our bitterest enemies. How mistaken they were is proved by Mr. Sumner's remarks in his speech at Worcester, in September last: "It is said, Why not consider our good friends in England, and especially those noble working-men who stood by us so bravely? *We do consider them always, and give them gratitude for their generous alliance.* They belong to what our own poet has called 'the long nobility of toil.' But they are not England. We trace no damage

to them, *nor to any class, high or low*, but to England, corporate England, through whose government we suffered." His earlier speech, however, it seems to me, could never be fairly construed to include John Bright with Earl Russell, or to confound the Lancashire weavers with the Lairds and Roebucks.

Indeed, I was assured again and again, and most positively, by Liberals and Conservatives, by men of all shades of opinion, by members of the government, members of both Houses of Parliament, by dissenting ministers and men of letters, clergymen of the Church and Irish barristers, that the English people were by no means such a unit in hostility to the Union during the war as is commonly supposed in America. If I understand the current opinion here among those generally believed to be best informed, it is that the whole mass of the English nation were delighted when our troubles began, hoped to see the American people permanently broken up and the republic divided; that this arose, on the part of the aristocracy, from a not unnatural hatred of our institutions, which they thought a standing reproach to their own; and, on the part of the middle and working-classes, from a dislike to the growing strength of a nation already a rival, and which they feared might possibly become a superior. It is not believed that the English had any particular liking for the South, and their abhorrence of slavery had long been notorious; but it is believed that they were willing to subordinate their dislike of slavery to their desire for the downfall of the Union, and when this should be accomplished they would be as willing to see the South destroyed as the North. It is believed that this sentiment was at the bottom of all that was done in England of which we now complain. Whether right or wrong, this belief is almost universal in America. This the English have only lately seemed to discover; and some of their writers now affect to sneer at it as the sentimental grievance.

But great wars have ere now arisen out of sentimental grievances, and it is not beneath the province nor the dignity of statesmen to notice, and, if possible, remove such causes of discord. However, the statesmen will doubtless determine for themselves whether or not to discuss these matters; but it may be well for those who are anxious for the peace of the world and the advancement of the best interests of humanity to consider whether such a sentiment as undoubtedly exists can not be corrected, if it is ill-founded; or, if otherwise, allayed by action contrary to that which was its cause.

But, without exception, Englishmen said to me that there was no such unanimity of hostility toward the Union, during the war, as Americans believe. They acknowledged, of course, that the current of feeling among the upper classes was strongly in favor of the rebels; very many admitted that the action of their government had been unfair; and some even declared that the recognition of rebel belligerency had been inspired by a hostile spirit (though I never found an Englishman who did not maintain that every "nation is its own judge when to accord the right of belligerency"); but they declared that the mass of the Liberal party and of the working-people of England were strongly in favor of the Union. Liberal men have even asserted to me that nothing but a knowledge of this fact withheld Lord Palmerston from open war—either by acknowledging the independence of the South, or by proceedings even more abrupt than those at the time of the *Trent* difficulty; while conservative peers, who openly admitted that they themselves had sympathized with what they delicately styled "the weaker side," declared that the mass of the common people had not been with them. This is certainly the opinion of English writers and politicians. No one denies that Palmerston and Russell and Gladstone and Lowe were against us; no one denies that you can count on your fingers the members of the House of Peers who, like the Duke of Argyll and Lord Houghton, were our friends; that the aristocracy, as a body, thought that the downfall of the democracy would be a good thing; nor that the merchants, as a body, whose interests would have been subserved by the destruction of a commercial rival, were decidedly opposed to the Union. But they point to Bright and Forster, and Mill and Cobden, and Milner Gibson, and other radicals—men who led a party strong enough to force its way into the actual government, and who openly and constantly and forcibly avowed their sympathies with the North; they point to the suffering and starving, but still stanch Manchester men; they point to meetings of sympathy held all over England for the North, and to the fact that no popular assemblage to express sympathy with the South could succeed.

This view was new to me, and I urged strongly upon those who maintained it that it should be authoritatively presented from English sources, and facts stated in number and force sufficient to prove its correctness. I did not pretend to be convinced, but assured them that if the public mind of America could be convinced of the accuracy of their statements, much would be done to allay or change the tone of feeling there. A London letter in the New York *Tribune*, of December 25, signed T. H., and doubtless written by the author of "Tom Brown," sets forth very forcibly what I mean:

"From the very first the United States had the stanch advocacy of the soundest portion of our press. Of the two leading and most influential weeklies, the *Spectator* fought for you at the risk of absolute ruin; for its circulation is chiefly among the very class which was most unfriendly, and whose prejudices were faithfully represented by the *Saturday Review* and the *Times*. In the same way the *Daily News* and the *Morning Star* never faltered for a moment; and a great number of the best provincial journals took up and steadily maintained your cause, especially after the appearance of President Lincoln's proclamation. If, again, you like

to appeal from the press and from anonymous writers to those who wrote and spoke in their own names, the case in our favor is at least as strong. Carlyle and Ruskin may be quoted, perhaps, as strong sympathizers with the rebellion; but they never wrote deliberately and seriously on the subject; and no other authors of note, so far as I remember, openly took the same side. Surely Mill and Sir Charles Lyell and Goldwin Smith ought to neutralize these two names; and Cairns's admirable volume, published in the first year of the war, and putting your case as strongly as you could wish, was never answered, and remains the most effective English publication touching the great struggle. Or look at Parliament. Not only was no vote hostile to you ever given, but the friends of the rebellion never dared even to take a division; and Mr. Gregory, the member for Galway, a comparatively unknown man, was the most weighty politician who openly advocated interference.... I have been at many public meetings in London in the last twenty years, but I have never seen one approaching in numbers or enthusiasm that which flooded Exeter Hall, filling not only the great concert-room and every other public room in the building, but the neighboring streets.... In all that vast crowd, broken up as it was into six or seven public meetings, there was but one feeling of hearty and thorough sympathy with you, and confidence that the Union would be saved and slavery abolished. It did the business once for all for the metropolis....Those who malign you most among us say that the sympathy you long for is that of our fine ladies and gentlemen, flunkyism being as rampant with you as with us. We don't believe them; but shall never silence them till we can show that you appreciate the fact that nearly all the brains and heart of England were on your side."

It is, however, only fair to say that the loyal Americans who were in England during the war, almost without exception, reject this view. They believe that the friends of the Union, even among the Liberals or in the working-classes, were as two grains of wheat in two bushels of chaff. They remind you of Liberals like Lowe and Gladstone and Vernon Harcourt; and they can remember little sympathy that was extended to them to set off against the undisguised support every where afforded to the rebellion.

The court, however, was always the friend of the North. The opinions of the Prince Consort are well known, and his royal widow never swerved from them. The Prince of Wales, also, never forgot the hospitalities he had received in America, and recently took the opportunity of the unveiling of Mr. Peabody's statue to say, that the nine years which have elapsed since he was the object of those hospitalities have not obliterated their memory. Whatever influence the royal family of England could exert during the rebellion was thrown into the scale of the Union. This is admitted on all sides.

But whatever may once have been the feeling, there is no doubt that now, among all classes, a profound desire exists to cultivate the closest relations of amity with the United States. It is not improbable that something of this desire originates in motives of policy. The success of our arms, the assured unity and prosperity of our country, have made us a power whose friendship or enmity is a matter of indifference to none; and Englishmen see plainly enough that the precedent they have set in international law is one from which no people can suffer so greatly as they. It is all very well, too, to say "Let us be friends!" when one party has injured the other, and retaliation, it is apparent, may at any time be attempted. Of course there can be no absolute friendship while one retains the sense of wrong, and the other momently anticipates retaliation.

But the English are willing to do much more than Americans give them credit for. I speak not now of any mere official willingness. All the world can read what the present government of England has said for itself; but I mean that the English people are sincerely anxious to be in perfect accord with the United States; that, if I can judge of their temper, they are aware that they did us a wrong, and are willing to make us a reparation. Many persons whose words are very significant assured me that there was no doubt that the *Alabama* should not have been allowed to leave Liverpool; there was no doubt that England was answerable for the damages caused by her ravages; there was no doubt of the entire willingness of the English people to pay any fair amount that might be adjudged. These gentlemen may have been mistaken in their opinion of the present tone of sentiment in England; but they were men accustomed to feel the political pulse; they were not confined to one party nor to one position in life. And what experience I had of English society confirmed the impression. The English would be glad to have the question settled, and are willing to do a good deal to have it settled. Lord Clarendon has said, in so many official words, that the present government is anxious to co-operate with us in establishing a definite principle in international law; which, in itself, is an acknowledgment of the insufficiency of that principle according to which England has thus far been acting.

But no Englishman is willing that his government or his people should be humiliated; and this feeling is the secret of the really causeless indignation at Mr. Sumner's unread speech. By some extraordinary course of reasoning, or rather, perhaps, because of the failure to study that speech, the notion got abroad that Mr. Sumner had demanded an abject apology. The words were given hundreds of times in the newspapers within quotation marks, as if extracted from the speech; whereas they had never been used by Mr. Sumner, and as certainly never intended. The question of the recognition of belligerency by some means became entangled with this idea. It was supposed that the United States meant to demand of England an "abject apology" for having recognized the belligerent rights of the rebels, and all good Englishmen were naturally indignant at the idea. They ought by this time to be disabused of it. The express language of Mr. Motley's instructions, of Mr. Fish's dispatch of September 25, and of the President's Message, leaves no doubt of the position of our government on that subject. Every "nation has a right to judge when to

accord the right of belligerency," but of course taking all the responsibility of its act. The abstract right of England is acknowledged to recognize the belligerency of the rebels when she did; but if by so doing she encouraged the Lairds and their fellows to acts from which we afterward received damage, it is a fair question whether, between peoples who desire to be friends, this should not induce a greater anxiety to atone for the consequences that we endured. It is not said that these considerations should necessarily increase the amount of reparation England might offer, but that they might fairly and honorably increase her desire to offer such reparation as would be proper from one great and powerful country to another. This may be called a demand for consequential or sentimental damages; it may not be exactly the technical reasoning of a mere lawyer; but those who deal with individuals, who know men, can say how often sentiments or influences like these affect men's actions; and nations are only conglomerations of individuals; their acts also depend far more on their passions than on their arguments, or even their interests.

I have not noticed any unwillingness in the English mind to accept these ideas. With, so far as I have seen, one exception, in the English press (the *Saturday Review*), the tone of comment on the President's Message has been respectful and amicable.

The London *Telegraph* of December 8 says:

"General Grant speaks as the representative citizen who has quietly and patiently treasured up the results of current opinion, and takes care that he shall be fairly *en rapport* with public sentiment before he opens his mouth....he accepts, in the most literal sense of the words, the function of public servant; he is the official voice as well as the executive right hand of the republic. It may then, as we think, be assumed that in the Message we have a careful transcript of the ruling sentiments now entertained by the American people. *Regarded in that light, it is impossible to help feeling satisfied with the general tenor of the document*....When, leaving the past, President Grant refers to the future, he uses language very far indeed from indicating either prejudice, resentment, or greed. He insinuates no menace, repudiates no suggestions of compromise, sets up as arbiter no imperious dictate of national self-will; he only hopes that by-and-by both governments will attain a solution in harmony with the rights, the dignity, and honor of each country....*It is impossible to believe that the* Alabama *question, treated in the tone which he adopts, can have any issues that will disturb the friendly relations of the two countries.*"

The *Standard*, the ultra Tory organ, of the same date, remarks:

"It would ill become Englishmen to refrain from a prompt acknowledgment of the dignified and statesman-like tone which, so far as can be judged from the summaries received by telegraph, distinguishes President Grant's Message to Congress.....Even the rejection of the treaty would have failed to create the excitement which it actually produced, if it had been accompanied at the time by language like that in which it is now described. The reference, therefore, which the President makes to the *Alabama* controversy, even though he does us injustice, *would excite no irritation in any case*....In reference to the rights as well as the duties of neutrals, the American government shows itself animated with feelings so closely resembling our own, that it seems only reasonable to hope we may agree some day, not alone in our view of future obligations, but in *our estimation of past events.*"

The *Times* misapprehends entirely the President's utterances, and the position of the government in regard to the recognition of belligerency, but says: "Every one in England will heartily reciprocate the language of General Grant, 'that the time may soon arrive, when the two governments shall approach,' etc." The *News* falls partially into the error of the *Times*, supposing that the President did not intend to apply to the difficulty between ourselves and England the same principle which he announces in the Cuban case; yet the *News* also says: "We can but hope with President Grant that the time is coming 'when the two governments, etc.' In this spirit we believe that a general willingness to attempt a final settlement exists on this side."

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, never very friendly to America, makes the same mistake as its contemporaries, but it too declares:

"President Grant's own Message is friendly, in spite of the grievance it reiterates; and we shall all rejoice if in the new negotiations at which he hints he shall be able to lay with us 'the foundations of broad principles of public law, which would prevent future differences, and secure firm, continuous peace and friendship.' A discussion of principles of future conduct will, perhaps, supply *on both sides* the best unconscious test of how far past conduct, in its official records, has been at variance with any possible principle."

The *Spectator*, "whose circulation is among the class which was most unfriendly to America during the war, and whose prejudices were faithfully represented by the London *Times* and the *Saturday Review*," seems better to comprehend the President's meaning, which one would suppose was clearly enough expressed, and says:

"To imagine, as some of our contemporaries seem to do, that the President, while asserting this principle on behalf of America, would reject it on behalf of England, is to forget the 'legality,' the habit of deference to precedent and law, which is so strong a feature in all American diplomacy. The omission must have been intentional" (of course it was intentional): "and if it is, *the greatest obstacle to renewed negotiation will have been removed.* We are no longer asked to apologize for having been in the right, as we were, in our acknowledgment of Southern belligerency, but for having been in the wrong, *as we were*, in our unfriendliness toward a cause which, whatever the motives of its defenders, was the cause of freedom. We may not be able to apologize even for this second offense, because it is one which, as an independent nation, we had a right to commit; but the withdrawal of a demand to which it would have been dishonorable to accede at least clears the way for the settlement which is to result in permanent good-will. We believe that in this withdrawal also the President represents his people;....and that, *without giving up their grievance*, they are prepared to place it upon grounds with which it is, at all events, possible for government to deal. This is an immense gain to both nations."

Again:

"They can not get over a resentment which, although undignified in a nation now almost at the head of the world, is neither unnatural *nor without justification.* The President expresses all that."

The British government itself manifests apparently no hostile feeling in consequence of the utterances of our own. Lord Clarendon's reply to Mr. Fish's note of September was most friendly. Mr. Gladstone's remark at the Lord Mayor's dinner (after Mr. Fish's note had been received) was not without its significance: "My Lord Mayor, with the country of Mr. Peabody we are not likely to quarrel." When in July last it was proposed to bring on a discussion of the *Alabama* claims in the British Parliament, the Prime Minister, in his place, requested a postponement of the debate, because he thought the time unfavorable to a calm consideration of the points at issue, and thus evinced his readiness to comply with the wish expressed in Mr. Motley's letter of instructions for "a subsidence of any excitement growing out of the negotiation or rejection of the treaty." It was a well-known fact in London at the time, that if the debate had occurred, prominent members of the House of Commons were prepared to take advanced ground in favor of the accountability of England for the damages done by the *Alabama*.

This desire for concord, however, is not confined to statesmen or diplomatists. In a sermon by the Rev. Newman Hall, preached on the occasion of Mr. Peabody's death, that clergyman, who was well known as one of our stanchest friends when we had fewest, declared: "All that is really noble and good yonder is in alliance with all that is noble and good here. There is hearty good-will subsisting between us, whatever may be sometimes said by individuals or in the columns of some of our journals. .....Never have I heard more hearty cheers ring forth for Britain and for Britain's Queen than I heard from assembled thousands on Bunker Hill. Never have I heard more fervent prayers offered for the government and people of England than were presented by the Chaplain in the House of Representatives at Washington, before the assembled legislators of the land."

And I who write these lines have witnessed similar exhibitions in England. On the 4th of July last, in England's greatest religious edifice —that grand old abbey where her sovereigns are crowned, and so many generations of kings, and statesmen, and soldiers, and poets, lie entombed in the national mausoleum; where monument, and bust, and statue, and crumbling banner, and painted window looking down, and over all the fretted roof and lofty arch, attest and celebrate the glories of English history— there, on the anniversary of the day on which America declared her independence of England —on the day when, if ever, an Englishman might cherish bitter sentiments against America—the Dean of Westminster, the recognized ruler of the edifice, who ranks next to a bishop in the English hierarchy, the eloquent divine whose contributions to general literature are known to all scholars of the English tongue— Dean Stanley—preached a sermon inculcating the importance of maintaining amicable relations between the two nations; urging upon all in power, and all who influence opinion in either land, to take every occasion to allay asperities, to cement good feeling, to reunite the broken ties of brotherhood. A fitting lesson to be taught on that historic day, and in that sacred place, by one having authority.

Nor was he singular. The best men in England are sincerely anxious to create such a sentiment as shall make it impossible for serious difficulty to occur between the two countries; they lose no opportunity with pen or tongue, in public or in private, to evince this desire. It is right that the fact should be recognized in America; because America, having received a wrong, should know that many English are anxious to wipe away the recollection of the wrong; not only by kind words, but by acts such as America can receive as fitting reparation. Read what Thomas Hughes says in the published letter already quoted:

"That we might have stopped the *Alabama* and didn't, we have admitted for all practical purposes; for no serious statesman or writer has maintained the contrary since the excitement of the war has cooled down. We formally agreed to pay whatever damages may be awarded on this account, or any other that you like to bring into question, and it was no doing of ours that the agreement was set aside. Your whole case is conceded so far as pecuniary compensation goes, for you don't seriously ask us to pay without a reference to arbitration."

And the London *News* of December 8 says:

"During the late summer and autumn a large number of English travelers have visited the United States, and they have all returned with a deep sense of the real friendliness of the American people, and with a new understanding of their meaning. They one and all assure us that, wherever the subject was mentioned, the sentimental grievance was always first, and the pecuniary damage second, in popular esteem; and that the *amende* the American people really wish is rather one to injured feelings than to injured trade, or injured honor, or injured pockets. *Would it not be possible without any indignity to grant them this satisfaction?* Is such a task beyond the power of diplomacy? Is not such an oiling of our international friction one of its functions? We can do nothing inconsistent with our honor, can make no concessions which infringes any of our rights; but if some form of concession to American feeling may be found, if it be only a few careful words in a dispatch, which will satisfy them without injuring us, and remove the grievance of sentiment without making admissions which in any way compromise our interests or lower our self-respect, *we think the public would wish it to be employed* for the settlement of this protracted dispute."

What better feeling can be asked than is manifest in these sentences?

At this time, too, there are peculiar reasons why America and England should not quarrel. They stand in the van of modern progress. In America the great obstacle and reproach to freedom is removed, after a fierce struggle, and the nation is once more looked to as the day-star by all in foreign lands who are interested in liberty or the advancement of human rights. In England the ceaseless but silent revolution still proceeds which has made her all she

is. Every day the poor are elevated, their condition ameliorated, their privileges extended; the distinctions of class are less apparent; the nation becomes more really democratic. The governing classes, even those who cling most tenaciously to the institutions of the past, have yet the wisdom to know when to be no longer conservative. The political events of the last year are full of significance. The franchise has just been extended; a working-man now sits in the House of Commons; the connection between Church and State has been dissolved in one important portion of the empire; the abolition of primogeniture was proposed at the last session of Parliament; the whole question of land tenure must soon be thrown open for discussion. Changes may not be rapid, but reforms are not slow. The Liberal party is in power; the very men who were our friends control the government. In the present Cabinet the Duke of Argyll, Earl Granville, Earl Kimberly, John Bright, William E. Forster were stanch advocates of the Union during the war; and other subordinate members of the government were equally earnest and outspoken in our behalf; while those who opposed us have admitted their mistake. The Prime Minister, the most powerful man in England for at least a quarter of a century, has been proud enough and great enough to acknowledge his error.

It is then a positive duty for us to uphold the hands of those who are struggling for reform in England. One who knows writes that, besides the Irish land bill, there will be brought forward at the next session of Parliament "a general education bill, great measures of law reform and of army reform, a trades-union bill, and an abolition of tests bill, backed by the whole power of the government." Whether he approves it or not, every sensible Englishman can see the irresistible current that sweeps away every obstacle there. What a fearful responsibility to interrupt this onward movement of a nation by such an event as a war between England and America!

No. This is not the time to select for serious difficulties between us. With two liberal parties in power, with every prospect of the continuance of each, with the people in one country becoming more prosperous, and in the other more powerful, every day—the friends of the whole race, in either land, should do all in their power to foster the most friendly feelings. The two nations should strike hands, and with their liberal ideas, their advancing Christianity, their increasing education, their material wealth, they can not only present a front that no physical power will attack, but which no great moral evil that they may wish to remove can long withstand.

They need only to look each other steadily in the face, and learn how much good feeling each cherishes for the other. Neither government can possibly have a desire to quarrel. Each will gladly follow the current of popular feeling if this sets toward such a reparation as England can honorably offer and America honorably accept. When once this difficulty that now separates them shall be removed, the nations that speak the English tongue will constitute an empire, divided by seas and separate in institutions, indeed, but as powerful, and vastly more beneficial to the world than that of Rome. Their unity in laws, language, literature, and religion will be paralleled by their harmony in feeling, their accord in progress, their generous rivalry in liberty, and in all the works that bring peace on earth and good-will to men.

JESSIE.

MY wife must certainly be an ugly little woman. I have no idea that I shall ever realize this fact myself, and therefore, lest hereafter I might, in all innocence, inveigle some unwary mortal into the belief that she has the most lovable little face in the world, I here make the frank statement beforehand, that she is emphatically and undeniably ugly. My handsome mother, my three pretty sisters, and a journal which I picked up yesterday, written in the long-ago time when I first knew her, all say so.

I feel quite incompetent at this present to describe correctly her outward appearance, the color of her eyes, shape of her nose, and the rest. The above concise statement exhausts my resources in that direction; but a few pages from my journal may supply deficiencies. It was written in the days when I saw her with the outward, not the inward eyes.

My Journal.

July 5, 18—. Fourth of July is an infernal bore! Those old fogies ought to have been put in the lock-up for raising such a row in the middle of summer.

Here I was dragged about all day yesterday, thermometer up to a hundred or thereabout (patriotism below zero), carrying parasols, fans, etc., etc.; loaded to the chin; in fact, perspiration starting from every pore, collar wilted to a rag—a regular draught-horse, trotting after my three sisters and their three friends, Miss Marie, Miss Helen, and last but not least, Miss Carrie. Query: Why are eligible brothers to be martyrized by the "admiring friends"—of their sisters? The sisters are bad enough; but, by the shades of all the martyrs, the admiring friends will be the death of me yet. Happy Phil Houston! He hasn't a relative that he knows of in the world, except a rich old uncle, with a bad cough, in South America.

Speaking of Phil, reminds me of a short reprieve I had, late in the afternoon, just in time to save me from an untimely end. He introduced me to a Miss Jessie M'Gregor from Boston, an ugly little mortal in a gray linen dress and hat.

"Regular blue-stocking" was the ominous whisper as he handed her over to me; then,

offering his arm to Miss Carrie, with a bow and malicious twinkle in his eye, the rascal marched off with her, leaving me in the lurch. "Cool, by Jove," I muttered inwardly as I watched them already in the depths of a flirtation, elbowing their way through the crowd.

"Please, would you take me to that shady place over there? It is so stifling here!"

I looked down almost with a start, the voice was so very low and quiet, in such contrast to the bustle about us; the face was turned to me, and the eyes looked into mine with an odd, direct sort of gaze.

"A flirt and blue-stocking combined. Deuce take it, I'm in for it now," I said, inwardly. Outwardly I made a profound bow, offered my disengaged arm, and said, in dulcet tones: "With pleasure." As I gracefully regained the perpendicular—a matter of some skill in that crowd, by-the-way—she gave me another searching glance, and I caught a twinkling something about her eyelids which I could not exactly analyze. There was a professor at college who had just such an eye, and he always knew what a fellow was thinking of before he found it out himself. I wondered if she was that kind of a bore. At all events, doomed now it seemed to a day of martyrdom, I concluded to get roasted with the best grace possible.

So I again offered my arm; but she declined it, and turning from me made her way between protruding elbows, big baskets, corpulent females, and kicking babies in a way that showed she was used to it.

As I was plunging after her an Irish working-woman grasped me by the shoulder, and held a fine cambric handkerchief toward me. "I ax your pardon, Sir," she panted; "it's the lady's, I seen her drop it back there, just now." Miss M'Gregor, who had been brought to a stand-still by the crowd of boys around the lemonade-barrel, caught the words, and, turning to receive the waif, looked into the Irishwoman's face with the identical look she had given me the moment before, accompanied by a "Thank you," in unison with her eyes. The woman courtesied, with a hearty "You're intirely welcome, ma'am; no throuble at all at all. She's a raal lady, sure," I heard her add to her companion behind us; "none o' your frizzlin' and paintin' sort." The words seemed to reach Miss M'Gregor also, for she threw a glowing smile over her shoulder in acknowledgment, as she sped through the crowd of small boys.

With a good deal of elbowing, and, I'm afraid, some internal swearing at independent females in general, and this one in particular, I managed to keep up with the rapid little figure ahead. Presently we emerged from the crowd, and sauntered more leisurely toward a retired spot in one corner of the grove.

Before I could dispose of my cargo of parasols, Miss M'Gregor had climbed with great agility to a seat on a gnarled old root, partly overhanging a brisk little brook which gurgled down from the neighboring hills, and had seated herself in a natural arm-chair lined with moss, exposing to view as she did so a pair of diminutive gray boots which dangled close to the water's edge.

"I haven't been in such a beautiful place for years; oh, how very pretty!" she exclaimed, with an almost childish glee.

"Quite charming," I answered, aloud, looking at the gaiter-boots, which certainly were very pretty. But inwardly I growled: "Now for it!" and bracing myself against a tree, I resolutely faced her seat. "I wonder what tack she'll get on first—the transcendental or the sentimental; perhaps an interesting mixture of both. I hope she'll pitch on the love-making, though; that's more in my line. By Jupiter! that's a splendid position for a regular harangue; she won't let me off short of the spheres, the planes external and internal, science, the human soul, the—the—laws of the Lord knows what." In an agony of anticipation I shut my eyes, preparatory to the mental shower-bath. But after some five or six minutes of that silence, I was obliged to open them again in order to reconnoitre.

Miss M'Gregor sat perfectly still, her hands folded, her lithe body curled up in a kittenish sort of way. She was gazing down at the infantile waterfalls below her, and had assumed an interesting abstracted gaze that was very effective. I must tell sister Louisette to add it to her collection; it's quite in her style. I had full opportunity for a critical survey, as she seemed entirely oblivious of my scrutiny. She certainly looked a comical little thing, curled up there; almost distressingly plain, too.

I think she has the ugliest eyes I have ever seen—a sort of cross between yellow and green, and no eyelashes to speak of. The rest of her features are small and pale—a pair of straight, strong eyebrows (probably penciled) and a close-shut mouth being the only marks worth mentioning. Yet, with all her ugliness, she has a look, as Biddy says, of "the raal lady;" and, I really can't tell how it was, but, strange to say, as I proceeded with my investigation a long-forgotten feeling crept over me, the sort of thing I used to experience when I was young—a reminder that I have an appendage about me somewhere yclept conscience, or soul, or heart—which is it?

I wonder if all girls are as trashy as our set! I wonder if Miss M'Gregor is! at any rate, she doesn't chatter as they do. If only she had been blessed with Carrie's blue orbs, how well they would have looked at that moment! But then, alas! what an incessant cackle that young lady would have kept up! *She* would never have wasted that gaze on an insignificant brook not half rapid enough for her.

What a lulling sound the water had! It reminded me of the pattering on the barn-roof in that long ago time before father died, when we all lived on the farm. What would father think

of his son now! The old man firmly believed I should turn out something wonderful. He'd find himself mistaken if he were alive now, that's all.

My reflections were in a fair way of becoming lugubrious, so I returned to my contemplation of Miss M'Gregor. She still sat without moving a muscle, and I began to wonder if she meant to petrify in that position, so that she could be shown to future generations as the wonderful woman who had held her tongue for the space of five minutes. I was, however, afraid to move, for the chain once broken she would—

At this point she turned her eyes upon me. I mentally clapped my hands over my ears and —gasped.

"Will you sit down? you look tired also. See," she added, drawing in her drapery, "I can condense a good deal." And then she smiled down upon me in a most bewitching manner. With internal trembling I took the proffered seat. The programme, evidently, I thought I saw, was to open with love-making.

"I should have thought of it before," she continued. "I've kept you standing all this time, but I forgot you were here."

Cool, by Jove! Done with such artistic naïveté too!

"Will you please tell me your name? I did not catch it."

"Yours, devotedly, Douglas Lennox."

"Scotch descent?"

"I believe so; but ask my mother: she traces our ancestral tree back to Adam, or chaos, for aught I know. Scotch blood runs in your veins also, I judge; no doubt we shall find we are cousins, or something just remote enough to make it both interesting and convenient."

"Is that handsome old lady with whom I saw you this morning your mother?"

"Ah, we had the honor of coming under your notice this morning! Yes; but how did you know?"

"I happened to observe the resemblance between you."

"Thank you." I performed one of my most stunning bows, notwithstanding the cramped quarters.

"Thank you? For what?" She looked into my face with her straightforward eyes, and just a shade of contempt in her voice. Evidently this girl was *not* of the Carrie and Co. style, and I began to feel, to use a classic expression, "that I had the wrong pig by the ear." "What a confounded stare she has!" I thought, as I felt myself growing red under it.

"Why, haven't you been paying me a very neatly-turned compliment?" I said at last.

"About being handsome like your mother—is that what you mean? I'm afraid, Mr. Lennox, that bow has been wasted. I never pay compliments, nor receive them—if I can help it. You had nothing to do with your own looks; so I don't see how you can appropriate any praise of them to yourself."

Seeing that I am rather proud of the six feet of manly beauty which has fallen to my share, could I help feeling irritated under such a speech?

"You do not think, then," I said—sharply, I'm afraid—"that character impresses itself on the face?"

"Certainly I do; but a person may have curling hair, handsome eyes and eyebrows, a straight nose, well-shaped limbs, a tall figure, a glossy brown beard, and even a fine, well-poised head, and still be a very inferior sort of person." She glanced at me as she took this inventory of my parts with just the shadow of a smile on her mouth. I felt very much as if I were being quizzed.

"Yes; but even such a physique as you describe can not be truly pleasing if there is an empty skull underneath," I rejoined.

"I quite agree with you. But even if we take it for granted that the brains are there, what then? Do we make ourselves, or do we even choose our own characters?—so much intellect, amiability, generosity, and so on? I believe the tiniest baby is born into the world with an individuality, and often with one that is strongly stamped, too. It may, of course, be modified, subdued, or strengthened; but can it be metamorphosed? Then doesn't even this modification depend greatly upon our mothers and outside circumstances? So you see what a small share of the credit descends to us."

"Then you contend that we have no right to be proud of our own capabilities and virtues?"

"If you mean the pride which urges us to vitalize and purify the gifts intrusted to our care, then it is a savior. If you mean the pride which encourages us to lie idly on our oars because God has done so much for us that we need do nothing for ourselves, then it is perdition." She looked earnestly in my face as she said this.

"But your rule does not work well both ways," I began.

"A martyr to the cause," broke in a voice behind us, intended to be inaudible. I had not heard the approaching footsteps, and Miss Carrie's shrill treble, opening upon us like the rasp of a saw, fairly made me start. Why can not all women have a voice like Miss M'Gregor's?

"You two look very interesting, I must say, perched up there, and also, if one might venture to say so, quite confidential; don't they, Mr. Houston? Can't you make room for two more, Mr. Lennox?"

I climbed down and offered the lady my seat.

"You're from Boston, I hear, Miss M'Gregor," continued the voluble Carrie. "You must find it very dull in Blairsville. We call it a city, but I suppose you consider us quite provincial." She had been eying Miss M'Gregor from head to foot during this speech, the plain

little face and quiet figure seeming to meet her approval, for she smiled upon them in a patronizing way.

"Oh dear! how shall I ever get up there?" she ran on, without waiting for an answer. "Do please help me. There! I've dropped my fan. Oh! is that a snake? Oh! I've hurt my hand. Oh! oh! oh!" After much assistance and many screams she reached the place in safety, and quite enveloped Miss M'Gregor with voluminous drapery as she sat down beside her.

"Very sorry we interrupted your agreeable *tête-à-tête*," continued Miss Carrie; "ain't we, Mr. Houston? There is nothing Mr. Lennox enjoys so much as an intellectual conversation; regular book-worm, I assure you, Miss M'Gregor; up to all the isms; I hope you gave him a good dose."

"I don't think we went very deeply into any of the isms," replied Miss M'Gregor, quietly.

"Oh dear!"—this to me—"there is your mother waving her handkerchief and beckoning. Time to go home. Help me down, Mr. Lennox. There, you've torn my dress." The fair brows contracted fearfully; but she bethought herself, and added, smilingly: "Never mind! Let us hurry; they are calling;" and taking my arm she hurried me off, leaving Miss M'Gregor and Phil to come on together.

July 10.—I found out all about the young lady to-day from Mr. Hutchinson, who is her forty-second cousin, or something of that sort. She is living with them in the capacity of housekeeper, as Mrs. H. is a confirmed headachist. Miss M'Gregor is an orphan. Her father went off about a year ago in a fit of delirium tremens, and the mother died soon after of consumption. Mr. H. told me some wonderful stories about her, and actually grew quite eloquent over them. He says that her father, a brutal, dissipated man, was exceedingly cruel to her mother, threatening on one occasion to kill her; that Miss Jessie sprang between them, and by the pure force of her eye and will cowed him until he slunk away like a whipped dog. The mother, who told the story to Mr. H., seemed almost to worship her. She said her courage, her cheerfulness, her patience, were beyond belief; that, night after night, when the father came home in furious fits of drunkenness, Jessie would work with him for hours to keep him away from her mother's chamber, coaxing, commanding, even threatening him. That when he was too far gone to resist her, she would drag him by main force to a remote room, and there lock him up for the night, so that his wife, an invalid for many years past, could rest in peace. She said that in their worst poverty Jessie never faltered, not even when they were reduced to actual hunger. Her spirit seemed to rise brighter and stronger as their suffering grew heaviest.

This story has set me to thinking. Why does Providence send such burdens for weak shoulders to bear, and leave a stalwart pair like mine with nothing better to do than to carry an empty skull around? It makes my flesh creep to think of that frail little body defying a great drunken brute of a man! What a pity she's not pretty! Hutchinson asked me to call on her, and I think I shall go.

July 15.—I can't say she looks much of a heroine. I tried to imagine that little gray face flaming with determined courage, as I watched it last night, bending in profile over Tot, who had gone to sleep in her arms; but I couldn't make it out. There is a good deal in the mouth and eyebrows (by-the-way, I don't think the eyebrows are penciled); but, notwithstanding, the expression is decidedly meek. That is to say, when she is in repose, absorbed as she was nearly all the evening in a huge pile of undarned socks, and scarcely raising her head to look at a man, even when he was holding forth in his very best style. But once I noticed a flash in her eye, just for an instant, as something in the conversation roused her, which made me realize that she might be quite a fierce little woman under some circumstances.

We were speaking of a fashionable marriage which had taken place that day, and Mr. Hutchinson was commenting on it.

"Rather sudden, isn't it?" he asked. "I think it's been made up in the last week or two. I suppose it's all right, though; they're both rich and young, and good-looking; a very suitable sort of match on the whole."

"Yes," I assented; "I suppose there isn't much affection lost between them. I heard they were both engaged to other parties some two months ago; but love seems a commodity out of fashion just now. Tom is pretty fast; he *will* get half seas over every now and then. However, I suppose Mrs. Tom has made up her mind to that. I saw her meet him the other day, when it was as much as he could do to lift his hat; but she returned his tipsy bow most graciously. I think the fair sex rather enjoy a little of that sort of thing in us. Maybe I had better cultivate it, so as to become more popular with the ladies." I was going on in this strain, but the words died on my lips as I met the expression of Miss M'Gregor's eye.

"Mr. Lennox, you do not know what you are saying—that hideous vice is—" A sharp breath broke her voice; she struggled hard for control; then, without finishing her sentence, rose hastily and left the room. A few minutes after she returned, her face as pale and calm as ever.

I felt a good deal disconcerted, and the rest of the evening was decidedly uncomfortable. After several vain efforts to draw her again into conversation, I rose to take my departure, feeling that I was *de trop*.

As I rode slowly home by moonlight, I did more hard thinking than I have indulged in for years. This girl is absolutely different from these others; I see that clearly. And yet what business has she to be looking me through with

those eyes? I had forgotten there were such women in the world.

July 25.—That confounded speech of mine haunted me. I felt that I should not be satisfied until I had tried to efface the bad impression I had made. So a night or two after, Wildfire and I took a ride and— Well, I think Wildfire must have taken a fancy to Mr. H.'s stable; at any rate he has found his way there five times this week. Curious, what fancies that horse takes to certain localities. He must have a large bump of inhabitiveness.

She is the strangest girl I ever knew. Can it be that she is an actress like the rest of them? Is it a new phase of flirtation? I thought I had learned, by this time, to know the creature when I saw it.

She can not be as indifferent as she seems. She never looks at me; she scarcely speaks to me; and I am determined that she shall. I flatter myself that I am fine-looking, clever, supposed to be rich; in short, what the ladies call a catch. Any other girl in town would have been in the seventh heaven, if I had been to call on her five times in one week; and she, the plain, poor, insignificant little thing, takes it as coolly as any princess might.

August 4.—What a puppy I am! What would Miss Jessie think, if she could read the above; it is a happy thing that our skulls don't happen to be made of glass; we might find it inconvenient at times. I know one young woman whose eyes would flash in truly terrific style if she could see all the trash which passes through this cranium. But, confound it, that cool way of hers is enough to irritate the Angel Gabriel.

The girls say I've been a perfect bear this last week or two.

September 4.—I can't make Miss Jessie out at all, nor myself, nor any body else. I have lost all my bearings; I feel like a great hulk of a log I watched floundering around in the river yesterday. It finally went over the falls and was sucked away out of sight. I rather envied it.

How can she live so peacefully from day to day? What can she find in those Hutchinsons to amuse her? It's beyond me. What would Kate, or Della, or Louisette say to it? Even with all their pleasuring they are fairly eaten up with ennui. No, she does not live, or feel, or think as they do; so much I can understand. I think she must have a sense we common mortals are devoid of. She told me last night she had never felt as thoroughly sheltered and at ease as she does now; and when she speaks of Mr. Hutchinson's goodness to her there is fairly an illumination in her eyes. Poor little thing, how she has been starved of comfort all her life; and now that she has the least drop, she trots about busy as any bee, and happy as any child!

She is in universal demand all day long. From papa down to Tot it is, "Jessie, where did I lay that hat?" "Cousin Jessie, look at this knot in my string; can't you untie it?" "Cousin Jessie, fix this fishhook." "Miss Jessie, plase would you step down to the kitchen for a minute?" "Oh, Dessie, do up Tot's finger—it's beedin'!" etc., etc. She seems to have eyes and ears for every body, and her deft fingers have a peculiar knack for unraveling knots and other boyish difficulties.

I find myself drifting out in the direction of the Hutchinson mansion some two or three times a week, and am fast becoming naturalized with every one except Miss Jessie.

At tea she is the presiding genius, Mrs. H. being often invisible on account of "the headache." After tea she marshals the brood of young H.'s up to bed, and generally reappears with a basket of sewing, ensconces herself in a corner behind the table, and is mute as a mouse, listening to Hutchinson's long-winded discussions on politics, the pork business, and rich men—his three hobbies—while I feel like knocking him down. In fact, Jessie treats him as if he were the Grand Mogul himself. It must be a contrast to his wife's sneers; and if Jessie isn't engrossed by him, there are six or eight Hutchinsons junior to claim her attention. Tot, the little ungrateful wretch, takes the warm, loving smiles which I would give my very soul— Douglas Lennox, take care!

I feel as if I had lived ten years in the last two months—is it only eight weeks since that picnic?—and not very happy ones either. What makes me think of this girl so continually? She is plain, very silent, at least to me; and she seems so entirely indifferent. Then she has such a self-contained, self-respecting air, it makes a man feel what a poor stick he is. And then, with it all, she is not in the least haughty, but has the loving-kindness of some saint strayed off into this world by mistake. She is as far out of a poor mortal's reach as if she had staid in heaven, where I rather think she belongs.

She must despise my idle, useless life, she is such a busy little body. I'll drive the girls out to-morrow, and get them to ask her here to the party. I wonder if she will come. I wonder if she ever wastes her time scribbling in a journal—nice occupation for a brawny six-footer! I wonder—I wonder if Douglas Lennox isn't a confounded selfish, useless fool.

September 10. — A household hurricane is blowing. The girls have taken a stand against her. This afternoon I was stretched out on the lounge in their sitting-room, reading; there had been a dead silence for some ten minutes; and, as this is an unusual event, I glanced up to see what was the matter. Kate caught my eye.

"Douglas," she said, abruptly, "I can't understand what you see in that Miss M'Gregor. I'm sure she's a real fright—not a bit of style. I expect to see her looking like a regular guy at the party, and she'll be an awful bore to entertain. For one, I don't mean to trouble myself about her. Nobody knows who those

Hutchinsons are; I'm sure they're very vulgar-looking people; and she must be awfully poor; she's regular maid-of-all-work out there — so they say."

"Kate!" interposed mother.

"Well, I don't see what Douglas wants to hunt up such frights for, when there are plenty of pretty girls right under his nose. Carrie's got a beautiful new silk for the party; she'll look perfectly lovely in it; and I'm sure she expects him to propose to-morrow night."

"Kate!" repeated mother, severely, "you don't know what you are saying; I'm sure Douglas has no such intention." She searched my face, sharply.

"You're right there, mother," I answered, emphatically. I fancied a slight frown passed over her face; but it may have been the shade of the lace cap she was trying on.

Not wishing to continue the conversation, I turned from them, and, closing my eyes, pretended to fall asleep.

A few minutes after Carrie came in, and presently the others dispersed, leaving Kate and Carrie alone.

"Don't he look too beautiful; wouldn't I like to kiss him! Do you suppose it would wake him?" The whisper was Carrie's.

"You'd better not try it," said Kate. "Douglas is a queer fellow, and has the funniest notions about girls. I'm sure he's regularly taken with that Miss M'Gregor, although you and the girls won't believe it. He's there nearly all the time, and you know he can't bear the Hutchinsons, so it must be some strong attraction. We went to see her a day or two ago; she's real common. We had a fuss about her just before you came; you ought to have seen his eyes flash when I was abusing her; but I was bound to let him know just what I thought. Why, it would be a perfect disgrace to the family if he were to take it into his head to marry her; she's as poor as she can be, and mother's worried to death about it—but she says we'll get him obstinate if we take a stand against her. He insisted upon having her invited to the party; but we girls are all going to cut her, and I'll warrant she'll never come again. Won't it make Douglas furious? It would be just like him to go right straight and propose. Why, Carrie, you're as pale as a witch! There, never mind, that's a good girl; if you look your very prettiest to-morrow night, maybe you'll catch him yet. Wouldn't it be nice if we could all get married at once, dress alike you know, and all go on our wedding tours together? It would be so much more fun than just Alfred and me."

"You seem to think I'd fall into his arms the minute he asked me; how do you know I would have him?" said Carrie, in a choked voice.

"Rather late in the day for that sort of thing, my dear," said Kate, maliciously.

I ventured to open one eye at this point. Carrie's face was partly turned from me; but her profile had a sharp, worn look, such I once saw on the face of a Wall Street speculator, when the man was making a last venture.

The conversation was here interrupted by Della, her arms loaded with flounces and furbelows.

"Do come, girls; I'm going to try on my new dress. Madame Janinski has just sent it home; it's a perfect beauty!"

The trio tip-toed past me, and adjourned up stairs.

I have been pondering a good deal over the above. Kate's attack on Jessie irritates me more than I care to acknowledge, and I also feel very anxious about Carrie. Two months ago this conversation would not have troubled me in the least; I'm afraid it would have tickled my vanity. I should have paid very particular attention to Jessie, for the pleasure of ruffling Kate's feathers; gone to the very verge of a proposal with Carrie, and then retreated just in time to save myself. I have done such things a dozen times before without a single pang of conscience: why can not I do so now?

The other night Mr. H. was quizzing me about Carrie, in his coarse way; and, turning to Jessie, he asked her if she didn't think I was flirting desperately with the girl.

"I know nothing of what Mr. Lennox has been doing," she answered; "but—what you call flirting desperately seems to me a cruel, cruel thing to do to any girl; nothing better than a desecration of the holiest relation in the world."

How the little face quivered as she said it! My conscience has been harassing me about Carrie ever since.

I believe I wish sometimes that I could lull myself back into my old vague life; but those little hands have reached down and dragged into being a dormant Douglas Lennox, of whose existence I was almost totally unconscious, and he will not let me rest. I *have* flirted with Carrie, and that look of hers makes me shudder. Who knows but the girl may have a heart after all?

Phil Houston said this morning, "By Jove, Lennox, you're turning into a regular old bore. What's come over you, man?"

What *has* come over me? I'm growing to feel a fierce contempt for myself—and all the rest of them, for that matter, except one earnest face, which is so utterly out of my reach. If she knew me, she would despise me. I think I always had a vague consciousness how frivolous our life has been, and my conscience stirred once in a while; but now it seems emptiness itself. I am not worth the ground I stand on, nor the air I breathe. I have never even earned the food and clothes for my own worthless body. What a blind mole I have been! Has my life actually been bounded by fast horses, the latest styles, the club, and the newspapers? A worthy, manly, noble life—isn't it, Douglas Lennox?

If she would only talk to me and help me! I want some business, some work, and I am no

more fitted for it than one of my three empty-headed sisters.

Look at that throng pouring out of Gunning's factory; look at the bared, grimy, powerful arms, the swarthy, energetic faces. I feel to-night as if I could gladly exchange places with one of them. If I had somebody to work for; if I could go home, now, to-night, as those men are going home, to find— This won't do. I'll take a rousing gallop on Wildfire, and see if I can not persuade myself into being half a man at least.

September 12.—She came last night. Kate and the rest were true to their word. Scarcely disguised, sneering rudeness, on the part of the girls; and on that of mother, a cold politeness worse than open warfare. The Carrie and Co. set merely surveyed her from head to foot, with that indescribable glance, which I notice is one of their weapons; and I suppose any hapless mortal on whom it chances to fall ought to consider himself dead and buried, as far as *la crême de la crême* (?) is concerned.

Jessie took it all very quietly, retreating as soon as she could into a remote corner behind a large table (her favorite position, by-the-way); from thence she intently watched the dancers as they floated past her, and seemed to lose her loneliness in their gayety.

What a capacity for happiness lies locked up in that little body! If I could only have transported her as she sat there, in that misty gray dress, with the eager face almost as shadowy— if I could only have transported her away from all the glare of lights and bare shoulders, of artificial hair and eyes and smiles, into a quiet home-nook—a quiet, restful home-nook, where— At this point in my reflections somebody grasped me by the shoulders: "Your turn next—wake up, man! Have you forgot how to dance the 'Lancers?'"

As the evening wore away, a look of weariness began to creep over her face. I longed to get to her, but I was in constant requisition. Mother seemed determined to keep me busy. At last I made a break.

An unaccountable panic seized me as I walked the length of the room. I felt as if a thousand eyes were upon me, reading me through. When at last I reached her my knees were trembling under me, and when I attempted speaking I could scarcely command my voice. Finally, I managed to stammer out, "Will you waltz with me?" The simple words sounded unnaturally in my ears, as if I had shouted them at the top of my voice. Could she see it—this longing to hold her just for one moment, even there in that crowd, to my heart? Oh, my darling—my darling! Was I losing my senses? What was I saying? With a hard struggle for mastery, I steadied my eyes on her face. Had I betrayed myself?

No, my secret was safe; she was looking quietly up to me, with her own look.

"It is so very long since I have danced, at least with any body except the children at home, that I am almost afraid to try it in this great room. It does look very exhilarating— but I think I had better decline." She glanced for a moment to the opposite side of the room, and following her eye I saw mother's darkening face watching us closely. "Yes, I think I had better decline," she repeated, with a fall of disappointment in her voice.

"You're wanted, Douglas," said Kate, touching my arm.

"Who wants me?" I asked, turning angrily.

"They are going to begin the 'Lancers,' and you are engaged to Carrie, you know."

At last it was over. I deposited Carrie, flounces, bare shoulders, and all, and made my way back to Jessie. The shade of pain and weariness had deepened on her face.

"Just one turn, Miss Jessie—only one, and then we will go out into the garden, you look so tired."

Before she had time to refuse me again, we were whirling down the stream of dancers. On and on, until I could feel her heart beating against mine, and the unwilling feet growing light as air—until the rooms revolved about us, one blaze of light, and the music seemed throbbing in my temples. Oh, the delirious tumult of motion! If it could only last forever! Faster and faster it came. I strained her to me, in the swift maelstrom; I could feel her breath panting on my cheek; the little hand was close-clasped in mine; my arm was about her. Oh, the triumph, the joy! She was mine! Suddenly I knew she was trembling in my grasp; the face turned up to me was ashen white. Instantly I drew her aside into a sheltered corner.

"Oh, Jessie, what have I done?"

"Take me to the garden."

As we passed on to the veranda, I heard a voice hissing after us. "Beautiful waltzer? Do you think so? She's that Mr. Hutchinson's housekeeper; and likely enough to become so permanently—so they say—after the death of Mrs. H. number one." Turning, I met Carrie's malignant eyes.

Jessie gathered my arm a little closer, and did not relax her hold until we reached a distant walk out of the stream of the numerous promenaders. Then, with almost a sob in her breath, she sank on a seat which encircled a huge old willow. Through the pendent branches we could see the dazzling scene we had just left. It looked almost fairy-like in its brilliancy; but I felt, with terrible force, what an empty, lying sham it all was. A great bitterness was growing in my heart. Something very like a curse was rising on my lips; but when I turned to look at her, it crept back limp and broken. She was leaning against the trunk of the tree, looking utterly wearied, her breath still coming sharp and quick, and a deep red spot burning in each cheek.

"Do not look so wobegone," she said, as she saw the contrition in my face. "I shall soon be over it."

"But it was so—so thoughtless in me—so very unkind."

"Yes, you should not have carried me off in that way, against my will, but"—and there gleamed across her lips the smile which she gave Tot when he was "doin' to be dood"—"you will do better another time. I like waltzing with the children, or in our own house; but I can not feel as if it were exactly the thing in a large promiscuous company. I think I should lose my self-respect if I did it very often," she said, soberly, drawing away from me a little.

My conscience smote me a hard blow; what a fool I had been! What must she think of my violence? I had worked so hard to gain her confidence, and now was my carefully-built edifice all tumbling about my ears? I longed to study her eyes, but she was partly in the shadow, and I could only define the mere outline of her features. Her hand and arm, white and round as a baby's, lay beside me, the fingers close-clenched as was her habit when stirred. An irresistible desire rose within me to grasp it just once—the frail, weak thing, I could have crushed it. She was so little, so meek, with her pale face and slender form, and yet—she seemed as far out of my reach as the stars which shone on me overhead. Would it be so always? I had not the courage to meet the question.

"What are you thinking of?" I said at last, abruptly, leaning forward to look into her face.

"I was thinking of the silent workers, hovering over that unconscious crowd, of the patient spirit-watchers who are leading them gradually and gently into the right way."

"Good gracious! You don't imagine the—the—ghosts, or whatever they are, are going to trouble themselves about coming to this infern—this wicked world?"

"You do not believe it? I do. Here, right within our grasp, if we could only see them, they are watching over you and me, close and warm and loving. We may lean with our weariness upon their strength; with our restless longings upon their broad, tender sympathy. They have lived and suffered as we have, and they can understand—oh, so well!—how hard it seems sometimes."

"They never would trouble themselves about a fellow like me. You—I can imagine that it would be easy to be your guardian angel, but—"

"Mr. Lennox, they are here, close by you; can not you feel them?" I started involuntarily; a cold thrill shot through my frame; slowly a strange haze came over me; every nerve in my brain seemed gathered in a strong hand with tightening grasp. I felt as if I were being drawn upward by invisible tense bands; then as if I were falling helplessly away into space.

Gasping for breath, I gathered Jessie's hand in a tight grip, and tried to steady myself by it. Gradually the terrible feeling passed away; I was emerging from the darkness. Confusedly it came to me where I was. Jessie was gently stroking my arm with her disengaged hand.

"You have been in a slight trance; do not be alarmed."

"What ails my brain? It weighs a thousand pounds," I said, leaning heavily against the trunk of the tree.

"I can soon relieve you," she said, in a low, quieting tone; and rising, she passed her hands, with a regular, soothing motion, upward and outward through the air, directly over my head and up my arms. Was I in a dream, or losing my senses? I did not know; I did not care. My darling's face was close above me, my darling's arms waving about me; oh, the delicious peace—

A short laugh startled us. Carrie, Kate, and Phil stood looking at us through the branches.

All that is long gone. Ten years have passed away almost unperceived.

Jessie is mine—my wife! I may keep her from all harm and suffering, and no one has the right to come between us. But even yet I can not think of those days with any sort of charity or patience. Even Jessie can not make me do it.

After that memorable evening long ago a thousand rumors began to float about, absurd to the last degree. Jessie was accused of being a second edition of Tennyson's Vivien; it was said she was bewitching me with the "charm of woven paces and of waving hands." Each tale was more ridiculous than the last, and yet people who were supposed to be in full possession of their senses seemed to believe them. "The thing must be put down," they said; "there is no telling to what this craziness called magnetism may lead." And so my little saint, so infinitely above them all, was shunned. Scandalous reports went the rounds, mixing her name with Mr. Hutchinson's. My whole nature was roused; home became insupportable, for I knew that my own mother and sisters were in part guilty of this wrong. Our aimless life grew daily more repugnant to me; I felt some change must come.

An opening in business being offered me, I entreated Jessie to become my wife; but she said her ill name would clog me, and besides, I think, at this time she had not complete confidence in me, believing me to be too excitable and volatile ever to become persevering. At any rate, she would not consent.

At last there was an open rupture with my family. I broke from home, and came out here to the West, my whole worldly goods being represented by a hundred-dollar note. A share in the estate was of course lawfully mine, but I preferred leaving the use of it to my mother. After a hard struggle of two years, I gained a sure footing. I then determined on making another effort. Returning to Blairsville I won her, and we were married within

the week. She came back with me to the nest I had made for her.

Eight busy years have slipped away since the ecstasy of that coming home—eight years of labor and of self-denial. Each day has tasked our strength to the utmost, and sometimes, as I watched Jessie at the close of some wearing day, with a scarlet flush coming and going on the thin cheek, I have almost felt that it was cruel bringing her away to this hard, new life. But when the blessed night came, gliding over our household with its healing rest, and I watched the tired face growing bright in slumber, my fears would die out. Then, next morning, she would go springing about the house the very soul of activity. What incessant little feet they are, to be sure! Patter, patter all day long, up and down, in and out, from garret to cellar, around and around the limits of our small domain!

We have a rather picturesque farm-cottage perched on the hill-side, with Jessie's roses growing over it, climbing higher year by year. But in warm weather we desert the house almost altogether, except for sleeping; our favorite summer resort being the "Oak Room," a huge, spreading forest tree, near the corner of the kitchen.

How we do enjoy our breakfasts under it, with the lovely dewy plains rolling away at our feet, the first exhilarating flush of day creeping up the horizon, and gleaming out over the silent earth! The humid air, heavy with smells of grass and trees, steals over the nerves until the wearing beat of the world-machinery sounds distant and unreal. Sin and sorrow seem impossible in this fresh, delicious God's earth.

Then sometimes I feel as if it were wrong to be so happy, with millions of my fellow-creatures enduring such restless lives. I think of them out of this ideal home of mine, and wonder at the silent endurance of miseries which would crush me. The peace of these eight years has so stolen through me that I can not, even in thought, help shrinking from the turmoil and strife which other men and women daily encounter.

My bodily labor, even when I toil through the hot sun, seems as nothing when I have the bracing calm of the evening to look forward to after the day's work is done. And then it is all so simple, so easily attained. A log-cabin containing but two rooms and a kitchen, and in it a wife neither beautiful nor brilliant, but oh, so good! and yet so perfectly unconscious of herself—entering into my smallest needs with such entire restful sympathy; surrounding me with her love daily, hourly, in such a quiet, unobtrusive way that I breathe it as unconsciously as I do the air from heaven. I believe she would turn Satan himself into an angel. Weakness and wickedness slink away from before her. I feel that I am growing year by year a wiser and a better man. When I look back upon my old self I ask: "How did she ever learn to love me?"

And then May, our baby—our round-cheeked little country-girl! When I return home, toward nightfall, tired and dusty, with what a shout of triumph the gipsy climbs to my shoulder, swinging her bare brown legs in a resounding tattoo on my chest, and calling gleefully to her mother who stands in the doorway smiling up at me in my rough working-clothes—as she never smiled at the elegant Douglas Lennox of by-gone days! As I gather the toil-hardened hands in mine, and look down at the face which people call plain, and the little figure clad in a common cotton dress, I feel that all the wealth and beauty and splendor in the world could not make us one jot happier; that I am thoroughly content as we are, and would be willing to live, just as we are living now, to the day of my death.

After a refreshing toilet comes the hearty substantial supper, and when the tea things are put away and the stock looked to for the night, then the restful, cheery evening.

I stretch out on the grass in the Oak Room, with Jessie close by watching our baby—we call her baby still, although she is six years old—rolling and tumbling down the hill-side in boisterous happiness. As we sit, the sun, gathering in his lavish wealth, sinks away; the shadows lengthen over the plain stretching at our feet, and glide, black and heavy, into the forest behind us. The night breeze comes sweeping up from the river, and the darkness silently gathering, gradually shuts away field after field of waving grain. May creeps into her mother's arms, and watches, with sleepy eyes, the millions of fire-flies flashing against the black back-ground of the forest.

"It's God's baby angels winkin' at me, and I can't never, never catch them, they are so bad. Please, papa, can't you? I want them to play with me."

"No, my pet, I can not; besides it's high time those little tired eyes were shut. Mamma thinks the baby angels will come and take care of May when she's asleep."

"I ain't sleepy one bit; just look at my big, big eyes."

The drooping lids are opened wide; but in five minutes more they are slowly sinking again, and May is soon lost to our world, and gone to see whether her mother is right. Then we sit silently many minutes—an hour or two, sometimes—until the moon peers down upon us, shining with a glory of light over mother and baby, gathered close in my arms. How deeply I feel, down, down in my thankful heart, that no earthly evil can crush me, as long as God leaves me these two, my precious gifts from Him!

But why prolong my journal? Sufferings, trials, anxieties, the world's buffetings, and the strife for its goods, may be described: happiness like mine, to be comprehended, must be lived through. Have I achieved success—prosperity? How the self-installed magnates of society would laugh to scorn the idea! Ah,

well! Let the children of this world, smiling superior, set down as graceful fantasy the moralist's apothegm that the best elements of genuine human enjoyment are the simplest and the most frugal, and the most surely and readily within the grasp of all true hearts—I know, and Jessie knows, that that is one of the great, eternal truths of God.

BOLIVAR,

LIBERATOR OF SOUTH AMERICA.

FEW of us in the North know much of Simon Bolivar. Yet throughout half our Western Continent he is looked upon with a reverence approaching idolatry. To all that impulsive and gifted branch of the Latin race extending from Mexico to Patagonia, the name of the liberator of South America is as that of Titus, of Marcus Aurelius, or of Cæsar. His words are cherished as those of purest wisdom, his exploits are amplified into heroic proportions, and the gratitude of generations of Latin Americans will ever follow that persistent leader who enabled them to throw off the barbarous yoke of Spain, and to take their place among mankind as freemen. With all his imperfections, therefore—and these have no doubt been greatly exaggerated by his enemies—Bolivar must rise to a high rank among the benefactors of his race. His courage and military skill, which have sometimes been questioned, were proved in the two great battles of Boyaca and Carabobo, in the conquest of Bolivia, the liberation of Peru; and his persistent patriotism was shown in the calm patience with which he bore a long series of disasters and sustained the failing cause of his country. At last he was successful. Every trace of Spanish domination was swept away from the republic of Colombia, and the triumph in the north was followed by the general liberation of all Spanish America.

A common error prevails as to the result of this remarkable revolution. It is generally believed that since its liberation Latin America has known only a succession of civil convulsions; that freedom has brought with it none of its usual blessings; that anarchy and disorder have checked the progress of the South American states, and left them less prosperous and happy than they were under the Spanish rule. No popular conception could be less true. Since they won their freedom the Latin states of America have advanced in wealth and intelligence with a rapidity that puts to shame the Latin states of Europe.[1] Their commerce, the creation of the revolution, is double that of Spain and Italy combined. Their national debts are insignificant compared with those of England or France. In no part of the world is taxation so light or commerce so unrestrained. Their fortunate people are in great part free from those heavy burdens that weigh so heavily upon the industry of Europe. Their standing armies are small, their national expenditure light; and an enthusiastic South American asserts that nowhere is it so easy to make a fortune as in his native land.[1] One serious fault the liberators of Latin America committed in making the Roman Catholic Church a state establishment, and in suffering it to persecute heresy as vigorously as in the days of Spanish supremacy. But this restriction is gradually passing away. In the flourishing city of Buenos Ayres a perfect tolerance prevails, and its rapid growth is plainly owing to the prevalence of heretical ideas.[2] Brazil is almost as liberal; and in every part of South America schools and colleges are multiplying, and the press is slowly spreading the elements of good order and peace.

A picturesque variety of races and nations dwell under the institutions established by Bolivar. Of a population of nearly twenty-five millions, thinly scattered over South America, scarcely one-fifth are of European origin. Along the western coast and among the plateaus of the Andes, the copper-colored descendants of the children of the Incas outnumber their conquerors, and still preserve the docility and the savage simplicity depicted in the pages of Prescott. In the interior of Venezuela, the wild natives still plant their leafy huts along the rivers, and live in a savage isolation. Brazil is filled with a colored population of Africans, Indians, and half-breeds of varied shades. The luxurious and lovely plains of Buenos Ayres, radiant with acres of the crimson verbena, and painted with a thousand flowers, are swept by wild troops of savage herdsmen and Indians, scarcely raised in intelligence above the native of New Holland; while the Patagonian giants still menace the voyager along their stormy shores with clubs and arrows, as in the periods of Drake and Magellan. To make intelligent republicans of this varied population will be a long and painful task. It will probably be the aim of the white governments to teach it first some of the elements of civilization. Yet the rapid growth of most of the South American states, in good order and general prosperity, becomes the more wonderful when we remember how large a proportion of their citizens and voters are scarcely better than savages.

Bolivar was born in the year 1783. His father died not long after, and the future liberator was educated by his mother, Señora Palacio, with assiduous care.[3] His family were among the wealthiest and most eminent of the natives of Caracas. He was the heir

[1] Recueil Complet des Traités, etc., de tous les Etats de l'Amerique Latine, par M. Charles Calvo, Paris, 1862, i. iii.-x.

[1] Recueil Complet des Traités, etc., p. xx. L'experience nous apprend qu'il n'existe pas dans le monde de peuples moins grevés d'impôts, etc.

[2] Latham, States of the River Plata, p. 5.

[3] Vida Del Libertador Simon Bolivar, New York, 1866, i. p. 5. Nacio el dia 24 de Julio de 1783.

of vast plantations that embraced the richest lands of the province, of country villas and town-houses, and of thousands of slaves whom he afterward set free with humane liberality. The most eminent teachers were engaged to instruct the young creole in all liberal arts, and when he was about fifteen he was sent to Spain to improve his mind by travel. On his voyage he stopped at Vera Cruz and visited Mexico, paused a while at Havana, and at length reached Madrid. Here his great wealth and high position gave him access to the Spanish court, and his manners were refined in the stately society of the royal circle. He traveled over Europe, and passed some time at Paris. He saw that gay capital just rising out of the vortex of revolution; he attended lectures, heard debates, and was struck by the new renown of the young conqueror Napoleon, whose fame he was ever afterward eager to emulate. He visited Rome, the central home of the Latin races, and there, it is asserted, he first conceived the design of becoming the liberator of his country. Already, it is said, he had resolved that Venezuela should be free. His mind was now enlarged by study and observation, and he was able to compare the progressive vigor of Latin Europe with the miserable bondage that weighed down the intellect of his native land.

But a gentler impulse took him away for the moment from his patriotic resolution. At the house of Don Bernardo del Toro, in Madrid, where he constantly visited, he met and fell in love with Teresa del Toro, a beautiful maiden of sixteen, the daughter of his host. Bolivar was scarcely eighteen, but it was usual with the South Americans to marry young. Teresa returned his affection, and he wrote home to his faithful mother an enthusiastic account of her virtues and her charms. The parents consented; the youthful pair were married, and Bolivar, full of joy and satisfaction, set out with his bride for Caracas, to assume the control of his vast property, and to become one of the most eminent and influential of the creole population of Venezuela.[1] He was now in the bloom of his mental and physical strength. His form was graceful, his eyes bright and penetrating, his forehead high, his beard trimmed with care, his expression winning, his complexion somewhat pallid and wan. He dressed no doubt in the elegance of wealth and fashion; his manners were stately, yet attractive. His mind was active, and he had read much. He was a graceful and impressive speaker, and wrote with elegance and ease, and probably none among the young Venezuelans could rival his various accomplishments. Thus, in the joy and hope of youth, Bolivar returned to his native land, when, in a short time, his life was overcast with an irremediable gloom. His fair young wife died; he was left a childless widower. A deep melancholy settled upon him, from which he was only aroused by a fierce resolution to avenge the wrongs of his country.

Bolivar, with all his great revenues and proud position, belonged to a degraded caste. He was a creole. His ancestors had been native born, and the creole, however accomplished or wealthy, was certain to be treated with ignominy by the rude and impoverished officials who were sent from Spain to rule over South America, and to enrich themselves at the cost of the oppressed provincials. In that strange and singularly hurtful form of bondage in which the Spaniards had, for more than two centuries, held their American possessions, the single principle prevailed of extracting all the wealth of the colony for the use of the mother country. Spain ravished from South America the produce of its mines, the yield of its fertile soil. No colony was permitted to trade with another colony; no exterior commerce was authorized except with the Spanish ports. The whole trade of the Indies was in the hands of a great mercantile monopoly, the Phillipine Company, whose members bought the productions of the country at their own price, and sold to the provincials the wares of Europe at three times their value. Guarda Costas, heavily armed, kept watch around the shores of the Spanish main, and punished with pitiless cruelty every attempt to evade the fatal monopoly. To secure a ready sale of Spanish goods, the colonies were forbidden to engage in any kind of manufacture. The factories were broken up, and those who founded them were punished. The planter was not suffered to dig a canal to carry his crops to the sea; the miner to sink his shaft; the mariner to sail a ship; the mechanic to open a foundry; the linen-dealer to weave his flax; the hat-maker to manufacture sombreros. Merida was forbidden to found a university, and it was scornfully said by the Spaniards that the creoles had no need of instruction. The Romish Church, with a horde of priests and friars, checked all mental improvement. The Holy Office ruled unrestrained. It was death to read Robertson's "History of America," or to speak of heretical books; a deep veil of ignorance was flung over the creole, and he scarcely knew that there was a world of light around him. But still more galling was the political ignominy to which he was subjected. Every important office was filled by rude and insolent Spaniards, who used every instrument of oppression to wring a fortune from the subject people. The Spanish officials formed the highest rank in society, and the proud and wealthy youth of the creole caste were daily exposed to the insults and contempt of the coarse adventurers from Spain, who had become their masters by their intrigues at the court of Madrid. In fact, the condition of Cuba to-day represents the unhappy fate of all Spanish America in the opening of the present century.

As was natural, the creole caste had long looked with hatred upon their rulers. They

[1] Vida, i. 7.

made various efforts to avenge their wrongs, but each uprising had been suppressed with unsparing cruelty. At length there came what seemed the dawn of a happier era. The wars of England with Napoleon and with Spain severed the connection between the colonies and the mother country; the native inhabitants of Spanish America, neglected by their masters in Europe, met in their several juntas or congresses and essayed to govern themselves. The Spanish officials were overawed, and the creoles gained a temporary freedom. Then followed the rule of Joseph or Napoleon in Spain, the rising of the Spanish nation against their French invaders, and the almost total subjection of the peninsula by the Napoleonic marshals. Yet the Spanish Junta, in the midst of the national misfortunes, still clung with insane tenacity to their colonial rule, and threatened with war and devastation every province that ventured to refuse obedience to its foreign lords. Caracas and Venezuela were still held in subjection. Miranda had in vain attempted to set free his country; and Emparan, the Spanish governor (1809), still asserted his authority over the native population. He declared that Caracas should have no law but what he chose to give it.

But the creole youth had now resolved to rise, and a secret association was formed which was designed to obtain freedom by force. The conspirators were almost all young, talented, rich, and brave. They were the flower of that brilliant caste that had so long felt the ignominy. and the insults of a foreign rule. In the first bloom of youth, the masters of enormous wealth, high-bred, accomplished, accustomed only to luxury and ease, these remarkable young men met often in their secret conclaves, and decreed the liberation of their country. Among them were the Montillas, Ribas, his cousins John and Simon Bolivar, Toro, and a throng of their young associates. On the 19th of April, 1810, that rising took place which finally determined the destiny of South America. It was a festal day, and an immense throng filled the streets and the plaza of Caracas. The soldiers had been won over; the people were friendly to the design; and as the Captain-General, Emparan, came out from the council, he was surrounded by a band of conspirators. Don Francisco Salias approached him, and said he had something of importance to reveal to him. The Spaniard was terrified by the menacing looks of the young men, the pressure of the throng; was led back into the council-room, and there signed his abdication, and was sent out of the country. Caracas was free, and the brilliant band of conspirators rejoiced in their sudden triumph. Scarcely could they foresee the dismal future that awaited them, or the dark shadow of early death that hung over so many of their number.[1]

No blood was shed, no deeds of vengeance had been done, yet the freedom of Caracas was won. A Junta was formed that opened the commerce of Venezuela to the world; the capitation and other taxes were removed; the Inquisition abolished; equality was proclaimed, and a new republic seemed born without a struggle. All South America, save Portuguese Brazil, followed the example of Caracas: Granada, Chili, and Buenos Ayres threw off the Spanish rule, and the gay and happy people celebrated with balls and festivities the triumph of the 19th of April. Bolivar meantime had gone to England to seek aid for his country, but found the English engaged in a league with the Spanish Junta; and the people of South America were left to struggle alone against the force or fraud of Spain. The fleets and treasures of France, the sympathy of Catherine II., had aided in securing freedom to the United States; but no European power offered to interfere in the contest between the Spaniards and the creoles; and Spain now menaced with general ruin the long line of the South American coast. Except Brazil, the whole country was in revolt; yet the Spaniards, with Quixotic ardor, mortgaged their poor estate, revamped their broken armor, and flung themselves against the giant sails of progress. An insane blindness, rivaling that of its famous knight, has marked the conduct of Spain toward its colonies. While England, powerful but taught by experience, declines the challenge of every colonial war, Spain, weak almost to death, has never ceased to aim feeble blows at her progressive offspring. In the midst of her terrible suffering under the French invasion she still found men and treasure to waste in making the Latin Americans her implacable foes, as to-day she aims her Quixotic lance at the rising freedom of Cuba.

The Spanish Junta declared the patriots of Venezuela rebels, and ordered a blockade of its coast. Their soldiers still held the two ports, Maracaibo and Coro, from whence they prepared to invade the revolted district with European troops. Yet the creoles were still full of confidence and exultation. The revolution seemed a wonderful success. Bolivar returned from Europe, bringing with him Miranda, the veteran soldier, who had fought by the side of Washington for the liberties of North America, with Dumouriez for those of France, and who, some years before, had headed an expedition that failed to win the liberation of his native land. He was made General-in-chief of the armies of the new republic. On the 5th of July, 1811, Venezuela was declared free and independent. With pomp and fond rejoicing the creoles celebrated the birth of a new nation, and again their example was imitated by the states on the western coast and at the mouth of the River de la Plata. All Spanish America was now free. The genius of Bolivar and his young associates had awakened an impulse in all the creole population; the yoke of the fierce and cruel Spaniards was thrown off with general joy; the dusky Indians, the apathetic Llan-

[1] Vida, i. p. 53. Muchos pueblos de la América del Sur unitaron á Caracas. Bogotá constituyó su Junta, el 20 de Julio; Chile, el 18 de Setiembre, etc.

eros of the plains, united with the people of the cities in defying the arms of Spain.

Caracas, the central source of South American freedom, stands on an elevation several thousand feet high, in a climate resembling a perpetual spring. The tropical heat is tempered by the upland winds; the tropical fruits and flowers surround it with a rare delight. Below spreads a boundless plain, along the river Guayra, rich with plantations and covered with the villas of the wealthy creoles. In 1810 the city contained a population of nearly fifty thousand. Its streets were broad and straight; its houses often magnificent; its grand cathedrals and churches, adorned by the profuse piety of generations of worshipers, were rich in gems and gold, in gilded images and works of art. Here, in the splendid city, the young creoles founded their republic, and felt that they were sustained by the general sympathy of the people. The women gave their jewels and their prayers to the popular cause; the colored races, of various shades, rejoiced in a new freedom; and all South America looked to Caracas for instruction and hope. Still, however, the patriots were surrounded by many dangers. They had carried through their revolution against the bitter opposition of the Romish clergy. Bishops and priests, monks and nuns, had never ceased to denounce as impious and accursed that gifted association which had thrown off its allegiance to Ferdinand VII., was guilty of reading heretical books, and was filled with heretical ideas. The dull priests were shocked at the dreadful innovation, and all their almost boundless influence was employed on the side of Spain. But the hatred of the Spaniards had proved a stronger impulse than even the blindest of superstitions; the creoles defied the priests and gained the good-will of the people. Yet the priests had followed them with fierce denunciations, and foretold that the vengeance of Heaven would fall upon the daring reformers. Suddenly, when only eight months of joyous freedom had rolled away, these predictions seemed signally fulfilled. An earthquake, the most terrible it had ever known, fell upon Caracas. The ground rolled in huge waves, a roar was heard as of countless cannon, and the magnificent city was leveled in a moment to the earth. The people, who were celebrating a festival in the churches, were crushed to death amidst their ruins. Palaces and warehouses fell upon their inmates and destroyed them. A fine patriot regiment of eight hundred men perished in the dreadful disaster. Twelve thousand dead lay beneath the ruins; and scarcely had the first horrors of the earthquake passed away when the loud voices of the Prior of the Dominicans and of Padre Garcia were heard proclaiming to the fallen city, over its smoking waste, that its horrible doom was only the just judgment of Heaven upon the unpardonable crime of revolution. Patriotism died out before the denunciations of the priests. Superstition resumed its ascendency, and the creole patriots were looked upon by their fellow-citizens as the cause of all their woes. Caracas, so lately the pride of all Latin America, the birth-place of its freedom, was now pointed at as a warning to those who defied the teachings of the Church, the divine authority of the King.

With the destruction of its capital and its chief cities the republic fell. Monteverde, a coarse and cruel Spanish soldier, led his army from Coro and the sea into the heart of Venezuela, and ravaged the country with terrible atrocities. Bolivar, who was in command at Porto Cabello, lost his important post through treachery or inexperience; and Miranda, who had marched against the Spaniards, was utterly defeated. Monteverde advanced upon Caracas, and the creoles were forced to yield once more to the hated Spaniards. A treaty was agreed upon, by which they promised allegiance to Ferdinand VII. on the condition that their liberties and rights should be respected, and in August, 1812, Monteverde led his troops into desolate Caracas, and the last trace of freedom expired in Venezuela. Miranda was seized and delivered up to the Spaniards, and died several years afterward a prisoner at Cadiz. Bolivar was instrumental in his arrest, and, if this singular transaction may not yet be explained, it must ever leave a cloud upon the reputation of the liberator. Meantime, the Spanish rule proved one of terrible severity; all Venezuela groaned under new taxes; the creoles were once more objects of suspicion and contempt; and the fierce Spaniards filled the conquered country with murders, riot, and disorder.

At this moment the heroic element in Bolivar's nature gained the mastery, and through sorrows, labors, and endless strife he became the liberator of Caracas and of South America. He might have lived the richest, the most powerful of the creole caste, had he chosen to submit to the Spaniards; he might have passed in splendid luxury those long years which he gave to patriotic toil; he might have won the highest favors of his king and of the Spanish courtiers, had he consented to become their slave. He preferred, instead, the favor of his countrymen, with exile, penury, and the prospect of death. He gave the remaining years of his life to South America and to freedom. He left his rich plantations by the Guayra, his fair villas, his wide possessions, his native city, and fled an impoverished exile to foreign lands. Here his mind ever revolved plans for the liberation of his country. Often defeated, he never lost hope. With a busy persistence scarcely equaled by a Washington or a Cromwell, he came back after every repulse to renew his effort. He made desperate forays into the midst of his foes, when every other plan seemed hopeless; he roused the ardor of the creole population by his incessant appeals, by his heroic example; in the darkest hour he never ceased to assert that South America would yet be free. On his single arm rested for many years the destiny of half a continent; and it is possible that had Bolivar fallen in his

generous strife the flag of Spain might still have waved over the shores of the Caribbean Sea, and the creoles have shared the doom of their brethren in hapless Cuba.

We can not claim for Bolivar, with his native biographer, a spotless fame.[1] He was not one of those whose reason sits supreme over their passions, and who fulfill the Platonic conception of a well-governed frame. He was scarcely a Titus in clemency, a Marcus Aurelius in stoical virtue, a Cæsar in eloquence or military skill. His countrymen are fond of comparing him to the earlier heroes of the Latin race, and, with a natural satisfaction, delight to discover in their beloved liberator every trait of the heroic that made illustrious the annals of their ancestors when Latium ruled over Europe, and when their melodious tongue was the common language of literature and of civilization. But it must be confessed that Bolivar was often the slave of inferior impulses; that he was vain, ambitious of personal supremacy, boastful, licentious, sometimes cruel;[2] and his real greatness lies in the fact that he fought with unfailing ardor and success in a good cause. In this respect he excels the chief of the Latin heroes. He was a patriot rather than a Cæsar; he fought to liberate, not to enslave. His genius rose with difficulties; his powers were matured in trials; he showered with bountiful hand the blessings of freedom upon millions of the Latin race. With such a success Cæsar had nothing to compare; Napoleon no achievement worthy of equal mention.

In 1813 Bolivar escaped from Caracas. With his cousin Ribas he went to Carthagena, in New Granada, which was still free. Here he planned the first of those remarkable expeditions, so varied in their results, with which he kept alive the dying embers of revolt. He gathered around him a few hundred exiles or recruits, and although deserted by the troops of New Granada under Castillo, resolved to throw himself in the midst of his foes. His romantic daring was followed by a wonderful success. His little army swept victoriously over the wild country from Carthagena to San Cristobal; he issued bold proclamations calling upon his countrymen to rise; and as he advanced rapidly from city to city the people flocked around him, and he was soon at the head of nearly three thousand men. Monteverde, the Spanish leader, advanced to meet him, but was beaten by the gallant Ribas in a decisive battle, and on the 6th of August, 1813, Bolivar, victorious over all his foes, once more entered Caracas. A boundless joy filled the ruined city as its deliverer passed through its melancholy waste. The terrors of the earthquake were forgotten in the glad triumph of freedom. With their usual fondness for processions and pompous shows, the citizens of Caracas gave their hero a touching ovation. He was led through the principal streets amidst a vast and rejoicing throng. The peal of bells, the roar of cannon, the cry of ten thousand voices resounded where lately had been heard the appalling note of the earthquake. His path was strewn with the rarest flowers of the tropics. Before him walked a chosen band of the fairest maidens of Caracas, clothed in white, the dark-eyed, impulsive daughters of the patriot chiefs; and their spotless robes were only distinguished by the brilliant colors of the new nation. Around him was seen a pale and emaciated throng of prisoners, just escaped from the noisome dungeons of the Spaniards, and that gallant band of various hues who had followed his standard to victory.

Bolivar now assumed the titles of Dictator and Liberator, and ruled with a despotic power. Yet his conduct was marked by a rare clemency, and neither priest nor Spaniard was punished for his political crimes. In Eastern Venezuela, meantime, a young student, Mariño, had roused the people to revolt, and had assumed a dictatorship over Cumana, and the two dictators ruled in perfect harmony. Once more liberty seemed assured; but once more it was destined to have a sudden fall. Spain sent over fresh troops into the unhappy province, and Boves, a fierce Castilian, led them with skillful and dreadful vigor. This famous royalist chief had been a smuggler, a convict, and a peddler. He joined the army, and soon raised among the native population a wild and ferocious band who were known as the Infernal Legion. With black flags floating from their lances the savage cavalry swept over the fairest regions of Venezuela, plundered and burned the homes of the wealthy planters, massacred men, women, and children, and shot their prisoners on the field of battle. The war between the Spaniards and the natives now assumed a dreadful aspect. Bolivar threatened retaliation, and when Boves persisted in his murders, put to death eight hundred innocent Spaniards—merchants, citizens, or soldiers—who had fallen into his power. But his troops were every where defeated by the infernal legions of his foes, and the two dictators, Bolivar and Mariño, fled beaten from their fallen cities. Caracas again yielded to the Spaniards, and the streets that had lately rung with the shouts of freemen were dyed with the blood of the creoles.

It was the darkest period of South American history. The wars in Europe had ceased with Waterloo, and Ferdinand VII. sat securely on the throne of Spain. All the vices and all the follies of the old dynasty had been revived in the court of Madrid. The Inquisition was renewed, the Jesuits returned, and the doctrine of passive obedience to Church and King was inculcated among the murmuring people. Ferdinand had resolved never to grant freedom to

[1] Vida, i. p. 2. En virtudes y habilidades de su persona, uno de los hombres mas cumplidos que el mundo ha conocido.

[2] Holstein's severe picture of Bolivar's morals is plainly false.

South America; and now, guided by the counsels of a swarm of monks and priests who surrounded his throne, he prepared to begin a war of extermination that should leave no patriot alive from Cuba to the cliffs of Patagonia. An army of ten thousand men was raised in Spain, enfeebled by generations of miserable kings and savage priests, and almost the last blood and treasure of the unhappy peninsula were expended in the crusade against America. It was placed under the command of Morillo, a bold and pitiless soldier. The Spaniards—children of the Inquisition and the Church—executed their barbarous mission with success. The great and powerful province of New Granada was subdued; and every patriot of any eminence was massacred without a trial. The Spanish general sent word to his king that he had extirpated every trace of rebellion. Morillo marched over Venezuela, and placed garrisons in all its cities. Caracas, once the home of freemen, became the centre of the Spanish rule; Peru and Chili, Buenos Ayres and the South, were threatened or subdued, and in the year 1816 all South America was blighted by a tyranny the most dreadful known to history. Whole families were massacred at once; women and children were the peculiar objects of vengeance; no prisoner was spared; and when Bolivar made his way into Venezuela, he found his path strewn with the dead bodies of unhappy captives, whom the Spanish generals had shot down and purposely left in his way.

Nothing, indeed, is more execrable in history than the savage ferocity of the Spaniards toward their American subjects; the cruelties of the Spanish kings and the Spanish priests have made the name of Spain a reproach to European civilization; while other races, softened by a humane progress, have striven to deprive warfare of all needless horrors, the Spaniards in Mexico, in South America, or in Cuba, have revived the barbaric practice of a war of extermination. The kings and the priests of Spain have corrupted the instincts of a gallant people, and the barbarities of the Inquisition have made the nation familiar with atrocious deeds. It was against the cruelty of Spain that Raleigh contended with pen and sword; the barbarity of Alva aroused the Netherlands to revolt. The very literature of Spain, in its classic prime, is instinct with the spirit of the Inquisition. Murder, assassination, the burning of heretics, and a boundless licentiousness are the favorite elements of the best plots of Lope de Vega. His most interesting heroes are assassins, robbers, and seducers; his *Conquest of Arauco* conducts its noble hero to the stake. Calderon is the poet of the Inquisition, and inculcates a ferocious intolerance; and even the higher genius of Cervantes shows no tenderness for the heretic. For the rebel and the republican in South America the Spanish court had decreed instant death. The highest and most renowned of the patriot chiefs met with no better treatment than the poor Indian or the wild Llanero. The Spaniards began an inexpiable war. Bolivar in vain attempted to soften the savage natures of the invaders, restored his prisoners, and asked for an exchange. They replied by shooting mercilessly many of his best officers whom they had taken captive, and he was forced to retaliate. Yet it may, perhaps, become an important question for modern nations to determine whether the Spanish habit of cruelty should not be restrained by a general protest; and whether the republicans of Cuba or of Spain, a Cespedes or a Castelar, do not merit the protection of a humane system of international law.

But for the republicans of South America none of the great powers ventured to interfere. To the despotic and reactionary governments of Europe the very name of revolution was odious; and the United States, the model and the guide of the South American patriots, were satisfied with a cold neutrality. One friend alone the Latin races still possessed; one generous heart still grieved for the sorrows of his country. Bolivar was now an impoverished and apparently powerless exile. He had lost his great estates, his high position, yet his name was already renowned from Carthagena to Buenos Ayres as the hero of South America. He had been defeated in a series of brave but useless attempts to shake the Spanish supremacy; he had been always unfortunate; but his countrymen still turned with hope to that unflinching intellect that in its deepest humiliation had never despaired of victory. At length, aided by Brion, a Dutch merchant of Curaçoa, Bolivar prepared a last expedition, and, provided with a small fleet, penetrated to the great river Orinoco and seized the city of Angostura. He had once more thrown himself with desperate valor into the centre of the Spanish province.

The scene of Bolivar's last invasion was a wild and terrible solitude. Around the mouth of the vast river the primeval forests hung over the turbid waters;[1] the dark green of the moss-grown woods was enlivened by the glitter of countless parrots, and macaws of flaming crimson, and endless troops of red monkeys, whose wild cries filled the forest with clamor. From the branches of the trees along the shore poisonous snakes hung over the voyagers, and sometimes dropped upon their heads. The river was filled with enormous alligators, who, having tasted human blood, watched eagerly for their prey. A luckless patriot who had lingered behind his companions attempted to swim his horse across the stream. He was pursued by a huge cayman or alligator who haunted that part of the river. The soldier threw his saddle into the water, hoping to engage the attention of his enemy until he could escape. The cayman seized it and sank, but soon reappeared directly before the rider. The terrified horse now reared and threw the soldier into the stream.

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1 Holstein, Memoirs of Bolivar. Campaigns in Venezuela, i. 45.

He was, however, a good swimmer, and diving deep in the river, had nearly reached the shore; but his pursuer soon followed, seized him by the middle, and carried him away to the opposite side of the stream. There he slowly devoured his prey upon the beach, while the soldiers looked on helpless from the distant shore. But the savage cruelty of the Spaniards was more terrible to the patriots than even the fiercest tenants of the river. As they advanced they saw on every side deserted towns whose whole population had been massacred, and fine plantations ravaged and destroyed. A dreadful solitude hung over them; they seemed pressing on into the realm of death.

Bolivar now fixed his head-quarters at Angostura. He was joined by large bodies of Llaneros, the wild inhabitants of the boundless plains that spread around the Orinoco; and by several battalions of foreign soldiers, chiefly English, who had been practiced in the Napoleonic wars. Morillo, the Spanish commander, retreated before him, and he incautiously pursued. When he reached the hill country the Spaniard turned upon him and cut his army to pieces. Bolivar fled across the Orinoco. His cause seemed lost; he might well have abandoned South America in despair. But his fertile genius, in the midst of his distresses, now conceived a new and daring plan. He resolved to lead his disheartened army across the Andes into New Granada, and there attack the Spaniards in the centre of their power.

It was the South American winter, and to cross the Andes at that inclement season was an exploit that even Hannibal might have hesitated to attempt.[1] The broad plain stretching from the Orinoco to the mountains was covered with water; the passes of the Andes were clad in ice and snow, and even the most experienced mountaineer shrank with alarm from the thought of climbing the slippery heights at a time when every precipice and every ravine was invested with double horrors. But Bolivar, sanguine and heroic, led on the patriot army. For many days they waded through a perpetual swamp, sometimes sinking in deep lagoons, and often stopped by almost impassable streams. The water was filled with the countless reptiles of a tropic climate, and one of their chief annoyances was a myriad of small fishes, with shark-like jaws, that fastened upon the unprotected limbs of the soldiers. After the day's march they were fortunate if they could find a dry piece of ground to sleep upon, where they were surrounded by poisonous snakes and venomous reptiles. The English legion, which formed a part of the small army, sank under tropical fevers; the native soldiers murmured; but Bolivar, always heroic, cheered on his gallant companions. At length they ascended the first hills, and felt the sharp blasts from the wintry mountains. Before them stood the ice-clad peaks of the Andes, rising far above the regions of perpetual snow. Fierce torrents interrupted their path; and often Bolivar was seen swimming his horse over the icy current, and carrying behind him women and children who were returning with the army to their homes in New Granada. They passed deep ravines on bridges of frail basket-work that were worn and decayed with travel, and pressed up declivitous paths, slippery with ice, where on either side yawned an unfathomable abyss. On a dreadful night the decimated army reached the summit of the pass, and sank down, incapable of further advance. Without fire or tents, the officers and men crouched close to each other under the icy sky, and slept or froze on the bleak mountain top. Many died in that single night. Of a battalion of English nearly one-half had already perished. It seems wonderful indeed that any human being could survive the famous march over the Andes.

Bolivar descended rapidly, hoping to surprise the enemy; but the Spanish commander in New Granada had discovered his approach, and advanced to destroy him before his troops had gained a necessary repose. The Spaniards were well-armed, vigorous, and confident; the patriots feeble, sickly, and faint with hunger and cold. But they were inspired by a fierce spirit of freedom, a wild eagerness for revenge. They flung themselves on their foes with sword and bayonet, and defeated them with unsparing slaughter. The country rose in revolt, and all New Granada welcomed its liberator, and at his summons threw off the Spanish yoke. Bolivar's meagre army was soon enlarged to a considerable number. He pursued the Spaniards with his usual rapidity, and forced them to a decisive battle. Their commander, Barreira, confident of victory, awaited the attack of the toil-worn patriots, his excellent infantry drawn up in martial order before the bridge of Boyaca. A single charge decided the contest (1819), and the fate of South America. Bolivar's wild and haggard band drove the Spaniards at the point of the bayonet, and revenged the sufferings of their country by a barbarous cruelty. Barreira and his officers were shot, and New Granada, which had seen its most eminent and gifted sons die by the executioner's hand, now exulted in a dreadful retribution.[1]

A touching story is related of two lovers of Bogota, the capital of New Granada. Doña Apolinaria was one of the fairest and most accomplished of the maidens of her native city. Her family were wealthy, and she had been educated with singular care. She played upon the guitar with grace, sang the melodious stanzas of her native poets, and charmed the intelligent and the gay by her lively conversation. She was already betrothed to a worthy lover, and their marriage was not long to be post-

[1] Campaigns in Venezuela, i. p. 158, by an English officer.

[1] Present State of Colombia, London, 1827, p. 45. They were shot by Santander during the absence of Bolivar.

poned. But a higher passion stirred the intellect of the accomplished girl, and she entered with singular ardor into a plan for liberating her native country. She formed a correspondence with Bolivar, who was now advancing toward the city, sent him by secret messengers an exact account of the numbers and designs of the Spanish garrison, and for a long time contrived to escape detection. Her engaging manners, her music, and her conversation drew to her evening entertainments a throng of the young Spanish officers, and from them she obtained by her casual questions the numbers of their various regiments and many particulars of their future plans. They little suspected that their beautiful entertainer was the agent of a powerful conspiracy that was preparing the way for the triumph of the hated Bolivar.

Zamano, the Spanish governor of the city, was one of the most bigoted and cruel of his race. He was wholly ruled by the priests, and wore the habit of a Capuchin. His cruelty filled Bogota with terror, and every one who was even suspected of favoring the popular cause was led out to instant death. In the chief square of the beautiful city he had erected a gallows that was seldom idle, and in the fairest walk of the Alameda, or public garden, among whose groves and beds of flowers the happy people of Bogota had been accustomed to pass their summer evenings to the sound of the guitar or engaged in lively conversation, their tyrant had placed a row of seats on which the condemned were fastened and shot. Here Doña Apolinaria had often wandered with her lover, and it was here they were destined to be united in a dreadful doom. Unhappily one of her messengers, charged with a letter to Bolivar, was seized, and being carried before the governor, revealed the name of his mistress. The letter was read, the young girl and her lover arrested, and both would have been instantly executed had not Zamano hoped to win from their terror a full revelation of the names of all the conspirators. They remained in prison for twelve hours, and every means was employed to induce the Doña to betray her associates. A monk was sent to her who threatened her with eternal punishment in the next world unless she would confess all to him. She was offered great rewards, and the life of her lover as well as her own, if she would relent; but she firmly refused to betray her fellow-patriots.

The lovers were led out the next day, bound closely together, and forced to sit down in the fatal seats. A line of troops stood before them, prepared to fire, when a last effort was made by the monk to prevail upon her to confess. She was offered once more a full pardon. But the terror of death, the hope of future bliss, the peril of her beloved, could not shake her rare constancy. She said she scorned to save her life at the cost of her friends, but that Bolivar was now fast approaching, and all would soon be known. When she saw her betrothed about to speak, perhaps to save their lives, she implored him if he had ever loved her to grant her last request, and show by his courage in death that he was worthy of her choice. The friar turned away; the soldiers prepared to fire; and then, perhaps moved by a sudden terror, she exclaimed: "Have you the heart, butchers, to kill a woman?" She immediately covered her face with her mantle, and as she drew it aside, on her inner dress was seen, embroidered in gold, "*Viva la Patria.*" Zamano gave a signal from the balcony of his palace, the soldiers fired, and the lovers fell dead in the same instant.

Nothing, in fact, was ever less chivalric than the conduct of the Spaniards toward the women of America. Proclaiming themselves the inheritors of the highest knightly grace, they surpassed the heroes of the Middle Ages in brutality and crime. It may be hoped that time has softened their barbarism, and that the tragedy of the lovers of Bogota will not be repeated in Havana or Principe.

The famous march over the Andes, the victory of Boyaca, raised Bolivar at once to the height of renown. But a few months before, he had been looked upon as a hopeless adventurer. He had known only a succession of misfortunes. His fair and prosperous youth had been exchanged for a manhood of ceaseless disaster. His form was bent with premature age; his hair and beard were gray and matted; his eyes had lost their lustre; his manly strength had sunk beneath poverty, exile, disappointment, and disease; and English officers who had watched the patriot chief as he struggled amidst the swamps of the Orinoco, or fled beaten before the splendid regiments of Morillo, pronounced his schemes mere madness, and himself a vain and feeble pretender, cowardly or imbecile.[1] In a moment he had refuted every calumny, and descended from the Andes the Hannibal of South America. Victory followed him every where; the great city of Bogota, deserted by the Spaniards, received him with fond acclamations, and his adventurous soldiers soon carried the standard of freedom from the mountains to the shores of the Pacific. But Bolivar meantime had kept his eyes ever fixed upon his native land, and amidst, the pinnacles of the Andes had fought for the liberation of Caracas. He descended with a large and enthusiastic army into the plains of Venezuela, and called upon his countrymen to rise. The creole and the Indian once more obeyed his summons. We pass briefly over the desultory warfare. The Spaniards found themselves hemmed in on all sides by implacable foes. At length, in June, 1821, at the battle of Carabobo, the patriot forces attacked the well-trained army of their oppressors. Bolivar commanded in person, and, aided by the courage and discipline of his foreign legion,

[1] Hippisley, Expedition to Orinoco, p. 82. Chesterton, p. 130, 131. Holstein loads him with coarse abuse.

gained a final success. The Spaniards fled, routed, from the bayonets of the patriots. Caracas again received its heroic deliverer in triumph; but the war lingered until November, 1823, when the fall of Porto Cabello completed the destruction of the Spanish rule. From Caracas across the Andes to the Pacific Bolivar reigned as liberator and president over a vast region, filled with the memories of his heroism and his benefactions.

He wanted few of the elements of the heroic. He was singularly patient. In moments of inaction his pallid countenance wore an expression of sad calmness that was exchanged upon the battle-field for the flush of exultation. His hopes were grand, his expectations boundless; and he infused in all his race an ardent trust in the future. He led on the generations of Latin America with a firm and ready hand, and in their boundless confidence his countrymen showered upon him the epithets of liberator, deliverer, preserver, benefactor. He awakened in their hearts the sublime sentiment of love, and was followed by a sincere affection, such as a Cæsar or a Napoleon never won. The flowers strewn in his path, the most extravagant of their laudations, were the sincere offerings of a grateful people. He was the founder of states, and a fertile and successful legislator. He formed the republic of Colombia by the union of Granada and Venezuela; he was the Solon of Bolivia and Peru; his laws were always liberal, his inculcations ever wise; and in the midst of his ceaseless labors as liberator and conqueror he was engaged in a grand design of uniting all Spanish America in a vast republic, that should reign in peace from Mexico to the Straits of Magellan.

Driven from the North, the Spaniards still clung with fierce obstinacy to their possessions in Peru. There their large army was constantly victorious, and the unhappy Peruvians, weighed down by a terrible oppression, sent a deputation to Bolivar (1823), begging him to come to their aid. He consented with alacrity, and led his gallant Colombians to the rescue of their brothers in the South. Here the superior numbers of the Spaniards for many months kept him shut up in a small sea-port on the coast, while through all the interior of Peru men, women, and children were massacred by their cruel tyrants. Bolivar's cause seemed hopeless, and in his inaction he became an object of derision to his foes. Men once more doubted his valor and his skill; and envy, which had been aroused by his former triumphs, now sought to wound him in his tenderest regard. His countrymen in Caracas deprived him of his supreme military command, and the cruel slight fell upon him when he was imperfectly recovered from a severe attack of fever. He felt the censure deeply; he offered to resign his pension and his various offices; yet, with rare persistence, he still continued to prepare his army for the struggle in Peru.

The torrid heats of January or December still found Bolivar in his unhealthy sea-port, surrounded by his foes. In the close of 1823 Peru seemed forever lost. The Spaniards ruled the rich country with iron vigor, and levied great contributions on Lima and Callao. The highest officials of the patriotic government made their peace with Spain and swore allegiance to Ferdinand VII.; the country was pacified, the revolutionists divided, the Spanish cavalry drove the patriot armies, routed, from the field. But as the winter returned and the chill blasts of July swept down from the Andes, Bolivar sprang out from his hiding-place and startled the Spaniards like an apparition. With seven thousand patriot soldiers he met the Spanish army of nine thousand on the grassy pampa of Junin. By his side were his brave Colombians, the army of liberation, led by their faithful chiefs. The scene of the contest between the oppressors and the oppressed was a reedy plain, sown with lagoons and covered with scattered copses; above it rose the majestic pinnacles of the Andes, looking calmly down on the fierce rage of the battle-field; from their peaks the condor watched for his certain prey and scented afar the coming carnage. The Spaniards, confident of victory, fought with vigor, the patriots with desperation, for they knew that another defeat would crush the spirit of revolution. Bolivar, as ever on the battle-field, was exultant and full of hope. Sucre, his bravest and best officer, supported him. The cavalry of the two armies made incessant charges on the sloping plain, or fought from copse to copse; the patriot infantry withstood the Spanish foot; the Spaniards, amazed, retreated with loss, and Bolivar was once more the liberator of a mighty province. Not in vain had he crossed the icy mountains and made marches longer than those of Alexander from his distant home, since he gave liberty to Peru.

Another victory ended the war. Bolivar had left the army in order to arrange with the Peruvian patriots the government of a new nation. His wisdom, experience, and liberality were required to create the foundations of a state. Sucre, his firm friend, commanded at the battle of Ayacucho, the final defeat of Spain, the most renowned of the patriot victories. A bright summer morning, December 9, 1824, broke over the camps of the two armies, on a lofty plain, and gay martial music aroused them to the decisive contest. The Spaniards were superior in numbers, discipline, and guns; yet the brave Colombians and Peruvians drove them, routed and broken, over the grassy pampa. The defeat was complete. Ayacucho ended that tyranny which Spain for three centuries had exercised over America; and Chili and Buenos Ayres, Peru and Colombia, had nothing more to fear from the vain rage of their former masters. A wild burst of grateful acclamation now rose from the liberated nations to their preserver. Bolivar was carried in pomp from city to city. He was consulted as an oracle, was crowned with well-merited honors. His name

spread over Europe and North America, and was saluted with admiration in the halls of Congress and the houses of Parliament. Lafayette wrote to him a glad congratulation, and the world was willing to rank him by the side of Washington.

On that lofty plateau that bears the exhaustless silver mines of Potosi, the ever-active liberator next founded the powerful state that perpetuates his name; and then, with a tender farewell to the grateful people of Peru, set out for his native land. How many years had passed of wonderful achievements since he first planned the liberation of South America! With what rare vigor and self-denial had he carried out the purpose of his life! He came back to Caracas covered with glory, and with a reputation untouched by the common vices of a conqueror. He boasted justly that he had kept for himself not a rood of land of all those wide and wealthy regions he had rescued from Spain; that in all his poverty he had left untouched the mines of Potosi, the treasures of Peru. Cæsar and Napoleon had begun penniless adventurers, and had grown rich by the plunder of nations; Bolivar had sacrificed his great possessions in the cause of freedom, and returned from his distant conquests dependent on the bounty of his countrymen. He now proudly announced to the world that South America was free. But one blot yet remained on the fair escutcheon of the Latin race, and almost the last purpose, the final care of the generous liberator was to insure the freedom of Cuba. In this object he failed, and his ill success seems to have filled him with a lasting regret. England, France, and the United States refused to permit Colombia to rescue its creole brethren in Cuba from the tyranny of Spain; and the unhappy island has ever since remained the citadel of slavery in the New World, the centre of the slave-trade, a reproach or a barrier to the progressive influences of Europe and America.

But no friend of the oppressor had intervened to save slavery in Colombia, and there the generous creoles had provided for its total abolition. It would have been fortunate had they been equally successful in dethroning the dominant Church. In 1827 Bolivar returned to Venezuela. His mind still teemed with eminent visions of a united South America, a free Cuba, a general union of the Latin race; but he was soon shocked and disheartened to find himself surrounded by the bitterest rivalries of faction, to be opposed in his favorite schemes, to be forced into a war with Peru, to see Venezuela separate from her sister states, and to find his own immortal services forgotten by his countrymen. Perhaps he may have too often remembered them himself; perhaps he was sometimes imperious, and trusted too much to his glorious past. He may have wanted humility, but never honesty of purpose; he had that rare self-denial that touches the common heart of mankind.

In the last year of his life a hostile faction gained the control in his native Venezuela, and, by a strange and unmerited reverse, the liberator was exiled from the land his exploits had covered with immortal renown. His countrymen treated him with singular indignity. He refused to maintain himself in power by a forcible resistance, and went meekly into exile. Yet their ingratitude crushed his great and generous soul, and he went forth only to die. He was at Carthagena, preparing for a voyage to Europe, when his feeble frame, exhausted by toils and conquests, disappointment and grief, sank under a painful disease. From his sick-bed he dictated a last address to his countrymen, in which he urged upon them union, progress, and peace. "For my enemies," he said, "I have only forgiveness. If my death shall contribute to the cessation of factions, the consolidation of union, I can go tranquilly to my grave."[1] He took the pen from his secretary, and with feeble hand signed the address, Bolivar. It was the last act of his busy life. He died soon after, December 17, 1830. He had been obliged to sell his plate to provide for the expenses of his exile, and left little to his heirs. With more than Roman virtue he sacrificed youth, wealth, and valor, his political power, his life itself, to the liberation of Latin America.

That the hero of South American freedom is not better known among us is due to that strange want of interest which we have ever shown toward the history and condition of our republican neighbors in the southern seas. Our merchants and our statesmen have turned coldly away from the allurements of their growing commerce, their progressive freedom. England and France have been allowed to engross three-fourths of their gainful trade.[2] They have been shut out from the useful influence of our free press and our liberal literature. They enfranchised their slaves at an early period, and were never popular with the party that for many years controlled our government. But it may be hoped that the time is near when the rich commerce of South America will be turned from London or Havre to San Francisco and New York, and when, by a rapid intercommunication, the practical experience we have gained in liberal progress may prove of infinite use to the republics founded by Bolivar. With free schools, a free press, a free church, they will slowly tend to union and peace. Bolivar's grand design of a united South America may yet be accomplished, and the fame of the self-sacrificing liberator break forth with new lustre.

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[1] Vida, ii. 564. Yo bajaré tranquilo al sepulcro.

[2] Recueil Complet des Traités, etc., Intro., p. x., xi. The trade of the Latin states in 1860 amounted to near $400,000,000, of which France and England had far the larger share. It is rapidly increasing.

ON A PHOTOGRAPH OF ATHENS.

THE sun, that in this Orient clime
  Kindled of old her hearts of flame
To deeds that triumph over Time,
  A marvel yields they could not claim:
His rays have painted here the scene
  That bard and scholar long to see;
And Fancy's glow shall intervene
  To wake its living tints for me.

Though prone in dust her ancient walls,
  Still rise the circling hills in air,
So crystalline no shadow falls
  From the vast blue empyrean there;
And Helicon is streaked with snow
  Whose lucent domes Parnassus crown,
With tawny ramparts girt below,
  That o'er the Dorian meadows frown.
With rugged outline looming high
  Beside us Lycabetus lies,
Its sterile slope uplifted high
  Against the calm transparent skies;
And far Pentelicus—how soar
  Its curves, with hoary shafts inlaid,
Whence rose the sculptured gods of yore,
  And in aerial purple fade.
And still when thyme with dew is wet,
  Upon Hymettus feast the bees;
And round the arid valley yet
  Cluster the dim gray olive-trees.
And crimsoned by the sunset dyes
  High o'er the dun and level sand,
What lone and stately pillars rise
  Like guardian relics of the land;
And Jove's despoiled Olympian shrine,
  On which, with nearer ken, the stars
Gaze through the limpid air benign—
  Orion, Jupiter, and Mars!

Through the deep azure, like a dream
  Of Beauty harmonized by Truth,
Yon Doric temple's pillars seem
  Fresh with the symmetry of youth;
On Nature's consecrated guest,
  Endeared by Time, by man profaned,
Let thy contented vision rest,
  Behold Art's paradise regained!
Though plinth and architrave are bare,
  And prostrate many a column lies,
Their broken effigies declare
  How matchless was their pristine guise;
For still the massive pile defines
  Humanity's divine repose,
As when its pure transcendent lines
  First to Minerva's worship rose.
Nor from the trophies of the Greek
  Have Conquest's tokens disappeared,
The Parthenon we still must seek
  Beneath an arch by Venice reared;
O'er the chaste grandeur faintly beam
  More fragile emblems of her sway,
Where, like an alien's festal dream,
  The lingering frescos brave decay.
Like a barbaric sentinel
  The Goth's rude tower rises near,
And fragments of the Moslem's shell
  Proclaim his brutal ravage here.
Earth's fairest temple stands forlorn,
  And not alone by foes bereft:
No frieze its ruin to adorn
  The Briton's ruthless grasp has left.

Stand at its base, inhale the breeze,
  And gaze on Salamis afar,
The crystal heaven of these seas
  No sad vicissitude can mar;
They wear the same celestial hue
  That mirrored Plato's lofty thought,
And spread to Paul's intrepid view
  When, from yon height, he nobly taught.
On the brown rocks the aloe's barb
  Sharply uplifts its thorn-edged spear,
And glows a peasant's tinted garb,
  While at our feet the grooves appear
Of chariot wheels that ages past
  Perchance Aspasia hither bore,
To see the athlete's discus cast,
  Or oracles long mute explore.
No tropic flush invests the scene,
  No Western verdure cheers the sight,
But air and wave with virgin mien
  Are bathed in elemental light;
As if the genius of the race
  Whose relics Art's true laws bequeath,
To language gave unfading grace,
  And made the senseless marble breathe—
Caught its divine and peerless spell
  From sea and sky, whose glory here,
As sage and minstrel love to tell,
  Make Greece the mind's perennial sphere.

Within the new-born city's pale
  Untouched by time rise dwellings fair,
And melts Tradition's dreamy veil
  Beneath the noontide's fervid glare.
For news-boys shout along her ways,
  And in the shadow of the fane
To Theseus built, in classic days,
  The panting engine whirls the train.
Yet well do pilgrims to the East,
  Pause at her welcome threshold here,
Where flocked of old to Wisdom's feast
  The bard, philosopher, and seer;
For now, as then, the people rule,
  And civic rights intently share,
Turn from the mart to haunt the school,
  And household graces chastely wear.
Erect, in picturesque array,
  Glory's spoiled sons they proudly stand,
With glistening vest and tunic gay,
  True to their lineage and land.
No academic grove beguiles,
  Or temple-porch by sages trod,
But in the free cathedral aisles,
  The prince and peasant kneel to God.
And Cretan mothers greet our sight
  Throned pensive on their donkeys mild,
A living picture of the Flight
  Of Mary with the Holy Child.
His mountain flock the goatherd leads
  At eve through boulevard and square,
While eager groups that faction breeds,
  With gallant soldiers, loiter there.
Decked gaudily a passing bier
  Moves slowly to the narrow bed,
As bursts upon the startled ear
  The chant of priests around the dead.

And where the moon's unclouded light
  On yon dense foliage falls serene,
And trill the warblers of the night,
  Blossom the gardens of the Queen.
As there her gentle steps we trace,
  And feel how love can temper pride,
The charm of Olga's artless grace
  Wins fealty to the regal bride.
And lo the flag whose stars anew
  Beam in the firmament of Time,
And hallow every radiant hue
  With Freedom's sacrifice sublime!
Beneath its folds, with fond delay,
  Dear voices break the spell of Art,
And fades the world's heroic day
  In visions nearer to the heart.

H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Editor's Easy Chair.

SOME years ago, if an Easy Chair wished to amuse itself in the evening at the theatre, it went to the old Park—which was duly called "Old Drury" by that fond imitative spirit of our fathers which began, and in that case very justly, with calling the American settlement New England, and then descended to describing Cooper as the American Scott, and Mrs. Sigourney as the American Hemans. The old Park is still a familiar name to most New Yorkers. It preserved all the theatrical traditions. Its stars were chiefly foreigners. Here Kean played; here Malibran sang. Here were the first and second tiers of uncomfortable little pens, properly called boxes, full of narrow benches without backs, the seats cushioned with a thin hard substance covered with red stuff. Below was the pit, absolutely separated from the boxes and occupied by men only, the seats shutting down across the aisles, so that when full it was a solid mass of men, and escape, in case of alarm, was impossible.

There is no separation now between pit and boxes; they are amiably blended in balcony and parquet. But in those severe days of "Old Drury" this Easy Chair remembers sitting proudly in the front row of the first tier with companions of the other sex, and of the haughtiest fashion; and when in its innocence it entered into familiar conversation with a seedy friend in the pit, who leaned upon the front of the box and chatted pleasantly, it was overwhelmed by the impatient whispered rebuke, "Aren't you ashamed of yourself? What do you mean by talking to people in the pit?" It was an awful word, and for a moment the Easy Chair felt as if it had been treacherous to its angelic condition by leaning, as it were, out of heaven toward the abyss. Above the first and second range of boxes was the unspeakable third tier, and over that the gallery. The decorations of this temple were not imposing nor beautiful. It would seem cold and bare to modern eyes, but it was a palace of fairy to thousands of Knickerbocker cherubs of other years, whom you would hardly recognize in our most respectable and distinguished fellow-citizens of to-day.

When an Easy Chair, whose theatrical experience had been chiefly confined to the old Park, crossed the sea and saw a vaudeville in a Parisian theatre, it beheld for the first time what it had so often heard mentioned at the old Park and elsewhere—playing that holds the mirror up to nature. For there is no more permanent and ever-fresh jest than to hear the most artificial of actors, whose very hair outrages nature by its oily curl, replying at a banquet to the toast in honor of the drama, that acting is the art which holds the mirror up to nature. There are gentlemen and ladies of the profession who seem to have forgotten what nature means; as there are others who reveal to us her subtlest and tenderest significance. But when the Easy Chair upon the grand tour crossed the Channel again to England, and went to the theatre in London, it seemed to have passed into another sphere where it once more found "Old Drury." The transition from the delicate and exquisite cuisine of the *Café de Paris* or the *Trois Frères* of those Parisian days to the huge, hacked joints at Morley's or Fenton's or the London clubs, was not a more striking and unpleasant change than that from the simple picture of everyday French life in the vaudeville, played with a similar airy simplicity—a *proverbe* of Alfred de Musset's perhaps, with Madame Allan—to the heavy regulation English drama, where all the sailors walked in hornpipes and talked of shivering their timbers; and the languishing Lydia made love-making hideous; and the humor was an elaborate witticism or a pun.

Such an Easy Chair was constantly asking itself, "Can the mirror no longer be held up? Have we moderns no nature, or did Don Rinaldo Rinaldini exhaust it? Is our life not poetic, or did poetry disappear with the old romances? Is the theatre wholly an affair of tradition and costume, or are we as much interested in our own life as in any other?" There was no very satisfactory answer to that question on this side of the sea. But whatever the playwrights and the managers thought, life at home became so absorbingly interesting, if not poetic, that the theatre became more and more spectral; more and more an echo of an ancient and unfamiliar strain. If, in the mean while, the Easy Chairs of the date we have been considering have supposed the drama to be lost in a deluge of blonde ballet, or wrecked upon the hidden rocks, toward which the sirens of the opera bouffe allured it, they have been immensely deceived. It is with entire propriety that the French genius may use the French phrase and exclaim, *Nous avons changé tout cela!* For the change is marvelous. It is radical. It is complete.

Let us, for instance, decide at dinner that we will go to the play in the evening, and looking at the paper and knowing that Booth's and Fechter's audiences are secure, let us agree to try "Ours," at Wallack's. This Easy Chair is so remiss in its public duties that it had never been to the new Wallack's, and knew the resistless manager only as the dark-eyed bandit-hero of the little house near Broome Street, in Broadway. Forth we go with but a faint hope of finding seats, which is not strengthened by becoming the very last joint in the long, long queue that reaches from the street to the ticket-office; nor by watching the gay youths and silken maids who sparkle by on their way to places already secured. But fate is kind and gives us comfortable seats; and in the dim theatre we straightway look about and fall to remembering and contrasting.

How pretty, how smiling, how snug, how comfortable! Gilded rails and columns, and bright frescos every where. The pit of "Old Drury" is gone, and forever. Where the noisy crowd of men were massed, upon hard, backless benches, there is a luminous cloud of lovely toilets mingled with the darker dress of the *jeunesse dorée*. The pit is the parquet now, entered through the first tier, which has become the balcony, and all thrown together, the spectacle is bright and enlivening. Above, in the place of

the second tier, is more balcony, and there are more pleasant little boxes; no longer pens, but comfortable seats inclosed. And as the pit is gone, with its noise and unhandsomeness, so is the unspeakable third tier; and when the orchestra comes in—ah! what an exquisite mystery of other years was that emerging of the musicians from somewhere, a limbo whence, during the assembling of the audience, issued premonitory grumblings and growlings, and whistles and squeaks of violins and trombones, and flutes and horns—when the orchestra comes in and the light is turned on, and the soft murmur of the full house increases a little—a house in which, so to say, there are no classes, but the great body of the audience is one—all the old shafts of censure against the theatre, feathered with the third tier, fall powerless, and the whole house seems to be a family circle.

The play—for our supposition is merely a sly way of putting a fact—was "Ours," written by Mr. T. W. Robertson, an English playwright, who needs no other certificate of his talent than this one drama; and upon this evening it was more perfectly played than any piece which the Easy Chair has ever seen upon any English stage. It was at once evident that the character of the drama had as radically changed as the arrangement of the house and its associations. The mirror was held up to nature with a precision and firmness that resulted in the most delicate and faithful reproduction. It was the simplest tale of life and character as modern society presents them to us. There were no fine speeches, no puns, no extravagance, no technical romance. All the romance was reality. All the humor was that of cultivated society every where. All the incidents and contrasts were such as life, artistically viewed, constantly furnishes.

In "Ours" there is a rich, coxcombical young man who affects cynicism, and pretends to doubt the reality of love and happiness, because his rose-leaf has been wrinkled with a sentimental disappointment. There is an elderly married pair who misunderstand each other and quarrel. There is a young blonde heiress, and her brunette friend—a poor and capable girl. There is a Russian prince wooing the heiress, like a gentleman, to place her at the head of his establishment. And there is a cousin Angus, whom the heiress loves, but who is poor, and does not dare to tell his passion. The time is that of the Crimean war. The scene is an English park; then a London drawing-room; then an officers' hut on the winter hills before Sebastopol. The costume is that of the Fifth Avenue and Newport. The plot is nothing, as it is in life. The playing is every thing.

As you sit and watch the little drama, the interest is exactly like that of a fine novel of society. It is a chapter out of Thackeray. Here, for instance, is the dandy cynic, lolling on the grass, smoking a cigarette, sneering at women and love and marriage, and piqued by the poor and clever girl. Again, here is a sudden thunder-shower in the park, and under a tree the married pair, huddling for shelter, sit back to back bickering and snarling; while under another stand Cousin Angus and the blonde heiress very close together; and he says such significant things, and she sings such a sweet little song; and then, mercy! mercy! the storm is so pitiless that Cousin Blanche must consent to put on Cousin Angus's jacket and undress military cap; and Cousin Angus must clasp it snugly about her, and hold her fast to shield her with his manly arm. Is generous Cousin Blanche afraid that dear Cousin Angus may take cold in his waistcoat and bareheaded? Not he; not he! We are used to greater perils than this in Ours! For Cousin Angus is a soldier—he is a lieutenant in Ours. And who knows? If some day home returning from the wars, Major-General Sir Angus M'Allister, K.C.B., should lay the laurels of victory and of fame at somebody's feet! Ah me! who knows?—who knows? Is it not a pretty contrast, the married pair under the chestnut, and the cooing doves under the oak?

Or, again, in the London drawing-room, the colonel of Ours, who is also the husband of the married pair, is about leaving for the Crimea, for Ours has been ordered to the field. His wife distrusts him still, for Colonel Sir Alexander has a secret, and will not let her read his letters. Don't waste your precious time of farewell upon me, Sir, I beg. There are others whom you love, and who are doubtless anxiously awaiting your adieux. Sir Alexander is heart-broken, but can not explain. Here comes the dandy cynic, his old friend, to whom he whispers. Blanche and the poorer girl sit apart wondering and whispering. Suddenly the band of the regiment in the street plays "Annie Laurie." It is the melody of the Crimean war, and its strains bring back all the memories of that time. The Colonel turns to his wife. She will not look at him, nor say farewell. The two girls sobbing, fling themselves into his arms, and again the tender melody fills the air. He embraces the girls, looks with longing sadness at his wife, and is gone. The girls follow out of the room. The wife begs the cynic to ring for her maid, and, tottering, she withdraws. The coxcomb smiles. This is married bliss. Good heavens! how can any one believe in love and lovers after such scenes as this? And as he speaks he opens the sliding doors, and reveals Cousin Blanche at the piano, singing a farewell song to Cousin Angus of Ours, who hangs entranced upon her voice. The felicity and simplicity of this contrast are delightful. It is the subtle satire of life upon our wisdom. It is the vindication of the heart.

The whole play proceeds in this natural key. Nor is there any jar upon its actuality except in the soliloquy of the dandy turned soldier and wounded in the last act. As a matter of fact, people do not take imaginary audiences into their confidence and soliloquize at length. Neither do lovers in camp, even when alone, read the letters of their sweet-hearts aloud. But the capture of the pretended cynic, by the poor clever girl who can make an Irish stew, is a charming stroke of nature. The end of the whole matter is not hard to guess. The secret of the Colonel is not a suburban cottage and one who loves him awaiting his adieux, but his effort to protect the good name of his wife's family, and spare her pride by preventing the exposure of her brother's crime in forging the Colonel's name, which he does by paying the forged notes and so straitening his own resources. And then Monsieur, the Russian prince, is brought in a prisoner of war, and

lo! the Colonel and Cousin Angus return from the front unharmed. The Colonel's wife, who has heard the true story from the wounded cynic grown human again, falls upon her husband's neck; the cynic asks clever Mary Netley to be his wife; and Cousin Blanche's anxiety for Cousin Augus at the front has told her little story—and when he returns it is to her arms. "'Tis silly sooth," but 'tis the truth. It is in all these houses in New York—in all these hearts that pass us throbbing in Broadway.

And there is the wonder, as we sit looking full of interest at this play. This is an English drama by an English writer, laid among English scenes, and played by English actors. But there is nothing in it which is not just as familiar to us Americans as to our English cousins. Why is it, then, that it is English and not American? Why has not some American writer woven, with similar skill and grace and naturalness, any little love-story upon the warp of our war? Country homes enough in America, six and seven years ago, saw quarreling husbands and wives, sentimental young cynical coxcombs, and groups of young lovers. In city parlors there was the same offer from the Russian prince with an endless income, and poor Cousin Angus on his lieutenant's pay. For "Annie Laurie," played by the band, there was "Tramp, tramp, tramp;" and the regiment, with the beloved colonel and precious Cousin Angus, the lieutenant, marched in the moonlight by the window to Virginia, to Carolina, to Louisiana, instead of the Crimea. Far away, in winter huts in camp, there was the same homely romantic reality—the alarum, the rattling volley, often the safe return. Precisely the spectacle and the story of Ours were intensely American for four years—and now we see it, and hear it told to us by Englishmen of Englishmen. We go in crowds night after night; so that it is clear the reward of appreciation and applause would be profuse for the American who should tell it as Mr. Robertson has told it; and who should present it with the same perfection, the same uniformity and tone throughout, that characterize Mr. Wallack and his company. It is plainly not the native demand that produces the supply.

We consider ourselves a very clever people, and we are tolerably sure that such is the very general opinion of the rest of the world. Moreover, it is a favorite theory of many Americans that government should do nothing but protect the right of every citizen to do any thing which does not infringe the equal right of others. And we insist that this secures the public welfare more surely than any other plan. Upon almost any ferry-boat that carries hundreds of passengers every day to and from the great cities you will find the most eloquent expositors of this principle; but if you should suggest to any one of them to look about him and see what provision was made for the general safety upon the very boat which is carrying him and his audience, he would probably candidly confess to you that in that matter the practical result of the cleverness of the cleverest people under the sun is to shut the stable door after the horse is stolen.

The fact is that there is a species of this clever American which is usually ashamed to be prudent. The motto of "Blast the expense!" which he thinks is that of a true generosity, is often merely that of a puerile vanity and cowardice. He is a little ashamed both to say and to feel that he can not afford to do what any body else can do. And this feeling and the other about the expense confuse his moral sense so deeply that he very often allows the fact of riches to condone the means by which they are acquired, and to consider that dishonest gains are purified by a lavish and ostentatious spending. A man goes out in the damp winter weather well wrapped up, to guard against the disease that lurks in the treacherous air.

"Are you sick?" asks American Number Two, with his coat unbuttoned.

"No; on the contrary, I am perfectly well, and mean to keep so."

"Ah! ah! Hereditary pulmonary weakness, I suppose."

"Not at all; mere common-sense."

"Oh! ah!" And American Number Two passes on, profoundly convinced that Number One is a milksop because he is not a fool.

American Number Three finds himself, with his family, upon the ferry-boat listening to the conclusive argument of the advocate of individual action. Suddenly it occurs to him that he is in the middle of a river or bay, that the boat is a filagree of varnished pasteboard, and that his family are at the mercy of any drunkard's pipe. So he looks around, as we have suggested; and what ought he to see? What would common-sense provide under the circumstances? Rows of buckets conveniently hung, and always full; ample supplies of life-preservers in proved good condition; axes; above all, a coil of hose, with the pipe screwed on, properly attached to the engine, and needing but the turn of a crank to be brought into full play; plenty of boats known to be in order. These are the most obvious and essential requirements upon every passenger-boat. Upon how many, in your experience, are they provided? Upon how many would not the American Number Three, who was troubled by the want of them, be considered a "nervous" person? By how many Boards of Directors and Managers would not his complaint be regarded as a foolish bore?

Within a few months a gentleman was sitting in the smoking-room of such a boat. The ferry distance was about seven miles, and for a large part of it across an open, wide bay. The boat was thronged at certain hours, but at this time was not very full. Suddenly the door of the room was opened, and a man with an anxious face peered in and said that the boat was on fire. The gentleman and his friends instantly stepped out, and found universal confusion, the alarm having been given in the ladies' cabin. He instantly asked where the hose was, and was directed to one of the hands who was fumbling at a box. In this box, twisted and disjointed, lay the hose, and when it had been "unkinked," as the hand called it, and the pipe screwed on and the hose made ready to be attached, the hand had to break open a door by main force to reach the pump, and by that time the fire was happily extinguished.

To all inquiries the answer was "Oh! 'twas nothing at all." Neither was the deluge much of a shower when it began. That there was not a tragedy was not due to the care of the managers, but to sheer good luck. A few days

afterward American Number Four, having heard of the incident, went on the boat, and looked about to see what obvious means of safety there were in a similar extremity. There was no visible hose; perhaps it was unscrewed and "kinked up" somewhere in a box. There were no visible pails of water. But there were visible two axes and a few life-preservers. The peril of sudden emergencies like this fire is panic. But nothing so surely prevents panic as the evident means of safety. A cry of fire has no terrors in a theatre where every body sees the most ample means of escape. Yet, of what theatre in New York is that true, except possibly Booth's?

There is a universal association of horror with the cry of fire upon a ship at sea; and yet that is the place where a fire should be manageable, because a great force may be immediately concentrated upon the point of danger. Some years ago a California steamer left the Isthmus for New York. On the afternoon of the day of sailing the captain called the passengers to the deck, and made a sensible little speech. He reminded them that they were a great multitude upon a ship, and that, as they knew, fire was one of the possible perils to which they were exposed, but that a little care would deprive that chance of its sting. He then proposed that a sufficient body of the passengers should agree to act in concert with the crew, in case of necessity. He called for a certain number of men to handle axes, who, at an alarm, were to put themselves at once under the orders of the ship's carpenter, whom he introduced. Others were to act as guards to prevent the frantic rushing of passengers, and were to be armed for the purpose, and to obey certain officers whom he named; others were to protect the boats; others were to repair to certain points and serve the hose. And so a sufficient number of the passengers were simply organized, and made to understand precisely what they were to do, should an alarm be raised.

Suddenly the next day an alarm was given; and such was the self-possession produced by the consciousness of intelligent and powerful organization, that every man went quietly to his post: there was no panic whatever, and the passengers learned, to their great satisfaction, that the cry had been raised merely to test the efficiency of the organization. There were some grumblers upon the ship, who said that it was too bad in the captain to excite by such a plain appeal and system the imagination of the passengers. But because some men choose to be ostriches there is no reason why others should not prefer to remain men. A lightning-rod upon a house is a constant reminder of the danger of the thunder-bolt. Is it therefore "too bad" to protect the house? American Number Two would probably have thought the captain "sick," or have suspected hereditary cowardice. But who would not rather have sailed with that captain than with Number Two? Number Two has yet to learn that a man shows his heroism and sagacity not more by taking necessary risks than by avoiding those that are unnecessary.

An affable gentleman called upon the Easy Chair the other morning and presented a letter:

"My dear Easy Chair,—This will be handed to you by my particular friend Mr. P. Piper, who is one of our most distinguished citizens, and who would be very much obliged to you if you would give him a letter of introduction to your friend the Honorable D. Doldrum. So would be your obedient servant,

"Inigo Impy."

"Ah! Mr. Piper, then you are going to Squirrelopolis?"

"Yes, Sir; that is my present intention."

"Have you any business with Mr. Doldrum?"

"Oh no!"

"You are going for pleasure?"

"That is all; and I thought it would be very pleasant to pay my respects to Mr. Doldrum."

"I have very little acquaintance with Mr. Impy."

"So he says; but he said that you are quite intimate with Mr. Doldrum, and that a line from you would therefore be very serviceable."

"But I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance."

Mr. P. Piper looked surprised, and waved his hand toward the letter which the Easy Chair still held, as if that established an acquaintance. So the Easy Chair began again:

"I really do not feel at liberty to burden Mr. Doldrum, who is a very busy man, with more social duties than he has, at least without his permission. I am sure, from what Mr. Impy writes, that Mr. Doldrum would be very happy; but—but—really, without his permission I must beg you to excuse me."

"Oh," replied Mr. P. Piper, rising in wrath, "then you don't think me good enough to associate with Mr. Doldrum—"

"My dear Sir, I think no such thing, and I certainly do not say it. I am very sorry—"

But Mr. P. Piper was gone; and he and Mr. I. Impy will hereafter have their own views of the Easy Chair.

Now, my dear Mr. Piper, after you have recovered your equanimity, say, frankly, what would you do? If some gentleman whom you scarcely know sent you a letter introducing another, and asking you to introduce the other to any friend of yours, merely because the other wished to know your friend, would you not say that it was impossible for you to speak, still less to act for your friend, under such circumstances, and that you must therefore first have his permission? A gentleman who brings you a letter of introduction from another is not casually but especially introduced to you. If he have no business with you, you naturally suppose that he is introduced because he is a peculiarly agreeable acquaintance. But how could the Easy Chair possibly know that you would be an agreeable acquaintance to Mr. Doldrum, merely because Mr. Impy said that you were his particular friend? If every body who merely knows another is to venture to supply him with acquaintances without his permission, letters of introduction will become very suspicious documents.

Besides, dear Mr. P. Piper, why do you not ask some one who personally knows you to give you a letter to Mr. Doldrum? for the only honest letter the Easy Chair could give you would be this:

"My dear Doldrum,—At the request of Mr. Inigo Impy, whom I know very little, I give this note of introduction to Mr. P. Piper, whom I do not know at all. Mr. Impy assures me that Mr. Piper is his particular friend, and a distinguished citizen, and Mr. Piper tells me that he wishes to pay his respects to you. Yours always, Easy Chair."

Is that a letter which you would wish to present, my dear Piper? If it is, it is certainly not a letter which the Easy Chair would wish to write, or would write. It might, indeed, write another letter concealing the truth; for instance, this:

"My dear Doldrum,—I am very glad to introduce to you my friend Mr. P. Piper. Yours ever,

"Easy Chair."

What is Doldrum's impression upon receiving this note? He naturally says to himself that Piper is a friend of the Easy Chair's, probably an intimate friend, and must be asked to dinner. The dinner is arranged, and Doldrum, who has meanwhile made only the most cursory inquiries about the Easy Chair, receives Mr. Piper affably at the feast, and proceeds to ask all kinds of questions about their common friend. But, of course, he soon discovers that you and I have really no acquaintance, Mr. Piper; and perhaps Doldrum pushes his investigation so far as to ascertain the precise truth, namely, that I have sent you to him at the request of Mr. Impy, whom I scarcely know.

What is the inevitable result? The discredit of all my future letters. After I have thus introduced you to Mr. Doldrum, whenever he receives other letters from me introducing other Mr. Pipers he mentally remarks that the letter is no evidence whatever of any acquaintance, or even knowledge, upon my part of the person I have sent, and consequently Mr. Doldrum treats it with civil silence. He may receive you because you have rung at his door, and are in his parlor. But he receives you very ceremoniously. He does not ask you to call again. And unless David Doldrum is very much changed, he will write me to say that he will thank me not to give any body letters of introduction to him. Our friendship will decline. Very probably it will expire. And Inigo Impy will have been its assassin; or, rather, I shall have destroyed it by my miserable cowardice in declining to give the letter.

A general letter of introduction, my dear Mr. Peter Piper, is a general recommendation. There was a gentleman who was asked by an acquaintance, as Mr. Impy asked the Easy Chair, to give a letter introducing a third gentleman to a friend in another city. All that the writer of the letter knew of the person whom he introduced was that he was introduced to him by a person whom he did not very well know. But he had not the courage to decline, and wrote the letter. The gentleman to whom it was addressed honored it as a general recommendation, and, finding the bearer a pleasant man, invited him into his family circle. But by-and-by the bearer bore away the daughter of the gentleman in great shame and dishonor. Who opened the door of that home to Mr. Lovelace? The coward who wrote the letter of introduction, because an acquaintance asked him.

The Easy Chair had no moral right to give the letter which Mr. Impy requested. And the only safe rule is to decline to give a letter, or to state the exact truth. Then, indeed, as we have seen, we should have this pleasant kind of letter:

"My dear Jones,—Smith wants a letter to you, and as I am a candidate for sub-inspector of clam-soup, I am afraid to refuse it, lest he should organize an opposition to my election. I trust the acquaintance may be mutually agreeable. Yours, Jingo."

"My dear Thompson,—Mr. Gregory Gimlet, who brings you this note, is a fearful bore, and I give it to him to get rid of him. I shall be glad to reciprocate. Yours, faithfully, John Squash."

"My dear Sir,—Mr. Samuel Slow, of Quetunk, is a worthy gentleman, at whose house I staid when upon a business visit to that city. For that reason I do not feel free to decline to introduce him to your acquaintance, and to beg for him your most friendly attentions. Truly yours, A. Bat."

As the Easy Chair has already said, it is surely better to decline to give a letter than to write the truth in this manner. As for the usual manner of writing it, the less said the better. In the usual manner the first of these letters would appear thus:

"My dear Jones,—The Honorable John Smith, a gentleman of great political influence, and a valued friend whom I would gladly serve in any manner, is very desirous of making your acquaintance; and it gives me peculiar pleasure to bring together two of my friends in an acquaintance which, I hope, may be mutually agreeable.

"Yours, very truly, my dear Jones,

"O. Jingo."

The Easy Chair is sorry if you are offended, Mr. Piper; but it can certainly endure your unreasonable displeasure much more easily than its own censure.

It appears that Mr. Jenkins, to whose labors, in interviewing famous people and describing fashionable entertainments, the Easy Chair has recently devoted some attention, often invents his entire stories; and that, when he informs us that at Mrs. Grundy's beautiful ball last evening Miss Biddy O'Grady wore her celebrated yellow gingham with an over-skirt of green bandanna, it is most probable that Mrs. Grundy has not given a ball, and that Miss O'Grady has not such a dress. Mr. Jenkins recently told us in two newspapers—whose only aim is to furnish fresh, truthful, and trust-worthy intelligence—that there was a wedding at the house of a well-known gentleman in the city, and indulged in rhetoric appropriate to the description. The gentleman presently wrote to the papers that his attention had been called to the paragraph, and that no such wedding had taken place.

It will be useful for our friends out of the city, therefore, to remember that when they read of this brilliant reception and of that recherché wedding, of Mrs. Blank's diamonds and of Miss Dash's liquid dark eyes, that they are indebted to the incomparable imagination of Mr. Jenkins for the delight that they take in those blissful details. Moreover, when they read elaborate letters from other cities describing persons who are in no sense famous persons, and whose private life, even if they were so, is not a proper subject of public comment, let them again remember that the opinions of a writer who is willing to traffic in such gossip are not opinions to be respected, that such drivelers are in no sense ladies or gentlemen, and that there is no reason whatever to suppose that they are acquainted with the persons whom they describe.

If you read in a newspaper letter that Mrs. Termagant is a high-bred lady, and that Miss Montmorenci is evidently unused to good society, you can know nothing of those ladies until you know who it is that describes them. How much would you value Bottom's opinion of Chopin's "Nocturnes?" or Mr. James Logan 2d's judg-

ment of Tennyson's "Quest of the Holy Grail?" Only a gentleman's or a lady's opinion of gentlemen and ladies is valuable, for they only can see them. But they never write about them to the newspapers. Therefore, if you see a letter of the Jenkins kind, which purports to come from a gentleman or a lady, you may be sure that it is a forgery. They do not write such letters. In the mean time, as long as you like Jenkins's little romances he will continue to supply you. But don't make the absurd mistake of supposing them to be true.

Editor's Literary Record.

POETRY.

THERE is a certain class of would-be critics who are always ready to exhibit their wisdom by oracularly setting aside the popular verdict. They tell us, dogmatically, that Beecher and Spurgeon are no preachers, Mrs. Stowe no novelist, Church and Bierstadt no painters, Macaulay no historian, and, of course, Tennyson no poet. We are of the number who think that, in society as in physics, every effect has a cause, and that no man ever attains any wide-spread popularity without possessing some corresponding elements of intellectual power. We think Tennyson deserves the reward he has received. We pretend to no literary horoscope by which we are able to decipher the future. Whether "In Memoriam," "The Princess," and the "Idyls of the King" will survive the age which has produced them, we will not venture to say. But to have moved one age is work and honor enough for any man, whatever the ages to come may think or say about it. The flowers of the coming spring will not be less beautiful because in a few months they will give place to the floral beauties of summer. If the only sign of greatness is the possession of great and rare experiences, Tennyson is not great. We may concede nearly all that the would-be critic says about him: "His muse is dainty and delicious, but it is not daring and defiant.....Alas! he is no eagle. As we have said, he never soars. He twitters under our roof, sweeps and skims round and round our ponds, is musical in the branches of our trees, plumes himself on the edges of our fountains, builds himself a warm nest under our gables, and even in our hearts, 'cheeps,' to use his own words, 'twenty million loves,' feeds out of our hand, eyes us askance, struts along our lawns, and flutters in and out among our flowery parterres—does all, in fact, that welcome, semi-domesticated swallows, linnets, and musical bullfinches do; but there it ends. He is no 'scorner of the ground.' He never leaves us to plunge among the far-off precipitous crags, to commune with embryonic tempests, to travel with the planets, and then swoop down divinely laden with messages, hard, yet not altogether impossible to understand." Granted, Mr. Critic; but, pray, why should he be a "scorner of the ground?" By virtue of what authority do you declare the eagle to be the ideal bird, and condemn to the place of "third rank" the linnet, the thrush, and the nightingale? The century plant is, doubtless, the rarer and more valuable floral specimen to a scientific gardener; but we suspect that common folk would rather have a rose, or a flowering geranium, or a simple lily of the valley. Of "far-off precipitous crags," and "embryonic tempests," and "swoopings down" from planets, we have a great abundance in the poet's corner of the country newspapers. The very glory of Tennyson lies in the fact that he finds poetry in the common experiences of common humanity. Mr. Critic is very right when he says that "we love him because he is ours." Good reason why we should. Men of like passions as we ourselves make better apostles than the Angel Gabriel ever could. He who interprets the human heart to itself has done a good work, and this Tennyson has done. He is less a man of rare thoughts than a man of rare expression of common thoughts. An anonymous newspaper correspondent advises the public that Tennyson keeps a private printing-press in his house, and sets up every poem, and revises it in proof before he sends it to the printer. We can readily believe it. He is characteristically a student of expression. He is nothing if he is not fastidious. His power lies in this, that he interprets to common humanity its best and purest, because half unconscious thoughts. There are myriads of men who, like the ancient monarch, dream they know not what. Great indeed is the prophet who can both declare the dream and the interpretation thereof!

But the greatness of Tennyson lies less in his power to utter the common experiences of humanity than in his capacity to share them; from those of the most subtle dreamer and doubter, as in "In Memoriam," to those of the rudest boor, as in "The Northern Farmer." There is certainly no living writer, we scarcely think that there is any writer among the dead, who evokes from his harp so many different songs. On most poets a single muse attends; the nine attend on the poet laureate. His predecessor, for example, Wordsworth, is always the Recluse. In some sense no poet ever struck a richer vein, but it is a single one. You must either admire Wordsworth intensely, or read him with indifference; enjoy nearly all he wrote, or enjoy nothing. Amidst all his variations you easily detect a single underlying theme. Tennyson strikes his lyre with a light hand, but he sweeps all its chords, and evokes harmonies which in turn awake an echo in almost every soul. He is a popular poet for the same reason that Beecher is a popular orator, less because of single excellences than because in the circuit which he travels he succeeds in touching somewhere almost every heart. There are other poets who might perhaps have written "The May Queen," or "The Lotos-Eaters," or "In Memoriam," or "The Princess," or "The Idyls of the King;" but no other man could have written them all. The man who could vie with Bunyan in allegory as Tennyson has in "The Holy Grail," and with Lowell in broad humor uttered in the rudest vernacular and yet the most rhythmical meas-

ure, as Tennyson has done in "The Northern Farmer," runs with rare power the whole gamut of the musical scale. It is this which makes him so widely popular. His friends, agreed in loving him, agreed too in accounting him the most uneven of poets, are never agreed in their estimate of particular pieces. One declares that his "In Memoriam" is his great work, but shrugs his shoulders at "The Grandmother's Apology" and "Sea Dreams." A second is never tired of reading these, but shakes his head in despair over "In Memoriam;" while a third proclaims it certain that his power was never fairly tested till he wrote "The Idyls of the King."

For several reasons, then, we greatly prefer such a complete edition of Tennyson's poems as is afforded by *The Poetical Works of Alfred Tennyson* (Harper and Brothers), to any special work like the *Holy Grail and other Poems* (Fields, Osgood, and Co.). It is not merely that the reader gets more for his money—poetry is not to be measured by the line or the page. There are poets, a taste of whom is just as good as a full meal. Indeed, that is true of most poets. No man needs to read "Paradise Lost" through to apprehend Milton, or the "Task" to understand Cowper, or "The Excursion" to know Wordsworth. But no man knows Tennyson who has not read him in all his various moods; no reader can judge whether he likes Tennyson till he has listened to his song in all its changing keys; no man really understands Tennyson, with any measure of friendly familiarity, till he has studied, in the development of his poetry, the growth of the poet's soul from the shadowy land of a sorrowing skepticism to the clear light of a simple, pure, child-like Christian faith. This complete edition of Tennyson, in fair, readable print, on good paper, with illustrations, all of which are creditable, and some of which are admirable, and furnished, in paper covers at fifty cents, bound for one dollar, is a remarkable specimen of what the modern art of book-making can accomplish, and leaves no reader any excuse for being without the works of one who is, take him for all in all, the greatest of living poets.

Gerald Massey's new poem, *A Tale of Eternity* (Fields, Osgood, and Co.), possesses a certain weird, ghostly, and even ghastly power. Some of its sentences epitomize a world of philosophy in a few words. But there are few readers who will care to follow Mr. Massey any further than to the edge of the spirit land; and we think the most morbid devourers of ghost-stories will tire of the excursion before it is finished. The shorter pieces are much pleasanter reading, and some of the sacred lyrics are fine. But they are not buoyant enough to carry the load which the opening poem imposes upon them.—We do not know whether to congratulate or to commiserate Mr. Gilbert Nash that he is a man of independent means, and can afford the luxury of paying for the printing of his own verses. If he were not, we are reasonably sure that *Bay Leaves* (Nichols and Noyes) would never have been printed. Not that they are positively bad. Not but that they even possess, as he modestly thinks, "*some* merit." But that is not enough. Commonplace prose is pardonable. The world wants a good deal of prose, and is willing to take not only old ideas in new dresses, but old dresses with new trimming. But it only wants a little poetry. And it will not turn aside from Lowell and Whittier and Longfellow to read Gilbert Nash.—By the side of *Russet Leaves*, however, another book of amateur poetry, by James Pummill (J. B. Lippincott and Co.), "Bay Leaves" appears like the production of a very Homer. Mr. Pummill's flowers of speech are so very old, and his poetry so very dry, that we may very properly designate his book as a very herbarium of poetry.—The *Poems* of George Alfred Townsend (Rhodes and Ralph, Washington, D. C.) have the ring of true poetry in them. We hardly know how to characterize them. They are not remarkably subtle, but they are never morbid; they are not profound, but are never hard to understand; they are not passionate, but a glow of genuine poetic feeling pervades them; they do not impress you with any giant strength, but they neither lack vigor nor grace. They are, in a word, what the poet himself describes them:

"They were not grand, I knew:
As when I writ them I do feel them still;
They were but idle pictures that I drew
And shaped to measure with a weary quill;
Yet their crude fancies pleased me when alone
I conned them over, feeling them my own."

They are genuinely his own. There is nothing stiff, conventional, borrowed in them; and will please many a reader, we trust, as they have, in the creation, pleased their author.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

The *History of American Socialisms*, by John Humphrey Noyes (J. B. Lippincott and Co.), is a remarkable and, despite its origin, a valuable book. We say despite its origin, for certainly its authorship does not commend it. John Humphrey Noyes, originally a revival preacher, then a Perfectionist, is now the Patriarch and politico-spiritual head of the Oneida Community, which is held together largely by his personal presence and executive energy, and will hardly survive his death. As such he is the Apostle, *par excellence*, of "Free-love," and is the first author we have met with, certainly among the moderns, who openly avows and seriously defends this doctrine. In the Oneida Community they imagine that they are inaugurating the Kingdom of Heaven, because they neither marry nor are given in marriage. They assert, without qualification, that "there is no intrinsic difference between property in persons and property in things," and solemnly declare that the spirit of the Gospel "would abolish, if circumstances allowed full scope to it, exclusiveness in regard to women and children." Within the confines of this new Eden, circumstances do allow full scope to this new interpretation of the Gospel. The names of father, mother, husband, wife are unknown. The possessive pronoun is entirely abolished. "The intimate union of life and interest, which in the world is limited to pairs, extends through the whole body of believers; *i. e.*, complex marriage takes the place of simple." In a word, the evils which characterize society are abolished at a single blow, and a new socialistic organization is framed upon those principles of community "of persons and things" which have hitherto characterized only the dung-

hill and the barn-yard. It is the prophet and we believe the originator of this system who has undertaken to write what has hitherto been unwritten—a history of the socialistic movement in America. He traces it in its various phases—Owenism, Fourierism, Shakerism, Perfectionism; illustrates the working of the seventy-five or eighty socialistic experiments which have been tried in this country, of every grade, moral and social, from Brook Farm to the Oneida Community; and finally leads his readers to the conclusion that socialism, as a practical experiment, never can succeed unless it is based upon a religious enthusiasm strong enough to dissolve marriage and disrupt the family. He has written a book which is valuable as a contribution to American history; a book which can not fail, however he intends it, to strengthen the reader's love for the family as God ordained it, and his unutterable aversion to any and every movement which threatens to disintegrate what is the unit and foundation of the social organism. No argument for the sanctity of the marriage tie and the perpetuity of the family could be stronger than one which, by a calm and dispassionate review of the past, compels the reader to choose between a true home and the Oneida Community.

Mr. JOHN B. GOUGH, in his *Autobiography and Personal Recollections* (Bill, Nichols, and Co.), writes as he speaks. The same intense earnestness which renders his homely face so handsome, his ungainly gestures so graceful, his melodramatic vehemence so natural, imbues his book, which flows with the impetuosity of a torrent. Once fairly launched upon it you can neither escape nor resist it. For the time you are a cold-water man, whatever you have been before, whatever you become in the future. You no longer wonder at the exclamation extorted from Soyer, the famous gastronome—"What a sublime man it is!" No adjective characterizes him so well as that word "sublime." From almost the day of his reformation Mr. Gough has devoted himself to the life of an apostle. For a period now of twenty-six years he has been traveling through England and America, preaching the Gospel of Temperance. He has a keen observation—sees every thing. He has a wonderfully sympathetic imagination—throws himself at will into the condition of any person whose story he would tell, or whose character he would describe. He tells a story on paper only less graphically than on the platform; and doubtless he is the best story-teller in America. His book is as intense, as graphic, as picturesque as his lectures; and he is probably the most popular orator in any English-speaking land to-day—the most *popular*, we say, not artistically the best. "Hell Fire" and Lord Shaftesbury are equally carried away by his peculiar, his indescribable eloquence. Age has done nothing yet to weaken his enthusiasm. What it has taken from the intense vehemence of his youth it has added to the tenderness of his spirit and the pathos of his address. Long may he live to proclaim, with his characteristic conviction, broad charity, and devout Christian faith, the duty of temperance as the handmaid of righteousness, and a necessary preparation for the judgment to come. And when he dies may this story of his life remain, not only a memorial to his friends, but a warning to the tempted, an encouragement to the downcast and the seemingly lost, and an inspiration to all who love and labor for humanity.

Lady Byron Vindicated: a History of the Byron Controversy, from its beginning in 1816 *to the present time*, by HARRIET BEECHER STOWE (Fields, Osgood, and Co.), and *Medora Leigh: a History and an Autobiography*, edited by CHARLES MACKAY (Harper and Brothers), are the latest, and probably the last, contributions to the literature of the lamentable "Byron Mystery." The first is an elaborate statement of the considerations which persuaded Mrs. Stowe that it was her duty to tell the tale; a precise account of her conversations with Lady Byron; a presentation of the proof of the probability of the truth of the story drawn from Lord Byron's character and career, his letters, and all that is authentically known of them; and Mrs. Stowe's explanation of the kind letters from Lady Byron to Mrs. Leigh, published in the article in the *Quarterly Review*. The second publication is a slight volume, containing the autobiography of an unhappy woman, who was supposed to be the lawful daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Leigh, but who declares that she was the daughter of Mrs. Leigh and her half-brother, Lord Byron. The story, so far as it involves some kind of mysterious relation between the person calling herself Medora Leigh and the Byron family, is authenticated by documents which the respectable London publisher, Mr. Bentley, declares to be in his possession. Medora Leigh says that her sister and brother-in-law first told her that she was not Colonel Leigh's child, and Lady Byron told her that she was Lord Byron's daughter. But the bearing of her autobiography upon the "mystery" is, that if, without regard to any theory of her father, it is substantially true, it ruins the character of Mrs. Leigh, and establishes the great probability of Lady Byron's story. The book would not be worth a moment's thought, except for the letters contained in it, and whose authenticity is not yet denied; and in any case, it is a most painful and shameful story. It must be confessed on all sides that the long and violent discussion, beginning with Mrs. Stowe's "True Story," has settled nothing as to the charge itself. That Mrs. Stowe invented it, nobody believes. That Lady Byron dreamed it, has not been established. That Lord Byron was a worthless man, capable of any enormity of the kind, has been long and very generally supposed. That Mrs. Leigh was a woman unstained by any foul suspicion during her life, is not denied. The only clear result of the controversy, as it seems to us, is a very profound conviction that Lady Byron firmly believed that she had been unspeakably wronged; and a correction of the general impression that Lady Byron's Puritanic coldness was a half justification of Lord Byron's reckless life. Apropos of this controversy may be mentioned the fact that Harper and Brothers also issue a new edition of *Caleb Williams*, by WILLIAM GODWIN. This book, with Madame Guiccioli's "Recollections" and Moore's "Life of Lord Byron," constitute, with the books mentioned above, all the literature of any moment, except purely transient articles in the newspapers and periodicals, which bears on this unhappy and probably never-to-be-settled question.

Despite our democratic theories, we have, occasionally, exemplifications of the fact that talent and virtue run in families. Among the literary and religious aristocracy of America the family of Alexander has a prominent place, and of that family J. Addison Alexander was a foremost member. He belonged so much to America, and, no less by the catholicity of his mind than by the extent of his influence, to the universal Church, that we could have wished that his *Life*, by H. C. Alexander (Charles Scribner and Co.), had been condensed into one volume for the benefit of the general reader. As it is, while it certainly affords a very complete and a very pleasant view of his character, and gives some glimpses which will surprise those who knew him only as a preacher and a scholar, it must be regarded rather in the light of a memorial for personal friends, and an important addition to the history of that branch of the Church to which he belonged, than in the light of a popular biography.—We have already, in our February issue, spoken so much at length of *The Life of Miss Mitford* (Harper and Brothers), that we have no occasion to do more than to record here the fact of its publication, and to say that Miss Mitford, unlike most literati, gave her best thoughts not to the public, but to personal friends; so that this "Life," which is really an autobiography in mosaic, composed almost entirely of her own letters, may be safely pronounced the best production of her pen. It is carefully, conscientiously, and remarkably well edited.—*The Battle of Long Island*, by Thomas W. Field, published by the Long Island Historical Society, of whose Memoirs it is the second volume, is valuable rather as an original contribution to the sources of history, and for its local interest to the residents of Brooklyn and vicinity, than for any general and popular interest which pertains to it. As a careful study of an important and critical point in the American Revolution, it is alike creditable to its author and to the Society which issues it.—*The Great Empress*, by M. Schele de Vere (J. B. Lippincott and Co.), is an historical monograph on Agrippina, written in that would-be pictorial and excessively unhistorical style that disdains all dates and authorities and prosaic statements of simple facts, so that we do not wonder that one careless critic has classed it among the novels in his notice of it.

RELIGIOUS.

The Protestant world owes a very considerable debt of gratitude to Pope Pius IX. for having evoked from the Carmelite Convent one such man as Father Hyacinthe, and from the bosom of the Church one such book as *The Pope and the Council*, by "Janus" (Roberts Brothers). The followers of Luther might have labored a long while in vain to give the inert mass of humanity which kneels at the shrine of the Holy Mother such a vigorous stirring as the Most Holy Father has succeeded in giving to it. There is nothing so dangerous to the peace of "our Roman Catholic brethren" as thinking, and, thanks to the Jesuit Council, they have been compelled to do an amount of thinking which must seriously appall those who have been so heedless as to provoke it. It is not an ecclesiastical controversy which converts just now the holy city into a world's amphitheatre, and all mankind into a cloud of witnesses. When the Pope announced as a divine revelation the Immaculate Conception, the Protestant world simply opened its eyes in a kind of amused wonder, and said, "What next?" But when the pious and modest successor of Peter, not content with the keys of heaven and hell which he had inherited, demanded the restoration also of the keys of the earth, which his predecessors had seized, with considerable other booty, in the Middle Ages, but which had been gradually taken again by their rightful owners, when this Vicar of the universal Church demanded also to be Prince and Potentate of a universal empire, and publicly proclaimed a new reading of the prophecy, to wit: "The kingdoms of this earth have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Pope," it was quite another matter. Mankind generally care, unfortunately, far more about the keys of this world than about those of the other. His majesty, the Emperor of the French, has the reputation of being a most excellent Catholic, but he has no inclination to transfer his sceptre to the hands of the apostle who retains even his throne in the Papal palace only by aid of the Emperor's bayonets. This pious prelate, however infallible in matters ecclesiastical, has not shown himself so remarkably successful in matters political, in the administration of affairs in Italy for example, that even his own prelates have cared to see him undertake the administration of all Europe. And when at last, urged by his Jesuit courtiers, this prelatical Canute placed his chair of state on the very edge of the sea, and bade the rising tide retire in the well-known declaration, "They are in damnable error who regard the reconciliation of the Pope with modern civilization as possible or desirable," no wonder that they who loved the Church more than the man rushed forward to save it, very sure that if it were suffered to remain it would be swept off and engulfed in the waves. Father Hyacinthe and Janus are not Protestants. The latter is said to be an association of German Catholic bishops, one of whom is reported to be no less a man than Dr. Döllinger, Professor of Church History in the Catholic University at Munich. Neither of them has any leaning toward Protestantism. Ecclesiastically, they are good Catholics. Politically, they are not Romanists. They believe in the Church, but not in the Pope. Descendants of Pascal, they are the more vigorous and earnest anti-Papists because they are good Catholics. Certainly we should not know where to find in Protestant literature a more vigorous assault upon the personal infallibility of the Pope than in this little volume, which is thus epitomized by the *Weekly Review* of London:

> "The substance of the book is simply this: 'You, the Pope, infallible? You are nothing of the sort. Many of the Popes were totally ignorant of the first lines of theology; some of you did not even know grammar; few of you in the Middle Ages had read your Bibles; the worst of men have sat in your chair. For the first thousand years of the Church's life there was no such person known as are you, the modern Popes. You are usurpers; you have gradually drawn into your hands all the power of the Church; you have been latterly a line of greedy dogs—dumb dogs, too, that can not so much as bark—seeking only to aggrandize yourselves at the expense of the Church. In fact, if you were abolished altogether, the Church could live and would thrive far better without you.'"

Alas! for the poor Pope. If "weary is the head that wears a crown," what must his be who wears a tiara? Are there not times when he longs

for the primitive days of his great predecessor? Alas! for the unity of *the* Church, which already heaves and trembles with the throes of the earthquake. Catholicism is tranquil. But the Papacy is as a reed shaken by the wind.

The Mystery of Life and its Arts (John Wiley and Son) is a lecture by JOHN RUSKIN, delivered somewhere in Ireland—the place is not mentioned. We dare say that not many audiences gathered to hear about Art were ever so surprised as this audience must have been at this discourse. We also doubt if any such assembly ever heard more wholesome words under like circumstances. There is very little about Art directly, for Mr. Ruskin says he has learned that Art must not be talked about. But there is a good deal about the mystery of life—not its scientific, but its moral and spiritual mystery; that which appears in the apathy of men in respect to the realities or possibilities of the other world, or the best interests even of this, in their necessary ignorance of things apparently the most essential to their well-being; and the inability of the best and the most royally gifted to tell us any thing about the other life that we can trust, or that will give us peace. And the practical mystery, too. After six thousand years of labor and sorrow, how many thousands yet unclothed, unfed, unhoused! It is a keenly sensitive mind that speaks in these pages, not a sturdy mind—by no means a triumphant one. There is less clear Christian faith than one would expect. The lecture is marked by Ruskin's characteristic tone of disappointment, and almost despondent sadness; but there is none of the objectionable element we lately noticed. Thoughtful and thought-inspiring in its detailing of the mystery of life, stimulating in its appeal, as healthy in its council as it is severe in its rebuke, the lecture is not great; but, if rightly read, helpful, with a wisdom most sadly needed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MOST of our readers, probably, will remember seeing at country fairs an artist surrounded by an admiring crowd, and with nimble and experienced fingers cutting out the profiles of "sitters" from a sheet of black paper on the table before him. This black profile, placed subsequently upon a white surface, a sheet of paper, or the wall, produced a striking outline, if not always an accurate likeness. This primitive method, called, from the name of its inventor, silhouette, has been employed by a young German artist, PAUL KONEWKA, in illustrating *Midsummer Night's Dream* (Roberts Brothers). The result is a book which is not only curiously original, but also genuinely artistic. Mr. Konewka, in doing so much with so little—in producing effects not only so striking, but so subtle, with simple outline—has fairly earned the right to the title of genius. His selection of a theme was admirable. There is nothing in Shakspeare, nothing, perhaps, in literature, more odd, quaint, weird, impossible, fantastic than "Midsummer Night's Dream." It needed for its illustration art as original as itself. It is full of broad humor, and it is in humorous effects that silhouette is most successful. But the artist's execution is also, we think, quite equal to his conception. It is shown not merely in such comic pieces as Bottom and Snout, and Helena and Hermia's quarrel, but in the vivacity of its action, as in the Fairy and Puck, in the real grace of all its forms, as in Oberon and Phillida, in its composition, as in the frontispiece, and even the power with which, by action alone, it portrays the higher passions, as in Helena and Demetrius, or, what we account really the best though the least striking design in the book, the full-length portrait of Helena on page 30. That startling effects could be produced by silhouette we were prepared to believe, but not that so many different stories could be told by what we may perhaps designate as the pantomime of art. *On dit* that the same artist is engaged in illustrating, in the same manner, Goethe's "Faust."—The publication of a "Library Edition" of *Abbott's National Digest* (Diossy and Co.) brings this work upon our book-table. It is a comprehensive cyclopedia of the jurisprudence which has grown up under our national government. The acts of Congress and the decisions of the courts of the United States are abridged, arranged in their logical connection, and presented in chapters, each of which shows the history and present state of United States law upon its topic. The work was prepared for lawyers; and it has enjoyed, for the year or two since its first publication, an extensive popularity in professional circles. But it has interest and value to all who desire to study thoroughly the course of legal decisions on national subjects. Thus, those interested in inventions and in literary property will here find epitomized the whole body of the American law of patents and of copyright. The student of politics and statesmanship may find the decisions of our national courts upon constitutional law, the powers of Congress and of the States, the limits of the State and national jurisdictions, and many cognate subjects. Those who have occasion to inform themselves upon our foreign relations may find the views entertained by our courts upon the laws of war, the rights of commerce, the rules governing capture and prize, our system of neutrality laws, and on other matters of kindred interest. To the lawyer, we presume, such a work as the present must be chiefly useful as a guide or index to the numerous volumes in which the original reports and statutes are contained. For the general student, however, the "National Digest" is a satisfactory substitute; and it may well find a place in the library of the scholar and the man of learning, or in the alcoves of the public institution, where, ofttimes, neither money nor space could well be spared for the originals.—The Harpers publish an edition for the student of what are doubtless the three best comedies of Plautus—*Captivi*, *Trinummus*, and *Rudens*—with notes, critical and explanatory, by C. S. Harrington, professor of Latin in the Wesleyan University. Professor Harrington has availed himself of the labors of the best German scholars in revising and purifying the text, and has avoided the common error of making his notes so full as to be serviceable as a "pony" for lazy scholars. They exemplify remarkably well the motto *Multum in parvo*.—Clark and Maynard publish *Elocution and Oratory*, by CHARLES A. WILEY. Its directions are very few and very simple. It is less likely to render the pupil artificial and unnatural than most of the similar treatises which have come under our observation. Most of the book is devoted to selections for practice. It

would have been well to publish the directions separately for those who prefer to make their own selections, or whose profession gives them about all the practice they require.—Professor COMFORT'S *German Course* (Harper and Brothers), in four parts, comprising both the scientific or grammatical and the practical or colloquial methods, is an admirable book. Lucid in method, exhaustive in treatment, comprising in detail every thing essential to the learning of the language, for the purpose both of speaking and reading, and forming a complete library of popular German philology on the soundest and most practical principles, it is a worthy introduction to the study of what is, in its structure, the most scientific of all modern languages, and in its literature the most valuable, and is fairly entitled to be ranked, as it has been, as "the best text-book of the German language."—Of the half dozen novels or so that have collected during the month upon our table there are none that call for more than a brief mention. *Only Herself*, by ANNIE THOMAS (Harpers), is the most original, and, on the whole, the best. The ordinary tale of tortured love is varied a little by having marriage come first, and separation, enforced because the couple are yet minors and the marriage illegal, come after; it is quite refreshing, too, to find the step-mother kind, tender, loving—a true mother—and the step-daughter wild, wayward, and at the last a wanderer. The ending is too abrupt and too sad.—*Kitty*, by M. BETHAM EDWARDS (Harpers), is also likely to prove a thoroughly popular book, despite the fact that, as in "Only Herself," the heroine, if so we must consider her, is very unsatisfactory. We hardly need the promised sequel to teach us that the woman who sacrifices her heart to her ambition offers herself up to a false god, who promises much and gives nothing.—*Susan Fielding*, by Mrs. EDWARDS (Sheldon), is a conglomerate sort of story, not lacking some elements of power, but unattractive, because it has no really pleasant, genial characters to meet with whom is an inspiration or even a pleasure.—We can neither commend *Puck*, by OUIDA (J. B. Lippincott and Co.), for its moral tendencies or its literary qualities.—In *Twisted Threads*, by M. D. NAUMAN (Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger), the skein of life is rather tangled, even for a romance; but the story is very well told; the semblance of a young lady's journal is remarkably well kept up, and the "twisted threads" are woven into a very satisfactory pattern at the close.—*The Rule of the Monk*, a novel by GARIBALDI (Harper and Brothers), will, of course, excite universal attention. The scene is laid in Rome—the Rome which the famous author would fain release from ecclesiastical control—and is a tremendous exposure of the consequences of priestly rule as they appear to him. The assault upon the priesthood is so fiery that it may seem to many unjustified. But when the author says that the investigation of the Roman convents revealed certain iniquities, he adds, simply, Guiseppe Garibaldi saw them. The book is a true Italian romance; and as the work of the man who has taken so conspicuous a part in recent Italian history, it is an event as well as a book.—It is rare that one has the privilege of traveling with royalty, and witnessing how kings and princes conduct themselves when relieved from the restraints of court etiquette. This privilege is accorded to the general reader by the publication of the Hon. Mrs. WILLIAM GREY'S *Journal of a Visit to Egypt, Constantinople, the Crimea, Greece, etc.* (Harper and Brothers)—a book which would be exceedingly entertaining irrespective of the peculiar circumstances which called it forth. The Hon. Mrs. Grey was a *compagnon de voyage* of the Princess of Wales in her recent Eastern tour, and kept a daily journal of their experiences for her family friends at home. She writes with a colloquial frankness, and with an innocence of any possibility of future publication, which give to her pages a peculiar charm. In truth, for the publication itself she may be said to be in nowise responsible. She left her journal, it appears from the preface, in the keeping of her brother-in-law, General Grey. He, without consultation with her, had it printed. Three copies were struck off—one for herself, one for the Princess, and "a third," writes the General, "which I hope you will allow me to keep." Having thus stolen a march upon the unsuspecting and reluctant authoress, he had an advantage, which he did not fail to press, in urging her to publish the book which was already printed. The result is a volume which affords at once the most charming insight into the interior life of royalty, and a very graphic picture of the Orient—a book which, without the least affectation of fine writing, possesses a good deal which is of unusual excellence by reason of its very simplicity.

Editor's Scientific Record.

PRE-HISTORIC MAN.

IN a concise summary of what is now known of the early history of mankind, Professor Vogt has recently stated that there is no longer any doubt that man existed in Europe contemporaneously with extinct species of the elephant, mammoth, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus; and at a time when the straits of Gibraltar, of Dover, and the Dardanelles (as also the island of Sicily to Africa), were still united by isthmuses; when the Sahara Desert was covered with water, and there was a sea of ice covering the whole of the low levels of North Germany and Russia, and making an island of Finland, Norway, and Sweden.

He also maintains that man, in his earliest condition, was in a savage state, inferior even to the lowest type of modern tribes in Australia, Africa, or New Guinea; and that they were cannibals, as well. The civilization of Europe he asserts to have been derived not from Asia, as generally supposed, but from Africa; the cultivated plants of even the comparatively modern period of the Swiss lake dwellings being of African, and especially of Egyptian origin.

Our author entertains no doubt that the primitive man was closely related to the ape; and that, with the progress of time, the ape-like characteristics gradually disappeared, the forehead

becoming more upright, the skull higher, and the face projecting less beyond the cranium.

NEW ALKALOID.

A new alkaloid has recently been found in opium, adding another to the number already known to exist in that highly complex substance. It is obtained from papaverine, and is supposed to be even more powerful in its physiological action than morphine.

GLYCOGEN.

Starch, as such, is no longer to be considered as peculiarly vegetable, since a certain form of it, called glycogen, first discovered in the liver, is now claimed to be a regular constituent of muscle, and believed to be consumed in muscular action, thus forming the fuel with which the muscular engine is worked.

TEST FOR ALCOHOL.

A very delicate test of the presence of alcohol in any liquid consists in heating it in a test tube with a few grains of iodine and a few drops of potash solution. If alcohol be present, iodoform is shown as a yellow crystalline precipitate, presenting the appearance, under the microscope, of hexagonal plates or six-rayed stars. It is stated that this test, applied to the urine of a person who has imbibed alcohol in any form, will detect it within half an hour after it has been taken.

PHOTOGRAPHING ON WOOD.

A new method of photographing upon wood, without danger to its surface from the use of chemicals employed, consists in transferring the collodion film, after the picture has been printed upon it, to the surface of the wood, and then dissolving the collodion by means of ether, a metallic outline being thus left that can be easily followed by the engraver.

EXTIRPATION OF SPINAL CORD.

We are assured, by some recent experiments, that if from one-fortieth to one-twentieth part of an inch be removed from the spinal cord of a frog in the winter season, it will afterward be reproduced, so as to enable the animal to resume its nervous functions.

ARTIFICIAL COLORING OF WINE.

It is well known that wine is frequently colored artificially, for the sake of imparting to it some approved tint—this being done by means of certain vegetable substances, especially the purple flower of the hollyhock and the juice of the elderberry. For the purpose of detecting such manipulation the spectroscope has recently been brought into use; and we are assured that if no absorption band presents itself, the presumption is that the liquid is pure; but if any such band be seen, the wine is liable to strong suspicion. The coloring matter of the hollyhock exhibits an absorption band, as well as most other substances employed for a like purpose.

ARSENIC IN MENTAL DISEASES.

It is asserted that arsenious acid, or the common arsenic of commerce, when properly administered, has a marked effect upon cases of mental derangement, and one author even estimates that about sixty-six per cent. of all cases may be cured by this agent.

EFFECT OF COLD ON GAS.

It may surprise some of our readers, who have given no attention to such subjects, to learn that the illuminating power of ordinary gas depends, in a very marked ratio, upon the temperature of the air in which it is burned. Thus, it has been found, taking the amount of light emitted at 65 degrees of Fahrenheit as a standard of one hundred parts, that at 32 degrees, or the freezing-point, the percentage of light is only .76; and that at 4 degrees above zero it is only .33, or about one-third of what it is at 65 degrees. On the other hand, increased heat is not accompanied by a corresponding amount of light, since the temperature of boiling water causes an increase of only four per cent. over the standard; and that of 320 degrees, or of boiling paraffine, only 18 per cent. The loss of illuminating power upon the application of cold is supposed to depend directly upon the condensation of the hydrocarbon vapors; since at a temperature of 4 degrees a solid mass was found congealed upon the sides of the tube, containing, among other substances, benzole, ammonia, and nitric acid.

PLAGUE OF MICE.

We are familiar, in this country, with the plague of grasshoppers, army worms, and other noxious animals, but have happily been spared from the devastations caused by mice in large bodies, such as not unfrequently have ravaged portions of Europe. Quite recently certain parts of Hungary have been terribly afflicted in this manner, to so great an extent, indeed, that in a single district the entire crop of sixty thousand acres of grain was completely consumed. In another district ten thousand acres were destroyed in two weeks, not a grain, nor blade of straw, nor root being left—entire fields having been cleared, according to the statement, "as bare as a floor." Every attempt made to reduce the hordes of these animals failed. Ditches were dug and filled with water; but they soon became choked up with the dead bodies, the number destroyed being counted by hundreds of thousands, and yet without any appreciable impression being made upon the supply. The country was filled with immense numbers of hawks, eagles, owls, and other predaceous birds, together with foxes, weasels, wild-cats, etc.; but the devastation still continues, and there is no telling where it will end.

HULLING GRAIN.

Various methods for removing the husk from grain, by means of some harmless chemical application, have recently been suggested, so that the grain may be afterward pounded up in a mortar and converted into bread without the necessity of sending it to a mill to be ground. Besides the recommendation of simplicity, it is claimed that a great gain is accomplished in the saving of a large percentage of the gluten and other nutritious elements, which, under ordinary circumstances, would be entirely lost. Among processes for this purpose, one recently patented by a German inventor consists in dissolving two parts of calcined soda in twelve parts of water, with the addition of one part of caustic lime and

three of water. This is to be boiled from one and a half to two hours, and then twenty times its weight of water added. Seven and a half quarts of the liquid thus prepared will suffice for 220 pounds of grain. The liquid is to be poured over the grain by means of a watering-pot, or otherwise, and the whole stirred about for fifteen or twenty minutes, during which time the hull of the grain becomes detached, and may be removed by the ordinary methods.

It is asserted that this lye does not penetrate into the substance of the grain so as to affect its composition, but acts solely upon the husk. No fermentation is produced by it, even when the grain has been moistened for a long time. There is, of course, no objection to grinding the grain thus prepared in the ordinary way. The flour may not be very white, but it is claimed to possess nutritive qualities of the highest value.

PYROPHOTOGRAPHY.

Among the numerous applications of photography to the arts may be mentioned one called pyrophotography; or, in other words, the production of translucent photographic pictures on glass by means of a fusible silicious color. A mixture of honey, glycerine, and a gummy substance, dissolved in water, is poured upon a glass plate, forming a thin, sticky stratum. This, dried at a moderate heat, becomes hard, but possesses the property of slowly absorbing water from the atmosphere and again becoming sticky. If a quantity of bichromate of potash be added to the mixture before laying it on, its properties are modified so that, when exposed under a negative, the illuminated portions lose their stickiness and become permanently horny in texture; while the shaded portions will, in a few minutes, become sticky again, in proportion to the depth of the shade, grading off from one degree to another with perfect precision. After the plate has been exposed to the light a suitable length of time, with the negative or picture above it, on removing it from the frame there will be no indication whatever of a picture; but if a very fine black or brown fusible powder be dusted over the surface, it will bring out a fresh and accurate representation of the original image of extraordinary beauty and delicacy, becoming more and more distinct every moment in proportion to the continuance of the application of the powder. The bichromate may now be removed by washing with water, and the picture placed in an oven and fixed directly, or after having had a transparent coating of enamel laid upon it.

TREATMENT OF WINE DURING FERMENTATION.

A method of preparing wine, so as to retain its bouquet and alcohol during fermentation, consists in placing the must, with the stems, in a vessel, closed by means of a lid, into which is inserted a tube ten inches long, and to the upper end of which is fastened a collapsed hog's bladder. After twenty-four hours the fermentation begins; the carbonic acid passes into the bladder and expands it considerably, the alcohol and the aroma remaining behind. After six or eight days the bladder collapses again, and the active fermentation is over, and the wine can then be drawn off, or left for a still longer time.

SOME OF OUR NATIVE RESOURCES.

An English produce-broker calls attention to the fact that the leaves of the palmetto-tree, done up in bundles, and without any special preparation, are worth about $250 in gold per ton for conversion into fibre. This plant is abundant in the Southern States, and can generally be had for the gathering, and shipments of it are earnestly invited.

Another English writer refers to the anomaly shown in the exportation to America in one day of 1200 bags of Sicilian sumac, costing $125 per ton, when this article is found every where in the United States, and of a quality and commercial value from ten to twenty per cent. superior to the best European. Several species of the genus (*Rhus*) are abundant in the Middle States, and nearly all can be used to advantage. For this purpose the tops of the bushes are to be cut off and dried, either in the sun or by artificial heat, and then ground up, after which they are placed in bags, and are ready for market. The two poisonous kinds—the swamp sumac or poison dog-wood, and the poison oak—are of course to be let alone; but any of those with pennate leaves and producing the dark reddish-brown masses of fruit, and growing in dry places, can be collected with impunity.

CHLORAL.

The subject of chloral still continues to occupy the attention of physiologists; and this substance seems destined to render as important service in medicine as chloroform does in surgery. Conflicting accounts have been published of its effects upon the system; but from a recent report to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, we are assured that these results are caused entirely by a difference in the degree of purity of the article used; and that where the pure hydrate is employed, no substance known in medicine is more regular and definite in its effects.

One test of excellence consists in the addition of a concentrated solution of potash; if the chloral be pure the solution will become of a pale faint yellow color, with the disengagement of an agreeable odor of chloroform. If, however, a brown color is produced, with chloro-acetic vapors, or any others, mixed with those of chloroform, the sample is to be rejected.

It is said that the dose should not exceed five grammes (about seventy-seven grains) for an adult, and one or two fifths of this amount for an infant. It may be administered either by the mouth, or by external application to the skin, which will produce the same effect as when taken into the stomach. Its administration by hypodermic injection is considered dangerous. The arterial tension is increased under the influence of slumber produced by chloral, the frequency of the pulsations becoming lessened, and diminished after awakening.

The action of chloral is similar to that of chloroform; but it takes longer to produce its effect, which, however, is more prolonged. The general result is to produce slumber, rarely accompanied by hyperæsthesia; and, in a great majority of cases, remarkable for a very decided anæsthesia, which with the doses above mentioned, according to age, is sufficiently complete to allow of the extraction of teeth, or other operations.

As a therapeutic, the hydrate of chloral is said

to operate as a sedative in violent attacks of the gout, of the pains of acute or nephritic colic, of decayed teeth, etc.; in a word, it is to be looked upon as the first of the anæsthetics administered internally. It has been used with great success in cases of intense chorea, and other nervous affections, where the rapid motions of the patient tended to produce serious effects.

It has been remarked that chloral is one of the many substances the discovery of which we owe to the theoretical chemist, like chloroform, having been the subject of critical investigation in the laboratory without any therapeutic virtues being suspected in either for some considerable time after their discovery.

PREPARATION OF OIL-PAINT.

Among the many improvements in the practical arts that have been announced within later years few are perhaps more striking than the new process of preparing oil-paints, by which the old-fashioned machinery is entirely dispensed with, and a better result obtained in a much shorter time, with the least possible expense. This process, first discovered in France, is now carried on there, as well as in Germany, on a large scale, in both public and private establishments; but we have not heard whether it has yet been introduced in the United States. The new method consists simply in mixing any of the ordinary materials for painting, such as lampblack, white-lead, red-lead, or oxyd of zinc, with water, so as to form a thick paste. This, while still diluted, is passed through fine sieves so as to remove all foreign or hard particles. It is then placed in a vat or tub, and a quantity of drying oil poured into it, and stirred continually for a considerable time, during which the paints form an apparently chemical union with the oil, and leave the water. A pasty mass soon makes its appearance, which falls to the bottom and is removed; and this is afterward treated much like fresh butter in the operation for removing the buttermilk, until the water is separated, leaving a prepared paint, which may be diluted with oil or turpentine as desired, and is then ready for use.

By this process a single workman has been known to prepare 250 pounds of the best oil-paint in two hours with simply a tub, two or three sieves, and a wooden spatula.

Lampblack requires a slightly different manipulation from that used for the other substances mentioned, as it must first be moistened with a small quantity of water containing about ten per cent. of alcohol or whisky. It is then to be stirred until the mixture has the appearance of fresh snuff, in which condition it is to be mixed with water, passed through a sieve, and treated as already stated.

SALMON IN AUSTRALIA.

The interesting fact has recently been established that eggs of salmon and salmon-trout, sent from England to Australia, have been hatched out, and that their progeny are now stocking the rivers of that country, and are likely to prove a very important addition to its resources for food. The experiment was a very unpropitious one, owing to the great heat of the country in certain localities at particular seasons; and its success may perhaps be considered as a good omen in regard to any attempt at acclimatizing those valuable fish in the rivers of the United States and elsewhere, to which they do not naturally belong.

The attempts, at various times, in Europe, to raise salmon in fresh-water lakes without access to the sea, and with entire success in most instances, are well known; and also that they occur naturally in Lake Wener in Sweden, a sheet of water believed to have been formerly connected with the ocean, but cut off from it by the rising of the land, and still showing its maritime origin by the percentage of salt in the water at the very bottom, and by the presence of marine shells and other animals that do not belong to fresh-water localities.

THE AMERICAN MAN.

Mr. Simoni, a French savant who has lately traveled extensively in North America, reports to the Geographical Society of Paris his belief that three successive types may be established of the American man. First, the fossil or primitive type, found in different parts of the country, especially in California, in a diluvian stratum, covered with beds of lava. Second, what he calls the intermediary type, to which is probably due the construction of the mounds in the Valley of the Mississippi and other parts of America. Third, the modern type, or that of the Indian of the present day. He thinks that these three types have all been evolved from one, and that this came originally from Asia.

As bearing upon the same subject, the remarks of Professor Shaler recently made before the Boston Society of Natural History are worthy of note; namely, that the buffalo, so abundant in the Valley of the Mississippi during the historical era of North America, was apparently entirely unknown to the mound-builders, since no remains of the animal have been discovered in the mounds of the West; and where found at all in the soil it is very superficially or near the surface, and above the level of the deposits of the salt-licks and bogs. This statement, if verified, may furnish a clew to the age of the mounds; but it must not be forgotten that the buffalo occurs in the loess of the Missouri Valley, certainly of earlier date than the mounds, and that its remains exist in great abundance in Northwestern America, along the Yukon River, where it no longer occurs living.

BED OF SOLID SULPHUR.

The recent boring of Artesian wells on the Calcasieu River in Louisiana has brought to light the existence of an immense deposit of solid, pure, crystalline sulphur at a depth of 400 feet, and of more than 100 feet in thickness; a stratum which, perhaps, has scarcely its parallel in geological history. The commercial value of such a bed of sulphur is enormous, and we shall doubtless soon hear of shafts being sunk to that depth, and the mineral taken out in large quantities for the market.

The rock-salt formation of Petit Anse Island, on the coast of Louisiana, which was discovered during the late war, is equally remarkable, consisting as it does of a bed of rock-salt of immense thickness and of almost chemical purity. It was in the soil overlying this bed of rock-salt that remains of human art were found in undisturbed strata, and several feet below the bones of a fos-

sil elephant. Specimens of these remains, as well as of the fossil bones, are now among the collections in the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington.

FOSSIL REPTILES IN THE UNITED STATES.

For a time the envy of the geologists of the United States was directed toward their brethren in England, who had the good fortune to discover numerous specimens (in a great variety of genera and species) of fossil reptiles, totally distinct in character from the forms of the present day, such as the *Plesiosaurus*, the *Ichthyosaurus*, the *Iguanodon*, etc. Within the last few years, however, our own beds have proved to be extremely prolific in such objects; and, thanks to the researches of Professor Cope, Professor Leidy, Professor Hayden, Professor Marsh, Professor Cook, and other gentlemen, we bid fair before long to attain knowledge of as great a variety as is to be found in Europe. Fossil lizards of thirty and forty feet in length, and even more, have become not at all uncommon within a few years past in the principal cabinets of the country; and quite lately species of fossil serpents of gigantic size have been indicated; one of them, as just described by Professor Marsh, reaching the length of over thirty feet.

DIAMONDS IN NORTH AMERICA.

To the list of the localities of the diamond in North America, sufficiently rare indeed, may be added that of Oregon; since, in specimens of native platinum from that State, recently submitted to scientific examination, this valued mineral has been found in large numbers, though, unfortunately, the fact of the crystals being of microscopic minuteness may tend to detract somewhat from the pecuniary importance of the discovery.

IMPROVEMENT OF GYPSUM CASTS.

Persons who have occasion to take casts in gypsum, for purposes of science or art, may be pleased to learn of a method by which the appearance of ivory and of bone may be imparted to them. For this purpose the casts are to be exposed in a stove for forty-eight hours, at a temperature of from about 250 to 350 degrees, Fahr., and then allowed to stand in the air for three or four hours, and finally immersed in hot white varnish, olive-oil, melted fat, wax, or stearin, until their surface is completely saturated. After this they are to be dipped for a moment in water heated to 100 to 120 degrees; and this operation repeated every quarter of an hour for several hours; after which they are to be left in the water until the desired degree of hardness is attained.

DEVELOPMENT OF SILK-WORM EGGS.

An announcement has lately been made to the Academy of Sciences in Paris which, if verified by further experiments, promises to be of much importance in the rearing of silk-worms. M. Duclaux, the author of the communication, states that exposure to a considerable degree of cold for a time is absolutely necessary for the formation of the embryo in the egg, and that so long as the egg is kept in a warm room it will fail to attain its proper development.

In one experiment during the past summer a certain lot of eggs was divided into two parts, one portion being placed in an ice-house and kept there for about forty days; the other being left in a room of the ordinary temperature. On the 20th of September each of these two portions was again subdivided into two, and one of each raised gradually to a temperature of 68 degrees. The portion that had been kept in the ice-house has lately hatched out, while the eggs of the other lot had not even formed an embryo, and it was thought probable, from the experience of previous years, that the embryo would not form until subjected to a certain degree of cold.

The remaining two portions have been kept in the ordinary way to be experimented upon in the next season.

It is inferred from the above facts that, while exposure to cold, either natural or artificial, is required for the hatching of the silk-worm egg, if the length of time be insufficient, or the degree of cold not great enough, an unhealthy worm will be produced, and that possibly to some such condition as this may be ascribed many of the diseases which have in late years so sensibly affected the raising of silk-worms and the manufacture of silk.

To what extent these same conditions apply to the hatching of the eggs of any other insects has not been investigated; but the subject is one of much interest, and we presume that experiments will be tried and their results made known in due course of time.

DEEP-SEA DREDGING.

One of the most interesting features of a recent meeting of the Royal Society of London consisted in the presentation of a preliminary report of the British Dredging Commission, which, as some of our readers may be aware, prosecuted its researches, at one time during the past summer, at the great depth of about three miles. The facts ascertained from an examination of the collections made have surprised the whole scientific world, revealing the existence, at this enormous depth, of animal life in astonishing variety of species and remarkable generic forms.

Contrary to expectation, a great difference was found in the temperature at points at the same depth, and not far removed from each other; the depression of temperature (only to 36½ degrees, Fahr.) at 2400 fathoms being much less than had been previously anticipated. At other levels, however, especially between the Faroe Islands and the north of Scotland, the temperature was registered at 30 degrees; while another indication, at the same depth, and at no great distance, was 43 degrees.

The hottest bottom temperature was found on the east side of the channel between the Faroe Islands and Scotland; and over the whole of the warm region explored the bottom was found to be covered with the Globigerina deposit; that is, with the actual chalk-producing animalcules. The animals obtained included radiates, mollusks, annelids, crustaceans, etc.; among them 127 species of mollusks not previously known to exist in the British seas. In a single haul, 20,000 specimens of one form of Echinoid, or sea-urchin, were brought up.

Some curious facts were also ascertained in regard to the presence of carbonic acid gas in sea-water. Thus, while at the surface the air in the

sea-water contains about 25 per cent. of this gas, the rest being chiefly oxygen and nitrogen, the proportion of carbonic acid increased with the depth, until at 700 fathoms it amounted to 45 per cent.

It is supposed that the entire chain of animal life at these depths depends upon the chalk animalcules referred to for subsistence; while these find their support in the organic matter diffused throughout the deep sea-water, which, as shown by analysis, is present in considerable quantity.

STONE AGE IN AFRICA.

At one time it was asserted, with much positiveness, that stone implements, such as are found in most parts of the world, do not occur in Africa; and many plausible speculations were published to account for this supposed fact. Quite lately, however, some French travelers in Upper Egypt have announced to the Academy of Sciences that, in the plateau which separates the valley of Biban-El-Molouk from the bluffs that overlook the Pharaonic edifice of Deir-El-Bhari, they found an immense quantity of chipped flints, covering the surface of the soil for an extent of more than 300 square feet. These articles exhibit a close relationship to the well-known forms so common elsewhere, such as arrow-heads, lances, hatchets, knives, scrapers, awls, hammers, etc., and evidently constituted the remains of an ancient manufacturing establishment, in all probability pre-historic, and resembling similar ones known in France as work-shops of the Neolithic Period.

PHYSICAL CONDITION OF MARS.

A pamphlet by Mr. Proctor, a well-known astronomer, written to accompany some recent stereograms of Mars, calls attention anew to the very great similarity between this planet and our own earth in many points of its extraordinary physical condition, and infers, as has been before suggested, its entire adaptation to the requirements of living creatures such as those that now people the earth. The polar ice can readily be distinguished, extending its borders in the winter and contracting in the summer. An atmosphere, carrying clouds, and mists with definite qualities, is readily appreciable; and the indications of rain and snow are not wanting. How soon it will be possible for us to determine the nature of the inhabitants of the planet—since we can scarcely refuse to believe in their existence—is yet a matter of uncertainty; but it is to be hoped that the time is not very far distant when we may arrive at some definite conclusions in regard to them.

FIRE-PROOF CLOTHING.

The number of casualties resulting from the accidental ignition of cotton clothing has induced the Chief of Police of Berlin to make an official communication to the public, urging the employment of certain substances which have recently been found to have a very satisfactory effect in rendering such articles non-combustible.

The preparation recommended consists of a mixture of about 25 parts of tungstate of soda, and three or four parts of phosphate of soda, dissolved in 100 parts of water. If the articles are such as require to be starched, they may be afterward immersed in this solution, and then dried and ironed; or a small portion of the combined salts may be introduced into the starch before it is applied to the clothing. Articles which are not to be starched may be simply dipped in the solution, and then dried and ironed. The immunity from burning of articles prepared in this way is very great, so much so as entirely to remove any apprehension of danger to children whose clothing has been thus treated.

AREA OF ALASKA.

At the time of the purchase of Alaska the area of the country was estimated at 577,390 square miles, the proportion of arable land, or otherwise valuable soil, not being indicated, on account of the ignorance of the country generally which then prevailed, and which has not been materially decreased since. During the past summer a new map of the country was published by the Coast Survey, based in considerable measure upon observations made by Mr. William H. Dall, the well-known explorer of the Yukon River and the vicinity of Norton Sound. This has been the subject of careful measurement by Mr. Hanneman, of Gotha, who announces, as the result of his final investigation, that the area in question amounts to 582,867 square miles, of which the islands constitute about one-twentieth part.

MONTEVIDEAN BEEF.

Beef is now offered for sale in London and Paris at from five to eight cents a pound, prepared in Montevideo, from the native cattle of that country, by the process of Mr. Gorges. This consists in soaking the meat, in pieces of from five to one hundred pounds, in a mixture of water (85 per cent.) and hydrochloric acid, glycerine, and hyposulphite of soda (15 per cent.). After a time the pieces are removed and dusted over with finely powdered bisulphite of soda, and then packed in boxes as full as possible and sealed up air-tight. In this way the meat will keep for any length of time; and it is rendered fit for use by simply soaking for a few minutes in water to which a little vinegar has been added, followed by a moderate exposure to the air. It is claimed that the meat thus prepared is equal to that of a recently killed animal.

TARANTULA IN COSTA RICA.

Many of our readers are probably familiar with the appearance of the so-called "Tarantula," a huge, brown, hairy spider, of the genus *Mygale*, found in the warmer portions of America, living in holes in the ground lined with silk, and with or without a trap-door; and which spins no web, but captures its prey by running it down, or by leaping upon it. This is sometimes called the bird-catching spider, from the well-attested fact of its having been known to capture and kill small birds, the humming-bird especially. Many stories are current in Texas and California of the venomous nature of these spiders—the offensive apparatus consisting of a pair of sharp claws with poison glands attached, which secrete the venom and inject it into the wound. The amount of actual injury done is very trifling in the United States; in Central America, however, especially in Costa Rica, this animal becomes a very formidable plague. They are so abundant in certain portions that the ground is completely

riddled with their burrows, this being most frequently the case in low meadows and pasture fields. Here horses and cattle become very subject to their attacks, particularly upon those portions of the under surface of the body that are more or less in contact with the ground when lying down, and those less protected by hair, as the inside of the thighs, the udders of cows, etc. The wounds made by these spiders are very painful, and unless attended to soon are frequently fatal. An especially dangerous place for their attack is the region immediately above the hoof —a wound there generally resulting in the sloughing off of this portion of the foot. The usual remedy is the application of salt or sulphate of copper; but a solution of sal ammoniac is said to be more efficient.

THE DEESA METEORITE.

Much interest has lately been excited among mineralogists and physicists by the peculiar characteristics of a meteorite which fell, some years ago, near Deesa, in the Cordilleras of Chili, and which is stated to differ from all others known, in combining in itself the characters of the stony and of the iron meteorites, the iron having been injected as a metallic vein into the stone, or enveloping fragments of it, as if thrown against it when in a pasty condition. Specimens, with iron disseminated in small particles through stone, or *vice versa*, are well known; but the mechanical combination or apposition of the two substances in the manner indicated above is asserted to be something new to science, and to constitute the first instance known of an eruptive meteoric rock.

A careful chemical examination of portions of this meteorite transmitted to Paris by Professor Domeyko, of Santiago, Chili, was recently made by M. Meunier, and shows an unexpected relationship to two other meteorites—one of iron, which fell at Caille, in the Maritime Alps; the other of stone, picked up at Setif, in Algiers, June 9, 1867. From the close resemblance in composition of the iron and stone portions, respectively, of the Deesa meteorite to the two just mentioned, the inference is derived that all may be fragments of the same celestial body, but falling to the earth on widely remote localities.

Some interesting conclusions are presented by M. Meunier, in his memoir on the Deesa meteorite, which appear to be worthy of attention. He thinks that all meteoric masses are to be considered as fragments of some heavenly body (perhaps of several) formerly revolving entire around the earth, or even the moon, and possibly once the seat of life. As the original heat of this body was given off, it contracted in cooling, and finally split into fragments, which arranged themselves in zones according to their material, and continued in their original orbit. Little by little, as these fragments were subjected to the influence of the earth's attraction, they gravitated toward it—the smaller particles burning up before reaching its surface; the larger falling as meteoric irons and meteoric stones. Mr. Meunier reminds us that, while iron meteorites were formerly best known, occurring almost exclusively, at the present day they consist almost entirely of stone; and of late a new class of carbonaceous meteorites has made its appearance. From this he infers that the iron formed one layer of the zone of fragments referred to, and was first drawn off; and that hitherto-unknown varieties may be looked for in the future.

Finally, M. Meunier sees in different heavenly bodies evidence of the succession of changes suggested as occurring in the above original meteoric globe. In the sun he finds the incandescent stage. In the earth the equilibrium between different forces is maintained, so that life on its surface is possible. The moon is a worn-out world—all its forces exhausted, or nearly so, and it will ultimately go to pieces as stated—a physical condition to be imitated by our own globe in the distant future.

GOLD IN LAPLAND.

It is stated that gold, in considerable quantity, has lately been discovered in Lapland by two Russians, who have applied to their government for authority to gather it. They made the discovery last summer, but were obliged to leave the country soon after on account of want of provisions.

FUNCTIONS OF LEAVES OF PLANTS.

It is well known that the leaves of plants perform an important function, both in the evaporation of water and in the decomposition of carbonic acid, the two processes proceeding contemporaneously, and both determined by the degree and character of the light to which the leaves are exposed rather than by the temperature. Certain rays of light appear to develop these properties of the leaves more than others, the experiments showing that under the influence of yellow light twenty-six per cent. of gas was evolved, while under that of blue rays of the same intensity not quite six per cent. was thrown off.

INDEX TO SCIENTIFIC MEMOIRS.

In the immense number of memoirs and articles, as well as of entire volumes, devoted to the elucidation of some subject of physical and natural science, it has become almost impossible for any one specialist to make himself familiar with the literature of his branch of research, the publications necessary to keep him posted in its progress being printed in many different languages and at widely remote points. The importance, therefore, of well-digested indexes to the literature of science can scarcely be overestimated in the amount of relief furnished to students, enabling them to know to what works reference should be made, and how far they have at hand the materials for study. Several works of this kind have appeared from time to time; the most important, as far as natural history is concerned, being the "Bibliography of Zoology," prepared by Professor Agassiz, and published by the Ray Society of London, and the "Natural History Bibliography" of Engelmann and Carus. For some years past the Royal Society of London has been engaged in the compilation of an exhaustive work of a similar nature, embracing all branches of science in its scope; and of this three large quarto volumes have already appeared, covering, however, only a few letters of the alphabet in the classification of the titles by authors. Negotiations have just been completed by the Society for the preparation of an alphabetical index of subjects embraced in this bibli-

ography; and the work having been intrusted to Mr. Victor Carus, of Leipsic, the appearance of the first part may soon be looked for. It is gratifying to learn that to an American we owe the initiation of the important work of the Royal Society, the introduction to the first volume stating that it was undertaken in consequence of a suggestion made by Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, to the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

RED CORPUSCLES OF THE BLOOD.

The differences in the size and shape of the corpuscles of the blood has been a favorite subject of investigation on the part of microscopical observers; and various generalizations have been made and published for the purpose of establishing a definite system in regard to these variations.

During a recent lecture on the subject by Professor Gulliver, a gentleman who has been very intimately associated with the progress of discovery in regard to these bodies, it was stated that, contrary to the generally received opinion, there is a definite relationship between the size of an animal and its blood corpuscles. The lecturer showed that while the old theory might be true, when species of different orders were compared, it was not the fact in relation to species of the same order or family. Thus, while in the mouse we find corpuscles larger than those of the horse, yet we find that among the rodents themselves, the largest species have the largest corpuscles; and so in other instances.

In the mammal, the corpuscles were stated to be circular, with the single exception of the camel tribe, where they are oval. The largest are found in the great ant-eater, the two-toed sloth, and the capybara, the largest of their respective orders. The ruminants have the smallest corpuscles; and of these, the smallest genus, that of the musk-deer, has the least of all. In birds, the corpuscles are all oval, and vary but little in shape, although the same rule in regard to size prevails here as in the mammals. In reptiles, where they are oval, the variation in size is extraordinary; the smallest being in some of the scaly species, the largest in the Proteus of Austria, the Giant Salamander of Japan, and some peculiar American forms. In fishes, there is considerable diversity in the different orders, both in shape and size. The red corpuscle of the mammal differs from that of the other three classes in wanting the nucleus characteristic of the rest, as well as by its comparatively small size. For this reason the lecturer divided the vertebrates into two classes—the oviparous vertebrates and the mammals.

PROTOPLASM.

The subject of "*protoplasm*," a term intended to express the original material out of which animal and vegetable substances are formed, has been a "bone of contention" among naturalists and theologians ever since the publication of certain lectures and articles relative to it by Professor Huxley; and from England to Australia the matter has attracted great attention, and caused much animated, and even acrimonious, discussion.

In a recent lecture Professor Huxley repeats his former propositions, with some modifications, and announces protoplasm to be a complex body, consisting almost entirely of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen. Ordinary plants are made up of masses of protoplasm, each having a wooden case, and associated together. Animals consist of similar masses of protoplasm, not inclosed in wooden cases, but embodied in other matter, which results in the modification of protoplasm. Both animals and plants feed, grow, multiply, and die, and are then resolved into simple compounds, which are chiefly carbonic acid, water, and ammonia. Ordinary animals can not make protoplasm, but must be supplied with it. Ordinary plants, on the other hand, can make it from carbonic acid, water, and ammonia. The matter contained in living bodies is continually undergoing a circulation from the non-living world through the living world, back again to the non-living world.

HAY-FEVER.

Few of our readers are without some experience, either in themselves or through their friends, of the distressing affection known as "hay-fever," or "rose-cold," a kind of catarrh which appears, year after year, in the same person at about the same period of the summer season. An eminent microscopist, troubled with this complaint, has recently announced his belief that it is caused by the development, at the season indicated, of vibrios, a peculiar form of low organic life well known to microscopists. They appeared to him to be developed in the cavities and recesses connected with the nose, although not in the nose itself, since its ordinary secretion did not contain them, and they were only found when a violent sneezing, or blowing of the nose, took place. If this be the fact, it is quite probable that the true cure for the disease is to be found in the snuffing up of the vapor of carbolic acid; this substance having the property of destroying the vitality of microscopic growths, and preventing their multiplication.

POISONOUS MILK.

A curious instance of vicarious poisoning has recently been announced from Nicaragua. It appears that the cows belonging to a certain mining establishment obtained access to water contained in a trough in which mercury was occasionally washed, and persons drinking the milk of these cows became severely salivated. The cause of this sickness was not discovered for some time, the cows themselves at first not showing any particular symptoms of distress, although subsequently they became reduced in condition, and their gums much swollen; and some, though not all, afterward died. Distinct traces of mercury were found in the milk by analysis.

GIANT SALAMANDER.

Among other great curiosities of the Royal Museum at Leyden a living Giant Salamander of Japan was for many years not the least, specimens having been brought from that country by Dr. Von Siebold, a well-known explorer. Much interest attached to this species from the fact of its close relationship to a fossil animal, which was called by Scheuchzer, *homo diluvii testis*, or "a petrified man, a witness of the flood." Another living ally of the latter is a very ill-favored animal found in the Alleghany and other West-

ern rivers, and called by the people "alligator" or "hell bender."

Quite recently a specimen of the Japanese salamander has been sent to Europe, and is now in the museum at Milan; and measuring, as it does, more than five feet in length, it is claimed to be the largest animal of this class ever seen in modern times.

EARTHQUAKE WAVES IN THE PACIFIC.

Professor Hochstetter has lately published an investigation of the phenomena presented by the great wave of the Pacific consequent upon the earthquake of the 13th of August, 1868, off the coast of Peru. This wave was propagated with varying velocity, until it passed over the entire extent of the ocean; and the rate of its motion, or the time occupied in passing over a given space, has been used by Professor Hochstetter as a measure for determining the average depth of the sea in different localities; since the speed was more rapid where the depth of the ocean was the greater, and retarded where the bed of the sea was comparatively shallow.

This wave reached the Sandwich Islands in about seven hours; the Marquesas in a little less than that time; New Zealand in about eleven hours; and Australia in about thirteen. It was found that the line of greatest depth lay between Arica and the Sandwich Islands, its mean being about twenty-five hundred fathoms; while from Arica to New Zealand the depth is but a little more than half that amount.

A somewhat similar investigation was made many years ago by Professor Bache, based upon the time occupied in the passage of an earthquake wave from Japan to the coast of California, the result being an estimate of an average depth of nearly twenty-two hundred fathoms between the two countries.

SOCIABLE ANTS.

We are so accustomed to hear of the vindictive nature of ants, and their ferocity in attacking any intruder into their nests, that we learn with some surprise that different species systematically permit the intrusion and residence among them of forms of other orders of insects with which they apparently have nothing in common. We do not refer to the case of aphides or the green plant-lice, which ants are in the habit of capturing and penning up, either at the extremity of branches outdoors, or in their dwellings, and using them as milk cattle, appropriating the sweet secretion which exudes from their bodies, but to cases where nothing, apparently, is furnished by the guests to compensate for the room they are allowed to occupy. Some of these insects live with the ants only while in the larval condition, such as the well-known rose-chafer of Europe, which feeds on particles of decayed wood that the ants have brought together in their homes. Others live with the ants in their perfect condition, but are not found there exclusively. Among these are the Histers and some of the burrowing beetles. There is, however, still a third class of visitors who never leave the ant-houses, passing their entire lives from the egg to the adult stage there. Already over three hundred species of such insects, principally beetles, have been enumerated.

MOUNTAIN OF SULPHURET OF ANTIMONY.

Mineralogists will be interested to learn of the existence of two mountain peaks composed of thin strata of micaceous shales, traversed by masses of sulphuret of antimony. This remarkable formation occurs in a chain which separates Austria from Moldavia. The amount of this mineral is immense; and after a rain there is an unpleasant sulphurous smell appreciable in every direction. The earth under these peaks is covered with huge blocks of sulphuret of antimony to the extent of hundreds of thousands of tons. In the vicinity are various springs, containing a large amount of carbonic acid in solution, from which a constant and enormous exhalation passes into the atmosphere.

ACTION OF SUN'S RAYS ON FLAME.

It has been a favorite dogma from almost time immemorial that the light of the sun will extinguish or materially deaden a burning flame. A series of careful experiments recently prosecuted in England by Mr. Tomlinson led him to the conclusion, however, that direct sunlight or diffused daylight does not exercise the slightest influence upon a lighted candle or other flame.

ABSORPTION OF HYDROGEN BY NICKEL.

The property which platinum possesses of absorbing hydrogen in a definite quantity suggested to Professor Graham a method of proving the metallic nature of this gas, the two substances forming a definite chemical alloy. It has lately been found that nickel has the same property as platinum, and that it will take up one hundred and sixty-five times its volume of the gas.

EGG OIL.

A favorite remedy in Southern Russia for curing cuts, bruises, etc., consists in applying what is called egg oil, prepared by boiling the eggs hard, and then taking the yolks and crushing them, placing them over a fire, and stirring them carefully until the whole substance is on the point of taking fire. When the vessel is removed, the oil which has separated is to be poured off. Nearly two tea-spoonfuls of oil are obtained from a single egg.

DETERMINATION OF AGE OF OLD HORSES.

A French author, referring to the asserted fact that after a horse is eight years old it is difficult to determine its age by the teeth, announces that at this period in the horse's life a fold or wrinkle becomes visible in the upper edge of the lower eyelid, and that a new fold forms with each succeeding year.

LIQUIDS IN CRYSTALS.

The liquids contained in the cavities of certain minerals, such as rock-crystal and topaz, have been lately examined by means of the well-known Geissler tubes, into which the substances to be determined were introduced. An induction current was passed through the tubes, and the light produced investigated by means of the spectroscope, by which it was ascertained that the substance in question consisted of carbonic acid, either in a pure state or else mixed with water.

Editor's Historical Record.

THE UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 31st of January. Congress, on the 10th, resumed its session after the holiday recess. The following new measures have been introduced prior to the conclusion of this Record:

In the Senate, a bill regulating descents in the Territory of Utah; a bill to prohibit the sale of the public lands except to actual settlers; a bill to change the boundaries of the State of Nevada; a bill to abolish the franking privilege, and to establish a United States postal telegraph system; a bill making it a misdemeanor to fit out or equip ships of war, or to sell or furnish arms or munitions of war, to be employed by a foreign prince or state against the people of any province, district, or colony who are in a state of armed insurrection against such foreign prince or state, and providing for the forfeiture of such ship or munitions; a resolution providing for the redemption by the United States Treasury of currency, paying $1 in coin for $1 20 in currency; a resolution of inquiry (adopted) as to the expediency of compelling the national banks to retain the semi-annual interest on their bonds until they shall be in a condition to resume specie payments; a resolution of inquiry into the expediency of including in any treaty for the adjustment of all matters of difference between the United States and Great Britain an article for the transfer of British Columbia to the United States; a bill to abolish the franking privilege, and to establish a letter-carrier system in cities having 5000 inhabitants.

In the House, a bill to repeal all tariff duties now imposed on animals imported into the United States for breeding purposes; a bill to establish a permanent navy-yard and dépôt at Mound City, Illinois; a bill to repeal all the acts of Congress on the subject of bankruptcy; a bill for the apportionment of Representatives among the several States; a resolution declaratory of the right in States to protect themselves against a nuisance, and that Chinese emigration should be discouraged; bills to provide for the removal of the Kansas and Osage tribes of Indians to the Indian Territory, and to dispose of their lands in Kansas to actual settlers; a bill providing for a commission to investigate claims arising from Indian depredations; a bill to extend the pre-emption and homestead laws over certain lands; a bill to enlarge the boundaries of the State of Nevada; a bill to disencumber the public domain of the so-called Indian titles; a joint resolution declaring Virginia entitled to representation; a bill to reduce the army of the United States; a bill to abolish the franking privilege after July 1, 1870, and to establish a postal telegraph system; a resolution (adopted) that a strict regard to economy forbids the increase of the salaries of the public officers of the government; a bill constituting eight hours a day's work for government employés; a bill making it unlawful for a State Legislature to rescind its ratification of a constitutional amendment, and making it a penal offense to propose such rescinsion.

The joint resolution for the admission of Virginia came up in both Houses on the 10th, when it was debated at length in the Senate. Those objecting to the immediate admission of the State did so on the ground that a large proportion of the members of both Houses of the Virginia Legislature could not take the test-oath; and the opinion of Attorney-General Hoar (August 28, 1869), that the oath might be legally dispensed with, was disputed. On the 11th a bill was reported from the Reconstruction Committee in the House, admitting Virginia to representation on the following conditions:

First. That no person shall hold any office, civil or military, in said State who shall not have taken and subscribed one of the following oaths or affirmations, namely: "I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I have never taken an oath as a member of Congress, or as an officer of the United States, or as a member of any State Legislature, or as an executive or judicial officer of any State, to support the Constitution of the United States, and thereafter engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same, or given aid or comfort to the enemies thereof;" or, "I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I have been relieved from disability by an act of Congress, as provided for by the third section of the fourteenth article of the amendments of the Constitution of the United States."

Second. That the Constitution of said State shall never be so amended or changed as to deprive any citizen or class of citizens of the United States of the right to vote or hold office in said State who are entitled to vote or hold office by said Constitution, except as a punishment for such crimes as are now felonies at common-law, whereof they shall have been duly convicted under laws equally applicable to all the inhabitants of said State; or to prevent any person on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude from serving as a juror or participating equally in the school fund or school privileges provided for in said Constitution: *Provided*, That any alteration of said Constitution, equally applicable to all the voters of said State, may be made with regard to the time and place of residence of said voters.

Third. That all persons who shall at the time when said Constitution shall take effect hold or exercise the functions of any executive, administrative, or judicial office in said State by the appointment or authority of the district commander shall continue to discharge the duties of their respective offices until their successors, or those upon whom such duties shall under said Constitution devolve, are duly chosen or appointed and qualified.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted*, That the election of United States Senators by the General Assembly of said State on the 19th day of October, 1869, shall have the same validity as if made by previous authority of law.

Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, moved an amendment to "strike out all after the enacting clauses, and in lieu thereof insert the following: That the said State of Virginia is entitled to representation in the Congress of the United States." Mr. Bingham's substitute was adopted by the House, January 14, by a vote of 98 to 95. The result in the Senate was different. Several amendments prescribing conditions of admission were adopted, and thus amended the bill passed, January 21, by a vote of 47 to 10. The conditions of admission are these: 1st. That an oath shall be taken by every member of the Virginia Legislature that he has never, as a member of Congress, as an officer of the United States, as a member of any State Legislature, or as an officer of any State, sworn to support the Constitution of the United States, and afterward engaged in rebellion; or an oath that he has been relieved from political disabilities; 2d. That the Constitution of Virginia shall never be so amended or changed as to deprive any citizen or class of citizens of the United States of

the right to vote who are entitled to vote by the Constitution herein recognized, except as a punishment for such crimes as are now felonies at common-law, whereof they shall have been duly convicted under laws equally applicable to all the inhabitants of said State, provided that any alteration of said Constitution, prospective in its effects, may be made in regard to the time and place of residence of voters; 3d. That it shall never be lawful for the same State to deprive any citizen of the United States, on account of his race, color, or previous condition of servitude, of the right to hold office under the Constitution and laws of said State, or upon any such ground to require of him any other qualifications for office than are required of all other citizens; 4th. That the Constitution of Virginia shall never be so amended or changed as to deprive any citizen, or class of citizens, of the United States of the school rights and privileges secured by the Constitution of said State.

On the 24th the Senate bill was adopted by the House, 136 to 57. On the subsequent day it received the President's signature.

In the House, on the 11th, a bill was passed to provide every soldier disabled in the late war with an artificial limb once every five years. The Surgeon-General states the number of those to be thus provided with legs as 4646; with arms, 2817; with feet, 22; with hands, 74; with apparatus, 213; total 7772. This is the number now provided with artificial limbs, and the object of the bill is to renew the provision every five years.—On the 12th the action of the New York Legislature, rescinding the ratification by a previous Legislature of the Fifteenth Amendment, was laid before both Houses.—The same day Senator Sumner introduced his bill to authorize the refunding and consolidation of the national debt, to extend banking facilities, and to establish specie payments. As explained by its author, the bill proposes the substitution of bank-notes for greenbacks; it contemplates the extinguishment of the five-twenty bonds of 1862 (amounting to about five hundred millions), and the substitution of five per cent. ten-forties, payable in coin; the extension of bank-notes from three to five hundred millions, requiring from all national banks the four per cent. bonds—$100 for $80 of notes issued; and the withdrawal of as many greenbacks as would be equal in value to the increase of the bank-notes.—A bill was passed by both Houses providing that no government official shall receive or solicit a gift or present from other government officials.—On the 20th Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island, in behalf of his colleagues in the two Houses and of his State, presented to Congress a statue of General Nathaniel Greene of Revolutionary memory.—The bill to abolish the franking privilege came before the House on the 26th, and was passed, 174 to 14.

The Minnesota Legislature ratified the Fifteenth Constitutional Amendment on the 14th. On the 20th it was ratified by the Ohio and Iowa Legislatures, on the 13th by the Kansas Senate, on the 15th by the Mississippi Legislature, and on the 18th by the Rhode Island Legislature. This makes 27 States that have, in both Houses of their Legislatures, ratified the Amendment. Twenty-eight are required to make the requisite three-fourths.

Major-General Joseph A. Mower died at New Orleans, January 8, from congestion of the lungs. He was commander of the Department of Louisiana.—George D. Prentice, the veteran editor of the Louisville *Journal*, died on the 22d of January at the residence of his son, Clarence J. Prentice, a few miles below Louisville, Kentucky. He was a little over sixty-six years of age.

EUROPE.

A new French Ministry was formed at the beginning of the month, with M. Emile Ollivier (Minister of Justice and Religion) as Prime Minister. The other members of the Cabinet are as follow:

Minister of Foreign Affairs.	Count Napoleon Daru.
Minister of the Interior....	Chevandier de Valdrome.
Minister of Finance	Louis Joseph Buffet.
Minister of War	General Edmund Leboeuf.
Minister of Marine	Regault de Genouilly.
Min. of Public Instruction .	Emile Alexis Legris.
Minister of Public Works ..	Marquis De Talhouet.
Min. of Agricult. and Com..	M. Charles Louvet.
Minister of the Fine Arts ..	M. Maurice Richard.
Min. of the Emp. Household.	Count Vaillant.
Pres. of Council of State....	Esquiron de Parien.

The Anglo-French commercial treaty expired February 4. On the 27th there was a stormy debate concerning its renewal in the Corps Législatif. M. Thiers, in opposition to the views of the ministry, demanded the renunciation of the treaty. The government, however, was sustained by a vote of 201 to 32.

A quarrel having arisen between Prince Pierre Bonaparte and the editors of the *Marseillaise*, in consequence of a bitter attack made by that paper on the Prince, the latter sent a note to Henri Rochefort, the responsible editor, which was equivalent to a challenge. On the afternoon of the 10th M. Fouvielle and M. Victor Noir, of the editorial staff of the *Marseillaise*, proceeded to the residence of the Prince—No. 59 Rue d'Auteuil—as seconds in the contemplated duel. Incited by some provocatory words, the Prince shot Victor Noir, killing him instantly. The city of Paris was greatly excited by the tragedy. Prince Bonaparte made the following statement as to the occurrence:

"M. Fouvielle and M. Victor Noir came to my residence, with a menacing air, with their hands in their pockets, and presented a letter from M. Pascal Groussett. I said, 'It is Rochefort, and not his creatures, that I seek.' 'Read the letter,' replied Noir. I had my hand on my pistol in my pocket. 'Are you responsible for it?' I asked. At this I received a slap in the face from Noir, when I drew my revolver and fired at him. Fouvielle crouched behind a chair, and from the protection that afforded aimed his revolver at me, but he could not get it to go off. I fired at him while he was in that position, when he ran out of the room. He stopped in the next room, and again turned his pistol toward me. I fired at him again, and he fled."

The statement made by M. De Fouvielle declares that the Prince, without provocation, slapped M. Victor Noir, and then shot him.

The Prince surrendered himself to the Commissioner of Police, and a decree was issued convoking the Chambers for an investigation of the case. In the Corps Législatif M. Rochefort said the people must judge the murderer. M. Ollivier, in reply, promised that justice should be done. In the course of his speech he said: "We are

justice, law, moderation; if you force us we will be power." The office of the *Marseillaise* was seized on the 11th by order of the government. On the 12th 5000 workmen from the Faubourg attended the funeral of Victor Noir. Between two and three o'clock over 100,000 persons were assembled in the vicinity of the place where the remains reposed. Rochefort attended the funeral, and his presence called forth an enthusiastic demonstration. At the cemetery there were frequent shouts of "Vive la république!" and the "Marseillaise" was repeatedly sung by the people; but beyond this there was no disturbance. Rochefort's arraignment (or the decision to grant the demand of the government for his arraignment) was voted on the 17th. The vote stood 226 to 34. This action produced considerable excitement. The same day that the vote was taken the *Marseillaise* published a dispatch from Madrid stating that a public meeting of 20,000 republicans in that city sent congratulations to the republicans of Paris, and to Deputy Rochefort, "the devoted champion of democracy." Soon after this event there was a new excitement furnished by the strike of the operators at La Creuzot —one of the principal iron-manufacturing towns in Europe; and in connection with this a mining accident occurred at La Creuzot, resulting in considerable loss of life. M. Schneider, the President of the French Senate, happens to be one of the largest proprietors in La Creuzot. The extreme radical journals were distributed freely among the working-men, and in this way the trouble was increased. On the 21st one of the editors of the *Marseillaise* was arrested, on account of the influence of that journal upon the workmen of La Creuzot. On the 22d Rochefort's trial was concluded. He was convicted and sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and to pay a fine of 3000 francs.

A cable telegram dated January 29 states that M. Ollivier had addressed a circular to the Procureurs-Généals on the subject of the press. He says polemics are to be free, but attacks on the Emperor, apologies for crimes, attempts to turn the soldiers from their duty, matter that tends to cause disobedience of the laws, and all libels, are to be severely punished, especially the latter, with heavy fines. He also enjoins the observance of great vigilance in the matter of political meetings.

The trial of Traupmann, the murderer of the Kinck family, was concluded December 30. He was executed January 19. To the last he insisted that he had accomplices.

Early in January a decided negative was received from Victor Emanuel as to the candidature to the Spanish throne of the Duke of Genoa. This broke up the Cabinet, which was reorganized on the 9th, Señor Rivero accepting the Ministry of the Interior, Admiral Topete that of the Marine, and Señor Segosta the Department of State. —The Cortes reassembled on the 11th. A proposition for the perpetual exclusion of the Bourbon dynasty, on the 24th, received only 38 votes against 151. The returns of the elections for vacancies in the Cortes indicate a defeat of the monarchists.

Since the 1st of January the Œcumenical Council has held its sessions in the Quirinal. The German bishops, on the 21st, had a meeting and resolved that, unless the number of members in dioceses be taken into consideration in the votes of the Council, they would secede in a body.

CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA.

Advices from Hayti, of December 20, reported the fall of Port-au-Prince, after an attack by sea and land, on the 18th and 19th. Salnave's vessel, the *Algonquin*, was captured without bloodshed, Salnave making his escape to the city. Later information shows that decrees were afterward issued by the provisional government, under the presidency of Nassage Saget (December 22 and 31), declaring Sylvain Salnave an outlaw, and setting a price upon his head of 5000 piastres, and establishing temporary revolutionary tribunals in all sections of the republic. Salnave is reported to have been shot.

Since the beginning of the month we have had somewhat discouraging advices as to the prospects of the Cuban insurgents. At first, we received reports of the surrender of large bodies of the patriots. The Havana journals late in December announced the termination of the revolution. These journals professed to have seen a copy of a circular, issued by the Cuban Junta of New York city, advising the Cubans to lay down their arms. Our journals of January 23 published a statement, by Miguel A. Aldama, contradicting this assertion. All, or nearly all, the Spanish reinforcements having arrived, General Puello advanced into the Central Department, from Nuevitas, December 24. But from the reports received of his expedition, it does not seem to have been productive of material results. Advices from Havana, January 28, report the return of General Puello to Puerto Principe with the remnants of his army, after having sustained a severe defeat in an engagement with General Jordan: 36 officers and 400 men of the Spanish forces were reported as killed or wounded. The same advices indicate that General Jordan had relieved General Quesada as commander-in-chief of the Cuban army.

THE RED RIVER REBELLION.

Governor M'Dougall and Colonel Dennis arrived at St. Cloud, Minnesota, December 30. It seemed to be their impression that the rebellion had been instigated by the Hudson Bay Company, and that the Ottawa Government had weakened the authority of the Governor by its dilatory proceedings. The new Provisional Government of the Red River Territory was, on the 8th, reported to be in working order, and had taken possession of the safe of the Hudson Bay Company, the contents of which it appropriated to the public use. Troops were being organized, and considerable apprehension was felt as to intentions of the Indians. The population of the Red River country numbers about 15,000, and is divided among French, English, Scotch, Canadians, Americans, and half-breeds. The climate is mild. The trade of the settlements is almost entirely in furs. Rupert's Land—all of which is affected by the question now at issue —contains 2,000,000 of square miles, 350,000 of which consist of prairie or meadow land. The remaining territory is occupied by lakes, forests, and impassable tracts of snow and ice. The revolutionists have established a journal called the *New Nation*, which advocates territorial independence, to be followed by annexation to the United States.

Editor's Drawer.

AT our annual "Spring" opening it may not be inappropriate to quote the lines following, which were used as an opening to Spring in the *Looker On*, published in 1793:

"Like a maiden shy and fearful,
Hidden now by turns, and seen,
Frownest now, and now art cheerful,
Spring, creation's fickle queen.

"Winter's wither'd clutches hold thee,
Doting on thy youthful charms;
Summer, longing to infold thee,
Pulls thee to his ardent arms."

AND this from an equally old source:

"The 'New-come' of the year is born to-day,
With a strong, lusty laugh and joyous shout.
Uprising, with its mother, it, in play,
Throws flowers on her—pulls hard buds about,
To open them for blossoms; and its voice,
Pealing o'er dells, plains, uplands, and high groves,
Startles all living things, till they rejoice
In re-creation of themselves; each loves
And blesses each; and man's intelligence,
In musings grateful, thanks All-Wise Beneficence."

IN one of the interior cities of this State, during the mayoralty of a gentleman not more famous for enterprise and ability than for large-heartedness and fondness for a joke, a prominent subject of interest and discussion was a contemplated change in the organization of the police department, and as this was to be decided by a vote of the people, a lively canvass was gone into by those most interested in the result. It so happened that the official who acted as door-keeper at the mayor's office was an individual whose position on the pending question was conspicuously uncertain, and various ingenious expedients had been ineffectually resorted to to ascertain it. Finally, a gentleman connected with the press took it upon himself to settle the question, and "interviewed" him:

"Well, Tinkham, how do you stand on this thing?"

"What thing?"

"Why, this question of the police."

"Well, really, I don't know."

"Don't know!"

"Well, you see, I haven't thought any thing about it."

"Oh, that's played out; you understand it well enough."

"But I don't, though. I haven't read up, and *really* don't know any thing about it, *either crim. or con.!*"

The answer seemed to be ingenuous, and the conductor of the "great moral engine" so communicated to the head men of the party.

WHAT would be the Drawer without the ministers, and the things that are said in the councils, the conferences, the assemblies, the conventions of the Church? Here, for example, is a little thing that occurred at the late session of the Methodist Episcopal North Georgia Conference in Rome, Georgia. The Rev. J. M. Dickey, a punning parson, heard the committee read out in the list of appointments that Bishop Doggett would preach at a certain church. With placid countenance and serious mien he approached that solid Doctor of Divinity, the Rev. J. L. Pierce, and asked, "Did I hear correctly? Is it Doggett or Dickey that is to preach?" With equal solemnity of manner Dr. Pierce rejoined, "If Dickey preaches, I presume the people will say *Dog-it!*"

MERELY as one out of thousands of instances where this Magazine penetrates into the closest nooks and to the far-off outskirt of civilization, and to show how our pleasant department of it is appreciated, we append the following note and anecdote:

—— ——, THURSTON CO., WASHINGTON TER., *Nov.* 24, 1869.

EDITOR HARPER'S DRAWER,—I do not know what we would do here in the wilds of the Pacific coast if it were not for the Drawer to smooth down the rough edges of life. If acceptable, I will contribute a mite to it:

Returning from church last Sabbath with a son of the Green Isle, and talking of the uncertainty of life, he spoke of the good, pious wife he had; that she had promised to bury him if he died first, and wished him to do the same for her if the case were reversed; "and," said he, "if she does die first, *and I'm alive*, I'll do it!"

A GOODLY number of pilgrims—members of the New England Society—mostly young and jolly pilgrims—met at Delmonico's on the 22d of December last, where, under the blaze of gas-lights, and amidst the popping of Champagne corks, they celebrated the landing at Plymouth, and perpetuated the ascetic virtues of their forefathers. A good many pleasant things were said and done at that reunion of Puritans; but of the things written there is but one that has any claim to consideration from the Drawer, and that one is the grief-abounding letter of Henry Ward Beecher at his inability to be present and partake of the historical pork and the nutritious bean. The letter is addressed to the Chairman of the Committee on Invitations, that austere but good Puritan, Mr. Isaac H. Bailey:

MY DEAR MR. BAILEY,—I am sorry that I have an address to deliver to-night in Brooklyn, and am therefore unable to accept your invitation.

Do not think for a moment that I am seeking to hide myself from a proper share of those sufferings which you will undergo in memory of the Pilgrim fathers. I should rejoice to sit shivering with you around the chill table of Delmonico's in memory of Plymouth Rock, to gnaw the crust and sip the cold water as our revered ancestors did.

It does one good, in these degenerate days, occasionally to practice those self-denials which assimilate him to the primitive men of heroic history. Your crowd to-night will come into my memory as a heroic band of men willing to suffer for a principle, and boldly to face the trials and severities of a dinner at Delmonico's, which I solemnly believe would have tried the constancy of even the Pilgrims.

What an encouragement to virtue that we tell our children—"If you endure Plymouth Rock, you shall be rewarded with Delmonico!" Very truly yours,

December 22, 1869. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Oh! the unfathomable meekness of the men of New England!

JUDGE WITHERELL, late presiding Judge of the Wayne County Circuit Court, Michigan, emigrated in boyhood from New England to Detroit, and, growing up among the old French residents, became a great favorite with them.

No man enjoyed a repartee better than he. Among other incidents connected with his official duties he used to relate the following: A Frenchman had been convicted of stealing a horse. When arraigned for sentence, and when asked the usual question if he had any thing to say in palliation, he arose, and with a quizzical look replied: "Judge, how is dat? If Frenchman steal horse, he's a *gone Frenchman;* but if Yankee steal horse, he's a *gone horse;* how is dat?" The Court saw the point, and said, "I see: the point is a good one; I therefore sentence you to imprisonment for the shortest term the law permits." This is how it was.

The ludicrous side of life, like the serious side, says one of the cleverest of American essayists, has its literature, and it is a literature of untold wealth. Mirth is a Proteus, changing its shape and manner with the thousand diversities of individual character, from the most superficial gayety to the deepest, most earnest humor. There is the humor of Goethe, like his own summer morning, delightfully clear. There is the incessant brilliancy of Sheridan,

"Whose humor, as gay as the fire-fly's light,
Played round every subject, and shone as it played;
Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade."

There is the uncouth mirth that winds, stutters, wriggles, and screams, dark, scornful, and savage, among the dislocated joints of Carlyle's spavined sentences. There is the lithe, springy sarcasm, the hilarious badinage, the brilliant, careless disdain, which sparkle and scorch along the glistening page of Holmes. There is the sleepy smile that sometimes lies so benignly on the sweet and serious diction of old Izaak Walton. There is the mirth of Dickens, coming out in broad gushes of humor, overflowing all banks and bounds of conventional decorum. There is Sydney Smith —sly, sleek, swift, subtle—a moment's motion, and the human mouse is in his paw! And there are Pope, and Dryden, and Steele, and Irving, and Hawthorne. Let us breathe a benison on these our mirthful benefactors, these fine revelers among human weaknesses; these stern, keen satirists of human depravity. Wherever Humor smiles away the fretting thoughts of care, or supplies that antidote which cleanses

"The stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
That weighs upon the heart"—

wherever Wit rides folly, abases pride, or stings iniquity—there glides the cheerful spirit, or glitters the flashing thought of these bright enemies of stupidity and gloom.

You know the individual who is always dilatory in making the responses? He is usually to be found in every Episcopal parish, much to the annoyance of the quiet, orderly people who unfortunately are compelled to sit near him. A man of this sort was one of the most regular (such always are regular) attendants at St. ——'s, Philadelphia; and so "worriting" had his drawling habit become, that several of the parishioners called upon the rector and requested him to "interview" the laggard, and request him to make the responses in unison with the rest of the brethren. "You see, my dear Sir," said the rector, "it is easy enough to be prompt, if you will but fix your mind upon it. If you begin the General Confession promptly, you will easily end with the others. Then, again, if at the Creed you commence: 'I believe,' etc., promptly, why, at the proper time, you will be able to '*descend into hell*' with the rest of the congregation! Now, my dear Sir, pray be a little more prompt, and *do this!*"

In a general way the statement, once made by a poet, that

"Doubtless the pleasure is as great
In being cheated as to cheat,"

is perhaps open to debate. Probably it was in a case that comes to us from a clever Washington correspondent. It occurred in the Indian Bureau, where it was regarded as a "neat thing in stationery." It used to be the custom—perhaps it is now—for parties making bids to supply that and other Departments with stationery to bid so low on sundry items of the invoice as to defeat outsiders. A certain firm in Washington—keen, gentlemanly, and so forth—had put down blue ink for the Indian Bureau at *one-eighth of a cent per dozen*, quart bottles at that. Dr. Cady, the chief clerk, a clever and genial officer and gentleman, who loves a good joke hugely, was called upon by one of the aforesaid firm, who, in astonishment and consternation, showed him an order they had just received for 96 bottles, *one cent's worth*, of blue ink! The doctor "didn't know nothing about it," of course; so the clerk having that matter in charge was called on "for information." He said *that* ink was greatly needed—couldn't possibly do without it; he hated to send an order for *less* than a penny's worth, etc., etc. And the upshot of the matter was that, in spite of all remonstrance by the "stationery man," the 96 quart bottles of A No. 1 Blue Ink had to be "forked over," for one cent, by that enterprising firm! *Ha, ha!* I am writing this with that same *cent*-imental fluid—"*sho* niche! *sho sheep!*"

Several pleasant anecdotes of Sir David Brewster are given in Mrs. Gordon's recently published life of that eminent philosopher. He was eminently a self-made man, and is said to have been entirely unconscious, ignorant, and indifferent as to all genealogical failures or possessions—an ignorance and an indifference which he communicated to all those within his immediate influence. A lady genealogist having questioned Sir David on this subject in his later years, he told her that while by his mother's side he was entirely Scotch, he was not so on his father's, as the Brewster family had, he believed, come from England several generations before. He added, characteristically: "The books say that I came from a branch of the Brewsters of Wrentham, but I neither know nor do I care." He might have quoted Sydney Smith's favorite saying of Junot's: "Je n'en suis rien, moi, *je suis un ancêtre.*"

When in London, early in life, Sir David dined with a somewhat eccentric philosopher named Cavendish, who invariably had a leg of mutton for his solitary dinner. On one occasion Cavendish announced to his servant that six gentlemen were to dine with him that day. "What am I to give them for dinner?" ejaculated the

factotum in dismay; "one leg of mutton won't do for six gentlemen." "Then give them *six* legs of mutton!" was the philosophical reply.

In 1852 Sir David went to London, where he met Prince Albert, who unfolded to him his plan of a great central Industrial Exhibition, to which the £500,000 obtained from the former exhibition would be devoted. The Prince told him of a letter which the Queen received from some Indian grandee, addressed to the *Right Honble. Sir George Victoria, Queen of the East India Company!*

In 1853 Sir David was in Paris, and was taken to see the astronomer Arago, who was then in deep suffering, and was soon to die. He thus describes the interview: We conversed upon the marvels of creation, and the name of God was introduced. This led Arago to complain of the difficulties which his reason experienced in understanding God. "But," said I, "it is still more difficult not to comprehend God." He did not deny it: "Only," added he, "in this case I abstain, for it is impossible for me to understand the God of you philosophers." "It is not with them that we are dealing," replied I, "although I believe that true philosophy necessarily conducts us to belief in God: it is of the God of the Christian that I wish to speak." "Ah!" he exclaimed, "*He was the God of my mother, before whom she always experienced so much comfort in kneeling.*" "Doubtless," I answered. He said no more: *his heart had spoken; this time he had understood.*

Talking of parsons: In a charming novel entitled, "In Silk Attire," by William Black, recently published by the Harpers, occurs this sentence concerning sermons—that is to say, the sort of sermon that you and I, reader, know all about but don't talk about:

"Sermons are like Scotch bagpipes—they sound very well *when one doesn't hear them.*"

That was not a bad reply given recently at a barn-raising in Pennsylvania to a young man who had been relating his more than wonderful exploits in various quarters of the globe. At the close of one of these narratives, he was not a little set back by the remark of an old codger: "Young man, ain't you ashamed to talk so *when there are older liars on the ground!*"

How laudable the effort when one desires to make every body feel pleasant! There was old Dave Weeks, of Salisbury, Missouri, a hard-working man, who in harvest-time would "hire out" to the farmers for high wages. Once, when hands were scarce, Farmer B—— secured Dave in season. The first day in harvest, before noon, Mr. A—— came where Mr. B—— and Dave were at work, and asked the latter to help him next day. Dave readily assented. Soon after Mr. C—— came on the same errand, and Dave, with equal alacrity, promised him. Farmer B——, a straight, thorough-going Presbyterian, was a little surprised at the promptitude with which Dave promised to work for so many on the same day, so he said: "Why, Dave, what do you mean? First you promised to help me to-morrow; and now you've promised to help two others—what *do* you mean?" "Oh," says Dave, "the fact is, *I like to see every body go away feeling good! Treat 'em all alike; that's my way!*"

From Manchester, Michigan, we have a poetic effusion on "Artist Love," by O. Howe Greene, a colored poet, brother of the I. V. Greene named in the poem:

Two artists painted in our town,
And love arose between;
The one adored pale Olive Brown,
The other I. V. Greene.

Around the lovely Olive's heart
Greene (I. V.) twined and grew;
He loved to paint her face—and part
She daily painted too.

He "colored up" with bashful fright
Whenever Brown met Greene;
She "colored up" with Lily White,
And finished with Carmine.

Pale Olive's love soon changed its hue
From I. V. Greene to Black;
A sack of gold arose in view,
And I. V. "got the sack."

Poor I. V. Greene grew sickly blue
When Olive Brown thus said:
"I ne'er shall change my maiden hue
To Greene with *nary red.*"

MORAL.

Sad I. V. Greene for gold doth toil
Amid the red Comanches,
While Black, cold nights, warms Olive-oil
For two weak "Olive branches."

It is certainly gratifying to know that in ——, Illinois, the Young Men's Christian Association is doing a good work. One of its most active members is Mr. ——, a young gentlemen of position and means, who has done much in aiding the poor and unfortunate. At one time he became quite interested in a German family in indigent circumstances. The wife was quite sick, and he visited her very often, doing all he could to prepare her mind for the worst, if it should come to that. He had not seen her for a few days when he met the husband, and the following conversation took place:

"How do you do, Mr. ——? How is your wife?"

"Mein frau?—mein frau is dead."

"Dead! is it possible? Was she resigned?"

"Resigned? *resigned?* Mein Gott! *she had to be!*"

Recently, in a Southern city, it became necessary in a certain church to raise a few hundred dollars for Sunday-school purposes. The anniversary of the school was deemed a fitting opportunity to secure that amount. At the proper time the clergyman made the necessary explanations, and asked, "Who will give $10?" There were two responses. "Who'll give $5?" Several gave $5. Two gentlemen then circulated through the aisles, with slips of paper, to receive contributions from those who were disinclined to speak out in church. In this way $76 were obtained. "$200 more wanted," said the clergyman. Finally, by dint of coaxing and bantering, the requisite sum, lacking 50 cents, was secured. "Go round again with the hat," said the persistent party in the pulpit; "I'm going to have that half dollar before I open the door." At which remark a young person poked his head into the window, and exclaimed: "Say, old

gentleman, open the door and let my gal out; I'm tired of waiting; here's your half dollar!"

And with one of old Leatherstocking's long, inward chuckles, the sturdy beggar ordered the portal to be thrown back, and the young person and his ge-irl went their way.

The Drawer is indebted to an old contributor for an extract from a very quaint old sermon in praise of thieves and thievery. It seems that in the days of good Queen Bess seven thieves robbed Parson Hyberdine, near Hartley Row, in Hampshire, and then set him on a hillock to preach a sermon to them. Whereon the divine showed them from the Scriptures that God commended and allowed their trade, instancing the thefts committed by His favorites, Jacob, Esau, David, and Christ (of an asse and a colte whiche was none of his owne). "Indeed," says the parson, "you are in all points, save one, like Christ; you've no dwelling-place, you're laid wait for, you're taken, condemned, and hanged, and you go to hell. But you *don't* ascend into heaven, unless God gives you grace, which I pray he may." On this the thieves returned the parson his money, and gave him 2*s.* "to drynke, for hys sermon." The Cotton MS. says 7*s.*, and leaves out the drink.

In a recent Number of the Drawer we illustrated, by advertisements from an Oregon journal, how "empire," with its billiard saloons, cigar shops, etc., had not only "taken its way Westward," but had actually arrived there, and successfully established itself in business. We have since had brought to our notice a few other advertisements, published in different parts of the country, showing that this species of composition is stepping altogether beyond the old, dry, humdrum style of "decent debility" which in times past was deemed to be part and parcel of advertising literature. Take, for example, the following announcement in the leading organ of public opinion in Boise City, Idaho. How fresh and (horse)-racy compared with the advertisements of the Eastern horse-man:

"LIVERY AND FEED STABLE—Main Street, Boise City, I. T., Samuel F. P. Briggs, Prop.

"Fine buggies and as fine horses as ever threw their tail over the dash.

"You see how it is! It's nothing to me whether Idaho has a Governor or not. 'Give me another horse!' exclaimed King Richard. He need not thus exclaimed more than once if near my stable—could have had any number, and better man ne'er threw his leg over.

"Good horses, good feed—put a nice polish on your horse, or any thing in the livery business. So if you want any thing in my line I'm your man, looking as I do. You bet! I'll do all I say, and that's what's the matter with the young canine."

In the same untrammeled vehicle of independent thought is the following:

"MOUNT HOOD SALOON—Opposite Idaho Meat Market, Main Street, Boise City, I. T. The best of wines, liquors, and cigars on hand and dispensed at the bar. Call in, and invite the Boy, and take a smile."

In another column this hilarious invitation is vouchsafed:

"WANTED IMMEDIATELY—Eight or ten good, able-bodied men can find a winter's job by applying at the *Chronicle* office immediately. We want them to act in the capacity of 'fighting editors.' We will furnish the 'thunder' and coffins, and they must furnish the 'muscle' and weapons. Those applying first will get the best 'lay outs.' We pay according to the rank of the man whipped. N.B. Meals extra."

The "free and happy spirit that, unseen, hovers o'er" the Idaho newspaper man finds, in oddity of expression, its equal in the journals of the sea-board. Thus, in Conway, New Hampshire, a man who had undergone some botherment in his marital relations, makes, in the paper of that town, this generous avowal:

"WHEREAS I, Daniel Clay, through misrepresentation, was induced to post my wife Rhoda in the papers, now beg leave to inform the public that I have taken her to wife, after settling all our domestic broils in an amicable manner; so that every thing, as usual, goes on like clock-work."

Next, in the *Herald* of this city, a young gentleman who feels a willingness to sacrifice himself to the happiness of somebody else's family, thus unbosoms his alacrity:

"WANTED—A situation as son-in-law in a respectable family. Blood and breeding no object, being already supplied; capital essential. No objection to go a short distance in the country."

Quite the opposite of this, among the marriage notices published in a recent number of the Richmond (Virginia) *Whig* is the subjoined, which, either by proof-reader or foreman in making up the form, makes an absurd blunder:

"Kasey—Burks.—At the Episcopal Church, in Liberty, on the 14th inst., by Rev. J. A. Wharton, Mr. Jno. SOAP, 1395 pounds.
S. Kasey and Miss Fannie Claiborne, daughter of E. C. Burks, Esq., all of Bedford County, Virginia."

"Maurice Deil" contributes an epitaph:

A quondam resident of New Brunswick, New Jersey, who long since "shuffled off this mortal coil," was one of the few mortals destined to have his memory perpetuated by *two* head-stones. One is standing in the Presbyterian church-yard, where his body *is*, and the other in the Methodist church-yard, where his body *was*. The latter bears the following:

"Interred in this spot his body did lay,
On the grounds selected, for which he did pay;
But his widow would not let his body alone,
Because his first children reared the stone.
After his death his children and second wife
Sought to hold what he had earned during his life;
His first children no claim, no portion should hold,
So they robbed his grave, and his lot they sold."

In one of the interior towns of Pennsylvania an enterprising fellow deals in books, stationery, Yankee notions, etc. If the customer inquires for any article not on hand, the dealer is sure to have something else which will answer just as well. Last summer a gentleman entered the store and asked for a copy of "The Potiphar Papers." "Haven't got them," was the reply; "*but I have some most excellent fly-paper!*"

Doubtless one of the most difficult things to do well, on the shortest notice, is to write an editorial "leader." Writing "leaders" is one of the finest of the fine arts. We are impelled to this original observation on perusing in one of the leading organs of public opinion in Nebraska an editorial on "Christmas," from which we quote, verbatim, the two opening paragraphs:

"In wishing our readers a meary Christmas, we are givingutterence to the universal expression of this day. But there is more in the occasion than at first sight may present itself to the mind of the public.

"Christmas is a suggistive day in the annals

of the Christian Church. It is not necessary in this connection to say that this is *the* day on which Christ, who was crucified for the sins of the world, rose from the dead. Commentators are not agreed on this point. That he *did* make mediation for us is a matter of universal belief, and according to the teachings of inspiration. This fact is the only one to *which* the attention of the world need be invited, and if we take the present day as an anniversary of that important event, all important ends are subserved."

The following epitaph comes from a Green Spring, Ohio, correspondent, copied by him from a stone in a grave-yard in the northern part of that State:

"Farewell children strive to meet me
In this sweet this healthe home
Where no care shall ever greet thee
Thy onec'd Father bids the come.
As the volt received its silent guest
I could not weep, but my heart did bust
Within my breast."

"Onec'd" is good.

The Rev. Alexander Mackay, LL.D., has recently given to the world a work on Facts and Dates, or the Leading Events in Sacred and Profane History, the Memory being aided throughout by a Simple and Natural Method. It is quite common to hear people say, "I have a poor memory for dates." Here is the remedy: take daily, every two hours, three or four of Mackay's patent chronological pills (each pill is a date), and you will soon remember and repeat various dates, from the creation of man, according to Usher, down to the conflagration of the world, according to Dr. Cumming. If, for instance, you wish to impress upon your mind that the date of the death of Absalom was 1023 B.C., all you have to do is to resort to the literary pill-box, and remember the sentence, "*a beautiful youth found hanging.*" Or, if you wish to recall the fact that B.C. 1014 Solomon married Pharaoh's daughter, you are simply to bear in mind the line "*Betrothed a wife of colored skin.*" Or, that in 1095 B.C. Saul was crowned first King of Israel, you have but to commit the words, "*They chose a young tall leader;*" though it has been suggested that thoroughly to have this great event impressed upon the memory would be to throw it into verse, something, say, like this:

The young King Saul was very tall,
And never king was taller;
But tho' King Saul was very tall,
Far better kings were smaller.

For all his size, he was not wise;
Nor was he long anointed
Ere people said, with shaking head,
"We're sadly disappointed."

On the upper lakes it is the custom in winter to cut holes through the ice, and the fish, attracted by the light, collect and are taken with nets in large numbers. It often happens that the fish are of small size, and these the fishermen usually give to the poor women and children who are always about. Jake Walton was an old fisherman, as noted for his profanity as his success in his calling. One day Jake had a large haul of small fish, and a few of large size. Calling some women, he gave them the large ones, and proceeded to gather up the small for sale. One of his fraternity inquired the cause of this strange action. Jake turned his eyes with a quizzical look, and said: "I've hearn that what you give to the poor you lend to the Lord. Now, when them fishes is *paid back*, I don't want no such mess of darned *little fishes* put on to me!"

Timothy G. Coffin, widely known as "Tim Coffin," was for forty years a famous man in New Bedford, and an honored lawyer of Bristol County. They tell us that in person he was short, and rather thick-set. No one saw him without admiring his constant ruffled shirt and neatness of dress. Still more would he remark the intellectual character of the man, the fine head, the prominent eye, the general expression of *power* in the man. How his whole soul went into his case! The petty case in the police court was fought with all the energy and fidelity he gave the most intricate cause in the higher tribunals. Kind to young lawyers, ever ready to counsel and assist them; he was courteous to antagonists; he was profoundly respectful to the Court—*when he was afraid* of his Honor.

The veteran advocate was very successful in jury cases. He was full of wit and story. A joker every where, he had to take hard hits as well as give them. From among the many stories told us, we select the following, as fairly representative:

Mr. Coffin was in the barber's shop one Sunday morning. The crowd there collected were whiling away the waiting by discussing with Tim the meaning of the word *eternity*. Each was giving in turn his views. The discussion was lagging as an old and favorite deputy-sheriff stepped in. Said Tim to him, "Now just give us *your* idea of eternity." "Well," replied he, turning to the crowd, "if Tim Coffin borrows a hundred of any one of you on his note, and should come and pay up, you may be sure *eternity has begun.*"

The Hon. John H. Clifford, in opening a criminal case in behalf of the Commonwealth, where Mr. Coffin defended the accused, said to the jury: "I will show you, gentlemen, by Mr. ——, a man whose truth no man *dares* question—" Up jumps Mr. Coffin, with—"*Dare! dare!* who says I *dare* not? I protest against such a word in this court!" Mr. Clifford resumed: "Gentlemen, I ask my brother's pardon. He dare do any thing."

Mr. Coffin could hit witnesses hard. In defending a suit he once asked a very pompous witness, in cross-examination, "What is your business?" "I am a professional man, Sir." "Lawyer?" "No, Sir." "Doctor?" Grave shake of the head. "Clergyman?" Still more pompous denial. "Well, what are you then?" The witness, after clearing his throat, grandly pulled down his waistcoat, and answered, "I am, Sir, a Justice of the Peace." "Ah!" said Mr. Coffin. In closing his case to the jury, Mr. Coffin, in speaking of this man, said: "This witness reminds me of an incident which happened to me on a trip I once made to Edgarton. It was on a lovely Sunday morning that our boat got in. We were passing up into the town beyond the wharf when we saw a pig-pen near a house. One of the party, more curious than the rest, looked into the pen, and with a loud oath called attention to the monster within—a hog

with misplaced head, and with one paw pointing up into mid-air. With many an oath he was expressing to the party his astonishment at seeing such a creature, when the front door of a neighboring house slowly opened. A tall and reverend-looking man came out, and with measured pace advanced toward the group. Looking that profane man in the face, he said, 'Sir, if you dare utter another oath on this island this bright Sunday morning I shall punish you severely.' The offender looked up astounded, and as soon as he recovered his breath blurted out, 'W-w-who are you?' 'I am, Sir, a Justice of the Peace.' The wretch looked at him slowly, from head to foot, as if to take it all in, and said, as if in a reverie, 'Well, now, I am a —— sight more surprised than when I saw the hog!'"

Tim once represented a husband, defendant in a divorce case. The wife asking the divorce had a comfortable property on her marriage. As the day of trial drew on, the tearful husband would come in, day after day, and take up Mr. Coffin's time needlessly. In he came one morning, and said sadly to Mr. Coffin that he would like to talk with him about the case. Mr. Coffin, bland as May, looked up and said, "I wish you first to go home and write me an essay." "What about?" was the mournful question. Mr. Coffin replied, "About what a hell on earth it is to marry a woman with more money than you have."

The spirit of poesy is happily extant in Texas. A lady of rhythmic tastes in Austin is kind enough to send us a copy of the superscription on an envelope recently mailed in that city:

"O, hasten me up to Richmond town,
In the State of Virginia, where I am bound,
And turn me over to A. J. Terry,
A handsome youth and muchly merry;
Who once was *so* modest and easy to please,
But now has lived through it and joined the police;
So there's where you'll find him at No. 1 Station,
The happiest cuss in the whole Yankee nation."

"How is that?" asks our fair correspondent; "wouldn't he make a gay correspondent for a fast boarding-school miss?"

Probably; though the poetry is not strictly first-class.

So rapid is their way of doing things in Chicago that, when a man makes up his mind to reform (rather a tough job), it becomes important to fix him promptly. It is therefore necessary, at times, to cut a hole in the ice to perform the solemn ceremony of baptism. On one of these occasions a convert, who had felt the necessity of that rite, was immersed, and on coming out was asked by the minister, "How do you feel now, brother?" "Better," was the reply; "put me in again." The request was complied with, and after the second dip, the question was repeated, "How do you feel *now?*" "Better! *better!*" was the response, in a solemn tone of voice—"*the devil may go to grass now!*"

Such is the plucky spirit of the Chicago convert!

In certain States of this republic—in New England as well as in the West—the ease with which a dissolution of the marriage tie can be effected has become proverbial. In Kentucky, however, the courts appear to be taking cognizance of cases where the parties claim the right to buy and sell wives in open market as they do hog and hominy.

Recently in Newport, Kentucky (across the Ohio River, opposite Cincinnati), a cause for ejectment was on trial, in which the defendants called a witness by the name of Isaac Yelton for the purpose of impeaching the testimony of a witness named William Orcutt, who had testified on behalf of the plaintiffs. After the direct examination of Yelton was concluded, he was turned over to Mr. Carlisle, one of the attorneys for the plaintiffs, for cross-examination, when the following evidence was elicited:

Attorney. "Are you and Orcutt on good terms with each other?"

Witness. "Yes, Sir."

Attorney. "Did you never have any quarrel or difficulty?"

Witness. "No, Sir; we never did."

Attorney. "Did you not take Orcutt's wife away from him and run away with her; and did you not have a difficulty with him about that?"

Witness. "I never took his wife away from him."

Attorney. "Did not you and a man named Gosney take his wife away?"

Witness. "His wife went away with me and Gosney, but we did not take her away from Orcutt. There was no difficulty at all about it; it was all satisfactory. I traded him a horse for his wife, but I found that I had been imposed on, and I returned her to him, and it was all right. There was no quarrel or difficulty about it."

Attorney. "How were you imposed upon?"

Witness. "I traded the horse for his wife, but he put on me besides two children and a dog; so I returned her to him. I do not mean that he cheated me in the trade, for the transaction was all fair; *but he imposed on me—he got the best of the bargain. I had no use for the two children and the dog.*"

The idea of impeaching a son of Kentucky for "such conducts as those!"

In the January Drawer, in alluding to the sham epitaphs which are so frequently written upon particular trades or professions, that upon Strange, the lawyer, was distinguished as the cleverest one upon the legal profession. A correspondent reminds us of one which he thinks is even more clever. It is this:

"Hic jacet Jacobus Straw,
Who forty years followed the law;
When he died
The Devil cried,
Jacob, give us your paw."

In Crabb Robinson's Diary is this hit of Sydney Smith's, now first published: At the time when Newman, Pusey, Keble, and others, originated that movement in the English Church which seems to have culminated in Ritualism, Smith remarked that the movement should not be called Puseyism, but *Newmania!*

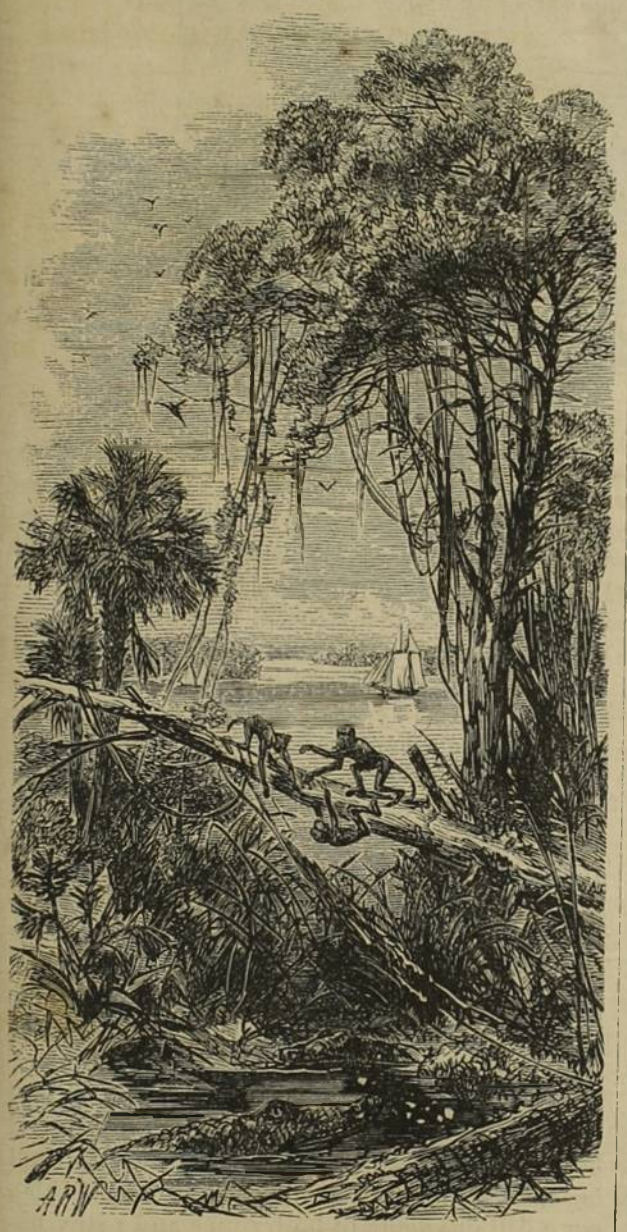
It was a brother of Mrs. Barbauld who wrote the couplet with which a good man might close his earthly existence, and with which we close the present Number of the Drawer:

"From the banquet of Life rise a satisfied guest,
Thank the Lord of the Feast, and in hope go to rest."

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCXXXIX.—APRIL, 1870.—Vol. XL.

THE WAR IN PARAGUAY.



ON THE PARANÁ.

FROM Buenos Ayres to the old capital of Paraguay, Asuncion, there are one thousand miles of broad and yellow water, known as the La Plata, the Paranà, and the Paraguay rivers—the last two contributing with the Uruguay to form the first, and the whole performing for the Southern continent of America the grand office which the Mississippi and its confluents fulfill for the great continent of the North. In olden times—that is to say, before the war—should the reader have ascended these rivers, he would have found little in his passage to interrupt the contemplation of the somewhat monotonous tropical beauties of the banks. He would have seen the white wings of a few peaceful traders tacking back and forth in the long reaches of river, or heard the hoarse whistle of an occasional steamer rushing down with the swift current or laboring heavily in its slow ascent. He could have enjoyed, with little interruption, the endless gambols of the monkeys among the drooping foliage on either side; the chatter of parrots and Southern birds of gorgeous plumage; the odor of flowers, which few other lands produce in such wonderful variety of color, form, and fragrance. He could have seen, perhaps, from time to time, a stealthy tiger staring at him through the heavy trailing vines; and often a crocodile, steering in the quiet eddies with scarce a ripple in his wake, and preparing a little surprise-party for some gigantic white crane, or other river bird, patiently waiting for his dinner by the water-side. And surveying all these things with attention, as also occasional bluffs moderately high, capped with little villages fair to view from the water, and sometimes, during the flooded season, vast inroads of the river over miles of the flat Chaco, interspersed with islands of perpetual green, he would have about as good an idea of the general appearance of the La Plata and its chief tributaries, in the days of peace, as it is the desire of the writer to present. Later, should we not tire of each other's company, when we come down these rivers, which it is now our purpose to ascend, we will point out, as guide, the more noticeable features—such as the cities of Rosario, the future capital of the Argentine Republic, and the terminus of an important railroad; Corrientes, the name whereof is inseparably connected with the first chapters of the war on the La Plata; and other points where important events took place in the existing war, or in the older troubles in which the river states were involved.

We have spoken of the river in its peaceful days. But it is sadly changed now; for though flower and foliage are still upon its banks, and its swift current sweeps as steadily as ever to the sea, yet bird and beast have fled inland from the shore, affrighted by the constant stream of a fatal commerce, born of the necessities of

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LAS PALMAS.

war; and even the impertinent monkey scarce ventures to the margin to survey upon the passing transports the black soldiery of Brazil, whom the Paraguayans insist upon calling his brothers—a relationship which the willful animal declines to recognize.

In the year 1868 an American squadron left Buenos Ayres to perform the same journey which we have in contemplation; and inasmuch as these navy men are good traveling companions, it will serve our present purpose to take passage on one or all of the vessels of the fleet. Should the reader be curious to learn the purpose for which the squadron sailed, we would refer him to a forthcoming publication on that subject, of about a thousand pages more or less, soon to be issued in Washington, wherein he will find in detail all about the expedition, its objects and results, with much other interesting matter, which he has a perfect right to read and enjoy, because he pays for its publication.

Humaita, the formidable fortress where the Paraguayans made their second great stand for independence, is occupied now as a hospital camp for the allies. Its works have been demolished; and the old church standing in the rear, half destroyed and riddled in every part by shot, seems typical of the desolation which has come upon the land. We passed it at night. A few allied transports were moored near the shore. The customary lights twinkled in their rigging; but beyond this there was neither sign nor sound to indicate the presence of men. As we approached Las Palmas the evidences of the war became each hour more visible. The river was full of transports, with occasional men-of-war, Monitors and iron-clads chiefly, and all of them flying the faded green flag of Brazil. The transports generally displayed the Argentine and Oriental flags, for the two republics allied with Brazil have modestly limited their ambition on the water to the well-paid performance of the carrying trade of the army. At Las Palmas, in a straight reach of river of a mile or more in extent, there were numberless vessels of every description and of many nationalities. They were moored on the Paraguayan shore, where the banks were about twelve feet high, or anchored in the stream near the opposite side. There were steamers and sailing-vessels and barges and tugs of every conceivable build, intermixed in that admirable confusion which only Jack knows how to create and untangle with a facility which is the wonder of landsmen. On the shore, covering several acres, was, of course, the irrepressible sutler, with his booths and tents and stands and shanties, each of them flying a gay flag or streamer, and displaying inartistic signs in Spanish and Portuguese bearing witness to the worth and beauty of the wares within. The tents and booths were arranged generally in streets, which were full of people of both sexes and many nations. There were noise and bustle and filth and gayety, such as are found in the rear of all armies at the points where their great dépôts are established. The decks of the vessels, too, were full of life. They were mostly vessels of the allied countries; but an occasional salute as we passed betrayed here and there the presence of the more mannerly flags of Europe. International courtesy is not a virtue on the equator, nor south of it; but time and travel will remedy that. The general appearance of Las Palmas and its landing resembled in much —although gayer and more picturesque in its display of bunting and gay colors—such scenes as the James River presented a few years since

near City Point, when the Army of the Potomac was operating against Petersburg.

We steamed rapidly through the long avenue of transports, and in a few minutes found ourselves among the vessels of the Brazilian squadron. The commodore came on board to salute the American admiral, and assured us that no military or other obstruction would prevent our passing higher up to the Paraguayan position. The commodore was a pleasant-mannered man who had been educated in the navy of the United States, and spoke English with some fluency. After a few minutes' conversation he paddled off in the shore boat in which he had come on board, to resume his labors, which at this time, it appears, were of a character which might properly have been assigned to that mythical branch of the service, the "horse marines." He was engaged in passing the allied cavalry from the Paraguayan to the Chaco side of the river, to be sent above the batteries of Angostura.



REFUGE FROM MOSQUITOES.

We proceeded immediately on our journey, and in a few minutes rounded a point and discovered for the first time the tri-colored flag of Paraguay waving over these celebrated batteries. There were mounted at this point sixteen guns on the river-front. One was a Whitworth gun of large calibre, captured months before from the enemy under circumstances which will illustrate the mode of warfare of the Paraguayan army better than pages of description. At Paso Pucu the allies had maintained a steady fire for many days and nights on the Paraguayan position. This Whitworth gun was their most formidable and annoying piece. Lopez gave orders that the shot or bolts should be carefully collected as they fell. In the course of time it had delivered two thousand projectiles, all of which had been carefully collected. The fact was announced to Lopez, whereupon he ordered an expedition to go and bring him the gun. The party started, carried that part of the allied works by assault, and brought off all the guns that were mounted there. The Whitworth gun, however, being heavy and unwieldy, and its special value unknown to the officers of the expedition, was abandoned in heavy ground outside the allied intrenchments. Upon learning this fact President Lopez dispatched another party, who returned and found the enemy engaged in recovering the gun. The Paraguayans drove them off, retook the piece, and brought it in triumph into their lines, where, on the following day, it opened fire with the very shot it had been furnishing for weeks to its new masters. The loss of the Paraguayans was very great in this performance, but they obeyed orders to the letter.

We remained several days before the batteries of Angostura. There were negotiations in progress which were several times interrupted by the operations of the war. That is to say, Brazilian iron-clads came up three or four times around the point flying the American flag and a flag of truce at the fore, and gave us notice that they were about to attack the batteries. The attack consisted generally in firing three or four shots at long range, receiving as many in reply, delivered usually with excellent aim, and then dropping down with the current after this valorous display to rejoin the admiring squadron. It may be well to mention, however, that the undoubted purpose of these performances was merely to annoy the Americans, compelling us to weigh anchor and get out of range, as bound in courtesy to do, as often as the Brazilian commander chose to repeat this somewhat petty and undignified manœuvre.

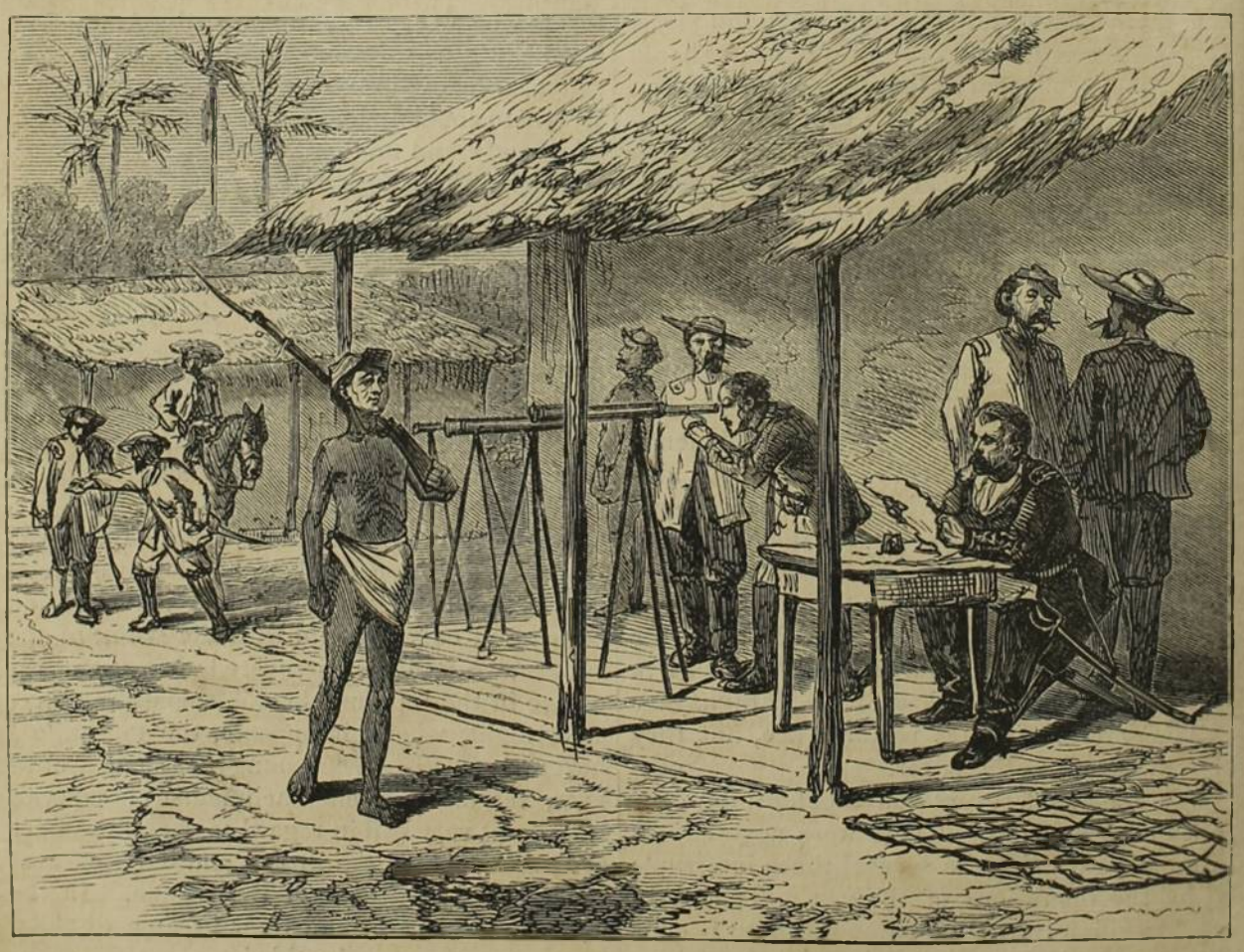
During these days on the river the thermometer reached one hundred every day, and the mosquitoes many millions every night. Against the latter there was no possible protection. Nets were a feeble defense. They seemed to enter by some mysterious process, or, in the language of a distinguished naval officer, when this was impossible, they would "run out an outrigger as long as a stunsail boom, and operate through the netting with the quiet triumph of genius." They never seemed to become surfeited by feeding, and should their hapless victim attempt to escape them by violent exercise on the deck, they followed him in clouds all night, and only left him with the rising of the sun. The middies discovered that there was refuge in the tops, and betook themselves there each night, where, it appears, the musquitoes never mounted. The young gentlemen, however, fearing the encroachments of superior rank, kept very still in regard to the advantages of their elevated dormitories, and only revealed the secret at the end of the voyage. In the mean time some of the crew became disabled from want of rest under this incessant infliction.

Under the circumstances, therefore, it is better to dismiss the navy and let them return to the welcome freshness of the salt ocean breezes, while we journey inland to the head-quarters of the army of the republic.

The squadron returned rapidly to the sea without incident of importance. The officers amused themselves with occasional shots at birds or beasts on the shore. In one instance a most extraordinary transformation was wrought by the rather questionable rifle practice of a gallant captain, who fired at a white crane on the shore, and was astonished to behold the strange bird suddenly assume the shape and proportions of a native of the country, who had been stooping in the bushes by the water-side, and disappear with great rapidity toward the interior.

From Angostura six miles on horseback, over a country much intersected by swamp or estera, brought us to the head-quarters of the army, situated on the hill of Pikysyry. The buildings were of one story, thatched with the straw of the country, and arranged as the three sides of a square, inclosing an area of little more than an acre. All the rooms opened inward toward the inclosure, and the projecting eaves formed on that side a corridor which extended the whole length of the buildings. The principal side, or that nearest the river, was occupied by the President. At one end of this line the side walls had been omitted, leaving a large open shed, which seemed to serve as military office, dining-room, and observatory. Under this shed were three large telescopes on tripods, through which, from morning until night, aids were constantly observing the movements of the enemy, and reporting from time to time to the President, who generally sat at a large table near the further end to receive reports or attend to the military business of the day. Three aids remained outside the "galpon," or shed, but always in full sight. Their business seemed to be to deliver to Lopez the telegraphic dispatches which were constantly coming from the office near by, or to communicate his orders from time to time to the other officers of the staff. These latter, when not occupied on military duties, spent their time chiefly in little groups pitching coins—a practice in which all had acquired singular skill. All were well-uniformed, wearing either a red flannel blouse or a finer garment of dark blue cloth, of the same pattern, handsomely trimmed with black or red, with pantaloons of blue or red cloth, and fatigue-cap of the French model, with the gold-lace indications of rank. Their horses, with trappings profusely adorned with silver, generally remained saddled, with loosened girths, throughout the day. All were skillful riders, and when mounted made a very handsome display.

Life for a few days at this point had become somewhat monotonous. The troops, it is true, were at work intrenching and strengthening their position; and the enemy was making steady, energetic preparations for a further attack. But, after the busy scenes of the long march from the Tebicuari, and the sharp, terrible fights of the early part of the month, this



LOPEZ'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

life of somewhat idle waiting seemed trying. So one evening, when Lopez remarked at dinner to some of his principal officers, "Caxias will attack me to-morrow at half past four o'clock," there was visible an expression of delight on the faces of all the officers present. He added, "He is landing his sailors and the crews of transports at Las Palmas to make a diversion from below, but he will attack in force from the direction of Villeta," a point a few miles above on the river. At the hour named on the following morning a sprinkling skirmish fire, followed soon by heavy guns, announced the commencement of a battle, which, considering the great disparity of forces between the contending parties and the importance of its results, leads us to depart from the rule which we made for ourselves at the commencement of these sketches, not to venture upon descriptions of such scenes.



COMING FROM THE FRONT.

The hill or high ground on which the head-quarters were established was the centre of the Paraguayan position. It was intrenched, at a distance of about half a mile, on three sides. As the ground sloped away from the intrenchments it was wooded to some extent; but on the other side of the little valley which separated the belligerents there was high ground and open country, known as the Valentine Hills. On these were posted the allied artillery, which maintained throughout the day a pretty constant but badly directed fire. The morning was passed in skirmishing and an allied raid upon the Paraguayan cattle-herds gathered in the esteras outside and in rear of the intrenched position. Later in the day the quick, continuous roar of musketry announced the beginning of the serious work on the front looking toward the river. A column of Brazilian cavalry moved down the gradual slopes from the allied centre to threaten the Paraguayan right. A few Congreve rockets flew with fearful roar from the Paraguayan works and turned the head of the column to the left. Meantime the allies, who had gradually but with fatal delay massed their main body in the dip of the little valley under cover of the low, thick woods, advanced to deliver their main assault. Their artillery seemed to cease at the moment when, of all others, it was most necessary to maintain an incessant and concentrated fire, and left the infantry to advance against the undisturbed fire of the Paraguayan works. To a certain point the advance was well sustained. They came into the heart of the opposing fire, hesitated, broke, and went back in confusion, losing more in their return than they would probably have lost had they swarmed over the intrenchments of the enemy, which their numbers should have certainly enabled them to do. A second and a feebler attempt was made further to the right, with a similar result. Their batteries were advanced nearer to the front, but failed to take up the most commanding positions. Several Paraguayan ammunition-wagons were exploded, and many of their pieces disabled. The head-quarters began to swarm with the wounded; yet none withdrew from the lines except those whose wounds were such as to positively and immediately incapacitate them from further fighting. There were children of tender years who crawled back, dragging shattered limbs, or with ghastly bullet-wounds in their little half-naked bodies. They neither wept nor groaned, nor asked for surgeons or attendance; and, when they felt the pressure of the merciful hand of death heavy upon them, they would lie down and die as silently as they had suffered. Yet these children many of them had mothers not far off in the women's quarters, where the shot and shell of the allied civilizers plentifully fell, whose thoughts were not upon their dying babies, nor upon their homes long since laid waste, nor upon a husband perhaps at that moment in his agony on the outer works, but upon the cause of the country in this supreme moment of battle, when all so confidently hoped to put an end forever to the blight and ruin which this allied invasion had brought upon the land.

The cavalry, which had turned to the left in its first advance, divided under cover of ravines, and a detachment of a couple of squadrons entered the Paraguayan lines on the extreme right, at a point from which the troops had been withdrawn to meet the enemy's infantry elsewhere. They penetrated, almost unresisted, to within one hundred yards of the head-quarters. A few officers and others rode madly against the column, attacking it with the fury of desperation. There were a few shots from carbines, a little unimportant work with

the sabre, when the Brazilians seemed suddenly to lose heart, turned sharply to the right, and fled. In a few moments another and much larger body, numbering at least two thousand horsemen, entered the works at the point where the first detachment had escaped. They came also in column, and advanced until within eighty yards of the head-quarters. The staff of the President and irregular horsemen, to the number of perhaps two hundred in all, dashed against them and clustered like bees around the head of the column, using their weapons—sabres, carbines, or lances—with terrible effect. Had the Brazilians deployed, they would have engulfed the little handful of men resisting them, captured the Paraguayan head-quarters, and probably Lopez himself. Yet they still advanced in column—more slowly at every step—but the weight from behind still pressing the whole column forward. Meanwhile those in front seemed to make no fight at all, while the Paraguayans were striking on all sides with singular rapidity, although still pressed back and moving with the mass. The pace had decreased to a walk. The Paraguayan officers, with their red blouses, were confusedly mingled with the leading ranks of the white-capped Brazilians. The latter seemed half paralyzed, but still moved forward, pressing back the Paraguayan horses, who gave ground sidewise or by backing. At last the forward motion ceased, the column recoiled upon itself, turned, and retreated. The others followed with fierce enthusiasm. A section of artillery opened on the retreating enemy, and the allied cavalry did not appear again in that day's battle. The day closed with the complete repulse of the assailants at all important points, although it was evident that the Paraguayan line of defense must be still further contracted, in view of the heavy losses among the defenders. The enemy maintained their musketry fire all night long, and for five days and nights succeeding. They knew the scarcity in numbers of their adversaries, and they hoped to exhaust their enemy by giving him no rest.

The condition of things within Lopez's lines that night and the following days was deplorable. There were no means of caring for the wounded in such numbers, nor could men be spared to bring them off the field, or to bury the dead. Many children, almost unnoticed, were lying around under the corridors, grievously wounded and silently waiting for death. Women were busy making lint by the light of lanterns from whatever material could be collected for that purpose. Garments of all descriptions were torn into bandages. Groups of officers, many of them wounded, were sitting here and there, discussing the events of the day. The President sat apart with a few of his chief officers, similarly occupied. Random bullets splintered the wood-work of the buildings from time to time, and an unearthly peacock, perched on the ridge-pole, made night hideous with his screams every time a shot came near enough to disturb his slumbers.

The firing continued from the 21st to the 27th of December, day and night, varied by occasional demonstrations, but with no determined assault. On the 24th the allied generals addressed a joint communication to President Lopez, summoning him in insulting language to surrender, throwing upon him the responsibility of all the blood that had been shed, and arraigning him before his own people and the civilized world for all the evil consequences of the war. They informed him, also, that they knew the weakness of his army, and had no



INROAD OF THE CAVALRY.



THE NIGHT AFTER THE BATTLE.

doubt he was aware of their numerical superiority, and of their constantly arriving supplies and reinforcements.

"You have no right," he said, in his reply, "to arraign me before my country because I have defended her. I do defend and will defend her while I live; she has imposed upon me this duty, and I will perform it religiously to the end. For the rest, history will judge, and I owe no account except to God; and, if blood has yet to flow, He will not fail to affix the responsibility on whom it belongs. For my part I have always been and I am still disposed to treat for peace upon terms equally honorable to all the belligerents, but I will not listen to one word as to laying down my arms as a preliminary."

In another portion of the same reply he says:

"Your Excellencies have been pleased to inform me that you know my resources, and are good enough to suppose that I, too, know your preponderance in numbers and supplies, with your facilities for reinforcing without limit. I have no such knowledge; but I have learned from four years of war that this vast superiority of numbers and resources has never been sufficient to break the spirit of the Paraguayan soldier, who fights with the self-denial of a devoted citizen, and the resolution of a Christian man that a narrow grave may open for him in the soil of his country before he will permit her to be dishonored.

"Your Excellencies tell me that the blood poured out at Itororó and Abay should have determined me to avert the further bloodshed of the 21st; but do you not see in the Paraguayan blood thus freely flowing the glorious proof of the devotion of my fellow-citizens, and that each sacred drop imposes upon those of us who survive a new and more imperious obligation? In the presence of such grand examples am I to cower before the threats, so little chivalrous, permit me to say, with which your Excellencies seek to intimidate me?"

On the 27th a determined attack was made upon the Paraguayan rear, on a part of the line defended by recruits. Sixteen thousand troops came to the assault. The Paraguayans had dwindled to twenty-five hundred, all told. Their artillery ammunition was exhausted, and most of their guns were dismounted. Neither shot nor shell received the advancing hosts. The line gave way, and the whole position was captured. The President retired with his staff through the wood, pressed at first by the enemy's infantry, who fired excitedly and too high. Caballero, with forty lancers, covered the withdrawal of his chief, fighting from time to time with desperate courage against large bodies of cavalry, who checked their advance and recoiled each time that Caballero's little detachment made front against them. Lopez met at the Ycaty, within ten miles of the battle-field, his war minister, with twenty-five hundred fresh troops and twenty pieces of artillery, coming to reinforce him. It was too late, however, and he withdrew to Cerro Leon, a few miles farther in the interior.

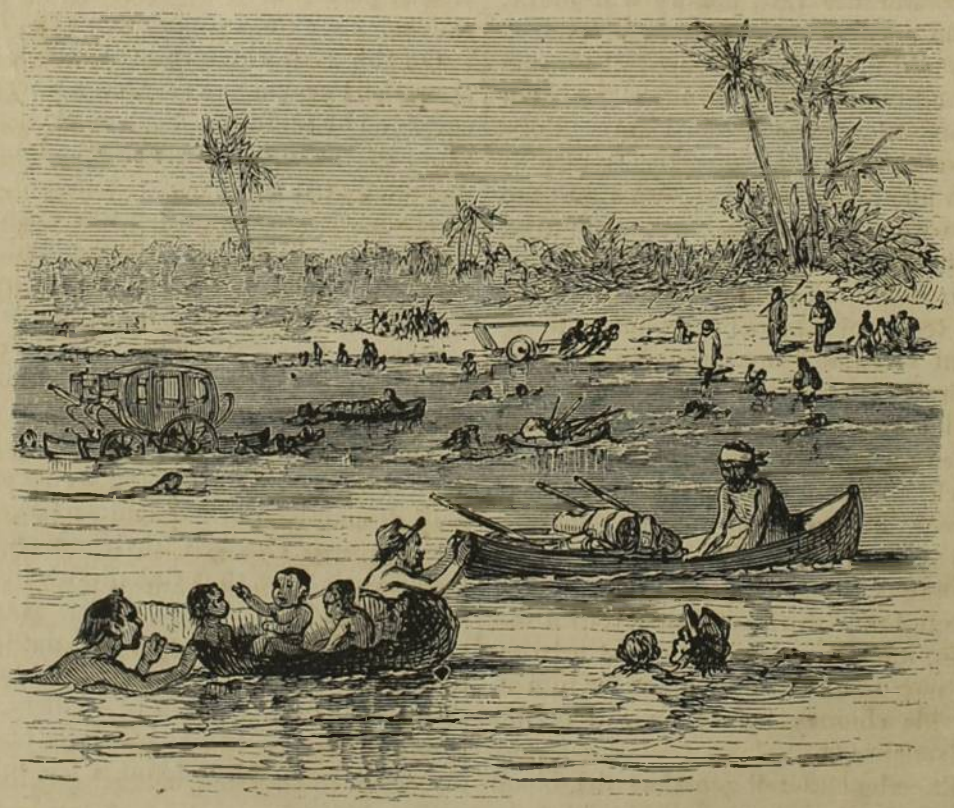
A day or two previous to the last assault all the wounded that could be moved were sent into the interior. Many of the women, too, and other non-combatants, left at the same time. Two large and handsome traveling-carriages drawn by six horses, each with a small detachment of cavalry, and three carts drawn by oxen, composed the expedition sent into the interior to the new capital, Piribebuy, with some civilians whose presence on the field was unnecessary. The roads were lined with the wounded and the women, most of them on foot. A few were stretched in the great clumsy ox-carts of the country, which lumbered slowly over the broken roads. They generally saluted us as we passed—the men by silently uncovering, and the women with a cheerful "adio," spoken always with a pleasant smile.

Upon reaching the river Ycaty the scene presented was picturesque in the extreme. The river was swollen by rains, and the ford was therefore difficult. Men, women, and children, however, crossed, swimming or wading, with little loss of time. Dried hides were made to serve as boats, in which they placed their clothing, or sometimes children too young to be committed to the water, or any light article which it was desirable to keep dry. These primitive boats they pushed before them as they swam. The wounded who could not shift for themselves were crossed in a canoe, which made constant trips. Three other canoes were reserved for the transit of our carriages and carts. Each carriage or cart was run down into the water astride of one of the canoes until the axles rested on the sides of the little craft. The horses or oxen had been previously unharnessed and made to swim to the other side. About twenty soldiers then, with much shouting and laughter, conducted each canoe with its carriage, swimming or wading by the side, to shallow water near the opposite shore, when the animals were again attached. In the midstream, where the current was rapid and the water deep, it was difficult to keep the carriages from upsetting or being swept down. Every time it inclined to one side or another the shouting and laughter were redoubled, and the soldiers, who swam like water-dogs, clung with great tenacity to the wheels or to the sides of the boats.

Pending these aquatic performances we dined under the shade of a few straggling trees near the bank. The dinner consisted of fresh beef, roasted in primitive but excellent style, upon stakes stuck in the ground near the fire. When properly roasted the joint is brought, still upon the stake, which is usually about six feet in length, and held before the guest, who helps himself to such part as he may choose to cut off. We had also some chipa—the bread of the country—of which there are many varieties. It is made of ground maize, baked with a slight mixture of cheese, eggs, or milk. It is an admirable and wholesome substitute for bread. Our drink was the caña of the country—a liquor distilled from the sugar-cane—and a horn or two of ale brought from over the seas.

One or two "matés" had preceded the repast. A maté is a cup of the yerba, or tea of the country. It is sucked through a silver tube called a "bombilla," and from a small silver-mounted gourd, which is called the maté. This tea is fragrant, somewhat resembling in flavor the tea of China, is stimulating in its effects, and in nowise hurtful. It is the universal beverage in Paraguay, and is to the army what coffee was to ours in campaign.

After dinner we crossed the river in a canoe,



CROSSING THE YCATY.



THE DYING COLONEL.

conducted by the swimming soldiers, who had finished the transfer of the vehicles, and had also made many trips with the wounded. We could still hear the roar of artillery from the greater river in our rear, informing us that the little army of the republic was still holding out against the invaders. The dull reverberation of the heavy guns of the iron-clads notified us that the batteries of Angostura were receiving their customary share of the honors of war.

On the opposite side we mounted our horses and continued our journey through the same long lines of weary wounded, whose painful faces were very sad. At each little stream we passed we found them pouring water on their undressed wounds, and here and there one who, knowing that his time was nigh at hand, was lying down quietly and silently for his last sleep, as if it were the most natural thing in the world for a Paraguayan to lie down and die unnoticed.

Six thousand wounded men and children came thus from that field of the 21st of December, where they had fought as no other people ever fought to preserve their country from invasion and conquest. Many, too, had crawled away from the prison-pens of the invaders, into whose hands they had fallen. And in the face of these things there are men here even in the United States who gravely tell us that all this is done because their ruler is a barbarian and monster, from whose clutches they are ever striving to escape, and whose rule is a blight upon the age, which these gentle civilizers of the allied nations, with unparalleled philanthropy, are spending countless millions to remove. Thinking of these things we are sometimes tempted to lose our patience at this insult to the common-sense of the world, and indulge in digressions which might perhaps be tiresome to our readers.

All the country we traversed had been abandoned by its population some days before, as it was known that it was soon to be overrun by the enemy. The people had been ordered to retire behind the Cordilleras, which were to constitute the future line of defense. Each house, therefore, was deserted, and in the way-side cottages there was no sign of life. The bloom of flowers and the ripening harvests rather added to the air of desolation which hung upon these deserted homesteads. We traveled late into the night, and at last halted at a little house by the way-side until the following day. We had a supper of roast beef and chipa. Hammocks were swung for the principal persons of the party, while the others stretched themselves upon the ground, and in a few moments all were asleep except the guard. During the greater part of the following day we were delayed waiting for our carts, which had made but slow progress, on account of the great heat and the bad condition of the roads. Toward nightfall, however, we were again in motion, and continued our journey all night, thus escaping the intense heat of the day.

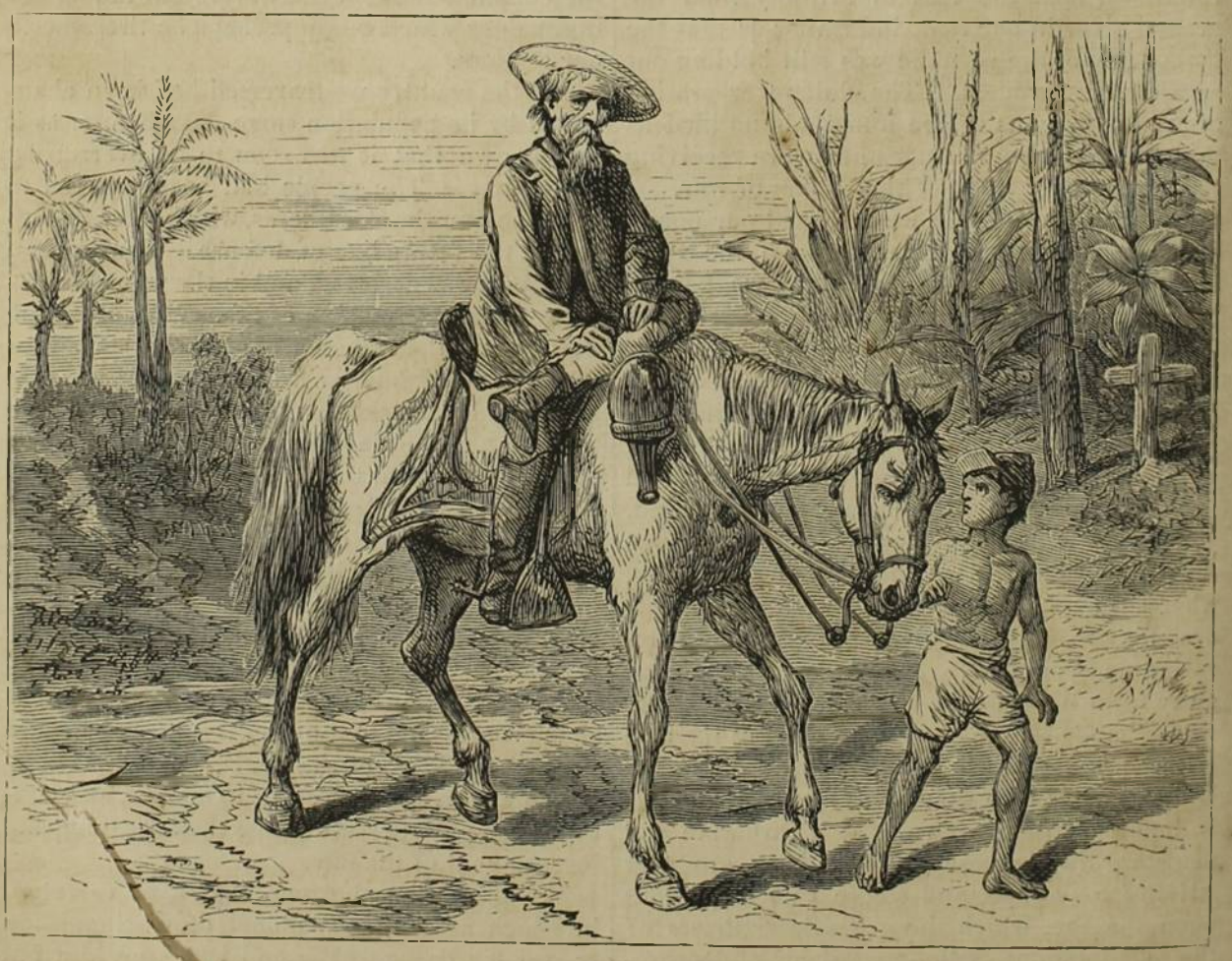
We passed on the road a cart, or carreton, in which a wounded colonel of distinguished record lay dying. We had last seen him full

of life and enthusiasm on the battle-field. His brother, a bright-faced, handsome boy of ten years, an orphan, and the sole relative of the dying man, was one of those attached to our party. As we halted our horses reverently around the cart the boy rode up on his spirited pony to see what attracted us. The color dropped suddenly from his bright face as he recognized the features of his brother and sole protector, with the evidences of present pain and approaching death very visible upon them. He shed no tears, but, taking the hand of the dying man, he bent over him for a moment to catch the last few words of Guarani with which the wounded soldier, faintly smiling, whispered his farewell. In a few moments all was over, and the boy was led away with a still hopeless look upon his face, that remains in our memory to this day. He had been romping with the soldiers when we overtook the cart, and the sudden change to the tearless, listless sorrow in which he journeyed all that day and night was inexpressibly sad to any one who has had occasion to know how overwhelmingly bitter are such afflictions to children—even to those to whom the free relief of tears is not denied.

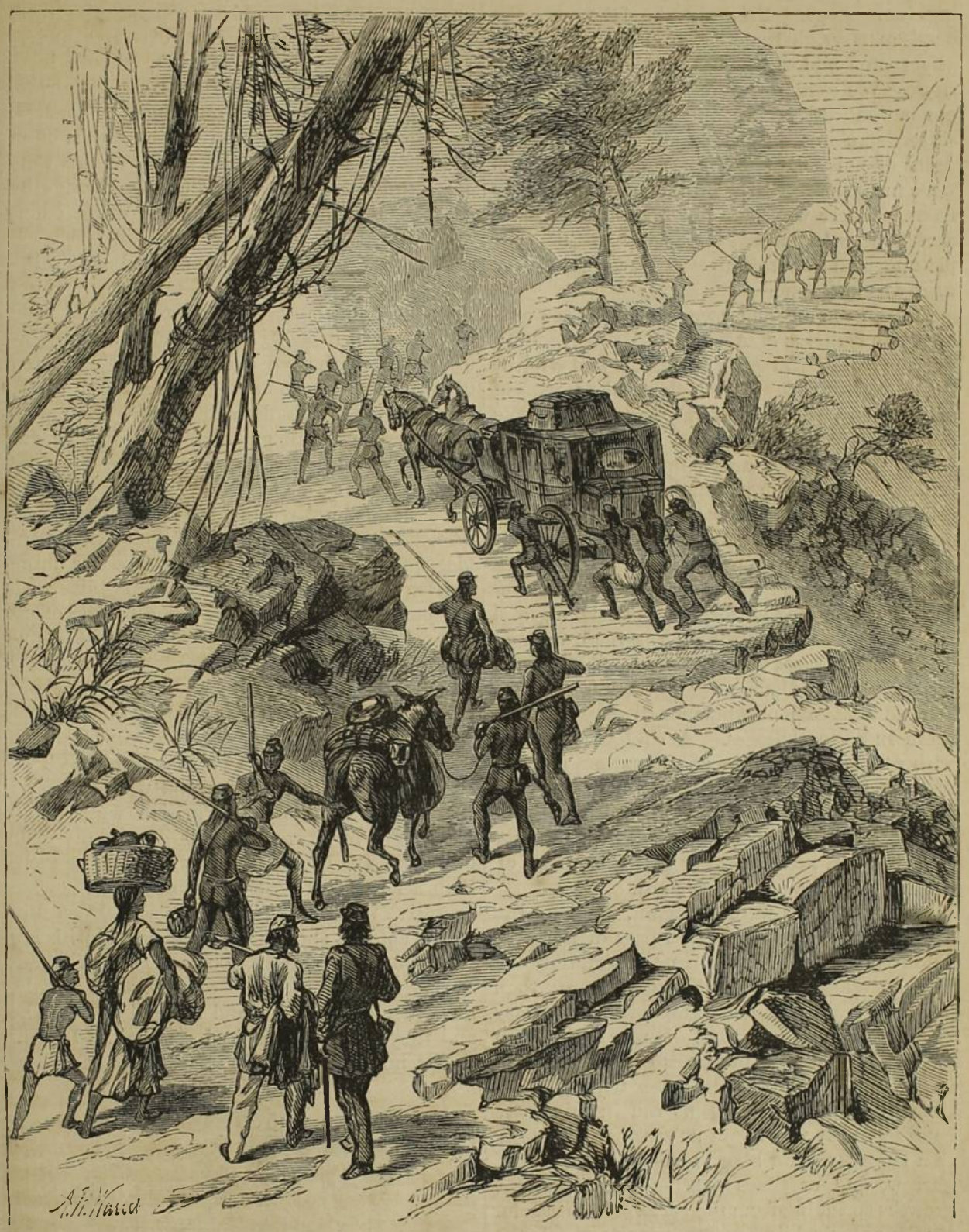
Further on we overtook another officer, a major, who was wounded in the arm and leg. He was mounted sidewise on a raw-boned, feeble horse, which his son, a child of ten years, was leading. The father was a man of more than fifty years, with thin gray hair and beard. He greeted us pleasantly as we approached, and assured us that his wounds were doing well. He seemed to be very proud of his boy, as indeed he had good reason to be. The officers of our escort informed us that this child had remained by his father's side in the trenches, fighting with a musket, and that when the latter, disabled by wounds, was removed, the boy returned to the trenches and remained through the day. He seemed shy when we addressed him, and, upon being asked if he had killed any of the enemy, answered, modestly, "I do not know, Sir. I fired a great many times, and tried to take as good aim as I could." This is the material of which soldiers are made in that country.

On reaching Paraguarí, which lies at the foot of a high, bold mountain—a sort of advanced guard of the lesser Cordilleras—we encountered a fresh, stiff breeze, which we were told blows perpetually about the foot of this peak. The village is for that reason a pleasant summer residence in normal times, and, lying as it does on the railroad to the capital, in fact, the terminus of the completed part of the road, it gave promise before the war of much future importance. We halted here for an hour's rest. We visited the railroad station, a handsome building of two stories, modern in its architecture, with square towers in the European style, and with large, admirably arranged rooms within. There was little else worthy of a visit except the church. The houses were all of one story, with roofs of thatch or tile, and differed in nothing from those of the other "capillas" of the country.

The streets and houses were deserted and strangely silent. The chief and a few soldiers



THE WOUNDED MAJOR.



THE PASS OF ASOURRA.

still remained there, but all the inhabitants had departed some days before. As we were about to continue our journey a merry peal of bells broke forth from the steeple of the old church. It was Christmas-eve. The chime was musical and right merrily rung, but the effect was very strange in that deserted village, and in connection with the sad scenes of the previous day. The old church in which these bells were chiming was one of the most venerable in Paraguay —made doubly interesting from the fact that it contained in its walls a solid shot of the war of independence, carried on against Buenos Ayres in the commencement of the century. The last and decisive battle of that contest took place in this vicinity. Since that time no hostile cannon had been heard within the limits of the republic up to the commencement of the present struggle.

About daylight we reached Cerro Leon, the former grand rendezvous and camp of instruction of the army. There were comfortable barracks here for sixty thousand men, with a beautiful drill-ground covering many acres. An artificial lake had been prepared in front of the position, and in the rear the Cordilleras, covered with thick foliage, rose perpendicularly from the further limit of the parade-ground. This was the general hospital of the army, the point to which all the wounded were direct-

ing their steps. Fronting the lake was the head-quarters, a spacious building with large airy rooms and a wide piazza or corridor in front. We remained here all day, swinging in our hammocks, taking an occasional maté, or sitting smoking on the piazza watching hundreds of noisy bathers in the lake. Our horses were meantime grazing on the smooth lawn in front. There was plenty of life all round, and a certain gayety which is peculiar to this people under all circumstances. Nevertheless, for us it was not a merry Christmas.

Late in the afternoon we started for the pass of the Cordilleras at Ascurra. Upon reaching the mouth of the pass a sudden and violent storm overtook us. It was decided to remain overnight at the foot of the mountains. We halted near a house by the road-side, but it was found full of women and children, who were on their way across the mountains, and had taken refuge there from the storm. The officer in charge of the escort was about to turn them out to make room for our party. He was requested not to do it by one of our companions, and desisted. We looked for other quarters, and found, about half a mile off the road, a stone house of handsome exterior, where we remained for the night. Upon reaching it, however, we learned that a poor woman had taken refuge there in serious illness. A surgeon who was with us was detached to wait upon her, and the rest of us, not wishing to disturb her, slept outside on the piazza. A couple of English engineers who were our companions on this occasion declared next morning that the bricks of that piazza were exceeding hard.

At daylight we were off again, climbing the Cordilleras in the celebrated pass of Ascurra. The road was one of which no description can give an adequate idea. It was steeper than any road that would be attempted with ordinary vehicles in other countries. It was in the main cut in the rock, yet in places corduroyed with heavy logs, over which the water trickled at all times, and in rainy seasons ran in miniature cataracts. It was about as steep as the stairs in a large house for about seventy yards, rough, narrow, and at times overhung with tangled growths springing from the rocks on either side. By the aid of soldiers pushing at the wheels the carriages were safely conducted to the summit. The horsemen dismounted and toiled up with labor, dragging their confiding steeds after them. In a short time the passage was accomplished, and we found ourselves on the broad, beautiful table-lands that slope away with imperceptible descent from the crest for many miles, intersected with streams of surpassing beauty, covered with orange groves and cultivated fields, cottages built after the manner of the country, tangled woods of strange tropical beauty, with quiet lanes overhung with fragrant trailers, and made merry with the chatter of a thousand birds. Orange groves extended sometimes for a mile along our road, the trees planted at regular intervals, their dense foliage interlaced so thoroughly that the eye could not separate the trees, and all trimmed with perfect evenness underneath, presenting from below a smooth leafy ceiling, through which no light could penetrate. Some of these groves were arranged in squares, crescents, or circles, inclosing open spaces often occupied by cottages. All served at this time as resting-places by day and dormitories by night for the migrating population of the country.

Late in the afternoon we arrived at Piribebuy, the provisional capital—a town of about three or four thousand inhabitants—and took possession of a house which had been hospitably prepared for our reception. It consisted of two principal rooms, one floored with brick, the other with a hard earthen floor. The windows were without glass, and opened, as did the doors, on both sides on wide corridors, as the open space sheltered by the overhanging eaves is generally called in those countries. The furniture consisted of a circular centre-table, quaintly carved of native wood, a large writing-desk with drawers, and a side-table with a decanter, several glasses, and a bundle of cigars. The tables, like all others in the country, were uncomfortably high. The decanter was comfortably full of caña. There were about twenty old-fashioned cane-bottom chairs, apparently of Yankee manufacture, and (I blush to say it) of very poor workmanship. Two easy-chairs on casters, covered with blue and white silk, evidently of Parisian work, completed the furniture of the larger room. The other was a bedroom, and contained little more than a large four-poster bed, and a somewhat primitive toilet set. The landlady, Doña Petrona, entered shortly after our arrival with her two daughters, bright-looking girls of about seventeen and nineteen—one almost a blonde, the other a brunette—and assured us that she and they were our devoted servants. In rear of the house, and partly inclosed by other low



"YOUR DEVOTED SERVANTS."

buildings occupied by the family, was a pretty flower-garden, in which several varieties of flowers peculiar to the climate were then in full bloom. This was to be for some time our home. The prospect, on the whole, was not unpleasant.

The village of Piribebuy consists of four streets intersecting each other at right angles, and inclosing an open space or grass-covered plaza, about a quarter of a mile across. It is situated on a gentle slope or knoll, with higher ground or crests on all sides at a distance of about a mile and a half. The houses are of one story, and generally roofed with thatch. Near the centre of the plaza or open space stands the church, built in 1765, and full of quaint carvings and solid ornaments of silver. Outside and in front was a bell-tower with a full chime, which, on account of the multiplicity of festivals, national and religious, was seldom silent. On the crown of the knoll was the cemetery, inclosing about an acre of ground, and marked by a single large wooden cross in the centre. The market-place was under a dense orange grove at one extremity of the village, and always presented during the day a spectacle full of life. Scores of women, old and young, assembled there to sell their wares, and kept up an incessant chatter all day long. Their commodities consisted of any thing in the way of food, fruit, furniture, or clothing that would sell. The price of every thing was, of course, enormous. The Piribebuy—a clear and rapid stream, very sudden in its rises and falls—passed at the foot of the slope on which the town was built. The whole population bathed here every day, the women generally after nightfall. The house or official residence of the Vice-President was in the upper part of the town. It was unpretending in its style, and very similar to the house we have already described in furniture. The residences of the cabinet ministers, and the barracks for a small detachment of troops, occupied the rest of the same side of the street, all fronting on the open space in the centre.

At this time the population of the town was more than trebled by the people who had abandoned their homes outside the district of the Cordilleras. At night these unfortunates thronged the corridors and orange groves, or slept any where by the road-side where night overtook them. There was great scarcity of food, and suffering such as no other land has ever known. Nor was famine their most deadly enemy. The cholera, for a short time, was a terrible visitor in all the crowded cottages; and for some weeks it seemed as if the three scourges from which men pray to be delivered — war, pestilence, and famine—had combined to destroy this unhappy people. For fear of being accused here of unfairness, it is well for us to remind the reader of what the allied governments and writers are constantly and solemnly announcing to the world, with admirable serenity and earnestness—that the war is carried on not against the people but against the government of Paraguay. They have generously taken pains, too, to communicate this fact to this same people on repeated occasions; but we could not learn that it changed the direction of a single bullet, or cured the mildest case of cholera, or filled the mouth of a single famishing child. But they are only "Guarani Indians," untruly say some of those pamphleteers, who have taken upon themselves to enlighten specially the American public; and the allied nations are merely vindicating their outraged honor. That their honor needs vindication, and much of it, few who are familiar with this war will dispute; but it is a question of interest to humanity as to when this long process of vindication is to stop.

After the defeat at Pikysyry the head-quarters of the Paraguayan army were transferred to Cerro Leon, and the general hospital was moved from that place to Caăcupé in the Cordilleras.

Having a natural desire to know the condition of affairs at the front since the disaster of the 27th, we joined a party who were proceeding to the army, and arrived at Cerro Leon on the 29th, two days after the defeat. The road presented the same sad stream of migrating families—the women all carrying burdens on their heads. In almost all cases we observed that, among the few things saved from their homes, each family carried with it an image of the Redeemer, a crucifix, a Mater Dolorosa, or some other touching memorial of the great sorrow which alone exceeded theirs. All along by the road-side there were significant crosses, roughly and recently made, marking with simple piety the lonely graves of those happier waifs from this great human tide, who lay down by the way-side and found unexpected but unending rest. On many of these graves there were bunches of wild flowers still fresh, and by the side of some of them just closed there were kneeling children. All who passed these crosses uncovered reverently. Nor was another and more touching scene much less frequent — a mother walking apart from all others, and bearing on a piece of board, on her head, the body of her dead child dressed for the grave. Sometimes this simple funeral would be followed by a single mourner—another child—whose pinched, wan face and enfeebled limbs seemed to tell plainly that she would soon follow her little sister far beyond the consecrated ground to which they were journeying. Ye mothers of this good land, who have been called upon to watch by the side of a dying child amidst the comforts of your home and the consolations of your family and friends, can you tell what it is to sit down desolately by a dusty road-side and bend in helpless impotence over a little sufferer who was dearer to you than life, to watch its last struggle, to close its little eyes, to compose its tender limbs upon a rough board picked up by the way, to take up the sad burden then and bear it, under a blazing



THE PARAGUAYAN MOTHER.

sun, over many miles to some village church, that the bells might toll for it when it was at last laid at rest in consecrated earth? And yet the mothers who did these things in that far country had homes not long since as comfortable as your own, where they reared their children most tenderly and loved them most devotedly. Let us add again that it is most fortunate that we have been so often assured that this war is not against the people of Paraguay. Were it otherwise, perhaps the civilized governments of the world, and, in a special degree, our own, might have much to answer for—in this, that what we have here described without one word of exaggeration is permitted to continue. What an admirable discovery was that acute distinction made in the treaty of alliance as between the government and people of Paraguay; and what a complete defense it will be for those who made it when, in the last day, they are summoned to account for the terrible cruelties committed in this war! Perhaps it may be suggested that the Paraguayan families would escape starvation and death by passing over to the allies. Many of them have delivered themselves to the mercy of their enemies, and thousands of them have been brought to Asuncion in the allied lines, to discover that there are evils greater than famine, and wrongs more dreadful than death. Nor have they found there food, or clothing, or shelter, even in the very houses that they owned. We speak not ignorantly on this point, and yet, for the present, we can not dwell upon it, nor could much that relates to it find a place in this article.

While occupied with reflections somewhat akin to those that precede, we reached the crest of the Cordilleras, and looked down upon a scene of rare beauty. The barracks of Cerro Leon lay directly beneath us; beyond, a broad expanse of smooth meadow land, watered by several small streams; and, at the further side of the valley, the church and village of Pirayu. The line of railroad, marked by its white turreted stations, which gleamed in the sunlight like distant sails at sea, skirted the foot of the further hills. From this height the troops and trenches could not be distinguished, and the view was peaceful and refreshing. The descent at this point was singularly abrupt and hazardous. A narrow path, in some places not more than two feet wide, zigzaged down the face of the cliffs, sometimes passing over loose stones, or turned aside by great boulders that had lodged on the projecting shelves. We descended on foot, our horses following us with great care. At one time we stopped, doubtful as to the safety of proceeding further, but, upon looking up and seeing our faithful steed directly and immediately over our head, quietly surveying our progress and appearing as if sharing our doubts, we decided to proceed at once. In truth we did not like the situation; for, had he missed his footing or attempted to turn round, there would have been no hope for us.

Upon rejoining the head-quarters we found there were many missing of the principal of-



THE SERGEANT'S STORY.

ficers, whom we had so pleasantly known a few days before at Pikysyry. The two words "muerto" or "herido"—dead or wounded—answered all our inquiries for the absent. The troops were busy intrenching, and preparing with cheerful enthusiasm for another contest. Nevertheless, the future of the republic seemed dark enough at that moment, and many believed that another and a determined advance of the enemy would have annihilated the little band of devoted warriors, who clung with intense devotion to the fortunes of their indomitable chief. There was yet another cause of gloom: for twenty-four hours the batteries at Angostura, on the river, had been ominously silent. Could they have surrendered? They were amply garrisoned and supplied to hold out for a month—so the commanding officer had written two days before, asking to be allowed to hold his position until the last extremity. That same evening all doubts were set at rest. There came a boy-sergeant of fourteen years, dripping from the swamps, through which, for nearly thirty hours, he had swum or waded; and he told the humiliating story of the surrender—how gun-boats had been sent with flags of truce and plausible messages from the allied chiefs; how Paraguayan deserters had misinformed the principal officers of the batteries, telling the old story, since periodically repeated, that Lopez was trying to escape to Bolivia; how at last the whole garrison, more than two thousand, were marched out of their works and suddenly ordered to stack arms in the hated presence of the enemy; and how he, with many others, scorning the surrender, betook himself to the swamps, and rested not until he stood before his chief. All this he told with streaming tears, and voice almost choked with sobs. He said there was treachery in this surrender; and we believe him, even though books should be written to the contrary.

With the fall of Angostura the river was lost to Paraguay; and the abandoned capital, Asuncion, soon after fell into the hands of the invaders, who have occupied it for more than a year in the long and wearisome process of vindicating their outraged honor.

The things since done in that most unhappy of cities, and which, according to the daily press of Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, continue to be done unrebuked, would fill a most painful chapter, which at some later date we may present for the consideration of the reader.

LOST DAYS.

The lost days of my life until to-day,
What were they, could I see them on the street
Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of wheat
Sown once for food but trodden into clay?
Or golden coins squandered and still to pay?
Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet?
Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat
The throats of men in hell, who thirst alway?
I do not see them here; but after death
God knows I know the faces I shall see,
Each one a murdered self, with low last breath.
"I am thyself—what hast thou done to me?"
"And I—and I—thyself" (lo! each one saith),
"And thou thyself to all eternity!"

COUNT OTTO VON BISMARCK.*



OTTO VON BISMARCK.

ON the banks of the little river Biese, in Alt Mark, lies a quaint and picturesque old town, once of considerable importance, but now chiefly interesting from its connection with the early traditions of the noble and illustrious family of Bismarck. German antiquarians differ as to the origin of the name. By some it is derived from its situation on the Biese; by others, from the Bismarck family, whose early seat it was; but the more generally received opinion is that,

* *The Life of Bismarck, Private and Political; with Descriptive Notices of his Ancestry.* By JOHN GEORGE LOUIS HESEKIEL. Translated by KENNETH R. H. MACKENSIE. With upward of one hundred illustrations by DIEZ, GRIMM, PIETSCH, and others. New York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

having been a possession of the bishops of Havelberg, who erected there a strong fort or castle for the protection of their territory or Mark, the town was originally called Biscopesmarck (Bishopsmark). Under this name it is mentioned in the early part of the thirteenth century. In process of time the name became shortened to Bismarck. Anciently the town had an ecclesiastical importance, from the presence of a holy cross, which was said to have fallen from heaven. It was guarded with pious solicitude by the bishops of Havelberg, who derived large revenues from the offerings of pilgrims to the shrine where it was preserved. In later years it seems to have fallen into disrepute—probably about the time of the Reformation—for we find it satirized in an old legend, current among the peasantry of Alt Mark, that a gigantic louse once inhabited a tower outside the town (still standing, and known by the name of "the Bismarck Louse!"), and that the people of the district were compelled to supply it with food, under threat of a penalty, the nature of which may be left to the reader's imagination.

Little is definitely known respecting the origin of the Bismarcks. One tradition asserts that they were a noble family of Bohemia, settled by Charlemagne in the Alt Mark, and the founders of the town that bears their name; but they are now generally believed to be, like most of the families of knightly rank in the Alt Mark, the descendants of German warriors who, under the Guelph, the Ascanian, or other princes, had conquered the Slavic lands on both sides of the Elbe for Christianity and German civilization, and had then settled themselves on those lands as fiefholders. The Bismarcks, according to this view, belonged to the warrior family that held Biscopesmarck; and, when surnames came into use, called themselves after their dwelling-place, and thenceforth were known in German annals as Von Bismarck, retaining the name after the loss or cession of their original seat. Like many other knightly families of the Alt Mark, the Bismarcks gradually spread toward the east, conquering larger territory for German Christian culture, and subduing the Wends, or driving them back toward the Oder. Then, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, the Bismarcks appear as warrior knights in Priegnitz and the region of Ruppin. On the other hand, the German historian Riedel traces the family of the great Prussian statesman to a plebeian origin. It appears to him credible and plausible that the chivalric race of Bismarck found at the commencement of the fourteenth century in Priegnitz should have descended from the castellans at Bismarck, who were provided with territorial fiefs on the downfall of the episcopal castle: while he holds it for a certainty that the Von Bismarcks of Prussia arose from a citizen family, and attained their rank as a reward for distinguished military services. Herr Riedel lays great stress on the fact that in the fourteenth century Claus von Bismarck appears as Freeman of the Guild of Tailors in Stendal, the circle or county to which the town of Bismarck belongs; but this proves nothing by itself. It is well known that in early times many knightly families settled in towns and took part in municipal government, which at first was always more or less patrician in character; and the noblest families were frequently associated with citizen guilds, as patrons or honorary members —as in modern times, for example, the Worshipful Company of Merchant Tailors in London made the Duke of Wellington free of their guild. Nobody supposes that this made the Duke a tailor.

But, whether noble or plebeian, the first ancestor of the Bismarck family of whom we find any certain mention in German annals was not a man to be ashamed of. This was Rulo or Rudolf von Bismarck, whose name appears in the records from 1309 to 1338. This personage was a respected member of the Guild of Tailors, often its presiding officer, as well as a municipal magistrate. He was held in high esteem for his prudence and wealth. He represented Stendal in important negotiations with princely courts, and in every position maintained a high standing among his fellow-townsmen. He was also the founder of a system of common schools in Stendal, in opposition to the clergy, who claimed the education of the people as their own privilege. For this daring act of insubordination to ecclesiastical authority, Rudolf von Bismarck, in all probability, died an excommunicated man, as the dispute commenced by him was not settled until long after his decease. He left behind him four sons, of whom Claus von Bismarck was the eldest.

The younger brothers soon fell into the background; but Claus von Bismarck, being a man of great determination and energy, extended his sphere of influence far beyond the limits of Stendal. He exerted himself to settle the internal differences of the town, and reconciled the Church with his father's memory by large donations and the establishment of a memorial festival. At home he headed the patrician element against the democratic innovations of the lower guilds; in the country he became a leader in the patriotic Brandenburg league, which sought to reunite the Marks, separated by the death of Waldemar the Great, under one government. His career offers many points of resemblance to that of his great descendant, Otto von Bismarck, in the nineteenth century.

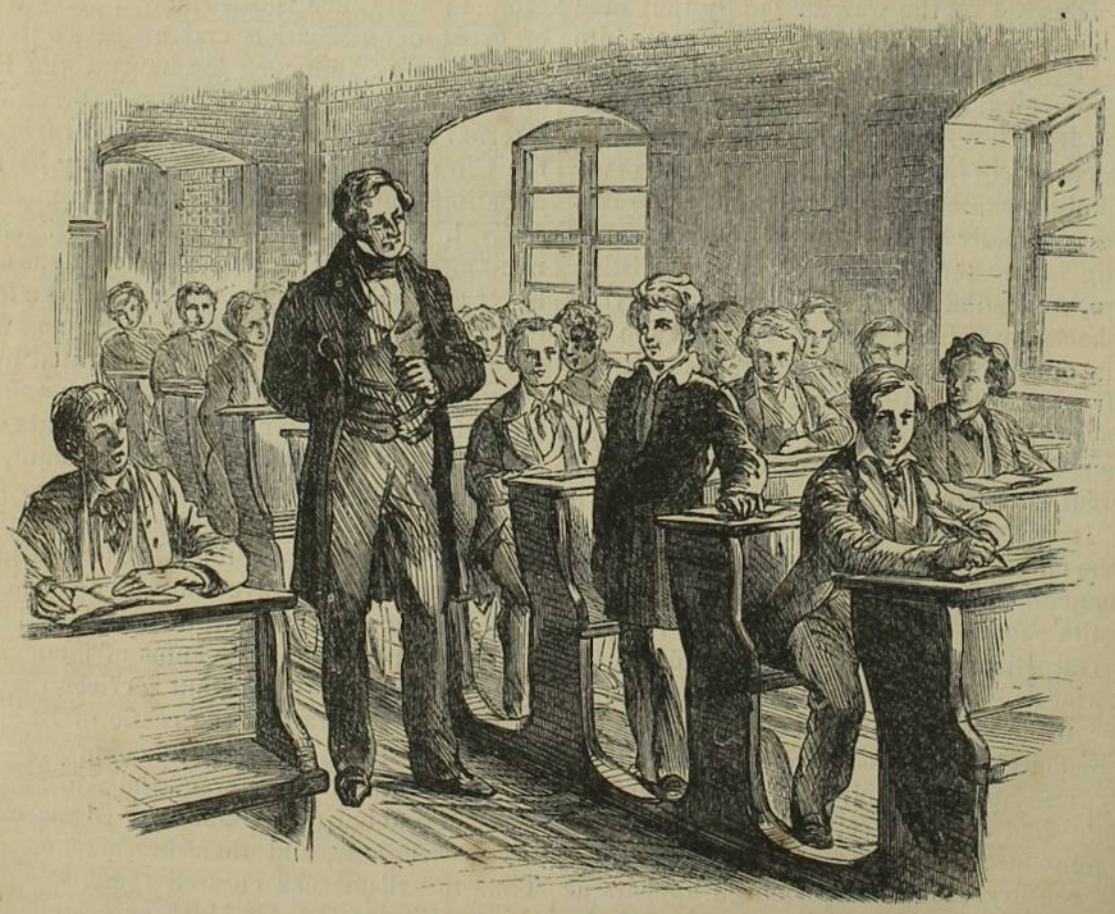
Worsted at length in his contest with the democratic party of Stendal, Claus attached himself to the Margrave Ludwig, for whom he conducted some important negotiations, besides lending him considerable sums of money. As a reward for these important services the Margrave, in 1345, granted the castle of Burgstall, one of the strong-holds of the country, protecting the southern frontier of the Alt Mark toward Magdeburg, to Claus von Bismarck and his descendants, and their brothers, as a fief. Thus the Bismarcks entered the first rank of the nobility of the Alt Mark as castellans—in

the original, *Schlossgessessen*, literally "seized of, or seated at, a castle." These castellan families in the Alt Mark, although they could not claim any right to a higher rank, formed a privileged class of the chivalric nobility, which maintained itself by the possession of castles—then of great importance for the defense of the country. The castellans under the Luxemburg dynasty, like the members of the Bohemian nobility, were called *nobiles*, while other classes of the nobility were only denominated "worshipful," or *strenui*. They had ingress and precedence at the Diets before the others, were not summoned to those assemblies by proclamation, but by writ, and were immediately under the jurisdiction of the Land Captain, while ordinary knights were subject to the courts of justice of the province. Although the castellans maintained a portion of these rights to very recent times, they were never any thing more than Alt Mark Junkers, whose families possessed some privileges beyond the common people.

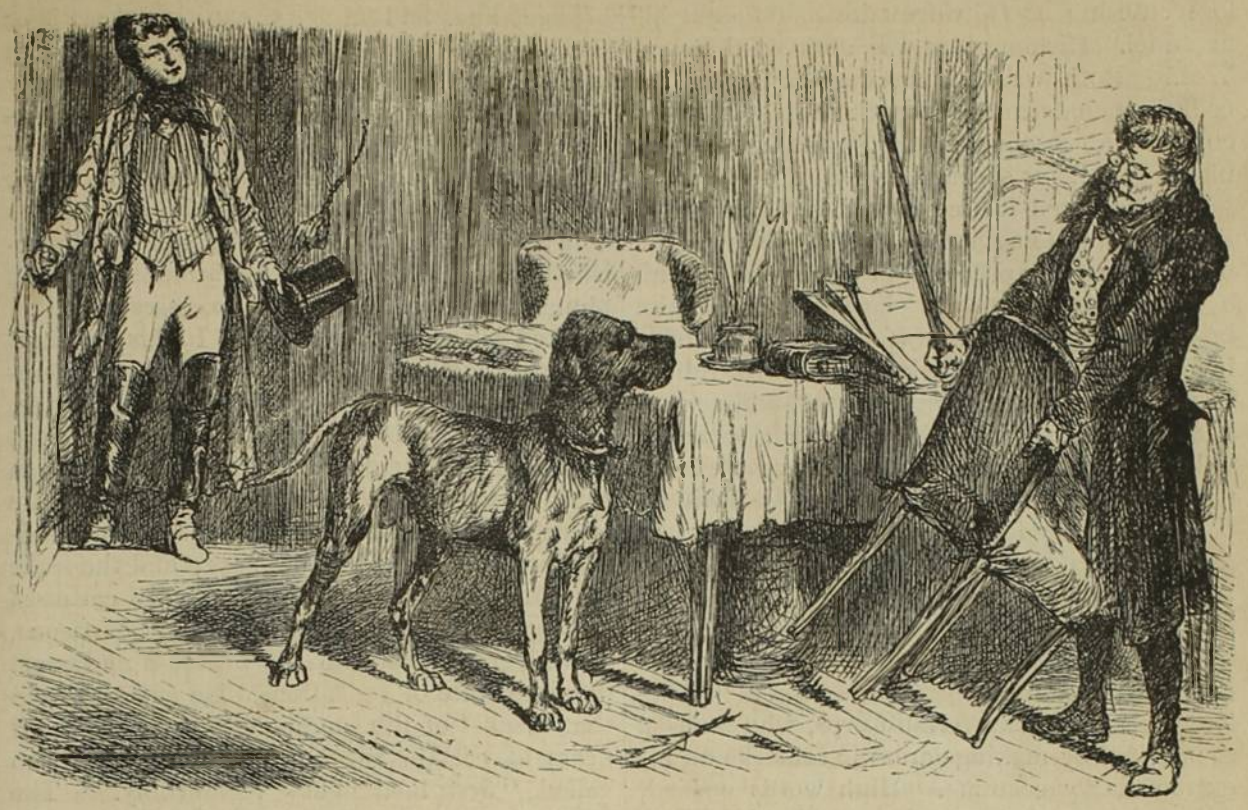
The family of Bismarck remained in undisturbed possession of Burgstall until the year 1555, when the hunt-loving Electoral Prince, the Margrave John George, in order to obtain wider preserves, attacked their ancient privileges and forest rights, and ten years later compelled them to exchange their ancestral seat for Crevese and Schönhausen. To the branch of the family settled at the latter place the present Count Bismarck belongs.

He was born at Schönhausen, on the 1st of April, 1815, and was christened Otto Edward Leopold. His early youth, however, was not passed on his ancestral estate, but in Pomerania, whither his parents had removed in the year 1816. By the decease of a cousin they had succeeded to the knightly estates of Kniephof, Jarchelin, and Külz, in the circle of Naugard. At Kniephof, where his parents took up their residence, Bismarck passed the first six years of his life, and to Kniephof he returned in his holidays from Berlin, so that this Pomeranian estate of his parents may be regarded as the scene of his earliest sports. Its situation is extremely pleasant, being surrounded by woods and meadows, close to the little river Zampel. Even in the last century the beautiful gardens and carp-lake were famous. It remained in his possession until 1868, when, on the purchase of the estate of Varzin, it passed into the hands of his eldest nephew.

The mother of Otto von Bismarck was a beautiful, very proud, and very ambitious woman, and of great influence in society. She very early sought to awaken ambition in her sons; and it was particularly her desire that the younger son, Otto, should devote himself to a diplomatic career, for which she considered him especially fitted by innate qualities of mind. This aspiration was not fulfilled in her lifetime; but her maternal instinct is honored by this early perception of the path in which her favorite son was to attain the highest distinction. His father, on the other hand, a handsome, personable, and cheerful man, full of wit and humor, loved a robust country life, and his chief amusement to the close of his life was the chase. How zealously the old gentleman pursued this pastime we learn from a letter from young Bis-



OTTO VON BISMARCK AT SCHOOL.



YOUNG BISMARCK'S VISIT TO THE DEAN.

marck to his newly married sister in the autumn of 1844, a part of which we quote:

"Now you have departed, I have naturally found the house very lonely. I have sat by the stove smoking, and contemplating how unnatural and selfish it is in girls who have brothers, and those bachelors, to go and recklessly marry, and act as if they only were in the world to follow their own sweet wills; a selfish principle from which I feel that our family, and myself in proper person, are fortunately free. After perceiving the fruitlessness of these reflections, I arose from the green leather chair in which you used to sit kissing and whispering with Miss and Oscar, and plunged wildly into the elections, which convinced me that five votes were mine for life or death, and two had somewhat lukewarmly supported me; while Krug received four, sixteen to eighteen voted for Arnim, and twelve to fifteen for Alvensleben. I therefore thought it best to retire altogether. Since then I have lived here with father; reading, smoking, walking, helping him to eat lampreys, and joining in a farce called fox-hunting. We go out in the pouring rain, or at six degrees of frost, accompanied by Ihle, Bellin, and Charles, surround an old bush in a sportsman-like way, silent as the grave, as the wind blows through the cover, where we are all fully convinced—even perhaps my father—that the only game consists of a few old women gathering fagots—and not another living thing. Then Ihle, Charles, and a couple of hounds, making the strangest and most prodigious noise, particularly Ihle, burst into the thicket, my father standing perfectly stock-still, with his rifle just as if he fully expected some beast, until Ihle comes out, shouting 'Hu! la! la! fuss! hey! hey!' in the queerest shrieks. Then my father asks me, in the coolest manner, if I have not seen something; and I reply, with most natural air of astonishment, nothing in the world! Then, growling at the rain, we start for another bush, where Ihle is sure we shall find game, and play the farce over again. This goes on for three or four hours, without my father, Ihle, and Fingal exhibiting the least symptom of being tired."

Young Bismarck passed his first school years in Berlin, and proved himself an intelligent and earnest student, and won the affection and confidence of all his teachers. The Director of the Frederic William Gymnasium, Dr. Bonnell, draws this pleasant picture of his first acquaintance with the future statesman:

"My attention was drawn to Bismarck on the very day of his entry, on which occasion the new boys sat in the school-room on rows of benches in order that the masters could overlook the new-comers with attention during the inauguration. Otto von Bismarck sat—as I still distinctly remember, and often have related—with visible eagerness, a clear and pleasant boyish face and bright eyes, in a gay and lightsome mood among his comrades, so that it caused me to think, 'That's a nice boy; I'll keep my eye upon him.' He became my pupil first when he entered the upper third. I was transferred at Michaelmas, 1829, from the Berlin Gymnasium to the Graue Kloster, to which Bismarck also came in the following year. He became an inmate of my house at Easter, 1831, where he behaved himself in my modest household, then numbering only my wife and my infant son, in a friendly and confiding manner. In every respect he was most charming; he seldom quitted us of an evening; if I was sometimes absent, he conversed in a friendly and innocent manner with my wife, and evinced a strong inclination for domestic life. He won our hearts, and we met his advances with affection and care—so that his father, when he quitted us, declared that his son had never been so happy as with us."

To this day Bismarck has preserved a pleasant intimacy with his old preceptor.

At the age of seventeen Bismarck quitted school for the university of Göttingen. He was himself anxious to enter at Heidelberg, having acquired a taste for the wild student life that prevails at that university, but yielded to the urgent entreaties of his mother, who feared he might contract the habit of beer-drinking, which she always detested. She would have preferred the university of Berlin, but the young student was eager to be emancipated from the social and academic restrictions that make student life in that city so tame in comparison with that of other university towns. Even be-

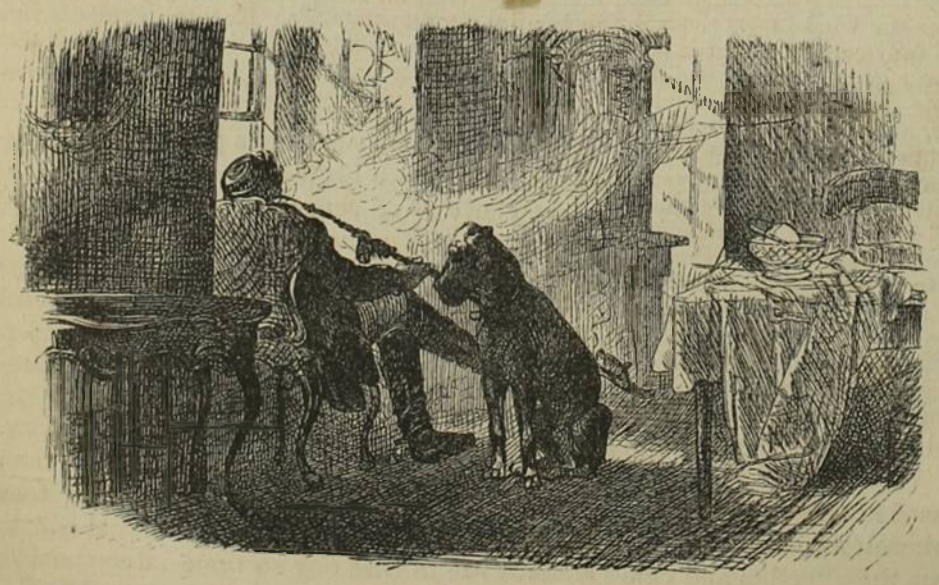
fore entering at Göttingen he had fought his first duel. His opponent was a brave lad named Wolf. Both were rather unscientific in the use of weapons, and Bismarck retired from the contest with a wounded leg, while his antagonist only lost his spectacles.

At Göttingen he led a wild and dissipated life. For some aggravated offense he was one day cited to the presence of the Dean. With a careless bravado very characteristic of him he appeared before that awful functionary wearing a tall hat, a gay dressing-gown, with riding-boots that reached above his knees, and accompanied by an enormous blood-hound. Startled half out of his senses by this unexpected apparition, the poor Dean sought refuge behind a chair, and only left his hiding-place after the audacious student had sent the dog out of the room.

On leaving the Dean, who had fined him for having the dog in his possession, young Bismarck encountered a party of four students belonging to the Hanoverian Corps, who amused themselves by making sarcastic remarks on his extraordinary costume. High words ensued, followed by a challenge from each of the four Hanoverians. During the first three terms of his university life he fought over twenty duels, and was wounded in one instance only, and that by the breaking of his adversary's sword-blade. The scar is still visible on his cheek. After an animated dispute on the subject this "blood," to his opponent's great annoyance, was held not to be "good," as it was drawn by accident.

According to his own account, Bismarck led a wild and reckless life at Göttingen. He only twice attended lectures before he passed his examination. After leaving the university he was employed as a subordinate functionary in various government offices; but, growing weary of this dull routine, soon retired to his own estates at Kniephof, which he successfully tried to relieve from the embarrassed condition into which they had fallen through neglect and mismanagement. He was then about twenty-three years of age, and had already entered the Jäger Guard, to fulfill the military duties incumbent upon every Prussian. So long as necessity pressed upon him he found solace in agricultural activity; but when, through his excellent administration, the estates began to rise in value, and every thing went on smoothly, and he was able to rely upon subordinates, he grew dissatisfied with the contracted life around him, and plunged anew into the wild excesses that had marked his student's career. In his youthful fancy he had formed a certain ideal of a country Junker, or squire. He owned no carriage, performed all his journeys on horseback, and astonished the neighborhood by riding eighteen to thirty miles to evening assemblies. Despite of his wild life and actions, he felt a continually increasing sense of loneliness; and the same Bismarck who gave himself to jolly carouses among the officers of neighboring garrisons, sank, when alone, into the bitterest and most desolate state of reflection. He suffered from that disgust of life common to the boldest officers at certain times, and which has been called "first lieutenant's melancholy." The less real pleasure he had in his wild career, the madder it became; and he earned himself a fearful reputation among elderly ladies and gentleman, who predicted the moral and pecuniary ruin of "Mad Bismarck," as they named him.

The estate of Kniephof had been purchased by Otto's grandfather chiefly to gratify his passion for the chase. At that time it was well stocked with game, especially deer, very few of which remained when the grandson went to reside there. Kniephof did not then behold stag-huntings with horses and mastiffs, as in the previous century. But strange scenes occurred when the youthful owner, tortured by dark thoughts, dashed restlessly, to kill time, through the fields, sometimes in solitude, and sometimes in the company of gay companions and guests. Strange stories were current of nocturnal carouses in the old mansion, at which none could equal "Mad Bismarck" in emptying the great beaker filled with porter and Champagne. Tales of a wild character were whispered in the circles of shuddering ladies. At each mad adventure, each wild burst of humor, a dozen myths started up, sometimes of a comical, sometimes a terrible character, until the mansion of Kniephof was looked upon as haunted. But the ghosts must have had tolerably strong nerves, for the guests, slumbering with night-



BISMARCK AS A STUDENT AT GÖTTINGEN.

caps of porter and Champagne, were often roused by pistol-shots, the bullets whistling over their heads, and the plaster from the ceilings tumbling into their faces.

But, even while sowing his wild oats, young Bismarck had periods of profound disgust with the reckless life he was leading. He would often retire for hours to the deepest solitudes of the forest, accompanied only by his faithful dog; and his companions always noticed that when he returned he was inclined to be thoughtful, and to bore them with long discourses on political affairs. Young gentlemen, in those days, were not so accustomed to political discussion as the youth of our time, and political parties, in the modern sense of the word, were almost unknown in Germany; and a comrade of those days has left on record that he felt "miserably bored" whenever the future statesman fell into one of these serious moods. It should be mentioned to his credit that, despite his wild and irregular life, he was held in high consideration by grave men of position, and was frequently solicited to enter political life. For some time he steadily refused to leave his estates. All at once, however, he gave up his wild courses, and betook himself to the study of history, theology, and philosophy. His favorite author was Spinoza. About this time he sought to improve his mind by travel, and visited France and England.

After the death of his father, which took place in 1845, the sons so divided the property that Otto von Bismarck retained Kniephof and Schönhausen. From that time he resided at the latter place, became Dyke Captain there, and afterward Knight's Deputy in the circle of Jorichow in the Saxon Provincial Diet at Merseburg. In that capacity he attended the first meeting of the United Diets in 1847, on which occasion he first attracted the notice of the public to himself in more extended circles.

In 1847 Bismarck married Fräulein Johanna von Putkammer. The parents of this lady were quiet, sedate, pious people, and they were thrown into great consternation when "Mad Bismarck," as he was still called, proposed for her hand, and were still more alarmed when the young lady firmly but modestly acknowledged her affection for the scape-grace, and declared her intention to marry him. "It seemed as if I had been felled with an axe," old Herr Von Putkammer said, long afterward, in describing his feelings at that time. However, he was not inclined to play the tyrant father, and gave his consent, although with a heavy heart—a consent he has never had reason to regret. Her mother, of a more spirited nature, protested until Bismarck appeared in person at Reinfeld, and before her eyes clasped his bride to his heart. With a flood of passionate tears she then consented to their union, and from that moment became the warmest and most zealous friend of the man to whom she gave her beloved daughter. For a little while after his marriage Bismarck settled down to the uneventful life of a country squire at Schönhausen, but was soon summoned from that seclusion to take an active part in political affairs.

In February, 1847, King William IV. of Prussia, a good but irresolute and vacillating man, yielding at length to the clamors of his people and the warnings of his councilors, summoned a United Diet, composed of delegates from the Provincial Diets. Simple-minded, romantic, and bound by medieval notions of kingship, he considered this an act of remarkable condescension on his part, for which his subjects should be profoundly grateful. Imagine his astonishment on discovering that the people were profoundly dissatisfied. The very first act of the new Diet was to declare that the convocation of the United Estates was not a fulfillment of the promise to grant a national representation, made to the people by William III. in 1815. This declaration was strenuously and bitterly opposed by Bismarck, who sat in the Assembly as a representative from one of the Provincial Diets. A deputy on the liberal side had made one of those wordy, enthusiastic speeches, at all times so popular in Germany, and declared that the Prussian people had risen in 1813 for the sole purpose of obtaining a constitution; and Bismarck, a firm believer in the divinity of kingship, ascended the tribune to reply. It was his first appearance as a political orator. A large, strongly built man, his plentiful hair cut short, his ruddy, healthful countenance, with a heavy blonde beard, his clear eyes somewhat prominent, his aspect was commanding, and attracted general attention. He looked round upon the Assembly a few seconds, and then, in a firm voice, proceeded to reply. His speech was a bitter attack upon liberalism and democracy, and provoked a storm of cries and hisses from the other side of the house. At one time the noise was so great that the orator's voice was completely drowned. To show his contempt for his opponents, he ceased the effort to make himself heard, and quietly drawing a newspaper from his pocket, leaned against the railing in an easy attitude, and read until order was restored, when he proceeded with his speech. In opposition to the declaration proposed in the Assembly, he asserted that the war of 1813-15 had not given to the Prussians any right to demand a constitution of their king, their object having been to shake off a foreign yoke, and not domestic tyranny. The king of Prussia, he declared, held his throne by divine right, and not by the grace of the people, and therefore every royal concession was a free gift to his subjects. In the same illiberal spirit Bismarck opposed every step toward greater freedom for the masses. He was especially roused by a bill for the removal of the civil disabilities of the Jews. "You may call my ideas unenlightened and medieval," he exclaimed; "but I demand that Christianity shall be superior to the state. Without a religious foundation the state is only an accidental aggregate of rights, a bul-



BISMARCK IN 1847.

wark against the king. Its legislation will not be an emanation of the fountain of eternal wisdom, but will stand on the shifting sands of vague and changeable ideas of humanity. If I should see a Jew a representative of the king's sacred majesty, I should feel deeply humiliated." Yet he declared himself to be no enemy of the Jews. "If they are enemies to me," he said, "I forgive them. Under certain circumstances I even love them. I would grant them every right, save that of holding superior official posts in Christian countries." This illiberal spirit characterized the whole of Bismarck's course in the Diet. He was deeply impressed with the idea that the sovereignty of Prussia was threatened with serious dangers; that his duty was to aid the king in rescuing his native land from what he regarded as the insolent pretensions of the modern parliamentary spirit and the evils of a "paper" government, as he was wont to characterize the constitution.

When the news arrived of the revolution of February, 1848, in Paris, Bismarck felt that the signal had been given for the outbreak of the long-impending struggle between the Prussian king and his subjects. He determined to resist it; and when the waves of revolution rolled across the Rhine and swept over Germany, the courageous man, whose official duty it had been to protect the Elbe dykes against the floods, set himself bravely to resist the advancing tide. When the king, overborne by the spirit of the masses, granted a paper constitution, Bismarck protested against it, in a manly and dignified spirit, and then retired to his country seat. Deeply attached to the king, he was yet too deeply imbued with feudal ideas to approve what he regarded as a weak and dangerous concession. The Socialist follies of the Democratic party, which soon afterward drove even the Liberals into opposition, gave him an opportunity to form a new Conservative party, and he became one of the most trusted and influential advisers of King Frederick William IV., whose personal acquaintance he had previously made. He was frequently commanded to the royal hunting parties at Letzlingen, and was always treated by the king with especial favor. It was with peculiar pleasure, also, that he hunted on the moors and among the forests

that centuries before had been the proud heritage of his race; a heritage his ancestors had surrendered only under the influence of affection for their princes and reverence for their liege lord. These old Bismarckian preserves are the richest in Prussia: the red deer and bucks are counted by thousands, and the royal hunts, which take place every winter since the restoration of the mansion of Letzlingen by Frederick William IV., at the beginning of his reign, are among the best in Europe. Frederick William IV., although familiar with the chase, was not at all times a keen sportsman. Once he leaned his gun against a tree, drew a volume of Shakspeare from his pocket, seated himself on a stump, and was so absorbed in the poetry that he never noticed that an inquisitive stag, who wished to know what the king was reading, crept up behind him and looked into the book over his shoulder. This pretty scene was witnessed from a distance by Bismarck and several other sportsmen.



THE KING READING IN THE FOREST.

In the winter of 1849 Bismarck established his family in Berlin, and his life was almost wholly absorbed by politics. He passed much of his leisure time in a beer saloon, where a club of Conservatives was accustomed to meet evenings to discuss the affairs of the country. On one of these occasions he exhibited, in a very characteristic way, his chivalric feelings toward the throne. He had just taken a seat when a particularly offensive expression was used at the next table concerning a member of the royal family. Bismarck immediately rose to his full height, turned to the speaker, and thundered forth: "Out of the house! If you are not off when I have drunk this beer, I will break this glass on your head!" At this there ensued a fierce commotion, and threatening outcries resounded in all directions. Taking no notice of this, Bismarck finished his glass, and then brought it down upon the offender's pate with such effect that the fragments flew all about the table, and the man fell down, howling with anguish. There was a deep silence, during which Bismarck's voice was heard to say, in the quietest tone, as if nothing whatever had taken place: "Waiter, what is to pay for this broken glass?"

In 1851 Bismarck was appointed Embassador from the Prussian court to the Diet in Frankfort-on-the-Maine, where he remained for eight years. He was at that time in favor of an alliance with Austria, with which power he was ready to make common cause against the spread of democratic ideas. But gradually his views underwent a change. Willing to go hand in hand with Austria, he was still a Prussian; and when it became evident that Austria was determined upon the humiliation of Prussia, he became the bitter antagonist of that power. To go into the details of his policy would be tedious and unprofitable; but we find, in a letter written by him after his removal to St. Petersburg, a passage which fully explains his course toward the Austrian government, and the grounds of his jealousy in respect to the relative position of the two powers in the Frankfort Diet:

"The minor princes and governments do not measure the two great powers by the same standard; the interpretation of the scope and of the laws of the Confederation is modified according to the wants of Austrian policy. Since 1850 we are met in every question by the same hostile majority, by the same pretension that Prussia ought always to yield. In the Eastern question Austria's power of gravitation proved so superior to ours that the other German governments, although agreeing in their convictions with Prussia, were obliged to give way. They declared themselves unable to discharge their federal duties if Austria was resolved to go her own way, although they themselves were convinced that the federal law and the interests of Germany were in favor of our policy. Their clinging to Austria is based on an erroneous conception of their interest, which prescribes a common opposition to Prussia, and to the natural development of her influence and power. The aim of the policy of the middle states is the development of the federal treaties in the sense of Austrian supremacy. This can only be done at Prussia's expense, if we are always willing to submit, and to bear with untiring complacency the disproportion between our federal rights and duties. This tendency of the policy of the middle states will reappear after every vacillation with the steadiness of the magnetic needle, because it is not the arbitrary result of changing circumstances and persons, but the natural and necessary result of the federal relations with the minor states. We have no means of coming to a permanent and satisfactory arrangement with this policy within the pale of the existing federal treaties. I consider our present federal relations as a disease of Prussia, which we shall be obliged to cure sooner or later with fire and sword (*ferro et igni*), if we do not take preventive measures in seasonable time."

It is not unlikely that these convictions were shared by the Prussian court, nor that the counsels of Bismarck had much to do with the attitude of Prussia toward Austria during the Italian war of 1859. He would have had Prussia take an even more determined attitude, and pressed his government to consult only Prussian interests in future. But the ministry was weak and hesitating, and the opportunity was temporarily lost.

Bismarck's career as minister to St. Petersburg was not marked by important events. In May, 1862, he was appointed minister to Paris, and immediately set out for that city. Soon after presenting his credentials he visited London, where he had a long but unsuccessful conference with Lord Palmerston, whom he tried to win over to his anti-Austrian projects. He then went to Biarritz, where he met the French emperor. Before the close of summer he was recalled to Berlin to take the position of Premier and Minister for Foreign Affairs. The position was a difficult one. The House of Deputies had refused to vote the increased military budget demanded by the Liberal ministry; and King William I., finding himself unable to effect a good understanding, felt the necessity of selecting a minister sufficiently possessed of devotion, energy, daring, and circumspection to carry on the business of the state despite of the crisis. His choice fell upon Bismarck. It was well known to the king that the selection of this statesman would tend for the moment to heighten the sharpness of the strife; for, in the eyes of his opponents, Bismarck was the Hotspur of the Junker party—the fiery and energetic Conservative leader. Very few knew to what a statesman Bismarck had ripened in Frankfort, at Paris, and St. Petersburg, where he had studied under a diplomatist and statesman of the first rank, Prince Gortschakoff. He immediately set forth for Berlin. With the earnest devotion to his king that had always characterized him, he placed himself at his Majesty's disposal. He imposed no conditions, put forward no programme. His only object was to uphold his beloved kingdom of Prussia against the parliamentary spirit, and carry forward the new organization of the army, on which the future of Prussia and Germany depended. On arriving in Berlin, in September, 1862, he found himself opposed to the party of progress, arrogant and flushed with the prospect of victory, and supported only by a small party of Conservatives. But he entered upon office with strong confidence in his ability to bring about a solution of the crisis. His tone toward his opponents was that of conciliation. On the 29th of September he announced the withdrawal of the budget for 1863, "because the government considered it their duty not to allow the obstacles toward a settlement to increase in volume." He then announced his intentions, his aims, as clearly as he dared.

"The conflict has been too tragically understood," he said, "and too tragically represented by the press; the government sought no contest. If the crisis could be honorably surmounted, the government would gladly lend a hand. It was owing to the great obstinacy of individuals that it was difficult to govern with the constitution in Prussia. A constitutional crisis was no disgrace; it was an honor. We are, perhaps, too civilized to indorse a constitution; we are too critical. Public opinion changed: the press was not public opinion; it was well known how the press was upheld. The Deputies had the task of determining its opinions, and to stand above it. Germany does not contemplate the liberalism of Prussia, but her power. Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Baden might indulge liberalism; but they are not therefore called upon to play the part of Prussia. Prussia must hold her power together for the favorable opportunity which has already been sometimes neglected: the frontiers of Prussia were not favorable to a good state constitution. *The great questions of the day were not to be decided by speeches and majorities—this had been the error of* 1848 *and* 1849—*but by iron and blood!*"

When the Chamber answered this step with the resolutions of the 7th October, by which all expenditure was declared unconstitutional if declined by the national representatives, Bismarck replied with this declaration:

"According to this resolution, the royal government can not for the present anticipate any result from the continuance of its attempts to arrive at a settlement, but rather expect from any renewal of the negotiation a heightening of party differences, which would render any understanding in the future more difficult."

On the 13th of October the session of the Diet was closed, and on this occasion Bismarck again took an opportunity of expressing his views on his position. He said:

"The government is perfectly aware of the responsibility which has arisen from this lamentable crisis; but, at the same time, it is also observant of the duties it owes to the country, and in this finds itself strengthened to press for the supplies—until the state is settled—necessary for existing state institutions and the furtherance of the common weal, being assured that, at the proper time, they will receive the subsequent sanction of the Diet."

To meet the crisis he had thus provoked, Bismarck invented the ingenious theory that if the government and the legislature could not agree on the budget, the last budget voted would remain in force until harmony was restored; and in this position he had the apparent support of the Prussian constitution, which, while it granted to the legislature the right of voting the supplies and imposing *new* taxes, expressly declared that the existing taxes should continue to be levied. He therefore now declared that he was going to govern without a new budget, and hoped sincerely that the popular passion and excitement would subside, and harmony be re-established between the legislature and the crown. With characteristic hauteur he announced his purpose to disregard "public clamor;" and as long as he was able to carry on the government without new taxes or loans he was practically independent of the legislature.

Bismarck's first labors as Premier were directed to the solution of the problem presented by the critical relations of Austria and Prussia. Prussia had asserted her right to form a closer political union within the pale of the German

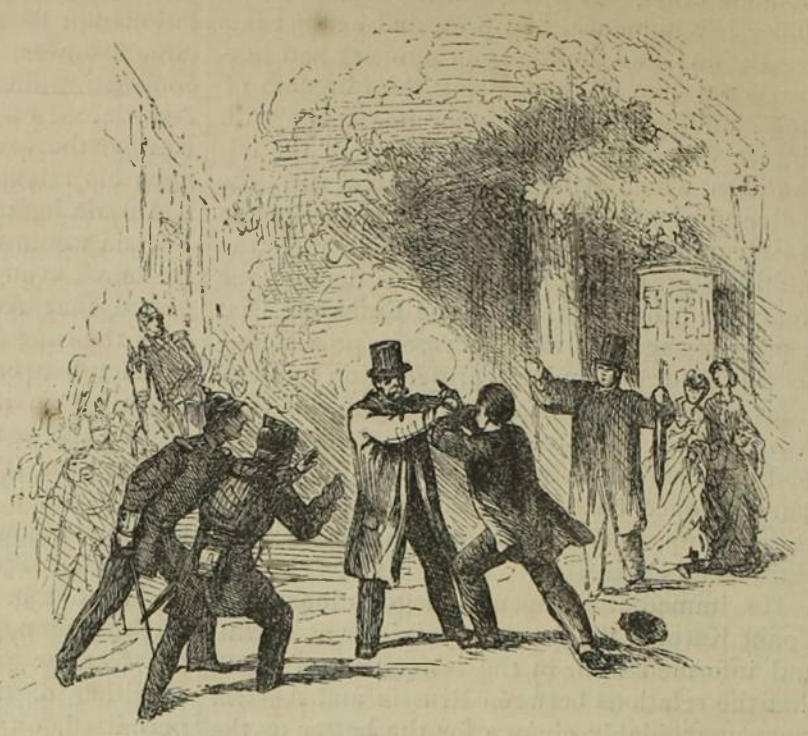
Confederation. Austria, and the middle states under her influence, had protested against this pretension; and the Prussian ministry had taken its revenge by recognizing the kingdom of Italy, and signing a commercial treaty with France which interfered with many of the advantages which Austrian commerce with the Zollverein had enjoyed. The influence of the Austrian government was sufficient with the middle states to induce them to decline the treaty, and to press through the Frankfort Diet a project—against which Prussia protested—providing for a popular representation by delegates of the local legislatures. Up to this time Austria had been recognized as holding the leading position in the Confederation. Bismarck at once decided that this pretension must be given up, and Prussia accorded her proper place as an equal.

He immediately opened negotiations with Count Karolyi, the Austrian minister at Berlin, and informed him, in the latter part of 1862, that the relations between Prussia and Austria must unavoidably change for the better or the worse. It was the sincere wish of his government, he stated, that the former alternative should prevail; but unless the imperial cabinet evinced a conciliatory spirit it would be necessary for Prussia to contemplate the other alternative, and prepare for it accordingly. He reminded Count Karolyi that, previous to the events of 1848, a tacit understanding existed between the two powers, by virtue of which Austria was assured the support of Prussia on European questions, and Prussia was allowed to exercise an influence in Germany unfettered by Austrian opposition—an arrangement which had secured for the Confederation domestic concord and peace with foreign nations; but that, on the reconstitution of the Frankfort Diet, Prussia had met with constant opposition, instigated from Vienna, in the very states with which, by her geographical position, she was interested in maintaining friendly relations. He represented to the count that, while Austria might by this policy win the sympathies of those states, she would estrange herself from Prussia to the detriment of their common interests. Count Karolyi, in reply, stated that Austria could not renounce her traditional policy; but flattered himself that, in the event of any war dangerous to Austria, the two greater powers would, under any circumstances, be found together again as allies. Bismarck assured him that this was a dangerous assumption; and pointed out that, in the last Italian war, the alliance had not been so valuable to Austria as it might have been if the two powers had not, during the preceding eight years, contended with each other in the field of German politics, and so undermined mutual confidence. He pointed to the fact that Prussia had not sought to take advantage of Austria's difficulties, but had armed to assist her in case of need, as an illustration of the advantages arising from the former more intimate relations, as well as to point the explicit avowal that, should those relations not be renewed, Prussia, under similar circumstances, would not be debarred from contracting an alliance with an antagonist of Austria. In a second conversation with Count Karolyi the same views were urgently pressed upon his attention; and he was informed that if Austria insisted upon her policy at Frankfort, Prussia would withdraw from the confederacy. Bismarck even went further than this, and suggested that Austria should herself withdraw from the confederacy, as a German power, and transfer her capital to Pesth. This proposal met with an indignant response, and for the present the negotiation was closed.

The year 1863 was signalized by a convention in which Prussia and Russia united for the suppression of the Polish insurrection. The convention stipulated that, disturbances having broken out in the kingdom of Poland which might endanger property and tranquillity in the frontier provinces of Prussia, the troops of either of the two governments should be permitted, on the requisition of the military authorities of the other, to cross the frontier, and in case of necessity to pursue insurgents into the territory of the other. This convention roused great indignation throughout Europe, and provoked sharp opposition in the Prussian Chambers. Bismarck was forced into explanations, and at length informed the English minister at Berlin that the necessary instructions to carry the convention into effect had never been drawn up, and that it might, therefore, be regarded as a dead letter. The conflict in the Prussian Chambers was very bitter. The king had not opened the session in person, and the speech from the throne held out no prospect of conciliation. The Chambers prepared a reply, in which they accused the ministry of violating the constitution, by governing without a budget. They were treated with arrogant contempt; Bismarck declaring, in the course of the debate, that "Constitutional conflicts may be decided in other countries by a change of the ministry, but this is not the custom in Prussia. With us, if two political bodies, which can not go to law, are unable to agree, circumstances decide which of the two is the strongest." This announcement was received with indignation. But the king refused to receive the address in person, and rebuked the Chambers for their audacity in presenting it. Through the whole of the debates on the address and on the convention with Russia, Bismarck treated the Chambers with insufferable arrogance. He haughtily declared that when the government deemed it necessary to make war, it would do so, with or without the consent of the Chambers. To show his contempt for them he left the House during the speech of a member of the opposition, re-entering to say that he could hear perfectly well in the adjoining apartment. He asserted that the ministers were not subject to the standing rules of the House, and announced that they would not at-

tend the debates unless this pretension were allowed. The session was at length closed by an ungracious royal message, and for a while Bismarck was the most unpopular statesman in Germany.

The war against Denmark—which was at once an experiment on the newly reorganized army and the needle-gun, and had roused the warlike spirit of Prussia—tended to restore his popularity with the masses, who are always dazzled with military success; and the king showed his own estimate of the services rendered by the minister by bestowing upon him the Order of the Black Eagle—the highest mark of honor in his gift. In 1865 he was made a Prussian count.



THE ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE COUNT BISMARCK.

It would require too much space to trace minutely the history of the political intrigues that brought on the war of 1866 between Prussia and Austria. It was unquestionably the work of Bismarck alone. By every art known to diplomacy, he fomented the quarrel between the two powers. He intrigued with France and Italy. He prevented a reconciliation between the emperor of Austria and the king of Prussia. He determined upon the annexation of the Elbe duchies to Prussia, with or without the consent of Austria. At the same time he labored assiduously to detach from her the minor German states. In the summer of 1865 he declared to the Prime Minister of the king of Bavaria that "in his firm opinion war between Prussia and Austria was very likely, and close at hand. It was a question, as the matter appeared to him, of a duel between Austria and Prussia only. The rest of Germany might stand by and contemplate this duel as passive spectators. Prussia had never contemplated, and even now did not think of extending its power beyond the line of the Maine. The settlement of the controversy would not long have to be awaited. One blow—one pitched battle—and Prussia would be in the position to dictate conditions." He flattered Bavaria with the idea that she was natural heir of Austria's position in Southern Germany. A little later he concluded the treaty of Gastein with Austria, which, while pretending to settle the relations of the two powers in Schleswig and Holstein, was really designed by Bismarck to keep the quarrel open.

Before the end of the year, he knew that his efforts would be crowned with success. Austria, determined not to surrender her traditional policy, prepared for the war which was believed to be inevitable. Prussia was ready for the field at a moment's warning. She was secure of an ally in Italy. The inability of France to take the field was no secret to Bismarck. Almost the only barrier to war was the king of Prussia, who would have been only too glad to make up the dispute on terms that would secure the equality of the two powers in directing the affairs of the Confederation. Had Austria been wiser and less arrogant, she might have secured a peaceful termination of the contest.

The 7th of May, 1866, was an eventful day for Count Bismarck. As he was walking home, about five in the afternoon, after a short interview with the king, he was twice fired upon by the misguided enthusiast Blind. With great presence of mind the count turned and seized his assailant by the throat. Blind contrived to fire two more shots, one of which took effect, without inflicting a serious wound. The assassin was handed over to the military authorities, and Bismarck walked home as if nothing had occurred. The news of the event spread like wild-fire through the city. The king, the royal princes, many of the civil and military authorities, as well as private citizens, went to his house to congratulate him on his escape. Blind committed suicide before trial could be had, and it was never known whether his crime was that of a misguided enthusiast alone, or whether it was that of a conspiracy. Popular belief connected the attempt with Austrian intrigue, but without the slightest ground, and ascribed the minister's escape to the direct interposition of Providence.

All this time Austria was her own worst enemy. The neutral powers—England, France, and Russia—exerted themselves to prevent war. The Paris conference was proposed, with the view to a pacific settlement. The invitation was accepted by Austria with the absurd condition that every project of solution should be excluded from the deliberations by which any of the parties represented should derive territorial aggrandizement—thus depriving Italy of every

inducement to enter the conference. The project thus came to nothing; and Austria, fancying she had won the vantage-ground, thought the proper moment had arrived to exhibit her strength in the Frankfort Diet. She introduced the subject of the duchies there, and called upon the other states to assist her in maintaining her rights. Bismarck immediately announced that he should consider the passing of this motion a *casus belli*, and open hostilities without delay. The warning was unheeded.

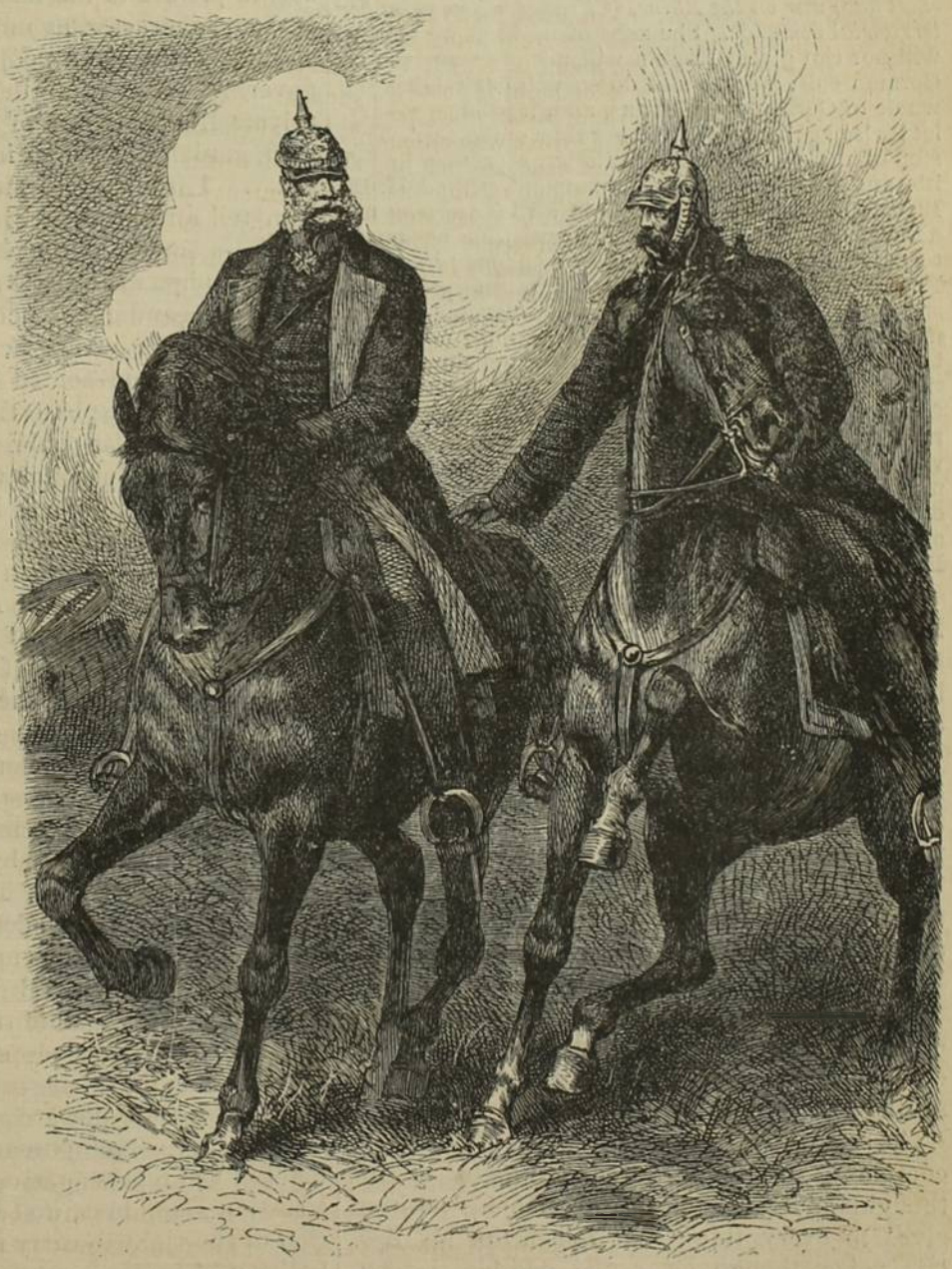
Bismarck was overjoyed. The moment he had long waited and worked for had at last arrived. The last scruples of the king were overcome. There was no longer a trace of hesitation in the court. Bismarck held frequent consultations with General Moltke, General Roon, and others; and on the 15th of June orders were sent by telegraph to set the Prussian columns in motion. A few days later, on the 29th of June, the first news of victory arrived. As if by enchantment, the whole of Berlin was dressed in black and white flags; in every street resounded, "*Ich bin ein Preusse; kennt ihr meine Farben?*"—"I am a Prussian; do you know my colors?" In thousands the multitude pressed to the palace of the king, who greeted the people from the window, while the news of victory was read from the balcony. There was no end to the popular enthusiasm. During this scene a heavy peal of thunder reverberated over the capital, a flash of lightning illuminated the streets, and Bismarck exclaimed, from beside the king, "The heavens fire a salute!"

The next day Bismarck left Berlin in the suit of the king, with Generals Von Roon and Von Moltke, and proceeded to the scene of hostilities. Through the whole of the seven days' campaign, in which the military power of Austria was broken down, Bismarck accompanied the king, who fearlessly sought the front in every battle. At Sadowa his Majesty rode forward so rashly that Bismarck ventured to expostulate with him. "As a major of the Landwehr," he said, "I have no right to counsel your Majesty on the battle-field; but as Prime Minister it is my duty to beg your Majesty not to seek danger." With a pleasant smile, the king replied: "How can I ride away while my army is under fire?"

The decisive victory at Sadowa was soon followed by negotiations, commenced at the historical castle of Nicolsburg, where Napoleon I. rested for a time after the battle of Austerlitz, and concluded soon afterward at Prague. This was a great victory for Bismarck, but a still greater was at hand.

In the midst of the rejoicings in Prussia came the French demand for territorial compensations. From an interesting essay by M. Vilbort, published in the *Revue Moderne* of Paris, under the title of "Germany since Sadowa," we take the following interesting account of an interview with Bismarck at that time:

"On the 7th of August," says M. Vilbort, "we took our leave of M. De Bismarck, from whom we had re-



THE KING AND BISMARCK AT THE BATTLE OF SADOWA.

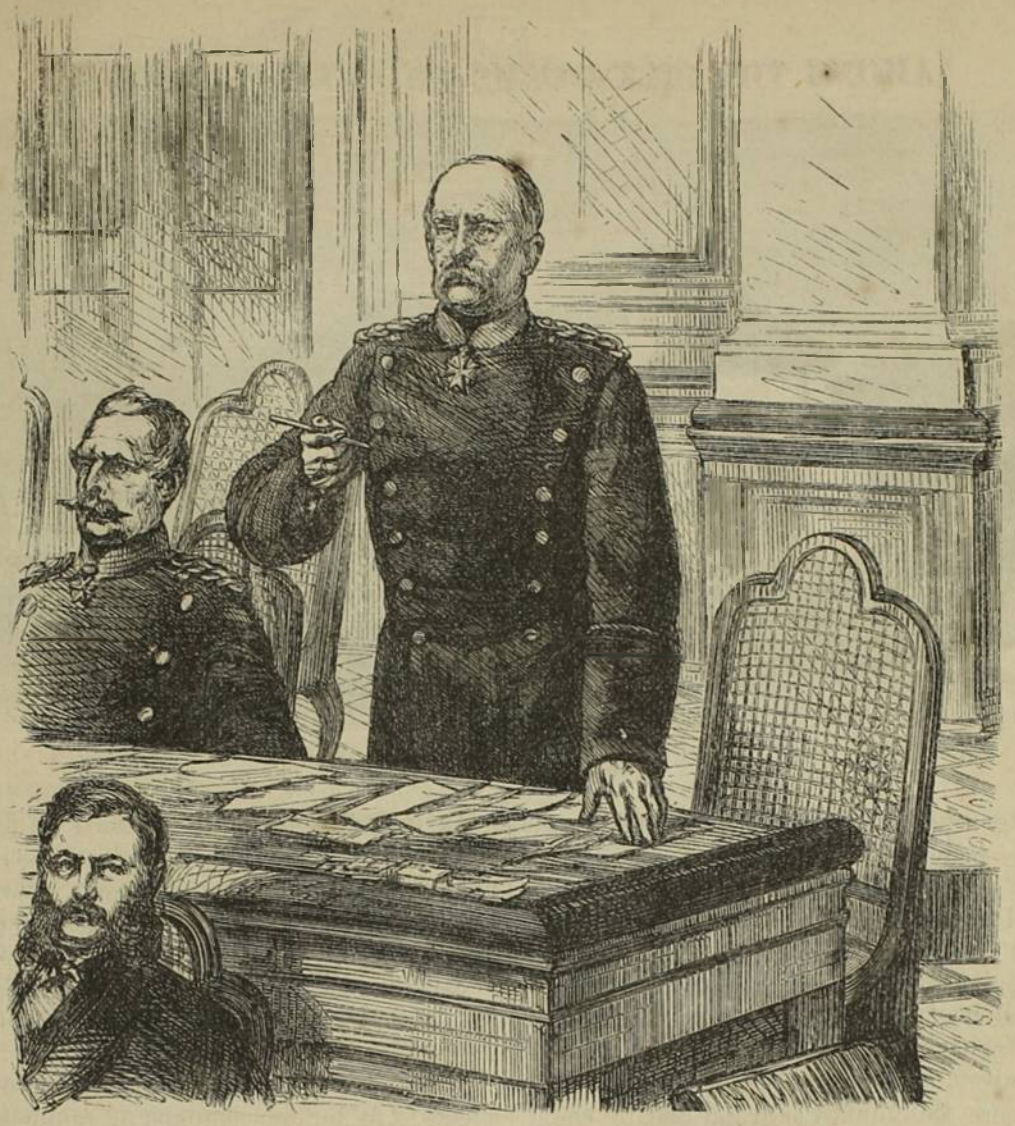
ceived, before, during, and after the war, a consistently kind reception, for which we are bound to express our liveliest acknowledgments. About ten P.M. we were in the study of the Premier, when M. Benedette, the French embassador, was announced. 'Will you take a cup of tea in the salon?' M. De Bismarck said to me. 'I will be yours in a moment.' Two hours passed away; midnight struck; one o'clock. Some twenty persons, his family and intimate friends, awaited their host. At last he appeared, with a cheerful face and a smile upon his lips. Tea was taken; there was smoking and beer, in German fashion. Conversation turned, pleasantly or seriously, on Germany, Italy, and France. Rumors of a war with France were then current for the tenth time in Berlin. At the moment of my departure I said: 'M. le Ministre, will you pardon me a very indiscreet question? Do I take war or peace with me back to Paris?' M. De Bismarck replied, with animation: 'Friendship, a lasting friendship with France! I entertain the firmest hope that France and Prussia, in the future, will represent the dualism of intelligence and progress.' Nevertheless, it seemed to us that at these words we surprised a singular smile on the lips of a man who is destined to play a distinguished part in Prussian politics, the Privy Councilor Baron Von ——. We visited him the next morning, and admitted to him how much reflection this smile had caused us. 'You leave for France to-night,' he replied; 'well, give me your word of honor to preserve the secret I am about to confide to you until you reach Paris. Ere a fortnight is past *we shall have war on the Rhine, if France insists upon her territorial demands.* She asks of us what we neither will nor can give. Prussia will not cede an inch of German soil; we can not do so without raising the whole of Germany against us, and, if it be necessary, let it rise against France rather than ourselves.' This step of the cabinet of the Tuileries, especially impolitic and unskillful at such a moment, served M. De Bismarck, on the other hand, in all his German undertakings. He found in it an irresistible argument to prove the necessity of great armaments against France, while, at the same, his refusal to give up the smallest portion of German territory elevated the dignity of Prussia in the eyes of all patriots; nor did it benefit the minister less, who thus upheld the national standard high and firmly in the sight of the foreigner. Thus it happened that, after half a century, the Napoleonistic policy for the second time divided two great nations, who, by their intellectual, moral, and material development, by all their interests and aspirations, are destined to form a fraternal alliance, and thus insure the freedom and peace of Europe on an irrefragable basis."

In no other transaction of his long career has Bismarck displayed more tact than in the negotiations that led to the neutralization of Luxemburg. He had a difficult part to play, and acquitted himself with high honor.

In June of the following year he accompanied the king to Paris, and from that city retired for a few weeks to Varzin, an estate which he had purchased in Farther Pomerania. From November, 1867, to the following spring, he attended the sessions of the Diet. But his health, undermined by severe labor, at length gave way, and for months he was compelled to remain in complete seclusion at Varzin. The natural vigor of his constitution carried him through the crisis, and before the end of the year he was again at his post.

As a parliamentary speaker, Count Bismarck commands attention by the weight of his thoughts and the importance which his position gives to every thing that falls from his lips. His voice, though clear and audible, is dry, hard, and unsympathetic; and his manner, lolling and negligent, seems to express the thorough contempt he is known to entertain for parliamentary forms. When addressing the Chambers he usually stands in a leaning attitude, twirling a pen in one hand, and occasionally glancing at the papers on his desk, and speaks without gestures in a halting, monotonous tone, often repeating himself, as if forgetting what he has just uttered, and frequently stammering in a painful manner. One who has often listened to him says: "He appears to struggle with his thoughts, and the words clamber over his lips in a half-reluctant way. After two or three words he continually pauses, and one seems to hear an inarticulate sob." But, when roused, he sometimes closes with a well-delivered and vigorous peroration. Upon occasions he can be terribly bitter and scornful, but he never warms into eloquence.

We have purposely refrained, in this sketch of Count Bismarck's life, from going into a detailed history of the political events connected with his career, with which most readers are already familiar; and have endeavored to present such a picture of the man, his antecedents and personal character, as might give the key to his attitude toward the people of Prussia and the governments of the other German states. In private life he is one of the most pleasant of men, genial, witty, and inclined to social familiarity. His conversation is sparkling, and few men tell an anecdote with better effect. His fondness for female society has given rise to several piquant stories at his expense; and so much scandal was occasioned recently by a photograph in which he and a noted female singer were represented together, that he felt compelled to explain the circumstance in a letter which was published in the German newspapers. But since the days of his youthful follies, when he was known as "Mad Bismarck," his private life has been without reproach. As a statesman his career is open to the severest criticism. Arbitrary, self-willed, imperious, impatient of opposition, and unscrupulous in the use of means to attain his ends, he governs with the strong hand of absolute power, and crushes out every attempt to assert the political freedom of the individual or the masses. His political ideas are those of a born feudalist. Connected by family, by tradition, by education, and by early prepossessions with the aristocracy of Prussia, he has never sympathized with modern ideas of popular rights. To him they appear monstrous and subversive of law and order. He believes firmly in the absolute right of the king to rule alone, and regards every check upon the royal will as an infringement of divine prerogatives and a step toward social anarchy. This explains his contemptuous and arbitrary treatment of the representatives of the people in the Prussian Chambers, and his arrogant assumption of the right to carry out his royal master's policy without their consent and in face of their opposition. It serves to explain, also, his at-



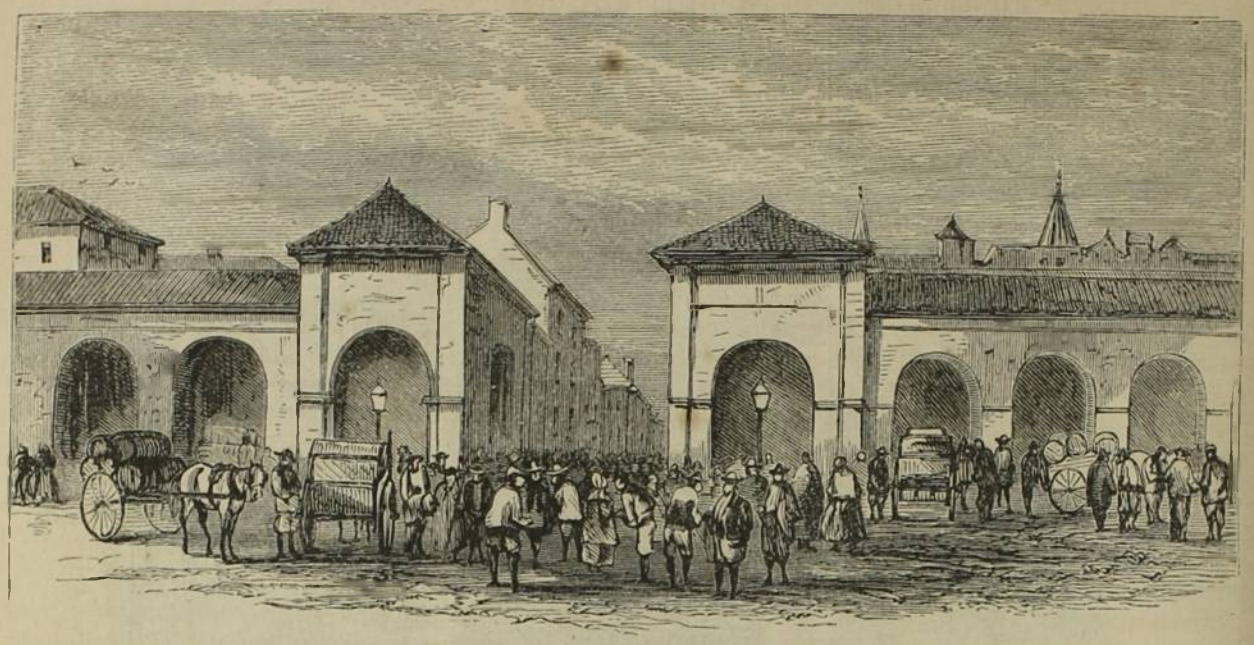
COUNT BISMARCK IN THE PRUSSIAN CHAMBERS.

titude toward other German states. He saw that every where in Germany except Prussia liberal ideas were making headway, and that the military organization of that state alone offered an effectual barrier to their progress and ultimate triumph. He regards the throne and the army as the only true foundations of a state. He will make use of public opinion, when it agrees with his own, to further his own designs, but will neither follow it nor allow it to govern him. From the emperor of France he learned how to cheat the people with the semblance of liberty and self-government, and to make universal suffrage the ignorant and servile agent of absolutism.

Thus far his career has been a successful one. He has excluded Austria from participation in German affairs, added a vast extent of territory to the domains of his royal master, and placed the kingdom of Prussia in the front rank of European nations. But all this has been accomplished by the suppression of liberty, by the overthrow of rulers whose "divine right" was quite as valid as that of William of Prussia, and the absorption of states whose people entertain an hereditary and unconquerable hatred of the Prussians and their government. His position at home is, therefore, far from assured, while the attitude of the southern states is one of smothered hostility. With the exception of Baden, these states sympathize with Austria, whom they regard as their natural head, and look with jealousy upon Prussia's doctrine of her own manifest destiny to absorb and govern the whole of Germany.

While, therefore, Bismarck has shown himself to be a master in the art of political intrigue and diplomacy, he can not be regarded as a wise and far-seeing statesman. Ignoring the present as well as the future, he builds upon ideas which half the world rejects and the other half is rapidly outgrowing. The policy of repression belongs to an age that has passed away. It must die with the firm will, the powerful intellect, that has imposed it upon the nation. It may not last even so long. Should no violent changes occur in Europe to disturb existing relations between the several governments, his policy is likely to hold its own against domestic and foreign enemies. But should such changes occur, and they are not improbable, or should the master mind which now overawes twenty-five millions of people, and rules them from within the shadow of a royal figurehead, be withdrawn, the bulwarks he has built about the throne will be swept away by the waves of another revolution, and of the strong fortress of oppression nothing but ruins will remain.

AMONG THE SILK-WORMS AND VELVET LOOMS.

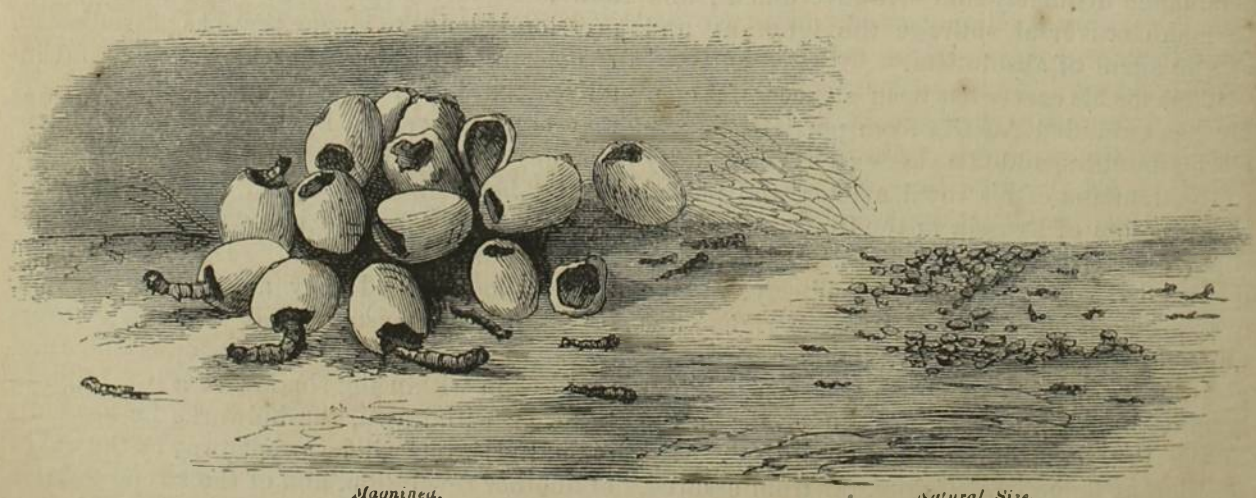


COCOON MARKET IN NOVI.

IN Italy, where the production of silk is one of the principal sources of national wealth, the art of rearing silk-worms has been so developed and improved by culture and experiment that it is now considered as having reached a point of scientific, if not of practical, perfection. This branch of rural economy, in view of the inconsiderable expenditure of time, capital, and skill required, is doubtless one of the most profitable, where the climate is propitious, to which the agriculturist can devote his attention. The time from the hatching of the eggs to the marketing of the cocoons ordinarily occupies from five to six weeks. The labor is light, and may be performed for the most part by women and children, while a vacant room or two in a dwelling or outhouse will answer temporarily the purposes of a well-appointed cocoonery. To these is to be added the consideration that the mulberry-trees, being carefully pollarded, and usually stripped of their leaves during the month of June and a part of July, interfere but very little with the cultivation of other crops at the same time.

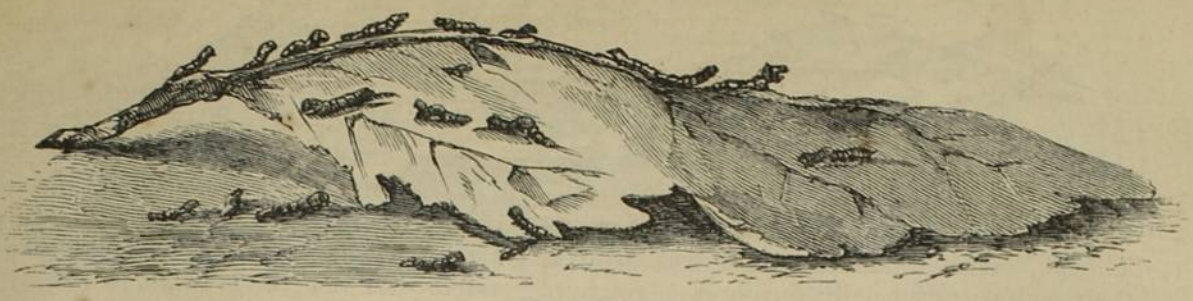
In the silk-producing districts of Italy, beside the large cocooneries, almost every peasant sets apart, during the season, every square foot of unoccupied space in his little cottage for the rearing of silk-worms, while Italian ladies of wealth and position not unfrequently raise a hundred thousand or so for pastime and pin-money.

The silk-worm, though delicate and very sensitive to sudden changes of temperature, is capable of adapting itself to differences of climate, within certain limits; while the white mulberry, which is the most approved variety for feeding it, though a native of China, has been naturalized in various parts of Central and Southern Europe, and will grow in the United States between the thirty-second and forty-third parallels of latitude. The red mulberry, which may, in the feeding of silk-worms, be substituted for the white, is a native of America, and there can be but little doubt that the climate of various portions of the United States, particularly that of California, is admirably adapted to the successful culture of silk.



Magnified. *Natural Size.*

HATCHING THE EGGS.



FIRST PERIOD.

These considerations, taken in connection with the fact that the attention of agriculturists, particularly upon the Pacific coast, is being more recently directed to this subject, have suggested the idea that perhaps some account of its history and development, its introduction into Europe, and especially into Italy, together with the most approved methods of Italian culture, may not prove untimely, and possibly may be the means of stimulating a most interesting and profitable branch of rural industry.

The silk-worm, or *Bombyx mori* of naturalists, is generally supposed to be a native of China. According to Chinese annals the discovery of the art of utilizing its products is attributed to Si-ling-shi, wife of the emperor Hoang-ti, more than twenty centuries before the Christian era. The empress, it appears, not only instructed the ladies of the court in the culture of the silk-worm, but also in the spinning and weaving of silk, the knowledge of which industry, thus ennobled by royal example, gradually diffused itself throughout the Chinese empire. Upon this point, however, writers disagree. In the introduction to the History of Hindostan, or rather of the Mohammedan Dynasties, by Mohammed Cassim, it is stated that in the year 3870 B.C. an Indian king sent various silk stuffs as a present to the king of Persia, a statement that is rendered the less improbable from the fact that at the present day silk-worms are found in many of the provinces of India in their native state, where they pass through their various transformations and spin the cocoons upon the mulberry-trees in the open air.

But, whether originating in China or India, it is certain that this industry was introduced into Persia and other portions of Asia at a very early period. The Phœnicians were the first who imported silk stuffs from India to the various ports of Syria, by whom they were sold to the Greek and Roman merchants, and thus introduced into Europe. Silks were first imported into Rome about the time of the downfall of the republic, when they sold, it is said, for their weight in gold, and the fact that Heliogabalus had a garment made wholly of silk is cited as a most striking instance of his wanton extravagance.

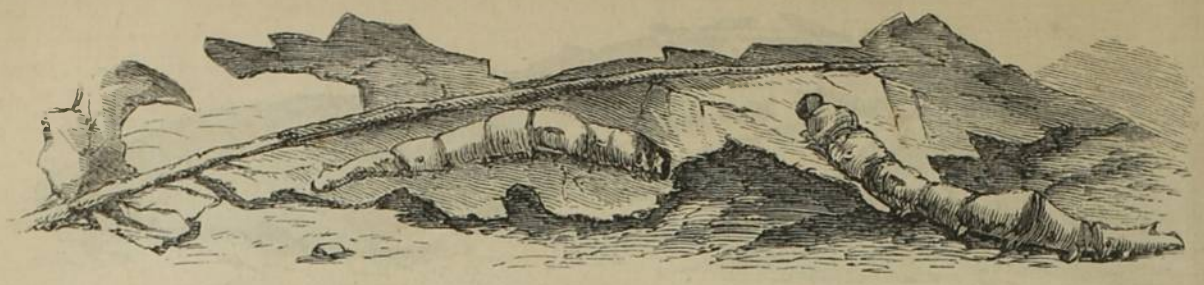
It is related by Muratori, in his "Annali d'Italia," that during the war between Justinian and the Persians the emperor prohibited the importation of silks from Persia, because at that time such merchandise, being very costly, carried out of the empire vast sums of gold, to the great profit of the Persians, who imported it from India and sold it to European merchants at enormous prices. This edict was the occasion of some monks, just returned from India, proposing to introduce the culture of the silk-worm into Europe. They described the process to the emperor, who manifested much surprise, and encouraged them with promises of great reward to undertake the difficult enterprise. These monks, having concealed the eggs in hollow canes so as to elude the vigilance of the Asiatics against exportation, returned from India to Constantinople with their precious booty, and undertook the propagation of the silk-worm. The experiment was so successful in the vicinity of Constantinople and throughout Greece, where the existence of the black and white mulberry rendered its acclimation comparatively easy, that toward the middle of the eighth century the importation of silks from India ceased altogether.

The seed was first introduced into Sicily during the time of the Crusades, in the early part of the twelfth century. From thence it spread into Italy, first into Bologna, Modena, and Lombardy, and then throughout the other Italian provinces, where it was cultivated with such diligence and success that, as early as the sixteenth century, it became, as it is now, one of the principal staples of a large portion of the peninsula.

It appears that the first silk-worms were introduced into France from Southern Calabria



SECOND PERIOD.



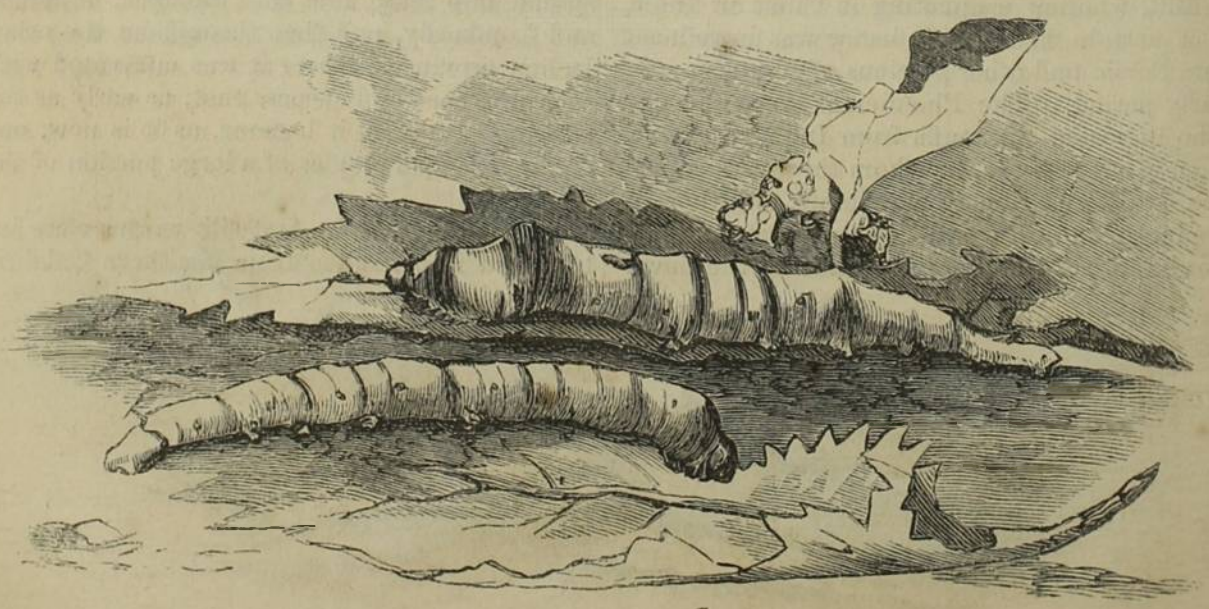
THIRD PERIOD.

toward the close of the fifteenth century. Though considerable attention was paid to their culture, especially during the reign of Louis XI., it was attended with only moderate success. Fruitless attempts were made to introduce it into Holland, England, and the Low Countries, on account of the unpropitious character of the climate; nor more fortunate were those made in Germany, Saxony, Switzerland, Denmark, and Poland. The Arabs are entitled to the credit of introducing it into Spain, where, the climate being more favorable, it soon became a not unimportant branch of industry and commerce.

From this it will appear that the silk-worm, transported from its native country, where it propagates itself, as already intimated, upon the mulberry-trees in the fields and forests, found the climate of Italy the best adapted to its successful culture; the soil being more favorable than elsewhere to the growth of the mulberry—its leaves in southern latitudes containing a less proportion of water and more of the silk-producing substance—while the regular procession of the seasons, the gradual elevation of temperature in the spring, the favorable topography of the country, the patronage of the nobility, and the fostering care of the government, in connection with the observations and experiments of scientific men, were among the principal causes that produced in Italy such favorable results.

Like other species of the same genus, the silk-worm is oviparous, and exists in three different states—the larva or caterpillar state, the pupa or chrysalis, and the moth or butterfly state. These metamorphoses take place at stated intervals, and result not only in the transformation of certain organs, but in the substitution of others that are entirely new. During the larva or caterpillar state the ordinary variety undergoes four mutations (*mute*), and two in the pupa or chrysalis state while dormant in the cocoon. These mutations, or moults, are considered by entomologists as so many stages in its development, and though it is more liable to disease at such periods than at any other, they are not to be regarded as indicative of disease, but simply as a natural phenomenon that is necessary to its growth and maturity.

The common larva at birth is about four lines or one-third of an inch in length. At the expiration of the fifth period it sometimes reaches forty lines. Its color for the first ten days is generally a bluish black, afterward a bluish white, and when ready to spin a semi-transparent yellow, resembling the color of a perfectly ripe white grape. It is composed of a succession of rings, covered with scattering hairs, with a little fleshy horn or tubercle on the upper part of the last ring. The time occupied during the larva state with its several mutations may be embraced within a period of thirty days, or may extend to forty-five, by simply varying the temperature of the cocoonery ten degrees Réaumur or twenty-one Fahrenheit. Taking the former limit as the standard, the first period (*età*) embraces five days, and then commences the first moult (*muta*),



FOURTH PERIOD.

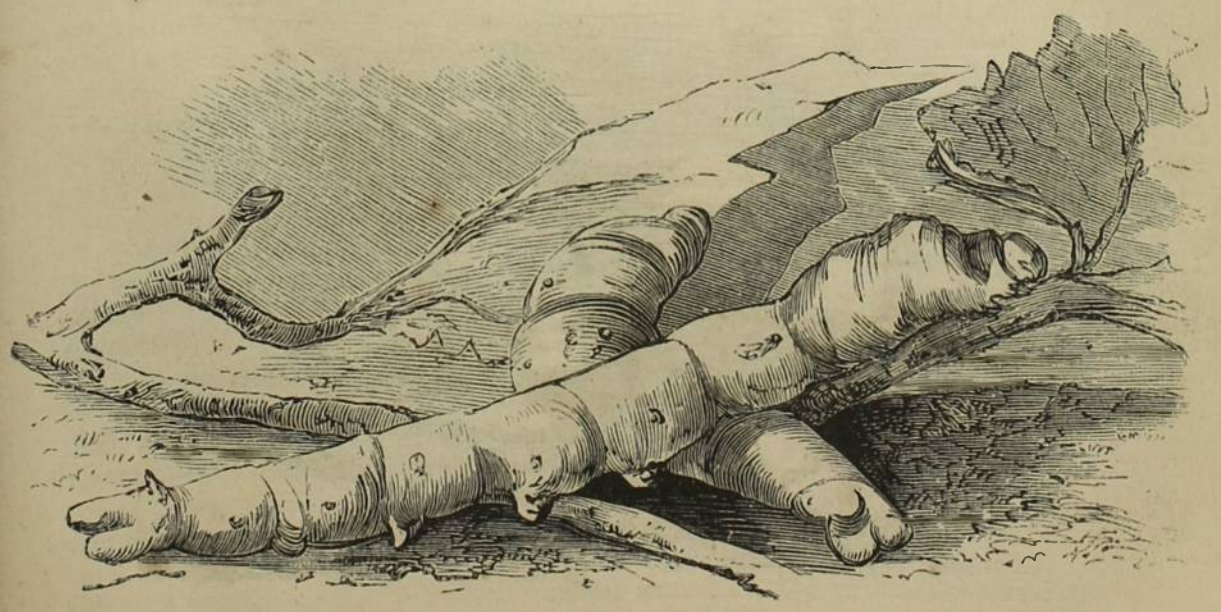
which continues one day. The second period occupies three days, followed by the second moult, which continues a little longer than the first. The third period, including its moult, occupies five days, and the fourth seven. When they approach the dormant state (*muta*) the indications are easily noted. The larva generally remains fixed and motionless, with the head, which appears swollen, and a portion of the body raised aloft, becomes semi-transparent, eats nothing, and finally ends by casting its skin. On the fifth day of the fifth and last period they reach their maximum growth, then commence to diminish in length, weight, and the amounts of food consumed, until about the eighth day, when they reach their maturity, eat no longer, fast for thirty-six hours, and are then ready to commence spinning the cocoons, or to go, as the Italians express it, "*al bosco.*"

When ready to spin, they raise their heads and a portion of their bodies, moving them about as if in search of something, until they find a favorable place for the construction of the cocoon. This they form by attaching the slender silk filament at various points; and then, by a rotary motion of the head and upper part of the body, spinning the silky, gossamer-like thread around them until they gradually disappear from view. The length of this thread, according to Count Dandolo, a celebrated *bacologist*, is sometimes six hundred and twenty-five yards. The silk-producing substance is contained in cylindrical sacks, many times the length of the worm, and is in the form of a fluid resembling Venetian varnish.

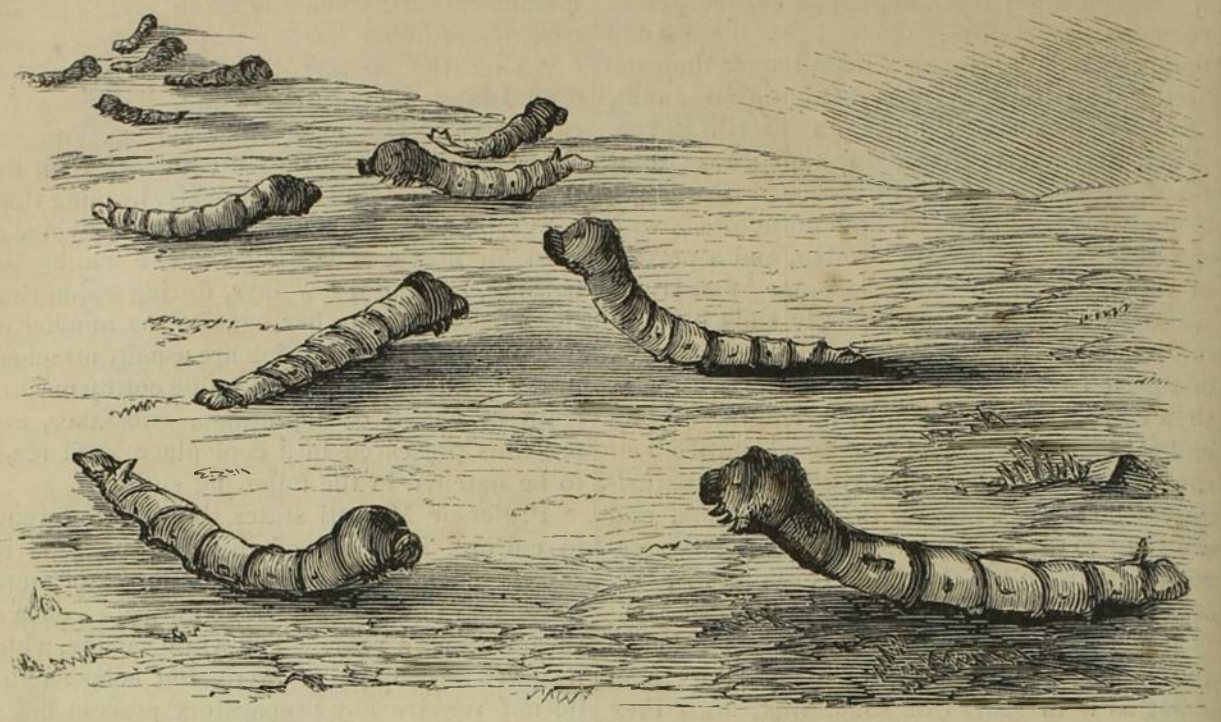
In two or three days the cocoon will be completed, and the insect will have undergone its first metamorphosis, and entered the nympha or chrysalis state. In eight days the cocoons may be gathered, and, after the destruction of the chrysalis by the application of heat, are ready for market. The chrysalis, when not destroyed, requires a period of from fifteen to twenty days before undergoing the second metamorphosis, when the moth makes its appearance, forcing its way through the cocoon, breaking the slender filaments of silk, thus diminishing, if not destroying, its value for commerce. The males first appear, and are readily recognized; they are smaller than the females, move about more briskly, keeping their wings in a continual flutter without flying, at least in northern latitudes. The moths eat nothing, live but a few days, during which time the female deposits her eggs to the number of four or five hundred, which are usually attached, in the artificial culture, to a fine cotton or linen cloth by means of a glutinous substance, and are thus preserved in a cool place until ready to be hatched in the following spring.

Professor Moretti states that the difference in culture, influence of climate, and food results in modifications of color, number of mutations, and power of reproduction—*i. e.*, once or several times a year. The white variety, which has the advantage of producing cocoons that do not require any preparatory process before coloring, has been introduced into Brescia, Brianza Novi, and elsewhere in Lombardy with flattering success. Those held in the highest esteem are the white cocoons commonly called *sinesi*, which are characterized by great fineness, whiteness, and brilliancy. They are admirably adapted to the manufacture of certain fabrics requiring a degree of whiteness which can only be obtained from silk that is white by nature. Though not so productive as the common variety, it commands a higher price in the market, which more than compensates for this apparent disadvantage.

There is another variety characterized by only three mutations in the larva state. Some of the advantages of this variety are, that being shorter lived by about four days they are exposed to fewer dangers, consume less, and require several days less of manual labor, while the cocoons being better constructed, and consequently unwinding more readily and completely, the silk-spinner obtains a relatively



END OF FIFTH PERIOD.

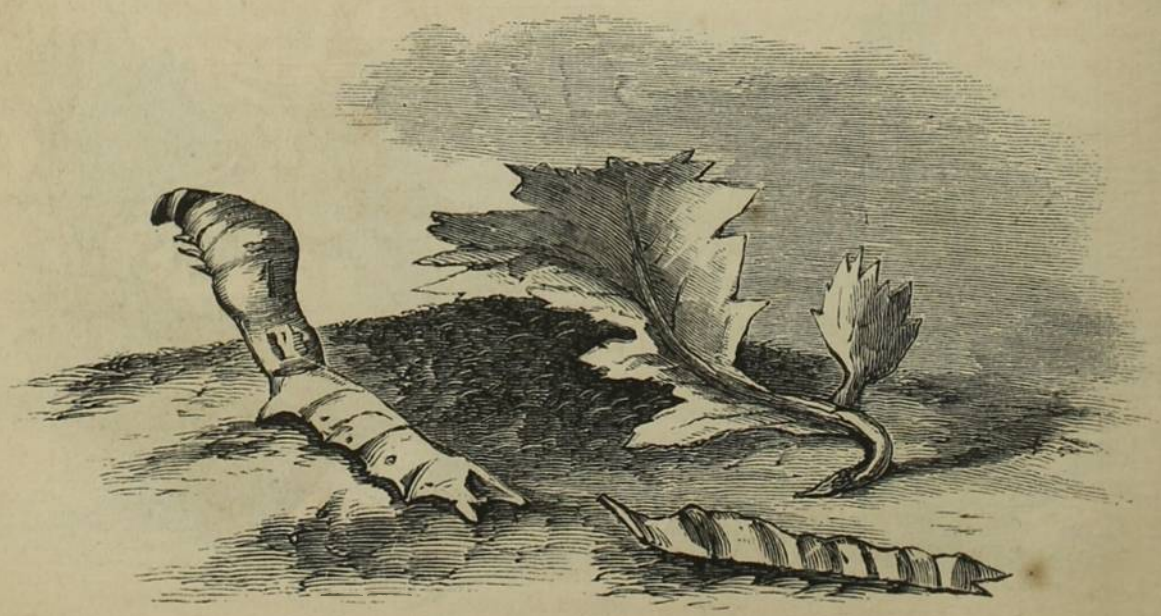


DORMANT STATE OF THE SEVERAL PERIODS.

greater quantity of silk. On the other hand it produces less silk, though of a finer quality, and has a tendency to degenerate into the ordinary variety of four mutations. For these and other reasons it is held in less estimation now than formerly.

In the construction of a cocoonery dryness and a good ventilation are considered as absolutely indispensable. It should be erected in a dry and healthy locality, that should be rendered so if necessary by drainage, and the removal of every thing from the sides of the house calculated to collect or retain moisture, and remote from foul or putrid exhalations, occasioned by the fermentation or decomposition of vegetable or animal matter, as the silk-worm is peculiarly sensitive to all such influences. It should have large windows at least upon two sides—a north and south exposure being preferable—and these should be protected from the direct rays of the sun by awnings rather than window-blinds.

The tables or platforms, upon which the worms are reared, are generally so arranged as to admit of a free passage around them. They are constructed by means of upright posts, to which are attached longitudinally a series of transverse pieces about a foot and a half between each series, upon which the platforms are arranged. These sometimes consist of canes, somewhat resembling the Chinese sugar-cane, placed side by side, and woven together by means of cord or twine, sometimes of a fine net-work of pack-thread, iron or brass wire, or else very coarse open canvas, so as to allow, in any case, a free passage of the air from below, which is considered very necessary. Every room of a cocoonery should be furnished with a fire-place, which will serve the double purpose of supplying warmth and ventilation.



SILK-WORM CASTING ITS SKIN.



FORMING THE COCOON.

It need hardly be stated that in the rearing of silk-worms very much depends upon the selection of the seed. Since the appearance of the disease which has committed such ravages among the silk-worms in Italy, that have become so extremely delicate from many generations of oven-breeding, large quantities of seed are annually imported from Japan, with the most favorable results. But notwithstanding the strictest precautions and the most stringent regulations of the government, a spurious article is not unfrequently introduced into the market upon the old Japanese cards as Japanese seed. Though an expert may judge somewhat of the quality from the size, color, weight, and uniformity of the eggs, yet as there is no certain criterion, Italian silk-growers (*baconomi*), after the first year, find it safer to raise their own seed. For this purpose they select the largest and strongest silk-worms and place them by themselves for spinning; when the cocoons are completed, those are preferred that are of a fine texture, firm, smooth, and compact, and such as are rather small, pale in color, hard at the extremities, with the chrysalis movable and not adherent. An equal number of male and female cocoons are selected, which are readily distinguished. Those inclosing the male are rather small, somewhat acute at one or both ends, and straighter in the middle. The larger ones and those more spherical at the extremities contain the female. As each female moth will lay on an average four hundred eggs, one hundred female cocoons will produce an ounce of seed, that, with skillful management, ought to yield forty thousand worms. The eggs, after being deposited, which will require two or three days, are carefully preserved in a dry, cool, and well-ventilated place, where the thermometer does not indicate a temperature above 55° Fahrenheit. A temperature below the freezing-point does not injure them, if kept perfectly dry. Some silk cultivators steep the eggs repeatedly in wine or other spirituous liquors, while others suspend them over wine in a state of fermentation, under the impression that the carbonic acid renders them more hardy; but this practice, together with that of detaching the seed from the cloth, is condemned by the most judicious *bacologists*.

In the spring, when the mulberry has put forth its leaves sufficiently to afford the neces-



COCOONS COMPLETED.



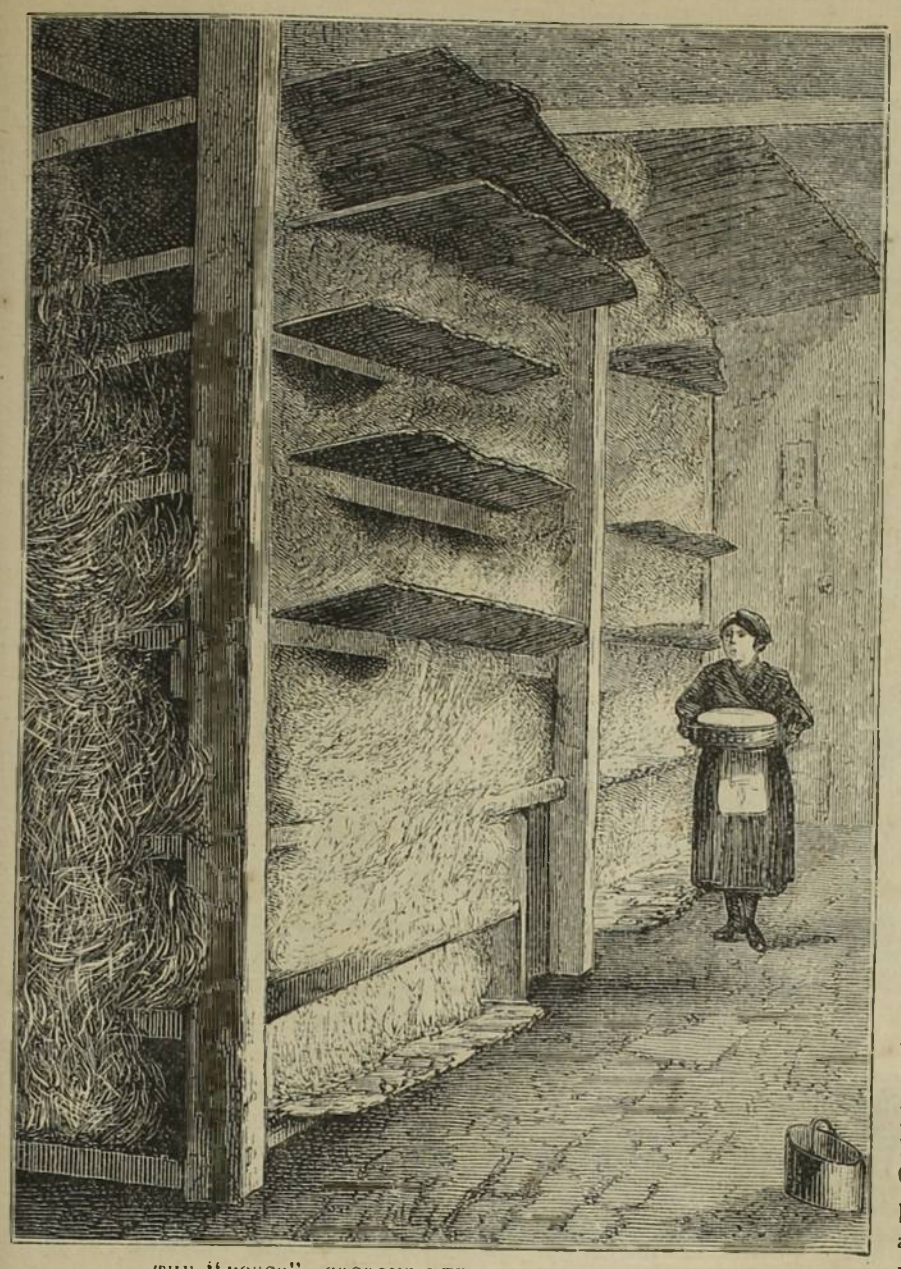
1. FEMALE MOTH.—2. MALE MOTH.—3. MOTH ISSUING FROM COCOON.—4. CHRYSALIS.

sary nourishment, the hatching process begins. This requires from ten to twelve days, and is generally effected by means of artificial heat, which is furnished by means of a portable stove specially constructed for the purpose, or by the heat of the human body. It is said that the peasant women of Piedmont and Lombardy go through the process of incubation by placing the eggs in their beds, or carrying them in their bosoms. The temperature to be observed during this period should be from seventy to seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit, though Beauvais places it somewhat higher. After the hatching process is completed the young silk-worms are retained upon the card or cloth until they attain some size, when they are separated from time to time upon the tables, as their growth and development may require. In feeding, the mulberry leaves are simply strewn upon the platforms over the silk-worms, that soon gather upon and quickly consume them. They should be fed frequently and abundantly; the leaves should be fresh, though free from moisture; while the bed, which will be formed from time to time by the accumulation of the stems and offal, should be frequently removed to prevent fermentation, and to allow the free circulation of the air from underneath.

After thirty or forty days, varying according to the temperature, they will be ready to spin the cocoons. The "*bosco*" is constructed principally of light brush or dead twigs, with dried leaves, light shavings, stems of salad, French turnip, Italian senna, rape, wormwood, mugwort, dog-grass, and other things of a similar character, all clean and well dried. It is most convenient to construct it in the middle of each table, forming a kind of hedge its entire width, extending in height to the platform above, and branching out in the form of a fan or the branches of a tree. It should be open, so as to admit a free passage of the air, as good ventilation, at other times so desirable, is, during the process of spinning the cocoons, absolutely indispensable.

Count Dandolo estimates that the silk-worms from an ounce of seed (40,000) require eight hundred and eighteen kilograms, or about eighteen hundred pounds, of leaves for their consumption. Other *bacologists* place it as high as nine hundred and seventy-five kilograms. Of this amount they will consume less than the $\frac{1}{227}$ part in the first period, and about $\frac{7}{9}$ in the fifth or last period. Forty thousand silk-worms, with skillful culture, should produce ninety kilograms, or about two hundred pounds of cocoons. The average price of cocoons of all qualities throughout Italy for 1868, as taken from the official statistics, was seven francs and twenty-eight centimes a kilogram, or sixty-six cents per pound. From this it will appear that the silk-worms arising from an ounce of seed, costing from twenty-five to thirty francs an ounce, and consuming something less than two thousand pounds of mulberry leaves, will produce about two hundred pounds of cocoons, worth in Italy, on an average, six hundred and seventy-five francs, or one hundred and thirty-five dollars in gold, and, judging from the relative cost of silks, worth two or three times that amount in the United States.

The production of silk in Italy, though still one of the principal branches of Italian industry, has of late years, owing to the disease of the silk-work, considerably diminished. It is estimated that Lombardy alone has fallen off during the last eight years to the amount of four hundred millions of francs. In Piedmont, which may, perhaps, be taken as a fair sample of the rest of Italy, the production of cocoons, which in 1861 amounted to 3,934,010 kilograms, had gradually fallen off until 1865, when it produced only 1,157,470 kilograms. In 1868, however, the production rose to 3,036,220 kilo-



THE "BOSCO"—COCOONS DURING SPINNING PROCESS.

grams. And yet the quantity of silk produced in Italy is not only greater than all the rest of Europe together, but is more prized as to quality, on account of its beauty, color, brilliancy, and softness.

Kolb, in his "Handbuch der Vergleichenden Statistik," estimates the whole European production for 1862 at four hundred and fifteen millions, while that of Italy alone was two hundred and eighty-five millions.

The history of sericulture in America, though antedating the Revolutionary war in its origin, may be summed up in a very few words.

"The culture of the mulberry-tree in Virginia was encouraged by James I., and the coronation robe of Charles II. was spun from Virginia silk. Silk husbandry was introduced at an early day into Louisiana, and a state robe was made from Georgia silk in 1735 for Queen Caroline. In 1749 the export of cocoons was 1000 pounds, and in 1766 it had reached 20,000 pounds. Afterward a decline resulted from the withdrawal of the government bounty.

"Pennsylvania and New Jersey about this time became interested in the business, and Dr. Franklin, in 1770, sent seeds, mulberry cuttings, and silk-worms' eggs for distribution. A silk manufactory was established in Philadelphia in 1771, which received cocoons for several years. A court dress of silk from cocoons of Lancaster County was acknowledged with a present of lands. New Jersey planted mulberry groves extensively, and New York made similar experiments. Connecticut and Massachusetts led this interest in the Eastern States. The Revolutionary war put an end to all these enterprises.

"In the revival of industry at the commencement of this century renewed efforts to establish the silk business are observed. In 1819 five tons of raw material were produced in Mansfield, Connecticut. In 1842 the New York State prison at Auburn produced $13,000 worth of sewing-silk. In 1840 the total domestic product of silk was 60,000 pounds, valued at $250,000; in 1844 400,000 pounds, worth $1,500,000; and in 1850 only 14,673 pounds. In 1860 Connecticut, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and New York produced $5,000,000 worth of sewing-silk, some silk stuffs, ladies' trimmings, and other goods. Philadelphia and New York manufacture about $2,300,000 of these articles annually. The business, in all its branches, has greatly increased since 1860."*

Mr. Prevost, one of our most successful silk growers, expresses the opinion that California, owing to the mildness and dryness of its climate, is better adapted to the culture of the silk-worm than any other country in the world. This opinion is strengthened by the fact that the cocoons of California were among the finest exhibited at the French Exposition. Utah Territory, he thinks, is also admirably adapted to silk culture, and mentions the fact that Brigham Young, with his usual sagacity, has already planted out one hundred and sixty acres in mulberry-trees.

From these observations, and from the fact that recent experiments seem to indicate that the osage orange may be substituted success-

* Report of Commissioner of Agriculture for 1867.



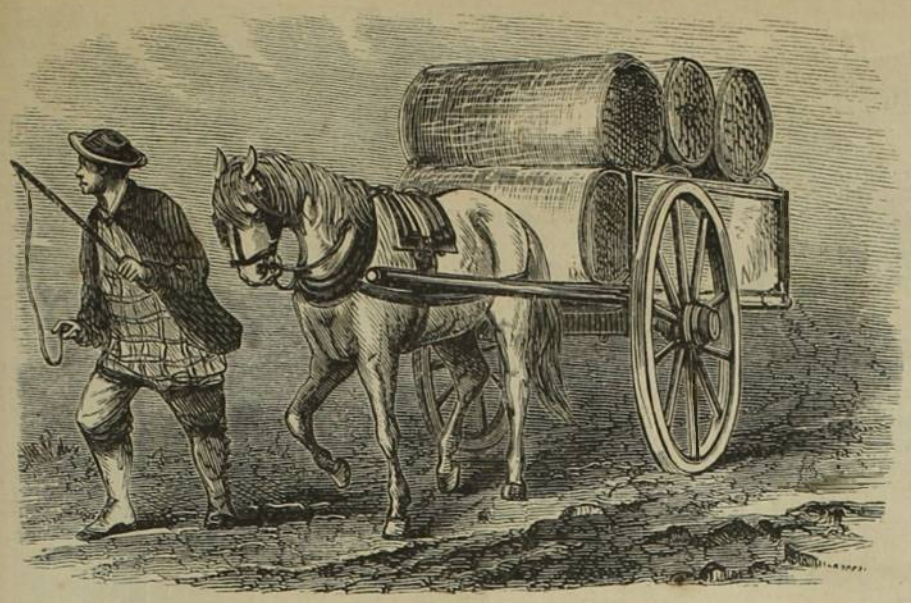
STORING THE COCOONS.

fully for the mulberry, it is sincerely to be hoped that, while sericulture, owing to the disease among the silk-worms, is declining in Europe, it may so enlist the services of our scientific as well as practical men as to become at no distant day one of the most profitable branches of our agricultural industry.

In the manufacture of silk the cocoons are first separated from the floss, and then thrown into basins or boilers of hot water, which, dissolving the glutinous substance by which the cocoons are rendered so compact, greatly facilitates the process of reeling. The ends of the silk thread are now readily disengaged by stirring them with a wisp of broom straw, several of them being united together and passed through perforations in a cross-bar, and from thence on to the reel. In many of the factories of Italy these reels are still turned by hand, in which case great skill and delicacy of touch are necessary in order to avoid breaking continually the slender and almost invisible filaments. Steam, however, is now being introduced into the larger factories, thereby insuring greater delicacy, precision, and uniformity of movement. In one of these factories which we visited in Lombardy we noticed that little girls were principally employed in performing this delicate work; and it was something wonderful to observe the careless skill they exhibited in joining the broken threads as they sang cheerily, in the harsh Lombard dialect, their simple improvised songs.

When reeled the silk is twisted or thrown, one or more threads being twisted more or less tightly, according as it is intended for the warp or woof of the various kinds of silk fabrics. The thrown silk, after being boiled in soap-suds for several hours and rinsed in clean water, becomes soft and glossy, and is now ready for the weaver, by whom it is manufactured into a variety of tissues or fabrics. These, though differing greatly in name, quality of the material, and thickness of the tissue—such as brocade, damask, crape, gauze, satin, and velvet—yet do not differ materially in their mode of manufacture.

If Lombardy is justly celebrated for its silk, Genoa is pre-eminently the city of velvets. As late as the seventeenth century she supplied Eu-

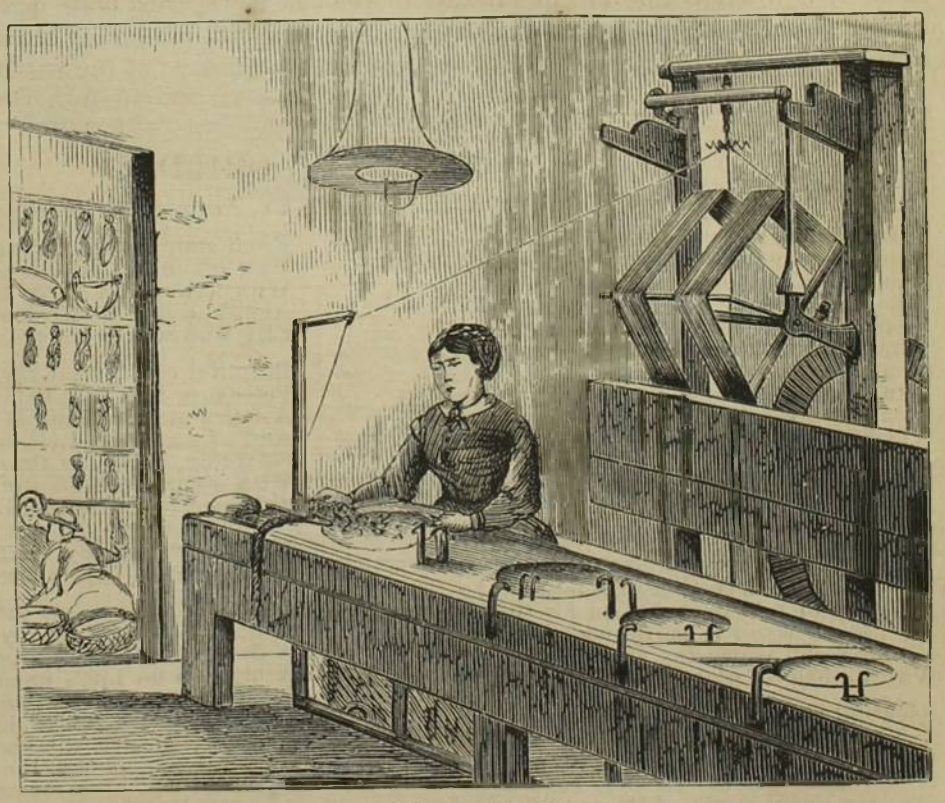


MARKETING THE COCOONS.

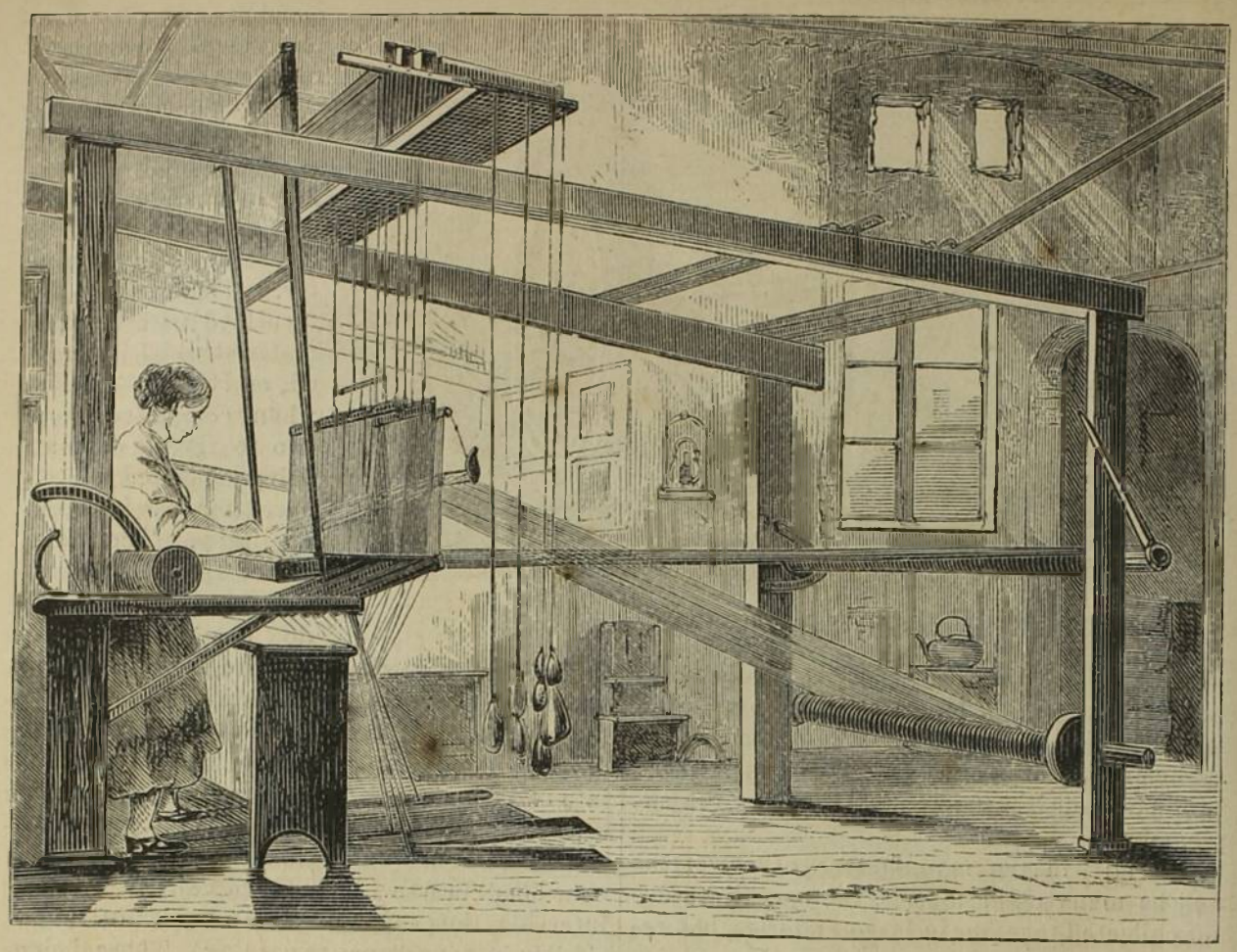
rope with her damasks, while the costly products of her cunning looms were celebrated before the times of Shakspeare. In damasks the French have imitated and finally surpassed her, but in velvets she fairly maintains her old supremacy.

In Italy, in the manufacture of velvets as well as many other fabrics, the operatives are not collected together in large factories, but remain at their several homes, where they receive the raw material and work it up into the required article. This system, in a country where labor is cheap, has its obvious advantages. Among others, it avoids the congregating of large numbers of operatives in the same building, as well as the investment of a large amount of capital in buildings and machinery. For example, in the manufacture of straw hats in the straw-plaiting districts, of which Pisa, Pistoja, Leghorn, and Florence are the principal centres, in every town and village peasant women may be seen, sitting in the doorways, in the fields, along the road-side, about the railroad stations, every where, busily plying their vocation as they sport with their children or gossip with their neighbors. So in the silk and velvet manufacture. The looms are to be found in the homes of the respective weavers. The Messrs. De Ferrari Brothers, among the most extensive as well as successful manufacturers of velvet in Genoa — the senior member of the firm having recently been decorated with the cross of the Crown of Italy for their enterprise and skill — thus employ about four hundred looms, distributed throughout the city and adjoining country. The weavers are furnished with the raw material, which is weighed, as is also the velvet when completed, from two to three per cent. being deducted and allowed for loss in working it up. The looms are of the most primitive construction, and do not differ materially from those that are used in the ordinary processes of weaving. In addition, however, to the warp usually employed in the manufacture of plain goods, and which is generally divided into two equal parts, there is a third and similar series of fine silk threads that plays, by means of pedals, above and below the ordinary warp, over small brass wires inserted under it at short intervals, thus raising it into a series of ridges similar in appearance to cording. These, being cut from time to time by drawing a sharp steel instrument along the upper edge of each ridge, constitute the nap or pile, which, on being cut, liberates the wires, and standing upright upon the surface, entirely conceals the warp and woof, which is usually styled the back of the velvet.

Satin differs from other silk fabrics in that the weaver, instead of raising alternately each half of the warp, only raises the fifth or the



REELING THE SILK.



A VELVET LOOM.

eighth part at a time, thus concealing the woof and keeping a large proportion of the warp visible, thereby presenting a smooth surface, which is capable of reflecting the rays of light more equally, and which, after being dressed on heated metallic rollers, gives it its peculiar lustre.

We have indicated in merest outline whatever relates to the manufacture of silk, not because it is a subject devoid of interest to the casual observer or general reader, but because it would have been inconsistent with the general scope of this article, which, in view of the recent impulse given to silk husbandry in the United States, was to give some account, such as we might in so limited a space, of the history and development of sericulture in Italy, as well as to call attention to the most approved methods of Italian silk growers, that, in connection with her favorable climate, has rendered Italy, as it regards both quantity and quality, the first silk-producing nation not only of Europe, but perhaps of the world.

BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

By MAJOR WILLIAM A. H. SIGOURNEY, Author of "Beautiful Snow."

Beautiful child by thy mother's knee,
In the mystic future what wilt thou be?
A demon of sin, or an angel sublime—
A poison Upas, or innocent Thyme—
A spirit of evil, flashing *down*
With the lurid light of a fiery crown—
Or gliding *up* with a shining track,
Like the morning-star, that ne'er looks back.
Daintiest dreamer that ever smiled,
Which wilt thou be, my beautiful child?

Beautiful child in my garden bowers,
Friend of the butterflies, birds, and flowers,
Pure as the sparkling, crystalline stream,
Jewels of truth in thy fairy eyes beam,
Was there ever a whiter soul than thine
Worshiped by Love in a mortal shrine?
My heart thou hast gladdened for two sweet years
With rainbows of Hope through mists of tears—
Mists beyond which thy sunny smile
With its halo of glory beams all the while.

Beautiful child, to thy look is given
A gleam serene, not of earth, but of heaven.
With thy tell-tale eyes and prattling tongue,
Would thou couldst ever thus be young.
Like the liquid strain of the mocking-bird,
From stair to hall thy voice is heard.
How oft in the garden nooks thou'rt found
With flowers thy curly head around!
And, kneeling beside me with figure so quaint,
Oh! who would not dote on my infant saint?

Beautiful child, what thy fate shall be
Perchance is wisely hidden from me.
A fallen star thou mayst leave my side,
And of sorrow and shame become the bride—
Shivering, quivering through the cold street,
With a curse behind and before thy feet—
Ashamed to live, and afraid to die;
No home, no friend, and a pitiless sky.
Merciful Father, my brain grows wild,
Oh, keep from evil my beautiful child!

Beautiful child, mayst thou soar above,
A warbling cherub of joy and love,
A drop on Eternity's mighty sea,
A blossom on Life's immortal tree—
Floating, flowering evermore
In the blessed light of the golden shore;
And as I gaze on thy sinless bloom
And thy radiant face, they dispel my gloom—
I feel He will keep thee undefiled,
And His love protect *my beautiful child.*

FREDERICK THE GREAT.



FREDERICK THE GREAT. ÆT. 30.

V.—THE DEATH OF FREDERICK WILLIAM AND THE ACCESSION OF FREDERICK THE SECOND.

THE crown prince had for some time been inspired with an ever increasing ambition for high intellectual culture. Gradually he was gathering around him, in his retreat at Reinsberg, men of high literary reputation, and was opening correspondence with the most distinguished men of letters in all the adjacent countries.

Voltaire was, at this time, about forty years of age. His renown as a man of genius already filled Europe. He was residing, on terms of the closest intimacy, with Madame Du Châtelet, who had separated from her husband. With congenial tastes and ample wealth they occupied the château of Cirey, delightfully situated in a quiet valley in Champagne, and which they had rendered, as Madame testifies, a perfect Eden on earth. It is not always, in the Divine government, that sentence against an evil work is "executed speedily." Madame Du Châtelet, renowned in the writings of Voltaire as the "divine Emilie," was graceful, beautiful, fascinating. Her conversational powers were remarkable, and she had written several treatises upon subjects connected with the pure sciences, which had given her much deserved celebrity.

Still it is evident that the serpent was in this Eden. Carlyle writes: "An ardent, aerial, gracefully predominant, and, in the end, somewhat termagant female, this divine Emilie. Her

temper, radiant rather than bland, was none of the patientest on occasion. Nor was M. De Voltaire the least of a Job, if you came athwart him in a wrong way. I have heard that their domestic symphony was liable to furious flaws; that plates, in presence of the lackeys, actual crockery or metal, have been known to fly from end to end of the dinner-table; nay, they mention 'knives,' though only in the way of oratorical action; and Voltaire has been heard to exclaim, 'Don't fix those haggard, sidelong eyes on me in that way!'—mere shrillness of pale rage presiding over the scene."

Voltaire had already written the epic poem the *Henriade*, the history of *Charles XII.*, and several tragedies.

The first letter from Frederick to Voltaire was dated August 8, 1736. The following extracts will show the spirit of this flattering epistle:

"MONSIEUR,—Although I have not the satisfaction of knowing you personally, you are not the less known to me through your works. They are treasures of the mind, if I may so express myself; and they reveal to the reader new beauties at every perusal. I think I have recognized in them the character of their ingenious author, who does honor to our age and to human nature. If ever the dispute on the comparative merits of the moderns and the ancients should be revived, the modern great men will owe it to you, and to you only, that the scale is turned in their favor. With the excellent quality of poet you join innumerable others more or less related to it.

"Monsieur, there is nothing I wish so much as to possess all your writings. Pray do communicate them to me without reserve. If there be among your manuscripts any that you wish to conceal from the eyes of the public, I engage to keep them in profoundest secrecy.

"I should think myself richer in the possession of your works than in that of all the transient goods of fortune.

"You inspire the ambition to follow in your footsteps. But I, how often have I said to myself, unhappy man! throw down a burden which is above thy strength! One can not imitate Voltaire without being Voltaire.

"It is in such moments that I have felt how small are those advantages of birth, those vapors of grandeur, with which vanity would solace us. They amount to little, properly to nothing. Ah! would glory but make use of me to crown your successes!

"If my destiny refuse me the happiness of being able to possess you, may I at least hope one day to see the man whom I have admired so long now from afar, and to assure you, by word of mouth, that I am, with all the esteem and consideration due those who, following the torch of truth for guide, consecrate their labors to the public, Monsieur, your affectionate friend,

"FREDERICK, *Prince Royal of Prussia.*"

Voltaire promptly replied to this letter in corresponding terms of flattery. His letter was dated Cirey, August 26, 1736:

"MONSEIGNEUR,—A man must be void of all feeling who were not infinitely moved by the letter which your royal highness has deigned to honor me with. My self-love is only too much flattered by it. But my love of mankind, which I have always nourished in my heart, and which, I venture to say, forms the basis of my character, has given me a very much purer pleasure to see that there is now in the world a prince who thinks as a man—a *Philosopher* prince, who will make men happy.

"Permit me to say there is not a man on the earth but owes thanks for the care you take to cultivate, by sound philosophy, a soul that is born for command. Good kings there never were except those who had begun by seeking to instruct themselves; by knowing good men from bad; by loving what was true; by detesting persecution and superstition. No prince, persisting in such thoughts, but might bring back the golden age into his countries.

"Unless one day the tumult of business and the wickedness of men alter so divine a character, you will be worshiped by your people and loved by the whole world. Philosophers, worthy of the name, will flock to your states. The illustrious queen Christina quitted her kingdom to go in search of the arts. Reign you, Monseigneur, and the arts will come to seek you.

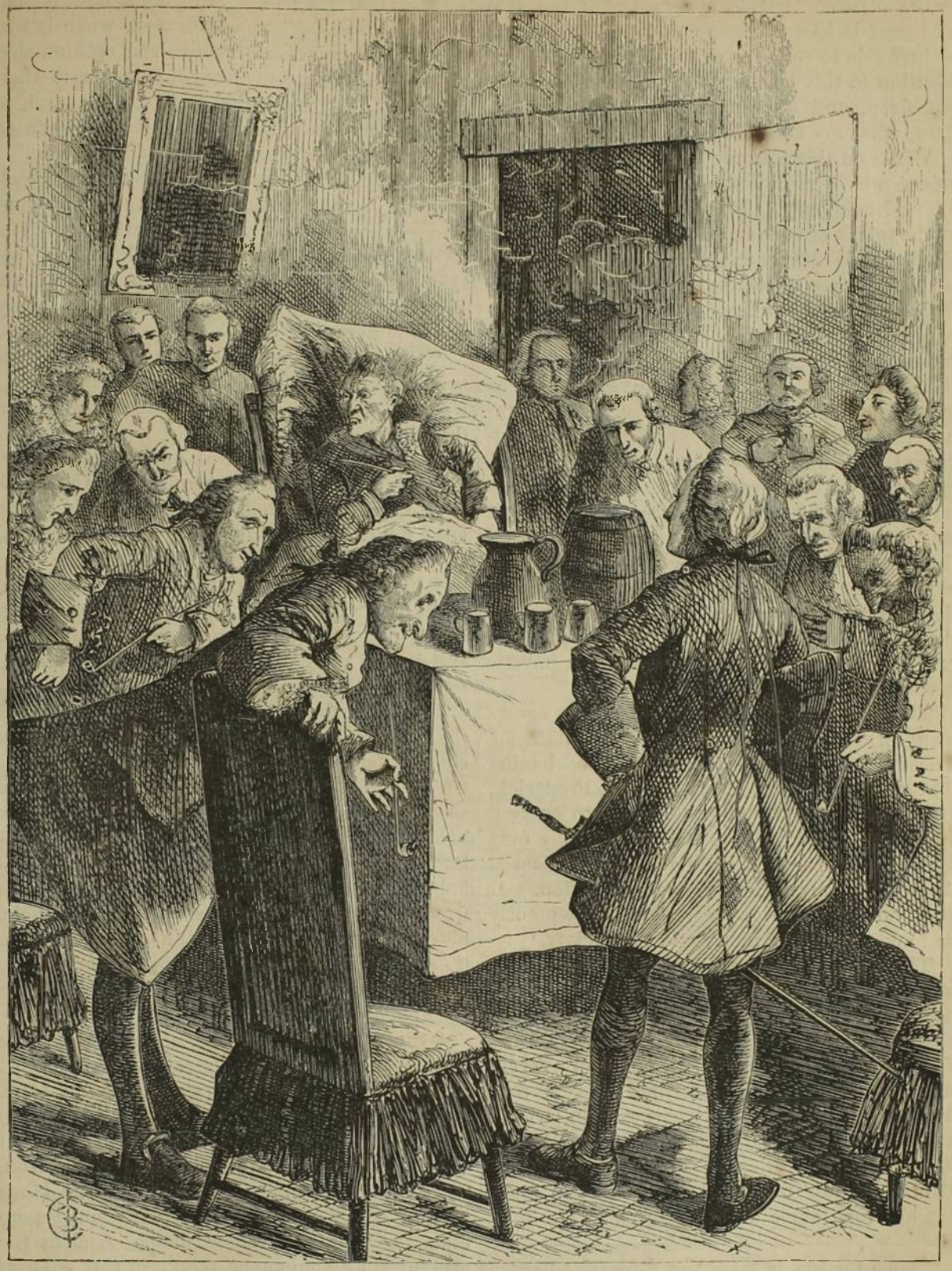
"I will obey your commands as to sending those unpublished pieces. Your criticism will be my reward. It is a price few sovereigns can pay. I am sure of your secrecy. Your virtue and your intellect must be in proportion. I should indeed consider it a precious happiness to come and pay my court to your royal highness. One travels to Rome to see paintings and ruins. A prince such as you is a much more singular object, worthier of a long journey.

"In whatever corner of the world I may end my life, be assured, Monseigneur, my wishes will be continually for you. My heart will rank itself among your subjects. Your glory will be ever dear to me. I shall wish, May you always be like yourself, and may other kings be like you. I am, with profound respect, your royal highness's most humble

"VOLTAIRE."

The correspondence thus commenced was prosecuted with great vigor. It seemed difficult to find language sufficiently expressive of their mutual admiration. Frederick received many of Voltaire's unpublished manuscripts, and sent him many tokens of regard. Some of Frederick's manuscripts Voltaire also examined, and returned with slight corrections and profuse expressions of delight.

In the summer of 1738 the infirm old king undertook a journey to Holland, on a visit of diplomacy to the prince of Orange. The



THE CROWN PRINCE ENTERING THE TOBACCO PARLIAMENT.

crown prince accompanied him. It does not, however, appear that they had much intercourse with each other on the journey. They spent several days at the beautiful palace of Loo, in Geldern, occupied by the prince of Orange and his English bride, a niece to his Prussian majesty. The palace was imposing in its architectural structure, containing many gorgeous saloons, and surrounded with beautiful gardens. In a letter which Frederick wrote from Loo to Voltaire, dated August 6, we find the following sentiments:

"I write from a place where there lived once a great man,[1] which is now the prince of Orange's house. The demon of ambition sheds its unhappy poisons over his days. He might be the most fortunate of men, and he is devoured by chagrins in his beautiful palace here, in the middle of his gardens and of a brilliant court."

In one of the letters of the crown prince, speaking of the mode of traveling with his father, he says: "We have now been traveling near three weeks. The heat is as great as if

[1] William III. of England.

we were riding astride upon a ray of the sun. The dust is like a dense cloud, which renders us invisible to the eyes of the by-standers. In addition to this we travel like the angels, without sleep, and almost without food. Judge, then, what my condition must be."

While on this journey to Holland the crown prince was one day dining with a prince of Lippe-Bückeburg. Freemasonry became one of the topics of conversation at the table. King Frederick William denounced the institution in his usual style of coarse vituperation, as tomfoolery, atheism, and every thing else that was bad. But the prince of Bückeburg, himself a mason and a very gentlemanly man, defended the craft with such persuasive eloquence as quite captivated the crown prince. After dinner the prince took him secretly aside, conversed with him more fully upon the subject, expressed his admiration of the system, and his wish to be admitted into the fraternity. But it was necessary carefully to conceal the step from the irate king. Arrangements were immediately made to assemble at Brunswick a sufficient number of masons from Hamburg, where the crown prince, on his return, could be received in a secret meeting into the mystic brotherhood.

The crown prince met the masons by agreement at "Korn's Hotel." On the night of Tuesday, August 14, 1738, the king having that evening continued his journey, Frederick, after adopting extreme precautions to prevent any publicity of the act, fearing probably only lest it should reach his father's ears, passed through the mysterious rites of initiation. It does not, however, appear that subsequently he took any special interest in the society.[1]

The year 1739 was spent by the prince mostly at Reinsberg. Many distinguished visitors were received at the château. Frederick continued busily engaged in his studies, writing both prose and verse, and keeping up a lively correspondence with Voltaire and other literary friends. He engaged very earnestly in writing a book entitled *Anti-Machiavel*, which consisted of a refutation of Machiavel's *Prince*. This book was published, praised, and read, but has long since been forgotten. The only memorable thing about the book now is that in those dark days of absolutism, when it was the almost universally recognized opinion that power did not ascend from the people to their sovereign, but descended from the monarch to his subjects, Frederick should have spoken of the king as the "born servant of his people."

In July of this year the crown prince took another journey with his father through extensive portions of the Prussian territory. The following extract from one of his letters to Voltaire reflects pleasing light upon the heart of Frederick and upon the administrative ability of his father:

"Prussian Lithuania is a hundred and twenty miles long, by from forty to sixty broad. It was ravaged by pestilence at the beginning of this century, and they say three hundred thousand people died of disease and famine. The disorder carried off the people, and the lands remained uncultivated and full of weeds. The most flourishing of our provinces was changed into the most miserable of solitudes.

"Meanwhile Frederick the First died, and with him was buried all his false grandeur, which consisted only in a vain magnificence, and in the pompous display of frivolous ceremonies. My father, who succeeded him, compassionated the general misery. He visited the spot, and saw, with his own eyes, this vast country laid waste, and all the dreadful traces which a contagious malady, a famine, and the sordid avarice of a venal administration leave behind them. Twelve or fifteen towns depopulated, and four or five hundred villages uninhabited, presented themselves to his view. Far from being discouraged by such a sad spectacle, his compassion only became the more lively from it; and he resolved to restore population, plenty, and commerce to this land, which had even lost the appearance of an inhabited country.

"Since this time he has spared no expense for the furtherance of his salutary intentions. He first established wise regulations and laws. He rebuilt whatever had been allowed to go to ruin in consequence of the plague. He brought and established there thousands of families from the different countries of Europe. The lands became again productive and the country populous. Commerce reflourished. And at the present time abundance reigns in this country more than ever before. There are now half a million of inhabitants in Lithuania. There are more towns than formerly; more flocks, and more riches and fertility than in any other part of Germany.

"And all that I have been relating to you is due to the king alone, who not only gave the orders, but himself saw that they were faithfully obeyed. He both conceived the designs and executed them. He spared neither care, nor trouble, nor vast treasures, nor promises, nor recompenses, in order to assure the existence and the comfort of half a million of rational beings, who owe to him alone their happiness. There is something in my mind so heroic in

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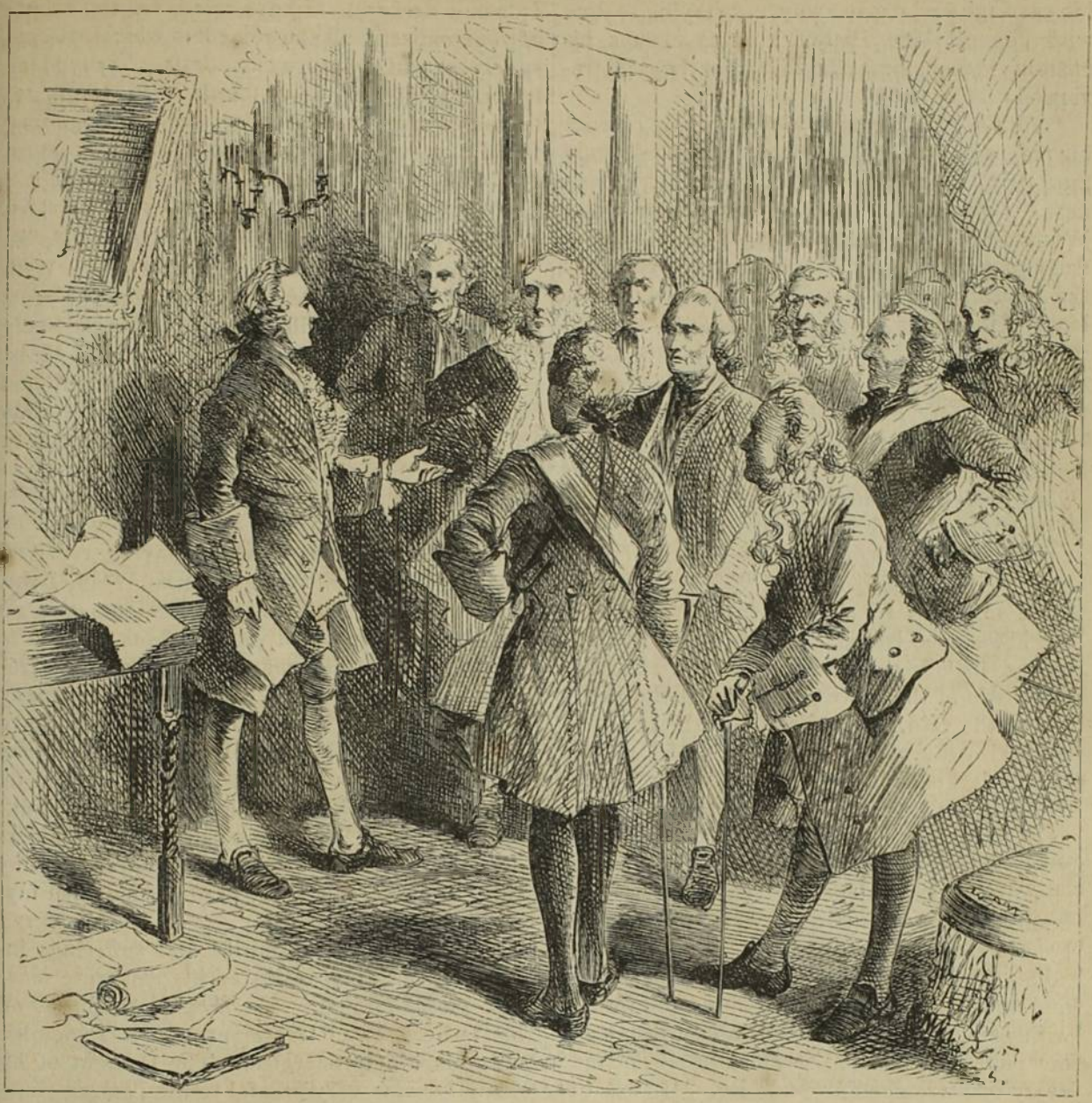
[1] Baron Bielfeld, in his letters, gives the following account of the prince's admission to the Masonic fraternity: "On the 14th the whole day was spent in preparations for the lodge. A little after midnight we saw the prince royal arrive, accompanied by count W——. The prince presented this gentleman as a candidate whom he recommended, and whose reception he wished immediately to succeed his own. He desired us likewise to omit, in his reception, not any one rigorous ceremony that was used in similar cases; to grant him no indulgence whatever; but gave us leave, on this occasion, to treat him merely as a private person. In a word, he was received with all the usual and requisite formalities. I admired his intrepidity, the serenity of his countenance, and his graceful deportment even in the most critical moments. After the two receptions we opened the lodge, and proceeded to our work. He appeared delighted, and acquitted himself with as much dexterity as discernment."—*Letters of Baron Bielfeld*, iii. p. 36.



FREDERICK MEETING HIS MINISTERS.

the generous and laborious manner in which the king has devoted himself to the restoring to this deserted country its population, fertility, and happiness, that I think you will see his conduct in the same light as I do when you are made acquainted with the circumstances."

It would be unjust both to the father and the son to withhold a letter which reflects so much credit upon them both—upon the father for his humane measures, and upon the son for his appreciation of their moral beauty.

The king was so pleased with the conduct of his son during this journey that, in a moment of unusual good-nature, he made him a present of a very extensive horse-breeding establishment near Tilsit, consisting of seven farms, all in the most perfect order, as every thing was sure to be which was under the control of Frederick William. The profits of this establishment added about ten thousand dollars to the annual income of the crown prince. He was quite overjoyed at the unexpected gift, and wrote to his sister Wilhelmina a letter glowing with satisfaction.

During the first part of his journey the king had been remarkably cheerful and genial. But toward its close he was attacked by a new fit of very serious illness. To the discomfort of all, his chronic moodiness returned. A few extracts from Pöllnitz's account of this journey throws interesting light upon those scenes:

"Till now his majesty has been in especial good-humor. But in Dantzig his cheerfulness forsook him, and it never came back. He arrived about ten o'clock at night in that city, slept there, and was off again next morning at five. He drove only fifty miles this day; stopped in Luppow. From Luppow he went to a poor village near Belgard, and staid there overnight.

"At Belgard next morning he reviewed the dragoon regiment, and was very ill content with it. And nobody, with the least understanding of that business, but must own that never did Prussian regiment manœuvre worse. Conscious themselves how bad it was, they lost head and got into confusion. The king did every thing that was possible to help them into order again; but it was all in vain. The king, contrary to wont, restrained himself amazingly, and would not show his displeasure in public. He got into

his carriage and drove away, not staying to dine with general Von Platen, as was always his custom with commandants whom he had reviewed.

"As the prince was anxious to come up with his majesty again, and knew not where he would meet him, we had to be very swift in the business. We found the king, with Anhalt and Winterfeld, by-and-by, sitting in a village in front of a barn, eating a cold pie there which the marquis of Anhalt chanced to have with him. His majesty, owing to what he had seen on the parade-ground, was in the utmost ill-humor. Next day, Saturday, he went a hundred and fifty or two hundred miles, and arrived in Berlin at ten o'clock at night, not expected there till the morrow, so that his rooms were locked, her majesty being over in Monbijou giving her children a ball."

Late in the fall of 1739 the health of Frederick William was so rapidly failing that it became manifest to all that his days on earth would soon be ended. He sat joylessly in his palace, listening to the moaning of the wind, the rustle of the falling leaves, and the pattering of the rain. His gloomy spirit was in accord with the melancholy days. More dreary storms darkened his turbid soul than those which wrecked the autumnal sky.

Early in November he came to Berlin, languid, crippled, and wretched. The death-chamber in the palace is attended with all the humiliations and sufferings which are encountered in the poor man's hut. The king through all his life had indulged his irritable disposition, and now, imprisoned by infirmities and tortured with pain, his petulance and abuse became almost unendurable. Miserable himself, he made every one wretched around him. He was ever restless—now in his bed, now out of it, now in his wheel-chair, continually finding fault, and often dealing cruel blows to those who came within his reach. He was unwilling to be left for a moment alone. The old generals were gathered in his room, and sat around his bed talking and smoking. He could not sleep at night, and allowed his attendants no repose. Restlessly he tried to divert his mind by whittling, painting, and small carpentry. The crown prince dared not visit him too often, lest his solicitude should be interpreted into impatience for the king to die, that he might grasp the crown. In the grossest terms the king insulted his physicians, attributing all his sufferings to their wickedness or their ignorance. Fortunately the miserable old man was too weak to attempt to cane them. A celebrated physician, by the name of Hoffman, was sent for to prescribe for the king. He was a man of much intellectual distinction, and occupied an important position in the university. As his prescriptions failed to give relief to his majesty, he was assailed, like the rest, in the vilest language of vituperation. With great dignity professor Hoffman replied:

"Sire, I can not bear these reproaches, which I do not deserve. I have tried, for the relief of your majesty, all the remedies which art can supply, or which nature can admit. If my ability or my integrity is doubted, I am willing to leave not only the university, but the kingdom. But I can not be driven into any place where the name of Hoffman will not be respected."

The king was so impressed by this firm attitude of his physician that he even made an apology for his rudeness. As Frederick William was now convinced that ere long he must appear before the tribunal of God, he gradually became a little more calm and resigned.[1] It is, however, evident that the crown prince still had his share of earthly annoyances, and certainly his full share of earthly frailties. In a letter to his friend Suhm, written this summer, he says:

"Tantalus never suffered so much while standing in the river, the waters of which he could not drink, as I when, having received your package of the translation of Wolff, I was unable to read it. All the accidents and all the bores in the world were, I think, agreed to prevent me. A journey to Potsdam, daily reviews, and the arrival of my brother in company with Messrs. De Hacke and De Rittberg, have been my impediments. Imagine my horror, my dear Diaphanes,[2] at seeing the arrival of this caravan without my having in the least expected them. They weigh upon my shoulders like a tremendous burden, and never quit my side, in order, I believe, to make me wish myself at the devil."

As the king's infirmities and sufferings increased, the sympathies of his son were more and more excited. He seemed to forget all his father's cruel treatment, and to remember only his kingly energies. The thought of his death became very painful to him, and at times he recoiled from the oppressive cares he must of necessity assume with the crown.

One evening in April the king, feeling a little better, decided to dress and hold a tobacco parliament, as formerly. Quite a numerous party of his customary cabinet was assembled, and the circle was full. The pipes were lighted; the king was in good-humor; the beer-pots circulated merrily; and as every one made an effort to be agreeable, the scene was unusually animated. Quite unexpectedly, in the midst of the lively talk, the door opened, and the crown prince entered. Simultaneously, as by a common instinct, the whole company arose and bowed profoundly to the young prince. The

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[1] Baron Bielfeld gives the following account of the personal appearance of the king at this time: "If we judge by his portraits, he was in his youth very handsome. But it must be confessed that he does not now retain any traces of beauty. His eyes are indeed lively, but his looks are frightful. His complexion is composed of a mixture of high red, blue, yellow, and green. His head is large. His neck is quite sunk between his shoulders, and his figure is short and gross."—*Letters*, iii. p. 67.

[2] Frederick had taken the fancy of calling his companions by classical names. Suhm was Diaphanes; Keyserling was called Cæsarion, etc.

king was exceeding annoyed. Trembling with rage, he exclaimed:

"This is the homage you render the rising sun, though you know that the rule in the tobacco parliament is to rise to no one. You think I am dead. But I will teach you that I am yet living."

Ringing violently for his servants, and deaf to all protestations and excuses, he had himself immediately rolled from the room. As the courtiers stood bewildered and gazing at each other in consternation, an officer came in with an order from the king that they should all leave the palace immediately, and come not back again. The next morning Pöllnitz, who occupied a position somewhat similar to that of prime minister, applied for admission to his majesty's apartment. But a gendarme seized him by the shoulder and turned him around, saying, "There is no admittance." It was several days, and not until after repeated acts of humiliation, that the king would permit any member of the parliament again to enter his presence.



FREDERICK IN THE GARDEN.

In the latter part of April, the weather being very fine, the king decided to leave Berlin and retire to his rural palace at Potsdam. It seems, however, that he was fully aware that his days were nearly ended; for upon leaving the city he said: "Fare thee well, then, Berlin; I am going to die in Potsdam." The winter had been one of almost unprecedented severity, and the month of May was cold and wet. As the days wore on the king's health fluctuated, and he was continually struggling between life and death. The king, with all his great imperfections, was a thoughtful man. As he daily drew near the grave the dread realities of the eternal world oppressed his mind. He sent for three clergymen of distinction, to converse with them respecting his preparation for the final judgment. It seems that they were very faithful with him, reminding him of his many acts of violence and tyranny, alluding particularly to his hanging baron Schlubhut, at Königsberg, without even a trial. The king endeavored to defend himself, saying:

"It is true that Schlubhut had no trial. But he certainly deserved his doom. He was a public thief, stealing the taxes he was sent to gather; insolently offering to repay, as if that were all the amends required; and saying that it was not good-manners to hang a nobleman."

Still the clergymen pressed upon him his sins, his many acts of oppression, his unrelenting and unforgiving spirit. Singularly enough, most of the members of the tobacco parliament were present at this strange interview; and some of them, courtier like, endeavored to defend the king against several of the charges brought against him. The king might emphatically be called a good hater; and he hated his brother-in-law, the king of England, perhaps with passion as implacable as ever took possession of a human heart. In allusion to this, one of the clergymen, M. Roloff, said:

"There is the forgiveness of enemies. Your majesty is bound to forgive all men. If you do not do this, how can you ask to be forgiven?"



FREDERICK'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH VOLTAIRE.

The king had a logical mind. He could keenly feel where the argument pinched. He seemed quite troubled. After a moment's pause he said:

"Well, I will do it." Then, turning to the queen, he said, "You, Feekin, may write to your brother, *after I am dead*, and tell him that I forgave him, and died at peace with him."

"It would be better," M. Roloff mildly suggested, "that your majesty should write at once."

"No," said the king, sternly and peremptorily. "Write after I am dead. That will be safer."

At parting the king bore magnanimous testimony to the fidelity of his spiritual advisers. He said to M. Roloff, who had been the principal speaker:

"You do not spare me. It is right. You do your duty like an honest Christian man."

For such a mind and such a body there could be no possible peace or repose in the dying-chamber. Feverish, restless, sleepless, impatient, he knew not what to do with himself. He was incessantly passing from his bed to his wheel-chair and back again, irascibly demanding this and that, complaining of every body and every thing. Sometimes he would declare that he would no longer be sick, but would dress and be well; and scarcely would he get his clothes on ere he would sink in fainting weakness, as though he had not another hour to live. Thus the sad days of sickness wore away as death drew near.

On the 26th of May the crown prince received an express informing him that his father was dying, and that he must hasten to Potsdam with the utmost speed if he would ever again see him alive. Reinsberg was about thirty miles north from Potsdam. It took the courier some hours to reach the place. Frederick, with emotions not easily imagined, started before the dawn of the morning, followed by a train of attendants, to hasten to the death-bed of his father, and to receive the kingly crown of Prussia.

As he reached Potsdam and turned the corner of the palace, he saw, at a little distance, a small crowd gathered around some object; and soon, to his inexpressible surprise, beheld his father, dressed, in his wheel-chair, out of doors,

giving directions about laying the foundations of a house he had undertaken to build. The old king at the sight of his son threw open his arms, and Frederick, kneeling before him, buried his face in his father's lap, and they wept together. The affecting scene forced tears into the eyes of all the by-standers. Frederick William, upon recovering from a fainting fit, had insisted that he would not die, and had compelled his attendants to dress him and conduct him to the open air.

But the exertion, and the emotion occasioned by the interview with his son, prostrated him again. He was taken back into his palace and to his bed more dead than alive. Reviving a little in the afternoon, he dictated to Frederick all the arrangements he wished to have adopted in reference to his funeral. This curious document is characteristic, in every line, of the strange man. His coffin, which was of massive oak carpentry, had been made for some time, and was in the king's chamber, awaiting its occupant. He not unfrequently, with affected or real complacency, fixed his eyes upon it, saying, "I shall sleep right well there." In the minute directions to his son as to his burial, he said:

"As soon as I am dead my body must be washed, a white shirt must be placed upon it, and it must be stretched out upon a table. They must then shave and wash me and cover me with a sheet. After four hours my body must be opened. The surgeons of the regiments in town will examine into the malady which has caused my death. They will then dress me in my best clothes, with all my decorations. Then I am to be placed in my coffin, and thus left all night.

"The next day the battalions will be formed in complete order, each grenadier with three cartridges. Crape will be placed about the colors, the drums, the fifes, and hautboys. Every officer will have crape on his hat, around his arm, and on the hilt of his sword. The funeral car will be placed near the green staircase, with the heads of the horses toward the river. Eight captains of my regiment will carry me toward the funeral car. These eight captains will also take me out of the car and carry me into the church.

"As soon as the car shall begin to move, the drums shall beat the dead march, and the hautboys shall play the well-known anthem, 'O blessed head, covered with blood and wounds!' The car will stop at the iron gate. The regiment will defile before it. My two sons Augustus William and Henry will remain with the regiment. You, as my eldest son, with little Ferdinand, my youngest son, will walk in uniform behind the car.

"When the body has been carried into the church there shall be placed upon the coffin my handsomest sword, my best scarf, a pair of gilt spurs, and a gilt helmet. There shall be brought from Berlin twenty-four six-pounders, which shall make twelve discharges singly. Then the battalions will fire.

"I forbid any funeral sermon to be preached over me. In the evening a festival will be given in the great room in the garden. The cask of hock which I have in my cellar must be opened. At this repast good wine alone shall be drank.

"A fortnight after a funeral sermon shall be preached for me in all the churches. The text shall be, 'I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith.' They shall not speak any thing of my life, of my actions, nor any thing personal of me. But they shall tell the people that I confessed my sins, and that I died in full confidence of the goodness of God and of my Saviour."

During the next three days the king suffered much from weakness and a violent cough. He was often heard murmuring prayers, and would say to those around him, "Pray for me; pray for me." Several times he pathetically exclaimed, "Lord, enter not into judgment with thy servant, for in thy sight shall no man living be justified." A favorite hymn was often sung to him containing the words, "Naked came I into the world, and naked shall I go out of it." At this passage he repeatedly exclaimed, with much vivacity, as though it were an admirable joke: "No, not quite naked; I shall have my uniform on."

At one o'clock in the morning of May 31 he sent for a clergyman, M. Cochius, and seemed to be in great distress, both of body and of mind. "I fear," said he, "that I have a great deal of pain yet to suffer. I can remember nothing. I can not pray. I have forgotten all my prayers." M. Cochius endeavored to console him. At the close of the interview the king said, sadly: "Fare thee well. We shall most probably never meet again in this world." He was then rolled, in his wheel-chair, into the chamber of the queen.

"Oh, Feekin, my Feekin!" said he, "thou must rise and help me what thou canst. This day I am going to die. Thou must be with me this day."

The dying king strangely decided, at that late hour, to abdicate. All the officials were hurriedly summoned to his chamber. The poor old man, bandaged, with his night-cap on, and a mantle thrown over him, was wheeled into the ante-room where the company was assembled. As he saw Pöllnitz he exclaimed, sadly, "It is all over." Noticing one in tears, he said to him, kindly, "Nay, my friend; this is a debt we all have to pay." The king then solemnly abdicated in favor of his "good son Frederick." The deed was made out, signed, and sealed. But scarcely was it executed ere the king fainted, and was carried to his bed. Still the expiring lamp of life flickered in its socket. About eleven o'clock the clergyman, M. Cochius, was sent for. The king was in his bed, apparently speechless. He, however, revived a little, and was in great pain, often exclaiming, "Pray for me; pray for me; my trust is in the Saviour." He called for a mir-

ror, and carefully examined his face for some moments, saying, at intervals: "Not so worn out as I thought." "An ugly face." "As good as dead already."[1]

He then summoned his physician, M. Pitsch, and said: "Feel my pulse. Tell me how long this will last."

The physician replied, "Alas! not long."

"Say not alas," added the king. "But how do you know?"

"The pulse is gone," the physician said, sadly.

The king seemed surprised, raised his hand, opening and shutting the fingers, and then said: "It is impossible. How could I move my fingers so if the pulse were gone?"

M. Pitsch made no reply. The king, probably feeling at the moment some physical monition of approaching death, cried out: "Lord Jesus, to thee I live. Lord Jesus, to thee I die. In life and in death thou art my gain."

These were his last words. He fainted, and, after a few gasps, died. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday, the 31st of May, 1740. Thus the soul of Frederick William passed to the spirit land, in the fifty-first year of its sojourn here on earth.

The king having breathed his last, Frederick, in tears, retired to a private room, there to reflect upon the sad receding past, and upon the opening future, with the vast responsibilities thus suddenly thrown upon him. He was now king of Prussia; and not only absolute master of himself, but absolute monarch over a realm containing two millions two hundred and forty thousand souls. He was restrained by no parliament, no constitution, no customs or laws superior to his own resolves. He could take advice of others, and call energetic men to his aid; but his will alone was sovereign.

The Prussian kingdom, which thus fell to Frederick by "divine right," consisted of an assemblage of duchies, marquisates, principalities, and lordships, comprising an area of nearly fifty-seven thousand square miles, being about the size of the State of Michigan, and very similarly situated as to climate and soil. It was unfortunately not a compact country, as several of the states could only be reached by passing through the territories of other powers. The annual revenue amounted to a little over six million dollars. There was also in the treasury a sum, which Frederick William had saved, of about seven million dollars. The army consisted of seventy-six thousand men, in the highest state of discipline, and abundantly furnished with all the *materiel* of war.

Quite an entire change seemed immediately to take place in the character of the young king. M. Bielfeld was the first who was introduced to his apartment after the death of Frederick William. Frederick was in tears, and seemed much affected.

"You do not know," said he to M. Bielfeld, "what I have lost in losing my father."

"It is true, sire," Bielfeld replied; "but I know very well what you have gained in getting a kingdom. Your loss is great, but your motives for consolation are very powerful."

The king smiled, and immediately entered very vigorously upon business. It was not possible, under these circumstances, for him deeply to mourn over the death of so tyrannical a father. Frederick was twenty-eight years of age. He is described as a handsome young man, five feet seven inches in stature, and of graceful presence. The funeral ceremonies of the deceased monarch were conducted essentially according to the programme already given. The body of the king mouldered to dust in the sepulchre of his fathers. His spirit returned to the God who gave it.

> "The mind is its own place, and in itself
> Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

If these words are true, which Milton places in the lips of the apostate fiend, it is appalling to think of the ungoverned and ungovernable spirit with which the king entered the unseen world. We know not that there is any power in the alembic of death to transform the character. And certain it is that if Frederick William carried with him to the abode of spirits the same character which he cherished in this world, there are but few who could be rendered happy by his society. But we must leave him with his God, and return to the stormy scenes upon which his son now entered.

The young sovereign commenced his reign with the utterance of very noble sentiments. The day after his accession he assembled the chief officers of his father to administer to them the oath of allegiance. He urged them to be humane in the exercise of all authority which might be delegated to them.

"Our grand care," said he, "will be to further the country's well-being, and to make every one of our subjects contented and happy. If it ever chance that my particular interest and the general good of my countries should seem to conflict, it is my wish that the latter should always be preferred."

His conduct was in accordance with these professions. The winter had been intensely cold. The spring was late and wet. There was almost a famine in the land. The public granaries, which the foresight of his father had established, contained large stores of grain, which were distributed to the poor at very low prices. A thousand aged and destitute women in Berlin were provided with rooms, well

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[1] Bielfeld informs us that "about one in the afternoon he sent for Ellert, his first physician, and asked him if he thought that his life and his sufferings could continue long, and if the agonies of his last moments would be great. The physician answered: 'Your majesty has already arrived at that period. I feel the pulse retire. It now beats below your elbow.'

"The king inquired, 'Where will it retire at last?'

"'To the heart,' the doctor replied. 'And in about an hour it will cease to beat at all.'

"On which the king said, with perfect resignation, 'God's will be done!'"—*Letters*, iii. p. 127.

warmed, where they spun in the service of the king, with good wages, and in their grateful hearts ever thanking their benefactor. He abolished the use of *torture* in criminal trials, not forgetting that he himself had come very near having his limbs stretched upon the rack. This important decree, which was hailed with joy all over Prussia, was issued the third day after his accession.

Very vigorous measures were immediately adopted to establish an Academy of Sciences. The celebrated French philosopher Maupertuis, who had just obtained great renown from measuring a degree of the meridian at the polar circle, was invited to organize this very important institute. The letter to the philosopher, written by the king but a few days after his accession, was as follows:

"My heart and my inclination excited in me, from the moment I mounted the throne, the desire of having you here, that you might put our Berlin Academy in the shape you alone are capable of giving it. Come then, come, and insert into this wild crab-tree the sciences, that it may bear fruit. You have shown the figure of the earth to mankind. Show also to a king how sweet it is to possess such a man as you.

"Monsieur De Maupertuis, your very affectionate FREDERIC."

On the 22d of June a complaint was made to the king that the Roman Catholic schools were perverted to seducing Protestants to become Catholics. Frederick returned the complaint with the following words written upon the margin:

"All religions must be tolerated, and the king's solicitor must have an eye that none of them make unjust encroachments on the other; for in this country every man must get to heaven his own way."

It is a fact worthy of mention, as illustrative of the neglect with which the king had regarded his own German language in his devotion to the French tongue, that in these three lines there were eleven words wrongly spelled.

But the good sense of the utterance, so rare in those dark days, electrified thousands of minds. It drew the attention of Europe to Frederick, and gave him wide-spread renown.

Under Frederick William the newspaper press in Berlin amounted to nothing. The capital had not a single daily paper. Speedy destruction would crush any writer who in journal, pamphlet, or book should publish any thing displeasing to the king. Frederick proclaimed freedom of the press. Two newspapers were established in Berlin, one in French and one in German. Distinguished men were selected to edit them. One was a noted writer from Hamburg. Frederick, in his absolutism, had adopted the resolve not to interfere with the freedom of the press unless there were some gross violation of what he deemed proper. He allowed very bitter satires to be circulated in Berlin against himself, simply replying to the remonstrances of his ministers, "*The press is free.*"

Such were the measures adopted during the first week of Frederick's reign. He soon abolished the enormously expensive regiment of giants, and organized, instead of them, four regiments composed of men of the usual stature.[1] Within a few months he added sixteen thousand men to his already large army, thus raising the number of the standing army of his little realm to over ninety thousand men. He compelled his old associates to feel, and some of them very keenly, that he was no longer their comrade, but their king. One of the veteran and most honored officers of Frederick William, in his expressions of condolence and congratulation, ventured to suggest the hope that he and his sons might continue to "occupy the same posts and retain the same authority as in the last reign."

"You will retain your *posts*," said the king, severely. "I have no thought of making any change. But, as to *authority*, I know of none there can be but what resides in the king that is sovereign."

The marquis of Schwedt advanced to meet the new-made sovereign, his face beaming jovially, and with outstretched hands, as in the days of their old companionship. Frederick, fixing his cold eye steadfastly upon him, almost floored him with the rebuff, "My cousin, I am now king."

General Schulenburg, trembling in memory of the fact that he had once, in court-martial, given his vote in favor of beheading the crown prince, hastened from his post at Landsberg to congratulate the prince upon his accession to the throne. To his extreme chagrin and indignation, he was repelled by the words, "An officer should not quit his post without order. Return immediately to Landsberg."

As an administrative officer the young sovereign was inexorable and heartless in the extreme. Those who had befriended him in the days of his adversity were not remembered with any profusion of thanks or favors. Those who had been in sympathy with his father in his persecution of the crown prince encountered no spirit of revenge. Apparently dead to affection, and oblivious of the past, the young sovereign only sought for those agents who could best assist him in the work to which he now consecrated all his energies—the endeavor to aggrandize the kingdom of Prussia. Poor

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[1] Frederick William, in his reviews of the giant guard, was frequently attended by the foreign ministers who chanced to be at his court. On one of these occasions he asked the French minister if he thought that an equal number of the soldiers of France would venture to engage with these troops. With politeness, characteristic of the nation, the minister replied that it was impossible that men of the ordinary stature should think of such an attempt. The same question was asked of the English embassador. He replied: "I can not affirm that an equal number of my countrymen would beat them, but I think that I may safely say that half the number would try."

Doris Ritter received but a trivial pension for her terrible wrongs. Lieutenant Keith, his friend and confederate in his contemplated flight, who had barely escaped with his life from Wesel, after ten years of exile, hastened home, hoping that his faithful services and sufferings would meet with a reward. The king appointed him merely lieutenant colonel, with scarcely sufficient income to keep him from absolute want. Perhaps the king judged that the young man was not capable of filling, to the advantage of the state, a higher station, and he had no idea of sacrificing his interests to gratitude.

Ten years later the king made poor Keith a present of a purse of gold, containing about seven thousand dollars, under circumstances which reflected much credit upon the donor. In the following quaint style Carlyle records the incident:

"The king did a beautiful thing to lieutenant Keith the other day—that poor Keith who was nailed to the gallows, in effigy, for him at Wesel, long ago, and got far less than he expected. The other day there had been a grand review, part of it extending into Madame Knyphausen's grounds, who is Keith's mother-in-law.

"'Monsieur Keith,' said the king to him, 'I am sorry we had to spoil Madame's fine shrubbery by our manœuvres; have the goodness to give her that, with my apologies,' and handed him a pretty casket with key to it, and in the interior 10,000 crowns.

"Not a shrub of Madame's had been cut or injured. But the king, you see, would count it £1500 of damage done, and here is acknowledgment for it, which please accept. Is not that a gracious little touch?"

One wretched man, who had been the guilty accomplice of the crown prince in former scenes of guilt and shame, was so troubled by the neglect with which he was treated that he hanged himself.

Frederick, as crown prince, had been quite methodical in the distribution of his time, and had cultivated rigid habits of industry. Now, fully conscious of the immense duties and cares which would devolve upon him as king, he entered into a very systematic arrangement of the employments of each hour, to which he rigidly adhered during nearly the whole of his reign of forty-six years. He ordered his servants to wake him at four o'clock every morning. Being naturally inclined to sleep, he found it hard to shake off his lethargy. The attendants were therefore directed, every morning, to place upon his forehead a towel dipped in cold water. He thus continued to rise at four o'clock, summer and winter, until an advanced age.

A single servant lit his fire, shaved him, and dressed his hair. He always wore the uniform of his guards, and allowed only fifteen minutes for his morning toilet. He did not indulge in the luxury of slippers or dressing-gown, though occasionally, when ill, he put on a sort of linen wrapper, but even then he wore his military boots. Only on one day in the year did he appear in silk stockings, and that was on the birthday of his neglected wife, when he formally called upon her with his congratulations.

The ordinary routine of the day, when not absent on travels or campaigns, was as follows: As soon as dressed, one of his pages brought the packet of letters. The number was usually very large. He employed himself in reading these letters till eight o'clock. By a particular style of folding he designated those to which no reply was to be returned, those to which there was to be an immediate reply, and those which required further consideration. At eight o'clock one of the four secretaries of the cabinet entered, took the three parcels, and, while the king was breakfasting, received from him very briefly the character of the response to be made. At nine o'clock Frederick received one of the general officers, and arranged with him all the military affairs of the day, usually dismissing him loaded with business. At ten o'clock he reviewed some one of the regiments; and then, after attending parade, devoted himself to literary pursuits or private correspondence until dinner-time. This was the portion of the day he usually appropriated to authorship. He was accustomed to compose, both in prose and verse, while slowly traversing the graveled walks of his garden. He was particularly fond of dogs of the graceful greyhound breed, and might often be seen with book and pencil in his hand, in the shady walks, with three or four Italian greyhounds gamboling around him, apparently entirely absorbed in deep meditation. A page usually followed at a short distance behind, to attend his call. At twelve o'clock he dined with invited guests. As quite a number of distinguished men always met at his table, and the king was very fond of good living, as well as of the "feast of reason and the flow of soul," the repast was frequently prolonged until nearly three o'clock. At dinner he was very social, priding himself not a little upon his conversational powers.

In pleasant weather he took a long walk after dinner, and generally at so rapid a pace that it was difficult for most persons to keep up with him. At four o'clock the secretaries brought to him the answers to the letters which they had received from him in the morning. He glanced them over, examining some with care. Then until six o'clock he devoted himself to reading, to literary compositions, and to the affairs of the Academy, in which he took a very deep interest. At six o'clock he had a private musical concert, at which he performed himself upon the flute. He was passionately fond of this instrument, and continued to play upon it until, in old age, his teeth decaying, he was unable to produce the sounds he wished.

After the concert, which usually continued an hour, he engaged in conversation until ten o'clock. He then took supper with a few friends, and at eleven retired to his bed.

To his mother he was very considerate in all

the manifestations of filial affection, while, at the same time, he caused her very distinctly to understand that she was to take no share whatever in the affairs of government. When she addressed him, upon his accession to the throne, as "Your Majesty," he replied: "Call me son. That is the title of all others most agreeable to me." He decreed to her the title of "Her Majesty the Queen-Mother." The palace of Monbijou was assigned her, where she was surrounded with every luxury, treated with the most distinguished attention, and her court was the acknowledged centre of fashionable society.

He seems ever to have treated his nominal wife, queen Elizabeth, *politely*. For some months after the accession she was quite prominent in his public attentions to her. But these intervals of association grew gradually more rare, until after three or four years they ceased almost entirely.

Frederick, under the tutelage of his stern father, had not enjoyed the privileges of foreign travel. While other princes of far humbler expectations were taking the grand tour of Europe, the crown prince was virtually imprisoned in the barracks, day after day, engaged in the dull routine of drilling the giant guard. After the death of his father he did not condescend to be crowned, proudly assuming, in contradiction to some of his earlier teachings, that the crown was already placed upon his brow by Divine power. He, however, exacted from the people throughout his realms oaths of allegiance, and in person visited several of the principal cities to administer those oaths with much pomp of ceremony. The Danish envoy, writing home to his government respecting the administration of Frederick, says:

"I must observe that hitherto the king of Prussia does, as it were, every thing himself; and that, excepting the finance minister, who preaches frugality, and finds for that doctrine uncommon acceptance, his majesty allows no counseling from any minister. So that the minister for foreign affairs has nothing to do but to expedite the orders he receives, his advice not being asked upon any matter. And so it is with the other ministers."

On the 12th of June, but a fortnight after his accession, Frederick wrote from Charlottenburg to Voltaire, who was then at Brussels, as follows:

"My dear Voltaire,—Resist no longer the eagerness I have to see you. Do, in my favor, whatever your humanity allows. In the end of August I go to Wesel, and perhaps farther. Promise that you will come and join me, for I could not live happy nor die tranquil without having embraced you. Thousand compliments to the marquise" (Madame Du Châtelet, the *divine Emilie*). "I am busy with both hands —working at the army with one hand, at the people and the fine arts with the other."

It would seem that Frederick was not very willing to receive, as his guest, the divine Emilie, who occupied so questionable a position in the household of Voltaire. For he wrote again, on the 5th of August, in reply to a letter from Voltaire, saying:

"I will write to Madame Du Châtelet in compliance with your wish. To speak to you frankly concerning her journey, it is Voltaire, it is you, it is my friend, that I desire to see. I can not say whether I shall travel or not travel. Adieu, dear friend, sublime spirit, first-born of thinking beings. Love me always sincerely, and be persuaded that none can love and esteem you more than I."

Again the next day he wrote:

"You will have received a letter from me dated yesterday. This is the second I write to you from Berlin. I refer you to what was in the other. If it must be that Emilie accompany Apollo, I consent. But if I could see you alone, that is what I should prefer. I should be too much dazzled. I could not stand so much splendor all at once. It would overpower me. I should need the veil of Moses to temper the united radiance of your two divinities."

In return Voltaire compliments the king very profusely. Speaking of the book of the royal author, the *Anti-Machiavel*, he writes:

"It is a monument for the latest posterity; the only book worthy of a king for these fifteen hundred years."[1]

Frederick was very desirous of visiting France, whose literature, science, and distinguished men he so greatly admired. Early Monday morning, the 15th of August, the king left Potsdam to visit his sister Wilhelmina, intending then to continue his journey *incognito* into France, and, if circumstances favored, as far as Paris. The king assumed the name of the count Dufour. His next younger brother, William, eighteen years of age, accompanied him, also under an assumed name. William was now crown prince, to inherit the throne should Frederick leave no children. Six other gentlemen composed the party. They traveled in two coaches, with but

[1] Voltaire, after he had quarreled with Frederick, gave the following amusing account of a gift he received from the king soon after his accession to the throne: "He began his reign by sending an embassador extraordinary to France, one Camas, who had lost an arm. He said that as there was a minister from the French court at Berlin who had but one hand, he, that he might acquit himself of all obligation toward the most Christian king, had sent him an embassador with one arm. Camas, as soon as he arrived safe at his inn, dispatched a lad to me to tell me that he was too much fatigued to come to my house, and therefore begged that I would come to him instantly, he having the finest, greatest, and most magnificent present that was ever presented to make me on the part of the king his master. 'Run, run, as fast as you can,' said Madame Du Châtelet; 'he has assuredly sent you the diamonds of the crown.' Away I ran, and found my embassador, whose only baggage was a small keg of wine, tied behind his chaise, sent from the cellar of the late king by the reigning monarch, with a royal command for me to drink. I emptied myself in protestations of astonishment and gratitude for these *liquid* marks of his majesty's bounty, instead of the *solid* ones I had been taught to expect, and divided my keg with Camas."—*Memoirs*, p. 34.

few attendants, and avoiding unnecessary display.

Frederick spent three days with his sister at Baireuth. Wilhelmina was disappointed in his appearance. The brotherly affection she looked for was not found. He was cold, stately, disposed to banter her, and his conversation seemed "set on stilts." Leaving Baireuth the king continued his journey very rapidly toward Strasbourg. When they reached Kehl, on the eastern banks of the Rhine, they were informed that they could not cross the river without passports. One of the gentlemen drew up the necessary document, which the king signed and sealed with his signet-ring. The curiosity of the landlord had been excited, and he watched his guests from a closet. Seeing what was done, he said to Frederstorf, the king's valet, "Count Dufour is the king of Prussia, Sir; I saw him sign his name." He was bribed to keep the secret.

When they reached Strasbourg they provided themselves with French dresses. The king and his brother put up at different inns, that they might be less liable to suspicion. Frederick, with several of his party, took lodgings at the Raven Hotel. He sent the landlord out to invite several army officers to sup with a foreign gentleman, count Dufour, from Bohemia, who was an entire stranger in the place. Some of the officers very peremptorily declined the invitation, considering it an imposition. Three, however, allured by the singularity of the summons, repaired to the inn. The assumed count received them with great courtesy, apologized for the liberty he had taken, thanked them for their kindness, and assured them that, being a stranger, he was very happy to make the acquaintance of so many brave officers, whose society he valued above that of all others.

The companions of the king were well-bred men, of engaging manners, commanding intelligence, and accustomed to authority. The entertainment was superb, with an abundance of the richest wines. The conversation took a wide range, and was interesting and exciting to a high degree. The French officers were quite bewildered by the scene. The count was perfect master of the French language, was very brilliant in his sallies, and seemed perfectly familiar with all military affairs. He was treated with remarkable deference by his companions, some of whom were far his superiors in years.

The entertainment was prolonged until a late hour of the night. The delighted guests, as they retired, urged their host to attend parade with them in the morning, offering to come in person to conduct him to the ground. The count, with pleasure, accepted the invitation. In the morning he was escorted to the parade-ground. His fame spread rapidly. Friends multiplied. He was invited to sup with the officers in the evening, and accepted the invitation. Marshal Broglio, a very stately gentleman of seventy years, was military governor at Strasbourg. The count and one of his companions, the distinguished philosopher count Algarotti, were invited to dine with the marshal. The supper given in the evening by the officers was brilliant. They then repaired to the opera. A poor little girl came to the box with a couple of lottery tickets for sale. Frederick gave her four ducats ($25) and tore up the tickets.

Strasbourg began to echo with the fame of this foreign count. But the next morning, Thursday, August 25, as marshal Broglio was walking on the Esplanade, a soldier, who had formerly been in the regiment of the crown prince at Potsdam, and who knew the crown prince perfectly, having seen him hundreds of times, but who had deserted and entered the French service, came to the marshal with much bowing and embarrassment, and assured him that count Dufour was no less than the king of Prussia.

The secret was now out. The tidings flew in all directions that the king of Prussia was in Strasbourg *incognito*. The king, not yet aware of the detection, called upon the marshal. A crowd of officers gathered eagerly around. The marshal was much embarrassed in his desire to respect the *incognito*, and also to manifest the consideration due to a sovereign. No one yet ventured to address him as king, though there were many indications that his rank was beginning to be known. Frederick therefore decided to get out of the city as soon as possible. To conceal his design he made arrangements to attend the theatre with the marshal in the evening. The marshal went to the theatre with all his officers. The building was crowded with the multitude hoping to see the king. Bonfires began to blaze in the streets, and shouts were heard of "Long live the king of Prussia." Frederick hastily collected his companions, paid his enormous bill at the Raven, "shot off like lightning," and was seen in Strasbourg no more.

Voltaire was at this time in Brussels. Frederick wrote him, from Wesel, under date of 2d September, 1740, giving a narrative of his adventures, partly in prose, partly in verse. It was a long communication, the rhyme very much like that which a bright school-girl would write upon the gallop. The following specimen of this singular production will give the reader a sufficient idea of the whole:

"My dear Voltaire,—You wish to know what I have been about since leaving Berlin. Annexed you will find a description of it.

"I have just finished a journey intermingled with singular adventures, sometimes pleasant, sometimes the reverse. You know I had set out for Baireuth to see a sister whom I love no less than esteem. On the road Algarotti and I consulted the map to settle our route for returning by Wesel. Frankfort-on-the-Mayn comes always as a principal stage. Strasbourg was no great roundabout. We chose that route in preference. The *incognito* was decided, names pitched upon, story we were to tell. In fine, all was arranged as well as possible. We fancied we should get to Strasbourg in three days.

"Mais le ciel, qui de tout dispose,
Régla différemment la chose.
Avec de coursiers efflanqués,
Et des paysans en postillons masqués,
Butors de race impertinente,
Notre carrosse en cent lieux accroché,
Nous allions gravement d'une allure indolente,
Gravitant contre les rochers,
L'airs émus par le bruyant tonnere.
Les torrents d'eau répandus sur la terre
Du dernier jour menaçaient les humains.
Et malgré notre impatience,
Quatre bons jours en pénitence
Sont pour jamais perdus dans les charrains."

(But Heaven, which of all disposes,
Regulated differently the thing.
With coursers lank-sided,
And peasants as postillions disguised,
Blockheads of race impertinent,
Our carriages in a hundred places sticking,
We went gravely at a slow pace,
Knocking against the rocks,
The air agitated by loud thunder.
Torrents of water spread over the earth
With the last day threatened mankind.
And notwithstanding our impatience,
Four good days in penance
Are forever lost in these jumbles.)

"Had all our fatalities been limited to stoppages of speed on the journey, we should have taken patience. But after frightful roads we found lodgings still more frightful."

Then came another strain of verse. Thus the prose and the doggerel were interspersed through the long narrative. Though very truthful in character, it was a school-boy performance—a very singular document indeed to be sent to the most brilliant genius of that age by one who soon proved himself to be the ablest sovereign in Europe.

At Wesel the king met Maupertuis, to whom we have already alluded, who was then one of the greatest of European celebrities. His discovery of the flattening of the earth at the poles had given him such renown that the kings of Russia, France, and Prussia were all lavishing honors upon him. It was a great gratification to Frederick that he had secured his services in organizing the Berlin Academy. While at Wesel the king was seized by a fever, which shut him up for a time in the small château of Moyland. He had never yet met Voltaire, and being very anxious to see him, wrote to him as follows, under date of September 6, 1740:

"My dear Voltaire,—In spite of myself I have to yield to the quartan fever, which is more tenacious than a Jansenist. And whatever desire I had of going to Antwerp and Brussels, I find myself not in a condition to undertake such a journey without risk. I would ask of you, then, if the road from Brussels to Cleves would not to *you* seem too long for a meeting. It is the one means of seeing you which remains to me. Confess that I am unlucky; for now, when I could dispose of my person, and nothing hinders me from seeing you, the fever gets its hand into the business, and seems to intend disputing me that satisfaction.

"Let us deceive the fever, my dear Voltaire, and let me have at least the pleasure of embracing you. Make my best excuses to madame the marquise that I can not have the satisfaction of seeing her at Brussels. All that are about me know the intention I was in, which certainly nothing but the fever could make me change.

"Sunday next I shall be at a little place near Cleves, where I shall be able to possess you at my ease. If the sight of you don't cure me, I will send for a confessor at once. Adieu. You know my sentiments and my heart.

"Frederic."

In accordance with this request, Voltaire repaired to Cleves to visit the king. Many years afterward, having quarreled with Frederick, and being disposed to represent him in the most unfavorable light, he gave the following account of this interview in his *Vie Privée:*

"The king said that he would come and see me *incognito* at Brussels. But having fallen ill a couple of leagues from Cleves, he wrote me that he expected I would make the advances. I went accordingly to present my profound homages. I found at the gate of the court-yard a single soldier on guard. The privy councilor Rambonet, minister of state, was walking about the court, blowing on his fingers to warm them. He had on great ruffles of dirty linen, a hat with holes in it, and an old periwig, one end of which hung down into one of his pockets, while the other hardly covered his shoulder.

"I was conducted into his majesty's apartment, where there was nothing but the bare walls. I perceived in a closet, lit by a single wax-candle, a small bed, two feet and a half wide, on which lay a little man wrapped up in a cloak of coarse blue cloth. It was the king, who perspired and shivered, under a miserable coverlet, in a violent access of fever. I made my bow, and began the acquaintance by feeling his pulse, as if I had been his first physician. When the fit was passed he dressed himself and came to supper. Algarotti, Keyserling, Maupertuis, and the king's embassador to the States General, made up the party. We talked learnedly respecting the immortality of the soul, liberty, and the Androgynes of Plato, and other small topics of that nature."

Frederick, who was then in the zenith of his admiration for Voltaire, describes as follows, in a letter to his friend M. Jordan, his impressions of the interview:

"I have at length seen Voltaire, whom I was so anxious to know. But, alas! I saw him when under the influence of my fever, and when my mind and my body were equally languid. With persons like him one ought not to be sick. On the contrary, one ought to be specially well. He has the eloquence of Cicero, the mildness of Pliny, and the wisdom of Agrippa. He unites, in a word, all the collected virtues and talents of the three greatest men of antiquity. His in-

tellect is always at work. Every drop of ink that falls from his pen is transformed at once into wit. He declaimed his *Mahomet* to us, an admirable tragedy which he has composed. I could only admire in silence."

Indeed, it would seem that at the time Voltaire must have been very favorably impressed by the appearance of his royal host. The account he then gave of the interview was very different from that which, in his exasperation, he wrote twenty years afterward. In a letter to a friend, M. De Cideville, dated October 18, 1740, Voltaire wrote:

"When you sent me, inclosed in your letter, those verses for our Marcus Aurelius of the North, I fully intended to pay my court to him with them. He was at that time to have come to Brussels *incognito*. But the quartan fever, which unhappily he still has, deranged all his projects. He has sent me a courier to Brussels, and so I set out to find him in the neighborhood of Cleves.

"It was there that I saw one of the most amiable men in the world, who forms the charm of society, who would be every where sought after if he were not a king; a philosopher without austerity, full of sweetness, complaisance, and obliging ways—not remembering that he is king when he meets his friends; indeed, so completely forgetting it that he made me too almost forget it, and I needed an effort of memory to recollect that I here saw, sitting at the foot of my bed, a sovereign who had an army of a hundred thousand men."

AROUND THE WORLD ON SKATES.



IT is twelve years since we first met William H. Fuller. He was then about twenty-five years of age, of medium height, with a bronzed complexion and a form that seemed the perfection of vigor. His strength was wonderful, and his frame was interlaid with muscles developed like those which we see in the anatomical figures in drawing-schools. Born to what was considered twenty years ago the most favorable surroundings in his native State, Massachusetts, his youth was a kind of holiday, and his approaching years to maturity were made comfortable by expenditures that had no thought of the morrow. Reckless and indifferent to conventionalities, kind-hearted as a woman, his leading characteristics were and are, agreeable modest manners, and a self-reliance that grows out of the most perfect health, and a total want of veneration.

When about twenty years of age Fuller was standing on Long Wharf, Boston, and saw a miserable old ship "working out into the stream." He was a natural sailor. Before he was in his teens he had commanded several vessels of miniature proportions, in which, to the terror of his parents and the admiration of the boys of his own age, he navigated about the breakers and shoals of the harbor of Dorchester. Seeing the vessel slowly and clumsily setting her sails, he got on board, and with the sublimest effrontery, and without a moment's reflection, offered his services as a first-class seaman. The skipper promptly accepted them, and, without waiting to write articles or inform his friends of his departure, Fuller sprang into the rigging, and on the instant won admiration for his daring and skill. After a month's floating on the great deep he found that he was bound to the East Indies; after another month, by his natural shrewdness, assisted by his practical education, he calculated the latitude and longitude of the ship; and ere ninety days elapsed he was promoted to the important position of first mate.

In the mean time the heats of the torrid zone told terribly, not only on the old hulk of the vessel, but even more on the wretched hulk of the skipper, for he took to his bunk, and Fuller was called "Captain" on the quarter-deck, and under his management the vessel, after a long and tedious voyage, was safely brought to an anchor in the Hooghly River, below Calcutta.

Finding that his sudden promotion in the commercial marine of his country was not satisfactorily indorsed by the consignees of his dilapidated craft, he shipped as a subordinate officer to Liverpool, at which place he found himself one pleasant afternoon, with two sovereigns in his pocket; but among a people, according to his own account, "more harmonious with his ideas of religion and language than even the

copper-colored, widow-burning inhabitants of the East Indies."

The first thing that especially attracted his notice was a dépôt for the sale of American sewing-machines. This smacking of home, he made the acquaintance of the proprietor, and found him in great distress from his inability to work the machine with success. "The captain" (who had never in his life touched one of these useful domestic inventions), with the same promptness that made him an expert sailor on sight, easily managed to be the right man in the right place in the sewing-machine establishment. Sitting down and carefully studying the simple machine, he at once comprehended its principles and design, and in two or three days he set the whole "consignment" spinning with the regularity of clock-work.

The English proprietor of the sale of "Yankee notions" was delighted, and at once offered this "great American inventor and machinist" a prospective partnership. "The captain" entered upon his new calling with enthusiasm, his special duties being to act as salesman and instruct the proprietor's wife, who was very young and handsome, in the perfect practical management of the sewing-machine.

We were never informed of his success as a salesman; but that he was earnest in instructing the wife is certain, for the proprietor became jealous of the assiduity with which his clerk attended to this part of his duties, and there came a sudden dissolution of business interests.

Every ship that sailed the ocean was open to Fuller, and when he got through Liverpool he returned to New York, and turned his quick wit, with various fortunes, to the grave work of business. Every thing to him was alike, and all things equally agreeable.

Among the many incidents of his good fortune was meeting with a gentleman who owned a splendid yacht. With great good sense he employed Fuller to take charge of the "beautiful thing." The contract was, that he was to live in the yacht and see that it was properly cared for; and further, when it was engaged in voyaging along the coast, Fuller was to act as "sailing-master." The proprietor about this time fell sick, and "the captain" had the vessel for many months entirely at his command. If he had owned it and its larder he could not have been more at ease. For gentle exercise he visited all the pretty towns on Long Island Sound, and made one or two voyages to Newport and the Isle of Shoals, off the coast of Maine. The "captain" considers the yachting era the happiest of his life.

With all his experiences his true field was, even to him, yet undeveloped. But the finger of fate was gradually turning toward his "calling." One day—in pursuit of amusement with a pair of skates under his arm—he followed the crowd of pleasure-seekers to Central Park, determined to enjoy himself in an exercise he had rarely indulged in since he was a boy. Quite unconscious of his masterly superiority, he fastened on his "irons" and struck out into the whirl of fine men and handsome women, bent on sport. As he literally sailed along, indulging himself in his own way, his graceful performance attracted immediate attention, and he at once became an object of universal interest. Ere twenty moments elapsed the delighted spectators ranged themselves in long avenues, and as Fuller passed along they watched his bird-like movements, and encouraged him to increased efforts by their continued cheers. This event opened to him a new field of enjoyment. He became a "lion on skates." The winter, however, soon passed away, and with it, apparently, his field of triumph.

The applause and attention he had received lingered in his mind long after the ice had disappeared; and desirous of reviving, in a degree at least, some of his former triumphs, in a sort of hopeless desperation he bound to his feet a pair of parlor skates. A few minutes' practice, and he astonished himself and a large number of spectators by performing on these mechanical contrivances, and over a broad floor, with all the graceful facility that characterized his movements upon the ice in Central Park. Amusement now suddenly turned into business; for he went into partnership with the manufacturer of these then new-fangled toys, and enticed hundreds to buy a pair, who foolishly imagined, while witnessing Fuller's performances, that they could, with a little practice, do the same wonderful things.

While thus seriously engaged acting as a dealer in, and practitioner on, roller-skates, there sauntered into his school-room, one summer afternoon in the year 1865, George Coppin, a man known in the Eastern world as the "Barnum of Australia." He had been in New York two or three weeks in search of some novelty wherewith to astonish his friends in Melbourne and Sydney. Disgusted with his want of success, he mechanically sauntered into the fashionable "rink" where Fuller was modestly performing his allotted duties. Coppin, with the quick eye of his profession, as he looked upon Fuller's movements about the room, saw at once that here was a novelty that would fascinate a people the majority of whom had never seen ice, and to whom genuine skating was impossible, and with whom a perfect imitation would be indeed a paying venture.

The manager was sharp and business-like; Fuller was quick and impulsive, and the novelty of going abroad was to him absorbing. Before a day had really passed, and without troubling himself about particulars, he was under an engagement to make his first professional appearance in another hemisphere. Up to this time skating, with Fuller, had been a source of considerable amusement, with very little business combined; but this new field opening before him inspired him with ambitious ideas.

Fuller is a cosmopolitan by nature. He is a man who requires no fixed residence, and one who is nowhere a stranger. Yet being to all intents and purposes a Bostonian, if he had any point of local gravitation, he started from the "Hub" as a centre of comparison; and when he reached Melbourne, and found a city which, in twenty years, had come, from a green marsh and a savage's hut, to be the capital of a thriving empire, possessed of grand public edifices, all magnificent in their size and architecture, as if intended to last forever, the whole existing under a climate the most genial in the world, he came to the conclusion that even Boston must give way, and that he was more cosmopolitan than ever.

At Melbourne he had all the facilities at his command for exhibition afforded in any American or European city, and he was welcomed as a professional by crowded houses, but with what he at first thought was very little enthusiasm. His spectators, though not by birth and training, were thoroughly English, so that they treated his really popular exhibitions as they do their dinner—they partook and partook, and growled and growled.

At Melbourne, through an idea of his own, and thoroughly indorsed by his manager, the indefatigable Coppin, he essayed the character of Lord Dundreary, introducing that distinguished personage of effete aristocracy under the difficulties of "learning to skate." The play-bill announcement was, "Lord Dundreary on the Ice." It was very evident, on the rise of the curtain, that the audience expected to see the "noble scion" appear in all the glory of his exalted rank, and go through his allotted part, just as thorough Englishmen expect any lord to do, better than common people can. It was therefore a matter of some little satisfaction to Fuller, when he witnessed the wool-gathering faces of his audience, as, striking out for a grand flourish, he came with fearful gravitation on his back. The idea of a lord doing any thing of that sort was at the first blush declared impossible; but a second attempt producing a still more serious fall, the idea of the character slowly made way into the minds of the audience. But there was nothing to laugh at in the mishaps of Lord Dundreary. The provincials of Melbourne did better than those of Canada—they permitted the exhibition; but the real opinion was, that "these attacks upon the constitution and respectability of the old country were not, after all, just the thing, you know!"

For seven long months Fuller continued to be a popular star among the mixed attractions presented by his manager to the cities and large towns of Australia. In that time he became acquainted with numbers of people, and found society in many respects a great deal as it appears in California. The most substantial citizens being as a rule from a class that came originally to the country as adventurers. At his hotel in Melbourne he was attracted by the appearance of a very noble looking Englishman, who, though bent with age and venerable in appearance, was still young enough to show on his expressive face that he was the subject of some disquiet that rendered him unhappy. He was pointed out to Fuller, on first sight, as the richest man in Melbourne; and this statement was substantiated by his surroundings—for he kept a carriage that was fit for an English earl, and his children, grown-up sons and daughters, moved in equal state. Fuller got acquainted with this man, and learned that he had been originally sent to Australia as a convict; that he had made immense sums in the gold mines, and in the pursuit of commerce; that his children had frequently been to England, and had been partially educated in the vicinity of London, and were received in the father-land in the best society; but that, with all these favorable circumstances, he could not get a "ticket of leave" to return home and visit the scenes of his youth; and the fact was gradually breaking his heart—unhappy man!

Fuller got tired of the monotony of his life in Australia before his audience were tired of him; but his natural restlessness compelled a change. This indifference about all the details of his engagement left him but little money after his sharp manager had received his dues. Fuller, with new ideas of the value of his skating accomplishments, bade Melbourne good-by, and, taking passage on an English steamer, he sailed for India.

Arriving in due time at his port of destination, the city of Calcutta, and fortified with recommendations in the shape of large sensational posters which the inventive Coppin had used to attract attention in Australia, and having the further excellent advantage of meeting with two English officers who had witnessed his performance in Melbourne, Fuller was gratified on his first appearance on the continent of Asia with an uncommon audience, composed of natives of distinction and officers from the English barracks.

The most noticeable thing he saw in Calcutta appears to have been what he took, at first sight, for tall and graceful girls dressed in short petticoats, with their hair carried away from their foreheads by high-backed tortoise-shell combs, with immense chignons. On critical examination they turned out to be native men; while their wives, quite naked to the waists, were coarser and the more masculine of the two.

In accordance with a programme which gradually developed itself, he proceeded to Bombay; which place, approached from the sea, suggests great wealth and grandeur, its newly revived prosperity growing out of its immense cotton trade, stimulated by the monopoly created by the "American war." This feature of business revived in Fuller's mind the familiar scenes of New Orleans; and because like produces like, he saw the same kind of bustle, and the same kind of life and business pursuits.

Here he found the "California Circus Company," the members of which greeted him with uniform cordiality; and he was thus for the first time fully introduced to the world of Gipsies, who gained a precarious livelihood as "show-people."

Engaging the "circus tent," he made his first appearance before an audience composed largely of Parsees, merchant princes, Hindoos, Portuguese, Persians, and Arabs. Here he was requested to give what was called a "native-lady night;" the audience for the occasion consisting entirely of women, the élite of the city. They came in carriages and palanquins. They wore an immense amount of jewelry; and beside finger and ear rings, they had a golden circle coquettishly fastened in the cartilage of their noses, which ring rested on the left cheek. Their clothing was gay, rich, and loose. Many wore slippers, which they threw aside during the exhibition, and displayed their delicate feet with toes ornamented with jeweled rings. In their expressions of pleasure they were very demonstrative—showing their delight by loud laughter, waving their handkerchiefs at each other, and clapping their hands. In fact, they acted as if there were no gentlemen present, giving utterance to their feelings with all the abandon of a *tête-à-tête* of the parlor. The princesses of the blood, as a rule, occupied private boxes, and protected themselves from too much observation by lace curtains.

On this occasion the representation of Lord Dundreary assumed the most elaborate proportions. Not having any provincial Albions to take offense at the misfortunes of the aristocracy, and gaining some hints from the real Dundreary's enacting the character in the intensely hot climate of Bombay, he was enabled to add many touches of namby-pambyism that would never enter the imagination of a mind grown up in a temperate clime. Fuller's Dundreary on this "native-lady night" was too enervated even to imitate walking by a tired step; he was brought in swooning, in an extemporized hurdle, and set down upon the ice most carefully, so as not to disturb his delicate nerves. With a delightful attention to proprieties, this personator of an arctic amusement was waited upon by attendants dressed in cotton shirts of the most economical proportions, who seemed to be most unconscious of any unpleasant sensation arising from stepping on ice with their naked feet. Even the Borean blasts, which were supposed to be howling through the forests of Norway pines, only caused their black skins to grow more shiny from genial perspiration. As Dundreary was, if any thing, a comic part, it elicited great applause, as did all similar attempts to create a laugh. In fact, the audience of Asiatic ladies was like a company of children, and they enjoyed the thing hugely, without having a very clear idea what it all meant.

At the close of the performance the husbands of the ladies present, who had remained outside of the tent smoking and chatting, helped their spouses into their carriages and palanquins, and they disappeared.

While at Calcutta, Fuller received an invitation to give an exhibition before one of the native princes, the Nabob of Surat. This man, though a dependent on the British, still retains very absolute rule over his domain, and seems to control the revenues of the natives of his district, and govern them with unlimited power. Fuller got the impression from what he saw of him that he was an old man given to amusements, "without regard to cost." He found that he had a regular circus company attached to his court. One of his queer ways was illustrated in the manner he punished any of his subjects who especially offended him. To such an unfortunate individual he would make a present of an immense elephant, the keeping, feeding, and attendance upon which would surely, in a short time, ruin the unhappy recipient. "Seeing the elephant" is with us a cant phrase for some unhappy venture; and in Surat, "owning an elephant" is equally indicative of impending misfortunes.

In order to gratify himself the nabob levied upon the rich men of his capital to pay expenses; with this pecuniary assistance, and the enforced help of the laboring people, he caused to be laid down a platform, fifty by a hundred feet, in an open field, surrounded by a grove of evergreen trees. The exhibition was open to all. The nabob had his throne placed at the head of the platform, where he sat surrounded by his court, the members of which were all richly dressed and armed with immense fans. The inferior nobles sat on the edge of the platform; then came the substantial citizens; then the common people. Thus these several classes crowded the place, forming a most curious and intensely interesting audience, almost all handsome and well-shaped people, and possessing, high and low, a bearing of distinguished politeness. The nabob himself acted as manager, and personally directed the manner of the performance. On this occasion he opened with a waltz—Tune, "My Native Land;" music excellent. Next the Varsovienne, performed on skates. This drew forth shouts of applause. Then followed a polka and figure skating. This latter named part of the performance was not understood, except such details as displayed *tour de force*. It seemed as if any thing suggestive of physical energy was a thrilling novelty and was treated accordingly.

On this occasion, as the Nabob of Surat was well acquainted with the English character, Fuller performed Lord Dundreary with the greatest possible care. He dressed precisely like Sothern, and was brought on the stage in a sedan chair, attended by Sam Weller, in his well-known tights, top-boots, and showy hat, adorned with a cockade. In accordance with the programme, when Lord Dundreary was with difficulty assisted from his sedan chair by Sam Weller, the nabob gave a new touch of character, by ordering several of his attendants to

surround Fuller, and disturb the air to vivify him with their fans. Every fall he made on the ice in his impotent attempts to skate was received with immense enthusiasm, accompanied by the heartiest laughter.

Fuller was subsequently informed that there was not a "Suratian" present who had the slightest knowledge of the difficulties of a tyro on ice, but that their amusement rose from the idea they got that he was personating a drunken Englishman—a thing they did understand. At the close of the performance he was presented, through an official, with a purse of seven hundred rupees. The nabob himself gave not the slightest sign of pleasure or displeasure; in fact, he seemed a good personator of an Eastern Dundreary. Three months after Fuller left Surat he received a golden star, worth about twelve hundred dollars, curiously made, the points of which were ornamented with diamonds, from the nabob as a mark of his princely admiration.

Finding the weather becoming too oppressive to justify his proposed visit to Madras, or another season at Calcutta, he took passage in the India line of steamers from Bombay to Suez, crossing the Arabian Sea, passing through the Straits of Bab-el-mandeb, up the Red Sea to his port of destination.

On board the steamer was the Bombay Italian Opera Company, the members of which had just completed their regular annual engagement. He found them seemingly very clannish, and did not meet with any especial attention from any one. One night, when the weather was more balmy than he had ever before experienced, and while the passengers, representatives of all nations, were intently engaged in looking at the shores of Asia and Africa as they were in the strait that led into the Red Sea, he quietly proceeded on deck, and taking out his banjo, broke in upon the oppressive silence by giving utterance to a plaintive negro melody, the burden of which was inspired by the very land on which his hearers were gazing. The sounds of the instrument seemed wonderfully loud, but the melody had its effect. The Italians were especially interested — all listened, and at the conclusion of this unexpected treat of American music in that ancient land, there came quiet but hearty evidences of pleasure and sympathy. After that night Fuller never lacked friends and admirers, especially among the "first-class passengers."

Following up this impression while progressing on the voyage up the Red Sea, a proposal was made (according to custom, it would seem) to raise a purse to be given to the captain of the steamer. Fuller put down as his subscription such of his performances as were possible on a moving steamer. The affair took place on the upper deck, and was attended not only by the passengers, who occupied the seats, but by many of the crew, who got into the rigging.

The members of the opera company, though evidently delighted with Fuller's performances, refused positively either to add to the affair by a song, or help it along by a little instrumental music.

Approaching the port of Suez, Fuller was much surprised on being informed that the formidable rock he saw on the Arabian shore was the one struck by Moses for the purpose of procuring water for the thirsty Israelites; and reminiscences of his New England mother's training were further aroused by the announcement that a headland in the distance on the left was Mount Sinai. He was familiar with the names of these sacred monuments of Biblical history through the oft-repeated lessons of his Dorchester Sunday-school discipline; and at his own fireside he had been instilled with the terrors of the swift punishment that overwhelmed Pharaoh in the Red Sea; and looking upon the rock, upon Mount Sinai, and the narrow strait over which the Hebrew lawgiver safely passed with his flying hosts, it seemed to him that in some way he had suddenly come upon the associations of his youth, and he experienced a realization of the truthfulness of the sacred writings that were as startling as they were unexpected.

On his arrival at Suez, Fuller found the place lively with people, engaged in the different employments brought into requisition by the building of the canal. The English Hotel was full of guests, all anxious to learn something of the latest arrivals from Bombay. Here his fellow-passengers on the steamer, especially the captain, so thoroughly ventilated his professional merits that he was induced to give a private entertainment, which from necessity was without music, to the heterogeneous crowd which patronized the hotel. It was probably the first skating performance ever given in the ancient land of the Pharaohs, and was so much esteemed by the modern citizens of the port of Suez that it was rewarded by a silk purse containing one hundred and fifty rupees.

From Suez, by comfortable railway cars, and traveling a distance of little over thirty miles, he came to the pride of Modern Egypt, the Moslem city of Cairo. He went to the European Hotel, and entered his name as hailing from the United States. In a few minutes he was surrounded by a number of persons who could speak English. As a consequence, for the first time in nearly eight months, he made a comfortable dinner, carrying on a conversation without being made to feel every moment that he was away from home, by not having those about him who understood his mother tongue.

Cairo is the capital of Egypt, and under the control of the present Viceroy, Ismail Pasha, seems destined to regain some of its original splendor. It was a flourishing place about five hundred years before Columbus discovered America; but the Egyptians speak of it as a modern city.

No facilities offering for an exhibition, Fuller amused himself with sight-seeing; having for that purpose "chartered" a donkey, he visited

the pyramids. In his ride of five or six miles he made a calculation that he struck his "gallant steed" twice every minute, without making the slightest impression on the animal's hide or upon his besotted mind. At the pyramid of Cheops, the grandest of the three similar wonders of the world, he showed his American want of reverence and his surprising activity by leaping from one layer of stone to another, and in this way ascending to the top in less than eight minutes—the shortest time on record. Finding very little about the distant view of the sphinx to encourage a closer examination, he returned to his hotel just in time to see Ismail Pasha pass along the street in a handsome carriage, he occupying the front seat. The second of his three wives, and mother of his only son, sat behind, partially concealed by lace curtains. The boy, some eight or nine years of age, dressed in a military costume, was standing up, apparently desirous of seeing what was going on in the streets. The ladies of Cairo move about with more freedom than is observable in any other part of the Turkish dominions.

Starting from Cairo in first-class railway cars, he soon reached Alexandria, where he remained nearly three weeks. Finding no opportunity, owing to the intensely hot weather, for business, he took steamer, crossed the Mediterranean, and went up the Archipelago and the Straits of Marmora to Constantinople. Here, in the capital of Turkey, and at the magnificent Italian Opera House, he was greeted by a full and fashionable audience, though it was in the time of the "Mohammedan Lent." The women, who formed the largest part of the audience, only exposed one eye, the rest of their persons being hidden in the most thorough masquerade; making it impossible to tell any thing about the wearer. The rank was made plain by the different parts of the house these women occupied.

In some of the private boxes, however, were some American, Russian, and English ladies—some very handsome—their exposed faces forming a marked contrast with the Turkish representatives of the sex.

In Constantinople Fuller became very much interested in the dogs—innumerable numbers keeping possession of specified streets and neighborhoods. In his careless way of wandering around he was frequently pursued by these half-savage creatures, and once would have been killed but for the fact that, in his flight, he passed beyond the boundaries of the pack which pursued him. On inquiry, he learned that the dogs of each neighborhood have their range distinctly marked off, and if an unfortunate beast ever invaded the haunts of a rival pack he was harried to death.

In Constantinople he found the photographic art brought to great perfection, and some of the galleries were very interesting to an American, from the great variety of costumes taken from the people common in the streets. The Circassian and Armenian women were frequently very beautiful. What struck him as very strange was that he saw few or no Turks. They have a religious prejudice against pictures, which still affects the mass of the people. The Sultan's picture—the one taken in Paris—was every where for sale or on exhibition. Here, in a window, he saw a pile of greenbacks for sale. He met with them in Australia and Asia, and subsequently in the capital cities of Europe. In fact, greenbacks are an article of traffic as much as gold or silver or bills of exchange, and are known by the especial name of American money.

Leaving Constantinople in a Russian steamer, after a trip of nearly five hundred miles across the Black Sea, Fuller reached Odessa, a city inferior to few in Europe for commerce and business enterprise. The change from the sleepy, enervated people of the East to the vigorous and wide-awake Russians was a radical one. Odessa, unlike Alexandria or Constantinople, is full of life and activity, and is reported to contain a population of over eighty thousand. The harbor is one of the most frequented in Europe; the docks are splendidly made, and are lined with shipping. The public square is surrounded by capacious stores, filled with costly goods. Here is also an immense bazar for the sale of all the manufactured articles, especially of silks and shawls, which come from "India and the East." The immense blocks of buildings containing, as Fuller subsequently learned, over six hundred magazines for storing grain were most observable, especially when compared with the facilities for the same purpose afforded by Chicago or Buffalo, rivals of Odessa in the exportation of grain.

Fuller was from the first pleased with the appearance of the Russians. He found them fine-looking men, stoutly built, with fair complexions, light hair, and gray or blue eyes. Men in uniform were seen every where; and an hour's experience was enough to satisfy a stranger that he was under a strong but well-managed military despotism. He was informed on board the steamer that his first duty would be to see about a passport, and accordingly he proceeded leisurely to the "Stranger's Office." He found the officials polite, and when they heard he was an American they seemed disposed to give him as little trouble as possible. After giving a number of particulars about his personal history; how long he intended to remain in the country; whether he were married, and who was his banker, all of which were detailed through an interpreter, he signed his name a number of times in a book; and going to another office, and waiting several hours, his passports were signed.

He was now in the great empire of Russia, or on the outside edge of it, with some paper-money in his pocket, the value of which was about seven dollars, American currency. He could not speak a word of Russian, and did not be-

lieve he could learn to pronounce a word correctly if he had spent his life in trying. But not at all disheartened, he started off to the principal theatre, which he knew was in charge of a great manager. He found the building without difficulty—a large square one, with a popular restaurant underneath. The manager was a real Gipsy, and had no difficulty in understanding what he wanted, but seemed very incredulous about the people's paying money for seeing a person skate either on the ice or on the stage-floor, and gave it as his opinion that it was a bungling business at best.

This was rather a damper on Fuller's expectations; but he proposed to the doubting manager a rehearsal. This prompt, off-hand manner had its effect, for, leading Fuller out of his office into the restaurant, the manager caused to be mixed a favorite drink of his, which, in compliment, Fuller took, though under strong protest from his palate. The manager then led the way into the theatre through a private door connected with the eating-saloon. Groping along dark passages they finally emerged upon the stage. The curtain was up, and the "supes" were sweeping the stage and arranging the scenery. A glance toward the proscenium showed Fuller that it was a well-arranged building, something in the style of Niblo's, and he felt quite at home.

Taking out his skates, which he carried carefully enveloped in a substantial covering, the manager desired to look at them. After a critical examination he shook his head, said something in Turkish patois—at least so it sounded—and then handed them to Fuller with a manager's shrug and the remark, that they "wasn't much."

In a few seconds Fuller strapped his skates on his feet, and desiring his friend to take a centre seat, with a little bit of viciousness in his departure, he made a dash out, and designedly went through the motion of a novice on skates. The manager looked first blank and then disgusted, and rose from his seat evidently intending to close the rehearsal. Fuller begged him to sit down and wait a minute, and then, making a low bow as a compliment to his good-nature, he moved backward the whole length of the capacious stage, bowing and kissing his hand, as if he were about retiring from a highly approving audience.

This brought the manager to his feet. Fuller then folded his arms and came sailing directly toward him, but stopping a few inches from his person, he suddenly turned, and performing one of his most difficult steps in the "Cracovienne," ran toward the manager and made a courtesy that would have been quite effective in a pet opera dancer.

It was a curious sight to see the bronzed face of the manager as he seized Fuller by the hand, first attempting to kiss him, after the Russian fashion, and at a repulse making him a low salaam after the manner of the Turks.

The manager was satisfied. Fuller took off his skates and showed him his programme, and in less than twenty minutes after an engagement was written out and signed that was of a character to give Fuller a great deal of glory and the manager considerable money. But both were satisfied; for Fuller saw that success in Odessa would gratify an ambition that had recently seized him of making a professional tour across the continent of Europe.

He was pretty thoroughly advertised after the usual style—the show business being the same the world over. Fuller's advantage was that he had no rivals; so his name in the largest letters on the play-bills created no special envy. From the time he appeared in Melbourne to his appearance at Odessa he had been skating before people who knew nothing about ice, and he was of course somewhat anxious as to his success. The manager gave him to understand that he would draw one night, because he was an American, and because he had told wonderful stories about him, but he was afraid of a second performance.

The fated night came. Fuller spent much time in arranging the scenery, and had some trouble, strange as it may seem, in getting a first-class winter landscape. The legend of his first appearance was, that an American, by some unaccountable accident that no one could understand, had been detained in a cottage over which he had placed an American flag. Horses, railway conveyance, walking—every style of locomotion was denied him; but a fairy, on excellent terms with the Ice King, had furnished him with a pair of skates, instead of wings, upon which he could fly to his native land, and there meet his repining sweet-heart.

Peeping through a hole in the drop curtain, Fuller was gratified with the sight of a full house, and was particularly struck with the appearance of a lady, with a number of children, in the "imperial box." The manager informed him that this was the Princess ——, who was the wife of the chief official of the government.

The orchestra finally appeared in the usual slow and melancholy way, and, according to programme, played the national air of Russia; and then, in compliment to the "Star," gave "Yankee Doodle." This pleased the audience very much, and several of the people in the parquet, whom Fuller believed to have been merchants, applauded.

The curtain rose at length on a bleak winter landscape, and in the back-ground was a Russian hovel, over which, by the aid of one or two strong wires, was streaming the "Stars and Stripes," as if held as square as a table-top by a stiff breeze. After the fashion that has prevailed from time immemorial at circuses when the horses enter the ring, Fuller made his appearance under the cover of a grand crash of music.

Dressed apparently in the torn and miserable garb of a benighted traveler, far from home, evidently fatigued and trembling with exhaust-

ion, and finally too weak to stand on his skates, which he made to sound on the stage floor like wooden clogs. He thus came from the cottage door, and cast a look toward heaven, something after the manner of Enoch Arden. His knees then gave way, as he sank to the floor in the ice and snow. There was a strange look in the audience. What did this mean? Then he rose on his knee, and again gave the Enoch Arden look, when a young girl dressed in the Black Crook style, but personating some very amiable Russian fairy, floated from the side-scenes, made a very effective speech in pantomine, pointed her wand at the American flag over the desolate cottage, and then touched Fuller upon the shoulder.

While she was doing this, Fuller fastened several strings to his dilapidated garments. At the moment the fairy touched him the manager pulled the strings, and he sprang to his feet dressed in a rich Russian suit of green, with costly fur linings, patent leather boots, and fur cap, together with several rich jewels sparkling on the right side of his breast, which had been loaned him by his accommodating manager.

The next instant Fuller was supposed (under the vivifying influence of the good fairy) to be making a "bee-line" on skates for his native land and his sweet-heart. The surprise of the audience at this sudden change was immense, and the next instant, as he came careering toward the foot-lights, there came forth the welcome rounds of applause that satisfied him that he would succeed. Following up the advantage of a good first impression, he went through the act with unusual satisfaction to himself; and when he disappeared on one leg, in a striking attitude, with his face to the audience, kissing his hand, and the good fairy appeared and waved over him the Russian flag, such a tremendous shout went up that two or three of the police had suspicions that something serious was the matter. The applause continued, and the Russian princess, from the imperial box, threw a bouquet of flowers on to the stage. Fuller stood meanwhile at the side, the manager holding the curtain ready to draw it the moment he should decide to appear before its obtruding folds.

In the nick of time he was visible, and bowing and putting his right hand on his heart, and holding up his skates in his left, he disappeared from the popular view behind the curtain. The orchestra broke in with a horrid blast from innumerable wind instruments and noises from kettle-drums that alarmed him, but thrilled the audience with delight.

The manager, at the sight of such success and as an appreciation of it, again attempted to kiss Fuller; but, independent of the fact that he had a while before indulged in a lunch at the restaurant made of half-decomposed fish and garlic, Fuller did not like the style, so he drew off, and the manager satisfied himself with a salaam and an honest shake of his hand, which he told him was the "American fashion."

Pursuing his performance according to the programme, each act eliciting the most unequivocal approval, he at last came to the comic performance of a tyro learning to skate. The introduction of a Lord Dundreary as the hero of this scene was always popular among the Hindoos and Mussulmans, for they bear no good-will toward their conquerors; and it afforded them a good opportunity, and a very rare one, to laugh at the misfortunes of an aristocratic representative of their foreign rulers.

In describing to the Greek manager the details of his exhibition, with a shrewdness that would have done honor to a "ward politician," the Greek criticised and weighed each peculiarity, to see who among his patrons could take offense; and when Fuller explained to him that he used the costume of a senseless English nobleman to give piquancy to the ups and downs of an inexpert skater, he objected at once, lest there might be some political misinterpretation given of it that might in course of time reach the police, and have the effect of bringing him into trouble. Mentioning that the English had within a few years bombarded Odessa, and consequently the people would most likely enjoy a little harmless quizzing of their enemies, he shrugged his shoulders, and said that that was true; but he wanted to be neutral, and therefore wouldn't let Fuller run the chance of giving offense. Fuller then put the question, "If you won't let Lord Dundreary appear, whom should I place in the ridiculous position?" He replied: "Why not make a Turk do it—you may batter them about here as much as you please—they haven't any friends in Greece or Russia; but, if a Turk won't do, let a Greek be made fun of—the Greeks must stand any thing."

There was a humiliation in the man's confession that spoke of the poor fellow's national degradation; and as Fuller bore no good-will toward the Turks after he saw the way they caged their women up, he concluded to use the masquerade of turban and gown; and with that intent his obliging but selfish manager (he was probably not the only selfish manager in the world) found him a gorgeous dress—a real genuine article from Constantinople, which was used in the theatre by a person representing some grand sultan whom Peter the Great knocked into flinders. But the skirts were in the way of Fuller's feet, and the cloth around his head, which formed the turban, was offensive; so Fuller laid Lord Dundreary and Calif Abdul on the shelf, and did up the falls and mishaps of the man learning to skate in his own proper person.

The next day, on Fuller's appearance in the streets, several persons came up and shook hands with him; and finally meeting with an Englishman who had lived many years in Odessa, he gave Fuller to understand that he had made quite a hit — that he had heard of his

performance at the breakfast-table, and said he was glad to see Fuller; which named gentleman soon found out that the Englishman was a kind of adventurer like himself, and was living in the city by his wits. He told Fuller that he had no doubt he would succeed in his exhibitions, and he suggested to him, what he had not known before, that between Odessa and Moscow, a distance of a thousand English miles, there were several large and prosperous cities, each of which possessed a handsome theatre. He said that the people were fond of amusements, and depended upon foreigners entirely for such recreations.

Fuller and the Englishman soon became fast friends, and for this information he was subsequently much indebted.

The day following his second performance, as he was walking on the grand square, a very showy carriage, with heavily-mounted harness, and footman in livery, suddenly stopped opposite to him. He was next surprised at seeing a lady, accompanied by two or three children, put her head out of the coach window and beckon him toward her. Fuller had spent so many weeks in Eastern cities, where the women are veiled, or held as prisoners by their lords, that he had had no intercourse with ladies; this unexpected piece of courtesy from one who was so like his own countrywomen in face and manners therefore filled him with unexpected pleasure. Approaching at the summons, the lady, in good English, said she desired to speak with him, and then held up a little girl, some four years old, to shake his hand.

A good look satisfied him that this was the princess who took such an interest in his first performance, and sealed his success by throwing him a bouquet. The lady was very gracious, and, touching the spring to her carriage door, opened it, and directed him, with a motion accustomed to being obeyed, to take the seat opposite to her. The lady then, without the least embarrassment, went on to say how much she was pleased on the night of his first performance; and learning that he was not only a stranger but an American, she wished to show him some attention, and for that purpose she desired that he would come to her residence while in Odessa and make it his home.

Almost confounded by such good-natured hospitality, he returned his thanks, made himself as agreeable as possible, and, after a ride in the suburbs of the city, was set down at the theatre, the children imitating their mother in shaking their little hands in "good-by."

Fuller afterward learned from experience that the Russian ladies connected with the nobility are very attentive to people attached to the theatres, or any other public exhibition which amuses them.

In accordance with the lady's invitation, the day after this incident he concluded he would enlarge his list of adventures by dining with a princess; and so he started for the designated place, which he found was the official residence of the governor of the city, and the district of country of which Odessa was the capital. Arriving at the house, he was invited into the common reception-room, which was used by the people who had business with the government. From this room he was ushered into a large reception-hall under the charge of a servant. This room had a floor waxed until it shone like a piece of polished furniture. From this place he went into a splendid garden filled with seats, evidently intended for the purposes of entertaining a great number of people. At last he was led into a sort of wing of the main building, where he was directed to leave his hat on the first-floor. He was then led up stairs, and into a small but handsomely furnished room, in the centre of which was a table covered with a white napkin, on which were displayed the casters and porcelain necessary to accommodate one person with a dinner.

Wondering what all this meant, and especially anxious about the appearance of the princess, he was left half an hour or more in this state of perplexity, when a servant dressed in livery appeared, bearing before him a tureen of soup, followed by another with a roll of bread, and two or three napkins on his arm.

He ventured to ask what this meant, when he was informed by the servants, one of whom spoke very good English, that his mistress had left home, directing that, when he called, he was to have dinner served, and enjoy whatever else the hospitalities of the place afforded.

Beginning to "understand something," he very modestly inquired for the princess, and about the time she indulged in eating, when he was informed that the lady in question was out of town, and further, that she dined with her children in the main building; but that he was to consider the room he was in always at his service as long as he remained in Odessa.

Understanding now what his hostess meant by his dining with her, he placed his feet under the black walnut, put a napkin over his knees, and announced that he was ready to appease his appetite.

The soup was excellent, and so were three courses of substantial food, evident care being taken to give him something as unlike the national Russian and Oriental dishes he had been previously feasting on as possible. The wine, of uncommonly fine flavor, but very heavy, was followed by fruit. This was, indeed, a memorable occasion; and in better humor than usual with "the world and the rest of mankind," he left the house, deeply impressed with the idea of there being a great deal of pleasure in dining with a Russian princess, though she was herself personally out of town—that is, in her own room, probably, attending to the duties of her household.

There was something so unobtrusive in the hospitality of this lady that he afterward took advantage of it, and never felt that he was intruding, and he determined to make some recompense. He proposed that she should give

the juveniles of her household a party, and he would do all in his power to amuse them and their guests. The princess liked the proposition; but to his astonishment added, that the whole matter would depend upon whether she could obtain permission from the head of the police.

There was a mystery about the Russian government that he could not understand—all through the country he found there was some secret power not visible to the eye. Here was what appeared to be the wife of the chief representative of the central government, dependent upon some higher authority, that was confided to the hands of a man whom we should call the "Chief of Police."

The party, however, came off, and it was the only time in Russia that he thoroughly saw the best social life. His idea was that, in almost every respect, so far as the children and guests were concerned, the party resembled a similar affair in New York. The little folks, as a rule, were of fair complexions, auburn hair and blue eyes prevailing. The dresses were very superb, of the latest Parisian style, and the masquerade was made more attractive by many of the dresses being exact imitations of the costumes of the powerful nationalities which make up the Russian empire. The representatives of the picturesque attire of the Circassians and Cossacks were peculiarly attractive. These costumes seem to be held in veneration by the people at large, for he subsequently found that in every city, and especially in St. Petersburg, the dresses of the Circassian and the Cossack were constantly before every eye, something as the Highland dress is in England.

He remained six weeks in Odessa, giving seven exhibitions, the weather all the time being intensely warm, and the fashion of the season unfavorable. Here he spent much of his time in going among the people, and thought that he learned thereby the following facts regarding Russian life. Every store, public building, and house where people frequent is ornamented with a little image of the Virgin Mary, before whom every one, at all times of the day and under any possible circumstance, is continually bowing. If a funeral passes, the rich and poor alike stop, take off their hats, and reverently utter a prayer. There is almost as much solemnity in entering an hotel as a church, for the reason that that symbol of religion is in both. This impression of the artificially religious character of the people is given even in the Merchants' Exchange in St. Petersburg. Hence the people have the external appearance of being polite, for the hat is ever promptly taken off and is held in the hand, not necessarily from respect to the persons present, but to the visible representative of an exacting religion.

The English acquaintance, who had assisted him with his vernacular and business knowledge, at Fuller's request made out a list of places he would find it profitable to stop at on his way to Moscow. He also put on paper several questions in Russian, with as nearly as possible the English rendering of the same. Fuller was drilled into pronouncing the Russian words; and with his friend's blessing, and, owing to his natural imprudence, very little money, he turned his back on Odessa and its pleasant memories, and started by a circuitous route on his long journey toward the ancient capital of the most wonderful country in Europe.

Taking a steamer at Odessa, a voyage of a hundred and fifty miles along the coast of the Black Sea toward the east brought him to the important harbor and handsome city of Kherson, which is strongly fortified, and but for its rival Odessa, would now have been the principal Russian city on the Black Sea. Here he found an Englishman to whom he had a letter of introduction, who treated him with considerable attention, and under whose auspices he gave two exhibitions. This gentleman insisted upon his knowing a great deal of John Howard the philanthropist, who died in that city nearly eighty years ago, and took Fuller a ride into the suburbs of Kherson, where Howard's remains lie buried. He was further informed that this resting-place was selected by Howard himself, which must have been chosen for the security it gave of being on dry land, for a more desolate place, even to be buried in, could not be conceived. From this point Fuller's line of travel was no longer by water, but across the country.

To meet this demand, and in accordance with the usage of the country, he hired a Russian cart to take him to a village on the government post route to Moscow, rejoicing in the name of Katherinoff, a distance of one hundred and thirty versts, or about eighty-six English miles. The vehicle was without springs, and Fuller was compelled to sit on the bottom of the box. The horse, which was a poor half-starved animal, and only less savage in appearance than his Russian driver, managed to make about eight versts an hour. Within a mile of his starting-place all signs of civilization disappeared, the road winding through a low desolate country composed of moor and swamp. To add to the unpleasantness of his situation, there commenced a cold drizzling rain, that soon wet him to the skin. In this condition, and with every bone in his body more or less fractured, his Jehu came to a log-cabin, not unlike a squatter's hut on the banks of the Mississippi. The noise of cart-wheels, and the hallooing of the driver, caused the door of the hut to be opened, and there peeped out a rough-looking woman, surrounded at the knees by two or three children. It was instantly apparent that this was the cart-owner's house and family.

There was nothing very assuring in all this. His baggage was lifted into the hut, and he was invited by a significant sign to enter. There was a little fire on the hearth, and a strong smell of tainted fish and garlic. The hostess

was dressed so like her husband, and looked so much like him in the face, that it was difficult to believe she was of the gentler sex. The children, however, were decidedly handsome, the eldest about five years old. They were of fair complexion, reddish hair, with large blue eyes; they seemed of too gentle blood to be children of such a savage pair.

The head of the family presently entered his cabin, and, much to Fuller's astonishment, he walked directly up to the little image of the Virgin, suspended on the wall, and commenced an almost inaudible prayer, continually crossing himself. Fatigued and hungry as he must have been, he kept up his devotions fully three-quarters of an hour, his wife in the mean time making preparations for supper. The meal consisted of the national dish of black bread, which is very sour and repulsive to unaccustomed palates, moistened by very sour milk. In honor of Fuller's presence, probably, there was also set upon the table the remarkable tea-urn of the Russians, which is the inevitable ornament of the palace and hut. It is a wonderful invention, and it seems strange that some ingenious Yankee does not patent it, and make a fortune by its introduction into our own country. It is urn-shaped, with a copper or iron cylinder in the centre, at the end of which is a bottom something like a coarse sieve. This urn full of water is set on the table, a little coarsely pulverized charcoal is put in the cylinder and set on fire. In two or three minutes the water is boiling. The tea-pot is set upon the top of the urn, its contents are thus kept warm, and are readily replenished from the boiling water below. A most convenient thing for travelers, and indispensable in the more northern parts of Russia. Unpalatable as were the black bread and sour milk, the tea was delicious, and after this sumptuous repast Fuller felt a little more comfortable. Taking into consideration the religious character of his host and landlord, and watching the little children, the eldest one of whom tried to make his acquaintance, he gradually came to the conclusion that he should not be murdered in his bed for his baggage, and endeavored to be contented.

The eldest of the children, the little girl, gradually came to his side, and leaned upon his knee. She was attracted by the brilliant colors of a cheap scarf he had around his neck, and finally got bold enough to put up her little hands and touch the edges with her fingers. Fuller was surprised at the natural beauty of this offshoot of a Russian peasant, and made the reflection, confirmed by all subsequent experience, that the Russians are a remarkably fine race, and that their national progress is the natural result of their blood. He held a long chat with this little girl, the language of the eyes being universal, and at last, to please her and gain the good-will of her parents, he took off the scarf and presented it to the child, which generosity was repaid by the mother and little girl prostrating themselves before him, literally "kissing the hem of his garment."

The old woman then went out, and returned presently with a bundle of clean straw, which she scattered over the floor, and placing Fuller's carpet-bag conveniently for a pillow, signified that his bed was ready, and he could retire when he pleased.

"Family prayers" then followed, which seemed to be addressed entirely to the little image already alluded to. The light was put out by ashes being thrown over the living embers in the large fire-place. The wife, without changing her clothing, lay down beside Fuller; then her husband, then the children—all on the floor. The novelty of his situation rendered sleep impossible.

The next morning up bright and early. Fuller noticed that his scarf was draped under the Virgin; she got the credit for the gift. After a breakfast of black bread and sour milk, he started again on his journey over a flat country, the most desolate forbidding moor, a low wet prairie, unrelieved by a single break in the landscape, or by a tree, shrub, or peasant's cottage. This continued for three long and weary days, when he suddenly, after descending into a valley, came upon the suburbs of the large and flourishing town of Katherinoff.

More dead than alive, from the rough usage of his journey, he got out of his cart at a handsomely constructed hotel, which stood upon the public square, and in sight of which, his experiences in Odessa informed him, was the official residence of some noble, with the usual garden attached. He settled with his faithful driver—for he had shown himself to be as honest and stolid as his horse—went into the hotel, where he was instantly surrounded by obsequious waiters, for his appearance was so equivocal and unexpected that he was always, at first sight, taken for some immense grandee. He took out his paper on which was written the commonplace expressions of Russian and English; but not being able to make head nor tail of them, he dramatically pointed to his mouth and said "Beef-steak." This was sufficient. This word is understood in all countries, at all public houses, as an order for something substantial to eat.

After satisfying his craving hunger, with the professional eye of a showman he looked about the streets, and saw the welcome evidence of "amusements patronized" by the remains of old show-bills on street corners, wilting away under the influence of the weather. Pursuing information under difficulties, he finally came across the proper man, in the person of a German, who made himself generally useful to foreign performers—a man who knew where to apply for a license to have an exhibition, knew the best people to consult on the subject; who was, in fact, a natural factotum for every showman, and was as distinctly marked to designate his genus as is a tiger or a zebra.

This fellow entered into Fuller's projects

with painful avidity; he had never seen any one skate on wheels; but the novelty struck him as something wonderful, and he proposed to go at once and make the proper arrangements. Fuller was very anxious to give a performance, for his funds were running low. To secure this man's confidence he offered to go to the hotel and let him witness a rehearsal; the man said this was no matter. Rather dubious about success, for he was embarrassed at the fellow's enthusiasm, Fuller let him have his own way, and in the course of two hours the German came over to him and showed him a permission to exhibit, and leave to give a performance in the public garden. That night, with this man's personal assistance, he erected a stage fifty feet square, over which he put a large tent, which was part of the furniture of the garden, and surmounted the temporary structure with the American flag.

In the mean time Fuller's agent had a placard printed and stuck up on the public places, announcing that an American gentleman, "by special order" on his way to St. Petersburg to perform before his Imperial Majesty the Emperor, a man who was overloaded with decorations presented by his own country and the "natives of the East," a man rolling in wealth, had agreed to give his unrivaled performance to the people of the city.

The night of his first appearance was greeted with a crowded house. The aristocracy of the city were delighted; and after fulfilling his announced engagement of four nights, he performed in the Nobles' Hall for the more especial gratification of the ladies and children, and ended by a farewell benefit, in which he was made to understand, because of his being an American, they were glad to show him all possible attention. His German agent he paid liberally, and he was happy beyond expression while Fuller remained with him, and would have followed him on his journey, but was somehow on the limits for debt, and could not leave the place.

Fuller was now on the regular government route toward the capital of the empire. Instead of a private conveyance he could travel by the post route, which is regulated by Russian law. You hire your horses at stated prices, and go a stated number of miles, traveling from station to station, accompanied by a pass which you have to show at every stopping-place; and woe to the unhappy man, whether traveler or driver, if any thing tangible does not exactly agree with that written instrument! The vehicle was the usual cart without springs, and the traveling slow; but it was safe, and, after its fashion, comfortable. Under such favorable auspices Fuller started for Karkov, five hundred and eighty miles from Moscow. This he knew was a grand city, famous for having four annual fairs, and consequently always favorable for exhibitions.

The second night out his journey was suddenly arrested. The report at the station was that no traveler would be allowed to pursue his way for two or more days. A courier had passed along, announcing that the Emperor was on the road, moving toward the Black Sea, and all the horses were of course at his command. The best ones (and all were bad enough) were stabled and groomed. Fuller congratulated himself that he would at least have the satisfaction of seeing the grand personage, who, according to his friend at Katherinoff, had hired him at great expense to come to his capital. He hung about the post station, for there was no house but the stables and inn, and awaited the result. The contemplated arrival of the Czar had a singular effect upon the people. It appeared as if they envied the very horses that were to drag the carriages in his suit. There was a veneration and almost worship displayed which Fuller could not wholly resist; and he began to look for the Emperor's arrival with almost as much anxiety as did his glorious majesty's subjects. The third night, about twelve o'clock, Fuller heard a noise in the court-yard, and sprang to the window. It was moonlight—made dim by passing heavy clouds. He caught a glimpse of a dozen tall men on horseback, their steel breast-plates and splendid uniforms half concealed under heavy cloaks; their helmets glistened for a moment; they gave some directions in a low voice, and dashed on. The next moment all the groomed post-horses were arranged in the road. Presently a carriage dashed up, the horses were instantly changed; another came along with the same result, until some thirty, all apparently exactly alike, were thus mysteriously dispatched. In one of these carriages, no outsider knew which one, was the Emperor of all the Russias, possibly asleep. It was a dramatic performance, and impressed upon the minds of the simple Russians that "the father" was indeed a god. The mystery attending the whole movement inspired Fuller's democratic republican soul with a feeling of awe and reverence that he did not suppose could be called forth by any human being.

At Karkov he found all the facilities and associations peculiar to any large city. The hotels were so crowded that he was congratulated that he got a sleeping-place in a servant's room. Here he met with a native-born American, but who was superficially a German Jew. He said he was born in New York, and when about ten years of age his parents, having made a competency, returned to Frankfort, their native city. The German Israelitish American appeared to be very much of a cosmopolitan, and could be at home any where. He was well acquainted with Karkov, and insisted on showing Fuller some of the splendid churches which adorn the city. In a public building he saw a library containing fifty thousand volumes. They were splendidly bound, and seemed more for show than use.

At this place Fuller made a profitable engagement, and appeared four times at the English Opera House, a handsome building, dedi-

cated to all sorts of performances when not used by the opera company, the performers of which company, he understood, were under the patronage of the government.

On his way to Poltava he found he had completed more than half of his journey of a thousand miles which lay between Odessa and Moscow. He was now becoming deeply impressed with the wealth and universal prosperity of the people. He had so far seen nothing to indicate discomfort or oppression. The country was still level, in fact a continued plain; but the soil was now very rich, and forest trees and vegetation began to display themselves. The climate was so temperate that the cattle, which are remarkably fine, graze out all the year round. Poltava, which is a small town, is called the market-garden of the empire. Here is a monument erected to celebrate Peter the Great's decisive victory at this place, in 1709, over Charles XII. of Sweden. Here Fuller found an Italian Opera House, and the usual "Nobles' Garden." His skating called forth the most remarkable demonstrations of pleasure. The mass of the people were very little accustomed to ice skating, and the novelty was almost as great as when he appeared before the Nabob of Surat. The Russians, as a people, do not indulge much in skating, though the popular idea in America is that such is the case, and naturally, but improperly, connect with Russia a cold, inhospitable climate.

Approaching Orel, which is two hundred and fifty miles from Moscow, Fuller found the country beginning to be more broken and picturesque. This place, though not large, is quite fashionable, being what we should call the capital city of the State. The government houses are very handsome, and he was impressed with the idea that the representatives of imperialism were more directly under the vivifying influence of "head-quarters." There was no place, however, for public exhibitions except in the Nobles' Garden. His reputation had now preceded him, and he had a large and fashionable audience, many ladies, representing the nobility, being among the spectators. He was again impressed with the attention professional exhibitors receive in Russia; for the day following his second performance, as he was passing along the street, a carriage drew up and stopped in front of him. In it was a lady of high rank, who spoke to him in German. Fuller knew enough to say that he did not understand the language. The lady laughed heartily, and said something in an entirely unknown tongue. He was still more embarrassed. She then looked at his feet, and pointed toward the garden where he had performed, and then pointing to the front seat in her carriage, indicated that she wished him to occupy it, which he did without further hesitation. Under her guidance he rode through the streets of the town and entered the suburbs. The lady pointed out what she considered to be the most attractive places, and concluded her grateful hospitality by driving up to a summer garden, where she regaled him with refreshments, the materials of which were cake, fruit, and Champagne. He made some pantomimic demonstrations as to payment, but the lady smiled, and took out her own purse. He waited upon her to her carriage, where waving her hand as an adieu, without further ceremony she drove off.

The same lady afterward got up a private entertainment at her own house, and gave Fuller an opportunity of appearing before an audience composed almost entirely of matrons and their children. The custom the nobility have of waxing their floors until they are thoroughly polished made it almost impossible for parlor skating to be well done. The Lord Dundreary exhibition was, therefore, more perfect for this very reason; and the children were convulsed with his mishaps. At this family performance the Cracovienne, with the proper music and costume, was received with mixed feelings of admiration and surprise, some of the children alluding to the Poles in some way, which gave it possibly a political character.

Fuller next proceeded to Tula, "the Birmingham of Russia," a handsome, thriving little town; here he saw by the play-bills on the street corners that there was no public place of amusement, and he could not find a person who spoke English. In disgust he went on to Serpuchov, where he struck the railway, which runs to Moscow. The rolling stock of the road is made after the English fashion, and in accordance with custom, comfort, and economy, he took a second-class car. Here he discovered that baggage is always counted *extra*, and paid for accordingly. It was a great comfort, after traveling in Russian carts without springs, to sit down in one of these carriages with "modern improvements," and to be hauled along, not at the rate of six miles an hour by suffering, half-starved horses, but by tireless steam that seemed to Fuller to fly over the road.

In a few hours, and late at night, he reached the ancient capital of Russia, after having, in five months, traveled over the distance of a thousand miles, passing through the very heart of the empire, meeting all the way, from all classes, respectful attention, universal kindness, and generous hospitality.

At Moscow he found letters from his foreign friends, and many Americans, who gave him a welcome; also a popular troupe of Tyrolean minstrels, with the manager of which he at once made a profitable engagement.

Fuller remained in this city for three months. In the Tyrolean troupe one of the "stars" was a remarkably handsome girl, who received great attention from the Russian nobility, the ladies striving with each other in inviting her to their houses. These people would also get up expensive entertainments, and invite members of the troupe to take part with them in social pleasure-gatherings. In the suburbs of Mos-

cow he visited the iron-works owned by Mr. Williams.

Fuller's ambition of seeing St. Petersburg was at last to be gratified. Before he started for that wonderful city he had made an engagement which would occupy, by specification, at least seven months. Taking the cars, he reached the city without accident, and a casual examination confirmed him in his opinion, that the principal towns through which he had passed were mere miniature representations of the grand capital. In St. Petersburg, besides Opera House and theatres, there were innumerable gardens, some belonging to the people, others the exclusive property of the nobility. Many of these places were truly magnificent. For four consecutive months he went nightly through his performance at Tivoli Gardens, the most aristocratic place of public resort. A thousand persons would often be spectators; and, after he got through, five hundred persons would put on the skates and enjoy the sport. To give variety, the manager had numerous costly dresses and masquerades for Fuller, which, together with an immense band of first-class musicians, gave life and spirit to these entertainments.

Many of the ladies of the *ton* connected with the court would contribute to these amusements, and would often have them repeated at their palaces. These public entertainments invariably closed at eleven o'clock.

When permitted, Fuller visited the notable places, but especially he cultivated some of the resident Americans, from whom he received the most hospitable attentions. In the suburbs of this city Mr. Williams, who now owns the railroad between St. Petersburg and Moscow, has his great factory for the construction of railway carriages, employing sometimes over a thousand men, many of whom are representatives of official families, who thus obtain a practical knowledge that will make them useful citizens. The example of Peter the Great, in working in the navy-yard in Holland as a mechanic, has not been lost on the masters of his great people.

Fuller skated with, and under the patronage of, the Russian Noble Club on the Neva, and was honored with one appearance at the great national theatre, where all the great artists of the world appear; for this performance he was paid by the government.

From St. Petersburg he went by rail to Berlin, and then appeared successively at Dresden, Mecklenburg, Cologne, Düsseldorf, and in all the large towns of Germany. He performed before the immense crowds gathered at the great fair of Leipsic, and finally reached the conventional land of skaters, the little kingdom of Holland, where he found the most favorable building for his exhibition he had seen in Europe, which was known as the "Crystal Palace," the grand hall of which was three hundred and seventy-five feet long. There was a nightly attendance at this magnificent exhibition-room of a band of sixty musicians—and a thousand spectators made but little impression on the enormous space of this hall. The Hollanders are not good skaters, though their artists are very fond of introducing figures thus employed in their winter landscapes. Moreover, there is but little ice in the country; there were but three days of ice skating the winter Fuller spent in Amsterdam.

The Hollanders are fast skaters for a short distance, but expressed the most unbounded astonishment at Fuller's proposition to make a trial skill around a circuit of ten miles.

In his experiences in Holland there was something he never could understand. His fancy dances were always viewed with a sort of stoical indifference; but whenever he folded his arms, and thus moved along, the enthusiasm of the spectators knew no bounds. The gentlemen would cheer, and the ladies wave their handkerchiefs in frantic admiration. What there was about this easiest of all the motions on skates that so pleased these people he could never understand. It may probably have arisen from the fact that the Hollanders, in skating in their straight lines, keep their arms flying like the sails of a wind-mill.

While in Amsterdam there came off a regatta, the contestants being English yachts against those lampooned specimens of naval architecture known as Dutch galiots. To his sea-faring astonishment, these primitive-looking vessels, with bows like the side of a wash-tub, outsailed the English yachts, beating them easily in calm or rough weather!

At Rotterdam he had a day of splendid skating in the harbor, the people lining the river-banks by thousands. After appearing at all the principal towns, he ended his engagements on parlor skates before the Queen in the Opera House of the Hague, to which place she had just returned from her summer palace.

While in Amsterdam he visited Brock, on the suburbs of that city, which Washington Irving, thirty years previously, described as the cleanest city in the world. The place is sadly altered since then, for now animals—two cats and a terrier dog among them—are occasionally seen in the thoroughfares, and there are blades of grass absolutely peeping out between the bricks that cover the highways. The premium for neatness is now to be awarded Zaandam; the streets of which are also paved with brick, which are not allowed to be profaned with the feet or hoofs of any beast whatever. The houses have either their face or rear built on a canal; consequently there are no yards, and the cellars are in the garrets.

Here it was that Peter the Great pursued his business of a ship-carpenter. The hut in which he wrought as a mechanic is still in existence, protected from the elements by a brick building that incloses it. Here are still to be seen his work-bench, his tools, and his favorite seat. While looking at the memorials of departed greatness, it occurred to Fuller how strange it was that Shakspeare's house had been demol-

ished, and that the cottage of his wife, Anne Hathaway, was then for sale, subject to being removed from its foundations. The Hollanders pay a respect to the memory of a neighboring monarch and alien that the British people do not to their own blood, and one superior to Peter the Great, the immortal Shakspeare!

Five years had nearly elapsed since Fuller, with his simple pair of skates, left New York city, and turning his face toward San Francisco, crossed the continent of North America, and embarked on the broad expanse of the great Pacific. Crossing its entire width he reached Australia, passing thence up the Indian Ocean to the Arabian and Red Sea, to Suez, Alexandria, and Constantinople; then across the Black Sea and the continent of Europe, until, upon the broad wharfs of Amsterdam, he could, in imagination at least, look across the stormy Atlantic and see his native land. He had literally gone around the world on skates.

A few weeks of the fall of 1869 Mr. Fuller passed with his friends in the United States. In casual conversations from time to time our detailed account of his novel experiences was obtained —and probably he was more surprised at the fact that they were considered worth a serious record than he ever was in their trials, sufferings, and enjoyments. In the New York city morning papers of October 31, 1869, among the passengers bound for Paris is the name of W. H. Fuller. In this metropolitan city of the world, from present indications, he seems destined, for a while at least, to be the star on skates.

LINDA'S YOUNG LADY.

"MARM LINDA" was the central figure in my grandmother's kitchen; the jet ornament, so to speak, on the bosom of my maternal family! Her untiring activity, fidelity, and boundless capability were the chief cornerstones of its domestic repose; her native wit and quaint drollery the crowning glory of its pinnacle of pride. These peculiarities of hers had, in the course of years, made her so widely and favorably known through all the branches and twigs of the family tree, that to quote from Marm Linda was like quoting from Shakspeare, only that it often happened that her remarks were wonderfully like the celebrated "play of Hamlet with the Prince of Denmark left out," for from the very abundance and volubility of her words, and the tropical luxuriance of her fancy, there was apt to spring up a charming obscurity of expression, which gave a certain raciness to her remarks wholly original; her tropes and her metaphors, her similes and her aphorisms, were so abundant that they often fairly tripped up each other's heels in the utterance; and while the gist of her remarks was usually discernible amidst the fog and the mêlée, the language which was intended to be the vehicle of their conveyance was very apt to be upset, if not foundered and wrecked on its way; and any endeavor to set her right in such cases usually brought out a flood of merry, musical laughter, and the words, "Laws! well; did I now? Well, what odds? I s'pose if I didn't speak I shouldn't say nothing; so dare it is, yer see."

I can not venture in this brief sketch of my old heroine to say, as some have done, in dealing with similar dark subjects, "Linda was of the pure Congo breed;" or, "She was an unmixed African;" for she was probably nothing of the sort.

I am not going to puzzle or weary my readers with any profound genealogical investigations into the history, name, and nation of her various progenitors:

> "Who was her father? Who was her mother?
> Had she a sister? Had she a brother?"

and all that sort of thing; probably neither we nor she could have done so if we had tried, and fortunately neither she nor we ever felt called upon to make the attempt. She was in the world, she had come into it by some means or other, she did not know how; she was in it for some purpose or other, she did not know what; and she had got to leave it at some time or other, she did not know when; and that was all she seemed to know, or care to know, upon the subject; and, after all, is not that in reality pretty much the amount of what we any of us do know about it?

To be sure we have "had fathers in the flesh," and so doubtless had she, although she could not name them; and if she could not finish the quotation, "which corrected us," she could tell of many who had done her that service without the parental claim to justify them in doing so; so we will let her antecedents go, only premising that, as in the popular strong drinks of her native Southern States, the far-famed "sherry-cobblers," and "mint-juleps," sweet and sour, ice and spirit, fruit and herb, are mingled in strange and seemingly incongruous juxtaposition, and yet by the mere turning of a straw they are "in linked sweetness long drawn out." Even so it seemed in Linda's moral, mental, and physical composition, the Saxon, Congo, French, Indian, and Spanish elements, in their unknown relationships and in an unremembered past, had been mingled together, and from this strange medley of nations and sects had come forth something very good, and that something blessed our home, and was "Marm Linda." In person, Marm Linda was tall and stately; not portly, as is too often the unclassical fault in females of her hue, but trim and well built; always scrupulously neat in her dress, though with a very decided leaning to color and ornament; with a face of deep thoughtfulness when at rest, but suddenly breaking up and dimpling into all sorts of queer quips, and quirks, and droll grimaces when she spoke; embellishing her oratory by the free and graceful as well as emphatic gesticulations of head and feet, hands, arms, and shoulders.

This droll and piquant face was always enhanced by the showy folds of the Southern turban, which she had never laid aside, and which she seemed to regard as a mark of caste; for although very glad to have found a home in the North, and very proud of the free breath she drew there, she still, in her heart, entertained a certain respectful memory of the aristocracy of her native place, and took ever a grim pleasure in recalling the ancient glories of the "Old Dominion," evidently feeling that some of the reflected splendor and respectability of those old times still surrounded her, because she had been their bondwoman, "born on their estate;" and she often ended her remarks with "Laws! bress yer, chile! yer don' no noffing 'bout it; how should yer? I s'pect we had more niggers on our plantation den any one round! Laws! why, dey war jes like grasshoppers under yer feet, so thick, and 'bout as much use!"

It was one of the chief pleasures of my early life to draw out from Marm Linda some of the gorgeous reminiscences of those far-gone days, when, herself a mere thing, a chattel, she saw and heard what others were enjoying around her; but this was a difficult thing to do—a direct inquiry would have been met by Marm Linda with a respectful but obdurate silence: the subject had to be approached with extreme caution; but when once she began, particularly if you could so manage your tactics as to make her appear to volunteer the communication, she was free and voluble, warming up with her subject, and pouring out strange facts, and queer comments upon them, with a spiciness wholly her own.

"I thought I'd come out and sit with you a little while, Marm Linda," I said, one warm summer's afternoon. "Grandmamma is fast asleep on the sofa, I believe, and it is so much cooler and lighter here than it is in the parlor."

"Well, yes; I s'pects so," said Marm Linda, evidently glad to see me, although she did not wish to flatter me by letting me see it. —"Well, yes; I s'pect it is—don't hev to shet de bressed sun an' wind out ob my kitchen to keep my fine carpet and furniter from fading—that's so. Set down, honey, if yer like to—do. Law sakes, chile! no, not dare; don't go a nudging yersel' up inter de winder, jes like de cat, an' mussing up all yer putty ruffles. Look a dare now; see what a muss yer making ob 'um! I guess if yer hed to iron out yer own dresses yersel', yer'd mind how yer used 'um dat a way. I reckon yer'd be a deal more kerfuler ob dem. See now! how yer all up in a crimp behind. How long dat gownd going to las', I wonder, if yer use it so?"

"I don't know," I answered, carelessly. "However, that is no look-out of yours, Marm Linda—you won't have to do it up, any way."

"No," said my old companion, laughing good-humoredly, "I sha'n't. True for yer, yer better believe it—dat's de bressed truff, if yer don't nebber live to tell anoder; but why can't yer hev took a cheer, honey, and sot down in it, like any oder Christianer doz, an' not be allers boosting up on to de winder-lege, or histing up on to de table, just like a heathen coddered—hey?"

This last figure of speech was a very favorite one with Marm Linda. What her exact idea of a quadruped was we could never conjecture; but, as it was generally preceded by the term "heathen," we always supposed it meant something very bad in her mind.

"I 'clare I nebber see yong gals kick about as dey doz nowaday," gravely went on this sable teacher of deportment; "an' I tink it's awful ongenteel—'tain't manners to do so, an' manners is a bery fine ting, particular when dey doz not cost nothing."

"When they do not cost any thing, did you say?" said I, laughing, and removing myself, by another Ellsler twirl, from the window-sill to the end of the dresser as I spoke. "Are manners any better, then, Marm Linda, when they are to be got cheap?"

"Dare yer go agin," said my old friend, holding up her hands in holy horror at my abrupt evolution. "Dare yer go—my gracious, chile! I'd tink yer war a born pancake—I 'clare I would."

"Or a turn-over: how will that do, mammy?" I said.

"No," said Marm Linda, sternly; "yer a deal more like to be a turn-out, I reckon, if yer don't 'have yerself. I isn't going to hev no sich confloptions in dis yere kitchen, I tell yer. Ef yer can't set down widout rooting roun' an' wriggling so, yer'd better go out and wriggle in de pig-sty—dey's used to seeh manners—I isn't. Manners indeed!—cheap manners, did yer say? Wa'al, I wish dey was; I'd like to hev yer get dem cheap, for yer want a mighty deal ob dem; but I'll tell yer what, dey'd kim cheap to yer ef yer gib all yer worth for 'em!"

"Oh, Marm Linda! am I so bad as that?"

"Yes, chile; ebbery bit as bad. I nebber see a yong gal flop roun' so; stramming tro the kitchen jes like a pair ob tongs; and raging roun' an' roun' for ebber and ebber, like a mad dog-star, wid his tail in's mouth! My yong lady nebber done sich tings—oh, laws! massy on me, I'd like to see her!"

"Oh! well; I suppose she was older than I am. She was a *young lady*, you know!"

"Wa'al, yes; so she was, sometimes," said Linda, thoughtfully. "But she warn't allers older, not when she warn't no bigger than yer be; but she war a yong lady jes de same when she war lille gal. Yer wouldn't cotch *her* a cutting out into de kitchen to talk wid the darkies, I'll bet!"

"No, I suppose not; but what did she do?"

"Wa'al, she staid where she 'longed, I s'pose; up in her chamber, or in de drawing-room, or on de verander."

"Yes, I know—that was all right, I suppose; but what did she do?"

"Do? She didn't do notting oncommon, as I knows ob. She laid on the sopas, an' read

books, and talked conversation; an' eat cake an' ice-creams; and dressed for dinner, and played on her music, an' rode out—laws, dare's plenty an' enuff for a yong lady to do, wit'out cutting up shines like you do!"

"Oh yes; I dare say; but then, you see, Linda, she was only one, and so she had to behave, and be prim and proper; but I have got two older sisters, you know, to sit in the parlor and behave, and so it's no matter."

"Well! an' habn't my yong lady got sisters too? Warn't dare Miss Belle, an' Miss Loiza, an' Miss Harr'ot?"

"Why! was there? I am sure I did not know that; you always said your young lady, and so I supposed there was but one."

"Laws sakes alive, chile! yes, dare war; dare war four on 'um; but, in course, on'y one ob 'um war my yong lady. I 'longed to Miss Ad'line."

"'Longed to her?" I said, interrogatively.

"Yes, chile! don' yer know? I war her gal, her nigger—oh! laws; yer don' no, I s'pose. Yer Yankees is awful smart, and knows a deal—a sight more den dey used to know down Souf; an' yer tink yer know more nor yer do, a heap; but yer don't know ebbery ting in de world yet, honey; an' yer hes to be tole some tings, any way. Now, yer nebber libed down Souf, an' I s'pose yer don' no dat in de fust families, sich as I war raised in"—here Marm Linda bridled up complacently, and settled her turban more firmly upon her head—"dat when a lille white child is borned, de nextest lille nigger borned on de estate is 'sidered to 'long to dem."

"But how do they belong to them?" I asked.

"Why, gracious, chile! don' yer see? dey gibs dem to 'um for dare own."

"But what for, Linda?"

"Why, to play wid 'um when dey is lille childun, and wait on dem when dey grows bigger; an' to be dare nigger allers—to work 'um, or sell 'um, or keep dem, jes as dey done chooses."

"But who gives them, Marm Linda?"

"Why, de masser, honey! de fader ob de lille white chile, an' de masser ob de lille darkie—he gibs de one to de oder."

"But he has no right to do it," I said, warmly; "the darkies belong to God, and not to the masters; they don't own them!"

"Don't dey, now?" said Linda, with a low chuckling laugh, half mirth, half bitterness. "I guess dey tinks dey do; at least dey used to tink so, an' I s'pect yer tink so too, ef yer been borned down Souf, and borned a darkie. 'Long to God,' did yer say? Yes, I s'pose dey doz now, tanks to Masser Linkum, all de niggers doz now, dey say; mebbe dey did den; but ef dey did, down where I war raised, 'pears like He didn't make no great 'count of sich property den; for dey war knocked about, and thrashed round awful, in dem times. But I s'pect He has 'membered 'um since dat; for He 'pears to hev brought dem up out ob de red sea ob troubles wid a bery 'ticular 'liverance, an' sot dem up high an' dry, hallilujar! an' I'm mighty glad He's been an' done it—that's so!"

"But when you belonged to Miss Adeline, what did you do for her?"

"Why, I done a sight ob tings; I played wid her when she war lille baby, an' I toted her round when she war tired; an' when we growed bigger, I stole cakes for her from ole Aunt Basha de cook, an' fruit from de garding; I telled lies for her when she telled me to, an' when she telled lies I used to swear to 'um; an' when she broke a plate or a finger-bowl, I sed I done it, an' tuc de blame; ef she tore her gownd, I hab my ears boxed; an' ef she fell down or hurt hersel', I got a floggin'. Well! I tink I done my duty to her in dem times, any way."

"But, Marm Linda, I think it was too bad to treat the poor little darkies so; I think it was cruel and wicked!"

"Laws! no, it isn't, chile! it's what dey was made for, an' it's jes good enuff for dem; dey's allers under foot, dem little niggers is; an' dey an't ob de leastest use in de world; little lazy cusses! an' jes as imperant as dey can stare, too. Dey's allers kicked round; dey's used to it; it's good for 'um."

"But I think Miss Adeline was a cruel and wicked girl to use you so."

"Bress yer soul, chile! no, she warn't; dat's de way to bring up lille niggers. Why, she war real good to me, Miss Ad'line war. I guess if yer'd seen Miss Loiza, dough, yer would open yer eyes. Goodness alive! didn't Desdemony hev to take it? Desdemony, she war Miss Loiza's gal, an' Miss Loiza, she war a spanker, yer safe to believe dat. Oh my! when she war mad, she war mad—jes like a sky-rocket, blazin' and sizzin'; a lille mite of a ting, too, not much bigger den dat nutmeg-grater, an' as rough; arms and feet all going to onst, jes like a mad hornet. I 'clare when I see dat great wind-mill down town, thrashing roun', it allers makes me tink ob her; an' as to screamin'—why, she'd beat dat tarnation ole steam-indian dat lets off when it goes by de bottom ob de garding. Why, chile alive, I seen her screech, an' cotch her breff, an' screech agin, an' cotch her breff, till she war purple in de face; an' dey did not darst to touch her, or lay a finger on her, not one in de house, on'y masser, her farder; an' dey'd run an' call 'im, an' he'd take her by de two shoulders an' shake her till she'd hab to let go her breff—coz if he didn't she might go into fits, the doctor sed. But Miss Ad'line, she wa'n't noffing ob dat sort, an' she war bery good to me, an' bery ginerous, an' used to gib me heaps of clothes an' tings. Yes, an' she war a mighty putty yong lady, putty to look at, an' putty to behave herself—ah, well, well! poor dear Miss Ad'line!"

"And what became of her?" I said, quietly, and with an assumed air of indifference, for I saw Marm Linda was ripe for a story, if my impatience and overeagerness did not deprive

me of the coming treat. "But I suppose she is married and dead, long ago," I said.

"No she warn't, nuther," said my dusky friend; "so yer see dare's anoder time when yer tort yer knowed, an' yer didn't; least ways not married. She's dead an' gone dis many a year, my poor yong lady, dat's true enough," she said, looking up into the clear heavens as she spoke, and an unwonted shade of reverent tenderness gathering over her queer old face, seamed and drawn by years and labors. "No, she nebber war married—she had heaps an' heaps ob lovyers too, but she nebber war married; an' I war de reason ob dat."

"You were? Oh, Marm Linda! what did you do to her?" I cried out, hastily; for, as she had said the young lady was good, and beautiful, and rich, and had many admirers, I with my natural headlong impetuosity had jumped to the conclusion that Marm Linda in "toting her round," as she expressed it, must have let her fall, or meet with some terrible accident which had crippled her or disfigured her for life; but I was wrong in my hasty guess, and this was another instance, as she might have said, when I "tort I knowed, and I didn't."

"What did I do to her?" said Marm Linda, slowly and reflectively; "dis is what I done to her—yer jes cotch hold and help me wind dis yarn, an' I'll tell yer; yer see, Miss Ad'line war a mighty putty yong lady, as I telled yer, an' her pa war de richest man dare war any ware roun' dare, an' dey 'longed to one ob de fust families in Varginia," she added, with a proud satisfaction; "he war jes as rich as he could be, honey; an', in course, his yong ladies hab mighty good times, an' hab heaps ob yong gen'lemen arter dem; an' my Miss Ad'line she war de puttiest, an' de smartest, an' de pleasantest ob dem all; an', ob course, she hab de most lovyers. Oh! but didn't we hab gay times down dare? Well, Miss Ad'line she'd ride wid de yong gen'lemen, an' dance wid 'um, an' laff an' talk wid 'um, an' listen perlite enuff to all dare fine speeching an' love-making—but, laws sakes! she didn't care a pea-nut for de whole tote ob dem—I knew she didn't.

"An' so it went along, and went along, easy like; an' at las' when dey hab kim home one night from a big ball, an' I war ondressing my yong lady, I heered de oders chaffing her 'bout 'Kurnul Rollestone—Kurnul Rollestone!' Well, dat war de firstest time I ebber heer dat name, an' I didn't take no great notice on't den; but, laws! I heered it 'nuff times an' too offen, arter dat, ebber to forget it, and I s'pects I nebber will. Well, it went along, an' went along, an' den Kurnul Rollestone he begun to call at our house to see de yong ladies; an' I minded dat Miss Ad'line she used to dress up putty smart 'bout dem times—laws! I couldn't fix her hair nice enuff to suit her when he war coming; an' I guessed putty well how matters war going, for Miss Ad'line she went out in de coach wid 'im, an' he driv her out in de pony carriage; an' she rid on horseback wid him—and, oh laws! it war all de time, 'Kurnul Rollestone dis, an' Kurnul Rollestone dat;' an' he war a mighty awful handsome man, I 'lows dat! Desdemony said he looked jes like a heavenly angel in his uniform, an' so he did 'xactly!

"Well, arter a while, he begun to send Miss Ad'line bunches ob flowers, an' little mites ob letters—notes she called dem; an' she'd be so pleased to get dem, I used to lobe to carry dem to her, jes to see her smile and blush; dey didn't look noffin oncommon on de outside, but I s'picioned dey war awful putty inside, for Miss Ad'line would laff, an' blush, an' tickle over one ob dem for de longest time!

"Well, chile, when de Kurnul he sent dem notes an' flowers, he allers sent dem by his own man Phil (Philander his name war, but dey allers called him Phil); an', in course, he allers asked for me, as it war natural he would, being as I war Miss Ad'line's gal, yer know; an' I used to go down to him, ob course; an' sometimes when his master kim ober in de saddle, Phil he kim too, an' so while dey war in de parlor, or on de verander, Phil an' me we war laffing and talkin' out by de back-door.

"Well, Phil he war an oncommon peart-lookin' darkie; he warn't noffin a bit like de boys on our plantation, dough dey war a bery 'spectable set, yer may believe, coz dey hed 'longed to our masser's gran'farder, an' to his folks's folks for ebber nebber, since de world war made, I s'pect; an' our folks's folks hed allers been de very firstest family in Varginia; but dey wasn't no touch to him for good looks, an' so genteel—yer'd see at once he warn't one ob yer low, no-account, ebberyday niggers, but suthing rudder oncommon.

"He war tall, an' slim, an' wide-awake looking; an' he'd a real come-up way wid him; he war jes as spruce as a hay-cock, an' whin he hab got on some ob his masser's old clo'es (an' he mostly generally hed), an' all his gould rings, an' pins, an' studs, an' chains, an' his top-knot all brushed up, an' he smelling ob musk, an clobes, an' peppermint, yer'd say he war a big-bug! Why, he'd come up de grabble-walk, in de back-door yard, so smiling; an' he a-bowing an' a-turning out he toes, jes like a lobely butterfly!

"Well, yer see, I war a kinder peart, good-enuff looking gal den (laws, 'ebbery pea tinks hissel' de best ob de peck,' yer know), but Miss Ad'line she guv me nice clothes, an' she lobed to see me look smart, an' I—well, I tort a good deal ob mysel' in dem days; an' so, yer see, Phil he got putty sweet wid me; an' so—well, it jes went along, an' went along, an' Miss Ad'line she didn't seem to hab no objections, an' so whenebber dey war sparkin' in de parlor, Phil an' me war sparkin' in de yard."

"How old were you then, Marm Linda?" I inquired.

But the question was as unwise as it was useless, for I well knew that this was a subject which our old favorite scrupulously ignored. Whether

she knew her age, and, from a superstition common among the blacks, did not choose to impart the knowledge to others, or whether, as seemed to me the more likely supposition, she did not herself know, and proudly chose to veil her ignorance in her silence, we never could decide; but no adroit questioning, or skillful cross-examination, could ever draw from her any admission of her years.

"Jes about de same as Miss Ad'line; I tole yer so, didn't I?" she said, sharply.

"Yes—but how old was she?"

I had better not have asked. "How ole war she when she war courted; is dat what yer wants to know? Well, I'll tell yer, she war jes de right age, or it wouldn't hab happen; an' I'll tell yer suffing more," she said, looking me full in the face, with a sort of stony satire on her old dark features; "if yer ebber gets a chance to be courted yersel' (which it's not at all likely yer ebber will be), I reckon yer'll tink it's jes about de right time!"

I saw my error, and hastened to repair it. "Yes, indeed," I said; "I dare say I shall. And so Phil was a good-looking young fellow—was he now, really?—and he made love to you. How nice that was; just like Miss Adeline and Colonel Rollestone. Why, that was just right, was not it?"

"Yes," she said, mollified by my apparent heartiness; "it did seem as dough it war oncommon fort'nit; but, laws! it didn't end so. One ebening de Kurnul and Miss Ad'line dey war gone out; an' dey war to stay rudder late, coz dare war to be supper an' dancing; an' Phil he kim up to spend de long ebening wid me.

"Well, I see putty soon he'd been drinking; I'd s'picioned him afore, but dat time I war done sure ob it; he'd been an' drinked more nor he could bear; an' now he war kinder silly like, an' at last he got to talkin' rudder too free; an' at last I got sorter spunky, and I tole him to keep his distance.

"'Oh my!' he says, laffin', 'don't pray yer be so high an' mighty, Miss Belinda,' he sez, sez he; 'for in course I means to marry yer, when de Kurnel he marries Miss Ad'line.'

"'Oh, indeed! does yer, now?' I sez. 'I'm bery much oblige for yer good 'pinion; but I s'pect yer aren't sure ob it yet—be yer, now?'

"'Oh yes, I be,' he sez. 'I's sure an' sartin; dat's 'greed on!'

"'What's 'greed on?' sez I.

"'Why, dat I'm to marry you, Miss Belinda. Yer see, yer Miss Ad'line's gal; an' when she marries my masser, why in course yer 'long to him; an' he's 'greed to gib me my freedom an' a tousan' dollars, an' I'm to marry yer; an' yer an' me'll keep shop—(I knows sich a nice place)—I's a barber,' he sez; 'an' yer kin dress de ladies' hair, yer know; an' won't we live like two turkey doves?' he sez.

"'Well,' I sez to 'im, 'seems to me, darkie, yer've got it all picked an' roasted, aren't yer? An' when is all dis to be?' I sez; for I tell yer I war kinder struck up in a heap to hear it all sot out in order so.

"'As soon as ebber he marries Miss Ad'line,' sez Phil.

"'An' when 'll dat be, I'd like to know?' sez I. 'Can yer tell me?'

"'Putty soon, I hope,' sez Phil; 'for I's most tired waiting.'

"'Waiting for what?' sez I. 'What is't to yer?'

"'I reckon it's a good deal to me,' he sez; 'for I won't get my money nor my free, if he don't marry her.'

"Well, I tort dat war mighty curus; but seeing he war silly wid de drink, I didn't say so. I jes humored him, and took him easy like.

"'Is dat so?' sez I. 'An' what's de money an' de free for?' I sez, kinder quiet.

"'Dat's a great secret,' sez he. 'I don't tell dat to ebbery body; but yer sich a peart, smart gal, I wouldn't min' tellin' you; coz, yer know, we's going to sail in de same boat; an' yer won't blow on me, will yer? An', yer see, de sooner dey is married de sooner we gets de money, an' de shop, an' gets married ourselbes; and yer can help along, yer see; an' yer will, won't yer?'

"'Less hear de great secret fust,' I sez. 'I's ondoubtful if it's so much, arter all. What's yer to hev de money an' de free for?' I sez. 'Tell us dat.'

"'Well, dat's jes it,' he sez. 'Yer see, dat's masser's great secret; an' I'm to hev 'um for keepin' on it; but I'll tell you, Linda. But if yer let it out—if yer tell on me, I s'pect masser will skin me alive! Yer see—keep dark now—masser's got a wife already! he! he! he! ain't dat rich, now?'

"'Got one wife! Den what do he come arter our Miss Ad'line for?' sez I.

"'Laws sakes alive, chile! if yer isn't jes as innercent as lamb's wool!' sez Phil. 'Why, don' yer see, Masser Rollestone he's done broke, cleaned out; spent all he own money, an' more too; an' he jes wants Miss Ad'line to fill his empty pockets for 'im. Now, don' yer see, hey?'

"'Yes; but,' I sez, 'if he hab got one wife a'ready, what sort ob a marriage is dat going to be for my yong missus?'

"'Oh, well,' he sez, laffin, 'as good as dey most ob dem gibes dare darkies.'

"When Phil sed dat I war 'mazed like. I felt kinder hot, and kinder cold, too, all at onst, an' jes as ef somebody hed poured a whole lump of ice right down my back! Oh, I can't tell yer noffin' how I did felt; but I seemed to grow cunning all in a minute; an' I tort den, an' it 'pears like it now, dat it was de good Lord's doings to save my pore yong lady; for I war jes a silly, highter-tighter gal till den; an' I allers felt de Lord he minded me wat to do, for I war jes as wise like as de snake is; an' I nebber let on to Phil how s'prised I war, nor how bad I felt; but I jes answered him back:

"'Oh, sho; yer go way, nigger! Dat's a mighty loikly story! Got anoder wife, hab he? Oh, go long wid yer imperance; yer won't cotch dis chile to swaller dat wid her eyes open!'

"'Yer may, Miss Linda,' sez Phil; 'for it's de bery truff.'

"'Oh yes,' I sez, laffin' like; 'I s'pose so—in course it is; and yer hev seen her yersel', wid yer own eyes, I s'pect, hey?'

"'Yes, I hev,' sez Phil; 'I seen her many a time; an', more'n dat, I war at the weddin', an' seen her married—dare now!'

"'Oh, sakes alive! de Lord sabe us, darkie!' I cries out. 'An' ar'n't we smart? Went to de gran' weddin', did yer? Folks is mighty cibil in de Norf; I s'pect dey allers ax colored gen'lemen to dare weddin's; s'pose yer war de groom's best man yersel', warn't yer? Sho! you at de weddin'! An' why didn't yer marry her yoursel', I wonder, if dey sot so much by yer?'

"'Well,' sez he, 'I did go to de wedding, Miss Linda; so yer kin hev yer larff out; for dey were married in de church, an' all de congergation see it, too; so dat's it.'

"'An' who married 'um?' sez I; for I wanted to get de whole story out ob 'im.

"'Why! ole Parson Bradford, he's de bride's father; he married 'em.'

"When he sed dat, I felt to believe 'im, coz I knowed if her farder married dem in de church, 'fore all de folks an' ebbery body, it mus' be true. An' so, dough I felt like deaff itsel', I jes' went on, coz he war so soft like, I knowed he'd tell me any thing den I might ax 'im. So I says, 'An' what war her name?'

"'Miss Mary Eliza Bradford,' sez Phil. 'An' she war oncommon putty—as white as milk, wid great blue eyes, an' yeller hair, jes like gold—putty again as yer Miss Ad'line; an' lors! Masser lobes her twice as well, an' de lille gal too.'

"'Gracious, Phil!' says I. 'Got a young one, too? Laws sakes! why, dey is sot up in bizziness, sure enuff; an' how in de world did it all happen? Where did yer masser pick her up?'

"'Oh, yer see,' he sez, 'masser he went Norf to be eddicated at de college. An' dare he cut up some ob his shines, an' he war sent into de country, to Parson Bradford's; an' dare he done fell in lobe wid his darter, Miss Mary Eliza. An' de old parson he tort he war a rich yong Soufferner, an' dat his darter done make a great marriage. Ha! ha! I s'pect he'll fin' out his mistake 'bout de money putty quick, if my masser he don' marry Miss Ad'line.'

"'An' where is dey now—de wife an' chile?' I sez.

"'Oh! up in de country, living on de ole folks. An' dat makes me tink,' he sez, 'masser he gib me a letter to post to dem, dis ebening, an' I done forget it. Well, I sha'n't tote down dare wid it now, I tell yer! I'll keep it in my pocket till ter-morrer, an' masser'll be no wiser. See here!' an' he took out de letter an' held it up before me. 'Yer can't read an' write, kin yer, Miss Linda?'

"'Not so bery well,' says I; for, laws sakes, I couldn't tell a letter.

"'I kin,' says he. 'De ole parson teached me when I war up dare. See here: "To de Reverend Silvester Joseph Bradford, Lincoln, Massachusetts." Dare,' says he, 'now does yer believe me?'

"'Why! how nice!' I sez. 'I couldn't do dat, Phil; do, dear, yer read 'em agin, yer do it so bu'ful!'

"So den he read it agin, an' den I knowed I remember dat name. Yer see, white folks, what kin write, dey trusts to dare memmerramdums, an' dey don' trust to dare memory; but pore folks what can't write no memmerramdums, dey hes to 'member; an' my memory war jes as strong as a bull, an' I knowed I'd 'member dat name an' dat place, any way.

"'Well,' I sez, 'yer'd better put dat letter safe in yer pocket now.'

"An' den, as I hab got all I want to know out ob 'um, I jes sot an' talked conversation wid 'im 'bout oder tings; an' so he gets sober. An' by de time he masser an' my Miss Ad'line kim home, I s'pect he done forgot he hab tole me noffin'. But I tell yer, dis chile didn't forget a word on't. Well; pretty soon Masser Rollestone rung for 'im, an' Phil went round wid de horses, an' I hab time to tink a bit. An' I tort Miss Ad'line she'll call me putty quick. An' what to do 'bout tellin' her or not, I didn't know, no more nor a baby. But dem two, dey war long tellin' 'good-by,' dat night, an' I hab time to tink, an' tink. I tort she orter know it, if it war true; an' den I tort mebbe it isn't de truff—how kin I tell? An' at last dey went off. I heer de horses' feet 'trot, trot' down de abenu. An' den, when my yong lady's bell rung, I sez to myself, 'Laws! well, I'll jes wait, an' 'flect on it a little fust; dare arn't no hurry; dey is not 'gaged to each oder yet—dare can't be no hurry. "Rome war not built in de daytime," an' "one swoller don't make a summer-house," dey say. I guess I'll jes wait, an' 'flect on it a little.'

"Well, when I goes in to ondress Miss Ad'line, she war oncommon silent; an' I axed her had not she 'joyed hersel' at de party; coz she didn't joke me 'bout Phil, as she offen did, nor say hardly nuffin' to me, dough she seemed real pleasant too. An' she looks at me an' laffs, an' sez, 'Yes, chile, a very pleasant ebening, indeed!'

"So I didn't say no more. An' jes as I war going into de dressing-room, where I slep', she sez, 'Linda, yer may put out de light, an' open de winder-curtins, an' let in de moonlight.' An' so I done it. An' den she sez, 'Kim a-heah, Linda! I's got suffing to tell yer.' And I goed an' knelt down by her bedside.

"I tell'd yer she war putty; an' oh! she did look real putty dat night in de moonlight, all in white, wid her great bu'ful eyes sparklin' like di'mons, an' her cheeks a-glowing like two red

roses. She hed a branch ob white jesmin' in her hand, which de Kurnul gib her, an' she kinder kivered her face wid it as she spoke, as if she didn't want even me to look at her while she talked.

"'Linda,' she sez, kinder soft like, 'I am very happy to-night; I am a-going to marry Kurnul Rollestone,' she sez; 'he hab offer to me to-day, an' papa sez he will gib his consent; an' oh, Linda, I lobe him so much!'

"'Oh, Miss Ad'line!' I sez; for I didn't know what in de worl' to say; 'an' will yer leave yer pa an' go away to lib wid him?'

"'Oh, Linda!' she sez, kinder tender like, an' den I see de great tears kim in her putty eyes, 'I s'pect I shall; my moder lef' her farder to kim an' live wid mine, yer know; an', Linda,' she sez, brightenin' up arter a bit, 'I'll hev yer still. Kurnul Rollestone an' me habn't forgot you an' yer sweet-heart, nudder. He sez when he is married he'll gib Phil his free, an' suffin' to set him up in bizziness; an', in course, I'll do as much for yer,' she sez, giving my chin a little soft pinch wid her putty white fingers. 'So, you see, gal, yer fortin's made; an' now run off to bed, an' dream of it, ef you can.' And I tanked her, and went out. But, laws sakes alive! I couldn't dream, for I couldn't sleep, not a wink ob one eye. I jes kep' tinkin' an' tinkin' what hed I orter to do, an' I couldn't tell nohow. I see dare wa'n't no time to lose now, an' I kep' tinkin' to mysel', 'A word before is worf two behind,' and 'A breaf may put out de candle dat would burn de house down'—an' oh! what muss I do? 'Peared I couldn't bear to tell her, an' spile all her putty happiness; an' I didn't darst to tell ole masser for de life ob me. An' den dare war Phil, an' my freedom, an' de shop; an' dough I war bery well off wid Miss Ad'line, one do lobe to own dare own arms and legs—dat's so. Well, I couldn't make it out no way, an' at las' I thinks, 'Well, I'll tell Miss Ad'line, it's jes her bizziness, an' maybe she'll know what's best to do.' An' by dat time 'twar morning, and jes den she call me, an' I went in.

"'I can't sleep to-night, Linda,' she sez to me. 'Whatebber is de matter ob me I don' no, I s'pects I's nervous; so I want yer to kim an' talk wid me.'

"Oh, de pore ting! she didn't know what she war axing for! So I went to her bedside, an' I sez to her, 'Oh, Miss Ad'line, honey! whist, now, I's got suffin' terrible to tell yer on! Oh, my pore yong lady—speak low—hush!'

"Den she sot right up in bed, deafly pale, her lips as white as her hands, and she sez, in a low whisper, 'Is it a rising, Linda?' coz, yer know, de white folks dey allers tort ob dat de bery fustest ting.

"'Oh no!' I sez, 'it ar'n't dat; but it's suffing jes as bad; an' I've found it out, an' I's kim to tell yer. But yer mus' promise, as sure as ebber yer war borned, not to tell on me, nor de one who telled me, or mebbe it will cost us both our mortal lives.'

"'I promise,' she sez; but she trembled so she could har'ly speak.

"'Will yer swear it?' I sez.

"She reached out her hand, an' took up a book from de outside ob her bed. 'Dis is my dead moder's Bible,' sez she, 'an' I swear it.' An' she kissed de book, and laid it in her bosom, an' crossed her two white arms ober it, an' she looked up to heaben; an' den she turned to me to listen.

"An' I jes scrunched down by her piller, an' I went in for't, an' I tole her all Phil had sed. An' dare she sot, stiff wid horror, an' heard me out widout a word. I got shamed when I kim to what he sed 'bout de darkies' marriages, an' I didn't darst to look in her face when I tole dat; but I made a clean breast ob it, an' tole her de whole on't. An' den I looked up at her to see how she'd bore it. An' dare she sot, white an' stiff, wid her great eyes blazin' so, I tort dey'd fire de bed-clo'es, an' she ringin' an' twistin' her two little hands; an' den she gasped out, 'De mean villian! de heartless scoundrel!—oh, I could stab him wid my own hands! An' I—oh, Linda—I lobe him so—oh, I lobe him so!' An' den she broke down, an' cried jes like a tunder-shower. An' I war glad to see dat—I tort it war safer for her.

"An' den, arter a little while, she stopped crying, an' she started up.

"'Oh, we is losing time!' she say; 'an' dare is not no time to lose. Linda! my good, true gal, you mus' go an' call yer masser.'

"'Oh, Miss Ad'line!' I sez, 'I darsn't.'

"'Yer must,' she sez. 'My engagement is not known yet,' she sez, 'an' he can save me from being de public talk; he must know it at once. Linda, you mus' go.'

"'Oh! Miss Ad'line,' I sez, down on me knees to her; 'masser will fin' out who tole me, an' he will 'tray us both, an' Massa Rollestone will kill us.'

"'I will make him promise not to 'tray yer,' sez my missus; 'so go at once.'

"An' so den I went an' called 'im, an' told 'im Miss Ad'line wanted 'im; an' masser kim in at onst, tinkin' she war sick, an' when he see her sotting dare, so pale an' awful, he cotched her up in his arms, as if she war a baby, an' cries out, 'Oh! my pore chile, what is it? Tell yer farder, my own darling!'

"An' Miss Ad'line she flinged her arms round his neck, and kissed 'im, an' she sez, 'Oh! my dear farder! I've jes learned of sich a dreadful plot.' An' when masser heer dat, he went white as yer pleas, an' he sez, as she done afore, 'A 'surrection?'

"'No, no! masser,' I sez; 'yer niggers will nebber rise—dey is too well treated for dat.'

"'Den what in de worl' is it?' he sez.

"An' Miss Ad'line she make answer to 'im: 'Dis good, true, brave gal hab found it out, an' kim to tell us; an' yer mus' swear here, on my blessed moder's Holy Bible, nebber to let her get into trubble by it, nor de one who telled her on't;' an' masser he kiss de book she held

to him, and swore. Den Miss Ad'line bid me tell 'im, an' I did. I stood up afore 'im, tremblin' like a leaf, and he nebber takin' his hot eyes off ob my face all de time, an' I tole him ebbery word, an' I'll tell yer he didn't feel pleasant! An' when I'd done (Miss Ad'line she hed been laying sobbing in his arms all de time, wid her face hid on his breast) he laid her back softly on her pillers, an' den he stood up an' he swore like a mad tiger—like ten mad tigers!—'till I got scar't. I tort he'd hev de house down! 'Oh, farder, farder! don't,' sez my missus, 'please don't; curses don't do no good.' 'An' please, masser,' I sez, 'de good word is as soon sed as de bad one, and keeps sweet a deal longer; an' I've heer'd tell dat curses, like kittens, comes home to roost.' An' den, mad as he war, my masser looked at me an' laffed; I tink he war nervous, too, mebbe.

"Den Miss Ad'line say to him, 'Farder, what will yer do?'

"'Fin' out de truff fust,' sez he; 'seems to me Rollestone dare not play such a develish game on me! Ad'line, do yer believe in dis gal? is she capable of making up sich an infernal lie? Gal! if yer is deceivin' us, I'll hev de truff whipped out of yer, if yer life comes wid it.'

"'An' yer may, masser!' I sez, lookin' 'im full in de eye. 'I'd gib my life to save Miss Ad'line; an' I don't care so 'ticular 'bout livin' now!' an' den, when I tort ob all I hab lost, I cried too.

"'Oh! farder,' sez Miss Ad'line, takin' my hand in both hers; 'no, no! she couldn't do it, an' she wouldn't if she could; you forget that Phil is her sweet-heart, an' to sabe me she hab gib up her lobyer and her freedom. Oh! she is true, depend on't! But how can we find out the truff?'

"'Write me down de name on dat letter,' sez masser; 'don't make any mistake. I am on de Vig'lence Committee. You say Phil war to post it to-day. I shall go at once to de post-office, an' say I hab reason to s'pect a Norden Abolition parson is tamperin' wid de niggers here, an' teachin' dem to read an' write, an' I s'picions sartin' parties here is in 'munication wid dem' (it war agin de law den to teach de darkies, yer know), 'an' if any letter comes wid dat name on it, it is to be stopped, an' 'livered up to me in private. An' now I'll go,' he sez; 'an' Ad'line, my child! lie down an' try to compose yersel', and sleep a little; an', Linda, stay here wid yer missus, an' don't let any one in. Keep de door locked, an' don't go down to see any one. I shall say down stairs Miss Ad'line is too feverish to see any one but you; an' harken, gal! if yer hev told de truff, an' saved my daughter from a fate worse nor death, it shall be de best day's work yer ebber did for yerself.' But I couldn't think dat—I tort ob pore Phil, an' my freedom, an' I cried. Well, in less den one hour masser kim home wid de bery letter Phil hab showed me in he hand. Well, dey opened it, an' sure enuff dare war a letter to his wife inside on't; an' masser opened dat, an' gibed it to Miss Ad'line to read, an' she read it out, wid her big eyes blazin', an' her little white teeth set, an' de words hissin' trough 'um, jes as if it war a rattlesnake talkin'. Well, it war full ob lobe to his wife an' de baby, tellin' her he never see no woman to compare wid her; dat his bizziness war gettin' on bery well now, an' he hoped soon to move to Washington, an' when he war settled dare, he would kim up an' see dem offener; an' war longin' for de day when his 'fairs war so settled dat he could take her home to lib wid 'im.

"'De d—nable scoundrel!' sez masser. 'I'll help settle his 'fairs for 'im!' So den dey sealed up de two letters, bery careful, and masser he jes sot an' writ anoder letter to de old parson; an' he telled him, cibil like, that Kurnul Frank Rollestone were payin' 'tentions to a yong lady he war gardeen to; but he hev heer reports agin him, dat he had been wild at college, and run'd trough his money; and as he knowed he war under his care some time, would he tell him if he knew any ting aginst him to prevent a virtuous an' hon'able yong lady from marrying him; an' he put de same name on it; an' den he tuck dem both to de office hissel'; an' he sez to me, 'Keep in missus's chamber, keep de door locked, say she's de bad headache, an' be sure, if Rollestone comes, or Phil, yer don't show yerself; let Sam or one ob de oders go to de door, an' take de messages.'

"Well, I obey his orders. It warn't no lie to say my dear yong lady war sick, any way; an', sure enuff, Phil he kim at noon, wid his masser's compliments, an' some flowers for Miss Ad'line; an' I telled Sam to put de flowers in de hall, an' say Miss Ad'line hed a bery bad headache, an' I couldn't leave to come down.

"Well, arter a little time kim a letter from de ole parson—an' it war all true! De ole gen'leman sed he hab know de Kurnul some years; dat he hed been a little wild at college, he supposed, but noffing more dan many rich yong men war, an' he knowed noffing 'ginst him but dat. But, he say, de yong lady must hab mistake de Kurnul's 'tentions 'tirely, for de Kurnul war a married man, habin' married his darter 'bout tree years ago; his son-in-law war den at the Souf settlin' up some ob his 'fairs, but his wife an' chile war wid dem; an' Misses Rollestone had jes received a letter from her husban'. Dare mus' be some mistake in de name.

My masser an' Miss Ad'line dey hab jes done read de letter when Sam fetched me word Kurnul Rollestone war in de drawin'-room. I didn't tell Miss Ad'line—I tort it best not—but I called out masser an' telled him, an' he went down.

"Well, he jes called him out on ter de front verander, an' gib him de ole parson's letter, an' watched him while he read it.

"'Yer need not deny it,' he sez; 'for I kin read de lie in yer d—d white face. If yer war worff a gen'leman's powder an' shot, I'd shoot

yer where yer stan'; but yer beneath me. For my darter's sake, I'll gib yer jes one hour's start to make yer escape. At de end ob dat time I'll go to de banks an' de hotels an' all de public places, an' 'claim yer as a liar an' a cheat, a pauper an' a swindler; an' ef ebber yer is foun' round here agin, by de Lord dat made me I'll sot de blood-hounds arter yer!' an' wid dat masser knocked 'im down, an' kicked him down de front steps.

"Sam telled me dis arterward. Sam was tickled to deaff when he seen it, for dough he didn't know what Kurnul Rollestone hab done, yet he hab allers hated de Kurnul an' Phil, Sam hab, coz—Desdemony and me, we praised 'um; an' yer know, 'when de tree is fallen, ebbery hatchet wants to hab a chop at it.' Well, yer may b'lieve me, we nebber see no more ob dem two lobyers!"

"Poor Miss Adeline! How did she bear it?" I asked.

"Putty well, afore folks. She hab too much spunk to gib way when folks war round; an' she laffed an' danced an' sung, jes as she use to; but, laws, I could see de difference in her. She couldn't keep it up 'fore me; an' she didn't care to. She knowed dat I knowed only too well!"

"But was she never courted again, Linda?"

"Sakes alive, chile! She hab heaps an' heaps of lobyers; but what war dey to her? She didn't care for none ob 'em! Oh no, no, chile! 'De mill can't grind wid de water dat's past by.' Ah, dat's so—dat's so!

"She war kinder del'cate all dat summer, and when it kim autumn she took'd a bad cold, an' den she war more del'cater still, an' all dat winter she kinder faded like, an' in de spring she died. I tink she knowed she war going to die, an' I tink she warn't sorry; for it 'peared as ef de sunshin' ob her heart hab gone out.

"De day she died—it war bery hot, an' she war bery weak, an' I stood by de bedside fannin' ob her, an' masser he sot by her piller; an' all at once she looks up, an' sez, 'Papa, dearest, what did yer ebber do for dis good, true, brave gal what saved me from such a dreafful fate? Didn't yer say yer'd gib her her freedom, an' hab she ebber hab it?'

"'No, my darling!' sez masser, 'not yet; but I mean she shall.'

"'Oh papa!' she sez (suffin' as she used to speak in de merry ole times), '"I mean" is a good dog, but "I've done" is a better one.'

"'I know it, dearest,' sez my masser; 'an' I hev de papers all ready in de house for her.'

"'Den,' she sez, 'papa, dear papa! will you bring dem, an' let me hev de pleasure ob gibin' dem to her mysel'? It may be dis is de bery lastest ting yer pore little Addy will ebber ax ob yer.'

"Pore ole masser! he nebber sed a word (I doubt he couldn't), but he got right up an' went out.

"In a little while he kim back wid de papers in his hand. I tort Miss Ad'line war asleep den, for her eyes war shut, an' I made a sign to masser not to 'sturb her; but she heered 'im, and opened her eyes, an' held out her hand for de papers, an' masser gibed 'um to her.

"'Tank yer,' she sez; 'are yer sure dey is all right? did a lawyer draw dem up? are yer sure dey is all correct, papa?'

"'Dey is all right, my dear chile!' sez masser; 'yer may 'pend on dat.'

"Den she turns to me: 'Linda! dear Linda! my good, true gal!' she sez, 'I gib yer yer freedom—here is yer papers; take dem from me, in memory ob yer truff an' devotion to me.'

"'Oh, Miss Ad'line!' I sez, crying as if my heart would break—'oh, my dear, dear yong missus!'

"'No,' she say, softly, 'not your missus now, nebber yer missus any more; yer is free—free as I am, Linda! An' when we meet again in yonder heaben,'—an' she lifted her little trembling white hand as she spoke, 'it will not be as missus an' slave, but as friends, dear Linda! friends!' an' dem war de last, libing words she ebber spoke."

TOGETHER.

A song for the season, my dear, my dear,
A song for the sunshiny weather!
And what does it matter the time o' the year,
When you and I are together?

A song for the summer, flying south,
A flattering song to stay her!
And if I were the bird with the golden mouth,
I would not care to delay her.

All the year round my skies are blue,
Into your blue eyes gazing;
Shining, smiling, tender and true—
Oh, these are the ones for praising!

The best of mine that the year could claim
Were a homage but half-hearted,
For I know the brightness will be the same
When her bloom is all departed.

When out of the world the sunshine slips,
Its hoard the hearth-stone showeth;
The one light suffereth no eclipse,
Whatever the way it goeth.

It's you that's wearing the summer's crown,
To you all sweet names gather;
It's you I love when the snows are down—
Oh, let me sing you rather!

For though I whisper it unaware,
Your name is a spell that raises
All singing sprites that dwell in the air,
Making a sheaf of praises.

A song to the youth our years above,
Holding all worlds in tether;
It suits all seasons, my love, my love,
While you and I are together!

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A BRAVE LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

With Illustrations.

THE EPILOGUE,

WHICH perhaps none will listen to. They may say, "The curtain has fallen; the play is played out. No more!"

But the play was not played out. Who dare say, "My work is done," till the breath fails wherewith to say it? Thus, if after her sad and stormy life it pleased Heaven to give a sunshiny sunset to my dear Lady de Bougainville, why should I not tell it? even though the telling involves more than people may care to hear of this insignificant life of mine—which only became of value after I fell in love with her. But there was once a little mouse who gnawed the net-meshes of an imprisoned lion; and though the creature never pretended to be any thing but a mouse, I think it must have been a very happy-minded mouse ever afterward.

Where shall I take up my story? From the day when she turned the key of the little hair-trunk, thereby silently locking up—as, child almost as I was, I felt that I myself would have locked up—the treasure-house of the past? I asked her no questions, and she gave me no explanations; but from that hour there arose an unspoken tenderness and a sympathy stronger even than that which not seldom draws together the old and the young, in spite of—nay, rather on account of—the great difference between them. Contrast without contrariety is one of the great laws of harmonious Nature; and two people, however unlike, who have the same ideal, will probably suit one another better than many who seem more akin. It was just as when, on reading some great poet—so great, yet so simple—I used to be astonished and yet pleased that I could comprehend him. So, I grew worthier and better in my own sight to find I could in a dim, feeble way understand Lady de Bougainville.

Are no love-vows registered except by lovers? I think there are. I could tell of a certain little maid who lay awake half the night, thinking of caliphs and viziers, and old trunks with dead children's clothes; and of what King David said about the term of mortal life being threescore years and ten, "and if by reason of strength we attain unto fourscore years." Ten years more, then. Ten years to try and fill up a blank life; to make a dull life cheerful, perhaps even happy. Ten years for a motherless child to give passionate, adoring filial duty to the mother of six dead children; receiving—well, perhaps nothing; but it mattered not. The delight was in the duty, not its reward: in the vow and its fulfillment, rather than in the way it might be accepted by its object. This, time would show. Meanwhile, in the dead of night, with the last flicker of flame lighting up the wax figure of John the Baptist, and the white owl—which had brought up her young, I heard, year after year in the ivied court-yard below—hooting mournfully under the window, the vow was made. And, thank God! I have kept it to this day.

When I came down at eight o'clock, it was to an everyday breakfast-table, where sat—no, *not* an everyday old lady, talking to an old woman, as broad as she was long, with a kind, good, ugly face, who stood behind her chair. Mistress and servant were, I believe, nearly the same age, but the former looked much the older. They were talking together with that respectful tenderness on one side, and friendly confidence on the other, which mark at once two people who in this relation have spent together nearly all their lives.

Lady de Bougainville looked up as I entered, and turned upon me—a little suddenly, as if she had momentarily forgotten me—her beautiful smile.

I began this book by a picture of her, as near as I could draw it, as she first appeared to me. Now, when I have since tried to paint her in different shape, will the likeness be recognizable? Will any one trace in the stately lady of seventy, sitting placidly at her lonely breakfast-table, the passionate Josephine Scanlan of Wren's Nest? Still less will there be read in the sweet old face—the cheeks of which were pink and fresh as a child's, for she had been out in her garden, she told me, since seven in the morning—those years of anguish and trial, ending in the total desolation of the widowed wife and childless mother, from whom God had taken every thing—every thing! leaving her alive, and that was all.

Strange—inconceivably strange!—and yet most true. Sometimes—as she showed me that day in one of her favorite laurels—when a healthy tree has been blighted by frost, if it still retains a fragment of vitality it will shoot up again, not in its old shape, but in a different one, and thus live on. So did she.

"Bridget," said Lady de Bougainville, "this is Miss Weston, who has been so very ill, and is come to us to be made well again. Bridget will look after you and take care of you, my dear. She is wonderful at nursing, and rather likes having somebody to make a fuss over."

Bridget courtesied, with a fond look at her

lady; and then, softening a little, I suppose, at my white face—for I was very weak still—hoped with true Irish politeness that I should soon get better; every body must feel the better for coming to Brierley Hall. In which sentiment I cordially agreed with her. And perhaps she was sharp enough to see my heart in my eyes, for she gradually became mild toward me, and we grew capital friends, Bridget and I.

And Bridget's mistress?

I have a distinct recollection of every hour of that day, the first whole day that I spent with her, and which was the type of many other days; for they were all alike. Existence went on like clock-work in that great, lonely, peaceful, beautiful house. At seven—winter and summer—the mistress was in her garden, where she had a personal acquaintance with every flower and bush and tree, and with every living thing that inhabited them.

"I think," she said to me one day, "I am fonder of my garden than even of my house, because, you see, it is alive. And it is always busy—always growing. Even at my time of life I like to see things busy and growing."

She was always busy, certainly. To my surprise, directly after breakfast she sat down to her "work;" and very hard work it was, too. First, the management of her household, into the details of which she entered with the minutest accuracy: liberal, but allowing no waste; trustful, but keeping a careful observation of every thing. Next, the "stewardship," as she called it, of her large fortune, which entailed much correspondence; for her public and private charities seemed endless. She was the best woman of business I ever knew. She answered her letters every day, and paid her bills every week: "For," she said, "I wish those that come after me to have, when I die, as little trouble as possible."

This solitary living—solitary dying—which she referred to so continually and so calmly—at first seemed to me very terrible. Yet beautiful too; for it was a life utterly out of herself. Sitting at her little writing-table, in her corner by the fire, she seemed forever planning how, by purse or influence or kindly thoughtfulness, she could help others. "I have nothing else to do," she said, when I noticed this; and then, as if shrinking from having said too much, or betrayed too much by the sigh which accompanied the words, she began hastily to tell me the history of a letter she was then writing to a certain Priscilla Nunn, for whom she had just bought an annuity.

"I paid it myself for several years, and then I began to think, suppose I were to die first, what would become of Priscilla? So I have made all safe to-day; I am so glad."

She looked glad, with the pure joy that has nothing personal in it; and then, in that pretty garrulousness which was almost the only sign of age about her, began to tell me more of this Priscilla Nunn, and how she, Lady de Bougainville, had once sewed for her.

"For money, Winifred. For, as I told you last night, I was once very poor."

"But you are not sorry to be rich? Not sorry to be able to do such things as you have just now been doing. Oh, it must be grand—grand! To sit in your quiet corner here, and stretch invisible comforting hands half over the world, just like Providence itself. How I envy you! What it must be to have power, unlimited power, to make people happy!"

"God only can do that," she said, gravely.

"Yes; but He uses you to do it for Him."

I know not how the words came into my mouth, but they did come, and they seemed to please Lady de Bougainville. She laid her hand upon mine, very kindly.

"You speak 'wiser than you are ware of;' and even an old woman is not too old to learn wisdom from the lips of a child."

Then she rose, and saying her work was done for to-day, took me with her into the library.

That library, what a world of wealth it was!—an ancient and modern literature, down to last month's reviews and magazines.

"I took to reading twenty years ago, to keep myself from thinking," said Lady de Bougainville; "and in my long evenings I have taught myself a little of modern languages. But I never was an educated woman. No doubt," she added, with a smile, "you, a modern young lady, know a great deal more than I."

Perhaps I did, having swallowed an enormous quantity of unassimilated mental food; but I was a starved young pedant still, and I had not lived three days with Lady de Bougainville before she taught me the wholesomest lesson a girl of my age could learn—my own enormous ignorance.

Taught it me quite unconsciously, in daylight walks and fireside talks; when, after her long lack of any companionship, even mine, such as it was, proved not unwelcome to that strong, clear brain, which had come to the rescue of the empty heart and saved it from breaking.

Yet there was a good deal of eccentricity about her too, and about her way of life, which had long fallen into such a mechanical round that she disliked the slightest change therein. To press one hour's duties into the next one, to delay or alter a meal, to rise later or go to bed earlier than usual, was to her an actual pain. But these were only the little spots in my sun. She shone still, the centre of her peaceful world; from her radiated all the light it had; and, in its harmony and regularity, I, poor little wandering star that I was! first learned, in great things and small, the comfort, the beauty, the actual divineness of heaven's first law—Order.

Yet when I lived longer with her, and, my visit over, found some excuse, often so shallow that she actually smiled, for coming to see her nearly every day, it was impossible not to allow that Brierley was right in calling Lady de Bougainville "peculiar." She had some crotchets, absolute crotchets, which one would have smiled at but for the causes which had originated them,

too sad for any smile. She never would enter a single house in Brierley—that is, a well-to-do house, though she often crossed the thresholds of the poor. Nor would she have any visitors of her own rank; she shut her doors, as I once told her, laughing, upon all "respectable" people. Even my father, except for his formal clerical visits, was not admitted there any more than the old rector had been. She seemed to shrink from all association with the outside world—that is, personal association—though she knew all that was going on therein, and liked to hear of events and people, near and remote, in which I tried to interest her. But though she listened, it was always with a gentle indifference, as if that long frozen-up heart, which was kind to all living things, was capable only of kindness, nothing more; the warm throb of responsive human affection being stilled in it forever.

I often thought so. And when I, in my impetuous youth, used day after day to spring up the entrance steps, guarded by their two huge stone vases, and, with an expectation eager as any of the "fellows" (as Lady G. in "Sir Charles Grandison" calls them) that used to come a-courting to the young gentlewomen in hoops and farthingales who once inhabited Brierley Hall—I went in search of my beautiful old lady, my silly heart often sank down like lead. For, though she always paused in whatever she was doing, to give me the gentle "Is that you, my dear? how kind of you to come and see me," I felt, by her very use of the word, that her heart toward me was only "kind"—that was all.

Well! how could it be otherwise? What a foolish girl was I to expect it to be otherwise! And yet it sometimes made me a little sad to think I had only the stubble end of her life, while she reaped the whole rich harvest of mine. "Ridiculous!" most people would say; "Contemptible!" I think she would have said, who of all women most understood what that love is which loves freely, hoping for nothing again. Yet I fretted a good deal about it, until chance brought my trouble to a climax, and me to my right senses for evermore.

Somebody hinted to my father that I was going too much to Brierley Hall; that people would say I had designs upon the old lady, who had a large fortune and no heirs. So he, being a proud man, dear heart! and a sorrowful, hard life had made him prouder still, when my next invitation came, forbade my going thither.

I rebelled. For the first time in our lives my father and I had words—and bitter words, too. I was not a child now; I was past seventeen, with a strong will of my own; and it was not only my own pleasure that I grieved to lose. Summer had gone by, that long, bright summer when I had been made so happy at Brierley Hall, and grown familiar with every nook within and without it. Now, the bare trees stretched empty arms up to the leaden winter sky, and within the house—the large, chilly, gloomy house—where the Christmas holly smiled forlornly upon the vacant rooms, sat one lonely old woman, who, rich as she was, sweet and lovable as every day I found her more and more to be, was still only a woman, lonely and old.

"I *will* go to her, whatever you say!" cried I, in a passion of tears, and rushed from my father, hardly knowing what I was doing, or what I meant to do—rushed through the stormy afternoon to Brierley Hall.

Lady de Bougainville was sitting in the cedar parlor, the smallest and least dreary of all the rooms. For a wonder she was doing nothing, only looking into the fire, which had dropped into hollow blackness, as if long unstirred.

"How good of you, Winny, to come all through the rain! I am quite idle, you see, though I have plenty of work to do. Perhaps it is the fault of my eyes, and not the dark day, but I can not manage to thread my needle."

She spoke a little sadly. I knew, if she had a dread in this world it was of her sight failing her, of growing "dark," as Bridget called it, which to one so independent in her ways, and disliking dependence more even than old people usually do, would have been darkness indeed.

"Still, if it comes," added she, sighing again (I knew what "it" meant), "I hope I shall be able to bear it."

"It will not come, and if it did, you would bear it," said I, passionately, as I sat down on the foot-stool beside her, and took possession of her dear old hand, playing ostensibly with the emeralds and diamonds which covered it. But it was the hand I loved, soft and warm, strong and delicate, lovely to look at, lovely to feel; as I can see and feel it still, though—No, I will have none of these tears. We may weep over the blasted, withered corn, the grain trodden under foot, or scattered unreaped to the winds of heaven; but when the ripe sheaf is gathered into the garner, then who grieves?

Let me remember her as she sat in her easy-chair and I sat at her feet, trying to amuse her all I could; with tales of the village, of the neighbors, of various Christmas treats in the school-rooms and the alms-houses, and so on. To all of which she listened with her usual smile; and I kept up mine too as well as I could. But I was not good at deception, I suppose, for she said, suddenly:

"Winifred, there is something on your mind; tell me what it is. I should be sorry if any trouble were to come near my merry little Mouse." (Mouse was a name she had for me from my smallness, my bright eyes—yes, I fancy they were bright, being like my father's—and the brown of my hair.)

The kind words—so unexpected—touched me to the quick. Bursting into tears, I poured out to her my grievous woe and wrong.

"Is that all? What mountains of mole-hills we do make at seventeen! To be in such despair from a lost visit! My silly little girl!"

I drew back in sensitive pain. Evidently, the real cause of my grief, the dread I had of

being separated from her, and the fact that the chief happiness of my life consisted in being with her, had never occurred to my dear old lady.

It was hard: even now I recognize that it was hard. And I do not hate poor Winny Weston, that the bitterness and anguish of her heart found vent in exaggerated words.

"Silly am I! I know that, and no wonder you think so. It is no matter to you how seldom I see you, or if I am never allowed to see you again. I am nothing to you, while you are every thing to me."

A declaration as impetuous as that of any young man in love—nay, I have taunted one young man with its being more so! No wonder Lady de Bougainville was a little astonished by it—until, perceiving how real my emotion was, she, with a curious sort of look—

"Half smiling, half sorry,
Gazed down, like the angels in separate glory,"

upon poor, foolish, miserable me.

Then she spoke seriously, even sadly: "Winny, I had no idea you cared for me so much; I thought no one ever would care for me again in this world."

While she spoke a quiver ran across her features, and a dimness—I could hardly believe it tears, for I had never seen her shed one—gathered in her eyes.

"You are very good," she said again—"very good to an old woman like me; and I am grateful."

Grateful! Lady de Bougainville grateful to me? And telling me so with that sweet dignity which made me more than ever ashamed of myself; for had I not heard her say more than once, that the love which worries its object with jealous exactions is not love, but the merest selfishness?

I hung my head. I begged her pardon. "But," I said, "this is hard for me—harder than you think. What chance have I of learning to be good, and sensible, and womanly, excepting through you? I thought you would have 'grown' me, as you do your young servants and your cabbages."

I had made her smile, which was what I wanted; also, perhaps, to wipe out with a sillier jest the remembrance of my romantic folly.

"And then, as you told me once, no sooner do they get hearts in them than some young man of Brierley finds it out and carries them off. It would be just the same with you, Winny!"

"Never!" I cried, indignantly; "I wish for nothing better than to spend my whole life beside you."

"Ah! that is what children often say to their parents, yet they marry for all that."

"I never would, if I were a child of yours."

"A child of mine!" The words seemed to pierce her like sharp steel. "You forget I have no children—that is, all my children are in heaven. No one on earth can ever replace them to me."

I had gone too far; I recognized it now. Recognized, too, with a passionate sympathy that almost took away the personal pain, what tenacity of faithfulness was in this strong heart of hers, which admitted no substitutes. Other interests might cluster round it outside, but its inner, empty niches would remain empty forever.

"No," I said, gently—not even attempting to repossess myself of her dear hand, which had slid from mine somehow—"neither I nor any one could ever dream of replacing to you your children. But you will let me be your little servant? I love you so."

She was touched, I saw. Even through the frost of age, and of those many desolate years, she felt the warmth of this warm young love of mine. Stooping down she kissed me affectionately; and giving me one of her hands, sat, with the other shading her face, for ever so long. We made no mutual protestations—indeed I think we hardly exchanged another word on the subject—but from that hour our relations seemed to rest on quite a different footing, and we understood tacitly that they were to last for life.

I could have sat forever at her feet, catching glimpses of her face in the fire-light, and wondering how it felt to have had every thing and lost every thing, and to come to sit at seventy years of age by a vacant hearth, with all one's treasures in heaven; and, as the Bible says, "where one's treasure is, there will one's heart be also." Wondering, too, whether it was that which caused the peace that I saw gradually growing in her face, as at last removing her hand she left it for me to gaze at. It was quite bright now.

"I have made up my little plans, Winny," said she, cheerfully, "and you shall hear from me to-morrow—that is, your father shall. Now go home to him, for it is growing dark, and he will be anxious. Happy you to have a father who is anxious over you! We must not vex him. Parents first, always."

"Yes," I answered, but it might have been a little dolefully, and more lingeringly even than usual I might have taken my departure: for just at the door Lady de Bougainville called me back.

"Child"—and the hand she laid on my shoulder was firm as that of youth, and her eyes blazed as they might have done thirty or forty years ago. "Child, be wise! Before you sleep, make friends with your father, and be thankful that he is such a father—a prudent, tender, honorable man. All men are not so. Sometimes it is the will of God to tie together, by relationship or marriage, people who are so unlike that, if not thus tied, they would fly from one another to the world's end. And sometimes"—her voice sank lower—"it is right so to fly. They have to choose between good and evil, between God and man. Pity them, but let no one dare to judge them—no one can—except the Judge of all."

She stopped, trembling violently. Why, I knew not then; I do now. But very soon she recovered herself—the sooner, I think, because she saw that I understood nothing below the mere words she was saying. All I did was to stand shamefaced before her—she, who was so wise, so good; so infinitely wiser and better than I could ever hope to be. I said so.

"No," she answered, sadly; "neither good nor wise. Only one can not live seventy years and learn nothing. Therefore, Winifred, listen to me. Never say to any one what you said to me to-day—that you wished you could leave your father. Some have to do it, as I said: children from parents, wives from husbands, must turn and depart. And if it has to be done"—and she drew herself erect, and her eyes flashed, almost fiercely, till I could understand what a fierce woman she must have been in her youth—"if it must be done, I say, Do it! unflinchingly, without remorse. Cut off the rotten branch; fly from the plague-stricken house. Save your soul, and fly. But, oh! not till the last extremity, not till all hope is gone—if it ever is quite gone: we can not tell. Child, those whom God has given you, have patience with them; *He* has. Hold fast by them, if it be possible, to the end."

And as she looked at me I saw all her fierceness ebb away, and a tenderness, deeper than even its usual peaceful look, grow on her dear face.

"Now go, my dear. I have said enough, perhaps too much, but I want you to be friends again with your father. I think," she added—(was it with a natural fear at having betrayed any thing, which I understood not then, but do now?)—"I think I am sensitive on the subject of fathers—mine was very dear to me. He died—let me see—full fifty years ago; yet I remember him, and all about that time, more clearly than I remember many nearer things. We were very happy together, my father and I."

She spoke calmly and cheerfully, as it seems people do learn to speak of their dead after fifty years; and, kissing me, sat down again once more in her quiet arm-chair by her solitary fire.

Next day my father showed me a letter which he had just received from Lady de Bougainville, asking his permission for me to be her reader and amanuensis for two hours every forenoon. She needed such help, she said, because of her failing eyesight, and preferred mine because she was used to me, and "loved" me.

"Not that I wish to monopolize your daughter." (I smiled to see how boldly her noble candor cut the knot that would have perplexed a feebler hand.) "Still less do I intend, as I hear is reported in Brierley, to leave her my fortune. It has been left, for many years, to a charity. But I wish to make her independent, to put in her hand what every woman ought to have—a weapon wherewith, if necessary, to fight the world."

She therefore proposed, instead of salary, to give me first-rate masters of every kind, and that I should take my lessons of afternoons, at Brierley Hall. This would make all easy, she said, during my father's frequent absence from home all day long. "And you may trust me to take care of your child," she added. "I was a mother once."

This last touch went to my father's heart—a tender heart, for all its pride.

"Poor lady—poor lady!" said he. And after reading the letter over once again, with the comment, "She is a wise old woman, this grand friend of yours," consented to it without reserve.

Thus my life was made plain to me—plain and clear—busy and bright; nay, brighter than I ever expected. For my father himself, on his own account, began to admire Lady de Bougainville.

Hitherto they had held aloof, for they differed widely theologically. She listened to his sermons—never commenting, never criticising—and that was all. But, as she slowly found out, whether or not he preached it, he lived "the Gospel." "Winny," said she to me one day, when she had watched him into one of those miserable cottages which were the disgrace of our parish, where, like most increasing parishes, the new-built palatial residences of our rich neighbors drove our poor neighbors to herd together like pigs in a sty—"Winny, some of these days I should like to see a little more of your father. Once, I believed in the Church in spite of the minister; now, I believe in the Church—and the minister."

And when I told him this, again he said, "Poor lady!" For my father, like the late Reverend Sir Edward de Bougainville—of whom he had chanced to hear a good deal, since he came here, from an Irish dean he knew—was a Low-Church clergyman.

Low-Church, High-Church, Broad-Church—what insane distinctions! Oh, that I could obliterate them all! Oh, that I could make every one who serves at the altar like this dear father of mine—whom I do not paint here, for he is mine, and he lives still, thank God! He and I do not agree entirely; like many another child, I fancy Heaven has granted to me clearer light and purer air than to my father; but I love him! I love him! and I believe God loves us both.

And we both of us lived and grew together in love more and more, under the shadow of that beautiful and benign old age of Lady de Bougainville. I can not picture it—who could?—but it was most like one of those November days which always remind me of her; when the whole world seems spiritualized into a sunshiny tranquillity, so that we notice neither sodden leaves nor withered flowers, nor silent gardens empty of birds, but delight ourselves in the celestial beauty of the departing year, as if it were to remain with us forever.

On just such a day, the 18th of November (for though I did not note the date, others did), something happened which was the first break

in the heavenly monotony of our lives, and which therefore, I suppose, I ought to set down, though to me then, and long afterward, it seemed a matter of little moment.

We had been sitting, Lady de Bougainville and I, in the summer-house by the lake, where we still spent every fine afternoon. She had two "crotchets," she called them, being quite aware of every weakness she had, and now and then half apologizing for some of them; she liked to live like a bird in the open air, and every day to see the last of the sun. He was setting now, gorgeously, as he often does in November, in front of us, and making a second sunset glow in the yellowing elm-leaves which still hung on the boughs of the wood behind. For the park round Brierley Hall was full of magnificent trees—the relics of the old chase—and its mistress barricaded herself with them against those horrible villas which were rising up, like red and yellow fungi, on every side. It was her weak point, that and the new railway, now crawling like a snake every day nearer and nearer, till as we sat here we could hear the navvies hammering in the cutting below.

It vexed her—even in her calm old age, it vexed her. She saw no beauty in these modern improvements, which were making our pretty village like a London suburb; and she hated, with an almost amusing wrath—which I rather delighted in, since it brought her down to the level of common mortals—every new-built house that lifted up its ugly head, chimney-laden, to stare into her green domain.

"There is another, I declare!" she cried, catching a sight which I had noticed days before, but kept to myself. Now the thinned trees discovered it all too plain. "Look, Winifred, your eyes are better than mine. Is there not building a great, yellow-brick house, with a turret to it, which will overlook us where we sit? Horrible! I never infringe on my neighbors' rights, but I must preserve my own. This must be seen to immediately."

I encouraged her wrath, I fear, for it did my heart good to see it—to find her so much "of the earth earthy." Since these three days she had been kept indoors with one of the slight illnesses which sometimes came even to her healthy old age, and which she called, with the quaint phraseology she often used, "her messages from home."

So I followed her, smiling to myself, as with a firm, indignant step she walked home, fast as any young woman, and sent a message to the owner, builder, foreman, or whoever was in charge of the obnoxious house, that Lady de Bougainville wished to speak to him immediately.

I smiled then. I smile now, with a strange, half-sad content, to think how little we know what is before us, and upon what merest trifles hang all the momentous things of our lives.

Immediately, as she had requested—indeed so soon that we had hardly time to recover our equilibrium, since even such a small thing as this was an event in our quiet days—appeared a gentleman—yes; Bridget, who saw him waiting in the hall, was certain he was a gentleman—who sent up his card, saying he was the architect of the house opposite.

"Mr. Edward Donelly! An Irish name," said Lady de Bougainville, shrinking back with vainly suppressed repugnance. "I think I would rather not see him. I have not seen a stranger for so many years. Winifred, will you speak to him?"

I might have reasoned, but had long ceased to reason against those dear, pathetic "peculiarities" of hers—may others have patience with mine when I am seventy years old! So, unhesitatingly—thinking only to save her from any annoyance, and furious against house, owner, architect, any one who should presume to annoy her—her, before whom I would have laid myself down as a mat for her feet to walk over—I marched into the cedar parlor.

There stood a—yes, he was a gentleman, though not an elderly one, as I had expected. He seemed about five or six and twenty, tall—six feet and more—which gave him a most unpleasant advantage over me, poor furious pigmy that I was! A worse advantage was his look of exceeding good-humor, his apparent unconsciousness of having offended me or any body else in the world. Such a bright, honest, cheerful face, such a pleasant manner! It was irritating to the last degree.

"Lady de Bougainville, I presume? No—I beg your pardon," and he actually smiled, the wretch! "She is, I hear, an elderly lady. What does she want with me? Is there anything—something about this new house, her messenger thought—in which I can oblige her?"

"Only by pulling it down—every brick of it," cried I, throwing down the gauntlet and rushing into battle at once. "You ought to do this, for it overlooks her property, and annoys her excessively. And nobody ought to annoy her, at her age, and so good as she is. Nobody ever should, if I could help it."

"Are you her daughter, or niece?" said Mr. Donelly, looking at me in a curious way; no doubt my anger amused him excessively, but he was too polite to show it. And then—without waiting for the answer to his question, which perhaps he felt he had no right to put—he went on to explain to me, very quietly and courteously, that his employer, having bought the ground, had a perfect right to build upon it any house he chose, provided it was not obnoxious to his neighbors.

"Which is, indeed, the last thing he would desire; for, though only a plebeian, as you call him—in fact a retired tradesman—he is a very worthy fellow. I feel with him, for I also am a self-made man; my father was a mechanic." Mr. Donelly said this with a composure that quite startled me. "But I can feel, too, for Lady de Bougainville, who, I suppose, belongs to the aristocratic class, and is well on in years

besides. It must be very trying to her prejudices — I beg your pardon, her opinions — to have to put up with many things of our modern time, which are nevertheless quite inevitable, as they form part of the necessary progress of the world."

"Thank you," said I, "but I did not wish a sermon." Certainly not from a mechanic's son, I was just on the point of adding, with that bitter little tongue of mine; but when I looked at the young man, something in his frank honesty, combined with a way he had of putting unpleasant truths in the least unpleasant manner, and of never saying a rough word where a smooth one would do, disarmed me. Ay, even though he was an Irishman, had an Irish accent, and an Irish way with him, not exactly "blarney," but that faculty which both French and Irish have of turning toward you the sunshiny side of the plum—oiling the wheels of life so as to make them run easily and without grating. And when the plum is thoroughly ripe, and the machinery sound and good, what harm? As Lady de Bougainville once said to me, "You English are very, very good; would it cost you much to be a little more what we French call *agréable?*"

He was decidedly agreeable, both in the French and English sense, this Mr. Donelly; and before we parted he made me a promise—very earnestly, too—that he would use his best endeavors with his principal to avoid all annoyance to Lady de Bougainville.

When I told her this she shook her head. "Was he an Irishman, my dear?"

"I think so."

"Then trust him not," and she grew a shade paler, and set her lips together in their hardest line. "I say nothing against Irishwomen—look at my Bridget, for instance—but I believe it to be almost impossible for an Irishman either to speak the truth or keep a promise."

Is that quite just? thought I, and should have said so—for I never was afraid of speaking my mind to her now; she liked me all the better for it—but by this time I had heard a good deal, and guessed more, of her history, and knew from what a bitter soil this rank growth had sprung; so I held my tongue. Was it for me to begin to lesson Lady de Bougainville?

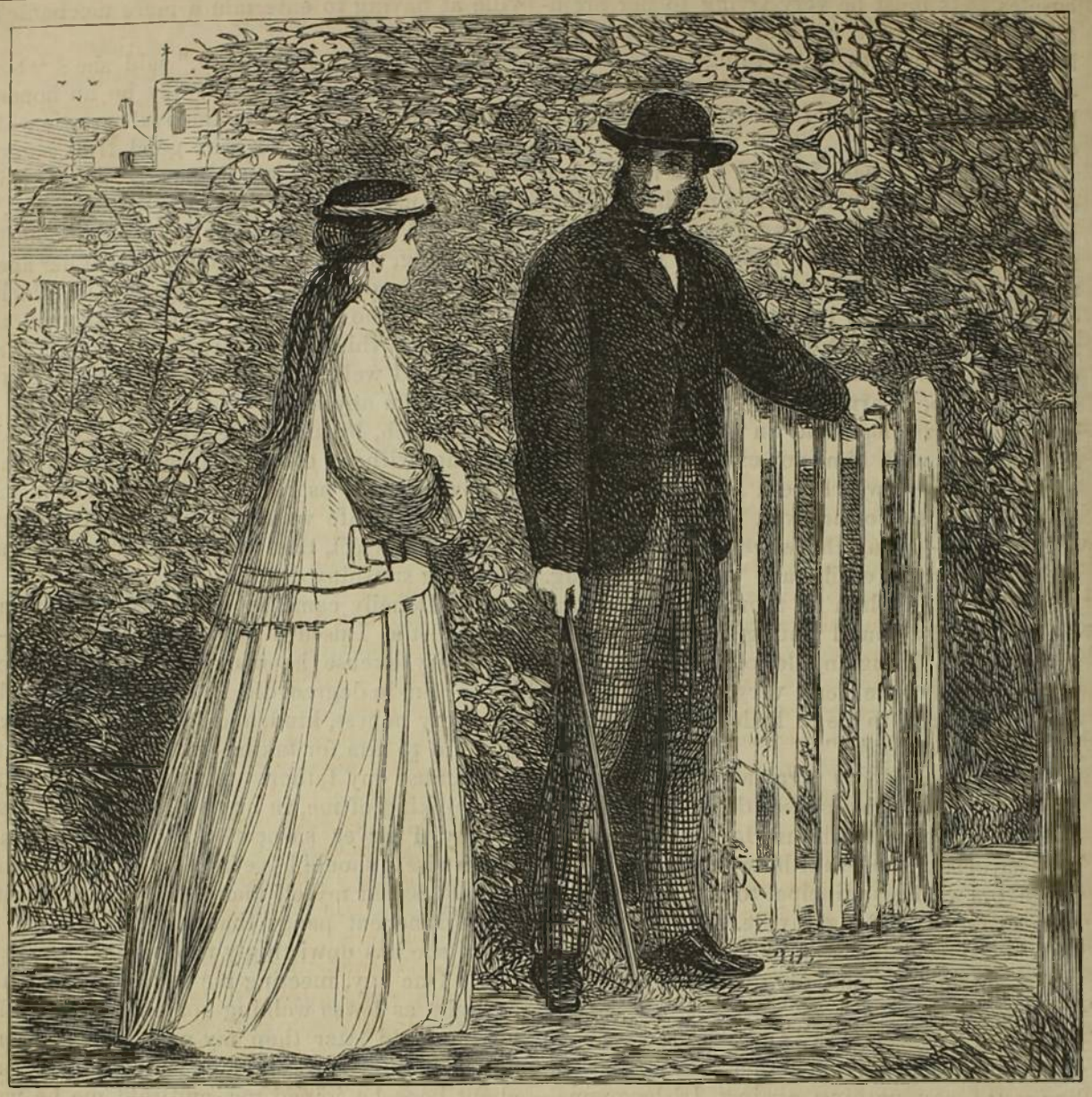
Only, with my strong resistance to injustice, even though it were hers, I took some precaution against the fulfillment of her prophecy, and also against her being troubled in any way by the intrusive house. I got my father to go and speak to the owner himself, who was of course his parishioner, about it. And this resulted in more than I intended; for in the great dearth of educated and companionable men in Brierley, my father and the architect, who was lodging in the village, struck up an acquaintance; and one day Mr. Donelly was actually invited to tea, entirely without my knowledge—indeed I was much annoyed at it at the time, and complained bitterly to Lady de Bougainville at having to entertain a mere mechanic's son.

"You terrible little Tory," said she; "but you will grow wiser in time. Is he an honest man's son? For that is the real question always: and yet not always; good fruit sometimes springs from a worthless tree. Still it is a great mystery, my dear, a great mystery," continued she, falling into that tone of gentle moralizing, which was not unnatural at her age, when life's doing is all done, and its placid thinking alone remains. But she seemed to dislike both thinking and speaking of this Mr. Donelly; I well knew why, and so I ceased to refer to him any more.

Of which, by-and-by, I was only too glad. Let me, without either sentiment or egotism, get over as fast as I can the next event in my quiet life—a life which, looked back on now, seems so perfect, that a whole year was but as one long sunshiny day.

Mr. Donelly came to our house very often, and—just as I used to come to Brierley Hall—on every excuse he could. My father liked him. So, in degree, did I. That is, I thought him very honest, kind, and intelligent, and was grateful to him for taking such pains to gratify and amuse my father. That was all. As to his thinking of me, in any way but the merest civility, I never suspected it for a moment. Otherwise, I should have kept out of his way, and thereby saved myself many a conscience-smite—the innocent pangs that any girl must feel when she has unwittingly made a man miserable. One day, meeting me in the soft August twilight, as I was walking home from the Hall, having staid later than my wont—for she was not well, my dear old lady; I was very sad about her—he joined me, and told me he was summoned away that night, probably to go abroad, on some work he had long been seeking, and would I "remember" him until he came back? I was so little aware of his meaning that I only laughed and said, "Yes, that I will, and recommend you too, as the very best architect I know." And this unhappy speech brought about what, he said, he had not otherwise meant to tell me until he had a home to offer "worthy of me"—that he wished me to share it.

I suppose men mostly say the same things: thank God, I never had but one man's wooing, and that was sad enough to hear; because, of course, as I did not love him, I could only tell him so; and refuse him point-blank, which now I fear was done ungently and with some disdainful words, for I was taken by surprise. Marriage was not much in my plan of life at all; my own home experience did not incline me in its favor; while at the Hall, Bridget inveighed perpetually against the whole race of men; and her mistress kept on the subject a total silence. If I ever did think of being married, it was to some imaginary personage like the *preux chevaliers* of old. Though, I was forced to confess, no medieval knight could



MR. DONELLY'S WOOING.

have behaved himself more knightly, with more true courtesy, consideration, and respect, than did this builder of houses, this overseer of bricklayers and carpenters, who perhaps had been one of them himself not so many years ago. Ay, even when I said my last decisive word, looking firmly in his face, for I wished him to make no possible mistake. He was excessively pale, but he pleaded no more, and took his pain with such manly courage that I felt almost sorry for him, and in some roundabout way begged his pardon.

"You need not," he answered, holding our wicket gate open for me to pass in. "A woman's love is quite free, but so is a man's. You are not to blame for having refused me, any more than I am for having asked you. I shall never ask you again, but I shall love you to the day of my death."

So we parted; and I saw and heard no more of him. I never told any body what had happened; it was only my own affair, and it was better forgotten. Nor, after the first week or so, did I think much about it, except that when I was tired or sorrowful, or the troubles of life came upon me, as they did just then, thick and fast—though, as they only concerned my father and me, and not this history, I need not specify them—Mr. Donelly's voice used to come back to me, almost like a voice in a dream, saying his farewell words, "I shall love you to the day of my death." And sometimes, looking in her calm aged face, far, far beyond all youth's passions and turmoils and cares, I wondered whether any body—that Irish husband, for instance, who, Bridget hinted, had made her so miserable—had ever said the same words, with the same determination and sincerity of tone, to Lady de Bougainville.

Those years, which changed me from a girl into a woman, made in her the change natural at her time of life. She had none of Mrs. Thrale's "three warnings;" her "messages from home" came still, but softly, tenderly, as such messages should come to one whose life was so valuable to every body about her, so inexpressibly precious, as she saw, to me. Also, my love seemed to develop in her another quality, which Bridget said had not been shown since she was a girl—wife and mother, but girl still—in Merrion Square; that charming *gaieté de cœur*, essentially French, which made her

conversation and her company like that of a woman of thirty rather than seventy. And when I was with her I often forgot entirely how old she was, and reckoned on her future and my own as if they had been one and the same.

For we were now permanently settled, my father being no longer curate, but rector of Brierley. One of Lady de Bougainville's old acquaintances, belonging to the Turberville family, an Honorable somebody, who wrote her sometimes the most cordial and even affectionate letters, happened to be in the Ministry, and the living was a Crown living; so we always suspected her of having some hand in its disposal. But she never owned this, nor any other kind act that it was possible to do in secret.

This change made mine, as well as my father's, the busiest life possible. Nay, in our large and growing parish, with my youth and his delicate health, we might both have broken down under our work, save for our neighbor at the Hall. Oh, the blessing of riches, guided by a heart as warm as youth, and a judgment wide and clear with the wisdom and experience of age!

"And are you not happy in all this?" I once said to her. "Is it not well to have lived on to such a blessed and blessing old age?"

She answered, "Yes."

She was a little less active now than she used to be; had to give up one by one, sometimes with a slight touch of restlessness and regret, some of her own peculiar pleasures, such as the walk before breakfast, and the habit of doing every thing for herself, not asking, nay, often disliking, either help or the appearance of help, from those about her. But she let me help her now a little. And sometimes, when I fetched her her bonnet or fastened her shawl, she would say to me, smiling, "My dear, I think I am something like the Apostle Peter: when I was young, I girded myself and walked whither I would; now I am old, another girds me and leads me whither I would not. No, nobody could do that;" and, half laughing, she drew herself up erect. "I am afraid I shall have a pretty strong will to the last."

Now and then people said to me—those who saw her at church, and the poor folk who came about the Hall—that "my Lady" was looking much older. But I could not, and I would not see it. Whatever change came, was so gradual, so beautiful, like the fading of that Virginian creeper which we admired every autumn upon the walls of her house, that it seemed only change, not decay. And every feebleness of hers was as dear to me as the helplessness of a child is to its young mother, who, the more she has to do for it, loves it the better.

Oh, why is it not always thus? Why can not we all so live? I think we could if we tried—that we may be as much missed at eighty as at eighteen.

Though her bodily activity was circumscribed, Lady de Bougainville's mental energy was as keen as ever. She and my father laid their heads together over all the remediable evils in the parish, and some which had hitherto been thought irremediable: one I must name, for it brought about another event, which I had good need to remember.

One day my father came to the Hall in perfect despair upon an old grievance of his, the want of house accommodation for his poor.

"What chance have I?" said he, half in anger, half in grief. "How can I take care of my people's souls when nobody looks after their bodies? What use is it to preach to them in the pulpit and leave tracts at their doors, and expect them to be clean and tidy, honest and virtuous, when they are packed together like herrings in a barrel, in dwellings ill-drained, ill-ventilated, with the damp running in streams down the walls, and the rain dropping through the holes in the roof? For the old houses go unrepaired, and the new-built ones, few as they are, are almost worse than the old. I declare to you I would not put an old horse or even a dog of mine into some I have seen to-day."

"Will nobody build?" asked quietly Lady de Bougainville.

"I have put that question to every landowner in the place, and they all say 'No; it would increase the poor-rates. Besides, cottage property is sunk capital; it never pays.' Yet they go on living in their 'elegant mansions' and their 'commodious villa residences.' Oh you rich! you rich! how you do grind the faces of the poor!"

"Hush, father," I whispered, for in his excitement he had quite forgotten himself. But Lady de Bougainville only smiled.

"You are right, Mr. Weston; that is, right in the main, though there may be something to be said on the opposite side—there usually is. But I thank you for speaking so plainly; tell me a little more."

"There is nothing to be told. It is a hopeless matter. Oh that I had an acre of ground, or a thousand pounds in my pocket, that I might build, if only three cottages, where decent working-men might live and work! For charity begins in small things, and, to my thinking, it generally begins at home."

Again she said, "You are right," and sat for some minutes thinking; then called me. "Winny, how much was that money you put into the bank for me yesterday?—I forget: I am afraid I often do forget things now."

I told her the sum, a good large one, which had given her much pleasure at the time, for it was a debt unexpectedly repaid. I had entreated her to spend it on building a new conservatory, for the old one was too far from the house in wintry weather, and she was so fond of her flowers. But she had pertinaciously refused. "What, build at my age, and for my own pleasure? Let us think of something else to do. Opportunity will soon come." And it did.

"Mr. Weston, I thank you for putting this into my mind—for showing me what I ought to

do. I wonder I never thought of it before. But," and she sighed, "I have been thinking too much and doing too little this many a year. Well, one lives and learns—lives and learns. If you like, you shall have that two-acre field behind my stable-yard, and Winny will pay you that money; she knows all about it; so that you may build your cottages at once."

I knew better than my father how costly the gift was, to her who was so tenacious of her privacy, who liked to hide behind her park and trees, keeping the whole world at bay: but having once decided, the thing was over and done. She entered into the scheme with all the energy of her nature; and wished to set about it immediately, "for," she said, "at my age I have no time to lose." Lengthy was the discussion between her and my delighted father how best to carry out their plans, doing most good and avoiding most evil.

"For the greatest evil in this sort of scheme," she said, "is making it a matter of charity. Remember, Mr. Weston, my tenants must pay me their rent. I shall exact it punctually, or I shall turn them out. I am, or I have sometimes been called, a hard woman: that is, I help only those who help themselves, or those whom Providence forbids to help themselves. The intermediate class, who can help themselves and will not, the idle spendthrift, the willing borrower, the debtor who is as bad as a thief, against these I set my face as a flint. For them expect of me no mercy; I have none."

As she spoke the fierce flash, so seldom seen now, came again into her eyes. She was much agitated; more so than the matter in question required, and my father regarded her in some surprise. Then he seemed all at once to remember, and said gently, "No, you will not be tried. There is justice in what you say. 'He that will not work neither shall he eat,' for he would only take the bread out of the mouths of those that do work. It is God alone who is so perfect that He can send His sun to shine upon both the evil and the good."

Lady de Bougainville was silent; but a slight blush, so pretty in an old lady, grew upon her cheek, and she looked at my father with that tenderness with which she often regarded him, even when doctrinally she differed from him most.

They went on planning, and I reading; though my mind often wandered away, as young folks' will. I do not know if the mention of building houses carried it away in any particular direction, but I was considerably startled when I heard from my father's lips a certain name which had been unuttered among us for more than two years.

"Winny, have you any idea what has become of that young man—Donnell, wasn't his name? no, Donelly—who built Mr. Jones's house?"

"No," I said, feeling hot all over, and thankful it was twilight.

"Because, Lady de Bougainville, he would be the very man to design your cottages. He was full of the subject. Sprung from the people, he knew all about them. And he was so clever, so honest, so conscientious. Winny, do try to think how we could get at him."

"He went abroad," I said.

"But he may be back by this time, and Jones might know his address. In any case I should like to hear of him again—such a fine young fellow. And a rising, not a risen man, which you know you would like best, Lady de Bougainville."

Here was a predicament! To explain the whole truth, and hinder a young man's obtaining employment because he had once dared to make love to me; the thing was ridiculous! And yet to have him coming here, to meet him again, as I must, for I was Lady de Bougainville's right hand in every thing; what should I do? While I sat considering, whether for half a minute or half an hour I knew not, being so painfully confused, the decision was taken out of my hands. Lady de Bougainville, in her quick mode of settling things—she never "let grass grow under her feet"—rang the bell.

"Take my card across to Mr. Jones and say I should be much obliged if he would write on it the address of his architect, Mr. Donelly."

Well! it was she who did it, she and Fate; I had no hand in the matter, and whether I was glad or sorry for it I did not quite know.

Nor did I when, two days after, Lady de Bougainville told me she had had a letter from him.

"A capital, sensible, practical letter; you can read it, my dear. And he loses no time too, which I like. He says he will be down here in an hour from now. I suppose I must see him myself—and yet—"

She was visibly nervous—had been so all the morning, Bridget said; and no wonder. "My lady has not had a stranger in the house for twenty—no, it's five-and-twenty years."

A stranger and an Irishman; which latter fact seemed to recur to Lady de Bougainville, and haunt her uncomfortably till the minute Mr. Donelly was announced. Then, repeating to herself, "This is unjust—unjust," she rose from her chair, and taking my arm ("You will come too," she had said; "I dislike strangers"), she crossed with feebler steps than usual the hall, and ascended the beautiful staircase to the tapestry chamber. There, looking grayer and more shadowy than ever in the dimness of the rainy morning, the painted knights and ladies reined in their faded steeds, and the spectral Columbus pointed out forever, to an equally ghostly Queen Isabella, his discovery of the New World.

Standing beneath it—investigating it apparently with the keenness of a young man to whom the whole world was new, with every thing in it to win—stood Edward Donelly.

He was a good deal altered—older, graver, browner; but it was the same face—pleasant, honest, kind. I did not like to look at it much, but merely bowed—as he did likewise, without

offering to shake hands with me—and then I crept away into the farthest window-seat I could find.

Thence I watched him and Lady de Bougainville as they stood talking together, for they fell into conversation almost immediately. At first it was about the tapestry, which he excessively admired, and she took him round to examine, piece by piece, before she entered into business talk at all. Then they sat down opposite to one another, and launched into the great cottage question at once.

She liked him, I could see, even though the Irish accent seemed now and then to make her wince, and bring a grave, sad, absent look to her dear face; until some word of his, wise and generous, honest and manly—and the subject in hand called out a good many of the like—made her turn back to him, inquisitively, but not unkindly, and listen once more. He had a good deal to say, and he said it well; earnestly too, as if his whole heart were in it. His energy and enthusiasm seemed not to displease her, but rather to arouse in her a certain sympathy, reminding her of something which had once been in herself, but was no longer.

They talked, I think, for nearly two hours; by that time the matter was quite settled; and he departed.

"Yes, I like him," she said, when he was gone; and he lingered not a minute after their business talk was ended. "Your father was right; I will trust Mr. Donelly, though he is an Irishman."

So he came, all that spring, whenever sent for, and oftener when necessary, to Brierley Hall. Never to Brierley Rectory. My father's cordially given invitations were as cordially but invariably declined. When he and I chanced to meet, his manner was distant, courteous, yet so self-possessed that I began to doubt whether he had not forgotten all about that painful little episode, and whether it was necessary for me to keep so carefully out of his way. He seemed to be absorbingly full of his work—perhaps also he was married. Should I have been glad to hear he was married? I dare not tell. Nay, had she, who was my visible conscience, and before whom I often now felt a sad hypocrite—had Lady de Bougainville herself asked me the question, I could not have told.

But she asked me no questions at all; apparently never thought about me, being so engrossed in her cottages. They grew day by day under our eyes, as fast as a child or any other living thing, and she took as much pleasure in them. For they were, as she sometimes said, not dull dead bricks and mortar, but tangible blessings, and would be so to many after she was gone. To make them such, she entered, in concert with Mr. Donelly, into the dryest details—saw that windows would open and doors shut—that walls were solid and roofs substantial—that the poor man should have, according to his needs, as many comforts as the rich.

"I don't expect to gain much by my investment," she said to her architect one day, "but I hope not to lose. For I mean, as you say, to do nothing for mere charity. The honest, steady, deserving, who pay me their rent regularly, shall be made as happy as I can make them; the drunken, idle, and reckless may go. Mercy to them is injustice to the rest."

"I know that," he answered. "And yet," turning to her as she stood, and looking right in her face with his honest eyes, "if things came to the worst, in you, of all others, I think would be found that charity which 'suffereth long, and is kind.'"

They often talked on this wise, on other than mere business topics; and I stood listening; quite apart, perhaps even a little jealous, yet not altogether miserable. One likes to feel that a man who has once cared for one is not, at any rate, a man to be ashamed of.

It was on this day, if I remember right—when they had talked until he had missed his train—that Lady de Bougainville first invited Mr. Donelly to lunch. What made her do it I can not guess, for it was twenty years and more since any guest, save myself, had taken a meal at her table. He accepted, though with hesitation; and we found ourselves sitting all three in the cedar parlor, and doing our best to talk unconstrainedly. She, most; though I saw by her face—the expression of which I knew so well—that every word was painful to her, and that she would have rescinded the invitation if she could.

Nevertheless, when lunch was announced, she, with a smile of half apology to me, took the arm of her guest, and proceeded to the dining-room.

I like to remember these little things, and how I followed those two as they walked slowly across the hall between the green scagliola pillars. A goodly pair they were—for she was, proportionately, almost as tall as he, and as upright. They might have been mother and son, or grandmother and grandson; had her elder children lived, she would probably have had a grandson just his age. I wondered, did she think of this? Or, when she took the head of her long table—with him and me on either side, for the seat at the foot was never filled—did she recall the days when the empty board was full, the great silent room noisy with laughter? But whatever she felt, she showed nothing. I can see her this minute, sitting grave and sweet in her place—which it had pleased Heaven she should occupy so long—leaning over from one to the other of us two, so lately strangers, and talking—as she might have leaned and talked to us out of the other world, to which it often seemed as if she already half belonged.

Mr. Donelly had the most of her talk, of course; and it ranged over all subjects—except "shop"—which for the nonce she delicately ignored. Close as they were to her heart, she never once referred to her cottages. Her

conversation with him was simply that of a lady with a gentleman, who, however differing from her in opinion—and he held amazingly fast to his own—was a gentleman, and should be treated as such. And he treated her—well, I doubt if any of the old De Bougainvilles could have shown more chivalric deference, more tender respect, than Mr. Donelly always paid to my dear old lady.

But they fought a good deal, these two candid people; and at last, in their lively battles, they got upon a topic which half frightened me. It was about Mr. Jones, the retired tradesman, from whom, of all the inhabitants of the obnoxious villa residences, Lady de Bougainville seemed most to shrink.

"Nor do I wonder at it," said Mr. Donelly. "He is a rough, coarse, illiterate man, who tries to hide his deficiencies under great show of wealth. But he is an honest-meaning man for all that, and carefully gives to his children the advantages he misses in himself. The girls are well-educated; the boys will all be sent to college. A generation hence the Joneses may be a notable family; they will certainly be an accomplished and refined one."

"Do you think so?"

"I think it because I feel it. You will see."

"I shall not see," said Lady de Bougainville, gently; "but I am glad to believe it. In my old age I believe many things which I doubted when I was young. And I will believe this," with one of her slight bends of old-fashioned compliment, "just because Mr. Donelly says it."

The pretty civility was lost upon him. Alas! he was too much in earnest.

"Do not mistake me, Lady de Bougainville. Do not suppose I undervalue birth or breeding. To be well-born and gently nurtured must be"—here he sighed—"one of the greatest blessings that can happen to a man. But it is only a chance blessing; and he to whose lot it does not fall must learn to do without it. I think he can. Perhaps—or, at least, I used to dream so when a boy—perhaps the next best thing to being the descendant of an ancient and honorable family is to be the founder of one."

"A better thing, it seems to me," said Lady de Bougainville.

We had risen from table, and were standing in the doorway. He, as he spoke, had drawn himself up to every inch of his excellent height, throwing his shoulders back—a trick he had—and looking out half sadly, yet quite fearlessly, as if right into the unknown future, with those clear good eyes of his. She paused a minute, met them, and then for the first time (they had hitherto only bowed, French fashion) she extended to him her hand. It was taken—reverently, gratefully, almost tenderly; and they again passed on before me arm in arm down the long hall.

As they went I overheard—I hardly know how, for it was evidently not meant for me to hear, only I was so painfully alive to all their words—the following conversation.

She said to him—apologizing slightly for the curiosity which an old lady may show, not ungracefully, in a young man's affairs—"You speak of founding a family: are you married?"

"No."

"But, perhaps, you expect to be?"

"I do not." He hesitated a little, then added: "Since the matter concerns no one but myself, I will be candid with you. I once asked a lady, and she refused me. I shall never ask again. My profession must be to me in the stead of a wife."

"That is a pity. The lady has had a loss; you would have made a good husband."

"Thank you."

They said no more, and she respected his confidence; for in discussing him afterward with me, freely as was her habit, this was the only part of Mr. Donelly's conversation which she omitted to speak of. But she spoke very kindly of him; and next time he came her manner was sweet and gracious as it had never been before; "Because," she said, "young as he is, I respect him. He has taught me another of my lessons. Child, as I once told you, I think we have never done learning."

Was I learning, too? I know not. I seemed to live week after week in a curious sort of dream—sometimes happy, sometimes unhappy—in which I was always expecting or dreading something, and not knowing one day what might happen the next.

At last something did happen, though I was ignorant of it at the time.

Mr. Donelly was again invited to lunch and spend the day—indeed, I had to write the note of invitation, Lady de Bougainville just signing it, as was her way with much of her correspondence now. For the first time he failed in an appointment, but next day sent her a letter, a rather long letter, which, instead of showing to me, she put in her pocket, saying she would tell me about it another time. That time never arrived, though I remained with her till evening.

All day she was *distrait* and anxious-looking, falling into her old moods of absence and silence. Nay, the slight "peculiarities"—little restlessnesses, obstinacies, and irritabilities—which she had had when first I knew her, and which had since been smothered down into the exceeding serenity of her lovely old age, revived again. That new, vivid interest of her life—her pet cottages, seemed almost forgotten, and she kept dwelling continually upon things long gone by.

It was that day she told me, for the first time, the story of her seven years' secret, and how much the keeping of it had cost her.

"Not that I regret any thing, my dear, or doubt that I was right in keeping it. But even a righteous secret is a heavy burden, and I am sorry for all who have to bear it."

She looked at me and looked away, then referred to herself again, and began speaking of her early poverty, and of other portions of her

life at Ditchley, after a fashion that she had never done before, half accounting for this by saying that I was not a child now, and that she liked to talk of the past to me, if I did not mind.

"I had no youth myself, you know, I married so early. Early marriages are not always safe things; nay, as Bridget would tell you—a thorough misogamist is poor Bridget!—all marriages are a great risk. My wonder is, not that they are sometimes unhappy, but that they are ever happy at all. I should counsel no young girl to change her state unless she thoroughly knows, and deeply loves, the man she marries; and"—patting my cheek—"I should be so sorry to see any trouble come to my little Winifred, that I am glad she cares for no man, and will not marry just yet, perhaps never at all."

"Never at all!" I cried, with the utmost sincerity, believing I could love no man alive as I loved her who bent over me. Her dear old face grew peaceful again and tender, with the tenderness that only strong natures know. She smiled, and went on talking in a desultory way; chiefly about herself, betraying rather than confessing how bright her girlish dreams had been, and how they had melted away like morning clouds; and she had to take up the fragments of her broken life, and carry it on through rain and storm, heat and frost, till she came, a lonely old woman, to the evening gray.

"No, not gray," I said, "but a rosy sunset, like that one"—and I pointed westward, whence, through all the six windows of the tapestry chamber, streamed a flood of yellow light, in which the dim figures looked almost alive. "You are like Columbus, sailing toward the sunset, and seeing it before you—oh, so bright!"

"Yes, and when he had sailed far, far west—do you remember?—and he and his crew were almost exhausted, they perceived, a long way off, across the sea, the scent of the yet invisible spice-grounds. And they took courage, for they knew they were not far from land."

She spoke half to herself, with that wistful look, not of this world at all, in her eyes. Frightened, I clung to her, and begged her "not to talk like that, for I almost saw her wings growing." And for days after then, in the anxiety of watching her—for something had vexed her, Bridget said, and brought on one of her brief attacks of illness—I forgot all about Mr. Donelly and the letter.

Nor for some weeks did any thing revive the subject. He came but little to the Hall, and never when I was there; though, as I discovered accidentally, he and Lady de Bougainville met frequently at the now nearly-finished cottages, and were the best friends in the world. "I never thought my Lady would have taken so to any young man," commented Bridget, "and he an Irishman too. Well, wonders will never cease!" But as my dear old lady never said a word to me about him, of course I held my tongue.

Gradually a queer sort of jealousy came over me. Jealousy of whom, or why? I could not clearly tell—only it made me thoroughly miserable. Something, or some one, seemed to have come between me and her, whom I had been used to engross entirely, and I could not bear it. I never complained, being too proud for that; but all the brightness seemed taken out of my life. I moped about; even my father noticed how ill I was looking; and then I tried an unnatural cheerfulness. For I felt not only ill but wicked, hating every body about me, and most of all myself. And I suffered—oh, how we do suffer when we are young!

Did Lady de Bougainville notice it? or did she, in her calm old age, think nothing of it, concluding my troubles would soon pass away? Hers were all over now. At times I fancied so, and almost envied her, and those whose life is completed, whose story is told—for whom no more sorrow is possible any more.

"No," she said, one day, when I had crept to her foot-stool and laid her hand on my hot head, "it is quite true; nothing does grieve me now—not very much. In old age one sees farther and clearer than younger people do. It is like living on a hill-top, from whence the ups and downs of life appear in their just proportions, and every way one looks one beholds, as it were, 'the crooked straight, and the rough places plain.'"

A good deal more she said to the same effect, which made me weep a little, but not so as to trouble her. And we sat a long time together, feeling nearer than we had done for some time, when our talk was broken in upon by a sudden visitor—Mr. Donelly.

Evidently Lady de Bougainville had not expected him, for she started almost as much as he did at the sight of her and me together; and both—nay, we all three—looked extremely uncomfortable.

He apologized hurriedly for his intrusion, saying it was inevitable. "I have got that work abroad I told you of, and ought to be off to India in four days, if you will allow me to transfer to a friend the completion of your cottages. They are nearly done now. It is a serious matter this engagement; it would last ten years. Will you set me free to accept it?"

"Certainly," she replied. "Come with me into the cedar parlor, and explain all."

The explanation took very long, or it seemed so. I scarcely stirred from my seat, I remember, but stupidly watched the light fade, and the merry spring-birds drop into silence—until Lady de Bougainville came back and told me he was gone; and I recognized that, in all human probability, I should never see him again in this world. Never! since he had only left a formal message of farewell to my father and to me. Lady de Bougainville delivered it, and then sat down, silent and sorry.

"Yes, I am sorry he is gone," she owned. "I like him. Latterly, I have taken great pains to make friends with him, so as to

know him well, and I like him. He has the true, warm Irish heart, and a conscience besides; the winning Irish pleasantness, and sincerity underneath it. I tested him, and he has not disappointed me. Nay, he has taught me a lesson which, old as I am, I had need to learn."

What it was I did not ask; it was, indeed, impossible to speak, for I began crying. She drew my head against her shoulder. "Poor little girl!"—then breathed, rather than whispered, in my ear, "You need tell me nothing. He told me all!"

"Did he? How dared he?" I cried, in hot indignation; for I was not myself, and knew not how I felt or what I was doing. "He has told you, and you think—"

"I think my little girl did exactly what was right, and so does he. How could he expect my Winifred to drop into a man's mouth all in a minute, like a ripe peach from a wall? He was a very foolish fellow, and I told him so."

I was silent.

"But I also think," she continued, gently, "that he is a very good fellow, generous and faithful, honest and true. I have found out all about him, from his birth upward, and found out nothing ill. If you really knew him, possibly you might love him: I don't say you would, but you might; for he is a man you could trust—which is the beginning and end of all real love."

She sighed, and tried to look into my face, but I hid it carefully.

"What is your objection against him? His being a working-man's son?"

"No, that would not matter," said I, with an earnestness that surprised myself. But I had grown wiser since I had left my teens behind.

"You are right, Winny: his birth could not matter, and ought not, of itself; for he is thoroughly well educated and refined. Though, I own, having not quite got over my class-prejudices, it might matter if he had a tribe of unpleasant relations belonging to him. But he has none. He is quite alone in the world—too much alone for such a warm heart. And he has set it irretrievably upon a certain little girl I know. I will not urge you, Winifred: love must come freely, or it is worthless; and if you do not love him, let him go. He will bear it somehow; busy men seldom break their hearts. Only, if he does not marry you, I think he will never marry any body."

She ceased. The gentle, slow speech—the soft, cold touch of the little hand, what a contrast to the whirl that was going on in my poor heart and head, making me feel as if the room were turning round and round!

"Do I wound or vex you, my dear, by speaking of this? Forgive me: it was only because you have no mother to speak to; a mother, when she can be trusted, is the best friend always. I remember, my own daughter"—she stopped suddenly: a sort of convulsion passed over her face, as if, even now, the remembrance was too bitter to bear. "I had rather not tell you of that. My daughter is long since with God."

Yet no mother could be more tender, more sympathizing than she was with me, another woman's child, with not the slightest claim upon her—of blood, at least; as, putting aside entirely her own past, she tried to help me to unravel my passionate, troubled present. For even then I hardly knew my own heart—was cruelly uncertain as to what I had best do, or what I wished to do, except to do right. One thing only I was clear about—my intense anxiety never to be parted from her.

"But you must be parted some time," said she, softly; "and before I go, it would be a comfort to me to give my little girl into safe-keeping—to some one who will take care of her, without tyrannizing over her; who is a gentle and good man, without being a weak man. Child! if you knew what it is to have the mere sham of a husband—the mockery of a protector, against whom one has to protect one's self, and more than one's self; above all, the misery of bearing and bringing up children, in whom one's utmost terror is to see any likeness to their father! Yet"—here she broke off in an altogether changed tone—"yet, my dear, many women have borne this. I have seen several instances of it in my long life, and I should like to be quite certain before I die that no such lot will befall my little Winifred—as it never will if she marries Edward Donelly."

And then she said a good deal more for him (I find myself always writing "him" and "her," as if they were the only two people in the world). All her words were true, and I knew it.

"Suppose," she whispered, at last, in the playful manner which sat so prettily upon her, "that, instead of an old woman making love to you by proxy in this fashion, the young man were to come back and do it himself?"

"He can not," I said, half amused and yet dolefully; "it is quite too late. He has gone away forever."

"Not—not exactly," and her smile broadened into actual mischievousness. "I told him to take a good hour's walk across country, and come here again after I had sent you away, you obnoxious little person, whom he has been so afraid of offending that I have seen not half enough of him, to have a quiet cup of tea and a farewell chat with an old lady whom I think he is rather fond of, and who is never likely to see him again in this world. Hark!"—

For we heard a step on the gravel below—a step which could be only a man's, and a young man's—firm and strong like himself, and yet a little uncertain too. I don't know how or why, but every footfall went into my heart.

"Shall I tell him to go away? or shall I send him in here? Choose. Just one word, my little Winny! Yes, or No?"

I did not say either, but I clung to her, sobbing. She kissed and blessed me, not very far from sobbing herself, and went away.

That evening two young people instead of one took tea with Lady de Bougainville; but I can not be expected to remember much that passed at that memorable meal. I am afraid the conversation was very desultory, and not in the least improving. I can only recall the image of her who sat there at the head of her dining-table, for she made it a composite repast—a "hungry" tea—out of compliment to a gentleman who could not be supposed to live entirely upon love. She sat in her pretty old lady's dress—black silk and pure white cambric, and with her sweet old lady's face beaming down upon us, with the happy look that people wear who have helped to create happiness long after their own has slipped away.

My Ned—we agreed between us that I should call him Ned instead of Edward, which name seemed to grate upon ears that we would not have wounded for the world—my Ned was, as Lady de Bougainville well knew, the most acceptable son-in-law my father could have found; especially as, not to part me from the two dear ones who said they could not possibly do without me, we agreed, for the first year or two, to come and live at the Rectory. Not without a struggle, I think, on Ned's part, and the uncomfortable feeling of a man who comes and hangs up his hat in his wife's father's house; but still my father was such an exceptional person, that it was not really a humiliation or vexation; and Edward Donelly was too honest a man to care for the mere appearance of things. He says, if he ever adopts a crest or a motto, it shall be this: "Never mind the outside."

Of course he did not go to India. Putting aside all other considerations, there happened to be a little girl at hand who would rather have been a poor man's wife all her days than allowed him to risk health, life, and every thing that makes life dear and valuable, in the struggle after fortune that he would have had out there. He declined the appointment, and has never regretted doing so.

Our courtship-days were not long; and we spent a good many of them at Brierley Hall, often close beside its dear mistress. She said she did not mind our love-making; indeed, rather enjoyed it, as all the time she had two people making love to herself! For indeed Ned did it, in his chivalric way, quite as much as I.

He used to come to Brierley every Saturday and stay till Monday, the only time he could spare from his active, busy life. Oh those heavenly Sundays! a peaceful, church-going morning, a long afternoon strolling about under the cool green shadow of the trees, or sitting in the summer-house by the lake; whence we used to catch peeps of the house he had built, which he declared was the best bit of architecture he ever planned in his life! Above all, those still twilights in the tapestry room; for we never left her alone of evenings, but sat with her and listened to her talk—charming as ever, fresh and youthful and bright. She was more clever and amusing by far than I, and Ned once actually acknowledged this.

Soon—sooner than I liked; but she insisted upon it, saying she wished to see it with her own eyes—came our quiet, simple wedding, at which the only festivities were a dinner to my poor people and a tea-party to my school-children in the grounds of the Hall. My father married us; and, seeing that it is not defined in the Prayer-book whether a man or a woman should give the bride away, Lady de Bougainville undertook that office herself. I see her now, in her long, sweeping dress of gray silk—worn for the first and only time—her black velvet cloak, and close white crape bonnet, under which the faded face looked beautiful still. And I feel the touch of the soft, aged hand that put mine into the young and strong one, which will hold it safe through life. Afterward, as my husband and I walked down the church together, I noticed—and wondered if she did too—the sun shining on the white tablet over the Brierley Hall pew, where, after the long list of names, came the brief line, "They all rest here!"

All—all! Every one of her own flesh and blood, upon whom she had built her hope and joy. Yet she had lived on, and God had given her rest too—rest and peace, even in this world. Ay, and blessedness, poor childless mother, in blessing other people's children.

It was her earnest wish that she might live to hold on her knees a child of mine, but we were a year and a half without one; and that year and a half drew thinner and thinner the slender thread of life which Time was now winding up so fast. She was past eighty—how much we could not tell, nor could she, for she said she had long lost count of her birthdays; and that we should have to guess at her age when it required to be noted down—she did not say where, having quite given up the habit she once had of constantly referring to her own decease. And life, even yet, was not only tolerable, but even pleasant to her: her few bodily infirmities she bore so sweetly, and her mind was so exceedingly youthful still. Only at times, when recurring with a memory wonderfully vivid to events and persons of her youth, now become historical, she would suddenly recognize how long she had lived, and how she stood, a solitary landmark of gone-by years, in the midst of this busy, bustling world.

"I scarcely belong to this age," she would say. "It is almost time we were away, I and Bridget, before we give any body trouble."

And poor Bridget, who had far more of the weaknesses of age—mental and bodily—than her mistress, was often tended and soothed by her in a half pathetic, half humorous way, and laughed at, not unkindly, as a "dear, grumbling old woman," which made Bridget laugh too, and, recovering all her Irish good-humor, strive to bear more patiently the inevitable burden of old age, saying, as she watched the beloved figure moving about—graceful even yet,

though active no longer—"Sure enough, my lady isn't young herself, and has a deal to put up with without being bothered by me. But she always did take care of every body except herself."

And when the time came that I was rather helpless too, Lady de Bougainville turned the tables, and insisted upon taking care of me. She arranged my whole paraphernalia of little clothes, cutting out most of them with her own clever hands, which had once fabricated so many. And her latest skill and latest eyesight were expended upon a wonderfully-embroidered christening-robe for little "Josephine," as we were determined to call her from the very first, resolutely ignoring the possibility of her being "Joseph." We used to sit and talk of her for hours, until she grew to us an actual existence.

"I never was a godmother in my life," Lady de Bougainville said one day, when we sat together with our basket of work between us. "I mean to be quite proud of my god-daughter and name-child. But I shall not leave her a fortune, you know that—neither her nor her mother; I shall only leave you enough always to keep the wolf from the door," and she smiled. "The rest your husband must earn; he can, and he will. It does a man good, too—makes twice a man of him—to feel he is working for wife and child, and that upon him rests the future of both. Mr. Donelly said so to me only yesterday."

"Did he?" cried I, with my heart in my eyes—the heart so hard to win; but Ned had it wholly now. "I don't very much care for his making a great fortune, but I know he will earn a great name some of these days. And he is so good, so good! Oh, it's a grand thing to be every day more and more proud of one's husband!"

I had forgotten to whom I was speaking—forgotten the painted face over the fire-place behind me—the poor, weak, handsome face, with its self-satisfied smirk, which, wherever she sat, *she* never looked at, though sometimes it haunted me dreadfully still.

"Yes," she answered, in a grave, calm tone, neither glancing at it—though it was just opposite to her—nor away from it. "Yes; it is a good thing to be proud—as you are justly proud—of your husband."

I was silent; but I recognized—I, a wife, and nearly a mother—as I had never done before, how terrible must have been the burden—the heaviest that can be laid upon any woman—which this woman had had to take up and bear all her life. Ay, and had borne, unshrinkingly, to the end.

It was this day, I remember—for I seem now to remember vividly every day of these last weeks—that a strange thing happened, which I am glad now did happen, and in time for me to know of it, because it proved that, though she was, as she said, "a hard woman"—and all the honest tenants of her cottages and the faithful servants in her house blessed her hardness, for they declared it saved them from being victims to the drunken, the idle, and the dissolute—still, Lady de Bougainville was not pitiless, even to those she most abhorred.

The afternoon post brought her a letter, the sight of which made her start and turn it over and over again incredulously. I, in passing it on to her, had just noticed that it was a hand unknown to me—a large, remarkable hand, though careless and enfeebled-looking, like an old man's writing. As she opened it an expression came across her face that, in all the years I had known her now, I had never seen before. Anger, defiance, contempt, repugnance, all were there. With hands violently trembling, she put on her spectacles and went to the window to read it alone. Then she came back and touched Bridget on the shoulder.

"He is alive yet; I thought he was dead long ago—did not you? But he is alive yet. All my own dead, and he only alive! He has written to me."

"Who, my lady?"

"Mr. Summerhayes."

Bridget's half-stupid old age seemed suddenly roused into fury. She snatched the letter from the table, dashed it down, and trampled upon it.

"Never heed him, my lady. Don't vex yourself; he isn't worth it. How dare he trouble you? What does he want?"

"What he always wanted—money," and a slight sneer moved her lips. "I have refused it to him, you know, more than once; but now he is dying, he writes, dying in a work-house. And he is old, just my age. Who would have thought that we two, he and I, should have lived so long? Well, he begs me, for the love of God, and for the sake of old times, *not* to let him die in a work-house. Must I, Bridget?"

But Bridget, frightened at her mistress's looks, made no answer.

"I should have done it, a few years ago; I know I should; but now—"

She hesitated; and then, turning to me, said more quietly, "I can not judge the thing myself. Winifred, you are a good woman; you may. This man has been the curse of my life. He helped to ruin my husband—he blasted the happiness of my daughter. He was a liar, a profligate, a swindler—every thing I most hated, and hate still! Why he has been left to cumber the earth these eighty years—a blessing to no human being, and a torment to whosoever had to do with him—God knows! I have thought sometimes, were I Providence, he should have died long ago, or better, never been born."

She spoke passionately—ay, in spite of her years and her feebleness—and her faded eyes glowed with all the indignation of youth; only hers was no personal anger, or desire of vengeance, but that righteous wrath against evil and the doers of it, which we believe to be one of the attributes of Divinity itself.

"What do you say, Winifred? Tell me—for I dare not judge the matter myself—shall I leave him where he is, to die the death of the wicked, or have pity upon him? Justice or mercy—which shall it be?"

I could not tell; I was utterly bewildered. Only one thing came into my mind to say, and I said it: "Was any body fond of him? Was *she* fond of him?"

Oh, the look of her—dead Adrienne's mother! I shall never forget it. Agony—bitterness—tender remembrance—the struggle to be just, but not unmerciful; in all these I could trace the faint reflection of what that terrible grief, buried so long, must once have been.

At length she said, calmly, "You are right; I see it now. Yes, I will own the truth; she was fond of him. And that decides the question."

It was decided in a very few minutes more, for she evidently could not brook much discussion of the matter. We arranged that my husband should take upon himself the whole trouble of discovering how far Mr. Summerhayes's letter was true—"He may not be telling the truth even yet," Lady de Bougainville said, bitterly—and then put him into some decent lodging where he might be taken care of till he died.

"Think, Winifred," she said, reading his letter over again before she gave it to me to give to my husband, "think what it must be to have reached the bridge and shrink in terror from crossing it; to have come to the end of life and be afraid of dying. That is his case. Poor soul! I ought, perhaps, even to be sorry for him; and I am."

She said no more, and I believe this was the last time—except in one or two brief business communications with Mr. Donelly—that she ever mentioned the name of Owen Summerhayes. He lived a pensioner on her charity for some weeks; then he died and was buried. That is all.

The rest of the afternoon, I remember, we spent very peacefully. Her agitation seemed to have entirely passed away, leaving her more gentle, even more cheerful, than usual. She talked no more about the past, but wholly of the future—my future, and that of the little one that was coming to me. Many wise and good words she said—as from a mother to a mother—about the bringing up, for God's glory and its parents' blessing, of that best gift of Heaven, and best teacher under heaven, a little, white-souled, innocent child.

Then she insisted on walking with me to the park gates, her first walk for many days. It had been an inclement winter, and for weeks she had been unable to cross the threshold, even to go to church. But to-day was so mild and bright that she thought she would venture.

"Only don't tell Bridget; for I can walk back quite well alone, with the help of my capital stick," without which she never walked a step now. At first she had disliked using it very much; but now she called it "her good friend."

On it she leaned, gently declining my arm,



DOWN THE ELM AVENUE.

saying I was the invalid, and she must rather take care of me; and so we walked together, slowly and contentedly, down the elm avenue. It was quite bare of leaves, but beautiful still; the fine tracery of the branches outlined sharp against the sky—that special loveliness of winter trees which summer never shows. She noticed it: noticed, too, with her quick eye for all these things, the first beginning of spring—a little February daisy peeping up through the grass. And then she stood and listened to a vociferous robin redbreast, opening his mouth and singing aloud, as winter robins always seem to do, from the elm-bough overhead.

"I like a robin," she said. "He is such a brave bird."

When we reached the park gates she turned a little paler, and leaned heavier on her stick. I was afraid she was very tired, and said so.

"My dear, I am always tired now." Then, patting my hand with a bright smile—nay, more than bright, actually radiant—she added, "Never mind; I shall be all right soon."

I watched her, after we had parted—just as we always parted—with a tender kiss, and a warning to "take great care of myself:" watched her, I knew not why, except that I so loved to do it, until she was out of sight, and then went satisfied home; ignorant—oh, how ignorant!—that it was my last sight of her, consciously, in this world.

That night my trouble came upon me unawares. We had a sore struggle for our lives, my baby and I. I remember nothing about her birth—poor little lamb!—nor for weeks after it. My head went wrong; and I had rather not think any more than I can help, even now, of that dreadful time.

During my delirium, among all the horrible figures that filled my room, I recall one—not horrible, but sweet—which came and stood at my bedside, looking at me with the saddest, tenderest eyes. I took it, they tell me, for the Virgin Mary, of whom I had just read some Catholic legend that the Mother of Christ comes herself to fetch the souls of all women who die in childbirth. I thought she had come for mine. Only she was not the young Madonna, fair and calm; she was Mary grown old, inured to many sorrows, heart-pierced with many swords, yet living still; Mary, mother of the Lord, human and full of frailty, yet, like her Son, "made perfect through suffering," as, please God! we all may be made. And when the vision departed, they tell me, I missed it, and mourned for it, and raved for days about "my Virgin Mary;" but she never came again.

When I woke up from my illness I was not at home, but in a quiet lodging by the sea, with kind though strange faces about me, and my husband constantly at my side. He had never left me, indeed, but I did not know him; I hardly did, even in my right mind. He had grown so much older, and some of his pretty curly locks—little Josephine's are just like them—had turned quite gray.

It was he who told me, cautiously and by slow degrees, how ill I had been, and how I had still, by the mercy of God, a little Josephine—a healthy, living daughter—waiting for me at home at Brierley.

"But who has taken charge of her all this while?" I asked. And gradually, as the interests and needs of life came back upon me again, I became excessively anxious and unhappy, until a new thought struck me: "Oh, her godmother; she would send for baby and take care of her. Then she would be quite safe, I know."

My husband was silent.

"Has her godmother seen her?"

"Once."

"Only once!"—a little disappointed, till I remembered how feeble Lady de Bougainville was. "She has not got my little lamb with her, then. But she has seen her. When will she see her again—when?"

"Some day," Edward said, gently, tightening his hold of my hand. "Some day, my wife. But her godmother does not want her now. She has her own children again."

And so I learned, as tenderly as my husband could break it to me, that Lady de Bougainville had, according to the word she used of her own dear ones, "gone away;" and that when I went home to my little Josephine I should find *her* place vacant; that on this side the grave I should see the face I loved no more.

It seemed that my vision of the Virgin Mary was reality; that, hearing of my extreme danger, Lady de Bougainville had risen from her bed in the middle of the night—a wild, stormy winter's night—and come to me; had sat by me, tended me, and with her indomitable hope and courage kept from sinking into utter despair my poor husband and my father, until the trial was over, and mine and baby's life were safe. Then she went home, troubling no one, complaining to no one, and lay down on her bed, to rise up no more.

She was ill a few days—only a few; and every one thought she would be better very soon, until she was actually dying. It was just about midnight, and all her faithful and attached servants hastily gathered round her, but too late. She knew no one, and said not a single word to any one, but just lay, sleeping into death, as it were, as quiet as an hour-old child. Only once, a few minutes before her departure, catching suddenly at the hand which held hers, and opening her eyes wide, she fixed them steadily upon the empty space at the foot of her bed.

"Look, Bridget!" she said, in a joyful voice. "Look! the children—the children!"

It might have been—God knows!

* * * * * *

It was spring—full, bright, cheerful May—when, carrying our little daughter in his arms, my husband took me for the first time to see the new grave which had risen up beside the others in Brierley church-yard. I sat down by

it; put its pretty primroses, already so numerous, into my baby's hands, and talked to her unheeding ears about her godmother.

But all the while I had no feeling whatever, and I never have had since, that it was really *herself* who lay sleeping there: she who to the last day of her long term of years was such a brave lady; so full of energy, activity, courage, and strength—whose whole thoughts were not for herself but for others—who was forever busy doing good. She was doing the same somewhere else, I was certain; carrying out the same heroic life, loving with the same warm heart, rejoicing with a keener and more perfect joy.

And so I think of her still; and I *will* think of her, and I will not grieve. But I know that on earth I shall never again behold the like of my dear Lady de Bougainville.

THE END.

REVEALED IN A SONG.

ONE of the tenderest and most touching of Uhland's poems is that which describes the departure of the youth, escorted by his comrades, from the town where he had lived, and his sad glance up to a window where a maiden is sitting, and his sad thought, "If she could only love me!" while the girl looks down with melancholy eyes, and thinks, "If he had only loved me!" And so he goes his way, and neither knows of the other's love; neither knows that each might have had all the heart's desire. I fancy there is more of this kind of thing in real life than people are inclined to suppose. Let me tell the story of a pair who might have served as living illustration of Uhland's poem, but for the fortunate chance which flung them for a moment heart to heart, and compelled a mutual recognition and revelation.

Professor Rhodes filled the chair of Modern Languages in one of our younger American universities—never mind what its name or its whereabouts. Professor Rhodes knew the languages and literature of most European countries well, and had picked up his knowledge in rather a hard school. He was the son of a Western farmer, and he had been seized, very early in life, with a longing to visit and study the old countries across the Atlantic. All such yearnings his shrewd and practical father despised, and the father and son quarreled, and young Rhodes crossed the Atlantic. He starved and struggled and studied in London and Paris and Rome and Madrid; his hunger for the life of the old European lands was not extinguished by the physical hunger which often gnawed him; he managed to visit and live in every country of Europe, and to know the ways and the life of every capital; he became a cosmopolitan in the matter of language, and could talk with almost any body any where in the any body's own tongue; he took part in at least half a dozen revolutionary movements, received several wounds, was often imprisoned, and once escaped after having been ordered for execution. So his youth went away, and good part of his manhood; and his parents had long been dead; and there were gray streaks showing—prematurely, indeed, but unmistakably—in his beard and mustache. Meanwhile he had been writing a good deal, and had been earning, almost without knowing it, a sort of literary and scholarly name. At length his heart yearned for his home, and he went back to the United States, bearing with him, as the profits of his long absence, a mastery of European languages and literature, some scars, some gray hairs, and no money. His reputation, however, soon won for him the offer of a professorship at the university already spoken of. Theodore Rhodes accepted the offer, and soon made his mark on the place. His knowledge was deep, his judgment bold, original, and true; his eloquence was the long-pent-up utterance of a man who had been storing and concealing thought and observation all his life, and now, at last, has found listeners, and an opportunity and duty to speak out. Among the youthful students Theodore Rhodes became a sort of hero and oracle. He had seen, experienced, and suffered so much, that to them he seemed quite a venerable Mentor; and indeed to himself life appeared all a retrospect. He was in reality just inside forty years of age.

Round the university was gathered quite a growing community, with considerable wealth in it and much culture. Society was very pleasant there, with a flavor of originality and independence about it which especially suited Theodore Rhodes. Every new movement, every new book, was taken up and discussed there; no thought was proscribed, no prejudice was held sacred; the pulse of the little community vibrated with an active, healthy, inquiring life and energy. Professor Rhodes bore a high character, and won general confidence. A manly and honest nature is soon recognized by unconventional and congenial people. Rhodes found admirers among women as well as men; and for all his grizzling beard and his forty years, he might have easily won a pretty bride with a good fortune and willing parents. But he sought for no such prize. Ever so many years ago, before most of the pretty girls around him were born, Theodore Rhodes had loved, or fancied he loved, a girl who, when he went to Europe—led thither partly by the hope of making name and fortune for her—married speedily a wealthy miller, and Rhodes thereon gave up love-making. But while it is in any man's power, at any time he will, to give up love-making, to give up loving is quite a different thing. So, after a while, our Professor found it. I knew a man once who was driven from his early home by a passion for adventure, for exploring, for the sea, and who spent years and years of enterprise and danger, penetrating the ice-masses of arctic seas, tracking up African streams, and climbing Asiatic Alps; who was

many times shipwrecked, and came off scot-free; and who, returning home to pay a visit to old friends and scenes, lost his way one night on a moor familiar to his boyhood, and fell into a little pond or pool, and was drowned there. So Theodore Rhodes had gone through many strange scenes and experiences unscathed of love, and came home again to be stricken, as it were, on the very threshold.

One of the closest friends Theodore Rhodes had in the little community of which he was now a member was Mr. Louis Meredith, a man of some property and great intelligence, who had traveled and had ideas. Mr. Meredith was a widower, and had an only daughter, Cynthia. Now Cynthia was really not what one could call a pretty girl, but she had a fine figure and a noble, expressive face; and she had a soul which sometimes spoke with wonderful eloquence of expression through her deep gray eyes. She was not the girl who becomes the *belle* of a circle; but she was a woman to exercise a supreme influence over some few noble hearts and natures. Theodore Rhodes was her father's friend, not hers. He came near to her father's age. For a long time his intercourse with her was confined to a few friendly words when they met. Often her father and Theodore sat together for a long evening, the two men talking now earnestly, now gayly, over all manner of subjects; and she sat near with her work and listened all the time, and looked up every now and then with a bright glance of sympathy or a quiet word of dissent, and hardly otherwise took part in the conversation. Sometimes her father would ask her to play or sing; and she did so, sweetly, sympathetically; and Theodore listened and found himself swept away into long-unknown glorious regions of youth and poetry and romance. Gradually he and she came to hold more friendly and direct intercommunication, and then he became astonished and delighted at her fresh intellectual resources; her keen, penetrating judgment; her clear, unconventional way of looking at realities; her artistic tastes; her pure, refined sympathies. At first he used to think within himself, "If I only had such a daughter!" And then other thoughts dawned upon him; and Theodore Rhodes woke up to find himself profoundly and passionately in love.

Alas for the middle-aged Professor and philosopher! His love burned within him hot and unextinguishable as an anthracite fire; it unsettled all his ways and thoughts; it came between him and his studies; it scorched up the growth of his literary and philosophical speculations. He chafed and raged at it in vain. Many and many a long mile did he tramp in the lonely, sullen, midnight hours, in rain and frost and snow; many a night did he outwatch the Bear; many a time did he fling himself down, literally prostrate, and grovel on the floor of his little study, in humiliation and agony. Neither walking nor watching, nor prone and prostrate, could he conquer his passion, or recall his old, calm, active self. He began to lose all interest in the studies that once delighted him, in the scholars whose young voices and fresh thoughts used to gladden him. No one on earth, probably, suffers from the love-fever like your middle-aged philosopher, if once the contagion can seize him.

Why did he keep this thing as a secret? Could he not have spoken? Was there no hope? To him there seemed no hope whatever—the very thought of any possibility of hope appeared preposterous. Cynthia was about half his age; there was nothing in him to attract any girl; he was only her father's friend, and apparently her father's contemporary; and Cynthia had, since she was little more than a child, been affianced to a youth of fortune who was now in Europe. So Theodore could only bear his pain, or try to bear it. He felt himself degenerating under it. He could not conquer it; and in the futile struggle his mental resources seemed all running to waste, and he found himself at last neglecting his duties. Not that any others could have perceived this neglect, for his regularity of attendance was never varied, and his lectures to his class seemed as instructive and valuable as ever. But he felt in his own heart that he was only performing mechanically a perfunctory task; that his soul was no longer in his work; and this his sensitive conscience declared to be neglect. He began to fear that a time would soon come when actual neglect would begin to set in; when he should positively be unable to give even a mechanical attention to his duties. He shuddered as he heard of the expected return of Miss Meredith's *fiancé;* and when, in his presence, her father spoke of the young man's speedy coming, and her eyelids fell and her cheek flushed and her manner seemed manifestly agitated, poor Theodore could hardly keep his agony under decent control. Natures less ingenuous than those of Louis Meredith and his daughter might well have found out, even then, his sad secret.

After that, Theodore Rhodes made up his mind he would resign his professorship and go back to Europe. Nothing but this would be of any avail—nothing but this could yet perchance stand between him and degeneracy. He could not fight the fight out. He could only leave the field.

So he went straightway, sought out his friend, and told him he was resolved on leaving the place, and that he had already drawn up his resignation of his professorial chair. Mr. Meredith endeavored in vain to induce him to alter his resolution.

"You will do me the justice," said poor Theodore, very sadly, "to believe that I have a solid, good reason for what I do, although I can't tell it even to you—just now. You may come to know it sometime. It is not restlessness. I have had enough of unrest, and would gladly linger here if I could."

His friend looked at him curiously.

"*Cherchez la femme*," murmured Mr. Mere-

dith. "Has this not something to do with a love business?"

Theodore winced. "Well, then, it has. Don't ask me any more."

Mr. Meredith pressed his hand and was silent. He had no gleam of suspicion as to the real cause of Theodore's determination, and assumed that he was going to Europe to find some lost love, not to escape from a love that looked hopeless.

"Come home with me," Meredith said; "let us pass this evening together before you take any decided step. I will not weary you by arguing the matter; you know your own way best, my friend. But let us have one bright evening together before you positively announce your going."

He put his arm in Theodore's and led him away. Of course Theodore did not resist; he thought within himself that he was doing a weak and wrong thing to place himself again idly under the spell of a hopeless fascination; and he did the weak and wrong thing accordingly.

It was a happy, delightful night, although Cynthia's mind was somewhat disturbed by the emotions which the imminent coming of her *fiancé* awakened in her, and although poor Theodore was looking on her, as he believed, for the last time. Perhaps the very belief that he was to see her no more lent a freedom to his soul and his manner, for he felt that he might as well enjoy the present—it mattered nothing *now*.

There was a song which Cynthia sometimes, not often, sang—a sad, sweet ballad, steeped in lyrical pathos and love and longing; a song to penetrate to the depths of a sensitive soul at any time, but which Theodore just now especially desired and dreaded to hear—desired with a wish quite unspeakable. He asked her to sing it for him. The evening had worn on until nearly night, yet the lamps were not lighted. Summer had begun to fade; the windows were open; a faint breath of flowers was borne into the room; a faint moonlight glimmered on the group of friends; the sound of the river was heard; it was a time, a scene, to sweeten and exalt even the commonplace itself into something pure and poetic. Think how it was with the heart of Theodore as he thus sat, under such influences, so near the one only woman whom in all his varied life he had truly and deeply loved, and whom he believed himself about to leave forever!

"That song!" Cynthia said, in a low tone. "I almost dread it—it is so sad."

"And I, too, almost dread it," Mr. Meredith said. For he looked to Theodore's departure with deep pain. These two men had been drawn by sympathy into a companionship and friendship so rare in life that, if it were broken, neither could hope for any thing like it again.

"Yet sing it for me," pleaded Theodore. "I don't know why I wish so very much to hear it to-night; but I do wish it; and you will not refuse me." He was on the verge of saying—"this, the last time;" but he controlled himself, and stopped short.

"You must indulge him, Cynthia," Mr. Meredith said. "You can refuse him nothing, for we shall not have him long. He is going away! There, Rhodes—I know I ought not to have said any thing of that just yet—but I could not help it. Yes, Cynthia, he is going away from us."

Cynthia turned suddenly round toward her father, and seemed to wait for some explanation. He said nothing. There was a pause.

"She has not even interest enough in my existence," thought Rhodes to himself, "to ask a question about my going! Why should she?" It was nearly dark now, and he could not see her face.

"Our friend is going to leave us, Cynthia—to leave us altogether, and return to Europe," said her father, a little surprised at her silence, and mentally saying, "How cold these girls are! They don't know any thing about friendship! Cynthia's lover is coming home, and that is all she cares about. I wonder would it grieve her much if I were going away?"

Still Cynthia said nothing; but now her fingers began to wander along the chords of the piano before which she sat, striking a low, fitful music out of them.

Theodore at last found a voice: "Yes, Miss Meredith; I find that I must go back to Europe; and I shall probably not be here again for a very long time—many years, I suppose. So I do want you to indulge me this last opportunity, and sing me that song—if it does not distress you very much," he could not help adding, with a dash of bitterness in his tone.

She replied not a word, but turned to the piano, and began.

Let us look at the picture, as it is dimly seen in the moonlight. A great author has said that no picture made up of human forms is true to its purpose, or any real purpose, if it does not without explanation tell some manner of story clearly. What story would a picture of this scene tell to a stranger's eye? A room faintly lighted by the moon; a girl with a noble, queenly figure stooping over a piano to the music of which she sings; beside her, his face turned away from her, a bearded man who holds one hand partly over his eyes and clasps his beard with the other; farther off, an elder man who stands near the window, and looks meditatively out. Not much to be made out of such a picture as that, surely. Hardly any painter's skill could make it tell much of a story.

Cynthia began her song in a sweet, low, clear tone that vibrated through the room, and through the soul of at least one of the listeners. It was a song of farewell to hope, to all that made life dear—save for the memory of the one eternal love. A true poet had given the words; an immortal musician had glorified them in melody. While Theodore listened it seemed to him as though, in Jean Paul Richter's language,

"his heart had been pierced with a thousand cuts, that it might the more gently bleed away."

In the midst of the song the door was softly opened, and a servant brought to Mr. Meredith a letter. Mr. Meredith quietly rose, and, without interrupting the song, withdrew to his study. Cynthia sang on, apparently unconscious of his departure. Theodore had never looked up. He still covered his eyes with one hand, clasped his beard with the other.

The song reached its sweetest, tenderest, saddest place—the singer had to breathe the last farewell. Theodore, listening with all his soul and ears, heard the voice grow tremulous, heard it sound as if it were tear-fraught, and suddenly it ceased altogether, and then the sudden silence was pierced by a loud cry—and then Theodore, springing from his chair, had just time to seize in his arms the singer who had fainted in her song.

Was he to blame if he held her in his arms yet a moment, and allowed her head to rest upon his shoulder, while his heart beat tumultuously with wonder, hope, fear, and all the thousand inarticulate passionate emotions which her cry and her swoon had awakened within him?

At that moment Mr. Meredith hurried into the room, and Theodore gave his daughter into his arms. Some agitating thought, it was evident, had already occupied the father's mind, and left him hardly room for wonder.

"Poor girl!" he said in a low tone to Theodore. "This fainting-fit looks as if it were an omen—as if she could have known I have cruel news for her. Rhodes! that boy to whom she was engaged—to whom I was for so long all that a father could be—has married a dancing-girl belonging to the Opera House in Berlin! That's the story brought to me in the telegram I have in my hand!"

Theodore did not remain much longer that night. When Cynthia began to show signs of returning life and consciousness, he felt that he had better leave; and he left. But he went home with a wild hope glowing in his heart which lighted his way like a sun.

He visited the house next day, and found Cynthia alone, by the piano, in the same room. After some stammered unmeaning words, he said:

"Miss Meredith—Cynthia!"

She started.

"One question I must—I will ask of you! Why did you faint last night?"

Without raising her eyes she spoke in a low tone:

"First tell me—why do you leave us?"

"I felt that I must leave you—because I love you!"

"And I fainted—because you were about to leave us—to leave *me!*"

The revelation was complete; and the story is told. Professor Rhodes still retains his chair at the university, and has a wife who shares his studies, and holds his heart in hers.

THE INDIAN:

WHAT WE SHOULD DO WITH HIM.

PERHAPS no more striking evidence of the powerful influence of works of fiction can be shown than the belief in the heroism, bravery, and manliness with which the great novelist Cooper invested the person of the American Indian. Sculpture, which is sometimes the highest embodiment of the poetic and the ideal, has also lent its wondrous eloquence to this belief, for nothing could express pathos and manly strength dethroned more graphically than Crawford's noble figure of the American Indian. And then the poetry of verse has done its work, and in the magic lines of "Hiawatha" the savage has been lifted up and carried back into the charmed circles of myths and shadows. What the American Indian was, is in some measure the special property of the poet and the artist, into whose picture is woven the romantic and the ideal; yet the historian who traces the existence of the Indian from the hour when the first settlers landed upon the shores of this continent up to the present time will invariably fill up but one outline. It is that of barbarism with more than its usual characteristics of cunning and cruelty. As fast as the white man has moved into the interior he has met with implacable hostility and resistance. Step by step the retreating path of the red man has been marked with blood and fire. Neither by peaceful means nor by force of arms has he succumbed to the influences of civilization. Industry and frugal habits are foreign to his nature. He hates subjection to law; he despises thrift and order.

The writer, in the years 1855, 1856, passed several months in Kansas in the cabin of a half white and half Indian of the Shawnee tribe, which for many years had been under the influence of a mission school. During that time I came to know the people very well, and this acquaintance was extended over the Kansas River, into the reservations of the tribes of Delaware and Wyandot Indians. Among the latter there were men of some education and character; but, with half a dozen exceptions, among the Shawnees and Delawares I saw nothing of the good influences of civilization and Christianity. Under peculiarly advantageous conditions, the people rejected the better, and accepted the worst, that belongs to civilized life.

My host at the time of which I speak was altogether the best Indian I ever met. He had had a conviction of the truth of Christianity, and tried to carry it out in his daily life; but it was almost comical sometimes to see his half-savage nature in conflict with what he had been taught of the humility of Christ. The fierce inclination to cut the throat of his offending neighbor was quickly followed by repentance and prayer. He forgave, but did not forget. But a more forcible illustration of the unconvertible disposition of the Indian could not be

given than was found in the experiences of this same man, who had passed fifteen years as a missionary with the Kickapoos. He avowed to me that, with all his effort, he had never been able to save one soul to Christ.

With such untoward natural attributes is it not astonishing, in a nation like ours, boasting of its high refinement and superior civilization, that the affairs of the Indians should for many years have been shamefully mismanaged? This is a mild phrase to use, for the control and direction of Indian affairs have been the means by which millions of treasure have been stolen. The Indian Ring has been another name for corruption, theft, and villainy.

One of Hawthorne's most subtle and powerful tales is called "Rappicini's Daughter." The heroine of the story is the only daughter of an old chemist, who has brought her up from childhood to live upon the most deadly poisons. Her system had become so impregnated with poisons that to her they were food and nourishment. The flowers in the old man's garden gave forth such noxious odors that the birds and insects fell lifeless to the ground: to the young girl they were richest perfumes.

The wondrous art of the writer has made every line and word of this story to be instilled with noxious vapors. The very air you breathe is malarious, and you rise from its pages with a confused, dazed sense, as if you too were under its baleful influence.

Such has been the horrible blight of the Indian Ring. From one end to the other, and through all its courses, there has been dishonesty. The poison seemed to pervade the very atmosphere of Indian affairs; to enter it was to die the moral death. In Washington, New York, on the Plains, every where, there was a combination to defraud. But, worst of all, on the border, where the Indian was unprotected, far removed from chance of detection, the robbery was most barefaced. The Indian was wronged and cheated in every way. Now and then some missionary society would get among them; but how can the Bible reach the heart when the brain is stupefied with whisky? As we have before indicated, the Indian did not have much virtue to boast of, but what little he had became demoralized. The sutler who sold goods cheated him, the agent who paid him his annuities robbed him, the official who represented the great power of the United States government defrauded him. Treaties were broken, pledges betrayed, and the name of white man became another term for deception and fraud. What wonder the Indian became a worse than Bedouin Arab, with his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him!

This had come to be the state of affairs when General Grant was inaugurated President of the United States, and then a new policy was instituted.

The President and the officers of his army had had experience with the Indians. They had fought them and knew their cunning, their strength, and their helplessness as well. They knew also the wickedness and foul dealing of the Indian Ring, and resolved to break up the whole nefarious business. The Ring struggled hard for existence. Senators and Representatives, public men in high places, strove to maintain the organization; but Grant, Sherman, Schofield, Sheridan, Hazen, and the rest, were resolved to destroy it. A Peace Commission was appointed, one of which was General Sherman, who met in council the chiefs of the different tribes, and made new treaties with them, by which several of the tribes were to be located upon new reservations in a more southern part of the Indian Territory. Over these reservations were appointed officers of the army; men whose bravery in war had been tested in a hundred battles, whose honesty of heart and integrity of purpose were beyond cavil.

The plan of treatment for the Indians which was conceived and put in successful operation by one of these officers is the theme which has inspired this article. It is hoped that the firm, humane, practical common-sense of this scheme will attract the active support of that large class of good people who in this country make public opinion, so that Congress will legislate upon the subject in the interest of honesty and humanity.

It is the wisdom, skill, and patience of Brevet Major-General W. B. Hazen, I am convinced, that has solved the greatest difficulty of the vexed Indian question.

I need not stop here to tell who this officer is. In the late war his name appears with great honor in many battles, and as that of the hero of Fort M'Allister, with more of brilliancy and prominence than at any other time, but not with more desert. Later, it has been associated with the Indian question, but in a way so fragmentary and desultory that the public at large are not aware of what he has done, nor how vitally important it is that his work should be continued. His scheme first suggested itself to him, he says, during the summer of 1866, when crossing the Plains from Omaha to San Francisco, through the most hostile portions of the Indian country. He made this journey on horseback and in an ambulance, occupying some four months, during which time he never saw one hostile Indian. With such an experience, it seemed absurd to him, who, it should be remarked, bore a wound received in one of his many—long time ago—fights with the Indians, that the nation should be all the while agitated about a few thousand savages who were not so terrible but that a gentleman could thus ride through their country without molestation. The plan of treatment which suggested itself to him was embodied in a report which was sent to Congress by the Secretary of War in January, 1867. In this report he says: "Allot to each tribe, arbitrarily, its territory or reservation, and make vigorous, unceasing war upon all who do not obey and remain upon their grounds.

When once thoroughly whipped, there will afterward be no trouble with them. Prohibit all sales of arms and ammunition, and imprison all who are known to violate this law. If necessary, feed the Indians, but give them no implements of war."

It is only lately, and after experience, that this sketch of a plan has been matured into a well-organized system which will be more definitely explained as the history of the experiment is unfolded in these pages; but it consists, in the main, in forcible retention of the Indians upon the reservations, under a governor who shall have civil and military authority, and who shall have both military and civil assistants. The Indians are to be fed and clothed, provided with means of instruction, agricultural tools, and allotted portions of ground for cultivation, so that they may be taught to support themselves. Under the old system they wandered about as they pleased, robbing and killing the settlers and wayfarers, appearing at stated times at the agency for the purpose of getting their annuities, with guns and ammunition, with which to repeat their depredations.

I have given above a brief sketch of the method which General Hazen has put in operation after the Indian has been induced to go upon the reservation. Perhaps it would be more in order if the means of getting them there had been first discussed. It is not necessary here to describe in detail the manner in which an Indian war should be conducted. In this matter General Hazen evinces his thorough knowledge of the subject. In this report and in other places he argues, in common with General Sully and other Indian fighters, that winter campaigns should be undertaken and pushed vigorously; but General Hazen especially insists that there is no need to kill these people. Like all ignorant aborigines, they have enlarged imaginations, and are easily alarmed. A small force should be kept all the while in motion, breaking up their camps and villages, forcing them on to their reservations. This policy persistently pursued, the Indians will, after a while, come to the belief that the government not only means to keep faith, but that the Indians shall remain where they are placed, under guard, and carefully protected.

It is worth while at this point to explain away a serious misapprehension which obtains very generally throughout the country as to the number of hostile Indians. We sometimes read of 250,000 of these people as being inimical to us; but this includes the entire number within our borders. It includes the New York, Shawnee, Delaware, Wyandot, Choctaw, Cherokee, and a score of other tribes of peaceful Indians. The numbers that are hostile have always been exaggerated. If, as it is expected, we can keep quiet those on the southern reservations, including the Kioways, Arrapahoes, and Cheyennes, the only ones left are the Apaches of Arizona, who do not exceed a thousand warriors, and the Sioux, with kindred tribes of the Upper Missouri River, not to exceed five thousand warriors. All together, north and south, there are not ten thousand warriors who would fight, and these are disorganized and scattered in bands in widely separated sections of country. It is well to recall the memory of the campaign of General Canby in 1862–63, who subdued and brought to terms all the Navajoe Indians by carrying on the war in the manner we have described. This tribe were the most numerous, intelligent, and warlike of all the Indians in the middle country, and at the same time the most inaccessible; and they were completely conquered without the loss of a single soldier or killing one Indian. To be sure the campaign lasted twelve months; but at the final surrender many of the Indians were mere skeletons from fatigue and actual want of food. This method of "wearing out" was at the bottom of Grant's later campaigns in the war of rebellion; but in its application to the Indians it will require few if any additional troops. It is a show of war actively applied until all the Indians give up the contest; and it is an important fact that no tribe, once thoroughly whipped, and which has consented to go upon a reservation, has ever again given us trouble. There are scores of examples of the truth of this statement. And let it be taken note of, that if the Cheyennes take the war-path again next summer, it will be because they were not well whipped last winter, for the expedition in pursuit of them halted and passed the winter in quarters and idleness when it might have accomplished its full mission.

In the narration of events which follows, it will be seen that General Hazen has acted in obedience to the definite orders of General Sherman; but it is fair to infer that so much as embraces in these orders the plan of treatment of the Indians which we so warmly approve of was in answer to the suggestions of General Hazen, especially to those which were most fully embodied in his letter of June, 1867, to Senator Henderson, Chairman of Indian Affairs in the Senate, and one of the Indian Peace Commission.

In pursuance of the peace policy set in motion by the Commission, commanders of departments, districts, and posts were ordered to consider themselves as agents of the Plains Indians, so as to afford them temporary support to conduct them to their reservations. When Indian civilian agents were present with the tribes the military were not to interfere, except to report irregularities.

General Harney was placed in command of the Sioux, in the north; General Getty, of the Navajoes, in New Mexico; Major Lamotte, of the Crows, at Fort Ellis; General Augur, of the Shoshones, Snakes, and kindred tribes, in the Department of the Platte; while General Hazen, in the south, had control of the new reservations, which were bounded on the east by the State of Arkansas, south by Texas, north by Kansas, and west by the one hundredth

meridian of longitude. Upon these had been located the Cheyennes, Arrapahoes, Kioways, Comanches, and such other bands as might hereafter be located therein. Of all but the last-named command there is no need of further notice here; but of the gentle creatures confided to the care of General Hazen, we might say, as did the famous recipe for cooking a hare: "First catch him," and so on. Of all the Plains Indians these were the most faithless, wandering, and aggressive; and a more hopeless, thankless, laborious task could not well have been intrusted to any man, especially to a gallant soldier who had won fame and glory at the cannon's mouth.

What General Sherman thought of all this will be seen in his personal letter to General Hazen accompanying the military order assigning him the command. It is dated at

HEAD-QUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSOURI, *August* 14, 1868.

General W. B. Hazen, U.S.A., en route to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas:

GENERAL,—I have the honor herewith to inclose you a copy of my General Orders No. 4, in which, I trust, you will recognize the faith I repose in you. I am by law held responsible for the disbursement of a large sum of money among Indians, with whom the Peace Commissions have been treating.

With all the Indians located and to be located in the districts of country committed to your care there are confirmed treaties; and appropriations have been made with resident agents to apply the money. Therefore no more money is needed for them; but many of the Cheyennes, Arrapahoes, Kioways, and Comanches still linger above the Arkansas River, near their old haunts, and give trouble. The co-existence of two races such as ours and the Indian in the same district of country is a simple impossibility, without a constant state of war. Therefore the Peace Commission proceeded on the theory that all the Indian tribes south of the Platte should, by gradual process, be drawn down into the district I have assigned to you, and there maintained till such time as necessity and their own experience would induce them to cultivate the earth, and rear flocks of sheep, cattle, horses, etc. But the Cheyennes, Kioways, and Arrapahoes begged to be allowed to hunt buffaloes as long as they lasted in the region between the Platte and Arkansas, and the Commission yielded to them, and the right is reserved to them in the treaty. I will, as soon as possible, procure and furnish you copies of all these treaties; and I want you to be governed by them strictly; but I have given you the sum of fifty thousand dollars, mostly that you may make it to the interest of all troublesome Indians to go down to their reservations, and to stay there with their families. If they want to hunt buffaloes, try to arrange it with them, and with General Sheridan, so that no conflicts may arise. Though assigned to a district of country, I do not propose to limit your sphere of action to the boundaries of that country; but you can go wherever you know any Indians to be who properly belong to your district; and when you need escorts, on application General Sheridan, or the district commanders, will furnish them. Don't spend any of your money for the Indians on their reservations, but use it to the best advantage to remove them to their reservations, where their civil agents may take them in charge. Report to me fully all matters of interest; but don't hesitate to act on your own authority, as I expect you, on the spot, to be a better judge than I can be.

Your obedient servant,

W. T. SHERMAN, *Lt.-General.*

In this letter of the great soldier there is all of his perspicacity, directness, and comprehensive knowledge of the situation, nor did he under-estimate its difficulties. One would have supposed that they would have begun among the savages of the Plains, but not a week had elapsed from the date of the above letter before a protest came from the Indian Bureau that Order No. 4 would conflict with the agents of the Bureau, and General Sherman was obliged to explain his instructions and orders as not to mean any such interference. The result of this was, however, at the outset, to deprive General Hazen of the authority most needed in the premises, although the subsequent absence of all but one of the civilian agents gave him larger liberty of action.

THE PAYMENT.

In September following these assignments to command over the Indians we find that hostilities have again broken out on the Plains. Generals Sheridan and Hazen are at Fort Larned holding council with Lone Wolf, Kicking Bird, Sa-tan-te, Timber Mountain, and Little Heart, of the Kioway nation, and Ten Bears and other chiefs of the Comanches. These two tribes, the Kioways and Comanches, have come in from the Plains in the hope of getting their annuities paid them; and the smoke from the camp-fires of their lodges rises from the ravines and among the forest trees. A most picturesque sight is usually to be seen at these "payments," as they are called. On the day fixed by the law the Indians gather at the fort or station where the agent is, or ought to be, in readiness to pay the tribe over which he has charge. The Indians are either in camp upon some stream near the agency, or they come in from a distance; but in either case they are clothed—ornamented, perhaps it will be nearer the truth to say—in all the splendor of full-dress. The fashionable costume of the red man is not subject to the variable moods of the Parisian; indeed it has not undergone any change within the knowledge of man. When he consents to wear clothes, he puts on a deer-skin coat, and a pair of leggins and moccasins of the same material. All of these articles are richly colored with various hues, and bordered and variegated with bright metal, beads, and stones. His head-dress is sometimes made of feathers, but some of the tribes cut their hair close to the scalp, leaving, however, a ridge of longer hair running over the top of the head, into which is stuffed all sorts of bright paints, red usually predominating. The faces are bedaubed and spotted and streaked with red, yellow, blue, and other colors, so completely disguising the gentleman that you would not recognize him even were he your most intimate friend. Many of the tribes do not clip their hair or paint their faces; but, in any guise, they are all picturesque as they come in mounted upon their gayly-caparisoned ponies, dashing over the ground at full speed, sometimes singly, most often in knots of two or three, or even larger groups. I ought to say here, with regard to the costume of the Indians,

that I have seen interesting specimens of them who wore more even than the celebrated Georgia costume, which was said to consist of a shirt-collar and a pair of spurs. My friends were naked, with the exception of a stove-pipe hat, a waistcoat, and a pair of spurs. As they were usually intoxicated when in this disguise, it should not be laid to their bad taste.

In the old time the ceremony of paying the annuities was not a very laborious one, for the money or goods were distributed to the heads of families, or to the individual who was known to the agent; but most often the Indians, during the year, had run in debt to the agent or to his sutler or store-keeping friend, so that the expectant savage got little or nothing, and the little was usually in the shape of terrific whisky, which soon found its way into the stomach and brain of the poor wretch, when he became about the most irrepressible being that a quiet man would like to have about. The vices of civilization are never so horrible as when displayed in the person of a wild Indian. Upon an occasion of this kind I have witnessed scenes so shocking that I would not, if I could, describe them.

When there was no check between the ignorant Indian and an unscrupulous agent, it will be believed that there was a vast difference between the appropriations made by Congress and the values paid to the Indian; and that, in most instances, the so-called "payment" was a farce which was played to amuse the nation while the thieves filled their pockets. The chiefs of the Kioways and Comanches, with their tribes, had come up to Fort Larned in the hope of getting their annuities, which had been withheld from them, and also, as some of them claimed, to get within the protection of the fort, for they knew that the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes were on the war-path, and that the soldiers had gone out to find them. What other objects they had in view may be gathered from subsequent events and from the talk in the council, a portion of which I shall repeat, with the further purpose of illustrating the peculiar thought and singular mode of expression of these people.

COUNCIL WITH INDIAN CHIEFS.

General Sheridan. "General Hazen is here to see about your going back to Fort Cobb."

General Hazen. "I have come out here to see you and stay with you. The Great Father at Washington wants you to go down to Fort Cobb, and it will be to your advantage to go. How soon will you be ready to start?"

Little Heart. "We have listened to what you say, and it is good. We were all down in that country last winter. It is a bad country, and we have two hearts about going back. We heard we were to come up here, and were told our goods were to be here. We left there when the grass was young, and we have been waiting ever since, and no goods have come. The white man is stronger than we. Our children cry for buffalo meat every morning, and we have none to give them, but bread, and they won't eat it."

Sa-tan-te. "I have nothing bad to say, but every thing good. In this country, between Zarah and Larned, our blood is on the ground. This was a long time ago. We are ashamed of our actions at that time. Our blood and the white man's blood is on the grass about here. What I am telling you is not bad. We love our white brothers, and do not mean to do any thing against them. We wanted Mr. Tappan as our agent, and signed our names, and sent the paper to Washington asking for it; but we don't know now who our agent is. Our nation is between two fires. The Yutes and the Osages killed six of our young men, and we will be burned if the white man does not take pity. Another thing—we want our blankets. It is getting cold, and our wives and children want blankets. If we move down below here we will be cold without them. We want our goods, and have been looking for them a very long time. I know it is useless to go to war with the whites. The Cheyennes and Arrapahoes have shown us a trail to follow. But we will not follow it."

Timber Mountain. "I have little to say. I am not a little boy nor a young man; what I say I mean. I hope you will remain, and will be at peace, and take us by the hand like brothers. It is getting cold, and we have no blankets. Our lodges are poor, as we killed no buffalo this summer; and how can we go south? I have two hearts. If I should go to the Wachita Mountains the snow would come, and I should be cold without blankets. Your white people living on the Arkansas have good houses, and are comfortable and warm (but we are without wood), and when we come in you look comfortable. I and my nation and the Comanches take all white chiefs by the hand, and we try to teach our young men to do likewise. They do a little stealing sometimes, but we tell them it is wrong. Colonel Wynkoop has been here, and treated the other tribes well; and we want our agents to do like him. This is all I have to say."

Ten Bears. "My name is 'One-Eyed Ten Bears.' I am head chief of the Comanches, and I hold myself a brother to you, big white chief; and what you want me to do I will do. As long as I live I will do what is right; but when I am dead I can not be responsible for my nation. My particular band have always made their home on the Arkansas. Part of the Comanches live south, but this is my home along the Arkansas River, and I never go south with them. When I was a boy I had a home here, and hoped when I died to leave my bones on the banks of the Arkansas. Before now and at this time my heart is with my white brothers, and when I saw the soldiers my heart was always good. [Taking out a paper, his certificate that he had been in Washington, given him by the Department.] This paper was given me by the Commissioners at Washington, and I have always been good since I had it; and when I die I want it buried with me. My brother had one also, but the rain has taken it away. I am willing to go with you [to General Hazen] to Fort Cobb, but I don't want soldiers to go with me—a few may go. Two, three, or four. If many soldiers go with us our squaws and our pappooses will be afraid; and when two parties are traveling together there are a good many fools with both, and they may make trouble. We don't want to fight our white brothers. Whenever we meet them we want to go up on the top of a hill, where they can see us, and we can talk. We don't want to fight, but only to be able to put our heads up over the hill and be afraid. We were told by our Great Father at Washington that we must hear what the soldier chiefs said to us, and we always do so. My heart is big, and I am glad that the other chief [General Hazen] is going with us, as he can take care of us. We want some arms and ammunition to hunt the buffalo."

General Sheridan. "Down at Cobb is the place for you to get arms."

Ten Bears. "Whatever I say, my color does not prevent me from telling the truth, like the white brother from Washington. It is getting dark, and we want to go to our camp."

General Hazen. "I will come down to your camp and see you to-morrow."

This council broke up after two days' session, with the understanding that the Indians were to go down to Fort Cobb; but as it would take ten days to bring from Fort Larned cattle for

their food, they were given that space of time in which to hunt buffalo; and on the following morning they had disappeared. Whether or not the voices of the children of Little Heart continued to resound upon the prairie, crying for buffalo meat, remains an open question, but certain it is that the tribes returned no more.

Within the ten days following the disappearance of the Indians war broke out in earnest, the hostile Indians attacking trains, killing escorts, assaulting outposts, and committing depredations generally. Of the family confided to the care of General Hazen, it is said that a portion were drawn into the fight; but the larger number, fearing such a result, or that they would be mistaken for enemies, made haste to get to Fort Cobb, hundreds of miles away.

It was originally the proposition of General Sheridan that General Hazen should accompany the Indians to their reservation with a safeguard (!!!) of six men, which the latter declined, having some little regard for life and limb. Fourteen men were then added; but even with this number General Hazen was unwilling to pass through the now hostile country. So he was obliged to make a circuitous route of over six hundred miles before he could reach his post of duty. Here, at Fort Cobb, he found two companies of troops; but these were quickly reduced to a guard of six men, who were specially instructed by orders not to do any other than merely military duty.

Deprived of all authority, except in regard to the disbursement of the $50,000 intrusted to his care, by the objections of the Indian Bureau, and stripped of all military authority, and with no troops at his command, certainly our brave soldier was in an embarrassing situation. Here were several thousand naked, hungry Indians, who were forsaken by their agents with one exception, who were helpless, who wished to keep out of the war, but who now looked to this true "white chief" for support and care. If ever failure stared a man in the face, Hazen was the person who had the benefit of a long look; but the situation was not more discouraging than the heart was brave and the will strong which met it, and, in spite of Indian Rings and military envy, General Hazen, by thoroughly gaining the confidence of the Indians themselves, achieved success. In all his efforts and discouragements he had the warm sympathy and earnest support of General Sherman, as the following extracts from letters will show. Under date of October 13, 1868, General Sherman says:

"I want you to go to Fort Cobb, and to make provision for all the Indians who come there to keep out of the war; and I prefer that no warlike proceedings be made from that quarter. Both of the Indian agents, Boone and Wynkoop, are ordered there also with the annuity goods, which, under a resolution of the Indian Peace Commission, are to be distributed by them to such Indians as you may approve of. The object is, for the War and Interior Departments to afford the peaceful Indians every possible protection, support, and encouragement, while the troops proceed against all outside the reservation as hostile. And it may be that General Sheridan will be forced to invade the reservation in pursuit of hostile Indians. If so, I will instruct him to do all he can to spare the well-disposed; but their only safety now is in rendezvousing at Fort Cobb. I will approve and justify any expense, or any thing you may do to encourage Indians to come on to the reservation, there to remain at peace; while I will urge General Sheridan to push his measures for the utter destruction and subjugation of all who are outside in a hostile attitude. I wish you to remain at Fort Cobb, or in that vicinity, as patiently as you can, looking for the time when all that are left of the Kioways, Comanches, Apaches, Cheyennes, and Arrapahoes are gathered there. Afterward, at your leisure, they can be conducted to and established on their appropriate reservations, as defined in the Indian Lodge Treaty.....I advise you, through the Indians themselves, to give out general notice that all Comanches, Kioways, Cheyennes, and Arrapahoes that wish to escape the effects of the present Indian war should now remove to the reservations assigned them in their treaty at the Indian lodge; that you will have their agencies removed there, and their annuity goods given them, provided they manifest a proper spirit of peace; and that, pending the fulfillment of the treaty stipulations, you will use your means in hand to provide them food at Fort Cobb. ....I have already reported to the proper department of government my wish that the agencies of these Indians should be removed to the Canadian River at once; that annuity goods should not be issued at Forts Larned or Dodge, but at the head agencies; and that these annuities should consist, in chief, of food. I propose that General Sheridan shall prosecute the war with vindictive earnestness against all hostile Indians, till they are obliterated or beg for mercy; and therefore all who want peace must get out of the theatre of war, which will not reach the reservation committed to your care, unless absolutely necessary."

The letter referred to by General Sherman in the following extract is one of several from General Hazen, which are deeply interesting, as they reveal the condition of affairs from time to time, but their length forbids insertion here. These letters detail all the existing facts which were of vital interest; for while some of the Indians were at war, others were pressing into Fort Cobb as the only harbor of safety, both from their neighbors' tribes and from Sheridan's troops. The Indians flocked in great numbers to this place, and General Hazen soon found himself burdened with some eight thousand of them. They were without clothes or food; and although General Hazen had been furnished with $50,000 for the purpose of removing these people upon their reservation, yet it was not contemplated that there would be an Indian war, nor that Fort Cobb was to be to all the peaceful Indians a city of refuge. It was also supposed that the agents of the Indian Bureau would exercise some care over their tribes, and distribute their usual rations and payments to the tribes; but only one of the number made his appearance; the remainder, frightened out of their wits, kept their persons on the safe side of the border. Thus General Hazen suddenly found upon his hands a gigantic responsibility, and it is this state of affairs he reports to General Sherman. In a letter dated November 23, 1868, General Sherman manfully responds:

".....I have this morning received your most interesting letter of the 7th of November, with contents, which I have sent to the Secretary of War, as we are

determined that Congress shall know all that it is possible for us to convey, to enable it to make a final disposition of this Indian question this winter.

"I know we are on the right track now, and I am well satisfied of the part you have acted, and in my Annual Report I have asked Congress to appropriate for you at once, for this winter's use, the sum of two hundred thousand dollars; and I have taken the risk of giving to General Sheridan the order that he will supply you with army stores, if necessary, to enable you to feed the destitute throughout this winter.

"I see clearly the difficulties that you have to deal with, and now give you full authority to feed, in the cheapest way possible, all the Indians that may be in your reservation, no matter of what tribe or nation, even if you must buy corn and meat on credit, until this whole question is settled...."

As we have before stated, the duties of General Hazen became manifold. At one time the record shows him to be in council with Big Mouth, White Wolf, Medicine Arrow, Mourie, Ben Bow, Ten Bears, and other chiefs, some of whom had come in from fighting with Sheridan, and, to use their own language, "were full of war"—that is, had had enough of it—"and desired to take their white brothers by their hand." With these latter General Hazen had but little to say, beyond accepting their unconditional surrender. One of the most provoking trials the General experienced came from the belief of the Indians who were at peace that they owned the territory of Texas, and that they had the right to make raids upon the settlers there. It is heart-rending to read the letters of complaint which come from these poor people, whose cattle and property, and, worst of all, whose women and children, have been stolen by these marauding bands. In many instances General Hazen was able to make restitution, and the Indians were notified that war made upon the people of Texas was as great a crime as if they went out to fight the soldiers, and that a repetition of the offense would meet with severe punishment.

At this time the position of the General was any thing but pleasant. Here he was almost alone, hundreds of miles from the borders of civilization, surrounded by thousands of savages, whose very nature was cruel and treacherous, many of whose hands were red with the blood of his fellow-soldiers. The large quantity of stores in his care was a constant temptation for these wretches to murder him and his guard, which had been reduced to three men. That he escaped unharmed is due to a miracle of Divine Providence, and the active operations of the troops outside, which kept the more evil-disposed in healthy awe.

The reader can form an idea of the excitements and perils of the situation by the following interesting account, which is from the pen of General Hazen:

"The approach of Custer's column into the Indian country, although many hundred miles away, was known to the Indians, and caused no little consternation among them. They were an accurate barometer, and although there was no exact knowledge as to when the blow would come, and where from, I had ordered up more troops, and the entire country was on the tip-toe of expectation, when a courier arrived at ten o'clock the night of the 29th of November, giving the first intelligence of a battle, which subsequent accounts proved to be accurate. The chiefs of all the Indians near my camp soon gathered in my tent, to learn my intentions and give their own views of the situation. As the troops had already turned back, leaving the hostile Indians in possession of the field, it was the opinion of the best-informed that they would turn their attention to us, and, as the interpreter expressed it, 'clean us out.' Runners were at once sent to the camps of all friendly Indians, and by morning we had mustered four or five hundred of red, black, and white, all ready to defend our position, selected by the aid of the principal chiefs, who showed a perfect idea of the principles of attack and defense. By noon, however, it was learned that the Arrapahoes and Cheyennes had no intention of attacking Fort Cobb. Great uncertainty continued, keeping all the camps in a condition of chronic fever until the 15th of December, when a courier came in with the intelligence that a large army was some twenty miles away on the Wachita. Two days after, General Sheridan, with his command, arrived, and then commenced negotiations of peace."

There can be no doubt but that for the timely arrival of the troops General Hazen would have been driven from his post, even if his life had not been sacrificed. As it is, his method of treatment has had a fair trial, and, so far as it has gone, it has met with success. I will now devote a brief space to the details of his experiment, drawing largely for my information from the final report of General Hazen to General Sherman upon resigning his important trust into the hands of the Quakers who were sent out by President Grant.

To feed the starving savages was the first duty which met General Hazen; and, simple as such a thing may appear to one of our good citizens whose account is respected at the butcher's and baker's, it was a most difficult one at Fort Cobb. Usually those who have nothing ask for little; but it appears that it had been the custom under the former thieving system to exaggerate the number of those receiving rations, and they were rated fully double their actual number. There had been a custom of giving about equal quantities to each chief, without much regard to the strength of his tribe. After much trouble, it was decided to issue the following allowance to one hundred rations: 150 pounds of beef; 75 pounds of corn meal; 28 pounds of flour; 4 pounds of sugar; 2 pounds of coffee; 1 pound each of salt and soap. This ration costs eight cents for each ration. From the fact that the Indians have been used to an unlimited supply of buffalo meat, the ration of beef was considered by them to be insufficient, and with their habits of extreme wastefulness they complained of insufficiency, sometimes even to the point of

revolt; and for this reason one band of the Kioways actually left the fort, and wandered away not to return.

General Hazen places great force upon the necessity of continuing this ration, and believes that the entire success of the plan depends upon its issue. The ration is not merely a subsistence, but it is a subsidy given to them in lieu of the abundant supply they can get by the chase.

The statement may seem so simple as to be absurd; yet there is no doubt that the price of peace with the Indians depends upon a ration of sugar and coffee. A few pounds of those two articles are more powerful than tons of powder and lead. If these few items are steadily and continuously given to the Indians, one-half the battle is fought and gained. Our troopers last winter rode down and killed less than a hundred Indians in an earnest and energetic campaign. At the same time some eight thousand of them were kept quiet by one man and his guard of less than half a dozen men, through the means of sugar and coffee, and a firm, unchanging demeanor. To this unhappy Ishmael, confidence, first, last, and always, is the vital condition; confidence that he will get his ration, confidence that he will have his farm, confidence that he will be punished swiftly, surely, and fearfully if he breaks over his bounds.

I have mentioned the furnishing of food as being the most important point in the reform system; but that is but preliminary to the greater purpose of finally fixing the Indian on his reservation. If General Hazen could have disbursed the fifty thousand dollars placed in his hands in the way originally intended, and as it should have been, instead of filling up the gap made by the failure of others to do their duties, he would have broken up and fenced all the land ever needed for the wants of the Indians. He would have been able to build good houses for all the chiefs and principal men. School-houses would have been erected sufficient for the needs of all the people. Fruit trees would have been set out, wells dug, gardens planted, seed sown, and all things done necessary for the permanent establishment of the Indians on both reservations. As it is, besides feeding and caring for these thousands of strangers, a good substantial beginning was made toward the great purpose in the new system. Twelve hundred acres of land were plowed, a portion of which is fenced, and all under contract for fencing. Three hundred acres are planted in corn. Over a hundred patches of land, in lots from a few rods to ten acres, have been planted by the Indians with their own hands in gardens, and it is said they are as cleanly kept as any in the States. A few substantial houses have been built for the chiefs; while they and very many of their tribes are actually taking interest in farming. General Hazen says: They no longer speak of going away except for hunting, and seem inclined to settle down to quiet, and in some measure industrious lives.

It is interesting to know the estimate of the number of Indians in the district described in the order assigning General Hazen to his duties here. They are as follows:

Comanches on the Reservation	916
Comanches not on the Reservation	1500
Kioways on the Reservation	986
Kioways not on the Reservation	100
Apaches on the Reservation	281
Caddos on the Reservation	481
Wachetas and affiliated bands on Reservation	1200
Arrapahoes on the Reservation	1158
Cheyennes on the Reservation	300
Cheyennes not on the Reservation	1200
Total	8122

General Hazen reports a large strip of land between the two reservations which is yet unappropriated, and which would be sufficient for all the Indians in Kansas. I have said above that General Hazen has worked single-handed in his reform movement, but credit should be, and is given by him, to the active assistance of Captain Charles G. Penney, United States Army, and to Mr. Boone, the only one of all the agents who was at his post of duty.

On the 30th of June, 1869, General Hazen, in obedience to the orders of General Sherman, closed his duties with the Indians, remitting their case to the civil agents. A portion of them are Quakers who were sent out by President Grant, and General Hazen expresses the utmost confidence in their willingness and their ability to carry out the method which has been so successfully begun.

In this brief sketch the writer has striven to give a chapter out of the history of the Indians in America, in the belief that it will point the way to the safe solution of the Indian question. Let Congress at once legislate so that all matters concerning the Indians shall be placed under the supervision of the War Department. Subordinate agents, similar to the Quakers who are now in service at Fort Cobb, may be appointed, but they should act under the immediate direction of military authority. Give to the Indians sugar and coffee, furnish them with plows and seeds, but let them at once and forever understand that the hand that feeds can, and if need be will, strike. The benefits of the arts of peace may be taught the red man, but the saving grace of our reform movement is, "The iron fingers in a velvet glove."

BATHSHEBA CAREW'S CURSE.

A LEGEND OF THE OLD COLONY.

TWO men stood upon the edge of a sharp cliff overlooking the town and harbor of Plymouth, the sparkling white beach inclosing the latter with one long protecting arm, the green strip of land called Saquish, and the Gurnet with its light-house; beyond all these the ocean, clear, brilliant, and blue, stretched to the horizon, and met a summer sky blue, clear, and brilliant as itself.

The two men who, standing upon the sandy

cliff, overlooked this fair scene were, as the first glance suggested, father and son, Captain Thomas Randall and his boy Philip, as he liked to call the stalwart young man, whose six feet of stature, goodly beard, and assured bearing imparted a mingled pathos and drollery to the appellation. But Philip was an only son, an only child, in fact, and had never yet left his home in the old town, or shaken off the luxurious dependence in which his father had striven to hold him. He had hunted, fished, trained and driven his own horses, played cavalier to the merry-making lasses of his own and neighbor towns, had strolled in and out of his father's country house, and taken two or three voyages to the West Indies and the Southern States in his father's trading vessels; but, after all this, Philip Randall's life was yet to begin.

Between father and son lay a new-made grave, its slate head-stone, just set up, proclaiming it the resting-place of Gregory Randall, aged 87; while under the name and dates appeared the following verse, gratuitously added by the lapidary, who desired to add his mite of respect to the venerable deceased:

"Stop heare, my friend, and cast an eye:
As you are now soe once was I;
As I am now soe you must bee;
Prepare for deth and follow mee."

It was to see this head-stone properly set that father and son had mounted the Burying Hill, as this venerable cemetery was called, and upon it the elder now sadly gazed, while he said:

"Yes, Philip, he was a good father and a good man, and I doubt not has entered into rest and peace. Mr. Priest seems also to have done his work well, and we need tarry here no longer. And yet, Philip, perhaps this may be as good a place as any to open a matter which lieth somewhat heavily at my heart."

"And what is that, father?" asked Philip, his frank and blithe young face assuming a shade of concern deeper than the mortuary spot and theme, or even the death of his aged relative, had brought upon it.

"My son, it is not matter for alarm or sorrow, but rather for much rejoicing, and—and—but it behooves us to walk softly in the matter, for there will be opposition and heart-burning; but a man must cleave unto his rights, Philip—even the elder and the parson would grant that, would they not?"

"Of course, father; but what rights of ours are periled just now? Have the Frenchmen meddled with your fishing station in the Penobscot again, or—"

"Nay, nay, boy. Wait, and I will satisfy you, as indeed I appointed with myself to do when we came up hither. Philip, you know that yesterday I spent in looking over your grandfather's private papers and such matters."

"Yes, Sir," carelessly replied the young man, as the elder, strangely embarrassed, seemed to pause for encouragement.

"Well, lad, I found a very curious document among those papers—a document which I never knew to exist; and I can hardly suppose my father knew of it, or rather of its value, although the indorsement upon the back seemeth in his handwriting; though why he should have written 'Just so much wasted parchment' across an instrument enriching himself and his children forever it passeth me to see."

"But what is this instrument, Sir?" asked Philip, half laughing; for the elder, becoming absorbed in reverie, stood staring down at his father's grave, with an expression curiously compounded of respect, grief, and reproach upon his handsome features. Recalled by his son's voice, he looked up, stared a moment at him in turn, and then slowly said:

"It is a deed of entail, Philip, confirming to your great-grandfather, John Randall, and his heirs male, in regular succession, the full ownership, control, and possession of a large tract of land, accurately described and bounded, lying chiefly in this town of Plymouth, but extending into the town of Carver, and embracing not only much valuable land in the outskirts, but a large portion of that in the very centre of the town; in fact, my boy, including every thing north of the Forefather's Rock until we reach the Cold Spring."

"But, father, very much of this land is already occupied and built upon," objected Philip. "Why, it would take in those houses upon what they intend to call North Street."

"It will take in all of North Street, Philip," replied Captain Randall, complacently, and meeting his son's look of perplexity and dismay with one of triumphant satisfaction.

"It takes in all of North Street, Philip, and you, my boy, will be the richest man in Plymouth Colony; yes, or in the whole Massachusetts Bay, for that matter."

"But, father, the people who have built upon and improved these lands, supposing them to be their own—"

"They either become our tenants, Philip, or they make satisfaction for the trespass they have committed, by purchasing their lands at our price."

Philip Randall frowned, and dug his heel thoughtfully into the spongy turf of the hillside where they still stood.

"Entail!" exclaimed he, at length. "Why, who ever heard of an entailed estate here in New England? We have no such institution."

"We live under English rule, and we govern ourselves by English law, do we not?" replied his father, dryly. "What is legal in the parent country can not be illegal in the colony."

"Perhaps not, father. I have never thought upon such matters, and yet there seems an injustice—"

"Stop there, Philip Randall, and do not accuse your father of injustice, in the same breath with the acknowledgment of ignorance, concerning this matter. Because I have, perhaps, erred in over-indulgence toward my only child, do not suppose that I intend to pretermit alto-

gether the respect and deference which is my due from him."

"Surely not, Sir; and I pray you to hold me excused if I have failed in either," replied Philip, a little haughtily, while the frown reflected from the face of the father to that of the son brought out a certain harsh, stern, and determined likeness, boding ill for any serious difference that might arise between the two.

But why—except at the instigation of some demon of perversity, just then whispering at his ear—why should Philip Randall have chosen this time, of all others, to convey to his father certain tidings sure to meet with determined opposition? Why prefer just now a request to which the elder would scarcely have listened patiently in his most indulgent mood? And yet, just then it was, as the two in a somewhat sullen silence descended the path and turned into the Main Street and homeward, that Philip said:

"Perhaps, Sir, as we are on family matters, it is a convenient time to inform you that I am thinking of marriage."

"Indeed, son Philip? And if it be not intrusive, may I ask if you have selected my daughter-in-law?"

"The name of the young lady is Bethiah Carew," replied Philip, half sullenly, half defiantly. His father paused and faced him, the level rays of the rising moon falling full upon his face of stern astonishment.

"Bethiah Carew!" slowly repeated he. "What, the daughter of yonder old webster, who should have been hung or burned for a witch long enough ago?"

"Mrs. Carew weaves for a living, and she is old. As for the witchcraft, I did not suppose we believed in such matters here," replied Philip, shrugging his shoulders. "It is fifty years since those poor wretches were hanged at Salem, and the world has gone on since then."

"Not so fast as to release children from their duty to their parents, young man," replied his father, sternly. "And once for all, I forbid you to think or speak of this matter farther. When you marry it will not be after this fashion, I can promise you."

"I am two-and-twenty, Sir," returned Philip, briefly.

"Two-and-twenty fools in one then!" roared his father. "Do you mean to defy me, Sir?"

"Nothing of the kind, father, but only to bring to mind that I am a man grown, and able to judge for myself as to a man's dearest and most personal matters."

"Very fine—very fine indeed, Mr. Philip Randall; and I suppose you are also prepared to earn your own living, and that of your lady-wife, and of her lady-mother, unless, indeed, that worthy dame is to support you and yours by her praiseworthy arts!"

"I don't doubt I can find means to support myself, and whoever else I may choose to take under my charge," replied the younger man, doggedly.

"And how, pray?" sneered his father, pausing, with his hand upon the gate of the handsome house they had now reached. "Do you remember, Sirrah, that every thing you have ever used, or possessed, or enjoyed—the very coat upon your back, the very victual that supports you—are all of my bounty; that of yourself you are nothing, and less than nothing—a beggar, a dependent, a mere hanger-on upon the fruits of my enterprise and industry—"

"You forget, Sir, that our estates are entailed," interrupted Philip, with a sneer. His father's face grew livid with rage.

"The entail can be set aside, Sir, and it shall be! I will claim this property to which you presume to tell me I have no right, and then I will take measures either to secure your obedience, or to turn you and your witch's brat of a wife upon the world, with a father's curse for your only inheritance."

"A witch's brat!" echoed Philip Randall, with an expression which even his father's taunt of dependence and threat of beggary had not called to his face.

"Yes, a witch's base-born brat!" repeated Captain Randall. "And, once for all, Sir, I forbid you to visit or speak to her again. I forbid you, do you understand?"

"I understand, Sir."

"And you will obey?"

"And I most assuredly will not obey."

"You will not?"

"I will not obey you in this, so help me God!"

The two men stood for a moment in the moonlight, looking full into each other's eyes—those eyes so wonderfully like in their stern, dark determination; and then, with no gesture of leave-taking, the younger turned and went his way.

"He has abandoned his father's roof forever," said the old man, with even then a pang of anguish wringing the heart so filled with anger and disappointment.

Turning into the house, he went directly to a room upon the second-floor, devoted to his private use, and called, for want of a fitter name, his study. Here, as the clocks were on the stroke of midnight, he was found by his wife, a fair-haired, timid, and delicate woman, who loved her husband and feared him as much, and who adored her son with no shadow of fear or doubt.

"Philip has not come in, Captain," said she, in a hesitating way, for she had seen them at the gate.

"Well, what of that?" harshly demanded her lord.

"It is late, almost twelve o'clock."

"I know it. Why are not you in bed?"

"I waited for Philip," stammered the wife.

"Well, then, wait no longer. Get you to bed."

"Captain, what does it all mean? Where is the boy? What have you done with him?" And fair-haired and timid though she was, the Captain's wife spoke with the courage of a be-

reaved mother who sees an opening to fight against the bereaver. Captain Randall looked up in some surprise. Very rarely had his wife dared to question him thus—never, perhaps, with such a look and such a voice.

"What ails you, woman?" asked he, sternly. "Get you to bed, I say; or, stop, you asked about your son Philip. He has gone to marry Bethiah Carew, and I have bestowed my curse upon him for a marriage-portion."

"My boy!" screamed poor Mrs. Randall, vanquished by this one cruel blow, and so fell upon the floor in a dead faint. Her husband raised her in his arms, carried her to her chamber, summoned Mehetabel Fry, the servant-maid, and went back to his study so soon as returning consciousness and a flood of tears proclaimed the patient out of danger.

"Yes, go along, you hard-hearted old flint-stone! It's little enough you care for fainting, or crying, or dying, for that matter, as long as you get your own way." In which words Miss Fry expressed the wide-spread and popular estimate of her master's character; and yet few of his townsmen disliked, very few opposed him.

Alone in his study, Captain Randall unlocked the tall, old-fashioned secretary brought from his father's house a few days after the funeral, and taking from it certain papers, among them the Deed of Entail, with the indorsement, "Just so much wasted parchment," he sat studying them, referring occasionally to a rude map of Plymouth and its environs, until the gray morning light crept over the sea and in at his unshuttered window. Just then Thomas Randall stumbled upon what he had been all that night unconsciously seeking—a link between the two terrible injuries he considered himself to have received at the hands of his son and the course he was obstinately bent upon pursuing; yes, and a means of punishing at once Philip, the girl who had dared to receive his addresses, and the mother who had allowed her to do so.

"Surely, surely," muttered the Captain to himself, as he eagerly read the description of the tract conferred upon Gregory Randall by his gracious majesty Charles I., and his heirs male forever. "Surely, 'the Sagamore's Cypress,' I remember that landmark right well, and it stands fairly to the north of Bathsheba Carew's cottage. Yes, yes, that comes within my privileges, surely, and, by the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, I will claim that which is mine own."

And then the Captain blew out the candles, waning and dying into all sorts of coffins and winding-sheets in the growing morning light, and threw himself upon a sofa for an hour or two of unrefreshing sleep.

Almost at the same time Bethiah Carew, throwing open the door of her mother's cottage for a breath of fresh air after the sultry night, started back with a little shriek of surprise, for a man was seated upon the door-step, his head leaned upon his folded arms.

At sound of her voice he rose, and, standing before her, showed the haggard face of Philip Randall. The girl stared at him dumbly, for indeed there was that about him to freeze any words of ordinary greeting. And he too looked as silently at her, looked as might a man who, having given all that he possessed for the jewel which he coveted, examines it yet once again to make sure that it is worth the purchase. And this was what he saw: A tall and slender girl in early youth, her graceful figure disguised in a russet homespun dress, whose short sleeves left bare a pair of exquisite arms; whose brief skirts exposed feet and ankles as bare, as white, and as beautiful as the arms; a clear, glowing complexion, dark wavy hair, and a pair of eyes, brown and bright and fascinating as the brook that wells out from gnarled oak-roots, and pauses one moment to eddy and dimple in the shadow before it shoots forth into the light of common day—a very beautiful picture, framed in the low doorway of the witch's cottage, and lighted by the rosy and purplish gleams of coming day. But the man who has given all for his gem asks for more than a fair outside; his purchase must be genuine, pure, flawless, or he has indeed showed himself a fool, and lost all, and more than all. But upon Philip Randall's pondering of this truth broke the girl's fresh young voice:

"Why, Philip, it is you, and not your ghost, is it not? What is the matter? What has happened?"

"Come out here, Beth. Come down to the spring. I have something to tell you."

"Good gracious, Philip! what is it?" But without reply Philip turned into the little path leading through the meadow to the spring in the grove, and Beth followed, her bare white feet daintily treading the dewy grass, and gleaming out from the daisies and butter-cups.

Safely out of sight of the house—for, with man's justice, Philip was coming to hate and shun Bethiah's mother, even while resolved to cling to the daughter—he turned, and, taking her hands in his, said:

"Beth, you know that I love you, and you know, too, that I have never asked you to be my wife."

"I never expected you would. I'm not fit to be your wife, Philip; and though I do believe you love me, and I love you dearly, Philip, I'm an honest girl, and—"

"And will be no less than my wife, if any thing," said Philip, gravely.

"That is it, Philip," replied the child of nature, too pure for prudery. "And so we ought not to be together, and you must not come here any more, and—"

"Stop, child!" And Philip smiled, half bitterly. "You are hastening to forestall my speech of parting; but I did not come here to bid good-by; nor need you arm your pride against one even poorer than yourself. Beth, as I stand here, so stand I in the world—alone, poor, without money, position, or even the knowledge by which to gain a livelihood. My father and I have quarreled, and he has cast

me off, or, rather, I have left him, and never, whatever might befall, will I become again dependent upon his charity. I am a beggar, Beth; he told me so himself, and I tell it again to you; and before that sun reaches the tops of the trees I shall be gone from Plymouth, gone for many a year, gone to seek my fortune, or, rather, to make it, to earn it, to become a man, for I feel that as yet I am none. Beth, will you have me for your husband, beggar as I am?"

The girl turned swiftly, laid her arms around his neck, her head upon his breast.

"You are still so far above me, dear," whispered she; and Philip, gathering her closer to his heart, felt that all he had given, and more had it been his to give, was not too much to pay for the treasure of pure and unstinted love thus poured out before him.

After a while the lovers, returning to the things of this world, began to discuss plans by which Philip was to gain a livelihood for the two, and also another plan of more immediate urgency. This was no other than a secret marriage, and Beth's removal to the house of some humble friends of Philip's in Boston.

"Truth to tell, Beth," said he, after all other arguments had failed, "I care not to leave you with your mother longer. She has not favored my visits, and—and—in sooth, I can not be easy unless you are away from her, and with those I know."

The reason was no reason, as they both felt, Philip knowing in his heart that, should he confess that he feared his father's persecution of both mother and daughter when he should not be there to defend them, Bethiah would cling all the more closely to the parent thus threatened, while she saw beneath Philip's embarrassment a distaste he had not always concealed for her mother's speech, manners, and character. A sudden flash of conviction showed the girl that here the path divided, here the choice between parent and husband was to be made—that to possess both was now become impossible; and, clinging closer to her lover's breast, she made her choice, and sealed it with her tears.

"Oh, Philip! if I've got to give up mother for you, it's no matter how soon I do it."

"Then come with me now—this morning!" exclaimed Philip, eagerly, and yielding to the impulse to turn his back and withdraw Beth from that place and that companionship at once, and without fear of detention. But the girl would not quite consent to this, and her grief at feeling compelled to thwart any plan of Philip's was so apparent as to disarm him of the displeasure he felt tempted to use as a weapon. So at last it was agreed that the two should walk that morning to Kingston, where they might be married by the magistrate, as was then the custom of the colony, and that the next morning they would return, tell Mrs. Carew what they had done, and bid her farewell.

But although Bethiah consented to this scheme, it was as she would have consented to lay her hand upon the block and suffer it to be chopped off had Philip bid her; and even when she had left him to return to the house and collect the little parcel of finery without which not even she would consent to be married, Bethiah turned back to clasp her hands and piteously ask:

"Oh, Philip! is there no other way? Must I steal away from her so? Is it right, Philip? is it right?"

"It must be so, Beth. Does not the Bible say that for this shall man or woman leave father and mother and cleave only to the partner, thenceforth to be one flesh and one life with their own? It is right, Beth; and I wish it, I ask it, for love of me."

"I will go, Philip. Wait here, and I will return anon."

So Beth crept into the house, made her little preparations, and crept out again without disturbing the old mother, not yet awaked; and a few moments later the two set forth together upon the road to Kingston, and upon the road of their mutual life.

The blithe summer day came up from the ocean, and wheeled its fervid hours across the sky until they brought noon—sultry, breathless, and exhausted; and Bathsheba Carew, standing in her cottage door, searched the familiar landscape once again for trace of her missing child. The line of the sandy road, white and dazzling, stretched away from her little house toward the town a full mile before it hid itself in the pine-wood, whose balsamic odor, drifting toward her upon the light breeze, mingled with the sweet sharp note of the locust to express a summer heat such as no other scent or sound expresses. But old Bathsheba did not heed the heat, did not smell the pines, or listen to the locust. With one hand set upon her hip, and the other shading her sharp black eyes, she stood there in the doorway, a picture as striking, if not as beautiful, as the one framed by that same doorway six hours before.

"She's gone—wiled away by that fellow. Didn't I tell her what it would come to? But when did a girl in love listen to reason? If ever I see him or his proud father—ha! what's that?"

The muttering ceased; the wandering eyes fixed themselves steadily upon the point where the road emerged from the wood, and never wandered again; for in the little cavalcade just coming into sight Bathsheba saw the promise of an answer to her cry for satisfaction or revenge. The central figure of this cavalcade was a man sixty years old, but tall, straight, strong as youth—a man of iron jaw and unflinching eyes, a haughty bearing and unyielding mien—a man in whom all men trusted, because he never yet had swerved from his word or his will, whether for good or evil.

"Captain Randall, and two constables at his back!" whispered Bathsheba once more; and then, folding her arms across her breast, she

leaned lightly against the door-post, and stood waiting for her guests.

The tramp of their horses' feet came up the little hill, along the sandy track, and paused at her door. The keen black eyes of the old woman fixed themselves upon the leader's face, but no word or gesture acknowledged his presence. The sheriff and his assistant leaped from their horses and fastened them, but Captain Randall rode close to the door without dismounting. Still looking steadily into his face, Bathsheba read, as if it had been printed there, the humiliation and agony through which the man's soul had passed during the night just gone. Hard and pitiless and cruel she found it; and yet beneath, above, pervading this expression, there lay another, and Bathsheba recognized it, and grimly smiled.

"Do you come looking for your son, Captain Randall?" asked she, mockingly, at last; and the sudden spasm crossing the white face of the man before her told how truly her chance shaft had sped.

"What have you to do with my son?" demanded he, fiercely, and speaking in a thick, unnatural voice. "I have come here to-day to give you a warning."

"Ay? And you shall get one in return, I promise you. I was coming down to see you to-day."

"Warning to quit these premises," pursued Captain Randall, not noticing the intimation.

"'Quit these premises!'" echoed Bathsheba, unmoved. "And why should I quit the house where I was born and bred, and where I mean to die? Why should I quit it, except for my grave, Captain Thomas Randall?"

"Because it is mine—my property; do you understand? And although my father and grandfather allowed you and others to occupy their land, they never intended to bestow it upon you. The line of my property extends to the Sagamore's Cypress in this direction, and that is some rods beyond any thing you have ever claimed. The land is mine, and I no longer choose that you should occupy it; do you understand? The house you have chosen to put upon it becomes mine also; but, on condition that you and yours should leave this town and this part of the country, I will give you whatever two honest men will say that it is worth; and you may come to my office to-morrow and receive the money. But if ever you come within my reach again, I will throw you into jail for rent and damages; and there you may live and die, unless your master helps you out."

During this harangue Bathsheba, hardly changing her position, had gathered herself together, as it were, slightly raised her head, slightly opened her eyes, and set her thin lips closer, while every muscle in her sinewy frame seemed to grow tense and ready for action. As before she had looked not unlike a somnolent serpent, so now she resembled the same serpent—venomous, startled, coiled for a spring, and sure to carry death in that spring. As Captain Randall paused, and moved his hand heavily across his forehead, she said, in a suppressed voice:

"You really mean to turn me out of this house, and off this land, where I and mine have lived for fifty years or more? You really think to drive me from this town, and throw the price of my stolen home at my feet that it may carry me out of your sight? Is that your meaning, Captain Randall?"

"Yes. You will leave this house within a week, or I will burn it over your head."

"I will not go."

"You will not! I tell you, witch, that you shall go, even though you bring your master, the devil, and a legion of his imps to defend you! You shall go if I drag you from the place with my own hands. Yes, you and that light o' love, your daughter, too."

"My daughter! And if she be a light o' love to-day, who yesterday was as honest a girl as ever stepped, whose fault is it, Thomas Randall—whose but your son's? Yes his, and none but his; and of him and you I ask back my girl; and you shall give her to me, or I will have the town about your ears. What have you done with her? where is she? where is Philip Randall?"

"He is gone, and you and she have wiled him away; you with your devilish spells, and she with her wanton smiles; but I will have my revenge, I will have justice. So sure as God is in heaven, you shall be burned for a witch, and she set in the stocks and lashed out of the town as a lewd and wanton woman; your house shall be scattered to the four winds, and your name pass into a by-word of infamy. You have robbed me of my son, and you shall pay me even to the uttermost farthing, even to the last gasp of your wretched breath and the last drop of your evil blood. You have defied me, and I will not spare you; so surely as God liveth, you shall die the death appointed for such as you!"

He raised his hand above his head, as if appealing to Heaven for a witness to his words, while his face flushed a deep red, then returned to its former ghastly pallor, while his eyes fixed themselves upon the face of the woman with a stare of deadly animosity, strangely underlaid with a look of awful terror and distress.

Meeting that strange and terrible look, Bathsheba Carew stepped one step forward, and holding his eyes with her own, glittering and snake-like now, she slowly said:

"And so surely as God liveth—yes, and so surely as the devil liveth, and hath power—I will not die until you are dead before me; I will not leave my home until you have left yours for the grave-yard; I will not leave this town until you have left this earth; I will not be burned as a witch until you have died like a dog, wanting priest and leech and shelter. You have threatened me, Thomas Randall, and I curse you; I curse you with the black and deadly curse of the widow and the fatherless,

and the poor and the oppressed; I curse you body and soul—and lo, the curse descends!"

She extended her arm, the long, bony finger quivering like a serpent's tongue, and pointed full in the face of him she had cursed; and as she did so the look of terror and distress grew and grew, and overflowed the look of rage and menace, and the deep crimson flush mounted again across the livid white of the set face, and reached the brain; and then, with one wild, gasping cry, and a futile grasp at the fallen rein, Thomas Randall swayed heavily sideways in his saddle, and but for the attendants would have dropped to the ground at Bathsheba Carew's very feet.

"He is dead. I cursed him, and the curse has fallen!" said she, quietly, and going into her house, shut and barred the door. The two men, more afraid of her than of their dying master, mounted in hot haste, and galloped down the hill; a few moments, and even the sound of their horses' feet died upon the sultry air; and there he lay alone, his head upon the witch's door-stone, his majestic figure trailed in the dust she had trodden; there he lay dying like a dog, as she had said, uncomforted, untended, unsheltered, unforgiven.

Half an hour later the men returned with others, and with a conveyance; but Thomas Randall was dead before they came, and it was but his discolored and fearsome corpse that they carried back to the terrified and weeping woman who waited for it, and too late lavished upon it the tenderness and care without which he had died.

"He was always good to me—always good to me; and Philip has gone too," moaned she, over and over again; for, weak in all else, this poor, pale woman was very strong in loving, and mourned herself into her grave not many months after her stern and absolute lord.

The next morning a light wagon drove up to the door of Bathsheba Carew's cottage, and from it stepped Philip Randall, with Bethiah his wife. These were days before telegraph, post-office, or active communication of one town with another; so that no rumor of yesterday's tragedy had wandered from Plymouth to Kingston, and the young people had come to make their confession, and to bid farewell to the old mother, if not gayly, at least cheerfully, for the light of the new day, risen upon their lives, was strong enough and rosy enough to hide, or at least to overlay, all ugly things of yesterday; and Philip, with Beth at his side, could forgive her mother for the part she had unconsciously played in his quarrel with his father—could even forgive her, almost, for being Bethiah's mother, and had already explained to his attentive wife how generous he intended to be toward her after he had earned the fortune they neither of them doubted was awaiting him.

The door was fastened; and after Bethiah had gone round to the brook door at the back, and found that fast also, Philip knocked long and loudly, and then the two stood waiting, the young man's feet upon the spot where yesterday his father's gray head had lain. Perhaps it was the subtle communication between animate and inanimate nature that suggested his next words:

"Beth, my darling, what if I should leave you here for an hour or so, and go down into the village just to bid my father good-by? He can not be so hard upon me now that I have gone from his house forever, and may never set eyes on him again; he must treat me as a man at least, and not as an ungrateful beggar, as he did in our last interview. And then, my mother—I must see my mother again, Beth; for now that I have you, I love my mother better, because of your common womanhood. Shall I go, Bethiah?"

"Yes, dear; I would gladly have you," replied the wife, eagerly. "I can not bear to think that through poor me you should have quarreled with—"

But just then her words were awfully cut short by a wild shriek from within the closed house—a shriek of mad terror, long, shrill, wavering, piercing the quiet summer morning like the curse falling upon Eden. Beth stopped, turned white and still, and clung to Philip's arm in silent horror; nor was he undaunted.

"What was it?" muttered he, at length; and the two stood looking at each other, as if each would make sure that his own fancy had not played him a horrible trick.

"It was real—it was in the house," whispered Beth, her lips white, and her voice trembling as if in an ague fit. "Oh, Philip! what could it be?"

"It was in the house, and we must enter," replied Philip, recovering himself, and gently putting aside the little clinging hands upon his arm. "Is there an open window, a cellar door, any way better than to break down the door?" continued he, half aloud, as he glanced about for the means of entrance.

"The window at the end—the window of my room was hardly ever fastened," murmured Beth, still shaking with terror, but leading the way around the house.

Philip followed, and presently raising the little window, guarded only by its maidenly white curtain, he climbed in at it, and stood one moment irresolute, looking about the simple room, but yesterday a shrine of mystery and love to him.

"Open the door and let me in, Philip, first of all," whispered Beth at the open window. "If there's any thing dreadful, I want to be near you when you see it."

Without reply Philip obeyed; and setting the door wide open, let the sunshine and Beth into the grim old house. Then, hand in hand, they searched, cautiously, shrinkingly, yet resolutely, through every room, every corner, always expecting to stumble upon some ghastly sight, to meet some horrible answer to the question the mind of each was asking. The three rooms below, the cellar, the bedroom above, had all

been searched; and then they climbed into the little garret, unused except for lumber, and unlighted except by a single pane of glass at one end. Clinging to each other's hand, and standing close beside the door, the two peered through the darkness, at first with renewed apprehension, then with freer breath.

"No one is here, Beth—" began Philip; and just then a low, unnatural laugh almost over their heads made both start back and look up. There, crouched upon a beam, to which she was busily knotting a rope, sat Bathsheba Carew, her scant gray hair streaming down her back, her eyes glaring with the fearful fires of madness, her white lips muttering incessantly, with now and then that hideous laugh, so void of mirth, so full of menace.

"What does she say, Philip?"

"Hark! my father's name!"

"Yes, I cursed him, and he was cursed, and fell down dead at my feet—handsome Thomas Randall. When I was maid in his mother's house I told him how I would go to destruction for a kiss of his proud lips, and he bade me go then if I would, but not for that. Handsome Tom Randall! Oh! how I loved him, and how I hated him, and I cursed him, and he died; laid there in the hot, sweltering sun at my doorstep, and not a hand to brush away the flies from his dead face—the beast of the field might have kissed his lips then—and I sat looking at him until they took him away, and never cared to kiss him then. I cursed him and he died, and I shall die; and then he will love me, and I shall have my kiss at last—yes, at last, and at last—all things come round at last, and why not that—"

She had the rope knotted now, and the noose about her neck; and rising suddenly to her feet, with another such shriek as that which had first alarmed them, she flung herself from the beam just as Philip Randall and his wife sprang forward to receive her. Before they could do so, however, the noose drew up about her neck, and the shock, although not fatal, reduced the wretched creature to insensibility. In this condition they removed her to a room below stairs, and while Philip watched beside her Bethiah hastened for assistance. This was not to be found short of the town; and there the daughter and wife heard news that threw yet an added horror over the scene she had just left; and yet, with the courage of true love, it was she, and no other, who told Philip Randall the terrible story of his father's death, and upon her faithful bosom he shed the strong and bitter tears of a man's wounded heart.

"He died without forgiving me, without my telling him how well I loved him yet," moaned he.

"But God knows, and your father knows too now," whispered Bethiah, and tenderly kissed the bowed head upon her breast.

Bathsheba Carew did not die, nor did she ever recover her reason, but spent the rest of her melancholy days in the house she had sworn never to leave, in company with a keeper liberally paid by Philip Randall; and carefully overlooked by his wife, who, amidst all her new duties, seldom failed of a daily visit to the lonely cottage where she had been born and bred.

When at last old Bathsheba died they buried her upon a little knoll behind the cabin, and for many a year the country folk declared that her ghost was to be met on almost any stormy night wandering between the ruins of her former home and the Sagamore's Cypress, wringing its hands and moaning always: "I cursed him and he died; he fell dead at my feet!"

But the shadow of this great mystery, shame, and sorrow was lifted at last from the lives of Philip and Bethiah Randall; and as the years rolled on, and children clustered about their knees, and men spoke well of him, and the matrons made honorable place for her among them, the old story passed into the dim and almost forgotten memories of the past, and the happy present filled all the scene.

But the entail was never revived, nor did Philip Randall or his heirs ever claim the great estate that by disuse had lapsed from their possession into the hands of others.

THE GREAT GOLD CONSPIRACY.

FOUR great financial storms have swept over Wall Street within this generation. The first was the "crisis of 1857," which was the fruit of overtrading on a credit basis. This storm not only devastated Wall Street, prostrating the oldest houses, but laid waste the whole country from Wisconsin to Texas, from St. Louis to Boston. It took two whole years for the nation to recover from the shock. The next was the crash of 1861, which was caused by the outbreak of the war, and the repudiation by the South of debts due to the North. This storm was quite severe while it lasted, and the number of mercantile failures was great. But the issue of paper-money, and the immense expenditures of government for army and navy supplies, afforded speedy relief. Many houses which were rich in 1860, and ruined in 1861, were richer than ever in 1863. In Wall Street this storm was not as fatal as that of 1857 or that of 1864.

The latter, which is the third on our list, was simply an eddy in the spring-tide of the inflation which had followed the issue of irredeemable paper-money. For many months after the first issues of paper values remained stationary. Men of experience predicted an advance in prices, but they did not advance. Samuel Hallett bought stocks enough to have made him richer than Stewart or Vanderbilt, if only that fatal secret of the Indiana Bond Book could have been kept a little longer. But week followed week, and month followed month, and the long-expected rise did not come. Even gold moved but slowly. Financial principles, however, are as inexorable as astronomical

laws; and at last, long after poor Hallett had been found out, and most of the other far-sighted operators had grown weary with waiting, the inflation came. Naturally, its intensity was in proportion to the length of time it had been deferred. Gold leaped upward at the rate of ten per cent. a month. Stocks rose as rapidly. Merchandise doubled in value. Only real estate lagged behind. This was of no consequence, for the field for money-making was so vast in gold, stocks, and goods that no one could complain of want of opportunity. The inflation lasted the better part of a year, almost without a check. By April, 1864, every man in the country had become a gambler, and almost every gambler had grown rich. The old stories of the South Sea Bubble and the Rue Quincampoix were dull and tame by the side of the most matter-of-fact account of actual daily occurrences in Wall Street. Old saws about industry and thrift had given place to one maxim: viz., "The way to grow rich is to buy; no matter what, or at what price—but buy." Fathers—whose fathers had warned them against debt as the certain road to ruin—now counseled their sons to run into debt as the sure road to riches. So that, about April, 1864, almost every man in the country had bought something on credit at prices which, to staid observers, seemed monstrous, and were certainly unprecedented. In so headlong a race a check, sooner or later, was inevitable. The strongest and swiftest tide has its eddies. Sound as were the theories of the gamblers for a further rise, in the main, they overlooked the law that violent reactions invariably checker periods of inflation. The course of bubbles, like that of true love, never does run smooth. One day an accident happened. Mr. Chase dropped into the Treasury building. It is idle to blame him, as was the fashion at the time. If he hadn't punctured the expanded balloon, somebody else would. It chanced that he applied the pin, and in a couple of days Wall Street went through a panic whose severity surpassed that of 1857. Gold fell forty per cent.; good stocks, like Fort Wayne, fell sixty per cent.; some of the most respectable houses went down with all hands on board; and after three days' gale, Wall Street was left such a scene of desolation that the hardest heart was moved to pity.

In those days the Stock Exchange was held in a room to which the entrance was on William Street; the windows looked on Beaver Street. It was a close body. No one was admitted to the "call of stocks" without the special permit of the President; and whenever debate arose visitors were promptly expelled. In those days there was no Long Room, where "the market" flourished and fluctuated up and down between the calls. Whatever changes took place occurred on the call. To be close at hand at the critical moment was, therefore, vital to an operator. Five thousand a year was said to have been bid for the exclusive privilege of listening at the keyhole of the main door of the Exchange. And it was certainly a highly esteemed compliment to be invited to spend an hour during the morning call in a room adjacent to the Board, which was popularly known as Room No. 9. Of that room Morse, the leader of the day, was an habitual frequenter. The veteran Henry T. Morgan dropped in two or three times of a morning to give his report on the market. Seated in his wooden arm-chair in his favorite corner, with his feet propped against the table, the millionaire Bush was ready with a pleasant word for every one, but was quick as thought to appreciate and act upon the lightest flutter which presaged a change in the market. Beside him very often sat Judge Balcom, a keen and cool operator, who beguiled the time while waiting for quotations with anecdotes of the bar and the bench. And there were others—how shall I recall them all? Some, like poor Morse, have gone to their last account; not a few, then spectators or operators, have become brokers; some have faded out of view, as men do in Wall Street after a long course of misfortune; and one has become very prominent indeed. This is Henry N. Smith. He was then chiefly known as a young man from Buffalo, who had made some money in that city, and was on here speculating—a small man, with a Hebrew cast of countenance, a rusty red beard, and a pair of very sharp eyes. It was said of him that he was one of the very few operators in the street who not only did not lose, but actually made money, during the panic of 1864. Providence was kindly reserving him for the leading part in the next drama of the kind that was to be produced on the boards of Wall Street.

When the war ended we all knew we should have a panic. Some of us, like Mr. Hoar, expected that greenbacks and volunteers would be disbanded together. Others expected gold to fall to 101 or 102 in a few days. Others foresaw a collapse of manufacturing industry, owing to the cessation of government purchases. But we all knew a "crisis" was coming, and, having set our houses in order accordingly, the "crisis," of course, never came. Gold dropped to 126½, and then rallied. Cotton dropped at one time to 9*d.* in Liverpool, but rallied so quickly that buyers at 9*d.* doubled their money within six months. Stocks fluctuated up and down, as their wont is, but on the whole rose as much and as often as they fell. After waiting three or four years, people grew tired of expecting the long-deferred panic, and trade went on much as usual. In 1868 wheat sold for more money than it had ever commanded during the war. The cost of living was no less than it had been in 1864. Wages were higher. Gold, which had risen to 160 on the outbreak of the German war, was steady at 135 @ 140. Stocks were rising to the best figures of 1864. General business was satisfactory. The tedious talk about a panic seemed to have worn itself out. It came, as panics always do, when it was

least expected, and from causes which no one had foreseen.

There have always been a class of men in Wall Street more or less allied with Europe, who have, in their own language, considered gold "the cheapest article in the market, Sir." Fluctuations in the price do not change their opinion. They considered it, seemingly, as "cheap" at 140 as at 135. These men were secessionists during the war, the class whom Wendell Phillips described as having mouth, ears, eyes, and nose stuffed with cotton. Their judgment on gold is probably warped by their anti-American feelings, and their opinion simply amounts to a creed that in the main the policy of the government will be unsound and the conduct of the people dishonest. It seems idle to draw the attention of these persons to the fact that in Austria, where the revenue falls regularly short of the expenditure, gold is only 112, and that in Italy it is but 106; though when a deputy inquired in Parliament, the other day, how much paper-money there was afloat, the only answer he got was that the Ministry were shocked at the indelicacy of the question. Now when Grant was inaugurated, these persons, constituting a large and influential class, were heavy holders of gold; and when Alexander T. Stewart was appointed Secretary of the Treasury, and gold dropped on his appointment to 129½, the dismay among them was profound indeed.

On Senator Sumner's discovery that the government could not avail itself of the ablest financial intellect in the country because Mr. Stewart was a partner in a commercial house, a clique or pool was formed to "bull" gold—as the Wall Street phrase is, meaning to cause the price to advance—and very heavy purchases were made between 130 and 131. This was in March. The buyers were chiefly the class already mentioned—foreigners in the main, who were ready to bet, as a general rule, that things would go wrong, and that the currency would depreciate. Their success was not flattering. Six months after the inauguration of General Grant gold was selling at 134, and people who had bought at 130 in March found that, after paying interest, they had no profit left on their purchases. No great mistakes had been made by government. No currency panic had arisen among the people. None of those disasters had occurred to which these bull operators in gold had fondly looked as a means of insuring a profit on their speculations.

But in September the buyers of gold received an important reinforcement. Thus far the leading men among them had been two: viz., a young Englishman, the representative of a leading banking-house in London, and a veteran New York operator. The Englishman was a remarkable person. In appearance he seemed about twenty years of age. He was small in stature, and smooth-faced, with so slight a mustache that, when he tried to curl the ends, as he did in nervous moments, he seemed to be reassuring himself that it had not disappeared since he last felt it. Yet he wielded a money power that was almost unrivaled in our market. The house which he represented here had unlimited faith in him, and was understood to have invested him with unlimited power to operate in gold and securities. Their own means were colossal, and his operations here were on a corresponding scale.

His coadjutor in the gold movement was a type of a Wall Street operator. A man of forty-five to fifty years of age, small, lean, with a sallow face almost covered with dark brown beard, he had seen more ups and downs than any other operator of his day. He had been so often rich and so often ruined that he probably can not remember the number of his vicissitudes. More than once he had been a leading member of the Stock Exchange. At least once he had been so sadly reduced as to entertain some doubts as to how he was to meet his butcher's bill. Yet so strong was his recuperative power that each successive story of his ruin was quickly followed by rumors of his connection with some new and striking operation. His vitality was irrepressible. He was so generous, so forbearing, so kind to the unfortunate in the day of his prosperity, that he found friends whenever adversity smote him in his turn. Even among those who could not approve his daring ventures, the rare honesty which led him to pay off in full, principal and interest, debts which had long before been settled by a compromise, won for him stanch adherents. It was said of him that he had never told a lie, even in the most exciting of his speculations, and when it was most essential to conceal his purposes. A man of strong religious feelings, and a devout member of the Church; a bountiful giver to every needy person or institution; a man heartily loyal to the country in her hour of trial.

Such were the two leaders of the bull party in gold in September, 1869, when, as we said, that party received important reinforcements. These reinforcements consisted of the Erie clique.

Those who have read Mr. Charles Francis Adams's "Chapter on Erie," need no introduction to the Erie clique. For the benefit of those who are not familiar with that admirable pamphlet, it must be explained that the Erie clique in September last consisted of four persons: Jay Gould, President of the Erie Railway; James Fisk, Jun., Comptroller of the same; Frederic A. Lane and Henry N. Smith, Directors of the same—the last-mentioned being the young man from Buffalo above-mentioned as having been, in 1864, a visitor at Room No. 9. Mr. Frederic A. Lane's biography need not detain us long. He is a very small gentleman indeed, with a slight cast in one eye, and a pleasing countenance, more expressive of shrewdness than benevolence; a lawyer by profession and a Wall Street speculator by choice.

Mr. James Fisk, Jun., or Jim Jubilee, Jun., as he seems to be generally called among his intimates, is said, by the *Herald*, to have been in his youth a peddler, and subsequently a dry-goods dealer in Boston. He made his début in Wall Street some years ago as one of the "confidential men" of Mr. Daniel Drew, and figured in that capacity until his intercourse with Mr. Drew was checked by an unkind intimation that his society was unwelcome in the office where Mr. Drew made his head-quarters. Nothing daunted, Mr. Fisk opened an office of his own, and with an infatuation which we dare say he finds it somewhat difficult to account for, Mr. Drew began to visit there, and soon became Fisk's principal customer. The firm was Fisk and Belden, the same Belden who shall presently figure largely on the scene of the gold conspiracy. The firm did not flourish long. Scandal stated that they were unfortunate in their selection of a bank, and that a stiff-necked generation of cashiers and presidents imposed intolerable restraints on the transaction of their business. Ere long an election in the Erie Railway Company took place. To the astonishment of all men, Mr. Fisk was elected, and Mr. Drew, who had made him, was left out in the cold. The skillful acrobat flung down the ladder by which he had climbed. Then ensued the "chapter of Erie." Forty millions of stock was issued, and the proceeds disposed of, Mr. Fisk knows how. The Atlantic and Great Western Road was seized, and fierce grabs were made at the Cleveland and Pittsburg, the Ohio and Mississippi, and the Albany and Susquehanna. Fisk's genius was universal. He acquired railroads and steamboat lines; he owned an opera-house, a bevy of ballet dancers, a lawyer, and the showiest team in New York. The only difficulty with him was his temper, which was warm. A large burly man, with a bull-dog face and heavy mustache, he was apt, especially in his periods of success, to bully people more than is generally liked. Hence, it must be confessed, there were those among his fellow railway directors and financial operators who did not regard him with the respect and affection with which he might naturally have been expected to inspire them.

The last member of the Erie clique—Jay Gould—is not a prepossessing man in appearance. He is small, cadaverous, bearded, with sunken, glittering eyes. He hardly ever speaks. While you speak he listens, and looks at you with eyes which freeze and fascinate. In the gold conspiracy, of which he was the leading spirit, out of twenty witnesses hardly three can testify that he ever spoke to them. But he keeps up a monstrous amount of thinking, and is unquestionably one of the boldest operators of our time. He sprang from nothing to the control of the Erie Railway. Once inside, he wedged himself there with acts of the Legislature. When money was wanted, a few thousand shares of Erie were always easily issued. When a bold stroke was intended, a judge was always on hand with a supply of injunctions. So, with money and the law on his side, and a great deal of natural capacity, Mr. Jay Gould had raised himself to a leading position in the railway world at the time he resolved to take a hand in the gold movement of September.

At the time these parties began to operate with vigor in gold the supply of coin in our market was not over twenty millions, and was probably less. The government held from ninety to ninety-five millions, about twenty millions of which were a special deposit represented by gold certificates that were afloat in the banks and in the hands of the people. Deducting these twenty from ninety-five, we have seventy-five millions as the amount of gold actually owned by government. Out of this sum—swelled as it would be by the customs receipts of the fall months—the November and January interest was to be paid. After setting aside this interest money, the government might sell the balance. Mr. Boutwell was at the time actually selling gold, a million at a time, in pursuance of a plan advertised and thoroughly well known. And there seems to be no doubt that at a very early period in September the conspirators received assurances, from a quarter in which they reposed confidence, that the advertised plan of sales would not be deviated from.

It is hardly necessary to say that there is not the slightest reason for supposing that these assurances came either from the President or from Mr. Boutwell. When Fisk, with characteristic impudence, asked General Grant what he proposed to do in reference to selling gold, the President simply replied: "It would be hardly fair to tell you, would it?" But there were those around the throne, and behind the throne, who presumed on relationships and the good-nature of the President to button-hole him on this gold question; and who, forgetting that silence does not always give consent, interpreted his reticence to mean acquiescence, and in his name, but without his authority, assured the conspirators that the government would not interfere with them.

The public have yet to learn the exact nature of the relations that were held between the members of the clique and Assistant-Treasurer General Butterfield. That they were in some communication seems to be beyond question. Fisk, Lane, and Gould have directly, and in writing, charged Butterfield with being a fellow-conspirator. On the other hand, General Butterfield has protested his entire innocence, and has asked for a court-martial—which, thus far, has not been granted him. Fisk, when charged with "tapping" the telegraph wires to get early intelligence of the purposes of the government, replied:

"Tap the wires? Nonsense! It was only necessary to tap Butterfield to find out all we wanted."

But the General or his friends, on the other hand, have furnished the public with so very striking a biographical sketch of Mr. James Fisk, Jun., that, after reading it, a prudent man who believes it will be very careful how he believes the "Prince of Erie."

If, however, as Fisk asserts, General Butterfield told them what they wanted to know, and this assurance, with the others above-mentioned, could be relied upon, the conspirators knew where they stood. There were twenty millions of gold in the banks. Add to this three millions for government sales, and two millions more which might be attracted from the neighboring cities by an advance in the price; altogether, twenty-five millions. As soon as this amount was bought the conspirators were masters of the situation, and held a monopoly of the gold market. In their own words: "They held the market in the palm of their hand." Every merchant who required gold to pay duties, and every speculator who had sold gold for future delivery, would be compelled to come to them to buy. Now there are always a large number of merchants who, believing that gold will fall, borrow instead of buying the gold they need for the payment of duties; and, in like manner, there are always many speculators who are willing to sell gold which they have not got, but which they expect to buy cheaper by-and-by. At this time, in August and September last, the number of these operators for a fall in gold was unusually large. Gold had sold at 129½ on the inauguration of Grant; the effects of Mr. Boutwell's slow but sure policy were foreseen; the increased receipts from internal revenue, the prospect of a heavy cotton crop, the constantly increasing foreign demand for our securities, and the generally prosperous condition of the country—all pointed to lower gold; and nine-tenths of the speculators, and a very large proportion of the importers, were willing to operate on the "bear side." Here was the goose which the conspirators proposed to pluck. It was nothing to them that in the course of their operation the credit of the country would be gravely impaired, and thousands of merchants would inevitably be ruined. Considerations of the public welfare commanded little respect in the halls of Erie; and as to the merchants, it was their business to take care of themselves.

The campaign was opened about the middle of September. One morning the veteran operator, his English ally, and Mr. Jay Gould met at the office of Smith, Gould, Martin, and Co. One of them proposed that they should buy a few millions of gold — millions to these men were as mere hundreds to ordinary mortals. The others assented. And each agreeing to take three millions, the veteran operator, disdaining concealment, went in person to the Gold Room and bought nine millions of gold at 133½ @ 134. It seems probable that this purchase, added to what the clique had previously bought, made them possessors of all the actual gold in the city outside of the Sub-treasury. The situation, however, was so little understood by the public that the sellers were as confident as ever, and the clique experienced no difficulty in buying from one to two or three millions more each day.

It should be explained, for the benefit of country readers, that in the gold market there is what is called a Loan Department. In that part of the room parties who have got gold lend it: that is to say, exchange it for its market value in currency with persons who require it for duties or for delivery, at rates which vary according to the condition of the money market and the "short" interest. When money is very tight, holders of gold have to pay usurious rates to get currency in exchange for their coin. When every body believes that gold is going down and the "short" interest is large, holders of coin can often obtain a bonus for its use. By lending out the gold they had bought at the current rates the clique were enabled to gradually accumulate much more gold than could have been delivered by the bears in one day had they been called on for it, and this without attracting any attention.

The market, however, was sure to feel the effects of such steady purchases before long. Within a day or two after the purchase of nine millions at 134, gold was selling at 138. At this price it is said that the veteran operator and his English ally were satisfied with their profit, and sold out. Fisk has stated that the latter not only sold out in betrayal of his associates, but sold short, and was severely punished therefor; but implicit reliance can not be placed on these statements. It has been intimated in other quarters that the veteran operator and his English friend were with the Erie party to the last, though with signal dexterity or luck they contrived to keep their names out of the papers during the excitement of the panic. So far as the evidence indicates at present, both were out of the pool before the 24th September.

On the morning of 22d September the clique probably owned several millions more gold than there was in the city outside of the Sub-treasury. This gold was partly loaned to the bears, and partly "carried" by banks and bankers for the clique on margins. On that day a new personage made his début on the stage—Mr. William Belden, whilom partner of James Fisk, Jun., and now a stock and gold broker. Mr. Belden bought on 22d September not less than eight millions of gold, and perhaps much more; while Smith, Gould, Martin, and Co., and other brokers, were likewise buyers of heavy amounts.

On the evening of 22d a caucus meeting of the clique took place in the back office of William Heath and Co., in Broad Street. The conspirators met about 7 P.M., and remained some time in session. What they said and did has not yet been discovered, but it will not long remain a secret. The situation was sufficiently striking to warrant very grave debate. The

clique held gold enough to put the price to 200 or higher, if only they could have "carried" their gold without lending it, and so compelled the shorts to buy in. But, on the other hand, the premium was so absurdly high that it made one dizzy to think of having to find a market for twenty or thirty millions. On either side ruin for some one was inevitable.

The caucus met again at 9 A.M. on September 23 (Thursday), in the private office of William Belden and Co., in Broadway. James Fisk, Jun., Jay Gould, Henry N. Smith, William Belden, and others were present. Considerable obscurity overhangs the proceedings which took place in Belden's office. That gentleman took the precaution to have his books removed on the evening of Friday, 24th, and has since applied for a discharge in bankruptcy. His schedule is the most brilliant performance of the kind on record, as any one who examines it at the Registrar's Office in Wall Street will testify. He claims to have many millions of assets, all but a few hundred dollars of which consist of claims on various bankers in Wall Street for the forfeiture of enormous sums on the ground of usury. This Belden, however, was the hero of the Thursday. He had a host of brokers buying gold for him. To his own clerk, who represented him in the Gold Room, he gave the Napoleonic order:

"Put gold to 144, and keep it there."

The young man bought seven millions in the execution of this order. Altogether, Belden must have purchased, directly and indirectly, that day, not much less than twenty millions of gold. The price opened at 141½, and closed at 143¾.

The most astounding feature of these immense operations is, that they were probably achieved without the outlay of one single dollar. It is almost certain that Belden did not receive any margins from Fisk or Gould, or Smith, Gould, Martin, and Co., and he doesn't seem to have had any money of his own to speak of. That he should have been able, under such circumstances, to buy twenty millions of gold is due to the facilities afforded by the Gold Exchange Bank, and to the custom of lending gold—which has been alluded to above. It would appear that Belden not only lent all the gold he could himself, but whenever he gave a broker an order to buy, he likewise requested him to lend the gold in his own name. As gold was constantly rising, the lenders were never out of pocket a single dollar.

On the evening of Thursday, 23d, another meeting of the conspirators took place. Where it occurred, beyond the fact that it was "up town," remains to be discovered. It is not certain either who were present besides Jay Gould, James Fisk, Jun., Henry N. Smith, and William Belden. It seems to have been suggested at that meeting that difficulties would necessarily occur in the Clearing-house, and that it was highly improbable that the bank would attempt twice to clear so enormous a business as that of 23d. It was judged necessary that the movement should culminate on the following day. How to effect the culmination was the question. The clique owned and held contracts for a very large amount of gold —Belden said $110,000,000; other members of the clique said $80,000,000. Jay Gould said, in his evidence before the Grand Jury, that the short interest alone was $250,000,000. The total amount in the city fell short of $25,000,000. Whatever was the difference between $25,000,000 and the aggregate net purchases of the clique represented the uncovered short interest, which, in the event of a corner, would have to be settled at the dictation of the clique. But, on the other hand, if it was going to be difficult for the bears to buy the gold they wanted, it was going to be at least as difficult for the clique to sell the gold they had. If the bears required to find fifty-five millions to fulfill their contracts, the clique required a market for eighty millions. And of the two it was hard to say which was the toughest problem.

In this emergency, Mr. James Fisk, Jun., is said to have proposed a novel scheme. This was simply that the clique should show their hand, and publish the actual situation of affairs in an advertisement in the morning journals, stating that they were ready to settle with the shorts on that day (24th) at 150; and that, if they didn't settle at that price on that day, the legend of the Sibylline books would prove instructive reading. The proposition did not command the assent of the caucus. Notwithstanding the assurances of back-stair politicians, Mr. Gould was never quite safe in his mind about the action of the government. Any thing like a challenge to Mr. Boutwell might be accepted, and the result of a conflict —though Mr. Gould affected to be prepared for it, and to deride the danger—could not be doubted for a moment. Another plan—less straightforward but more wily—was adopted.

That evening, between ten and eleven, a leading Wall Street operator, on his way home in the upper part of the city, was met by an acquaintance who said, hurriedly, to him:

"The gold corner will culminate to-morrow, *and the high-priced gold will not be taken.*"

He had no interest in gold, and paid no attention to the story. But when it was confirmed by the event it struck him as curious. The fact was, the plan of operations adopted at the conspirators' meeting had already leaked out.

At an unusually early hour on Friday morning, September 24, the leading men of Wall Street were at their offices. Belden had breakfasted at seven A.M. at the Fifth Avenue Hotel with William Heath, a leading broker of the clique, who has since found it convenient to visit Europe. He (Belden) then and there announced that gold would be 200 that day. He was down at his office by 9 A.M., and full of confidence. "This," said he, "will be the last day of the Gold Room."

Shortly after nine the conspirators met for

the last time, in William Heath's back office. There were Fisk and Gould, Smith, of Smith, Gould, Martin, and Co., Belden and Jordan, and the brokers Heath and Speyers. They did not conceal from each other, or indeed from casual visitors, that the crisis had come.

The first operation of the morning was to put gold up, suddenly and sharply. This was done by Albert Speyers, the broker, acting on the orders of Fisk and Gould.

Gold opened at 143½, at about 9.15 A.M. Speyers was ordered by Fisk and Gould to bid it up to 145, to 150, to 155, and finally to 160. It reached the latter figure before 11 A.M. About the same time a number of confidential brokers (the chief among whom have found it convenient to visit Europe) were directed to confer privately with the shorts, to advise them earnestly to settle with the clique, and to threaten them, in case they did not settle, that gold would be put up to 200 before night.

Now the first instinct of a Wall Street broker is to avoid failing at all hazards—to make any pecuniary sacrifice rather than lose his seat at the Board. Hence, though every one knew that the sudden advance in gold was preposterous, and must be followed by a heavy decline, yet still, as the clique *might* have the power to fulfill their threats and put gold to 200, many men who were short argued with themselves that, cruel as their loss would be were they to buy in at 155 @ 160, they could pay it, whereas, if gold went to 180 @ 200, they could not pay the difference, and must fail. Thus quite a number of merchants and speculators "threw up the sponge," so to speak, when gold reached 160, and went over to Smith, Gould, and Martin's office to "settle." The young man from Buffalo was disposed to be very easy with his victims. He did not exact the pound of flesh. He was ready to "settle" at 150—that is to say, to sell round amounts of gold to the shorts at 150, when the broker of his partner, Gould, was bidding 155 in the Gold Room. He would do any thing in reason, in fact, so far as settlement was concerned, but a settlement he would have. And so formidable seemed the situation, and so powerful the clique, that a very large number of persons did actually settle with him on that morning, at figures ranging from 145 upward. In Smith's own words, "They came in with a rush to settle."

Settlement once established as the order of the day, there was no longer any motive for putting gold up, and Smith sent into the Gold Room half a dozen brokers with orders to sell all the gold they could. At this time Albert Speyers and others, acting under the orders of Fisk and Gould, were bidding 160 for gold. It will at once be supposed that Smith, Gould, and Martin's brokers would naturally sell to Fisk and Gould's brokers. By no means. This contingency had been provided for at the caucus on the previous evening. "I told all my brokers," said Smith, afterward, "to sell *low-priced gold.*"

And when one of them actually did sell two millions to Albert Speyers at 160, Smith, Gould, and Martin's man, who gave him the order, petulantly exclaimed: "For God's sake, don't sell our gold right back to the clique. Sell those two millions over again."

Thus, in a few minutes, the Gold Room presented the anomaly of a market with two prices in it. Speyers, for Fisk and Gould, kept bidding 160 for millions; half a dozen other brokers, for Smith, Gould, Martin, and Co., were selling at 140 and less.

Speyers seems to have realized the absurdity of his position, and, leaving the room, went to Fisk and Gould to ask explanations. But Fisk had no comfort to give him. "You are a broker," he said, "and have only got to obey orders. Buy gold at 160; never mind what other people do."

It was not till the other clique brokers were actually selling at 133 that Speyers realized he was being slaughtered by his principals, and ceased to bid. At that time he had bought, since the morning, twenty-six millions, none of which has been paid for by him or his principals.

Needless to remark that the day was one of wild excitement. The telegraph indicator which is used in the larger offices to record, instantaneously, the fluctuations in the Gold Room, ceased to be of any use. It worked a fraction at a time, and took so long to indicate an advance of one per cent., that, though it was incessantly in motion, it was never right. Gold was jumping about two or three per cent. a minute. The Gold Room was thronged. Every importing merchant was vitally interested in the movement; no one could sit still in his counting-house. Each entrance to the Gold Room was blocked with masses of excited angry men; it needed some perseverance and some muscle to work one's way through the press. On the brokers' faces every variety of expression was depicted. Here was a jubilant group, evidently people who had expected to be ruined by the advance in gold, and who were now saved by its precipitate fall; and here were knights of rueful countenance, people who had been frightened and had bought at the rise. Among the older and more experienced brokers grave apprehensions for the future were mingled with indignation at the infamous conspiracy. It was already evident that the crisis must lead to numerous failures, and for very large amounts; no one could tell, in fact, where the catastrophe would end.

Some of the incidents of the day were dramatic. A keen Scotchman, who had not the reputation of being much of a speculator, sold, for himself or some one else, seven millions of gold at 160 to Speyers. When Smith, Gould, Martin, and Co.'s brokers began to sell at 140, this Scotchman thought he would realize his profit. He began to buy, and bought all the way down from 140 to 135, completing his purchase of seven millions at the latter figure.

He had thus made, on paper, about two million dollars profit on his operation in the course of an hour. Just as he bought in his last million it seems to have occurred to him that there might be some hitch about his sales. He hastened to Speyers, and demanded that a deposit be made in the Trust Company to insure the fulfillment of his bargain. Speyers introduced him to his principals, Fisk and Gould, who merely laughed at him. They never intended to take his gold. And the poor man, who had fancied he saw a profit of two millions on the operations of the morning, was utterly ruined by the purchases he had made between 135 and 140, and was promptly ruled out of the Gold Room.

It has been said that the government broke the corner by selling five millions of gold. Nothing of the kind is the case. The corner collapsed of necessity from the instant the shorts went "in a rush" to Smith, Gould, and Martin's office to settle. It is quite likely that the government sale induced Smith to reduce his limits on his own gold. But if the government had not sold a dollar the result would have been the same.

It was between twelve and one that a lively demand for margins precipitated the final collapse. Speyers and Belden were called upon by the parties who had sold them gold for very large amounts of money to insure the fulfillment of their contracts. Belden hastened to confer with Fisk and Gould at Heath's office. A person who was with him tells the story rather picturesquely:

"I waited outside while Mr. Belden went in. I walked up and down the alley-way, waiting for him to come out. Deputy-sheriffs, or men appearing to be such, began to arrive and to mount guard at Heath's office to keep out visitors. After waiting a prodigious long time, as it seemed to me, Jay Gould came creeping out of the back-door, and looking round sharply to see if he were watched, slunk off through a private rear passage behind the buildings. Presently came Fisk, steaming hot, and shouting. He took the wrong direction at first, and nearly ran into Broad Street, but soon discovered his error, and followed Gould through the rear passage. Then came Belden, with hair disordered and red eyes, as if he had been crying; he called, 'Which way have they gone?' and upon my pointing the direction, he ran after them. The rear passage led into Wall Street. At its exit the conspirators jumped into a carriage, and fled the street."

In the mean time all was confusion at the Gold Exchange Bank. This institution is the clearing-house for the gold brokers. It was established some two or three years ago, in order to avoid the risk of transporting coin or coin notes through the street from office to office. Every broker makes a statement of his transactions to the bank; and if he has bought more gold than he has sold, furnishes the bank with the currency to pay for it; if he has sold more than he has bought, he furnishes the gold. The system works perfectly so long as every dealer is able to fulfill his contracts. But a large failure disturbs every thing; the statement of every one who has dealt with the party who fails is necessarily thrown out, and these again affect the statements of others. On this Friday ten large dealers were known to have failed, and consequently there was hardly a statement that did not require alteration. After struggling with chaos for some time the bank directors gave it up, and declared that they could not effect a clearance. Then ensued one of the most disastrous results of the conspiracy.

The transactions in gold on Thursday had been so enormous that the balances in gold and currency were unprecedentedly large. Some five or six millions of certified checks had been paid into the bank that morning, and seven or eight millions of gold. Had the clearances been effected as usual, this currency and this gold would have been paid out to their owners at 1 P.M. As it was, no clearance being accomplished, both currency and gold were locked up in the Gold Exchange Bank. Money was scarce at the time. The banks were hard pressed; the West was drawing heavily to move the crops. This sudden and unexpected withdrawal of so large an amount of money from circulation led to one of the worst panics Wall Street has ever seen.

Its severity may be imagined when it is stated that money was loaned at 250 per cent. per annum, and that stocks fell from 20 to 50 per cent. New York Central, for instance, which had been selling at 215 or 218, fell to 145; Lake Shore, which had sold at 118, fell to 75; Pacific Mail fell from 70 to 50; Harlem and Hudson declined 30 per cent.; and so on throughout the list. Several of the largest banking houses in the street were compelled to suspend payments; and of those which outlived the storm quite a large number lost all they had. Not even in 1864 was the ruin so wide spread.

All this was the work of the gold conspirators. They alone, of all people in the street, had made money out of the general desolation.

But they were not without their cares. The plot had been successful; but now it was vital to conceal the evidence. Belden's books were packed up at nightfall, and carted away as soon as it became dark. Other evidence, which we do not care to particularize just now, was similarly disposed of. A powerful body-guard of bruisers defended the office of Smith, Gould, Martin, and Co., and the Erie Railway offices.

Saturday was a day of stupefied inaction. The excitement of the two previous days had exhausted the brokers. There were few who had gone through the ordeal without losses, and very many were in doubt whether they were still solvent. Quite a number had no doubt on the subject; they knew they were bankrupt. Smith, Gould, Martin, and Co. and their confederates had their money.

On Saturday morning most of the leading

men met at the Gold Exchange Bank. It was absolutely necessary to get out of the bank the money which was locked up there. It seems that the bank could not return the statements to their dealers with the gold and currency attached to them, as they did on a recent occasion, the contract with the Gold Room providing for no such contingency. Instead of this, partial settlements were being made from time to time; the bank was induced to make payments which, in the end, cost it a very large portion of its capital; and yet it did not disgorge the whole amount of money which it had absorbed. All Saturday till past midnight, all Sunday till past midnight, and all Monday did the officers of the bank work with the leaders and brokers of the clique, and the general dealers of the bank, in the hope of effecting a settlement; but to no purpose. The sellers of Friday were determined that they would not admit their responsibility for the buyers of Friday—though they were one and the same "family"—and thus no adjustment could be accomplished.

At last, the final stroke in the great conspiracy was given by Smith, Gould, Martin, and Co. and their brokers. The Gold Exchange and the Stock Exchange were enjoined from using their machinery to enforce fulfillment of the contracts of 24th September, and the Gold Exchange Bank, on the affidavit of one of the confidential brokers of Smith, Gould, Martin, and Co., was thrown into the hands of a receiver.

It now remains to be seen whether the Congressional Committee of Inquiry will ascertain all the facts of this disastrous history, and whether, in some court not controlled by the Erie clique, any one can be made pecuniarily responsible for the frauds of "Black Friday."

ANTEROS.

By the Author of "Guy Livingstone," "Sword and Gown," "Sans Merci," "Breaking a Butterfly," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

"IT is too atrocious, Lena. You come here under the pretense of consulting me—just as if you would ever really consult any body—and then you frighten me into becoming your accomplice. I believe this is what people mean when they talk of adding insult to injury."

Mrs. Moreland was a distant cousin and a close friend of Miss Shafton's. They had been thrown a good deal together in early days; nor had their intimacy at all cooled since the former's marriage, two years ago, though they met more rarely; for it was a long and costly journey to Blytheswold, and the toy-house in Blakeney Street contained no guest-chamber. Grace's face, if not precisely pretty, was exceedingly pleasant—so pleasant that even anger could not materially transform it. When most incensed her eyes flashed forth only summer lightning; nor could her small, rosy mouth achieve any thing more menacing than a pout, tempting the offender almost irresistibly to proffer the kiss of peace.

"Don't be childish, Gracy," Lena retorted, with some disdain. "I have been perfectly honest with you. I suppose one may ask an opinion without binding one's self down to abide by it; and you were not frightened into any thing. I simply told you it was necessary I should see Caryl Glynne this morning, or that I meant to see him—it comes to nearly the same thing; and you yourself proposed that he should come here."

"Proposed!" the other went on, still very piteously. "What a way to put it, when you know it was only to prevent an act of simple insanity. *Je ne suis pas bégueule moi*, but I could call it nothing else, if you had gone to visit that man alone. I have done for the best, though I shall suffer for it, as a matter of course. But mind, Lena, you promised he should not stay here more than half an hour. Bernard does not come home to lunch above once a month; but I am morally certain this will be one of his days. You have no conception how angry he would be if he knew of this."

"I had no conception he could be angry at all," Lena observed. "That is quite a novel idea, invented perhaps expressly for this occasion. But you needn't be nervous, Gracy. If our talk lasts over that time—it is next to impossible—the excuse will satisfy even Saint Bernard's scruples. Don't let us two quarrel this morning. I am not in spirits for it; I have such a long, hard day before me."

Very few could absolutely resist the charm of Lena Shafton's manner when it grew caressing. Mrs. Moreland instantly accused herself of unkindness and injustice, and testified her penitence in true feminine fashion; but before the petting process had lasted long there came a knock and a ring; and Grace arose and fled away swiftly into an inner sanctuary, just large enough to hold herself and her writing-table, saying, as she shut the door behind her,

"A short half hour, remember."

Not a few of his numerous acquaintances in the artist guild had taken for their model that head of Caryl Glynne's; and though in almost every case it was the labor of love, and not of lucre, not one had succeeded to his own, much less to the sitter's satisfaction. The face in marble, however deftly worked, could find only hard and cold presentment; and by brush or crayon its peculiar tones, if not faintly rendered, were sure to be exaggerated. The faultless regularity of feature was easy enough to repro-

duce; but not sculptors only were baffled by the mobility of expression, though none of the transitions were violent, and the whole picture was pervaded by a mellow repose. The hair and beard in themselves were a painter's puzzle; it was some time now since, from an intense black, they had passed into a deep steel-gray; the snow had not fallen in streaks or patches, but in tiny flakes, so evenly sprinkled that there was harmony rather than contrast of colors; and you could not say how or where they mingled. Now this change had not been brought about by age or sorrow or pain, for Glynne's health, though not rudely robust, was exceptionally good; and he was tolerably case-hardened against fears or regrets: it was simply a freak of Nature; and her fantasies, as all know, are often more attractive than her work, which is done by rule. The effect, though somewhat startling at first, was, on the whole, decidedly becoming; and among the few who, after mature consideration, would have wished it altered, Caryl himself was certainly not included. A clear pale complexion—black eyes, rather soft and piercing—a slender, graceful figure—hands and feet such as few of his country-women could boast of; these may stand for the other accessories of a sketch that you can fill up according to your fancy.

How Caryl Glynne would have greeted Lena Shafton, had they met under no kind of constraint, it is not necessary to inquire. It may be that something in her face, which was not exactly a warning look, bade him be on his guard; or perhaps he only obeyed the promptings of his own prudence when he took her hand decorously, scarcely holding it so long as old friendship would warrant.

"You have come quicker than I expected," Lena said; "but the time is short. Sit down by me here, and don't interrupt me till I have said my say; and when you answer, speak low."

It was almost a whisper, yet each syllable would have been heard as distinctly by one listening ten yards away as by him whose ear was not a foot from her lips.

"I am not going to reproach you, Caryl," she went on; "it is too late for such folly; and I am not going to be plaintive over the present or the past. Some day, I suppose, I shall wish that I had never seen you. I do not wish that yet—quite yet. You remember our exchange of promises. I don't boast of having kept mine, for I have had no real temptation to break them; I don't ask how you have kept yours. I might have heard stories enough if I had chosen to listen; but I never did choose, and I would not hear your confession now, if you cared to make one. I choose to believe that you meant what you said at the time, and meant it all along, and mean it still. You were to make me your wife whenever it should be possible, you know. Answer me this question truly: Is there one gleam of hope more for us now than there was on that dreary morning—ah! so long ago?"

"Poor child!" he said, very gently. "So you are weary of waiting? I don't wonder, and I can't complain."

There came a look into Lena's eyes, the like of which none had ever seen, save the man on whom they were resting now.

"Not weary, Caryl," she said; "never weary; but I must have something firmer than reeds and rushes to cling to: the stream sets very strongly just now. I have never troubled you with our home-worries; and I don't think you have any idea how near we are to absolute ruin. The Shaftons of Blytheswold usually come to grief sooner or later; but Miles has gone down hill rather faster than could have been expected; and though mother has crippled herself to stave off the crash, it can not be delayed much longer. Can you wonder if she looks to me for help? And can not you guess that I can bring help in no way but one?"

A hard, evil change came over his face.

"What, the old, stale story—older perhaps, I dare say, than Iphigenia? It is curious how the angry gods always hanker after maiden-sacrifices. That is a little too classical, isn't it? Well, then—

'How is he ca'ed, yer bra' wooer?'

for I presume you are not dealing in politic generalities. He's a landed laird at the least, of course, if not a belted earl. Don't be reticent, pray: you had better go on improving the occasion."

Her eyelids quivered and her nostrils dilated slightly: these were the only signs that the taunt had stung her.

"I asked you a very simple question," she said; "and when you have answered it, I will tell you what you please. What do you want me to say? That I would rather work for my daily bread as your wife than live in state as any other man's? That would be waste of words, Caryl: you know it as well as I do; but we neither of us know how to work, I am afraid; and I would rather bear any thing—yes, any thing—than feel that I was hampering you more than you are hampered already. Only remember, it is not I that blench from the risk, whatever it is. I may have been afraid before, but I am not afraid to-day. If you say to me 'Come,' I will come, and never repent it afterward. Dare you say it?"

There was brief silence, and then he spoke under his breath—his countenance still darkening:

"It would be madness—utter madness. I am worse than a beggar now, and if things don't mend I may be an outlaw soon. Any how, I am not likely to keep my head above water much longer. Whenever I do go down I'll think of the chance I have had to-day, but—I'll sink alone."

One quick sob broke from Lena Shafton: the hope still surviving in her had been so weak and drooping that you would scarce have thought the uprooting of it would have brought so sharp a pang; nevertheless, only a brave effort kept her voice under control.

"You have answered my question quite honestly, I am sure; now I will answer yours. Yesterday Lord Atherstone asked me to marry him, and gave me till this morning to decide."

Possibly certain unselfish impulses had prompted Glynne's last words; but all such vanished under the provocation of the point-blank avowal. Like many better men he never valued any privilege or possession aright till he was on the point of losing it; and never estimated the weight of any impending trouble or danger till he stood within the shadow of the λιθος ἀναίδης. A cool reasoner under circumstances where most persons forget to reason, he had long ago admitted to himself that his hold on Lena Shafton was really untenable; and, furthermore, had recognized the probability of his being called upon at any moment to stand aside to make room for some wealthier and worthier suitor; nevertheless, the consciousness that the vague "some one" had become a definite unit chafed him savagely.

"So it was Robin Gray after all," he said, "at least as far as age goes; but there the parallel ends; the 'bruising baron' is by no means a 'deuce auld carle.' However, there is something paternal in the arrangement, that's one comfort. One ought to be thankful for mercies ever so small."

Her eyes were no longer timid or tender. "I sent for you to ask the question that you have just answered; but I had something else to say, and you make it easier for me than I expected. If I marry now—and it is next to certain that I do marry—I will be honest in intention at least: the past must lie where it lies; and I could not be honest even so far, if it was not settled that between you and me, all is over from to-day—quite, quite over. I will meet you as a friend always, and I would help you if I could; but I will not admit your right to ask for one iota more; and if you do ask, you will find me harder to deal with than you imagine; and in spite of his fatherly age, Lord Atherstone, I fancy, is very well able to take care of his own."

"A superb resolve," he retorted; "but, supposing for the sake of argument that you mean all you say, do you think a hold like mine over you is slipped off like a worn-out glove? You are bold, *ma mie;* but there's such a thing as being overbold."

Her gaze was still steadfast, and in her smile there was a touch of scorn.

"Yes, it's lucky I am not a coward, Caryl; a coward might fare worse at your hands than even I have done. Surely we understand each other. I know that you could stop my marriage, or possibly make it an unhappy one; but you know too, that if you did this it would never bring you a step nearer to me. I don't believe that out of simple malice you'd try to hurt me, when up to this moment you never could quarrel with a look or word or thought of mine. So I have small reason to be afraid, you see."

"I didn't mean to threaten you," he said, sullenly, but not so viciously, "I only meant to warn. The danger that I was thinking of would come from yourself, and not from me. You will find it hard to remember, just at the right time, all the text about wives' duty, and harder, perhaps, to forget old times. But you may go your way in peace for any hindrance of mine. I'll drop into the amicable position as gracefully as I can, without giving Lord Atherstone occasion to air his valor. If you ever go astray in my company, you will be following not my beck and call, but—your fate. I believe we both mean honestly just *now;* and yet I fear—that's the right word for it—that all is *not* over between you and me."

Her eyes drooped now, and she shrank a little, like one who, hearing an evil prophecy, thinks that it may prove true, though the lips that have uttered it seldom speak sooth.

"I do not fear," she said; but her voice somewhat belied her words. "And now it is time that we should say 'good-by.' Say it quickly, Caryl—it is far best so—and say it kindly."

He had risen while she was speaking, and grasped both her hands; but he rather held her aloof than drew her toward him.

"Good-by!" he said, hoarsely. "If I didn't think it would bring you bad luck I'd wish you happy. I am glad you were not afraid of my hurting you; you were right enough there—now and always. Do you believe that every scrap you ever wrote to me is burned long ago? You do believe it—well, I'm glad of that too. Good-by, once more."

He flung her hands away with a kind of roughness; but there was no anger in the gesture, only the passion of one putting away from him a fierce temptation; even so a man parched with thirst might fling aside some ruddy fruit the juice of which is deadly. Then he turned and went hastily out.

Lena made no effort to detain or recall him, but sat quite silent and motionless, her hands lying listlessly where they had fallen.

So Mrs. Moreland found her a few minutes later, when, hearing no more the murmur of voices, she ventured in cautiously. Neither did Lena stir till the other's lips were pressed upon her forehead; then she started violently, shivering all over.

"He might have kissed me once—just once," she murmured.

Though she looked up into her friend's face piteously, it was evident that she spoke only to herself, and was scarcely aware of the other's presence. Neither then nor thereafter did Lena Shafton make other moan; and yet she had passed through one of those crises that tell more upon a life than lustres or decades.

If you have ever read that sad, cynical book of Mürger's, "La Vie de Bohême," you will scarcely have forgotten the episode of the *Manchon de Francine*, or the burial-scene in the cemetery under the November fog. The earth has

just been heaped hastily over the small sordid coffin, and by the side of the low mound in which the wooden crosslet has just been planted a mourner is standing, whose face had startled not a few of those who came to celebrate the feast of the dead. Yet the one audible plaint that breaks from his lips is for himself rather than for his lost love—"*O ma jeunesse! c'est vous qu'on enterre!*"

It was at much such a funeral that Lena had assisted. The freshness of girlhood had passed from her long ago; nevertheless, when she came near the day, there did survive in her some hope, howsoever faint; some trust, howsoever insecure; some tenderness, howsoever wasted. All these now were dead and in cerement; and of the pall covering them, it were best never to lift one corner in the after-time. In Caryl Glynne too, though in lesser degree, there was worked a change. Lena's love had not been hard to win; he had accepted it as if he were gathering his due; and he had not always since kept his fancy in curb; nevertheless, he could not be charged of late of having created any fresh scandal; and more than one of his ancient allies had found him strangely negligent and cold. As he walked away that morning there was a void within him such as he had never known before; and though he was little given to romantic fancies, there was ringing in his ears, like the refrain of a sad old ditty, this one word—Alone. Of any purely unselfish emotion he had probably ceased to be capable. If the link between himself and Lena had proved more enduring than others which had been snapped or loosened so easily, the excitement of difficulty had much to do with this; but that she had exercised a wonderful fascination over him is certain. He was very fond of her in his own way; he thought still, as he had thought on the second evening of their acquaintance, that there was no one quite like her in all the world. If any freak of fortune had made him wealthy during all these years, I do not think he would have debated within himself for one instant whether he should break or perform his promise; and though the old adage about reformed rakes has recently fallen into much disrepute—*pour cause*—it by no means follows that the marriage would have been a miserable one. But you see when Wildair and Millamant saw the errors of their ways, and swore their great oath "henceforth to live cleanly," they always had a competence, if not a fair estate to retire upon. To the pauper-profligate it is allowed, of course, to repent, but rarely to reap the fruits thereof in the same measure as his wealthy co-penitent. As our old acquaintance, Rebecca, remarked, "It would be easy to be a good woman on five thousand a year." Rely upon it, some excellent intentions, as well as brilliant inventions, have lain in abeyance purely from want of base-capital.

Lena Shafton had many faults—Caryl Glynne, vices not a few. The love subsisting between them was a wild, bitter gourd, that it would be a sin to compare to the honorable domestic tree, under whose branches so many good Christian couples find pleasure and peace; nevertheless, when it was cut down, there was taken away their best, if not their last chance of thriving.

CHAPTER IX.

Mrs. Shafton was by no means a devout lady: her religious observances, it is to be feared, were conventional, if not compulsory; "when she bourned her to rest," she knelt down to her orison just as regularly as she brushed out her hair. It had been her custom so to do from early childhood, and she could not have omitted either ceremonial without a feeling of incompleteness and discomfort. In like manner, she regarded church-going rather as a social than a sacred duty. But the murmured thanksgiving that escaped her when she heard what answer Lord Atherstone would receive, came straight and fervent from her heart; and the ejaculation was not only sincere, but nearly, if not quite, disinterested.

In her pleading with Lena yesterday, she had spoken nothing but truth; perhaps not quite all the truth. It was true that she felt so tired sometimes that rest, in whatsoever shape it came, must needs have been grateful; but she had got so used to shifts and straits that they had ceased to vex her so keenly, and, if only her own fortunes had been at stake when the access of depression was over, she would have found strength to struggle on to the end, even if the end seemed not near. It was the uncertainty, or worse than uncertainty, in her children's future, not in her own, that haunted her by night and by day, and it was with scarcely a thought of her own personal comfort or profit that she had pressed upon Lena, as far as she dared, the expediency of accepting the marriage offer. It is possible that she nourished a vague hope, that from some such a powerful alliance some sort of advantage might accrue to Miles; but she had had no time as yet to put this into shape or substance, and, indeed, was more than content that the unlucky prodigal for the present should be kept discreetly in the back-ground.

Just one more word in favor of the match-makers. They have long been fair game for every pen, male, female, and epicene, and it is a wonder that, under the shower of missiles, their ranks have not been perceptibly thinned, or their energy abated. Nevertheless, if these matters were sifted thoroughly, their machinations might be found more free from the leaven of selfishness than are most human plottings. The instances where this manner of schemer can reckon on any profit, private or personal, are surely rare, and, with the advance of civilization, must become rarer. You might as well compare the Derby Dilly with the Scotch Express as poor Clarissa's coevals with their

modern antitypes; but on no one point perhaps would the difference be more marked than in their filial relation. Is it possible that scarce a century has slipped away since the well-nurtured damsel courtesied low on entering the presence of her parents, and in saluting them always remembered to temper affection with reverence? If the daughter of our period does not practically emancipate herself during her maidenhood, she generally assumes independence from the old dominion before the fashion of her trousseau is changed; and, if she were slack in such self-assertion, there is always the chance of a husband ready and willing to take up the daggers: and you will remember that the more irritable the *partie*, the less tractable in all likelihood will be the son-in-law. The meekest of men, after being courted and adulated for a certain time, will be apt to carry his head somewhat high—too high at all events to bow it readily to a pseudo-maternal yoke. The Old Soldier will subsist a useful stock-personage in domestic drama: there, up to the last retributive scene, she may make the pair of innocent turtle-doves flutter at her frown, and fly in obedience to her nod; but in real society she is a very minor power. So when patience, science, and endurance, such as, while depreciating the object, we needs must admire, have not been spent in vain, there will remain the consciousness of having done her duty in the state of life to which she was called—the fulfillment of the maternal instinct that she shares with all others of the like sex among God's creatures—the vanity of successful emulation, and the hope that each success may be a stepping-stone to others till no more are left to aspire to: beyond this, the selfish reward is scarcely more substantial than the gray olive-wreath of Olympia: and furthermore, the wearer of this chaplet would gain but little honor in her own country. The hunting of the nubile youth is not a very noble or elevating pursuit. Let us hope that for this reason it is not given to man to achieve renown therein. If you have any doubts of our disability to follow it with success, you have only to watch the widower trying his hand at *chaperonage*. He may be foolishly fond in indulgence; he may allow his gals to crowd his dinner-table with their admirers to the exclusion of his own familiars; he may occasionally await their pleasure—this is a rare instance—far into the small hours rubberless, supperless, yet uncomplaining; and so things may go on promisingly for a while; but in the finer professional touches he will fail none the less lamentably, and very soon recognizing this, will be only too glad to transfer his charge to some discreet kinswoman, retiring himself into the back-ground till the question of settlements shall arise. Our weapons are a great improvement on the Nemæan club; but since Heracles failed in spinning, we have never learned to wield the distaff. Ought we not therefore to assign some credit to the slender fingers that reel off so deftly the thread that sooner or later binds so many of our fellows?

Having relieved herself by her brief thanksgiving, Mrs. Shafton was very temperate in triumph.

"You have made me so happy, darling," she said—and a kiss followed, as a matter of course; but she was far too wise to lavish praises or caresses more likely to irritate than to soothe. Indeed, something in Lena's face prevented her mother from being quite comfortable or confident as yet; it was neither angry nor sorrowful, but the restless, uneasy look would have been better away; and in all her movements, subdued impatience was observable. She made no pretense at touching the luncheon that had been kept waiting for her; and after a second glass of wine, her cheeks remained so perfectly colorless that Mrs. Shafton was constrained to remark thereon, and even to suggest that this might be artistically amended; but Lena would not hear of such a thing.

"I am sorry if I look like a victim," she said—"especially as I don't feel the least like one. I dare say Lord Atherstone will be satisfied; and I don't think he would approve of a make-up, even for such a special occasion. At any rate, I shall risk it."

Her mother did not press the point; and soon afterward retreated to her own chamber, whence she did not emerge till the important interview was over.

Twilight was closing in again when Lord Atherstone was ushered into Lena's presence; but the room was not dark yet, and it was lighted up, besides, by a cheerful fire.

Very keenly Ralph's eyes rested on the girl's face as she rose up to meet him; but they read nothing of encouragement there. When he took her hand, he felt as if his fate was still swaying in the balance. He had been patient—strangely patient for him—during the long hours of suspense; but he was too eager now to know the best or the worst to go through any form of greeting.

"Well?"

That was all he said; and it would be difficult, indeed, to represent in type the intense question of that one syllable.

Letting her hand rest in his, she smiled upon him—coldly, it is true, but still she smiled.

"I can't tell whether it will turn out well or ill; but I can say 'yes,' to the question you asked me yesterday."

His fingers closed round hers scarcely tenderly, but with the quick muscular contraction of one shaken by sudden emotion; and she felt rather than saw that his whole frame trembled.

There was nothing "superior" about Miss Shafton; she had, indeed, rather more than her share of her sex's weaknesses, and certainly she did just then savor thoroughly the womanly triumph of controlling, for the moment at least, a nature stronger than her own.

"Do you—can you mean it?" Ralph said, in a whisper. "I can hardly believe it yet."

Lena disengaged herself gently, and sank back to the place she had quitted, motioning him toward another chair close beside her.

"I do mean it. You remember what you asked me for, and what you promised to be satisfied with. At present I dare not offer more; but I will try my very best to be happy and to make you so. Now, would it have been easier to believe all this if I had answered you on the instant?"

Was it the remembrance—almost too late—of a resolve formed before he came, or the prompting of his better angel, or the paleness of her cheek and the chilliness of her smile, that caused Ralph Atherstone to refrain yet an instant before he set the cup to his thirsty lips? I can not tell. This much is certain: he made no effort to detain Lena, and did not take the chair she indicated; but passing round her where she sat, stood in just the same posture as yesterday, and as he made answer, he looked down on her with the same earnest gaze.

"It would have been harder—infinitely harder. I remember my words quite well, and I mean every letter of them still. Don't misjudge me if you can help it; but I have thought a good deal in these last hours, and there is something I must say: it is more for your sake than mine, I swear. Your mother promised me that she would not try to influence you; she has kept her promise, I am sure. That is well; but it is not quite enough. I will accept your faith—how gladly you never can guess—and wait, more patiently perhaps than you think possible, for your affection, if I am only assured—I want no other assurance than your own mind—that you are now heart-whole and heart-free. Ah! I see you are angry." Indeed her cheek did flush stormily. "I don't wonder at it. Yet I must speak out in my own rough way. Being what you are, it would have been simply a miracle if no one more lover-like than a battered old soldier had sought your love. I want to know nothing of the past, and I have not a fear for the future, if you can only tell me that, at this moment of our speaking, no other man's shadow falls between us. It can only be a shadow at the worst, or I should have had another kind of answer."

Lena was constitutionally very fearless—indeed a Shafton of Blytheswold seldom stumbled through blenching a danger—and no mercenary motive swayed her; for this match was none of her contriving, and the marring of it would have cost her not one selfish regret; but a cowardless schemer, not wholly sordid and treacherous, looking up into the face of that true, loyal gentleman, might have found it hard to lie.

"I am not angry"—her voice and color were quite steady now. "You have a perfect right to speak as you have spoken, and I think I am glad you have done so. No; I have never yet been forced to answer the question you asked me yesterday—but that is because I always wished to avoid it—except—except once. In my life I have only cared but for one person; I did care for him very much—more perhaps than I shall ever care again. If you wish to hear who that was, and how it ended, and how long ago, I won't refuse; but it is all over—as much over as if he were dead. If it had been otherwise, you should not have held my hand to-day. But if you choose to take me as I am, you will not need to be jealous even of a shadow."

Her eyes met his unshrinkingly; and as they met a light came out on his face, mellowing its rugged outline.

"I don't wish to hear one other word," he said. "I am satisfied once and for all—so satisfied that, when I doubt again, it will be because you yourself have told me it is time. When I listen to any other witness, I hope that God, in my greatest need, will forget to listen to me."

Bowing his head, he kissed her on the brow, not passionately, but with a fond reverence, and a certain solemnity withal, like one setting his seal to a compact whereon hang interests of life and death.

Thus these two were affianced.

In this her half-confession—that it was incomplete was not her fault, remember—was Lena Shafton quite honest and sincere? For the moment, beyond a doubt, she held herself so to be. Only a few hours ago the sudden mention of a certain name would have set her pulses throbbing; but now that name had been very close to her own lips without causing them to tremble, and without waking within her a single pang of longing or regret. There was much strength in her nature, though perhaps not an abiding strength. When she said "good-by," it was no form of words. Then and there she crushed, or meant to crush, her luckless love so effectually that it never should trouble her more. That she had done this, she did then implicitly believe. If Caryl's warning that all was not over between them had crossed her mind, she would have set it at naught boldly, even scornfully.

Utter folly—you will say. But is the case so rare that we should wonder at or discredit it? Have not some of us in our time beguiled ourselves in like fashion, and suffered for it, too? In our wisdom and valiance we set our foot upon the snake's head and keep it there till the venomous beast has ceased to writhe, and lies quite helpless and harmless and still; and so wend on our way rejoicing. And it is well with us for a while. By-and-by, in the midst of our late-found innocence and integrity, a smile meant for another, that we catch in passing, brings fierce, jealous pain; or a look meant for ourself—only for ourself—brings back a thrill of guilty pleasure; and before the pain or pleasure has passed, a tightening round our heart stops its healthy beating. No need to tell us what that means; we have felt it often enough before; we know at once of a surety that the creature was stunned, not slain; perhaps it only mimicked death till we were at a safe distance, and then coming to its evil life

again, had lain in wait till it could creep back unawares to its old coiling-place, there to abide till some charmer shall be found powerful enough to cast it forth for ever and aye.

The parallel is not very novel or original, I own; but I fancy it will be needed some few times yet before romances cease to be written and read. Perhaps the iteration is excusable, considering how often through tales, only over-true, winds the trail of The Serpent.

CHAPTER X.

Though about his philosophy there is always a savor of fresh flowers and old Falernian, and though his saws are set to lightsome music, our friend Flaccus uttered words of wisdom now and then, and dealt stricter justice to himself than to Cæsar or Mæcenas; and thus he wrote when his tenth lustre was waning:

> Jam nec spes animi credula mutui,
> Nec certare juvat mero,
> Nec vincire novis tempora floribus.

The lines are not hard to construe, and certain elders, under certain circumstances, might, with advantage, lay them to heart. We can not wonder at the jubilation of Lycus when the *dissimilis Chloë* consents to smile upon his suit; but if he would moderate the first exuberance of his transports, it might be better, not only for his dignity, but for his interests. Chloë, at least, would be little likely to quarrel with such reserve in her adorer.

Under Ralph Atherstone's rugged exterior there was hidden a shrewd tact that not inaptly supplied the place of innate delicacy. His manner that afternoon might have appeared to some rather formal and cold; but in her present frame of mind it exactly suited Lena. She had no aversion for her affianced, and already it was pleasant to feel herself under thoroughly safe protectorate; nevertheless, it was an intense relief to find that she was not expected to be even passively amative.

Ten minutes after the words of their betrothal had been spoken the pair were sitting side by side, but at a fairly decorous distance, discussing their future as placidly as if months had passed since then. Lord Atherstone was quite frank about the state of affairs at Templestowe.

"There must be a change, of course," he said, "sooner or later, perhaps the sooner the better; but it takes some time to make a new home, and I should be loth to hurry Philip and Marian in their arrangements. She has been a good daughter to me. I fancy you'll get on well together. At any rate, you won't mind sheltering them till they're settled?"

"How could I mind it?" Lena interrupted. "It is the very thing I should have suggested. I wish I could be sure that Lady Marian would like me; she might give me so many hints about housekeeping. You know I shall make all sorts of mistakes, for our *ménage* at Blytheswold is on the most limited scale, and I have had no practice even there; and besides, I shall feel so fearfully like an interloper at first."

"Never *that*, I hope," he said, gravely. "Marian's a very good manager, I believe, and I am much mistaken in her if she doesn't help you to feel yourself at home at once. I shall write to her—not to Philip—by to-night's post; and I have not much time to spare. I must see your mother, of course, before I go."

He leaned forward as he rose, and kissed her—this time upon the cheek; but still with the same formal courtesy that had marked his first salute.

Five minutes later Lena sat in her own room alone, rather dazed than bewildered, but with an impression, nevertheless, that every thing had gone more smoothly than she had expected. At any rate, this much is certain: if by speaking a word she could have undone the evening's work—ay! and the morning's to boot—that word would not now have been spoken.

Over Mrs. Shafton's interview with her intended son-in-law it is not necessary to linger; though brief, it was very much to the purpose; and when it was ended, she had every right to indulge in the luxury of a long, blissful reverie; for the shoals were weathered now, and between her fair ship and anchorage lay nothing but the common chances of life and death.

If Ralph Lord Atherstone had been asked the question whether from infancy upward he had ever stood in awe of any human being, he might very safely have answered "No." For his homely old father he had entertained but little reverence—not a particle of fear; and if in his early soldiering days he held his chief in some inward as well as outward respect, it was to the authority, not to the man, that he deferred, on the principle of a sentinel saluting. Of late years, wheresoever he abode, he had had the right to command, and had naturally waxed more and more independent of others' opinion. Notwithstanding this, it was not without a kind of awkwardness and reluctance that he began the letter wherein his affianced was to be presented to her relatives *in posse:* indeed, two or three sheets were torn up before one was filled. Thus the note ran at last:

"My dear Marian,—By all rule and precedent this letter ought to be addressed to Philip. I address it thus simply because I think that the news it brings concern you more nearly than him. If I have not misjudged you both, he has always rather disliked Templestowe than otherwise, while you have grown fond of the place; and therefore would be more interested in any change there. There will be a great change, and very soon; for I hope within a few weeks to bring a wife home. Her name is Lena Shafton, and she comes of as good a stock as any in the North Country, though the Blytheswold branch is the younger one. In all other respects I suppose the world will call my choice unwise; but the world and I have had so little to do with each other of late that this does not trouble me. I believe that the future Lady Atherstone would become a higher station than I can offer her. And she believes that there is nothing to hinder our happiness, though I am more than twice her age. This ought surely to be sufficient. I do not expect any congratulations from you; but I do expect

that you will help to make Lena's way smooth at first: how—your own sense and tact will tell you better than I could suggest. If I am wrong in this alliance it will be unlucky for us all. You know enough of our family arrangements to be aware that I could not, if I would, materially affect Philip's future interests. I should be sorry, indeed, if I thought that you could possibly interpret a word I have written into a notice to quit Templestowe. I hope—and Lena thoroughly sympathizes with me here—that you will make it your home till you have found another quite to your mind; and you will be welcome there at any and all times till my death brings you back to your own. You need not answer this, as I shall be home by the end of the week. When we meet I do not wish my intended marriage to be a forbidden subject; I only wish it to be considered as practically an accomplished fact. About such things perhaps the least said the soonest mended. You will show this to Philip, of course, so that I need send him no separate message.

"I am now and always affectionately yours,

"ATHERSTONE."

A simple, straightforward letter enough, and though a trifle imperious, kindly, not less than honestly, meant; yet it did not altogether satisfy the writer. He imagined Marian's keen satirical eyes gleaming and her lips curling as she read; and this fancy might account for the half-defiant term of more than one sentence. However, it was finished, such as it was; and as he rose from his writing-table, Lord Atherstone shook himself as a man who has been working hard in a constrained posture; and he did not feel quite at ease till he had dropped the letter into a pillar-box on his way down to Saint James's Street.

You remember the brightening of Ralph's face when Lena gave him the last assurance he required; in despite of his late occupation this could not have altogether vanished; for he had not been long in his club, when a man who had watched him curiously for a minute or so, came up and accosted him. The two had been intimate and friends, so far as the temperament of one allowed, since they first served together; and still called each other by their Christian names.

"What's happened to you, Ralph?" Sir Charles Wroughton said. "You look positively benevolent. If you hadn't more money than you could spend, I should have thought you had come into a fortune; or if you were a score of years younger, that you were going to be married."

Atherstone smiled rather grimly.

"Considering it was a snap shot and made in a bad light, that second barrel does you credit. It has an odd sound, I dare say; but—I *am* going to be married."

In the distant corner where they stood their talk could not be overheard, and the room was nearly empty; but the long shrill whistle with which the other greeted this intelligence caused more than one reader of the evening papers to look up.

"It does sound odd," he assented, after a pause of several seconds; "but what does sound matter, after all? I believe we're both of us in the very bloom of our age, if the world would only think so; and you're the wiriest of the two. At any rate, we can give weight away yet, to most of the cigarette—and—absinthe lot. No, it isn't the age that staggers me; but I thought you were more set as a widower than I am as a bachelor. Is it indiscreet to ask the lady's name? Or, at all events, do I know her?"

"There's no mystery in the matter; and you knew her about a week before I did. It is Percy's niece, Lena."

Wroughton's eyes ceased to twinkle, and his jovial countenance fell.

"Percy's niece?" he muttered—"and wild Cosmo Shafton's daughter? and—"

He was not a recluse like his friend, you see, and was pretty well posted in all the scandals of the last ten years. If the sentence had been completed, it might have run—"and the girl they talked of with Caryl Glynne?"—but he gulped the words back, and went on—"How we should have laughed when we were all up at Kirkfell, if any one had prophesied what would come to pass! You, most of all, Ralph, I do believe."

"Not unlikely—just at first; but before I got south I knew my own mind, though she never knew it till yesterday. You've my free leave to laugh as much as you like now—not that any of you would ask it. You haven't congratulated me yet."

In much going to and fro in the world Sir Charles Wroughton had not rubbed off all his honesty, and still had a fair amount of conscience left at the service of his friends. He would not be trapped into a conventionalism now.

"Compliments would be rather out of place between you and me," he grumbled. "You don't want to be told at this time of day that I wish well to you and—and—yours." It was a tough monosyllable, but he mastered it at last. "There will be plenty to congratulate, and not a few to envy you. She's handsomer than any picture I've seen."

Atherstone's face brightened again. It was very evident how even that acknowledgment gratified him.

And then their conversation turned on safer ground.

Years after, with the regret of a man who has in his obstinacy set at naught a clear evil omen, Ralph remembered the strangeness of his old comrade's manner, and how in the meagre expression of sympathy his tongue had halted. When the end had come to pass Charles Wroughton called himself coward for not having spoken out bluntly, though, after all, he had nothing surer to rest upon than report or surmise; nor would plain speaking have much availed. If proof positive had been set before Ralph Atherstone just then, he would assuredly have refused to listen or to read; and vague hints or warnings would no more have turned him from his purpose than floating flecks of thistle-down would check or change the course of the north wind.

BORDER REMINISCENCES.

By RANDOLPH B. MARCY, U.S.A.

XII.—A ROUGH CUSTOMER.

A FRIEND of ours, while journeying through Northern Minnesota in 1858, had the pleasure of meeting Sir Francis Sykes, an English amateur sporting gentleman, who was returning from an extended hunting expedition upon the head waters of the Saskatchewan and its tributaries, in the Hudson Bay Company's territory. He had several wagons loaded with moose, elk, mountain-sheep, and antelope antlers, buffalo heads, panther and grizzly bear skins, and numerous other trophies of his prowess—all of which were kindly exhibited to our friend; and the manner, locality, and circumstances attending the discovery, capture, and killing of each were minutely described by the distinguished votary of Nimrod.

Sir Francis was eminently dignified and courtly in his deportment, but at the same time there was a high-toned urbanity, mixed with a good share of dry humor, in his composition; and he evinced a keen appreciation for the ludicrous, as the following story, related by himself, will show:

While passing through the unsettled wilds of Minnesota, *en route* to Fort Garry and the hunting-grounds in the Far North, Sir Francis happened to fall in with an old hunter and trapper who had passed the best part of his life in the mountains, and whose adventures interested him so much that he employed him to act as guide and hunter to his party.

This man was one of those anomalous, self-reliant specimens of humanity only found among the Indians, or in the outer line of frontier settlements, and he regarded himself fully as good, if not a little better, than the President of the United States, or any potentate in the universe. Moreover, he entertained the most supreme contempt for what he considered as the ridiculous conventionalities and customs of civilized society, having no respect whatever for the deference paid by many to rank and titles. He could not be taught to give Sir Francis his proper appellation, but generally called him "Pap," or "old man Sykes;" and when he wished to be particularly respectful he would address him as "Cap," "Boss," or "Square." This, however, did not give Sir Francis any uneasiness, as he was a sensible man, and rather enjoyed the thing than otherwise.

The party, augmented by this "Leather-stocking," continued on down Red River to Pembina, and in due course of time arrived at Fort Garry, when the extensive retinue drew up in front of the gate, and Sir Francis directed his guide to go in, find the Governor, and say to him that Sir Francis Sykes, just arrived from London, presented his compliments to Governor Mactavish, and begged he would do him the favor of stepping out for a moment, as he desired to speak with him; and, in order to insure that no blunder should be made, he repeated the message to the man, who gave him to understand that he comprehended its purport perfectly, and thereupon entered the fort, quite elated at the importance of his errand, and the confidence reposed in him by his distinguished employer. Having ascertained where the Governor's quarters were, he went directly up to the door, and, without ringing or knocking, opened it, entered *sans cérémonie*, and approaching the Governor, who was seated at a table busily engaged in writing, administered a hearty slap upon his back with his huge paw, and said: "How are ye by this time, ole hoss?"

Astounded at such audacious familiarity, the dignified Governor jumped to his feet, and facing the intruder with a menacing expression of countenance, exclaimed: "What in the devil do you mean, you scoundrel? Get out of my house instantly, or I'll have you kicked out!"

The guide was by no means intimidated or discomposed at this rude reception of his well-meant salutation, but with a significant wink of one eye, as much as to indicate that he knew what he was about, he replied: "Hold on, Gov, keep cool, and skip the hard words, fur ole man Sykes, out thar to the gate, wants to see ye. He's got some comple-*ments* for ye, I guess. So come along, Gov, and don't be skeert; I'll show ye the way!"

XIII.—THE OLD ARMY.

The officers of the army, previous to the rebellion, were, for the most part, educated at the Military Academy; and it must be admitted that they were generally men of intelligence and culture, who entertained the most exalted conceptions of integrity and moral personal responsibility. These attributes were cherished and cultivated in service with an *esprit du corps* truly commendable.

The numerous examples where these men, during the late war, were intrusted with the disbursement of vast sums of public money, and could perhaps, had they been so disposed, have swindled the government and covered their tracks, as some others are said to have done, but who, instead of this, guarded the public interests with zealous care, and are now entirely dependent upon their limited pay for subsistence from month to month, most strikingly evinces the truth of what has been stated. Moreover, the appropriations made for Indians by the Congress of 1868, wherein army officers were required to witness the disbursements of civilian agents and certify to their accuracy, conclusively shows the confidence reposed in their integrity by our National Legislature.

But, alas! for the good of the nation, the

greater part of these pure and noble spirits laid down their lives, were crippled, or ruined their constitutions in the service of their country during the protracted continuance of the rebellion, so that but few of them now remain upon the active service list.

It is a notable fact, however, that there were in the old establishment a few men who, for gallant conduct in action, had been promoted from the ranks, or who, through the influence of political friends, had obtained commissions, and many of these were accomplished gentlemen, honorable men, and excellent officers; but the education of some had been sadly neglected; and, indeed, one was occasionally found who entertained supreme contempt for any literature save the Army Regulations and the Tactics.

Upon a certain occasion, the precise date of which it is not necessary to mention, when a detachment of troops was about setting out from the Missouri River upon a long march across the Plains, and when the limited amount of transportation had rendered it necessary to reduce the officers' baggage to the minimum regulation allowance, the commanding officer, who was never known to consume much time over books, but seldom declined a pressing invitation to participate in a social glass, was applied to by a young subaltern just from West Point for permission to carry along a small package of books which he had provided himself with to while away the dull monotony of garrison life. The commander replied, that he was always ready and willing to do any thing *in reason* for all his officers; but, when transportation was so very limited, as in that particular instance, he did not feel authorized to encumber his wagons with such useless trumpery as books. He was very sorry to refuse, but it was impossible to comply with the request. The young gentleman went away greatly disappointed; and shortly afterward another officer, a particular friend of the commander, came up and made application to have a barrel of whisky transported in the wagons, which probably weighed ten times as much as the lieutenant's rejected little parcel of books. To this request he received the following reply:

"Certainly, Lieutenant—certainly, Sir; of course you can take along a barrel or two of whisky, or any thing else *in reason;* but the idea of lumbering up my wagons with books is most preposterous, and I must say that I am astonished at such an unreasonable request coming from any officer of my command."

This same officer was once presented with a sword by a friend, who assured him that it was a genuine specimen of the rare Toledo blade. He himself, it is true, had not a very clear conception of what was meant by this peculiar designation of the weapon, as will appear in the sequel; but he was confident that it was something better than the regulation sabre, and prized it highly. He often exhibited the present to his friends, who generally concurred with him in the discussion of its merits; but upon one occasion an officer, who professed to be a connoisseur in such matters, ventured to express a doubt as to the quality of the metal, remarking, at the same time, that but very few well-authenticated Toledo or Damascus blades could now be found in any part of the world, and that probably the most of these were in possession of rich Spanish hidalgos, who could not be induced to part with them at any price. Moreover, added he, the secret of manipulating the steel from which these rare specimens of art were produced was lost in the seventeenth century.

The proprietor of the weapon, at this attempt to cast a shadow of doubt upon its genuineness, became quite excited, and, jumping to his feet, exclaimed, in a loud tone of voice: "Spanish hidalgo—h—l! I tell you, Sir, this is no counterfeit, but a real Simon pure Toledo blade; and I pledge you my word, Sir, that a friend of old Toledo himself assured me that this was the very last sword the old man made before he took sick and died."

XIV.—INDIAN DIPLOMACY.

It is generally believed by those who are not familiar with the character of the aborigines of the West, that they, like the African race, are inferior in intellect to the Caucasian, and that their powers of mind are so limited that crafty and designing white men can cheat and cajole them without their being aware of the fact. This, however, is very far from being true, as can easily be shown. The fact is, the intellectual and reasoning powers of the natives are in the highest degree active and bright, and they possess as correct an appreciation of right and justice, and as vivid a conception of wrong and fraud, as any other people.

Nearly all the trouble we have encountered, in our dealings with the Indian tribes for the last fifty years, has resulted from the non-compliance on our part with treaty stipulations, together with the injustice and fraud practiced upon them by dishonest agents. And this is as well understood and appreciated by them as it would be by white men.

A few apposite examples, which I am about to relate, will illustrate this most conclusively.

A chief of one of the bands of Sioux told the commissioners who were making a treaty with them that his people did not want any more agents who had fathers and brothers-in-law to support from their annuities. That the one present (pointing to an ex-agent) came among them with all his worldly effects contained in a carpet-bag, but accompanied by a considerable retinue of relatives, all of whom occupied positions about the agency for four years; and when they went away, it took several wagons to carry their effects. They were all rich.

A chief of another prairie tribe, in a council with General ——, told him that their agent, who was present, had stolen half their goods, and buried the balance.

Along the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, near the base of the snow-clad and elevated peaks of the Sierra de la Plata, upon the head waters of the Colorado of California, and in one of the most picturesque, but remote and unfrequented, sections within the limits of our entire possessions, are found two nomadic bands of Indians called "*Ca-po-ta*" and "*Woman-o-che*"—*Utes*—who yet are uncontaminated by contact with the Anglo-Saxon.

That ubiquitous and all-pervading cosmopolite, the gold-hunter, who has "*prospected*" almost every other "*gulch*" and crevice in our vast mountain ranges, has not as yet penetrated into the heart of this particular locality, so that the natives of this section may be said to retain to this day very nearly their normal condition.

A careful observer of human nature, who visited the country alluded to but a short time since, came in contact with many of the Indians who roam over it, and upon one occasion the principal chief of the *Woman-o-ches*, "Pe-as-te-cho-pa," with twenty of his braves, paid a visit to his camp. The chief was a man of highly dignified bearing, about sixty years of age, and a magnificent specimen of his race. Possessing a commanding and well-proportioned figure of the "*Apollo Belvidere*" type, which was tall, erect, and lithe, with an open, intelligent, and kindly expression of countenance, all his movements and gestures were eminently dignified and graceful.

He bore the reputation of being a great warrior, and had performed many daring and signal feats of valor; but it was said of him that, during the excitement of battle, the lineaments of his features underwent such an entire metamorphosis, that the calm repose of his usually benignant countenance then assumed an expression of the most savage and diabolical ferocity.

After going through the customary Indian greeting of hugging and rubbing faces together, they seated themselves upon the grass and informed their white brothers that a big smoke was the next important feature on the programme. This preliminary having been disposed of with all due ceremony, the chief said he would like to be informed as to the object of this visit of the pale-faces into his country; and he was particularly desirous to know if this was a prelude to the advent of gold-hunters, to which he and his people were firmly opposed, as he said they were fully aware of the fact that this would lead to their speedy demoralization and extinction.

He was assured that this was not the object of the visit, but that it was one merely of curiosity and pleasure. He was satisfied, and a long talk ensued, during which the chief inquired if any one of the party ever communicated, either orally or by letter, with their "great-grandfather," the President of the United States. And on being informed that the principal man present was in constant communication with his venerable relative, he said it would be agreeable to him if he would make known to the head chief of the whites that the Utes, from time to time, had had a number of agents sent to them, some of whom had proved good and others bad. For example: he was of opinion that Kit Carson and three others whom he named were honest men, and that when presents were sent out for his people by the President these agents had always brought them directly to the tribe, where they fairly distributed them; but he was sorry to say that he had not so much confidence in three other men whose names he mentioned, and who also had been their agents. He added: It is a very long road from Washington to our hunting-grounds; and when our great-grandfather starts out a train of wagons loaded with presents for his red children in the mountains, under charge of such agents as those last mentioned, they do not, as a general rule, go far before they come to a road leaving the main trail and turning to the right. One wagon takes this road, and gets lost. In a little while another wagon takes a road to the left, and is heard of no more. And thus they continue to depart from the train, until at length, when its destination is reached, only two or three of the original outfit remain. All the others have disappeared, and it was impossible to tell what became of them; but he had been informed that those agents suddenly and mysteriously became rich.

As a new agent had just been appointed for these Indians, it was suggested to the chief that perhaps he had better suspend judgment in regard to him until they had given him a fair trial, and that possibly he might prove as honest and true a friend to them as Carson had been.

He did not seem inclined to discuss the merits of the new agent, but continued to detail his grievances, saying that his people were very destitute of all the necessaries of life; that they had put on their very best attire to pay this visit of ceremony; and that it was plain to be seen they were then nearly naked; moreover, he said, they had nothing to eat, except a few wild berries that grew in the mountains. That when Kit Carson was their agent he often gave them provisions, and occasionally he even presented them with sugar and coffee, which they did not like at first, but they soon became very fond of it, and now they preferred it to any thing else; so that if the party had a little to spare he would be mighty glad to get it.

The exponent of the white men sympathized with them most sincerely, gave them some provisions, and reiterated the expression of earnest hope that their new agent would do more for them than any others had done; and that when he undertook to conduct a train of wagons containing presents for them from Washington he would keep them in the broad, straight road, and allow none to wander away and get lost on side trails.

The chief, who had seemed averse to saying much about their new agent, when pressed in this manner, remarked that it was true he did not know much about the man, but they would prefer an agent like Kit Carson, whom they knew well.

XV.—A FACETIOUS INDIAN.

The Indian warrior, when in the presence of strangers, never allows himself to relax the stern dignity of his demeanor by a smile or any other exhibition of joy or hilarity; neither does he manifest the least curiosity or surprise at the exhibition of the most astounding novelties; but he prides himself upon his power of maintaining the most imperturbable gravity upon all occasions and under all circumstances.

This marked peculiarity in his character has given rise to the impression that the red man is a cold, phlegmatic, and unimpressible creature, who is totally incapable of conceiving or appreciating any thing like pleasantry or gayety; but this is entirely fallacious, as there are no more gossiping and jocular people in the world than the prairie Indians when assembled around their camp-fires in the evening, after a successful day's hunt, with their larders well stocked with meat; and the continual outbursts of laughter and merriment that always proceed from these social gatherings show conclusively that they are as gay and mirthful as any other class of people.

That they are also addicted to practical jokes, will be evident after reading what I am about to relate.

In the summer of 1866 a marauding party of Apache freebooters came into the vicinity of one of our military posts in New Mexico, and, after reconnoitring the surrounding country, concealed themselves in the adjacent mountains overlooking the fort, and laid in wait for several days watching for a favorable opportunity to make a descent upon the government animals.

Selecting an occasion when the guards were weak and not particularly on the alert, they in broad daylight crawled up under cover of a hill, and, mounting their horses, dashed out with the most unearthly yells, and swooped down upon the herd of horses that were quietly grazing in close proximity to the fort, which terrified them so much that they broke away from the herders, and started off at full speed toward the mountains, closely pursued by the savages.

The astonished soldiers used every endeavor to prevent the "stampede," and numerous shots were exchanged in the running mêlée, but the Indians were too strong for them, and they were forced to abandon the pursuit.

Among the herding party was a bugler-boy, who was conspicuous for his bravery in the fight, and for the persistent efforts he made to turn the animals back toward the fort; but all was without avail; on they went, with the savages close to their heels, giving forth vociferous shouts of exultation, and directing the most obscene and insulting gesticulations to the pursuing party.

While this exciting contest for the animals was going on, an old Apache brave dashed up in rear of the bold bugler-boy, and could, without doubt, easily have killed him; but instead of doing this, his propensity for a joke preponderated over his blood-thirsty instincts, and with his hand he knocked the boy's hat from his head, and at the same time encouragingly patted him on the back, as much as to say, "Good boy!" and rode away without doing him any harm.

XVI.—ABORIGINAL PRECOCITY.

Numerous instances have come under the observation of the writer going to show that the early development of intellect and reasoning powers is more premature and rapid among the natives than with the white race.

This may perhaps, in some degree, be attributed to the fact that the Indian women are unable to bestow much time or care upon their offspring, and their children are often left to shift for themselves, which must, of course, make them more independent and self-reliant than they otherwise would be.

Any one who has visited a camp of wild Indians, and witnessed the sports of the young boys, with their bright, speaking countenances, and their keen apprehension of every thing that is said or done, will be fully convinced of the fact.

The following incident is a forcible illustration of it:

In the spring of 1867 a party of Apache marauders made a raid upon one of our most remote military posts, situated near the summit of the Sierra de la Madre, and succeeded in stampeding and driving off a number of animals; and a party of soldiers and citizens was immediately collected and started in pursuit.

The trace led them over precipitous and lofty mountain passes and through deep and difficult defiles for many long miles, extending even into the heart of Arizona, where it terminated in a rancherio, or village, where the families of the depredators were located. Here the pursuing party overtook the Indians, and a battle ensued, which resulted in several of the savages being killed, and a number wounded and captured.

Among the latter was a little girl about nine years old, who, at first, was as much terrified and as wild as a young antelope would have been; but, by a little coaxing and kind treatment, she soon became reconciled to her situation, and was taken back to the fort, where she was adopted into the household of the Mexican guide who accompanied the expedition. She was very kindly received by the family, and new clothing and blanket substituted for the few filthy rags that hung around her person; and to all appearances the young savage was contented and happy in her new home.

After a few weeks had elapsed, as the officers of the fort were sitting out in front of their

quarters one evening, they heard (as was supposed) frequent howlings of wolves near the guide's house; but this was not an unusual occurrence, and did not attract special attention.

On the following morning, however, the guide made his appearance at the fort with a most doleful countenance, and informed the officers that his adopted child had disappeared during the night; and an investigation of the affair disclosed the fact that the wolves which were heard the evening before were nothing more or less than two Apache braves, who had followed the trail of the soldiers all the way in from their remote rancherio in the mountains, and, by concealing themselves in the vicinity, had ascertained where the captive child was, and resorted to this novel method of communicating to her a knowledge of their proximity; and the little creature, with an instinctive, or, rather, with an acute reasoning perception which seems almost marvelous in so young a child, had at once recognized the call of her friends, and set about making preparations for escape.

The guide's house was built of boulder rocks laid up in mud mortar, not very tenacious, and the girl very adroitly and noiselessly managed to loosen and pull out one of these rocks, making an aperture of sufficient size to permit her egress, with her new wardrobe, into the open air. The family were all asleep while this was going on, and knew nothing of it until they found the child missing in the morning, when her tracks were followed to where she met two Indians, from whence the trace of the three led into the mountains, where it was lost and could be found no more.

Editor's Easy Chair.

OFTEN during the long and sorrowful days of the war, as the Easy Chair wound its slow way to its corner, it heard a quiet greeting, and looking up saw a friend standing aside upon the steps, calm, unhurried—and the greeting was followed by the significant and challenging question, "Well?" The tone was tender and tranquil, and conveyed all the meaning of many words. "Where are we now? What will come of this last news? How, when, where will the bitter struggle end?" Then stepping out upon one of the bridges that connect the tower of the staircase with the various floors of the huge buildings in which this *Magazine* is prepared, the Easy Chair and its friend conversed. There was a singular sagacity and justice in all that the calm friend said, and the most truculent opponent of the cause to which his hopes and faith were given would have heard nothing acrid or exasperating from his lips even in the darkest hour of the struggle. As they parted and the Easy Chair resumed its way it was with a soothed and cheerful conviction that, whatever might happen to states and nations, nothing could shake the power of steadfast, manly character.

During the same day, or any other, if it chanced to move into some other part of the buildings, whether in the artists', the engravers', or the editors' rooms; in the bindery, the press-rooms, the folding-rooms, the composing-rooms, or in the counting-room, the Easy Chair encountered that same friendly, serene presence, which had yet its voice of authority upon occasion, but which seemed to pervade all the rooms like sunshine. And upon all who met him that friend made the same impression. To every one, editor, printer, errand-boy, unknown visitor, or distinguished guest, he was so simply courteous and kind that he controlled without commanding; and in other days, when he had been the head of the most turbulent work-room, he had kept the peace without an oath or a blow. It was the man, not his clothes nor his condition, that this man regarded. It was as natural to him to stop in the street and talk with an old black woman whom he knew as with the most renowned author whose works he published. When Oliver Goldsmith lay in his coffin the poor women who had known him sat weeping upon the stairs of the house. And so when this true gentleman died, even the little old pie-woman who sells cakes and apples through the buildings left her traffic for a day, and, clad in her sad best, stood tearful at his funeral.

It was not strange, therefore, that when the fire of twenty years ago seemed to have destroyed every thing and to have ruined him and his partners, the quality of the man appeared reflectively in the feeling that was shown toward him by those who see us all without disguise. When the misfortune was supposed to be complete the domestics in his family assembled, apparently by a common feeling, to consider how they could best express their sympathy; and as he returned home at evening he was met by one of them, whom they had chosen, to tell him that they had all agreed to continue their service at reduced wages, or for no wages at all, until he should recover from the heavy loss. "I stood every thing very well up to that time," said he to a friend who tells the story to the Easy Chair, and who had asked him if it were true, "but that broke me down." And the tears were in his eyes as he said it.

Of course every one who, during the last forty-five years, has been familiar with this publishing house knows that the Easy Chair is speaking of Joseph Wesley Harper, the third of the four brothers by whom the house was founded, and who recently died in the sixty-ninth year of his age. He was so truly modest, he avoided publicity so unostentatiously, that the Easy Chair almost feels as if it were doing wrong to mention him here with praise; so hard is it to believe that his eyes will not rest upon these lines with all the old kind appreciation. But it is a sermon or a poem that none of us can spare, the life of a man who in very great prosperity kept not only the true heart of a child, but the humble heart that owned no inferior. We are judged usually by our public successes; by the esteem of distin-

guished persons. But the real test of character is the feeling of those before whom we play no part. What does the nurse in the nursery think of us, or the porter in the store, or the butcher-boy? If a man's children confide in him—if all whom he employs at home and in his business feel that he is full of thought and sympathy for them as for brethren—if those who meet him perceive the charm of his urbanity, and as they draw nearer and know him better, honor and love him more and more, we may be very sure that he has the noblest human qualities, whose influence will be a possession to us forever.

Such was the friend whom for so many years in its little labors upon these pages the Easy Chair has constantly seen, and whom it will now see no more; and as it meditates, not sadly, but with the sober cheerfulness which his own serene faith in the divine order could not but inspire, upon that good life now peacefully ended, it feels how truly Wesley Harper will always be remembered by those who knew him well, as among

"The wise who soar but never roam,
True to the kindred points of heaven and home."

It has been suggested to the Easy Chair that it spoke rather too swiftly in saying that the golden age of the National Academy was passed; and that, in fact, it would have been as correct to say that the phenix was consumed at the very moment when the young bird was emerging immortal from the ashes of its predecessor. If the Easy Chair had said the "old age" of the Academy is ended, and now its glorious youth begins, it would more nearly have told the truth, is the implication of the courteous critic. There is no lover of the Muse who is more sincerely willing to believe it than the Easy Chair. Already in vision it beholds the fraternity of the arts of design, forgetting the things that are behind and reaching forth unto those that are before. Already it foretastes the delight of beholding the amazement with which that airy assassin, T. T., will one day return to discover that the affix A. upon the catalogue means A 1, and that N. A. is no longer No Artist, as he has more than insinuated.

And yet when the Easy Chair said that the golden age was passed it had a very decided meaning. That meaning was not, whatever the envious may surmise, that its own golden age was gone. Nor yet that happy and prosperous years were not in store for the Academy. But only that the age which precedes quarreling and cliques and cabals had passed from the Academy, in which henceforth there must be parties and the roar of conflict. Yet undoubtedly, as so often befalls all critics, it was thrall to the old habit of supposing that what lies beyond our own experience was fairer than what we have seen. When the Easy Chair recalls the ancient days of the Academy, the morning twilight of history, when its exhibition was in Beekman Street in the old Clinton Hall, or at the corner of Leonard Street and Broadway, in the old Society Library building, of which a kind Providence has now relieved the earth—it imagines a society of earnest devotees of art, friendly, fraternal, bent only upon the advancement of their calling, in the broadest sense, felicitously forgetful of themselves; without jealousy or envy, or any kind of uncharitableness; an Arcadian club; a Paradise fragrant with the mingled fumes of the pallet and of the Indian weed.

Alas! Why do the living Arcadians laugh? Why do the denizens of that Paradise gaze in such amused wonder through the rolling smoke at the Chair of too easy faith?

Some one murmurs the venerable gibe, "*pas même Academicien*," and asks whether any human being of experience ever supposed that a club of artists of any kind was a fraternal and harmonious body? Parties beginning now! cries another; parties began with human nature. Private ambitions!—a little lack of perfect charity! Does the Easy Chair seriously suppose that no fellow-brush had his opinion of Ingham's velvet flesh or of Cole's imagination? Does it suppose that Jarvis and Vanderlyn and Stuart and Sully and Weir had no mortal parts? Arcadia, indeed! Paradise, forsooth! An Easy Chair might as well imagine that there was no political party-spirit in the antediluvian days of the *Aurora* and of Jefferson's Mattei letter, or that the Bucktails were more saintly than the Locofocos.

And once more the Easy Chair is pressed by the question whether it really thinks that the days of Ingham and Inman and Cole and their associates were the golden days of American art? Does it really suppose that an exhibition of the performances of that time could survive the merciless fusillade that would now be opened upon it in every newspaper and magazine in the city? Does it not feel the emancipation of American art as of American literature, and that it is as foolish to call the brushes of that time great painters as to call Percival and Eastburn great poets? Is the Easy Chair so unspeakably wooden as not to know that we live in a new age, and virtually in a new country? Does it not know that when it speaks of the golden age of the Academy as behind instead of before, it persists in looking through a glass darkly instead of face to face, as it may if it chooses? Shall we, shall we, exclaims the loud Arcadian chorus, salute the Easy Chair, *et tu, old fogy?*

Now, if only the Easy Chair could be allowed a word, it would politely inquire when it spoke of the golden age of American art? Dear fellow-Arcadians, if ever it does so, it shall be when promenading through the stately gallery hung with your immortal works. Nor will it be jesting, as the infidel reader at this moment supposes. There was never better performance, there was never higher promise than now, in painting and sculpture, as in every other branch of the arts of design. If it were not for the preposterous suggestion that a tariff should be passed to exclude foreign pictures—in other words, that American pictorial art should pull down its flag and surrender—if it were not for an occasional folly of this kind, which seems to be really popular among the painters, it could truly be said that the body of painters was never so intelligent as now, and that so many good pictures were never painted as are painted to-day.

But art and academy are not identical; and what the Easy Chair said was that the golden age of the Academy was passed—golden age, that is, childhood, guileless infancy, the toddling time—the season of gristle, before it has

hardened into bone and muscle and become an efficient man. Hey? hey? as George the Third used to say, is this so bad—is this so grave an offense? In this pleasing point of view, is it so unmannerly to allude to the departure of the golden age? Let it be understood, then, that the Easy Chair is of opinion that the prattling and playing time has passed, and that the Academy is now to be an actual force and inspiration in the development of universal art in America. This is the glorious youth of which mention was made above, and old age in that passage expressed weakness only. Let us hope that this clears the decks, and that the Chair steps cheerfully out of the dock acquitted of the capital charge of Old Fogyism. Yes, in this generous sense it accepts the revolution.

The revolution which has triumphed in the Academy has amended the constitution. The powers are to be vested in a body of professional artists only; and the terrible hanging committee are to be elected by the whole Academy, and must neither be officers nor members of the Council. The President and Vice-President are to be annually elected, and are ineligible for more than two consecutive terms. Unquestionably very much of this remodeling of details is judicious; but now, in order that an age which we shall all agree to be golden, may dawn upon the Academy, are not some other changes, which have not been sufficiently considered, essential? Is this a revolution, or only a change of factions? The Arcadians—for by what fairer name could the artists of every kind be known?—are aware of a movement for the establishment of a Museum of Art in New York. Some of them are aware that it was proposed to make the President of the Academy an *ex officio* vice-president. Opposition was made, ostensibly upon technical parliamentary grounds, and the plan was defeated. It was defeated really because it was disliked. Why was it disliked? There was certainly an undeniable apparent propriety n making the President of an established and respectable institution devoted to certain branches of art, and whose members were artists, which indeed to the public peculiarly represented the interests of art, an officer of the new Museum. This was undeniable, and was not abstractly denied. But the formidable secret of the hostility was the feeling *that the National Academy of Design is not a National Academy of Design!* And that, the most airy Arcadian will allow, is a tremendous difficulty.

"The object of this society," says the charter, "is the cultivation and extension of the arts of design." What are the arts of Design? Painting is one, Sculpture is one, Architecture is one. Are there no others? Was Guido an artist, and Benvenuto Cellini not an artist? Was Bandinelli one, and not Luca della Robbia? Was Ingham one, and not Downing? Is not an Etruscan vase as properly placed in a gallery of art as a Madonna of Raphael's; and a tea-cup or spittoon from Herculaneum as a portrait by Stuart? These are very obvious questions, and they have very simple answers. An art of design is that of which beauty is a conscious element. Intended beauty lifts the useful into the fine arts. Our common white coffee-cups, evidently meant to be thrown uninjured upon the floor, are works of useful art merely. But a Sèvres cup is a work of fine art; for it is meant not only to hold tea, but to charm the sense of beauty. The Central Park is as excellent a work of fine art as any landscape upon the Academy walls. Of course use does not exclude beauty; indeed it may be supposed essential to it. An art of design is the beautiful rendering of use.

Suppose that under the section of the Academy constitution which requires that "Academicians shall be chosen from professional artists only," the name of Wall Paper was written in the book of nominations. He is a graduate of a German school of Design, and naturally wishes to join the Academy of Design here. He is a young gentleman who designs very beautifully for the decoration of our rooms, and whose work is displayed upon the walls of Messrs. Plutus and Crœsus with Pallet's portraits and Brush's landscapes, what would be his fate? Would Palette and Brush say that young Paper is a most admirable artist, full of talent, industry, and invention; or would they insist that he is an artisan, a mechanic, and not a worker in the fine arts, and proceed to blackball him without mercy? And if Wall Paper's friend should plead that the object of the Academy is the cultivation and extension of the arts of design, and that young Paper is a professional artist, and insist that he could not be excluded upon such grounds as were urged, would Palette and Brush yield, and would Mr. Paper, if rejected, be rejected solely for personal reasons such as might exclude Michael Angelo?

If such were the case, when the doors were carefully closed and locked, how if Paper's friend should say, "Mr. President, I am so near-sighted that I have ludicrously mistaken the name. It is not Wall Paper at all; it is Raphael Sanzio, who has sent a specimen of his work in the arts of design," and should thereupon unroll one of the tapestries of which we have all heard, meant to hang upon the wall, or a sketch of the pretty arabesques painted for ornament upon the ceiling of the Vatican? Should we Academicians acknowledge that they were works of design in the sense of the fine arts, and open the door to Raphael Sanzio that we had just closed to Wall Paper? But if for the reason mentioned we closed it upon the latter, could we honestly claim that we had not dwarfed and degraded the declared purpose of the Academy?

The Easy Chair makes no assertions whatever. It certainly does not say that the utmost catholicity of interpretation is not intended to be given to the title and intention of the Academy. It asks an honest question, and with no hidden purpose of any kind. Is it not the tendency of the Academy to consider that the fine arts mean, in the ordinary use of the words, painting and sculpture? Does it generously welcome and embrace all the arts of design? And if it does, why do we never see any thing but pictures and statues in its exhibitions? Of course nobody objects to a club of painters and sculptors. It would be as entertaining as one of lawyers or merchants. But if it claimed to be more than such a club, might we not all object? If there be really an Academy of Design or of the fine arts in New York, what need is there of a separate museum of art? Why is not the Academy, if it be truly catholic and generous, the very organization required? It is established; it is known; it has a good repute. And

while it has schools for drawing and modeling the figure, and collections of portraits and landscapes and sculpture, why should it not add to them collections of works of art in all other branches of design, ancient and modern, so that its galleries shall be an illustration of the variety and scope of the fine arts? Pavements, cameos, vases, medals, the art treasures of Etruria, of Pompeii, of Mexico, tapestries, carpets, wood-engraving—why should not these be collected by precisely the same means upon which any art museum must depend? It may be an agreeable club of artists in certain departments of the fine arts, but how can it be a comprehensive, satisfactory, true Academy of Design unless it is as expansive as art itself?

If the revolution is the birth-throe of such a phenix as this, who will not hail it with delight? If it merely expels the dynasty of Jones to install that of Smith, who will not laugh it to scorn? "What good did an Academy ever do?" asks the scoffer. But a society which keeps admirable schools of drawing and modeling in every department of daily human use, which accumulates a library in every branch of art, which fills galleries with the most beautiful works of art in every kind, arranged so as to show historic development—such a society is inestimable. It will not, indeed, produce genius any more than libraries produce it; but it will furnish to genius ample resources of instruction, and to the public the loftiest delight. This is the good that an Academy of Design may do. Will the National Academy do it?

That it is the privilege and the pleasure of the great railroad corporations, which are rapidly becoming our kings, to provide for the comfort as well as safety of the public, and in the most courteous and agreeable manner, is notorious. The urbanity of all the servants of the company—*employés* they are called in euphemistic American—is familiar and delightful. The politeness with which all questions are answered by ticket-sellers, conductors, porters, and other railway official personages, is such that the experienced traveler seeks opportunities of inquiring, that he may enjoy the happiness of the reply. The splendors of railroad stations, and the variety and attractiveness of "the refreshments" offered by the way, with the ample time allotted for their consumption, are also matters of proud reflection to the free and enlightened son of Columbia.

The present purpose of the Easy Chair, however, is to return thanks, in the name of a patient and much-paying and deeply grateful traveling public, to the Sultan of the railway, for the blessed boon of his Albany dépôt. The traveler leaves New York in the comfortable and pleasant drawing-room car. If he is fortunate he sits upon the side toward the river, and the lovely picture endlessly unrolls before him. It is summer, perhaps, and the sky is overcast as he proceeds, and it is raining heavily; or it is winter, and a wild snow-gale is blowing when he arrives in Albany, the capital of New York, and he alights in the station of the Hudson River Railroad. It is certainly spacious, for the sky is its dome, and the horizon its wall. How well ventilated it is you will discover when you step out into the gale. How cleanly it is you will feel as you descend upon the watery planks. How brilliant it is you will see as you remark the lanterns upon the outside of the passenger-pen. There will probably not be more than two trains standing upon the tracks between the water and slush into which you descend and a narrow platform under a shed; and, although there will not be room for you to raise an umbrella between the trains, you will not be more than soaked by the time you reach the wharf or platform. If you slip or trip over the rails as you fly in front of the snorting and hissing locomotives, you will not be much more confused and wet than if you do not; and you will be duly grateful for your good fortune if, with children and nurses and hand-luggage of every perplexing kind, you are not compelled to climb across the two trains to escape, while bells are jangling, steam-whistles hooting, and locomotives puffing, to suggest to you the uncertainty of your arriving or the probability of beholding half your party borne away.

Civilization and our unequaled country, Sir, are seen to great advantage in the Albany station. It used to seem as if nothing could be pleasanter and more cheering than the arrival in that city from the east. Ancient travelers of ten years ago will remember that they reached East Albany at midnight, let us say, in January, with the mercury at zero, or as near it as is consistent with a fearful storm of sleet and snow. Out of the warm car in which he had been dozing the traveler was shot into the storm. There was a frantic rush toward the river, and down slippery planks he slid and stumbled and sprawled toward an open sleigh, into which he huddled with the other victims, the raging tempest piercing him as he crouched and cowered to keep warm. Then—the sleigh being covered wherever a man could put a foot—it moved off across the river, disease and death shouting with devilish glee in every icy dash of the storm. Reaching the Albany side, the victims scrambled and slid up a plank into a ferry-boat, then ran for life through the boat to the wharf, and then into a pen behind the Delavan House, which was the station of the great Central Railroad. The murders done in that midnight transit of the river were incalculable. The shameless shiftlessness, scramble, and confusion were incredible. For twenty years American travelers submitted to this treatment as if they had been sheep, and employed their leisure in jeering at the effete despotisms of Europe.

But it could be at least said that when they were in the open pen behind the Delavan House they were near a sheltering inn. Now they cross comfortably by the bridge, but when they are dumped into the present pen, in the midst of rain and snow, they are, in a familiar phrase, nowhere. If they can reach the side upon which the infrequent lanterns glimmer, and enter the large waiting-room, they are, indeed, out of the storm, and may dry themselves as they can. But a waiting-room is not the bourne of the journey; and when the traveler is ready to proceed to his hotel, sing, O Muse! the broad and stately way by which he emerges into the arms of hackmen! What a passage that is from the room to the street, or the other way, from the street-corner where the Albanian omnibus discharges itself of you, with a good riddance and

two shillings, into the waiting-room! That passage is a fit place in which to rekindle our eloquence about effete despotisms. There isn't a king in Europe, except haply the Grand Turk, who would dare to treat his subjects as the Railway Sultan treats the American traveler. Our despotisms, it must be allowed, are not effete.

Undoubtedly it is for the comfort and splendor of the Albany station, the thoughtful regard it shows for the traveler's safety and convenience, the proof that it daily and nightly offers of the peculiar fitness of the management to have the charge of great public enterprises, that monuments and statues have been erected to the potentate. In a German *residenz* or capital, in which the Hereditary Grand Duke has the benevolence to live, there is always something touching in contemplating the statue—usually equestrian, if the grand duchy is not more than four miles square—of his Hoheit, or his illustrious ancestors. In the centre of the chief square of the quiet little town, upon an enormous pedestal, stands the statue of Magnus Dux Zwei Lager LII., Pater Patriæ. The pedestal is covered with inscriptions setting forth the unprecedented and immeasurable virtues of the Pater, who, it appears, in every case was a kind of heaven-born sovereign of Paradise, under whose paternal sway it was a priceless felicity to be born, and to pay taxes, and to serve in the army. But as you look at the enormous palace of the fifty-second Zwei Lager—for the palaces of grand dukes can be as immense as those of emperors, and they usually are so—and reflect that all that costly pile, and the museums, and the opera-house, and the vast colossal equestrian statue in bronze of the beloved Pater Patriæ, were squeezed out of the hard toil of the patient subjects of Paradise, and that it was really the Pater Patriæ who put his hands into the subjects' pockets, and with their money erected to himself this prodigious statue, and himself engraved upon it all the sonorous compliments to himself in the name of the happy and contented people, grateful to feel those fingers fumbling in their purses, the spectacle is so irresistibly comic that his Serene bronze Highness and father of a faithful country might well be unseated by the thundering peals of Yankee laughter.

Was it Nathan who said unto David, *de te fabula narratur*, "I mean you?" For why is it that the musing traveler in the Albany pen, before sinking irretrievably in the slush, or just as he is soaked to the bone with the chill rain that awaits him, welcoming—why is it that he reflects simultaneously upon the noble work that commemorates the greatness of his own Sultan and that which celebrates the fostering care of Zwei Lager for his subjects, dear to him as children? Is it but a wild dream of his distempered fancy that proposals will soon be issued for a colossal statue to be erected in honor of the Sultan of the Railway, and to be placed in the exact centre of the Albany passenger-pen? Is it true that the base will be decorated upon one side with allegorical designs representing Pneumonia, Pleurisy, Inflammation of the Lungs, Consumption, and Death; and that these will be looking gratefully upward to the statue, and that the legend, simple and chaste, will be only, "To our cherishing Father?" Upon the other side will there be a faithful carving of the Albany station in basso-relievo, with the arms of the city below, and the simple words, "Grateful Capital to its Sovereign?" Upon the third side will there be represented a huge pile of money-bags? Upon the fourth side, more money-bags? And upon this pedestal will there stand the colossal statue of the Sultan, pointing with both hands at his pockets? And is it not very true that the sum necessary for this noble work will be raised by imposing a slight tax upon every traveler for the use of the Albany passenger-pen?

The authorship of the following lines upon the waltz when it was introduced into England, more than half a century ago, has never been generally known. Governor Andrew of Massachusetts, who was very fond of repeating sonorous verses, and whose memory was remarkably accurate, sought in vain to ascertain the writer of these. A note in the lately published and very pleasant "Life and Letters of Mary Russell Mitford," authoress of "Our Village," states that the lines were written by Sir Henry Englefield—some distinguished London Turk of the time, for the spirit of the lines is worthy of the seraglio.

Miss Mitford, writing on the 4th of January, 1814, to Sir William Elford, an ancient Tory and littérateur, with whom Miss Mitford long carried on a most lively correspondence, full of light touches at all the current men and topics, most literary, of the hour, thanks him for sending her the verses, which she had seen before, but only with the initials of the author. She then says of the new dance that had invaded and conquered London society: "I hope it will not be long before your 'History of the Waltz' comes to give the *coup de grâce* to this detestable dance. In addition to the obvious reasons which all women ought to have for disliking it, I can not perceive its much vaunted graces. What beauty can there be in a series of dizzying evolutions, of which the wearisome monotony banishes all the tricksy fancies of the 'poetry of motion,' and conveys to the eyes of the spectators the idea of a parcel of teetotums set a-spinning for their amusement? Well, peace be with them! I foresee that I shall soon be dulcified, and forgive the waltz for the sake of your prose and Sir H. Englefield's verse, just as one forgives the great plague at Florence for the sake of Boccaccio's inimitable description."

Does any body recall, or did a single reader of this Magazine ever see, a specimen of Sir William Elford's Boccaccian prose? Here, however, are the familiar verses of Sir Henry Englefield:

"What! the girl I adore by another embraced!
What! the balm of her breath shall another man taste!
What! pressed in the whirl by another's bold knee!
What! panting, reclined on another than me!
Sir, she's yours! You have brushed from the grape its soft blue;
From the rose-bud you've shaken the tremulous dew;
What you've touched you may take. Pretty waltzer, adieu!"

In reading these lines and the remarks of Miss Mitford, which may be called the genuinely British and conventional view of the waltz, it is impossible not to recall that striking passage of De Quincey, which is the wholly poetic and imaginative view, but by no means an infrequent one. There is a certain extravagance in the expres-

sion which is essential to its adequacy, for it is the description of a purely emotional mood. "And in itself, of all the scenes which this world offers, none is to me so profoundly interesting; none (I say deliberately) so affecting as the spectacle of men and women floating through the mazes of a dance; under these conditions, however, that the music shall be rich and festal, the execution of the dancers perfect, and the dance itself of a character to admit of free, fluent, and continuous motion.....From all which the reader may comprehend, if he should not happen experimentally to have felt, that a spectacle of young men and women *flowing* through the mazes of an intricate dance, under a full volume of music, taken with all the circumstantial adjuncts of such a scene in rich men's halls, the blaze of lights and jewels, the life, the motion, the sea-like undulation of heads, the interweaving of the figures, the *anakuklosis* or self-revolving, both of the dance and the music; never ending, still beginning, and the continual regeneration of order from a system of motions which seem forever to approach the very brink of confusion; that such a spectacle, with such circumstances, may happen to be capable of exciting and sustaining the very grandest emotions of philosophic melancholy to which the human mind is open. The reason is in part that such a scene presents a sort of mask of human life, with its whole equipage of pomps and glories, its luxuries of sight and sound, its hours of golden youth, and the interminable revolution of ages hurrying after ages, and one generation treading over the flying footsteps of another, whilst all the while the overruling music attempers the mind to the spectacle—the subject (as a German would say) to the object, the beholder to the vision. And although this is known to be but one phase of life—of life culminating and in ascent—yet the other and repulsive phasis is concealed upon the hidden or averted side of the golden arras, known but not felt—or is seen but dimly in the rear, crowding into indistinct proportions."

What would Miss Mitford, Sir Henry Englefield, with his "What you've touched you may take," and Sir William Elford, of the Boccaccian prose, have said to that? Would they have smiled at the mere opium-vagary? Yet for such visions no other opium than blended music and imagination is needful. And how wide and rich and deep seems the variety of human susceptibility, that cultivated persons of the same nation at the same time should contemplate the same spectacle with such different emotions! It may be pleasant to some enthusiastic dancer to read these words of De Quincey's, and to know that such fine things have been said of dancing.

Editor's Literary Record.

SCIENCE.

DR. WINCHELL, in his *Sketches of Creation* (Harper and Brothers), has certainly succeeded in producing a remarkable book—a book for which we feel justified in predicting a wide, as it will be a deserved, popularity. He has done so by successfully entering a field which it has been a wonder to us has not been more assiduously cultivated—that of Popular Science. The reason, perhaps, is, that to produce a good popular work on science requires a combination of inconsistent qualities rarely to be found in a single man. The author must be an assiduous student of phenomena. He must be interested in facts, and in facts for their own sake. He must have no pet theories to maintain. He must be willing to be an interpreter simply, and to let Nature speak through him. He must be willing to do by the book of Nature what the Bible Society does for the written Book—interpret it to the reader without note or comment. And yet he must, at the same time, be a poet. He must have a heart to feel as well as an eye to see. He must appreciate the grand, the beautiful, the sublime. He must recognize the line where the visible melts into the invisible, and not, in a technical analysis of the architecture of the Temple, forget the glory of Him who dwells therein. He must, in a word, perceive behind the mere hieroglyphics of Nature the sublime truths which God has employed them to reveal. If science is unpopular, it is only because the scientists are but poor interpreters. There are hundreds of thousands of readers who would be electrified by the eloquence of Demosthenes, or charmed by the poetry of Homer, for whom a disquisition on the irregular forms of a Greek verb would have no possible attraction. There are hundreds of thousands of readers who would be fascinated by any truthful interpretation of the symbolism of Nature, to whom an analysis of what we may call the grammatical construction of her language is a matter of supreme indifference. The chief difficulty with science hitherto has been that it has dealt mainly with the grammar of Nature, very little with its ideas.

Dr. Winchell, Professor of Geology, Zoology, and Botany in the University of Michigan, and Director of the State Geological Survey, is no professional book-maker. This treatise is not the product of an editorial appreciation of the popular taste, a smattering of scientific knowledge, and a pair of scissors. He knows thoroughly his theme, and writes as one at home in it. But he writes for the public, not for the geological scholar. He spends no time in technical discussions of petty details; none in elaboration of pet fancies and theories of his own. He writes, in reality, a history of the creation of the world, basing his descriptions upon what may doubtless now be regarded as the best scientific theory, if not an established fact, that known as the nebular hypothesis. Beginning with the time when the world existed in a gaseous state, he traces the progress of creation through its several stages, till, formed in the wonderful and sublime processes of Almighty God, it became a habitation fit for man's abode; and then turning the instrument with which he has descried the history of the past toward the future, he pictures in graphic words the possible condition of the world as science indicates it, when the heat of the sun

having at last been spent, the end arrives, and the last man perishes in the midst of the desolation of an eternal winter.

To describe Dr. Winchell's style as brilliant and eloquent does him but scanty justice. His book is eloquent, because he perceives the "soul of things," because he discerns the thoughts of God in nature, and with rare power of utterance interprets them. These pages are sufficient to place him as an interpreter of God in nature by the side of Hugh Miller and O. M. Mitchell. He writes, let us add, in a thoroughly devout, a thoroughly Christian spirit; but not in a style technically theological. He makes no labored effort to reconcile science and religion, but recognizes no inharmony between them; spends no strength in the endeavor to shape either his science or his theology to fit the other, but accounts, throughout his book, these twain as *one* flesh. One point he makes worth noting, that atheism is absolutely unscientific, since science itself declares that "matter viewed in the light of physical laws alone can not be pronounced eternal." The book is illustrated with over one hundred woodcuts, many of which very greatly aid in elucidating the text, or in inspiring the imagination to comprehend the scenes of awful grandeur through which the author conducts his reader.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott and Co., in giving to the public Dr. J. Thomas's *Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology*, are rendering to the age one of those services which are not very often rendered in American literature, since the American public appreciate it less highly, and pay for it less readily, than for works of a cheaper and more evanescent kind. It is to be comprised in 45 parts, one only of which is now before us, and, as the cost of this part is 50 cents, will, we judge, when completed, cost the snug little sum of twenty-two dollars and a half, irrespective of binding. It promises, however, to be a really invaluable work, well worth the money to those who can afford it. It is a dictionary, not a cyclopædia. Its articles are brief, and give only the most essential facts, and those condensed into the briefest space. It is indeed rather an index to biography than a collection of biographies, and compensates for the necessary brevity of its articles by the ground which it covers. It includes not only historical but mythological personages, not only the mythology of the ancients, but the Norse and Hindoo mythologies as well. Accompanying it is a system of pronunciation which leaves the current provincialisms, which mar the conversation of even good society and the elocution of even well-educated public speakers, without excuse. The preface is itself a brief treatise on pronunciation, and those who have stopped on the very threshold of the modern languages, appalled by the apparent complexity of sounds which they afford, will perhaps take courage from the statement—apparently well sustained—that "the acquisition of ten or twelve new sounds, which might be learned by persons of ordinary aptitude in a few hours, will enable any one who can read correctly the pronunciation of English words as marked in Walker's, Webster's, or Worcester's dictionary, to pronounce with tolerable correctness all the names of Portugal, Spain, Italy, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Denmark, Norway, and (we might perhaps add) of Sweden, Russia, and Hungary." Some compensation for the necessary brevity of the articles is made by the bibliographical references which are to be found at the close of all those of any special importance. The author has expended, it is said, nearly twenty years of assiduous labor in the preparation of this work; and certainly, to collect so many facts and comprise them in so small a space, must have cost an amount of time, study, and patience of which it is difficult to form an adequate conception. It is, in short, an undertaking which might well have appalled any ordinary man, and has been executed, so far as we can judge from this number, with admirable skill, and as near an approach to perfection, both by the author in literary method and by the publisher in typography, as is often permitted to any human undertaking.

History, as a literature, has undergone a marvelous change within the last fifteen or twenty years. It no longer treats of kings, and wars, and treaties, and political factions. It deals with the people, and traces the revolution of their civil, and social, and personal life. The latest illustrations of this phase of historical literature is afforded by Mommsen's *History of Rome* and Froude's *History of England*. The second volume of the one, the fifth and sixth volumes of the other (Charles Scribner and Co.), are both before us. Theodore Mommsen brings his history down to the third Macedonian war, and closes his volume with an elaborate and detailed description of the life of Rome in four chapters, entitled The Governor and the Governed; The Management of Land and of Capital; Faith and Manners; Literature and Art. Less pictorial than Macaulay, less fascinating than Froude, Mommsen is, perhaps, more reliable than either. What wars Carthage and Rome fought, and how this battle was gained, and that lost, is a matter of small moment to us. But what was their civilization—how it moulded Christianity, and how it was moulded by it; and what influence it has exerted in making our philosophy, our art, and our civilization what it is—this is a question of the very utmost importance. And this is the question on which Theodore Mommsen throws the light of his investigation.

It is to this modern spirit imbuing rare learning, and assimilating the results of extensive and prolonged research, that makes his "History of Rome" thoroughly modern, and allows his work to be entitled, as it is by the *Edinburgh Review*, "the best history of the Roman Republic." Of Mr. Froude's work we have nothing to add to what we have already said of general commendation. The fifth and sixth volumes (popular edition) bring down the story of England's life to the death of bloody Queen Mary.

Books sold by aid of agents do not require the same literary qualities as those which seek a market through the ordinary avenues of trade. They are made, usually, for a transient sale, and for the purpose of meeting a temporary demand. We have learned, therefore, to look with suspicion upon books which bear upon their title-page the ominous words, "Sold by subscription only," and greatly as we have been attracted by the theme of Mr. Augustus Maverick's book, *Raymond and New York Journalism* (A. S. Hale and

Co.), a perusal of it has only intensified the doubts which the announcement that it was published by subscription had awakened in our minds. Mr. Maverick is an editor, by nature as well as by experience. We are not greatly surprised, therefore, to find in his volume the water-marks rather of a shrewd editor than of a painstaking author, of one who has written and scissored—especially scissored (our readers will perhaps excuse the doubtful but convenient word)—with an editor's eye to the market, with reference not so much to literary excellence as to the supposed demands of the public—not the general public, but the special public, at whose purses he aimed. As a biography of Mr. Raymond it lacks that tender, affectionate, sympathetic appreciation of the man which gives a true biography its charm. Moreover, the editor or author lacked the materials necessary to any full and fair delineation of his inner life.

As a history of New York Journalism it is better than as a personal biography. Henry J. Raymond was emphatically a journalist. He had the editorial genius. His very weaknesses and failures were the results of the same qualities which gave him his success. He studied the course of public opinion, and aimed rather to represent the best thought and feeling of the community than to instruct or to reform it. Mr. Maverick, therefore, in writing Mr. Raymond's biography, has done well to make his theme include some account of New York Journalism, its growth, and its methods. It is this part of his volume which is the most entertaining—this which he has written *con amore*. He is thoroughly at home in it. He has been a member of the editorial fraternity for quarter of a century, and is as young and fresh and full of boyish vitality as ever. He has seen the inside machinery of a daily journal, and knows how to describe it. He tells with infinite zest how "Bennett was beaten at his own game." He tells with a merry twinkle the story of the moon hoax; and even the lugubrious tones with which he describes the horrors which the editor has to suffer at the hands of "newspaper bores" are an unmistakable affectation, put on by one who relishes the ridiculous so keenly as to be comparatively indifferent to the discomfort of his position. But even of this part of his work he has written his own condemnation in the sentence, "The history of the American press, properly arranged and conscientiously elaborated, is yet to be written." It is not a history of New York Journalism, but a gossip about it. Take it all in all, his somewhat overgrown volume may be characterized as a spicy, gossipy, fragmentary, entertaining, appreciative, unphilosophical, illogical, unsystematic, and highly readable book; a book which we have read all through with interest, but which we lay down, saying to ourselves, not only the history of the American press, but the life of Henry J. Raymond, "properly arranged and conscientiously elaborated, is yet to be written;" and which makes us look forward more eagerly than before to the biography which is now in course of preparation by a gentleman long associated with Mr. Raymond in editorial labor.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

Mr. S. Baring-Gould has produced in *The Origin and Development of Religious Belief*, *Part I.: Heathenism and Mosaism* (D. Appleton and Co.), a bold, if not a rash book. It attempts to review impartially all the religions and philosophies, ancient and modern, and discover the elements in man's nature which they all address, or rather the instincts from which they all alike spring. Its research, which is wonderful, makes it an important contribution to the yet infant science of Comparative Theology. Written from the stand-point of Positivism (or at least professing to be written from that stand-point), the book abounds in those forms of expression which characterize the extreme materialistic writers, such as: "Mysticism is produced by the combustion of the gray vascular matter in the sensorium;" "Prayer is a liberation of force; the passion of anger is relieved by revenge, the passion of suffering by prayer." Yet the author is by no means a materialist, in spite of his excessive use of phrases from the language of physical science. The key to the whole book seems to be afforded by this sentence: "We have absolutely no instance in the whole world of animated nature of an instinctive *penchant* without a corresponding object to which it tends, and which can satisfy that *penchant*." This the author applies fully to prayer: "We are as justified in concluding, from the presence of the instinct of prayer, that the personal Deity whom we address has a real existence, as the infant is, when feeling the passion of hunger, in concluding that it has a mother at whose breast it can find relief." "Prayer is a necessity of man's nature." "For his sufferings he does not appeal to physical forces and hypostatized laws;.....he seeks in a personal God for One conscious, sympathetic, compassionate, who can not only hear him, but can console him." On the whole, despite some inconsistencies of thought, and a certain scholastic tone which renders the book forbidding to the general reader, we regard it, whether intended so or not, as an emphatic testimony to the *Divine* "origin" of true religion in the world. Its review of heathen philosophies, ancient and modern, sets in the clearest light of this scientific age what Paul uttered long ago, "The world by wisdom knew not God." On the question between Theism and Pantheism, whether "God is the Great Cause or the Great Result," it gives no feeble voice for Theism. While impressing the reader with a painful sense of humanity's need of a Revelation, it so describes man's religious instincts that the Christian reader sees them all satisfied in Christianity. So, while reprobating many particulars in the book, as this low and eminently unchristian philosophy, for example: "Self-love is the mainspring of all action;" "Virtue is selfishness acting with judgment; vice is selfishness acting ignorantly and blindly," we rejoice in its appearance, and eagerly watch for the succeeding volume on Christianity.

Ecce Femina! cries Mr. Carlos White, in his attempt to solve the Woman Question (Lee and Shepard). No, Mr. White, we beg to be excused; and, speaking for the public, we really think you will have to excuse it. What with the Woman Question, Woman's Voting, Woman's Sphere, Woman's Work, Woman's Wages, Woman's Influence, Woman's Education, etc., etc., we really think that the unfortunate daughters of Eve have had to stand as targets for all sorts of literary arrows long enough. In the

name of humanity and a long-suffering public, we protest against the further perpetration of this sort of amusement. Why should we talk about woman as though she were just discovered—a sort of *lusus naturæ*, a new object of natural history, an amiable sea-serpent, or a graceful and polished gorilla, for example. On behalf of persecuted but patient woman, we cry for quarter! Discuss the question of Spheres, of Work, of Wages, of Influence, of Education, as much as you please; but let us have done with this perpetual putting of woman on a pedestal of her own, to be looked at, felt of, debated and discussed about, like a slave at public vendue; and let us settle these social problems on general principles of social science, applicable to all humanity. Mr. White must excuse us. Not even our duties as a critic are sufficient to induce us to "Behold the Woman" he sets up for public gaze.—For which same reason we must be excused for putting on the shelf, with no further reference, Elizabeth Strutt's semi-Swedenborgian treatise on *The Feminine Soul* (H. H. and T. W. Carter).

Immortality (A. D. F. Randolph) consists of four sermons preached before the University of Cambridge, being the Hulsean lectures for 1868, in which their author, J. J. Stewart Perowne, B.D., undertakes, by a comparison of the hope of the gentile, the hope of the Jew, and the hope of the Christian, to show that the only sure ground and strong assurance of future existence rests in faith in Christ and in His resurrection. While the work discusses, in a good deal of detail, ancient systems, the evident, and, indeed, avowed, aim of the author is really to deal with modern forms of skepticism.

Dr. Hanna has been six years in writing his *Life of Christ*, of which, curiously enough, the last volumes appeared first. It is now, however, complete in six volumes, which the Carters are republishing, and the first volume of which we have received from them. Quite agreeing with the *North British Review* that it "will appeal peculiarly to the British type of mind," we are of the opinion that, for that very reason, it will not appeal peculiarly to the American. If there were no other objection, the fact that it extends through six volumes would be against it. It is pleasant but not powerful in style, graphic but not brilliant in description, clear but not subtle in its analysis of character, sound and safe but not striking or profound in its moral and spiritual deductions. It is less valuable to the scholar than either Lange's or Neander's "Life of Christ," affords less directly a reply to Renan than De Pressensé's, and is less popular, less dramatic, and throws less historical light on the subject than Abbott's "Jesus of Nazareth."

Mr. Henry C. Lea's *Studies in Church History* (H. C. Lea) includes three essays on the Rise of the Temporal Power, Benefit of the Clergy, and Excommunication. They are characterized by the same curious and even erudite learning which has marked his previous works, "Superstition and Farce" and "Sacerdotal Celibacy"—learning the more remarkable since the author, far from being a literary recluse, is an enterprising and successful publisher.—*The Spirit of Life*, by E. H. Bickersteth (Carters), is little else than a careful collation of Scripture testimony on the Divine Person and Work of the Holy Ghost. As such it is carefully and conscientiously made; but it is in language and structure too professionally ecclesiastical to be altogether attractive reading.—Mr. Bonar, in his poetry, carries the repetition of thought and even phrase to the extreme verge. He pushes it beyond all reasonable measure in his prose; as, for example, in the series of expositions on the Acts and larger Epistles, which he entitles *Bible Thoughts and Themes* (Carters).—Mr. John S. Hart's *Life Lessons from the Gospels* (Carters) is much more attractive. The chapters are short, terse, fresh. If, to adopt the language of his preface, he has only gleaned after the reapers, it is certain that his little sheaf is all good wheat, and makes very palatable bread.—Austin Pierbower's *Principles of a System of Philosophy* (Carlton and Lanahan) is a book which deserves more attention than its unambitious style and unpretentious form are likely to awaken. The author takes the extreme free-will side of theology, and, by unfolding what he calls the law of necessity, undertakes to show that God himself is subject to conditions and limitations, and that Omnipotence is really only absolute power within certain prescribed and necessary bounds. The theological questions which it undertakes to solve we remit to the theologians; but we are curious to see what they will say to his definition of creation—"to create is not to produce from nothing;" and to his assertion, that man in his sphere creates as God in His.

NOVELS.

Harper and Brothers add to their Library of Select Novels *Under Foot*, by the author of "Maggie Lynne;" and *Hirell*, by the author of "Abel Drake's Wife." The former has no novelty in the plot to commend it. Novel readers will recognize very old friends, and but very slightly disguised, in the stern uncle, the two nephews—one a rascal, the other a hero—the rich ward intended for the villain, and falling in love with the betrayed cousin, etc., etc. But they will also recognize in the working up some very effective scenes and incidents, and will applaud the triumphant reward of virtue sorely tried, but at last victorious. On the whole, it is likely to prove more popular than some more original, and, tried by purely literary standards, abler novels. "Hirell" is one of the remarkable English novels of the season. It is written by one who has a poet's appreciation of the interior life of the soul, though it lacks the romantic glow with which the poet often invests life and renders it attractive. The curious vacillations of Sir John Cunliffe are watched with a painfully solicitous interest, and we mourn—as often in real life—that a man who possesses by nature so much capability of good should consign himself despite it to irretrievable ruin.—Of the *Unkind Word, and Other Stories* (Harper and Brothers), what have we need to say more than that they are written by Miss Mulock, who never writes what is not good, and who has done well to collect in this volume these fugitive stories from her own pen?

BRIEF MENTION.

We receive from Roberts Brothers the third part of William Morris's *Earthly Paradise* (Roberts Brothers). We have heretofore ex-

pressed our opinion of Mr. Morris's genius so fully that we have little need here to do more than say that he fulfills in the present volume the promise of his previous ones. And yet, though these poems—for they are many, not one—are such as doubtless to place their author in the front rank of modern poets, they are more likely to receive the verdict of approbation from the critic than from the general reader. It is impossible to read them in haste, or to dip into them for a striking metaphor or a brilliant paragraph or a glowing picture. To enjoy them one must read them leisurely, and the leisurely readers in this fast age are few. If Mr. Morris, who lives in the quiet past, can succeed in inducing the world to turn aside and dwell with him in its quiet, if it be but for the briefest respite, he will do humanity good service.—*Mrs. Jerningham's Journal* (Charles Scribner and Co.), is a pleasant admixture of novel, comedy, and poem, never rising to the height of being sublime, but never sinking to a doggerel; in truth, less a poem than a pleasant narrative in verse of a life which foolish flirtation made wretched, and love and fidelity restored, and made blest again—a good story in every way for young brides and their husbands. A contemporary attributes it to COVENTRY PATMORE.—A. S. Barnes and Co. issue what is substantially a new edition of WOOD's "Class-Book of Botany," under the title of *The American Botanist and Florist.* In this volume the introductory treatise is condensed—almost too much—and a series of synoptical tables and a new flora are introduced. The book is very fully illustrated.—Under the title of *Principles of Domestic Science* (J. B. Ford and Co.), Miss CATHERINE E. BEECHER and Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE put in the form of a text-book, for the use of young ladies in schools, academies, and colleges, the substance of their "American Woman's Home," written originally for the same young ladies when they have become wives and mothers. In the full belief that the seminary for teaching the principles of domestic science is the home, and that no mother has done her daughter justice who suffers her to graduate from it without learning those lessons which she too often has to learn by practice upon her own husband and children, we should, nevertheless, be delighted to believe that schools and seminaries perceived that French, Music, and Drawing are not all the accomplishments, and that housekeeping, or rather let us say, home-keeping, is the first of practical arts. For such instruction we are confident this volume will afford a useful, if indeed it be not the only, text-book.—If there be any thing concerning which the proverb is true—Practice makes perfect—it is public speaking. The best school for elocution is a debating-club and a good living teacher. School declamation mars many more orators than it makes. The best thing in Dr. ALDEN'S *Natural Speaker* (D. Appleton and Co.), which is composed of selections for declamation, is the prefatory note by Dr. M'Cosh and the Introduction by Dr. Alden. Combined they would make an excellent tract for every school-boy.—Mr. NAST, in a characteristic picture, we believe in the *Rural New Yorker*, depicts the farmer of the future in his library, studying the science of agriculture while his day-laborers carry on, under his direction, the details of the farm. Something must be allowed to the exaggerations of a somewhat grotesque art; but the time is not far distant when a library will be as much part of a farm-house as is the dairy or the tool-house. The very existence of such a book as *A Helping Hand for American Homes* (Moore, Wilstach, and Moore), gives promise of the "good time coming." It is a sort of agricultural and domestic encyclopædia, in one rather ponderous volume, which undertakes to give practical suggestions on almost every subject connected with the management of a country home, from the sowing and harvesting of the crops to the supervision of the dairy and the kitchen. There is a good deal of fun made of scientific farming. Empiricism always laughs at science. And certainly if a town-bred gentleman were to undertake to carry on a farm with no other information than that which this book contains, he would as surely come to grief as the sophomore who should venture to pilot a steamship across the Atlantic because he had studied navigation. But, from a pretty careful examination of the book, we venture the assertion that he must be very stupid indeed who can not make more than enough out of its suggestions to pay for the price of it two or three times over. It is a very poor substitute for what ought to be in every farm-house—the farmer's library; but it is a very good beginning of one.—*The Philosophy of True Living*, by Professor F. G. WELCH, Instructor in the Department of Physical Culture in Yale College (Wood and Holbrook), consists of four parts. The first two on the Professor's specialty, gymnastics, are very good, and if published separately would be a useful manual. The other two are made up of extracts from his commonplace-book, and moralizings, which they have suggested, are very poor, and if left off altogether would greatly enhance the value of the rest.—If we desired to perpetuate the distinction between North and South we might find in *Southland Writers*, by IDA RAYMOND (Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger)—two good-sized volumes, chiefly filled with extracts from the writings of "living female writers of the South"—abundant material for criticism, both kindly and severe. As we desire to obliterate that distinction as speedily as possible, both in politics and in literature, and to know only America and American authors, we prefer to let the book pass as quietly as may be to its tomb, "unwept, uncoffined, and unknelled."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

SPRING, that brings out the opening buds and early birds, brings out some new books. For literature, as well as nature and fashion, has her seasons. We gather from various sources some hints of books, now, as we write, just announced, some of which, however, may probably appear before these pages reach our readers.—RALPH WALDO EMERSON promises a new volume of his essays—some new, some previously published—which are to bear the not very significant title of *Society and Solitude.* But then a great deal that Mr. Emerson writes is not very significant to any but his own disciples.—Miss ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS is said to be just finishing a story concerning the condition and reformation of fallen women, to be entitled *Hedged In.* Miss Phelps understands the art of entitling her books, which is more than half

the battle. We suppose it is now too late to interpose the entreaty that she spare us the infliction of the conventional Deacon, who forms by far the greatest defect in "Gates Ajar."—Miss ALCOTT'S *Old-Fashioned Girl* is promised on the first of April. It is a full-grown novel that has grown, however, from a seed dropped in *Merry's Museum*. It will make a volume about as large as "Hospital Sketches." Miss Alcott is a writer of rare power. Let her beware of the American author's greatest danger, writing too much.—It is said that Madame GUICCIOLI has in preparation a reply to Mrs. Stowe's "Vindication of Lady Byron." We hoped this "School for Scandal" was over; and, alas! it appears that what we took to be the end was only a recess.—JAMES K. MEDBERRY, a very able writer, has in preparation, and nearly ready for the public, *The Men and Mysteries of Wall Street*. The mysteries it is, we should say, impossible to know; and the men, with a few honorable exceptions, are not worth knowing.—Professor TOWNSEND, author of "Credo," has in press a new volume entitled *God-Man*. Mr. Townsend is not a remarkably original or remarkably powerful writer, but he has accomplished with signal success the rare achievement—that of writing popularly on theology.—The Harpers have in press two new novels of American life—the *New Timothy*, by WILLIAM M. BAKER, a story with which our readers have been made already more or less familiar through the pages of this Magazine; and *Miss Van Kortland*, by the author of "My Daughter Elinor." The scene of the latter is laid in New York and Pennsylvania. We shall look with interest to see whether this author fulfills in this, his second story, the promise of his first. As a painter of American life and manners he showed, in his previous work, rare fidelity to nature.—A new edition of *Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby*, with illustrations, and a new, revised, and enlarged edition of *Self-Help*, by SAMUEL SMILES, are also promised by the same house.—If *Knight's American Mechanical Dictionary*, announced by J. B. Ford and Co., fulfills the promise of its title-page, it will be a valuable work for all engaged in mechanical pursuits. A volume which really should be a "cyclopædia of tools, instruments, machines, processes and engineering, history of inventions and general technological vocabulary," would certainly be a desideratum. It is to be illustrated with five thousand engravings.—Abroad, we see announced that HENRI ROCHEFORT is engaged on an autobiography. MAX MULLER has in press a third volume of *Chips from a German Workshop*, devoted chiefly to the modern literature of France, Germany, and England; and Dr. CUMMING, the reverend challenger of the Pope, and the hitherto unprosperous prophet, a volume on *The Fall of Babylon, as Foreshadowed in History and Prophecy*.

THE public are still looking for Mr. BEECHER'S long-announced *Life of Christ*, and are likely to look for it for some time to come. The idea of publishing it in numbers has been wisely abandoned; and when it comes out at all, the public will have the whole. Meanwhile Mr. Beecher carries on the parochial work of the largest Protestant parish in the United States; in addition to preaching has undertaken a work of systematic visitation, and is carrying it out, too, at the rate of about twenty parish calls a week; exercises a general supervision over one model mission, the famous Bethel, and is talking up among his people the establishment of another; has undertaken the editorship of a religious paper, and has already succeeded in raising it from nothing to the position of a first-class journal; besides general editorial service, revives his "Star Papers," appears once a week in Bonner's *Ledger*, and once a month in the *Herald of Health*, besides finding time for occasional addresses and lectures. Of his preaching two sermons weekly, and publishing one of them, and giving every Friday evening a lecture-room talk, which three rival religious journals and one secular paper pounce upon and carry off, we say nothing, since we are inclined to think that it would be harder work for Mr. Beecher to keep still than to preach. But certainly it would be a very unreasonable public which should offer any complaint that the "Life of Christ" lagged a little, or even a good deal.

AMONG the apparently irreparable losses produced by the fire in 1853 which consumed the entire establishment of Harper and Brothers, was that caused by the complete destruction of C. D. YONGE'S *English-Greek Lexicon*, edited by Dr. DRISSLER. Several years of painstaking labor had been bestowed upon it, it had nearly reached completion, and was on the press at the time of the conflagration. Plate, proof, copy, every thing was destroyed; and most unfortunately the editor, supposing his work done, had already destroyed his revises. The whole work had to be recommenced, and our readers hardly need to be told that the editing and printing of a ponderous Greek Lexicon requires both time and patience. The loss has now at length, after sixteen years, been more than made good, and among the most valuable contributions to American literature this spring will doubtless be Dr. Drissler's edition of Yonge's "English-Greek Lexicon," with a valuable essay on the order of words in Attic Greek Prose.

IN England two almost equally important lexicographical works are just completed. *The Dictionary of the English Language*, by Dr. R. G. LATHAM, founded on that of Dr. Johnson, with numerous additions and emendations, has been many years in progress, and is now published in four closely printed quarto volumes. Undertaken at a time when single publishing houses had not attained their present size and strength, it is owned in shares by various publishers, a method which was quite common during the last century, but which has now gone quite out of vogue. Equally important—to American readers more so—is the announcement that the *Copious and Critical English and Latin Dictionary*, by Dr. WILLIAM SMITH, whose Bible and Classical Dictionaries are so widely known and deservedly popular, is at last completed.

Editor's Scientific Record.

COMPRESSED GUN-COTTON.

A VERY important memoir has recently been communicated to the French Academy of Sciences, by Mr. Abel, relative to a method of using gun-cotton so as to produce an explosive effect equal to that of nitro-glycerine or dynamite, while much safer in its application. If gun-cotton be laid loosely on any surface and ignited by contact of a lighted match or red-hot iron, a rapid combustion ensues with a dull sound, but without explosion or violent effects. When the cotton is compressed into a compact mass and then touched off, the combustion is much slower; and indeed this burning can be retarded to such a degree as to exhibit a smouldering slow fire, without appreciable flame.

If, now, a detonating percussion powder be introduced into the substance of the compressed cotton, and ignited by a battery or a fuse, the result is entirely different. A violent explosion will ensue equal in destructive effect to that of nitro-glycerine (which, like dynamite, is set off in the same manner), and incomparably superior in intensity to that of gun-cotton treated in the ordinary way.

If, again, several masses of compressed gun-cotton are laid at short distances apart, and one be ignited by means of percussion powder, all the rest will go off with explosive effects similar to that of the first. Furthermore, the action of gun-cotton thus exploded upon any given object, as a rock or block of wood, is much the same whether inclosed in the interior of its substance or simply laid on its surface; a fact of the utmost importance in blasting and mining operations. If, as seems to be the case, the mere application of the cotton, or its insertion in a natural crevice, will answer the same purpose as its introduction into a hole made for its reception (as in blasting with gunpowder), tamping, so productive of dangerous results, will be entirely dispensed with. In submarine blasting, the charge needs only to be inclosed in a water-tight bag, or a glass bottle, and laid on the surface, or inserted in a crevice, and exploded by means of a battery. The removal of rocks or large stones in roadways or in the fields can be effected by simply laying a mass of compressed cotton on the surface, and discharging it as explained above. To shatter the strongest gate, or to demolish a building, it is only necessary to explode a pad of cotton hung against it. Ice may also be cleared away in a harbor or around a vessel by this means with the greatest ease. Other applications will readily suggest themselves for the practical adaptation of this most important discovery, which hardly seems, so far, to have met the attention which it deserves.

STONE AGE IN AFRICA.

We have already adverted to the fact of the discovery of flint implements in Northern Africa as disproving the long-asserted proposition that the Stone Age had not existed on the African Continent. In addition to this we may state, that within a few years past similar objects have been found in South Africa, over an area extending a thousand miles from the Cape of Good Hope. It is still, however, believed that the modern inhabitants of Africa, even at the time of their first discovery by the whites, were unacquainted with the use of stone for weapons; and it is therefore asserted that these implements must have been employed by a race anterior to that of the present day, of whose ethnological character we can at present form no conception.

RESULTS OF BRITISH DREDGING.

It will be some time before the interest attaching to the deep-sea dredgings prosecuted by the British naturalists last summer, at a maximum depth of nearly three miles, will be exhausted; the results being so unexpected and important as to require a long-continued investigation to prepare them properly for publication. Some idea of the magnitude of the discoveries made may be gained from the fact that one hundred and seventeen (117) species of mollusca have been added to the fauna of the British seas, of which number fifty-six (56) were entirely undescribed, and eight were formerly supposed to be extinct as tertiary fossils. The remainder are principally species previously known only from more northern latitudes.

If the comparatively small number of casts of the dredge which were made during the expedition in question be borne in mind, we may readily conceive something of the vast field that yet remains to be explored in this direction. The total number of British marine shells known before amounted to about four hundred and fifty; to which have now been added more than twenty-five per cent. in the course of a few weeks. Of five species of shells taken at the greatest depth, 2435 fathoms, one was Mediterranean, one was Arctic, two were Northern, and one undescribed. The occurrence of living species, previously known only as tertiary fossils, is a fact of the deepest significance, and will undoubtedly be made proper use of by geologists, in connection with the announcement previously made, that the depths of the sea contain chalk in the process of formation by living species characteristic of the true cretaceous period.

INFLUENCE OF COLORED LIGHT ON INSECTS.

The discussion of the changes produced in animal and vegetable forms by the influence of varying conditions of temperature, moisture, light, locality, etc., especially as connected with the Darwinian hypothesis, has induced a great variety of experiments, from which some interesting results have been derived. In one of these experiments, lately published, a brood of caterpillars of the tortoise-shell butterfly of Europe was divided into three lots. One-third were placed in a photographic room lighted through orange-colored glass, one-third in a room lighted through blue glass, and the remainder kept in an ordinary cage in natural light. All were fed with their proper food, and the third lot developed into butterflies in the usual time. Those in the blue light were not healthy, a large number dying before changing; those raised in the orange light, however, were nearly as healthy as the first-mentioned. The perfect insects reared in the blue light differed from the average form in being much smaller, the orange-brown colors

lighter, and the yellow and orange running into each other, instead of remaining distinct. Those raised in the yellow light were also smaller, but the orange-brown was replaced by salmon-color; and the blue edges of the wings seen in the ordinary form were of a dull slate. If changes so great as these can be produced in the course of a single experiment, it is probable that a continuance of the same upon a succession of individuals will develop some striking results.

NEW VEGETABLE FIBRES.

Among the recently discovered vegetable fibres, useful in the manufacture of cloth of various kinds, may be mentioned those of the China grass and the Ramie, both of them species belonging to the nettle family and to the genus *Boehmeria*. The China grass, when prepared, is of a brilliant snow-white color, and of remarkable fineness of fibre. Like the fibres of cotton, those of the China grass are single cells, some of which attain a length of eight inches, those of flax being at most only four. The Ramie is of still greater value in the arts, and is now extensively cultivated in the warmer portions of the United States, principally from seeds distributed by the Agricultural Department. This plant has been grown from time immemorial by the natives of the Indian Archipelago, and from the peculiarly waterproof nature of its fibre is used largely in the manufacture of nets. The plant is perennial and easily propagated by settings, yielding three or four harvests annually. The crop is about a thousand pounds of fibre per acre, of which about half is textile material, furnishing a silky, lustrous thread, longer than that of cotton. This is spun, mixed with either wool or cotton, and can indeed be worked by itself; in which case it has the appearance of Lyons silk.

ADULTERATION OF BEER.

According to a high German authority, beer is adulterated by a great variety of drugs and other substances, principally vegetable; some of which are harmless, while others are very injurious. These he classifies as, first, the bitter ingredients, intended to imitate the bitter taste of the hops; second, the bitter aromatic, also intended to reproduce the taste of the hop; third, the aromatic, meant to make the beer more stimulating; fourth, the sharp and aromatically sharp, to make the taste more piquant; fifth, the narcotic and sharply narcotic, to make the liquor more stupefying. Among the substances are mentioned opium, belladonna, henbane, tobacco, ignatius bean, cocculus indicus, etc.; all of which are more or less poisonous and reprehensible.

MINARGENT.

A valuable imitation of silver, called minargent, even exceeding silver in metallic lustre and in the maintenance of its white color, and bearing a very close resemblance to silver generally, is made by melting together one thousand parts of copper, seven hundred parts of nickel, fifty of pure tungsten, and ten of aluminium. The first three ingredients are to be melted together and then granulated by being poured into water; afterward dried and again melted, and the aluminium then introduced. At this stage of the process, however, one and a half parts of flux, consisting of equal parts of borax and of fluor spar, are to be added. The principal difficulty in the preparation of the alloy lies in the proper melting of the aluminium with so large a quantity of nickel, for which reason a flux is necessary.

PRIMITIVE STOCK OF THE HORSE.

A French author who has been making a careful study of the horse, in its modern varieties, as well as of the fossil remains found in different parts of the Old World, announces as his belief that eight kinds formerly existed in Europe, Asia, and Africa, of which certain well-known modern races are the lineal descendants. He divides them by their skulls (as many ethnologists do those of the human race) into the *brachycephalic* and the *dolichocephalic*, or, the short-headed, and the long-headed. Of each of these he recognizes four varieties. Of the first section, one variety belonged originally to the plateau of Central Asia, and has been distributed throughout the whole circle of the Indo-European nations, especially by the Goths. In modern times it has been introduced, as the Arab race, into northern Africa and western Europe; its most marked form at the present day being the English race-horse.

The next variety was the African horse, a native of northeastern Africa, probably of Nubia. This is distinguished from the rest, among other characteristics, by having one lumbar vertebra less than usual. It occurs nowhere in a state of purity; but was introduced into Spain and France by the Moors and Saracens, where its modern forms are known as Barbs, Andalusians, etc.

The third variety belonged to Ireland and Wales, where its various descendants are yet to be met with. Thence it was carried to the coast of Armorica (now Brittany) by the Bretons; and its races are known as the Irish pony, and the Breton horse. The fourth variety was the British horse, belonging to ancient Britain, and now found on both shores of the Straits of Dover. It is known in England as the Black horse, the Norfolk horse, etc.; and in France, as the Boulonnaise.

Of the *dolichocephalic* group the first variety is the German horse, originally from the Duchies and the Danish islands, and represented at the present time by the various kinds of German horses, the Norman horse, the English dray-horse, etc.

The second, or Frisian variety, came from Friesland, and is still known in Flanders as the Flemish horse. The third, or Belgian horse, belonged to the valley of the Meuse, its descendants forming the horses of Brabant, Hainault, Liege, etc. The fourth and last variety is the horse of the Seine, and its descendants are found to the west of Paris, the most marked race being the celebrated Percheron horse. Our author apologizes for thus multiplying the varieties, or perhaps species of horse; but expresses his confident expectation of being able, in a forthcoming work, to establish them all as distinct, by unmistakable zoological and other characteristics.

RENDERING PAPER TRANSPARENT.

White paper of any kind may be rendered temporarily transparent by moistening it with benzine, in which condition it may be used as a

tracing-paper. After a time the benzine will evaporate, and the original opacity of the paper will be restored to it. In this way a design can be transferred to any part of a sheet of paper without the necessity of employing regular tracing-paper for the purpose.

LIVING ENCRINITE.

Naturalists will be interested to learn of the discovery on the coast of France of *Antedon* (*Comatula*) *rosaceus*, the young of which is attached, and demonstrates the affinity of the form to the fossil crinoid *Pentacrinus*, with which it was at one time united. The crinoids are best known from the numerous species found in a fossil state, and have very few living representatives. The specimens obtained were met with in abundance upon the stems of sea-weed, entangled in the twistings and convolutions of the plant.

THE ASS IN EGYPT.

Quite recently Professor Owen, of London, called attention to the supposed ignorance, on the part of the ancient Egyptians, of the existence of the horse and the ass, as shown by the absence of figures of either animal on the tombs or monuments of the country. M. Lenorment, referring to this subject, indorses what Professor Owen has said in regard to the horse; but shows that the ass is figured on the very oldest of Egyptian remains, especially in the tombs of Ghizeh, Sakkara, and Abousir; and thinks it probable that the animal was as abundant in Egypt then as it is now. He states, furthermore, that the same fact is also established by the testimony of the book of Genesis, in which one of the richest of the early patriarchs is represented as "having camels, oxen, sheep, and asses;" but horses are never mentioned as constituting a portion of the wealth of any one. Although the horse is mentioned in Exodus, the only reference to it in Genesis is when the family of Jacob went to establish themselves in Egypt, near Joseph; and this relates to a later epoch, when the animal had become known. M. Lenorment therefore, from his investigations on the subject, considers that we may come to the following conclusions: First, that the ass was undoubtedly employed in Egypt and Syria, as a beast of burden, from the earliest dates of which we have any form of record; and, second, that the horse, on the contrary, remained unknown in the countries to the southwest of the Euphrates down to the time of the shepherd kings of Egypt; that is, nearly to the nineteenth century before the Christian era.

M. Milne Edwards, in commenting upon this communication, and indorsing it, stated that, as far as known, the ass was strictly an African animal, known in Asia only in a state of domestication, while the horse was derived from Central Asia and a part of Europe. If, therefore, the horse was first introduced into Africa by the shepherd kings of Egypt, who invaded the country about two thousand years before Christ, he suggests that this fact may tend to throw some light upon the somewhat disputed point of their origin.

FISH-TORPEDO.

Since the late war, in which torpedoes formed such an important feature, they have occupied the attention of the principal nations, and successive forms have been devised for increasing their efficiency; and it is not too much to anticipate that the defense of harbors and coast cities against the formidable iron-clads of modern times will be better secured by this agency than by any other. Quite recently a new form has been invented and experimented upon in the Adriatic. It is shaped like a fish, so as to move easily under and through the water, with an apparatus near the tail containing compressed air as the motive power, the offensive agent being introduced into the head, and triggers suitably arranged. All that is required is to start the apparatus by means of a submarine boat, or otherwise, to give it the right direction toward the object of attack, and let it go, when the least touch against any trigger will cause a most violent explosion. It is said that Admiral Radford and other American officers have been lately engaged in examining the plans of the inventor, with a view of securing the right to use them for the United States government.

CAPTURING SEA TURTLES.

A curious method of capturing sea turtles when asleep in the water is practiced in some parts of the East, by means of the sucking-fish, or remora, a well-known fish, about a foot long, having a sucker on the top of the head, by which it attaches itself to bodies in the water. A number of these fish are kept alive in cages in the water, and when a sleeping sea-turtle is seen at a distance, a string of suitable length is tied about the narrow part of the tail of one of the fish, which is pointed in the direction of the floating animal. The fish instinctively makes for the turtle and attaches itself, and the string being then carefully drawn in, both animals are hauled within reach and secured.

SALT IN SEA AIR.

According to a recent author, there is always on the sea-shore an atmosphere impregnated with particles of salt, which, in certain parts of the Mediterranean, extends in a quiet state of the air for about seven hundred yards inland, and to a height of about eighty yards. This saturation of the atmosphere with salt is supposed to be due to the "pulverization" of the sea-water by the beating of the surf, and is not influenced either by barometric pressure or other meteorological conditions. This ingredient of the air may be carried far inland, and pervade the atmosphere to a distance of several miles, but must not be confounded with the so-called spray, or salt-water, sometimes carried as far into the interior by high winds.

REINDEER BONES IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

An interesting communication has lately been made by Professor Shaler, of Cambridge, in corroboration of previous statements to that effect, of the occurrence of bones of the reindeer in the Big Bone and other licks of Kentucky. These were found at a lower level in the lick, and in another deposit than that of the common deer and the buffalo, which occupy the most superficial position. Situated as they are, in close connection with the bones of the mastodon and fossil elephant of the same layers, it is extremely probable that, if not contemporaneous with

these animals, the reindeer came at least immediately after them. The occurrence of the bones of this animal, under such circumstances, may be considered as a satisfactory proof of the existence of a much more arctic climate in North America at an earlier period than prevails at the present time; and this suggestion, as made by Professor Shaler, is still further substantiated by the occasional discovery of bones of the musk-ox in somewhat similar situations. It is now believed that one or more species of fossil oxen, described by naturalists as occurring in the Mississippi Valley, and supposed to be entirely extinct, are in reality the ancestors simply of the musk-ox of the present day, only rather different in development, as might reasonably be looked for. The scattered indications of the occurrence of reindeer bones in the valley of the Hudson, and in New Jersey, will have an additional value in connection with this announcement of Professor Shaler.

SPECTROSCOPIC EXAMINATION OF FIRE-FLY'S LIGHT.

Since the discovery of the spectroscope its powers have been tested in the analysis of light of many kinds, whether distant or near; and, as our readers may know, some of the most important discoveries in regard to the constitution of the heavenly bodies have been made by this means. Professor Young has recently used it in examining the light of the common fire-fly; and reports that the spectrum is perfectly continuous, without traces of lines either bright or dark, and extends from a little above Fraunhofer's line C in the scarlet to about F in the blue, gradually fading out at the extremities. Professor Young remarks that it is just this portion of the spectrum that is composed of rays, which, while they may affect the organs of vision more powerfully than any others, have very little heating power, showing that the entire energy of the animal is expended in producing light, and that none is wasted in heat. This, he says, is very different from artificial modes of illumination, such as the flame of burning gas, which is so constituted that not more than one or two per cent. of the radiant energy consists of visible rays, the remainder being wasted in producing rays that do not give out light.

INFLUENCE OF THE GULF STREAM ON CLIMATE.

A Danish meteorologist has connected certain exceptionally warm winters in the north of Europe, as those of 1776, 1822, and 1845, with what he calls an indentation of the Gulf Stream; since he has reason to believe that during these periods the Gulf Stream either changed its position very materially or expanded its current so as to come much nearer to the shores of northern Europe. In 1776 the winter climate of Norway was as warm as that of summer, and thunder and lightning were as common as in July; and during the whole winter season, according to the expression of the author, "There was not snow enough to make a snow-ball." The wind blew continuously from the southwest, sometimes with great intensity. A similar state of things existed in the winter of 1845–46, which was uncommonly mild and stormy; and it is suggested that many of the peculiar variations of temperature of the present season, both in America and Europe, may be attributed directly to the influences above named.

DIFFERENCE OF LINEN AND COTTON FIBRE.

It is often a matter of importance to the purchaser of goods to be able to distinguish between linen and cotton fibres in some more simple manner than by the infallible test of the microscope. This may be done by taking a thread of the fabric in question, untwisting it slightly, and then pulling it apart, and examining the extremities where it has separated. If the thread be of cotton it will part very readily, and present at the extremity a frizzled, branching, twisted appearance. The linen thread, on the other hand, generally tears off short, and the ends form a tuft, consisting of straight threads, not twisted together. By trying the experiment on known fabrics of linen and cotton an appreciation of the difference may be gained, so that it will always be possible to recognize the material under any circumstances.

IS ANIMAL LIFE ALWAYS DEPENDENT ON PLANTS?

It has been asserted by many naturalists that plants necessarily form the basis of animal life; since species that do not live on vegetable matter devour those that do. Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys, however, calls attention to the fact that plant life appears to be totally absent in the ocean, with the exception of a comparatively narrow fringe (as the littoral and laminarian zones) which borders the coasts of the ocean, and the Sargasso seas, or fields of living, floating sea-weed, found in mid-ocean. During the recent explorations on the steamer *Porcupine*, already adverted to, he could not detect the slightest trace of vegetable matter at a greater depth than fifteen fathoms. Animal organisms of all kinds, living and dead, were found every where from the surface to the bottom, and were invariably those that subsisted on flesh, there being none that depend upon plants. But as all animals are said to exhale carbonic acid gas, and give out the same by their decomposition, he inquires whence the oceanic animals get that supply of carbon which those living among plants derive directly from them; and asks whether any class of marine animals can assimilate the carbon contained in the sea, just as plants do that contained in the air. Without himself attempting to solve the problem, he presents it for the consideration of his brother naturalists, remarking, however, that the theory referred to above, of the dependence of animals upon vegetables, does not seem to apply to those inhabiting the main ocean.

A NEW GREGARINA.

Among objects familiar to microscopic observers are certain animal forms of extreme simplicity of structure known as *gregarinas*, and occurring as parasites in the intestinal canal of various invertebrated animals. Considerable interest has lately been excited among naturalists by the discovery, in the intestines of the lobster, of a new species of the group of unusual size; in fact, this is believed to be the largest single-celled animal known, measuring, as it does, nearly seven-tenths of an inch in length, and six-tenths of an inch in width. The composition of the animal is, in the main, similar to that of the

other known species; and an elaborate memoir by the discoverer, Mr. Van Beneden, will, before long, be published.

CHINESE SEALS IN IRISH BOGS.

It is said that seals of white porcelain, of Chinese origin, are not unfrequently found in the bogs of Ireland, at different depths from the surface, and much speculation has been expended in the endeavor to ascertain how they came there. They all present the same image, a sitting monster with a face half that of a dog and half of an ape, with inscriptions in old Chinese letters. These inscriptions have been deciphered by Chinese scholars, and found to express proverbs still in use in China.

ACTINIC POWER OF BURNING CHROMIUM.

Those who are familiar with the actinic power of the light of burning magnesium will be interested to learn that chromium, burned in a particular way, decidedly surpasses it in this respect. When a current of dry hydrogen gas is passed through chloro-chromic acid and afterward burned, oxyd of chromium is produced at a very high temperature, which emits a light of such chemical power that a photographic paper blackens under its influence as quickly as in full daylight. Chloride of titanium, treated in the same way, is said to give a similar result. Unfortunately, however, it is added that these chlorides can be managed only by persons skilled in chemical research, and are therefore not available to the mass of ordinary photographic operators. They become decomposed under the influence of moist gases, and the lamp then emits a considerable quantity of vapor, as in the case of metallic magnesium.

DISEASED TEETH AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

In the prevalence of diseased teeth at the present time, attributed to modern irregularities of living, we are in the habit of envying the ancients for their presumed immunity from this trouble. A careful examination, however, of human skulls of the greatest known antiquity, has revealed the unexpected fact that in a large percentage of them cases of caries and of wearing away appear to be quite common. Out of one hundred and forty-three Britanno-Roman skulls, examined by an English dentist, forty-one had defective teeth; and a similar proportion is maintained in other series. No traces of plugging nor of artificial teeth are found among the ancient Egyptians or the Europeans of pre-historic times, the extraction of an unsound tooth appearing to have been the limit of operations in dentistry.

MINING BY THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS ON SINAI.

An interesting communication has lately been made to a scientific society in Manchester, with reference to the working of turquoise mines on the promontory of Mount Sinai by the ancient Egyptians; the evidence of hieroglyphics on the rocks tending to show that this took place during the period extending from the third to the thirteenth of the dynasties mentioned by Manetho, or, according to some chronologists, from thirty-five hundred to two thousand years before Christ. The mining seems to have been prosecuted by means of stone hammers and splinters of flint, the latter probably inserted in wooden handles and used as chisels, with the aid of the hammers, to cut out portions of the rock.

These ancient mines are filled with broken splinters of flint and hammers; and there are no indications whatever to show that any kind of metal was used in the operation. It is believed that the hieroglyphics themselves were cut by the same means—an important conclusion—since it is probable that the ancient sculptures of Egypt were made with similar implements.

We know that obsidian was used by the Mexicans for a like purpose, and the idea of inserting these flakes or chips in wood or horn, and using them, either with or without hammers, as chisels or gravers, will tend to render their application for building purposes and in carving more intelligible.

DISTINGUISHING BLUE COLORS.

To distinguish between Berlin blue and indigo or aniline blue, as dyes on cloth, it is only necessary to moisten a small portion of the colored cloth with a few drops of a solution of fluoride of potassium in water, and to direct upon it a current of steam. The Berlin blue by this process is removed, while indigo and aniline blues remain undisturbed.

The same method can be used in distinguishing nut-gall ink from that of indigo carmine, the former being destroyed in the process, while the latter assumes a red color.

DISCOVERY OF A CROCODILE IN FLORIDA.

It may interest those of our readers who are naturalists to hear of the discovery of a genuine species of crocodile in the United States, a specimen having been obtained during the past winter in Florida, by Professor Wyman of Cambridge. The precise species has not yet been determined, although it will probably turn out to be the *Crocodilus acutus*, or sharp-nosed crocodile, one of several known to exist in Cuba. The locality where the animal was obtained is Key Biscayne Bay, at the mouth of the Miami River; and we would advise such of our readers as happen to be at any time in that vicinity to make inquiry concerning it, as additional specimens are very desirable, and no more acceptable present could be made to any of our public museums.

The North American alligator is extremely abundant, as is well known, in the rivers of Florida, and is found at some distance northward, although much less widely distributed now than in former times. It is also found along the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, where it is still quite common, and extends some distance up the rivers emptying into this basin.

The crocodile in question may be distinguished from the common alligator by its generic character of having the long fourth tooth in the lower jaw fitting into a notch in the side of the upper jaw, and not into a cavity or pit, as in the alligator.

PAPER NAPKINS.

In the restaurants of Germany we now meet with napkins made of silk-paper, neatly ornamented in embossed figures, which answer an excellent purpose for wiping the mouth and fingers; and, although capable of use but once, are cheaper than the cost of washing linen napkins of the same size. They are furnished at the rate

of from one-sixth to one-third of a cent each, and of a size from ten to twenty-five inches square.

NEW METEORITES.

A very remarkable group of meteorites has lately been brought to Philadelphia, from northern Mexico, by Dr. Butcher, of that city. This consists of eight masses of nearly pure iron, weighing respectively 634, 580, 545, 438, 430, 404, 363, and 290 pounds, or, in the aggregate 3704 pounds.

They are supposed to have fallen in 1837, and to have come from a meteor which was observed to traverse the sky in a northwestern direction, followed by a loud explosion. It is quite probable that many more masses fell at the same time, one of them, indeed, is now in the museum of the Smithsonian Institution. The precise locality in which they were obtained is about ninety miles northwest of the town of Santa Rosa, in northern Mexico, and not far from the Rio Grande.

NEW DIAMOND FIELDS.

If the discoveries of diamonds in South Africa and Australia, as recently announced, be really authentic, it is very probable that this gem will before long be materially reduced in commercial value. According to a recent communication from Port Elizabeth, in South Africa, it is stated that the diamonds found there are of extraordinary size and beauty, and occur in a territory of over a thousand square miles in extent. Those hitherto collected have been picked up on the surface, but it is probable that others will be found beneath it. They weigh from half a carat to one hundred and fifty carats; one of forty-six carats having lately been sold in London for over $20,000.

A diamond mine, embracing also garnets, topazes, etc., has, it is said, been lately discovered on the Vaal River, by Herr Mauch, a German traveler, who not long since obtained considerable notoriety by his alleged discovery in the Natal Country of a gold-field, abounding in deserted diggings, and supposed to have been the site of the ancient Ophir of King Solomon.

MILK FUNGUS.

Quite a sensation was produced among physiologists, some months ago, by the publication of certain microscopical observations made by M. Essling upon milk. In this it was stated that, if the surface of fresh cream be examined under a good lens, among the mass of milky and fatty globules will be found a number of round or oblong corpuscles, sometimes accompanied with finely-dotted matter, which are actual germinating masses of vibrios, such as are seen in most substances in a state of putrefaction. These corpuscles, he says, make their appearance within fifteen or twenty-four hours after milking, in summer; in winter, after two or three days. At the moment of coagulation these corpuscles are seen to increase in number, to bud, form ramified chains, and at length to be transformed into regular fungi or filaments, constructed in a particular manner, and possibly belonging to the group of *Ascophora*. The essential part of the communication, however, is the statement that these spores occur just before the milk becomes sour, and before any appreciable indication of any change has taken place; and it is to the presence of this fungus in milk that Mr. Essling ascribes many of the gastric afflictions to which children are liable. To prevent any evil consequences, therefore, the author recommends that milk be drunk as soon as possible after the milking, and kept closely bottled during the interval, maintaining it also at a temperature as nearly as possible the same as when just taken from the animal.

To this, however, Mr. Dancer, of Manchester, has lately responded in a more cheerful strain, by making, as the result of his own later experiments, the statement that these fungi do not develop naturally in the milk, but are in all probability derived from spores emanating from the locality in which this was kept, and that by selecting a perfectly clean and dry place, and especially one washed out occasionally with carbolic acid, no results of the kind referred to are to be anticipated. He found that, if kept for a sufficient length of time, an ordinary mould is developed on the surface of milk or cream, as on other liquids, but that this fungus is very different from the spores referred to by M. Essling. He, however, agrees with the last-mentioned author in advising very strenuously that milk be kept bottled, or closed by tight covers, whether intended for direct use or the manufacture of butter. Upon the whole, he inclined to the conclusion that perfectly pure milk is not subject to the dangers referred to, and that the phenomena observed by M. Essling may have been the result of his experimenting with an article obtained from diseased cattle, or else one with which some impure water may have been mixed for the purpose of adulteration.

RENDERING FABRICS WATER-PROOF.

Some general statements have been made respecting a method lately devised for rendering tissues water-proof by subjecting them to the action of sulphuric acid; and we now give the process in greater detail, so as to permit the experiment to be tried more satisfactorily. For the purpose in question, sulphuric acid of 40° to 60°, of Baumé's hydrometer, is to be used, about 67° being the proper strength for linen. Into this the fabric is to be dipped and kept for from ten seconds to two minutes, according to the material, and then immediately well washed in fresh running water, so as to arrest the decomposition begun by the acid. After repeated washings the article is to be dried, and the surface will be found coated with a sort of continuous layer, which fills up the interstices between the warp and the woof, and at the same time strengthens the fabric and converts it into a kind of parchment tissue, this increase in strength in the case of linen amounting to about one-third. It is recommended to pass the tissue, as soon as it is taken from the bath, through rollers, so as to spread the sticky layer and render it uniform.

A modification of the experiment consists in applying a solution of wood, cotton, linen, etc., in sulphuric acid of 59° Baumé to any fabric by means of rollers or brushes.

IMPROVED CEMENT.

A German author, discussing the question of cements, states that the term may be applied to any substance or mixture of substances which,

when in a fluid or semi-fluid condition, is interposed between two surfaces for the purpose of uniting them.

Among the different kinds of cements, he first distinguishes the oil cements, consisting principally of linseed-oil mixed with earthy materials, as red-lead, white-lead, sand, etc. These are water and air tight, and capable of sustaining quite a high temperature; the principal fault in them being their great weight, and the length of time they require to harden. Resinous cements also are air and water tight, like the others, but will not bear much heat. Glue and gum cements are used for uniting delicate objects; but will not resist water and extreme changes of temperature. Soluble glass cement is especially applicable for uniting glass, porcelain, earthen wares, etc., and is to be recommended on account of its cheapness. Some other less important classes are mentioned, to which, like the rest, lime, gypsum, clay, and infusorial earth are added to give body to them. "Iron" or "rust cement" is also mentioned as one of much importance in the series.

The author states, furthermore, that nearly all the cements mentioned have the defect of drying slowly, and of not being secure against chemical agents, such as diluted alcohol, ether, carbureted hydrogen, acids, etc.; and he takes the occasion to present what he states to be an entirely new preparation, which, according to his statement, is available for a much greater variety of purposes than any of those just referred to. This, he says, is proof not only against acids, whether concentrated or diluted, but also against alkaline leys, ether, alcohol, benzine, sulphide of carbon, and other solvents, none of which attack it in the slightest degree; and it is therefore suitable for employment by chemists, to any extent, and in almost any variety of application. This important preparation is formed simply by a mixture of ordinary commercial glycerine and well-washed, dry litharge. The two are to be stirred well together in such proportion as to form a stiff dough or paste, which can, and indeed must, be used immediately, as in from ten to thirty minutes it will stiffen into a hard, uniform mass. This substance may be used to advantage in fastening the joints of chemical apparatus, since, as already stated, no ordinary chemical agent will affect it. It can be used under water as well as in the air, and will sustain readily a temperature of over 500 degrees. A special application of this substance, mentioned by the author, is in the taking of casts for electrotypes, as it expresses faithfully the minutest detail, and can readily be prepared so as to receive the galvanic deposit of copper or iron.

Our space does not permit us to follow the author in the further details of the application of this substance; but if it have half the good qualities claimed, it must certainly be considered an important addition to our mechanical resources.

Editor's Historical Record.

THE UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes March 1.—Bills for the admission of Mississippi were introduced in both Houses of Congress January 31. The House bill was passed February 3. Its terms were the same as those of the Virginia bill, except that an affirmation instead of an oath was required of Congressional delegates. The House bill was passed by the Senate February 17.—The Senators from Mississippi are General Adelbert Ames and H. R. Revels. The latter—a colored man—holds the seat formerly occupied by Jefferson Davis.

The Senate Committee on Post-offices and Post-roads, January 31, favorably reported a bill for the establishment of a postal telegraph company. It authorizes the Postmaster-General to establish telegraph offices in connection with the post-offices in every city and village where telegraph stations are now maintained, and in every city or village of 3000 inhabitants; provides for the special and immediate delivery of messages within one mile of every postal telegraph office—also a delivery beyond these limits at special rates. It also provides for the transmission of messages by mail to or from the nearest postal telegraph office, when received for or destined to any place not having such an office; for the transmission by telegraph of postal money orders; for the transmission of the message in special cases; for printing of transmissions and for transmissions where the whole amount has not been paid. The rates to be prepaid for transmission and delivery of messages of twenty words or figures, or less, including date, address, and signature, shall not exceed twenty-five cents for each and every 500 miles, or fractional part thereof, measured in an air line, and for each additional five words or figures, or less, one-fifth of the above rates. But the rates for messages directed to be transmitted by night shall not exceed twenty-five cents for each and every 1000 miles, or fractional part thereof, and for each additional ten words one-fifth these rates. The rates shall be prepaid by telegraphic stamps, and shall cover the expense of the post-office of immediate special delivery and of transmission by mail where required to or from any postal telegraph office in the United States. The bill authorizes a contract to be made with the Postal Telegraph Company for ten years upon their furnishing security for the performance of these requirements. The Postal Company is authorized to make special contracts for the transmission of press messages, the rates not to exceed five mills per word by night and seven and a half mills by day for every 500 miles. Where the same message is delivered at the same office to several newspapers but one rate shall be charged, with the necessary cost of manifold copies when made by the company; and the rates for the Associated Press news shall not exceed those now paid by the several press associations to the Western Union Telegraph Company. A postage of two cents shall be paid on each press message; but where copies of the same message are dropped off at several offices, but one postage shall be paid. The Postmaster-General

shall, from time to time, reduce the compensation to be paid to the company and the rates to be paid by the public for the transmission of messages; provided that the net income of the company (after the payment of its operating expenses) shall not thereby be reduced below ten per centum per year on the capital stock of the company. Telegraph stamps are to be provided, etc. A commissioner of telegraph is to be appointed, and punishment provided for divulging the contents of messages or willful obstruction of their transmission. Finally, it is provided that at any time after five years from its organization the Postmaster-General may purchase the property and franchises of the company on terms to be fixed by five disinterested persons, two to be chosen by the Postmaster-General, two by the company, and the fifth by those four—provided that the terms shall be approved, and the purchase consummated by Congress.

The House Census bill was on the 9th tabled in the Senate, 46 to 9. This action indicated that the sense of the Senate was against the new bill, and in favor of proceeding with the census in accordance with the law of 1850. On January 31 Francis A. Walker was nominated by the President Superintendent of the Census under the old law.

On the 31st of January, Mr. Ingersoll, of Illinois, offered a resolution in the House, instructing the Banking and Currency Committee to report within six days his bill for increasing the currency $44,000,000. The House refused to do so by a vote of 71 to 41. The opposition of the Senate to an inflation of the currency is indicated by the adoption in that body, without a division, February 24, of the following resolution:

> That to add to the present irredeemable paper currency of the country would be to render more difficult and remote the resumption of specie payments, to encourage and foster the spirit of speculation, to aggravate the evils produced by sudden and frequent fluctuations of values, to depreciate the credit of the nation, and to check the healthful tendency of legitimate business to settle down upon a safe and permanent basis; and therefore, in the opinion of the Senate, the existing volume of such currency ought not to be increased.

Senator Sherman's Currency bill passed the Senate, 39 to 23, on the 2d. It provided for the issue of $45,000,000 more bank currency to be put forth by new banks against the same amount of 3 per cent. certificates, which were to be canceled; and, after this issue, it provided for a distribution of $20,000,000 of bank currency among the States which have less than their proportion of the $300,000,000 now afloat —this sum to be taken from those States having more than their proportion. The object of this bill is to supply the West and South with needed capital.

Senator Sherman, on the 3d, reported from the Committee on Finance a bill to authorize the funding and consolidation of the national debt, to extend banking facilities, and to establish specie payments. The principal features of the bill are as follow:

1. Three series of bonds, bearing respectively four, four and a half, and five per cent. interest, running, respectively, forty, thirty, and twenty years, and redeemable, respectively, after twenty, fifteen, and ten years. 2. Interest and principal payable in coin, either at home or at London, Paris, Frankfort, or Berlin. 3. A commission of one per cent. for expenses of negotiation. 4. The issue of each series limited to $400,000,000. 5. Sinking funds limited to the annual difference between the amount of interest on the public debt, and the sum of $150,000,000 in gold, which is appropriated for both purposes. 6. Banks are required, after the 1st day of October, 1870, to replace their present securities with the new bonds in proportion of one-third of each series; and, in case of failure to do so, to surrender their circulation, or deposit United States notes for its redemption, and receive their bonds. Circulation on these bonds is limited to eighty per cent. Free banking is also authorized on the basis of the four per cent. bonds, the bonds to be purchased with United States notes, and an amount of such notes to be canceled equal in amount to the bank circulation so issued. 7. The exemption from taxation of the bonds issued under this act.

A resolution offered in the House by Mr. M'Neely, of Illinois, on the 31st of January, to pay the Five-Twenty bonds in greenbacks was tabled by a vote of 122 to 41.

Mr. Garfield, February 19, introduced in the House a resolution respecting contested elections, to prevent the operation of partisan influences.

Mr. Cullom, from the Committee on Territories, reported to the House a bill in aid of the execution of the laws in Utah Territory. The object of the bill is to abolish polygamy. On the 17th Mr. Cullom, in advocacy of his bill, said that the church, through Brigham Young, controlled the Territorial Legislature, and the Legislature appointed the probate judges; and therefore it became necessary to substitute a United States judiciary in place of the Territorial. The leading Mormons should be rendered ineligible to vote or hold office. Gentiles who went into that territory to settle were so persecuted that they could not remain there, and they were appealing to the government for protection. The bill proposed would offer inducements to emigration.

The Special Committee on Navigation submitted its report to the House on the 17th. The Committee reported that, in 1861, our tonnage engaged in the foreign carrying trade reached its highest point, being that year 2,642,628 tons, while that of Great Britain was 3,179,683 tons. From 1861 to 1866 our tonnage decreased to 1,972,926 tons. In 1850 seventy-five per cent. of our exports and imports was shipped in American vessels; in 1869 only thirty-four per cent. was thus shipped. Of $1,101,674 paid by the United States for ocean mail service during the year ending June 30, 1869, $336,163 was paid to foreign companies. On the Atlantic we have only two lines of mail steamers. The opinion of the Committee was adverse to the readmission to American registry of vessels that during the rebellion sought protection under a foreign flag. It was also adverse to the policy of admitting foreign-built vessels to American registry. "We can not build up a truly American merchant marine in a foreign country for the reason that the countries in which we build will have every advantage over us in competing for the carrying trade which is to sustain such a marine. First, in the profits of the business of building and fitting out the vessels; second, in the command of cheap capital; third, in combining the building,

owning, and managing interests, which can only be done in the country where the shipping is built; and, fourth, in the prestige such countries would obtain by furnishing the vessels which Americans would own, and also those which were to compete for the business with American-owned vessels. Furthermore, it is not probable that American capital would be sent to Europe to build ships with which to compete on equal terms for business with the ships of those who build for them, unless these foreign-built vessels were allowed to participate in our coasting trade—a change in our policy which would not only entirely destroy every branch of mechanical industry in the United States dependent upon shipbuilding, but would ruin the present owners of coasting vessels. It would be admitting to the enjoyment of American business foreigners who pay no taxes to the American government, and who, by virtue of that exception, would be enabled to drive American tax-payers out of employment." The effect of the war upon the decline of our shipping is thus stated: "The steady increase of our shipping engaged in the foreign trade up to the commencement of the rebellion, and the sudden and rapid decline from that point, leads directly to the conclusion that its decadence is attributable mainly, if not solely, to incidents of the war. According to the best available data 919,466 tons of American shipping disappeared from our lists during the rebellion. Of this amount 110,163 tons were destroyed by Anglo-Confederate pirates, while 803,303 tons were either sold to foreigners, or passed nominally into their hands, and obtained the protection of their flags. Here was an actual loss to the private owners of less than five per cent., and a loss to the nation of about thirty-seven per cent., of the total of American tonnage engaged in the foreign carrying trade. The loss of this amount of tonnage would not of itself have produced such disastrous results as we have seen had not the value of what remained been virtually destroyed by the peril in which it was placed from English piratical vessels sailing under the Confederate flag. The risk of sailing under the American flag was so great as to divert a large share of the carrying trade into foreign bottoms, principally those of Great Britain." The following measures were recommended by the Committee:

First. The remission of the duties imposed upon the raw material entering into the construction of vessels and steamers, limiting the amount to the minimum of duties per ton collected on the material required for certain classes of vessels, and where American iron is used in the construction of iron vessels an amount per ton equivalent to the duties on a like amount of imported raw materials, limiting the amount to be paid.

Second. That all stores to be used by vessels sailing to foreign ports may be taken in bond free of duty.

Third. Further to encourage investment in shipping, and to extend the aid to ships already built, and which have been sailed during and since the rebellion at great disadvantage, allowing to all sailing vessels and to all steamers running to the British North American provinces one dollar and a half per ton; on steamers to European ports four dollars per ton; and on all other steamers running to foreign ports three dollars per ton.

The statement of the public debt for February shows a decrease of $12,686,420 during that month. The coin balance at the close of February was $102,400,739, including coin certificates amounting to $44,382,840. The currency balance was $10,280,285. The purchased bonds and interest amounted to $100,659,292.

A bill granting female suffrage has been passed by the Legislature of Utah Territory, and signed by Acting-Governor Mann.

The Fifteenth Constitutional Amendment has been ratified by the Legislatures of Texas, Georgia, Virginia, and Nebraska.

On the 7th a decision was rendered by the United States Supreme Court declaring all contracts before 1862 payable in coin.—Judge Hoar's nomination as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court was rejected by the Senate on the 3d.—On the 7th the President nominated as Associate Justices Joseph P. Bradley, of New Jersey, and William Strong, of Pennsylvania.

In consequence of the admission of Virginia the First Military District has been abolished, and a new department has been established, including Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, and North Carolina—this department forming a part of the Military Division of the Atlantic.

Mr. George Peabody's remains were removed from Portland, and arrived at Peabody, Massachusetts, February 1, where they lay in state until the 8th, when they were buried. Prince Arthur and Mr. Thornton were present. Robert C. Winthrop, one of the trustees of the Peabody Educational Fund, delivered the eulogy.

EUROPE.

M. Ollivier, the Emperor Napoleon's Prime Minister, while proceeding against the "irreconcilables" with marked severity, has carried out the liberal policy upon which the government has recently entered to such an extent that he has met with opposition from the Right. He has imprisoned Rochefort and Flourens; he has removed M. Le Verrier, Director of the Imperial Observatory, for action in the Senate opposed to the government; and in these actions he was sustained by all the members of the Corps Législatif, except the extreme Left. The arrest of Rochefort was sustained by a vote of 199 to 45. Rochefort, on the morning of the 7th, published a notice in the *Marseillaise* that he would not surrender. Early on the evening of that day he was arrested on his way to address a political meeting near Belleville. His arrest was the signal for a gathering of his adherents in that quarter of Paris; and by two o'clock the next morning the streets of that section were barricaded with omnibuses and vehicles taken from the stables. Several armories were pillaged by the insurgents. The military was called out, but firearms were not used. About 300 arrests were made, and by noon quiet was restored in that quarter. But, later in the day, other barricades were erected nearer the centre of the city, which were carried by the military without bloodshed. Gustave Flourens, the leader in these disturbances, was fined 100 francs, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment.—Thus far M. Ollivier was triumphant. But when, on the 24th, he announced in the Corps Législatif, that the government, in accordance with the liberal course it had marked out, proposed to wholly abandon the

system of placing in the field and supporting official candidates for the Chamber, the Deputies of the Right burst into loud cries of disapproval. M. Ollivier persisted, though continually interrupted; and when he had concluded, a motion was made to uphold the existing system of official candidatures. This motion was carried by a vote of 187 to 56.

The British Parliament was opened on the 8th by a speech delivered in the queen's name by the royal commission. The following measures were proposed as subjects of legislation: "To amend the laws respecting the occupation and acquisition of land in Ireland in a manner adapted to the peculiar circumstances of that country, and calculated to bring about improved relations between the several classes concerned in Irish agriculture, which collectively constitute the great bulk of the people." A bill for an enlargement on a comprehensive scale of the means of national education. In fulfillment of an engagement to the government of the United States, a bill to define the status of subjects or citizens of foreign countries who may desire naturalization.

The Irish Land bill was introduced in the House of Commons on the 15th by Mr. Gladstone. He recapitulated the history of the land question since 1833. The necessity for its settlement was now generally admitted. The recent agrarian outrages were not due to the revival of this question. Half a century of legislation had done nothing for the small landholders or the peasantry. Emigration was a good method of relief when voluntary; but when it became compulsory, or men were compelled to leave who were willing to remain, it was exile, and angered its victims. In the west of Ireland, where the tenant was the least secure, the value of the land had not doubled in ninety years, while in England it had trebled within that time, and in Scotland, where the tenant was most secure, it had increased sixfold. The bill proposed provided for security of tenure, the facilitation of transfer and purchase of land; and for loans to tenants desiring to buy, and to landlords to enable them to reclaim waste lands. The new law is to be administered by a court of arbitration; improvements giving value to land are to be paid for; evictions for non-payment of rent are to bar all claims against tenants; notices to quit are to give the tenant one year's time from the end of the current year; and the county rate is to be divided between the landlords and tenants.

Again we have from London a report of the death of Dr. David Livingstone, the celebrated African traveler—this time indicating that he had been burned as a wizard by a chief in the interior.—Hon. Anson Burlingame, the Chinese embassador, died at St. Petersburg on the morning of February 23.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

Another revolution has broken out in Mexico. Early in the month the States of Puebla, San Luis Potosi, Guanajuato, Queretaro, and Michoacan were reported to be in revolt, and the attempts of the government to quell the insurrection were represented as futile. Some fighting had occurred in which the government troops were worsted. At a later period we hear from the State of Zacatecas as in revolt, its Governor having pronounced against President Juarez. The Mexican Congress has granted ample powers to Juarez for six months. General Escobedo has been forced to retire before the rebels under Toledo and Martinez. Garcia de Cadena, Governor of Zacatecas, is reported to have been announced for President by the insurgents.

Editor's Drawer.

THE readers of the Drawer have, within the past year or two, been edified with the perusal of a sermon on "The Harp of a Thousand Strings," and the "Farewell Discourse of Brother Watkins." The tone of those discourses might, in a general way, be called pleasing. Not so, however, the following brief allusion from the pulpit to a young man of indifferent position in the social circles of B——, New Hampshire, who came to an early decease by a vigorous but absurdly unequal contest with a party of the Otard family. The preacher who officiated at the final solemnities improved the occasion by making the following remarks:

"I hev been requested, not to say impor*tuned*, toe deliver a funeral discourse on this occasion, and I hev reluctantly consented toe do so. I never heerd any good of the deceased *yit;* and if the friends hev made up their minds that I am about to begin sech a course now they are very *much* mistaken. I estimate, in fact, that this young man, now a-layin' before you, was about the *wust* man ever permitted, in the onscrutable ways of the divine *peppusses*, toe locate in this vicinity. He was one who I might say allers fell when he was tempted; and he certingly appeared to me toe seek, rather than to avoid, occasions for such temptation.

"Why, my feller Christians, he kep' hosses and run 'em; he kep' cocks and fit 'em; and as toe wimmin, let his widder (who I see a-settin' in a front pew) testify." (Here the widow arose, as was the custom when the family of the deceased was alluded to, and, deeming it a complimentary remark, courtesied to the preacher.) "In short, after a diligent inquiry intoe the pertickerlers of his kerrikter and conduct while he has resided in this village, I hev come toe the conclusion that about the only good thing that kin be said of him at all is that he was an active member of the engine company, and occasionally *good at fires.*

"The pall-bearers will now proceed to bear out the corpse, while the choir will sing, as an appropriate hymn, the 33d hymn, 2d book, short metre, four verses, omitting, if you please, the 3d and 5th stanzas:

'Believing, we rejoice
Toe see the cuss removed,'

with the usual Doxology."

How awkwardly things do happen! Here, a

few days ago, in Albany, the wife of a certain official entered his office quite unexpectedly, and detected the naughty, naughty man kissing a young and beautiful female.

"Why, Judge, what *are* you doing?" she asked.

"Why—ah! bless my soul! You see, my dear, this young woman was taken suddenly ill, and I was just feeling her pulse."

"Well, Judge," said that excellent spouse, "you feel *too high up* for the pulse. *It's in her wrist—not on her lips!*"

"Correct!" (as they say in the Noble Order of Guinea Witches).

That was very deftly done, by one of the wittiest of American ladies, who, in a sentence, gave the Boston idea of the Universalist Church. Riding through the streets in a carriage with a foreign lady of eminence, accompanied by a gentleman now prominent in the House of Representatives, the principal objects of interest were pointed out and explained to her, including several church edifices. "This," said the gentleman, speaking slowly, that his English might be understood—"this is the Presbyterian church, and this on the right is the Universalist church." "Ze Universalees church? Wat is zat?" The gentleman, who was not well up in dogma, commenced making the best explanation he could, when he was interrupted by his companion, who said, "The Universalist Church, my dear lady, is a Church which *recognizes God but ignores the Devil!*"

The Drawer, though non-partisan, seizes upon the occasion of the refusal of the Senate to confirm the nomination of Attorney-General Hoar as Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, to relate a little anecdote of that gentleman. It is one of his well-known peculiarities to say sharp things when opportunity invites. And sometimes he receives sharp thrusts in return. Several years ago, while presiding at some conference of the people of Concord (where he resides) and Acton, in reference to the famous Concord fight, he made a brilliant apostrophe to that notable event in Revolutionary annals, and glowed with eloquence about the battle-field. An old Acton farmer, upon being called upon by Judge Hoar for some remarks, gave this toast: "The Concord fight—Concord furnished the *ground*, and Acton the *men!*" The Judge couldn't have done it more deftly if he had tried; but he didn't.

For fifty years the Rev. Dr. Tappan was pastor of the South Parish Church, in Augusta, Maine. Leaving the place on account of advancing age, he was succeeded by his son-in-law, now a popular preacher in Boston. Some years since a conversation was overheard between the father and son in relation to the old doctrines of the Church. The former stoutly argued in favor of keeping before the people those distinctive doctrines which had come down, hoary and venerable, from the days of Calvin himself. Among these doctrines was mentioned that of total depravity, the son arguing that the people had outgrown the sentiment, and would not now quietly submit to its dissemination and proclamation. The elder parson, admitting that the enforcing of the sentiment was somewhat distasteful to the public ear, said that, "nevertheless, it must be occasionally preached *for the comfort of God's people.*"

There is probably no male reader of the Drawer who has not been more or less solicited for letters of introduction or testimonials. In the way of the latter, we are permitted to reproduce an example of a scrupulously honest testimonial, which may be made useful as a form. The writer says: "I have known Mr. —— for several years. I consider him eminently qualified for every post he seeks. His habits are convivial, if not regular. He possesses a fine voice. His taste in liquors is remarkable. He plays whist with singular steadiness. He knows as much about every thing as most men. He is frequently sober, and occasionally industrious."

Could the most exacting demand any thing more explicit?

How to make money?

Civilized man and boy are fretting life away in the endeavor satisfactorily to answer the conundrum. A Williamsburgh correspondent mentions the case of a genius in that city who, like most geniuses, somehow signally fails in every thing he undertakes, especially in the desperate attempt to earn a competency. Meeting him not long since, and inquiring after his health and recent doings, he answered: "Well, the last business I engaged in was money-making; but" (with a sigh) "*I found it too expensive*, and gave it up!"

Statutory enactment as to the precise degree of culture required for a legislator in Maine does not prevail. It is not surprising, therefore, to be informed that a member of the Legislature of that State, at its last session, in entering the rotunda of the Capitol for the first time, observed sundry boxes piled up in the corner. Addressing himself to a person who happened to be present, he inquired what the boxes contained. "I think," replied the man, "it must be shoes; the size of the boxes so indicates." "Look here, Squire," said the member, "*do we draw shoes?*" The "Squire" didn't know.

This member was not the same person who, several years ago, on arriving at the capital of Maine, asked to be directed to the Capitol. He was put on the road to the United States Arsenal, where he duly arrived, reported himself, signed the enlisting papers as a soldier in the United States Army, all the while supposing he was performing the duties preliminary to taking his seat as a Representative in the Legislature and a lawmaker to the people of that commonwealth!

The Rev. Alexander Mackenzie, now the popular pastor of the Congregational Church at Cambridge, Massachusetts, was formerly settled in Augusta, Maine. During his residence at that place he boarded with a Mr. ——, who was a Universalist of the most determined character, denying all the points of Calvinism, and always ready to argue in favor of his peculiar views. On one occasion the subject of the existence of a personal devil became the topic of discussion. Mr. Mackenzie ardently pleaded in behalf of his Sa-

tanic majesty, while Mr. —— vehemently controverted his arguments. Growing warm in the contest, Mr. —— avowed that if such a being as a personal devil, described and believed in by Mr. Mackenzie and his religious brethren, really existed he would be glad to see and meet him. With a significant and funny twinkle of his eye, Mr. Mackenzie replied, "My dear Sir, *can't you wait?*"

THERE resides in St. Croix Falls, Wisconsin, a gentleman of the Milesian nationality, who is in every respect a good citizen, and who served his country gallantly during the late dispute. He holds in high esteem a neighbor, Judge B——, who has filled several offices of high responsibility in that State, and who, on the incoming of the present federal administration, was called to Washington to fill the position of Fifth Auditor. The news of the appointment was soon known at St. Croix. Our Irish friend, on getting his paper from the post-office, handed it to a friend to read out to those present the news, who read that Judge B——, of Wisconsin, had been appointed Fifth Auditor of the Treasury. "*Fifth* Orator in the Treasury!" repeated the Celt. "He's a fool if he takes it; he's as fit for *First* Orator as for Fifth Orator. No better spaker lives; and it's no dacent President that should insult him with the position of *Fifth* Orator!" And that seemed to be the common notion at St. Croix Falls.

HERE, now, is a case where the scientific acquirements of the engineer may be properly called into action:

On the San Francisco and Oakland railroad, for convenience, the locomotive is made to push the train down to The Point, instead of, as in coming up, pulling the train. This fact elicited from a freshly-made citizen the following observation: "I kin perfictly understhand how the *engine* pulls the cars up, but I'm bothered intirely to understhand how the *cars* pulls the engine down!" That is the problem.

A WAG of Waco, Texas, sends us two little anecdotes of old Sam Houston:

General B—— had been financial agent to the Penitentiary for many years. Warmly opposing General Houston's last election as Governor of Texas, and not wishing to lose his place, he in due time presented a petition asking to be retained, his long and faithful services being urged as a reason for granting the prayer of the petitioners.

"It appears from this petition, General," said Houston, "that you have been in the Penitentiary eight years."

"Yes, Sir."

"And you say that you have performed faithfully every duty imposed upon you during that time?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then, Sir, *I pardon you out!*"

ON the election of Mr. Wigfall to represent Texas in the United States Senate, Governor Houston was asked, in allusion to the excessively intemperate habits of the Senator-elect, whether he thought Wigfall would be able to make his way to Washington.

"I rather think he will," replied Governor Houston, "if he avoids Cincinnati."

"What do you mean, Governor, by avoiding Cincinnati?"

"Why, Sir, the strychnine in the whisky there will kill *any* dog!"

APROPOS of Dr. Carnochan's recent appointment as Health Officer of the port of New York. Should the duties of his new position take him from active city practice, he may by-and-by find himself in the same embarrassing position as a young English medico, who, tired of waiting for patients, said to a chum that he had determined to emigrate to Australia. "Australia!" exclaimed his friend, "what on earth for? Why there are nothing but kangaroos there!" "Well," replied young sawbones, "*isn't their money as good as any body else's?*"

SPEAKING of remarks, we don't know of a more suitable closing for a "valedictory" than was made by one Morgan, who was hanged a short time since at Terre Haute, Indiana—

"Well," said he, "I don't know that I have much to say, except that I had better be going." He went.

How many instances there were of pluck and waggery in scenes of trial and acute suffering that occurred during the late "unpleasantness" that must go unpublished! For instance, this example of the grim humor of a gay young gentleman who had the little misfortune to have a portion of his face shot away.

The day after the first battle of Bull Run, says our informant, we had occasion to visit many of the hospitals. At that time the nurses had not become inured to scenes of pain and blood, and their nerves were often severely tried. After passing through several wards we were about entering a side room, when one of these delicate female nurses interposed, saying:

"Perhaps, Sir, you had better not go in there."

"Why not? Are there not wounded men there?"

"There are, Sir, several, and one of them is shockingly mangled."

"Just the one I must see; if he is worse than all others, the greater reason why he should be visited, unless Dr. Barry has given orders to the contrary."

"Oh no, Sir, nothing of the kind. The man is not dangerously wounded, but he is a terrible object to look upon. His face has been shot away."

We entered the room. There were several wounded men in cots, but only one whose face was disfigured. A ball had passed obliquely, tearing away a portion of both lips, all his front teeth, and the lower half of his nose. The moment we approached his cot he asked, as well as he could on account of the bandages:

"Where are you from?"

"From New York."

"See my folks when you get home?" he asked.

"Certainly." And the sight of our pencil and memorandum-book seemed to cheer him.

"My name is Cobb—C o double b, Cobb. My place of business is in Fulton Market. Tell my folks I'm doing first-rate; got a little knock here" (putting his hand to his face), "but mean to pay the rebs for it one of these days."

We made notes, spoke to some others, and had turned to leave, when he called. On asking if any thing could be done for him, he said:

"Sure to see my folks?"

"Certainly."

Then came a mischievous twinkle to his eyes, and he said, with something of a leer: "Well, you can just tell 'em *I ain't so good-lookin' as I was when I left home!*"

We left, liquored, and laughed. As a spectacle to be looked at he was not a success.

A Pennsylvania correspondent mentions the case of a Universalist minister, who, traveling in that State a few years ago, arrived late at night at a public house, and asked permission to remain overnight. The landlady, aware of his religious views, refused. A year or two afterward he called at the same house, again asked to stay, and again received a refusal. He remarked that since his previous visit he had experienced some change of views in relation to the salvation of all men. He now believed there would be 144,000 lost. This appeared to molify the theological ideas of the old lady, who assented to his remaining; "for," said she, "*that many lost is better than none.*"

It is well known that the Rinderpest, from which our farmers have been suffering for a few years past, is not altogether a new disorder. The following is a literal copy of a psalm composed by a parish clerk, and sung and chorused by a whole congregation of a village church in Yorkshire, in 1784, during the cattle distemper:

"No Christian bull, nor cow, they say,
But takes it out of hand;
And we shall have no cows at all,
I doubt, within this land.
The doctors, though they all have spoke
Like learned gentlemen,
And told us how the entrails look
Of cattle dead and green—
Yet they do nothing do at all
With all their learning store;
So, heaven drive out this plague away,
And vex us not no more."

The piece was so well received that after the service it was desired again by all the congregation, except five farmers, who wept, and declared that "the lines were too moving."

A gentleman in Vicksburg, Mississippi, mentions to the Drawer the fact that Dr. D——, long connected with the Freedmen's Bureau there, during a conversation with his friend J——, remarked, "I say, J——, where's that jolly John Ogilvie we used to know years ago? I want to write to him." "The poor fellow is dead, Doctor; killed at Chattanooga." "Dead! you don't say so!—then of course no letter can reach *him!*" "I don't know," replied J——, "perhaps a *dead* letter might!"

This is entirely at Mr. Creswell's service.

A Saugerties correspondent gives a Milesian's diagnosis of a new disease that has recently made itself apparent in that town: An Irishman, employed in the iron-works of that town, was advised by his physician to leave the works, where the labor was severe, on account of an enlargement of the heart. This he accordingly did, and set up a small grocery, which was well patronized by his friends. Among them was one who on an afternoon dropped in and called for half a pound of tobacco. Now Pat was not in the habit of giving down weight, and consequently rather slighted Tim's side of the scale, so he added pinch by pinch until the scale barely turned. Tim, looking up innocently, asked: "Pat, what was it the doctor said was ailin' ye?" "Inlaargemint iv the haart." "Well then," replied Tim, "it's time ye were changin' yer doctor; he don't understhand yer disaase: I think *it's gettin' smaller moighty fast, and it's in great danger ye are!*"

None but locomotive engineers are permitted perusal of this:

When I was teaching in —— Seminary I boarded with an old lady, who had an opinion on every subject and expressed it. One night a train ran off the track near by, and in consequence there was a deal of whistling. Next morning the old lady inquired if we had heard the disturbance.

"No; my wife thought something was the matter, but I heard nothing."

"Well," said she, "I dare presume there has been an accident, for the cars have been whistling 'most all night. They whistled and whistled, I dare presume, a half an hour at a time. I didn't think it possible for a man to hold his breath so long!"

"Why, mother," interrupted her daughter, "it's a steam-whistle."

"La!" said the old lady, "I always thought it was the engineer that whistled!"

The readiness at repartee of Judge Barnard, of the Supreme Court, is proverbial. At the December term one of the counsel in an important case rose to make a motion in favor of his client, and thus commenced:

"Your Honor, give the devil his due."

The Judge instantly replied: "Motion granted." And the bar and the audience joined heartily in cachination over the Judge's witty response.

A precocious but modest little lady of two summers was shown some pictures, including one of The Greek Slave.

"Mamma," inquired she, "is it a boy?"

"Well, you may call it a boy," was the reply.

After another look at the nude figure, the young critic gravely said: "Boy, you go and get on your drawers as quick as you can."

Has not the reader, in his intercourse with people, sometimes met with the counterpart of the sorry creature pictured below, by Addison?

"Sombrinus is one of these sons of sorrow. He thinks himself obliged in duty to be sad and disconsolate. He looks on a sudden fit of laughter as a breach of his baptismal vow. An innocent jest startles him like a blasphemy. Tell him of one who is advanced to a title of honor, he lifts up his hands and eyes; describe a public ceremony, he shakes his head; show him a gay equipage, he blesses himself. All the little ornaments of life are pomps and vanities. Mirth is wanton, and wit profane. He is scandalized at youth for being lively, and at childhood for being playful. He sits at a christening or at a marriage feast as at a funeral, sighs at the con-

clusion of a merry story, and grows devout when the rest of the company grow pleasant. After all, Sombrinus is a religious man, and would have behaved himself very properly had he lived when Christianity was under a general persecution."

THE clergy of most of our large towns are wont to meet on Monday morning, sometimes for prayer or consultation, and sometimes for unbending from the strain of the Sabbath. In these gatherings some good things often are got off. It was so at a meeting of the Methodist ministers of Providence, Rhode Island, not long since, at which, among others, were present the Rev. Mr. Conant, agent of the State Temperance Society, and another who is noted as a popular lecturer as well as preacher. It so happened that one of the pastors inquired if free tickets to the course of lectures in the city were given to the ministers. "No," responded the lecturer; "ministers get free tickets to *nothing* here." "That's so," said Brother Conant, "for I got a free ticket to your lecture last week!" Great was the subsiding in that vestry for about two minutes.

A POPULAR auctioneer named Barton, of Providence, Rhode Island, relishes a joke as most lively men of that profession do. A few nights since, as he was selling a lot of goods in a crowd, among whom were not a few of "the unwashed," an Irishman, Mike, came in with lighted pipe, and took a seat in close proximity to him. After enduring it for a while, Barton cried: "Mike, what are you smoking such a pipe as that here for? Take it out from under my nose." Now Barton's nose is not a short one. Mike looked up and exclaimed, "And, Misther Bar-ton, where will I be afther goin' to? I shall have to go out of *this* house!" Barton saw the point, and roared with the rest. Mike sat still and smoked on.

DURING the winter at West Point concerts are occasionally given by the fine band of the Academy. The band-master sent to the adjutant a manuscript of the pieces to be performed, that copies might be made. The first on the programme was the overture "Felsenmühle," the English of which is "Mill on the Rock." The adjutant, a man of the Yankee persuasion, with a certain contempt for German, translated "Felsenmühle" into English, that the audience might know what they were listening to. Imagine Mr. Band-master's disgust when the printed copy of the programme commenced:

1.—OVERTURE. "The Fenced-in Mule," from *Reissiger*.

Probably the adjutant thought that every one present, unless an ass, could understand that, even if unfamiliar with the German.

PERHAPS Judge Brady or Judge Cardozo, or some of their colleagues, can inform the Drawer whether, under the new Judiciary article of this State, the following form of oath, which is deemed "sound" in Caledonia, Minnesota, will be held good in New York:

"Hold up your fist!—You do solemnly swear, in the presence of John Dunbar and meself, a Justice of the Pace, owning 240 acres of land within two miles of Caledonia, that you will tell the truth, and nothin' but the truth—and there yes have it!"

EPITAPHS, for the most part, are designed for laudatory and ambitious purposes. It is not often that they manifest such dogged indifference to the opinions and sympathies of the world as is shown by one Gabriel John, who wrote his own epitaph, as follows:

"Here lies the body of Gabriel John,
Who died in the year one thousand and one:
Mourn for me, or let it alone,
It's all one to Gabriel John,
Who died in the year one thousand and one."

A GENTLEMAN, favorably known in high moral circles in Philadelphia, named Jacob Stone, was relating to a Sabbath-school his travels in the Holy Land, and among other things told the scholars of the ascent of Mount Pisgah. On the following Sunday a teacher asked, in the course of the lesson, who ascended Mount Pisgah? A little urchin promptly cried out, "*Moses, Elias, and Jacob Stone!*"

THE old divines of Massachusetts were many of them wits. The *bon-mots* of Dr. Mather Byles, who, by-the-way, was rather a punster than a wit, have been often repeated. We have heard of one which we suspect was never printed. He one day said to a friend whose calls upon him were less frequent than he would have desired: "You treat me as if I were a baby." "How so?" asked his friend. "Why, you go by-by, by-by! without stopping to speak to me."

The wit of Dr. Morse, of Newburyport, was of a different character, and more nearly approached the true idea of wit. In the company of a number of clergymen, Dr. Morse had expressed the opinion that whipping was beneficial in bringing up children. A young clergyman, who was one of the company, and who had not a very high reputation for veracity, took the opposite ground, affirming that harm was often done by unjust punishment. "Why," said he, "the only time my father ever whipped me was for telling the truth." "Well," retorted the doctor, "it cured you of it, didn't it?"

Of old Dr. Gay, of Hingham, a very good story is told: Riding into Boston one day over the Neck, where the public gallows stood, a young clergyman, who was in the vehicle with him, said: "Dr. Gay, if the gallows had its due, where would you be?" "Riding into Boston alone," was the reply.

WIT often springs up spontaneously from a soil of so grave a nature that its presence is not anticipated. A man who prided himself upon being a wag once accosted a plain, serious-looking farmer by the road-side, who was fencing some very poor land, as follows: "I say, mister, what are you fencing that pasture for? It would take forty acres of it to starve a middling-sized cow." "Jesso," replied the yeoman, "and I am a-fencing of it to keep cour cattle cout." But our idea is better illustrated, perhaps, by the following incident: A Mr. Very, a pious old gentleman of Danvers, Massachusetts, had on more than one occasion rebuked some of his young neighbors for making hay on Sunday. His argument was that Sunday was the Lord's day, and that it could not with impunity be employed for

secular purposes; that, in fact, no business could be successfully conducted on that day. One Sunday evening, as the old gentleman was returning from church, he saw some of his young neighbors in a field where they had been at work all day. Boasting of what they called a good day's work, one of them accosted the venerable gentleman as follows: "Well, Father Very, you see we have cheated the Lord out of one day, certainly." "I don't know," he replied, "*the account is not settled yet.*"

As wit is not a new thing under the sun, we must gratify our love for it by recurring to the past as well as by observing the present. Indeed, it might surprise us to know how much of modern wit is really old, and how much of ancient wit is ostensibly new. The following is nearly two hundred years old, but nothing new could be more fresh and sparkling. When the famous fortress of Namur was taken by King William III., in 1695, Yalden wrote a Pindaric ode on the occasion, which he presented to the king. He was charged with having stolen portions of his ode from Congreve. A humorous poem, called the "Oxford Laureat," referred to the alleged plagiarism in the following inimitable lines:

"His crime was for being a felon in verse,
And presenting his theft to the king;
The first was a trick not uncommon or scarce,
But the last was an impudent thing.

"Yet what he had stolen was so little worth stealing,
They forgave him the damage and cost;
Had he ta'en the whole ode, as he took it piecemealing,
They had fined him but ten-pence at most."

That was not a bad hit of a gentleman going out of town in the cars, who said to his friend, a comparatively young man, just retired from business: "Ah! when people tire of business in town, they go to *re*tire in the country."

Good, also, in its way, is this: Some one at a party, abusing Mohammedanism in a commonplace manner, said, "Its heaven is quite material." He was met with the quiet remark, "So is the Christian's hell;" to which there was no reply.

At one time, when it was a moot point which should become the greater city, St. Paul or St. Louis, an astute speaker expressed the conviction that, "to destroy the prosperity of the latter place, the people of Minnesota had only to *change their drinks!*"

Elder Knapp is not averse to having it understood that he may be regarded as a sort of consulting physician for sick souls when the original family doctor finds that his pharmacy has lost its efficacy. In one of his recent raids on the arch-enemy of souls he selected, as being especially fit subjects for animadversion, the profane swearers; and this is the way in which he "went" for them:

"I will give you, my dear friends, a picture from a scene in hell. The devil is sitting in his private office, receiving the souls as they are brought to him from the upper world. In comes an infernal jailer, conducting a soul to everlasting flames. 'Who are you?' asks the devil, as the culprit was brought to where he was sitting. 'Secretary Benjamin, of the Confederate Cabinet,' was the reply. 'Oh yes, I knew you were coming,' said the devil, as he turned the leaves of his ledger and made an entry of the secretary's name. 'I always show consideration to those that have showed it to me. I've *got* to take you in, but I'll try and make you as comfortable as possible.' To the attendant: 'Show Mr. Benjamin to a place as near as you can get him to a current of air.' The next arrival was a man who had killed his mother-in-law. He was hung in Cincinnati. 'Take him away,' said the devil, 'but treat him kindly. The chances are two to one that he isn't much to blame. I remember his case. His mother-in-law came here three weeks ago. She looked as though she wanted killing. She's over in No. 63. Put him there, and set the old woman in front of the furnace. No. 63 is too cool for her.' Pretty soon another victim arrives. 'What has brought you here?' asks the devil. 'My case is a hard one,' was the reply. 'I am here just because I swore.' 'Because you swore?' asked the devil, rising angrily from his chair. 'Yes, that's all the sin I ever did.' 'All the sin?' re-echoed the devil—'*all* the sin? Why, you mean, despicable, contemptible, low-lived vagabond,' said the devil, as he brought his fist down on the table, 'there isn't a corner here that's hot enough for you. Of all the sixty thousand preachers that spend their Sundays in blackguarding me, not one of them ever yet accused me of swearing. Blasphemed your Maker, did you? Profaned the holy name of your Saviour, that forgave his enemies upon the cross, and died to have saved *you* from here? You did this, did you?' The trembling culprit made no reply. 'Why,' continued the devil, whose voice arose as his wrath intensified—'why, there's no excuse for *you*. A man by an unlucky blow may kill another one. In pressing temptation a man may steal; he may lie to save his neck or to cheat his neighbor. There's some excuse for him. The profane swearer has no excuse! Attendant, take this accursed scoundrel out of my sight. Put him up to his neck where the coals are the hottest, and then put somebody to sit on his accursed head.'"

About a fortnight since, writes a Philadelphia correspondent, I stopped with a friend at the Park Place Hotel, St. Paul, which was then crowded with members of the Legislature. After securing a room, wanting some towels, we rang for a servant. The bell was answered by the watchman, to whom we communicated our wants; but, as they were not exactly in his line, he went away and sent a colored boy, who knocked at the door and popped in his head. "All right," said I; "bring them in." "Yes, Sah," replied woolly-head, with a bob. "Well, why don't you fetch them along?—bring *two* of them." "Yes, Sah. Which is it, Sah—*brandy or whisky*, Sah?" And that is the way they answer calls for towels in St. Paul!

"In this connection," as the Elder might say, we may quote a very ancient, though not generally remembered, anecdote of an elector of Cologne (who was likewise an archbishop). On one occasion this elector, swearing profanely, asked a peasant, who seemed to wonder, what he

was surprised at. "To hear an archbishop swear," answered the peasant. "I swear," replied the elector, "not as an archbishop, but as a prince." "But, my lord," said the peasant, "when the prince goes to the devil, what will become of the archbishop?"

Who shall say that the wit and beauty of the country is not largely to be encountered in Washington during the sessions of Congress? Instance: Two or three winters since the pretty face and stylish figure of a young lady named Brown, from New Hampshire, were to be seen at most of the receptions which form so important an item in Washington society. Reports of the wealth of the young lady's papa served not to lessen the interest felt in her by the young men who much abound at such places. Silent, she was a power; but when she opened her mouth, which was seldom—alas! At a large reception, the first she attended, among other celebrities, the Mexican Minister was pointed out to her. "Ah!" was her response, in pure innocence of soul, "*where does he preach?*" A few days afterward, while walking out with an intimate lady friend, who had been made aware of the terrible *faux pas* alluded to, her attention was directed to a fine mansion, which she was informed was the residence of the French Minister. "Why," said she, "I didn't know there was a French church in Washington!"

And of such is the kingdom of—Washington!

Down in Maine the intercourse between judges and witnesses seems, now and then, to be of that pleasant, colloquial sort that might be emulated with advantage elsewhere. Judge T——, for example, who held the January term of the Supreme Court at Saco, besides being learned in matters legal, is also an excellent judge of horseflesh. A year ago, when a horse case was on trial, one of the parties, who was also a witness, Grace by name (*lucus a non lucendo*), not being so clear in his testimony as the Judge thought desirable, was asked by him to describe the animal more minutely. "Why, Judge, *all* you Saco fellers know that air hoss. 'Twas the Bill Littlefield hoss that Al Hodgkins used to drive!" was the "minute," clear, and ready reply, in a patronizing tone. The "Saco feller" on the bench smiled quietly; the rest of the "fellers" smiled audibly, till the Sheriff "feller" called "order in court."

There are certain vague notions of the proprieties as to church music that have occurred to the mind of the editor of an Episcopal journal that he thus puts into print. It seems that at Cheyenne, lately, a missionary preached on a dry-goods box, and his choir sat in a buggy. The horse got frightened and ran away with the choir; whereupon our Episcopal brother sagely asks, "Could not that horse be brought East? It would command a large price."

"Ye opulent American and hys wyfe, who goe about ye olde worlde disportinge themselves and enjoying pleasyure," become a trifle absurd when attempting to soar into the world of art, as was recently the case with a much real-estated lady, who, on being escorted on board the steamer by a cultivated acquaintance, was asked what particular purpose she had in view by her trip abroad, and replied, "Oh, I don't care much about Europe on my own account. The main thing is to have the portraits of these three girls—9, 11, and 13—*painted by the old masters*. I've heard *so much* about their picters that I want to see what they can do for my daughters, and if they are really what they're cracked up to be!"

Last year the National Government purchased a beautiful tract of land adjoining the Naval Academy at Annapolis, a portion of which was inclosed and laid out for a cemetery. Admiral Porter, then in command, displayed his accustomed energy and good taste in embellishing the spot designed as the last resting-place of those of the naval service who might die at that station. When the cemetery was completed, the remains of about a dozen sailors and marines, and of two officers, were removed from the city grave-yard and reinterred in the new ground. On one occasion, as the Admiral was passing through the cemetery, he encountered one of the men who had been employed by him in laying out the grounds. He expressed to him his satisfaction with the work already done, and proceeded to give some directions for its further embellishment—a few evergreens here and there, etc. "Yes, Sir," replied the man, "that will add much to its beauty; but, Admiral, the *greatest* improvement would be the addition of a *few more corpses.*"

A distinguished officer of the army, from whom the Drawer hopes to hear again, furnishes the conclusion to a prayer by the chaplain of an Ohio regiment in the Mexican war, which, after summing the causes and objects of the war, and showing that it was no war of conquest, but annexation only, *referred the Lord to Polk's Message on that subject.*

And now a little anent the juveniles:

A little girl who had been favored with glimpses of the upper sky, having been told by her mother that she was *always* surrounded by guardian angels, grew very thoughtful, and, after drawing a long breath, looked up and said, "Mamma, do you mean *really* that *all the whole time* they are with me?" On being answered yes, she exclaimed, with an impatient fling, "Well, really, I *should* like to be alone a little while *sometimes.*"

Another little woman, being asked by her Sunday-school teacher, "What did the Israelites do after passing through the Red Sea?" answered, "I don't know, ma'am, but I guess they dried themselves." Why not?

"What have you done with your doll, Amy?"

"Lock it up, papa; doin' to teep it for my itty dirl when I get big, jess like mamma."

"Ah, but if you shouldn't have any little girl?"

"Never mind, papa; then I'll give it to my *g'anchile!*"

A Connecticut boy insisted on knowing what was meant by the slang phrase "a gone sucker;" and was overheard praying soon after, on being sent off to bed, "God bless papa and mamma and baby; but I'se been such a boy, I rather guess I'm a *gone sucker!*"

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OUR BARBARIAN BRETHREN.



THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN.

WHAT is a Barbarian? What is a Civilized Man?

These questions perplex the philosopher and the Christian philanthropist. Great facts in human history deny the usual definition of the terms; and very often Barbarism and Civilization, so called, are revealed in contradictory relations as alternate dwellers in the same place and with aspects identical. Sometimes the Barbarian seems to be the Civilized Man. Sometimes the Civilized Man seems to be the Barbarian. So the chronicles of nations tell us. The chronicles of our republic afford notable examples of the fact, which give pith and pertinence to the question sometimes seriously asked, "Is civilization a good or an evil?"

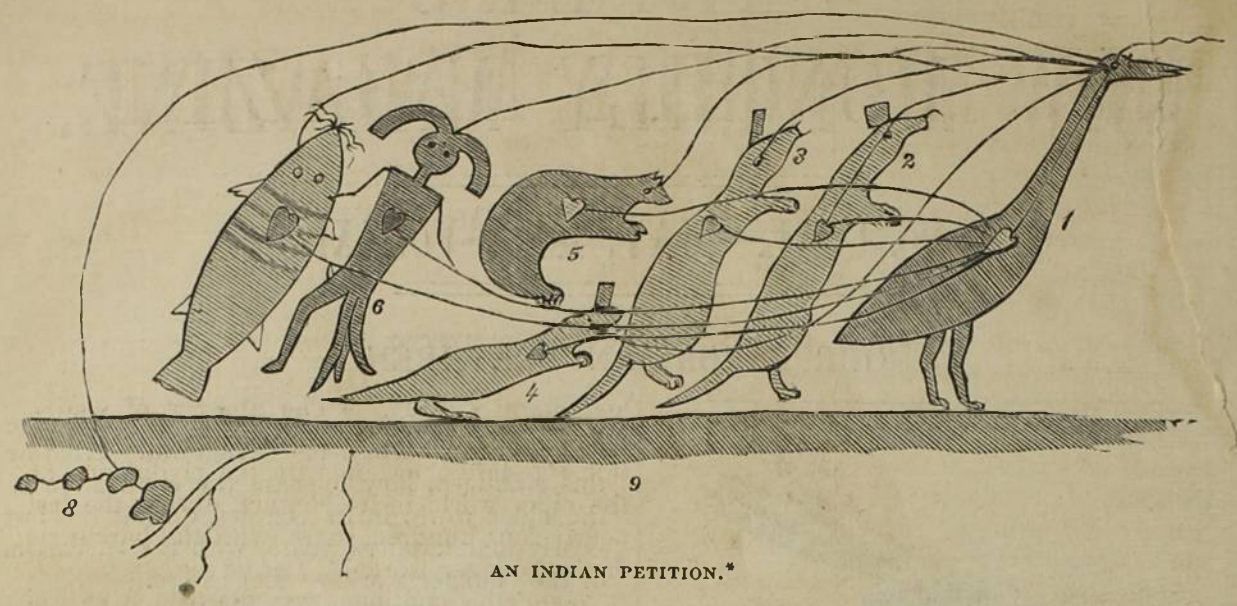
"I love to think that Justice can do no wrong," once wrote the good Count De Gasparin. Justice, the soul of the Golden Rule in Christian morals, is the essential condition and solid substance of a true civilization, which Guizot has defined as "both a state of physical well-being and a state of superior intellectual and moral culture." The absence of justice fairly implies barbarism—savageism. Tried by this standard, how appears the civilization of the elder world in its contact, during the last nearly four hundred years, with the barbarism of the younger world? Let us see.

When this continent was discovered by Europeans it was inhabited mostly by a copper-colored people, from the borders of the Arctic Ocean to the most southerly cape of Patagonia. At and toward each colder extremity of the longitudes the inhabitants were wild and uncultivated, and so they were in harmony with the rugged aspects of nature. In the more central regions they were tame and more refined. From the head waters of La Plata to the thirty-sixth degree of north latitude, many of the useful arts flourished. Science was not a stranger. Society had prescriptive laws. Agriculture brought food from the earth in abundance. Historical knowledge in the form of traditions was carefully cultivated, and pictographic literature was reduced to a system.

In Peru and Mexico, where population was more profuse, there was a civilization as advanced as that of Rome at the fall of the Tarquins, or of Egypt in the time of the shepherd kings. They who founded the City of Mexico more than five hundred years ago were as enlightened as were the inhabitants of the British Islands at the time of the Saxon invasion. And when the civilized ruffian from Spain sent word to the barbarian Emperor of the Aztecs that he and his companions had "a complaint, a disease of the heart that only gold could cure," and that they were coming for the remedy, the doomed people had a code of laws, Prescott says, "which evinces a profound respect for the great principles of morality, and as clear a perception of those principles as is to be found in the most cultivated nation."

It was Montezuma, the Barbarian, who executed these laws. It was Cortéz, the Civilized Man, who, in his hunger and thirst for gold, plundered that emperor's treasury, destroyed the liberties of his people, put the monarch in chains for no offense but patriotism, broiled his successor on a gridiron, and attempted to convert his two million subjects to Christianity by the persuasions of gunpowder, glittering

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.



AN INDIAN PETITION.*

pikes, and torture. The Civilized Man put out the Barbarian light that was burning so brightly. Had justice ruled the conqueror, that light might have become, through a more advanced civilization then promised, the pilot-star for the wise men of the darker North to the Babe of Bethlehem, for the Aztecs were allied to the tribes of the temperate zone by many ties, and were rapidly pushing their empire toward the frigid regions by conquest. But they were beaten into the dust of debasement by blows impelled by the avarice and bigotry of the Civilized Man; and nothing remains to attest their superiority to the successors of the mound-builders of the higher latitudes but the magnificent ruins of their cities and temples, and their colossal statuary, which have survived the fury of Spanish iconoclasts and the tooth of decay.

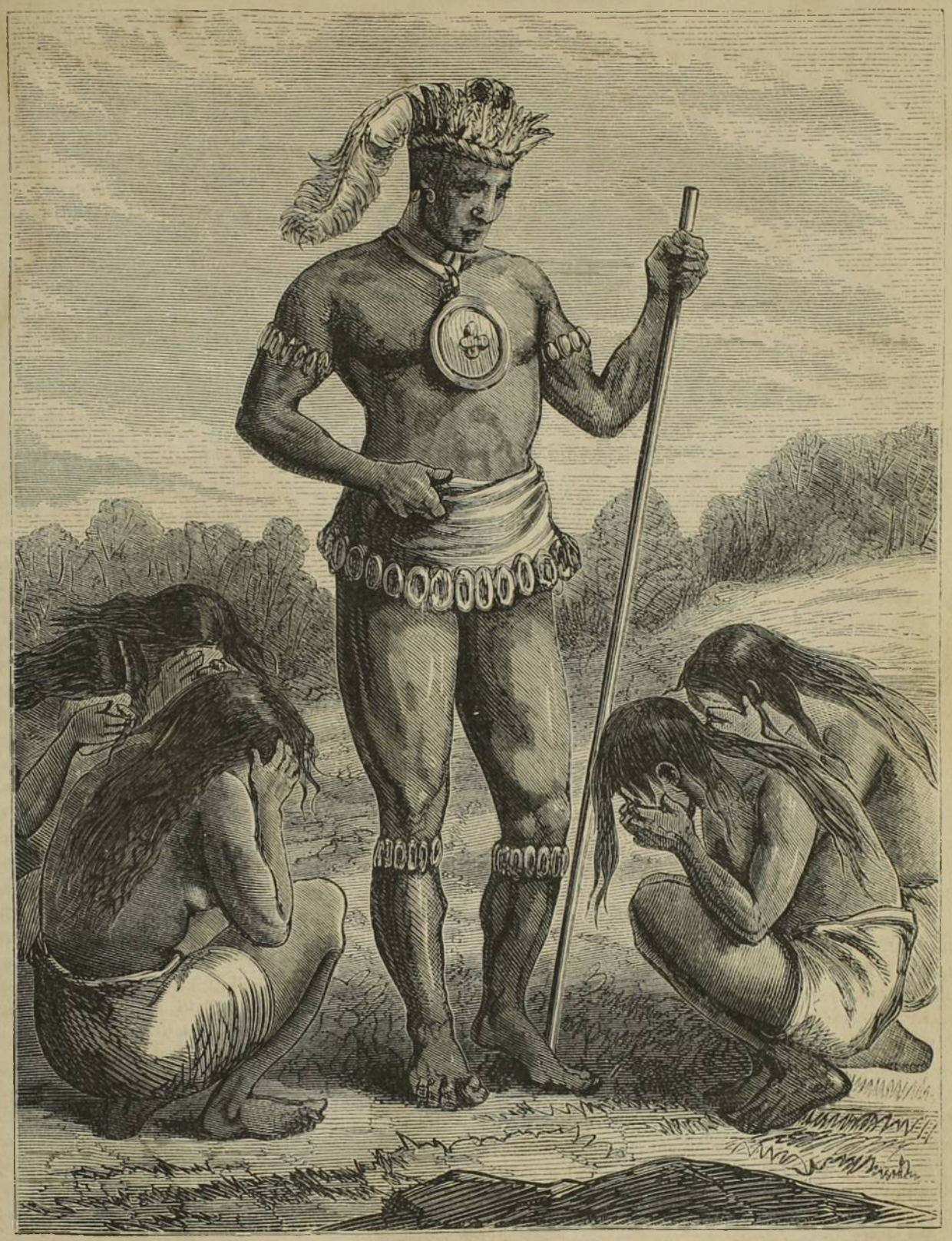
Whence came the inhabitants of the darker regions of the North, now the domain of our republic, is an open question. It has never been answered by a satisfying fact, and probably never will be. Nearly all investigators have traveled from the same starting-point. Assuming the unity of the human race to be a fact, according to popular biblical interpretation, and considering the garden of delight spoken of in Holy Writ as the old homestead of the whole human family, students, reversing the better order of logic, have been busy with guesses and in a hunt for plausible hypotheses for more than three centuries. And often fanciful and foolish have been these hypotheses. Rejecting as heterodox the idea of Lord Kames and others, that the old Americans may have been an indigenous race of men, and regarding the most beautiful creature of earth, who first breathed in Eden, as the mother of us all—Barbarian and Civilized Man—scholars have earnestly sought for coincidences of language, traditions, customs, and crania, for proof that the first dull-red people of this continent

* This is a copy of a symbolical petition to the President of the United States, in which the heads of several families joined. They were Chippewas, living on the borders of Lake Superior, and petitioned the President on the subject of some small lakes. The head of the party of petitioners (1) was a chief of the Crane clan or tribe, having for its totem the rude picture of a crane. The three immediately following him (2, 3, 4) are of the Marten tribe. The next (5) is of the Bear tribe. He is followed by a chief of the Man-fish tribe, represented by the strange figure in No. 6. The merman is a frequent object among the symbols of tribes living near the great lakes, and is the counterpart of the mermaid believed in by Western Europeans for centuries. The last of the petitioners (7) is a chief of the Cat-fish tribe. The totems of all of these appear in the drawing, which was made by an Indian. The lines drawn from the eye of the Crane, the leader of the party, to the eyes of all the other totemic symbols denote that they all see alike in the matter; and the lines drawn from the heart of the Crane denote that the petitioners all feel alike. No. 9 is a stream running into Lake Superior. No. 8 are the little lakes, the subject of the petition.



METHOD OF CARRYING BABIES.*

* A large number of the illustrations of this paper have been copied from Mr. Schoolcraft's official reports on the North American Indians.



FLORIDIAN WOMEN ASKING FOR HELP.—(*From Picart's Religious Ceremonies of the Americans.*)

were tawny immigrants from Asia. They have cited some mystic poetry of the half-fabulous bards, or the dark, oracular sayings of the priests and seers and philosophers of ancient days, to show that our continent was undoubtedly known to the early navigators of the Mediterranean Sea, and was naturally peopled by them or their countrymen. They have cited, in proof, passages from Hesiod and Homer. They have pointed to the narratives of Hanno, the Carthaginian explorer of the seas. They have argued nervously from dialogues of Theopompus, and sentences from the stories of Diodorus Siculus, Plato, and Aristotle. They have strained common-sense to its utmost tension in the arrangement of fancied evidences that the aborigines of America were descendants of the Phœnicians, or of the Chinese or Japanese family of Mongolians, or of the Egyptians, or the Hindoos; and writers like Grotius, Thorowgood, Adair, Boudinot, and others, have argued, without showing a single premise of solid fact, that the fathers of our barbarian brethren were the men of the "lost tribes of Israel," who "took counsel to go forth into a further country, where never mankind dwelt." Cotton Mather—sturdy Parson Mather—who believed in witches, and seemed to have an intimate ac-



ATATARHO.

quaintance with Lucifer, guessed as forcibly, saying, "And though we know not *when* or *how* the Indians first became inhabitants of this mighty continent, yet we may guess that probably the Devil [whom he called the "old usurping landlord of America"] decoyed these miserable salvages hither, in hopes that the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ would never come here to destroy or disturb his absolute empire over them." Might not mere theorists find a good example in Mather, who, when satisfied that the delusion of witchcraft had made a fool of him, declared that the subject was "too dark and deep for ordinary comprehension," and referred its decision "to the Day of Judgment?"

Mather's idea that the red race is morally devilish, and not fairly human, except in shape, seems to have been a prevailing one with the civilized man, especially of the type of the belligerent settler, and the selfish trader, contractor, and other promoters of frontier wars, ever since his first contact with that race. He accepts the theory as the most agreeable and profitable solution of the question of the origin of our barbarian brethren; for it gives license to the free action of the mailed hand, whose warrant for its violence and wrong is the doctrine of the oppressor in every form, that Might makes Right. It gives countenance to the opinion of an eminent British author—an opinion that seems to be largely prevalent in the pulpit, in legislative halls, and around the chairs of state, in our country — that they are "animals of an inferior order, incapable of acquiring religious knowledge, or of being trained to the functions of civil life." It justifies the assertion that the Indian's way of life "surely affords proof that he is not destined by Providence permanently to exist." As all the civilized nations were once more or less barbarous, and some of them savage, may we not reasonably conclude that, if the red members of our common household had been treated by their conquerors and holders of power over them as MEN and as brethren, and not as creatures void of reason, and without the pale of international rights, and been taught righteousness by perpetual example, they might have acquired as clear a charter for permanent existence as other children of the All-Father?

A monarch or statesman of England of the most civilized type may be a descendant of a pale savage Briton who followed the war-chariot of Queen Boadicea. Might not a red savage of the Black Hills, or a Cheyenne or Apache of the Plains, become, by a proper treatment of his race, the progenitor of Presidents and statesmen? Civilization is a thing of growth, with its roots in barbarism, and is as much the rightful inheritance of the savage as of the saint. The survival of savage thought in modern civilization, attesting that growth and connection, is every where seen in social and religious life. The ecclesiologist of our day, in placing the chancel and communion-table in the eastern part of Christian churches, is simply following the directions of the Roman Vitruvius for the adjustment of the temples of the gods, so that worshipers in the act of devotion might have their faces toward the rising sun, the universal symbol of the Creator in the minds of the pagan world. It is a perpetuation in our Christian churches of the posture of sun-worshipers, whether in the Orient, or in Peru, or among the old savages of the cotton-producing regions of our republic, who offered a deer, and even their

first-born, as a sacrifice to the Great Luminary at its rising. Considering this, may we not fairly believe that the uncultivated American of our wilderness has the inherent elements of modern civilization in as great a degree as did the once uncultivated Caucasian of the dark forests of Europe which overspread the continent from the Carpathian Mountains to the Atlantic Sea, out of whose solitudes arose the splendid empires of Etruria and Rome, and their successors, the enlightened kingdoms of to-day? Might not Acuera, Massasoit, Pometacom, Tomochichi, Uncas, Tammany, Powhatan, Pontiac, or Sagoyawatha (Red Jacket), with opportunities similar to those of the earlier barbarians who were founders of European nations and dynasties, have been master-workmen in the building up of great states in the Western Hemisphere? The Iroquois Confederacy, to be cited presently as an example of the inherent elements of civilization in the American savage, so called, is a clear answer given by history to those inquiries.



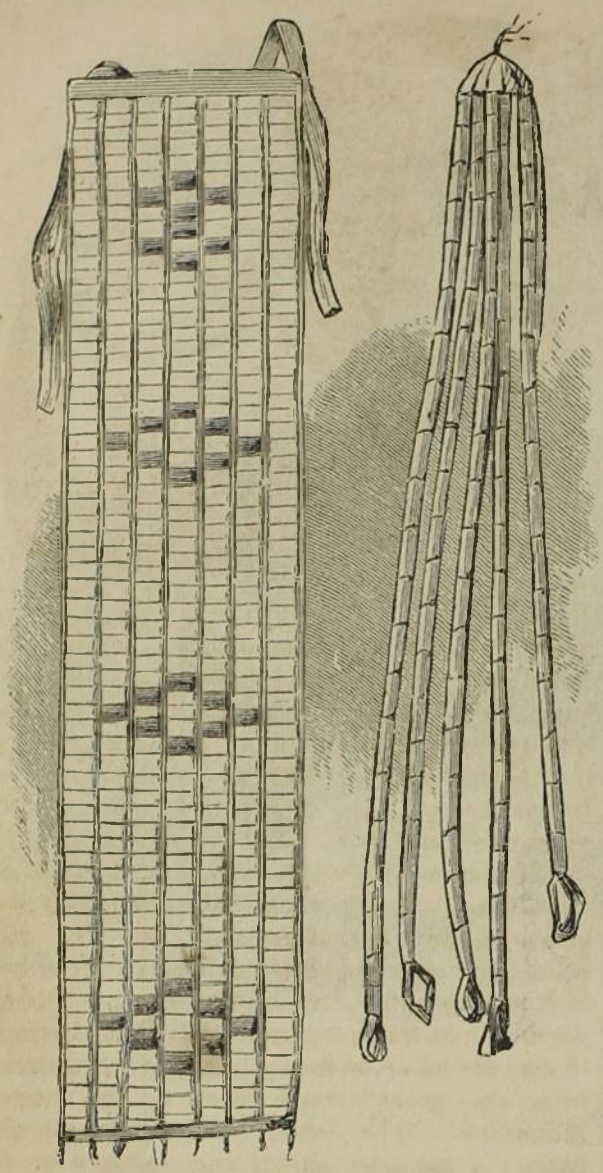
ONE METHOD OF USING THE MORTAR AND PESTLE.

The question of chief importance for our present purpose is not, Whence came the original inhabitants of North America? but, What are they, and what is to be their destiny? the solution of which leads to other topical inquiries bearing upon their relations to the lighter colored Caucasians with whom they have long been, and still are, in contact.

The entire population of North, Central, and South America when the continent was discovered has been estimated at not more than five million souls. Of these not more than one million then peopled the present vast territory of the United States, which stretches over nearly twenty-five degrees of latitude and almost sixty degrees of longitude. These inhabitants seemed to have sprung from a common stock. Whether they were the aborigines of the continent, or were intruders upon an antecedent race—the mound-builders—whom they displaced, is an unanswered and unanswerable question. Here they were when Spanish, English, French, and Dutch navigators came. Their language was varied by more than a hundred dialects, but all having, evidently, a common root. Their high cheek-bones and broad faces; their heavy, dark eyes; their jet-black hair, lank and incapable of curling because of its peculiar structure; their taciturnity in society, and stoicism in all emergencies of mental excitement and physical suffering; their simple civil polity, which knew few transgressors of law; their religious belief, which knew no skeptics; their traditions, legends, and poetic modes of thought and expression; their theology and spiritual symbolisms; their weapons of war and implements of domestic use; their rude practice of the useful and ornamental arts; and their pictographic records on rocks, trees, bark, and buffalo hides, in style resembling the same art among ancient Asiatic nations, every where bore evidence of a common origin, or a long alliance, or friendly international relations. All these were modified by circumstances as much as in the case of the Civilized Man. The dimly seen analogies in these to the characteristics of the Asiatics may be easily accounted for in a coincidence of wants and impulses common to all men.

The North American Indians with whom European settlers first came in contact were divided into families or tribes, each distinguished by an armorial bearing called a *totem*, which was a representation of some animal, as a deer, a bear, an eagle, or a tortoise. These families or tribes equaled in number the dialects we have mentioned; but there seems to have been only eight radically distinct nations. These are known as the Algonquins, Huron-Iroquois, Cherokees, Catawbas, Uchees, Natchez, Mobilians or Floridians, and Dakotas or Sioux.

Algonquin was a name first given by the French to a large family seated upon the Ottawa River, in Canada. It was afterward applied



WAMPUM BELT AND STRINGS.

to the large collection of families north and south of the great lakes, who, speaking dialects of the same language, seemed to belong to the same nation. These inhabited the territory now included in all Canada, New England, a part of New York and Pennsylvania, the States of New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia, Eastern North Carolina above Cape Fear, a large portion of Kentucky and Tennessee, and all north and west of the States eastward of the Mississippi River. The most important and powerful of the families of this nation were known as the Knistenaux, in the Far North, who inhabited a belt of the continent from ocean to ocean; the Ottawas, Chippewas, Sacs, Foxes, the Menimonees, Miamis, Piankishaws, Pottawatomies, Kickapoos, Illinois, Shawnees, Powhatans, Corees, Nanticokes, Lenni-Lenapes or Delawares, Mohegans, the New England Indians, and the Abenakes in the Far East. The chief historical characters of this nation were Massasoit, Pometacom, Sassacus, Uncas, Pontiac, Tammany, Powhatan, and Tecumtha.

Within the folds of the Algonquin nation were the Huron-Iroquois (so called by the French) in Canada. They occupied a greater portion of Canada south of the Ottawa River, between lakes Ontario, Erie, and Huron, nearly all of the State of New York, and a part of Pennsylvania and Ohio along the southern shores of Lake Erie. Detached from their main body were the Tuscaroras and a few smaller families dwelling in Southern Virginia and the upper portion of North Carolina. The families or tribes composing the Iroquois (E-rokwa) proper, and residing within the present limits of the State of New York, formed the notable Iroquois Confederacy of the Five Nations. The most famous men of the league were Hiawatha (Hi-a-wat-ha), its reputed founder; Grangula, the great warrior; Dekanisora, the renowned orator; Thayendanegea, or Brant; Sagoyewatha, or Red-Jacket; and Corn-Planter. The last three named were conspicuous leaders during the later years of the Confederacy in both the council and the field, and were witnesses of the dissolution of that league after an existence of more than three hundred years.

The Cherokees inhabited the fertile, picturesque, and delightful region of our republic where the mountain ranges that form the water-shed between the Atlantic and the Mississippi melt into the lowlands that border the Gulf of Mexico. They were called the Mountaineers of the South, and were the most formidable foes of the aggressive Iroquois on the then known continent. The Catawbas were their neighbors on the east, and dwelt upon the borders of the Yadkin and Catawba rivers on both sides of the boundary line between North and South Carolina. These suffered from forays by the Five Nations, but were not brought under the yoke of that Confederacy.

The Uchees were seated in the pleasant country between the sites of the cities of Augusta and Milledgeville, along the Oconee and around the head waters of the Ogeechee and the Chattahoochee, in Georgia, when the Europeans discovered them, where they touched the domain of the Cherokees. They were then only the remnant of a once powerful nation. They claimed to be the descendants of a people more ancient than any other around them. They had no traditions, as others had, of migrations from any other country. Their language was unpleasant to the ear, and bore only a faint resemblance to those of the other dusky nations.

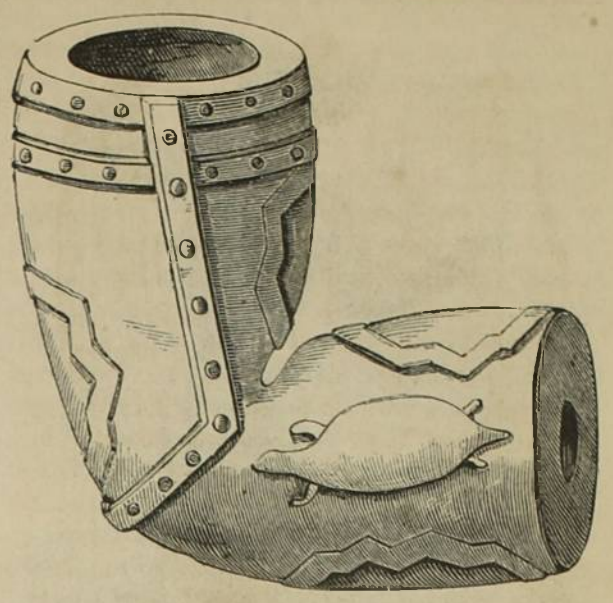
The Natchez occupied a territory on the east of the Mississippi, not larger than that of the Uchees. It stretched northeasterly from the Mississippi at the site of the city of Natchez along the Pearl River to the head waters of the Chickasawha River. They claimed precedence in age of the Uchees, and, like the Appalachian Indians in the Gulf region, they were worshipers of the sun, and also of fire, and made sacrifices to the source of day. Over the whole continent of North and South America there were traces, more or less distinct, of the worship of the sun and of fire, of which the earlier explorers have given accounts. Before entering upon the war-path, and after a great deliverance from peril, they gathered reverently

around huge fires to implore divine aid or to give thanks for divine protection.

The Mobilians, or (as they were sometimes called) the Floridian Indians, with whom, as well as the Uchees, De Soto came in contact toward the middle of the sixteenth century, occupied a domain next in extent to the Algonquins. It stretched along the Atlantic coast from the mouth of the Cape Fear River to the extremity of the Florida peninsula, and westward along the Gulf of Mexico about six hundred miles to the Mississippi River. They also held jurisdiction as far up that stream as the mouth of the Ohio River. That domain comprised parts of South Carolina, the whole of Florida, Alabama, and Mississippi, all of Georgia not occupied by the Cherokees and Uchees, and portions of Tennessee and Kentucky. The nation was divided into three confederacies, each powerful and partially independent, like our separate States. These confederacies were known respectively as the Muscogee or Creek, the Choctaw, and the Chickasaw. The Creek was the most powerful. It occupied the region more immediately bordering upon the Gulf, and included the Yamassees and the Seminoles in Florida. The heart of the Creek nation proper was in Alabama.

Under the general title of Dakotas or Sioux have been grouped a large number of tribes found west of the great lakes and Mississippi River, with whom the earlier French explorers, secular and religious, came in contact. These speaking dialects of the same language, apparently, were regarded as parts of one nation. They inhabited the vast domain stretching northward from the Arkansas River to the western tributary of Lake Winnepeg, and westward along all that line to the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains. They have been arranged into four grand classes—namely, the Winnebagoes, who inhabited the country between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi, within the domain of the Algonquins; the Assiniboins, or Sioux proper, who formed the more northerly portion of the nation; the Minetaree group in the State of Minnesota; and the Southern Sioux, who were seated in the country between the Platte and Arkansas rivers. The chief hunting-grounds of the latter were among the spurs of the Rocky Mountains. These four classes were divided into several families or tribes.

Such was the general geographical distribution of the Indian nations when the first European settlements were begun. They were not absolutely stationary residents of a domain; nor was there, with the exception of the Iroquois Confederacy, a semblance of a national government any where. Although they had wandered much by families, and in the course of centuries some had evidently traversed the whole broad continent, they were not nomads. Through wars and conquests, families, and even whole nations, had evidently moved over ex-



INDIAN PIPE-BOWL OF CLAY.

tensive regions (with no artificial method of traveling except in rude vessels called canoes, wrought out of logs and the bark of trees), and taken new root in strange places. Neither were they agriculturists. They cultivated maize, or Indian corn, as the Europeans called it, also pumpkins and beans, which were indigenous to the Gulf region; and they plucked the bulb of the potato from the soil of the warmer regions, where it grew spontaneously. But they only tilled here and there at the call of necessity. Neither were they a pastoral people. They never tamed the bison or buffalo, nor the stately elk, for labor or food; nor sheared a fleece from the great-horned sheep of the Rocky Mountains. The horse, the cow, the ass, the goat, the common sheep, and swine were all unknown to them. From the warm South where clothing was unnecessary, and as such was never worn, to the cold North where the skins of fur-bearing animals kept him warm in winter, the Indian, every where, like Primitive Man, was a hunter and fisher, and depended chiefly upon the precarious winnings of the chase or hook for subsistence. The cultivation of corn, pumpkins, and beans, the gathering of potatoes, the curing of the tobacco-plant in the region of Virginia and the Carolinas, and the grinding of grain into flour, were labors despised by the men as forming a sort of degrading slavery. In this they were as proud as the old Roman citizens, whose business was war. These toils were laid upon the women, who were also beasts of burden in marches, carrying on their backs their domestic utensils, and their babies strapped in cases hanging from their shoulders; for the egotism of the Barbarian, like that of the Civilized Man, made him regard woman as his inferior, and his predestined servant to minister to his comfort and pleasure. As among semi-barbarous people of the Eastern world, so here, marriage was only a temporary contract—a sort of purchase—the father receiving presents from the husband in exchange for the daughter, who, after being fondled and favored



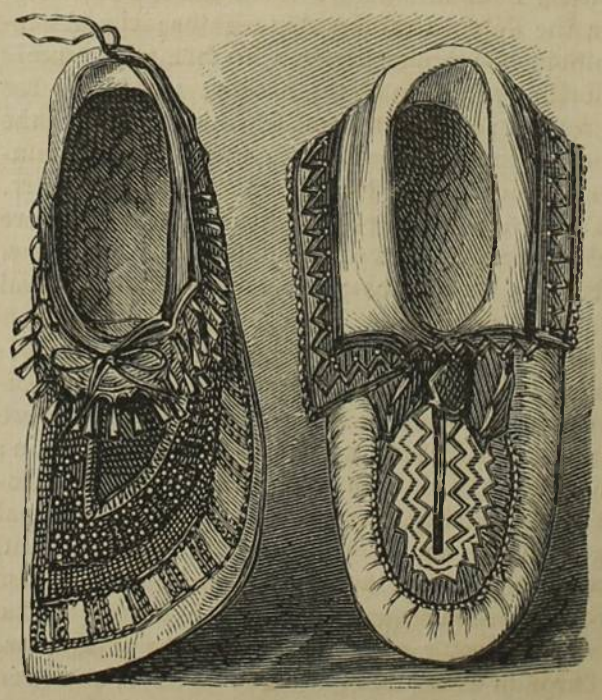
A VIRGINIA MAGICIAN OR MEDICINE MAN.

for a few months, was made his domestic servant. He could dismiss her at pleasure. Polygamy was not common, but was allowed, and every Indian might have as many wives as he could purchase and maintain. If the wife proved unfaithful, he might kill her. The affections were ruled by custom. The decorous attentions to woman that give a charm to civilized society were almost wholly unknown. There was no call, in the hunter state, for the refining influence of woman to give it beauty; and yet, but for that influence, though feebly exerted, the wild hunter would have become a fiend.

The mental characteristics of the Indians were of similar type every where. Similar circumstances gave shape and force to thoughts and emotions in all. Taciturnity, stoicism, perfect self-control at all times, and eloquence in oratory, which marked the Indian when first discovered, and mark him now, when untouched by civilization, were not natural traits of character, but the result of severe training and social condition. Taciturnity was a necessity in society when the hatchet, knife, or club was the quick response to a hasty and insulting word. It was policy to always consider before speaking; and so taciturnity, which was but another name for caution, became a habit of hunter life, and practically illustrated the maxim of the Civilized Man, that he is discreet who thinks before he speaks.

Stoicism, or imperturbability, was another necessary habit of the barbarian life. There was continual exposure to suffering at the hands of enemies, for the history of the Savage, as of the Civilized Man, presents a dark record of wars, conquests, subjugations, and cruelties. From earliest childhood the Indian was taught, as were the ancient Romans, never to betray weakness before an enemy, and never to utter a word or exhibit any emotion in public when enduring the sharpest suffering. And so his muscles were steeled against pain, and made absolutely the slaves of his will. It was considered a mark of weakness or cowardice for an Indian to allow his countenance to be changed by surprise or suffering. This was an accepted maxim from Patagonia to the Arctic Seas. Atahualpa, the Inca of Peru, ordered some of his warriors to be immediately put to death because they had shown some surprise at the sight of Pizarro's cavalry, the horse being a novelty and a wonder to that people. "Coward!" exclaimed Pontiac, when he saw one of his followers startled by muskets of the garrison at Detroit, fired in the gloom near Bloody Brook, and instantly cleaved his head with a tomahawk. "Squaw!" cried Cornstalk, the leader of Indians in the battle of Point Pleasant, when he saw one of his warriors hiding behind a clump of bushes, and immediately ordered him to be dressed in a petticoat and to carry a pappoose. So trained, our Barbarian Brother sang his death-song, while enduring torture, with as much composure as did the Civilized Man his hymn to Christ at the stake of martyrdom.

Eloquence in public speaking was a gift or talent which the Indians earnestly cultivated; and the sachems and chiefs prepared themselves for oratory, by previous reflection and arrangement of topics and method of expression, as carefully as ever did the most polished speaker in the senate or council of a civilized people. Their scope of thought was as boundless as the land over which they roamed, and their expressions were as free and lofty as those of any civilized men. Their language being too limited to allow a wealth of diction, they made up in ideas, in the shape of metaphors furnished by all nature around them, what they lacked in words. "I stand in the path," said Pontiac,



MOCCASINS.



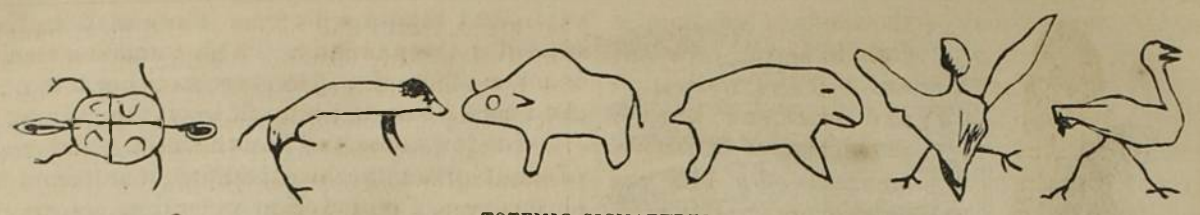
HEAD-DRESS.

haughtily, to Major Rogers, the commander of a British force that marched into his country a hundred years ago, signifying that he held kingly dominion in all that region, and defied him. When Red Jacket, who became intemperate in the later years of his life, and regarded the loss of his eleven children, one after the other, by consumption, as a punishment for that sin, was asked about his family by a lady who once knew them but was ignorant of his misfortunes, he said, sorrowfully, "Red Jacket was once a great man, and in favor with the Great Spirit. He was a lofty pine among the smaller trees of the forest. But after years of glory he degraded himself by drinking the fire-water of the white man. The Great Spirit has looked upon him in anger, and his lightning has stripped the pine of its branches." At a council at Vincennes, over which Governor Harrison presided, Tecumtha, the great Shawnee warrior, made a speech. When it was ended it was observed that no seat had been provided for him. An officer handed one to him, saying: "Your father [meaning Harrison] requests you to be seated in this chair." "My father!" said the chief, scornfully, as he wrapped his broad blanket around him and assumed the most haughty attitude; "my father is the Sun, and the Earth is my mother—I will repose upon her bosom." And then he seated himself upon the ground.

It has been observed that the intellectual vigor of the North American Indians, manifested in shrewdness of observation and strong powers of perception, imagination, and eloquence, which all our earlier diplomatic relations with them attest, was not found in Peru and Mexico, but was confined to the hunters in the forests of the farther North, who used the bow and arrow in war and in the chase. Had these, and not the aboriginal inhabitants of tropical America, come under the direct observation of Buffon and other writers on the subject, they never would have declared, as they did, that the human species on this continent, like the animal creation, was "diminutive in body and debased in morals and intellect." The opinions of French missionaries and travelers, deliberately given in narratives of actual experience among the more northern tribes, flatly contradict Buffon. They are all in general agreement with the statement of Father Le June, an early Jesuit missionary, who wrote: "I think the savages, in point of intellect, may be placed in a high rank. Education and instruction alone are wanting. The powers of the mind operate with facility and effect. The Indians I can well compare to some of our own villagers who are left without instruction. Yet I have scarcely seen any person who has come from France to this country who does not acknowledge that the savages have more intellect or capacity than most of our own peasantry." And Charlevoix said: "The beauty of their imagination equals its vivacity, which appears in all their discourses. They are very quick at repartee, and their harangues are full of shining passages which would have been applauded at Rome or Athens. Their eloquence has a strength, nature, and pathos which no art can give, and which the Greeks admired in the barbarians."

Pages of similar testimony might be cited to show the errors of those who are disposed to regard our Barbarian Brethren as beings incapable of the higher intellectual and moral attainments which would fit them for the exercise of the privileges and duties of citizenship.

We have remarked that, with the exception of the Iroquois Confederacy, there was no semblance of a national government among the Indians. A mixture of the patriarchal and despotic appeared every where. All political power was vested in the civil head of a family or tribe as executor, and it was absolute in his hands while he exercised it. He was sometimes an hereditary leader, but more often owed his elevation to his prowess in war, or merits as an orator or statesman. Public opinion alone sustained him. It elevated him, and it might depose him. He was called Inca, Sachem, or whatever else, in various languages, denoted his official dignity, like that of King, Emperor, Kaiser, Czar, Shah, or Sultan. He



TOTEMIC SIGNATURES.

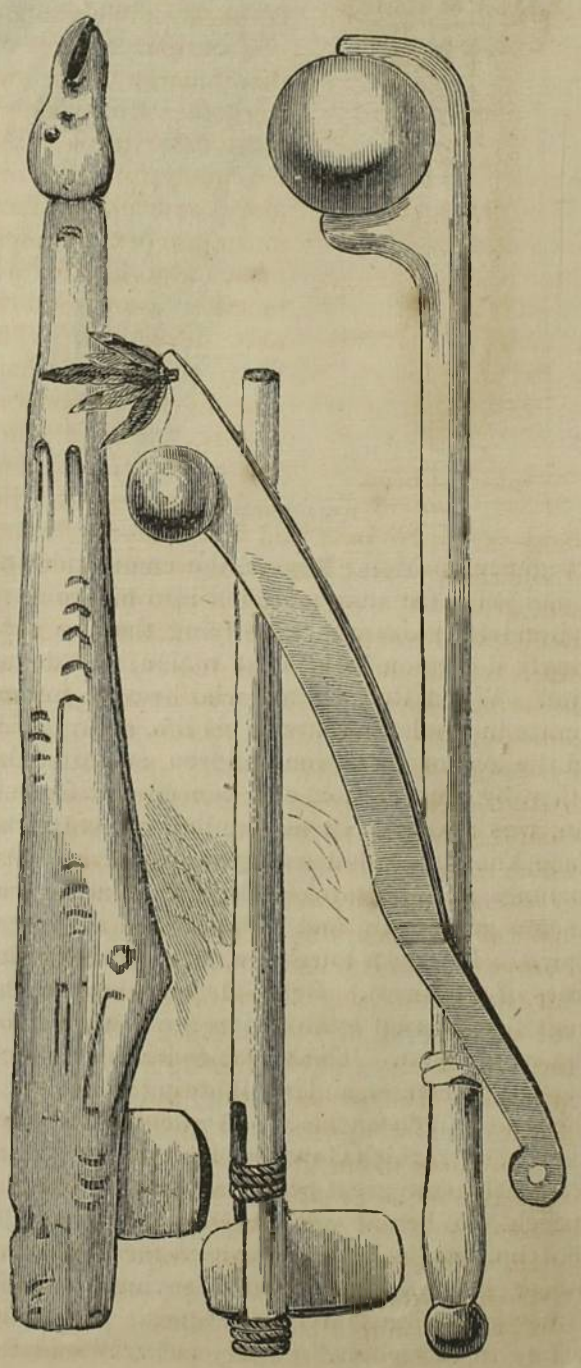
was at the head of a sort of republican government, and was only the executor of the people's will as determined in the council or congress of elders; yet in those councils he was umpire, and from his decisions there was no appeal. And so great was the respect for his office in many places, particularly among the Floridians, that he was treated by the people, on certain occasions, as if he were an absolute sovereign, possessed of those divine attributes with which the imagination of the Civilized Man has sometimes invested his king. On the occurrence of a great calamity, such as the loss of many men in battle, the Floridian women would gather in weeping groups around their chief sachem, and implore his assistance with piteous cries; and they never went away without promises of help, which was always given.

While a sachem was in power the tribe or nation confided in his wisdom, and there was seldom any transgression of the laws promulgated by him. He had absolute control of all military expeditions, and whithersoever the chief or leader of the warriors was sent by him, the fighting men followed. In the public assemblies the greatest decorum prevailed; and, contrary to the habit of civilized parliaments and congresses, every speaker was always listened to with the most respectful attention.

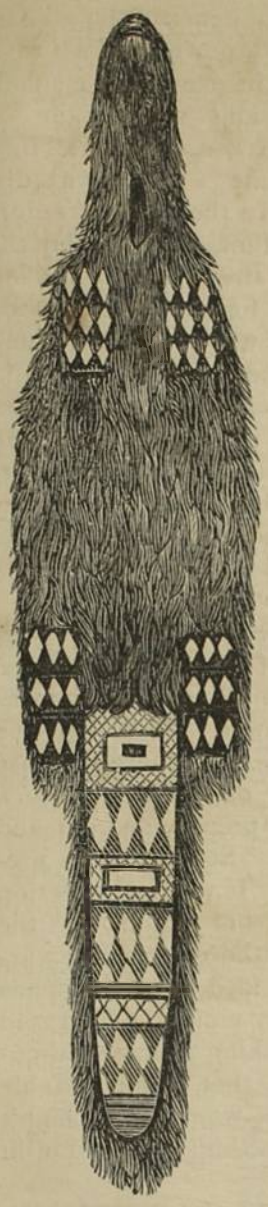
Here let us consider for a moment the Iroquois Confederacy, or League of the Five Nations, as illustrative of the capacity of the Indians for government. That Confederacy was a marvel, all things considered. It was founded, probably, at about the beginning of the fifteenth century, or nearly a hundred years before the existence of America was suspected in Europe. It was composed of five large families bearing the dignity of nations, and named, respectively, Mohawk, Oneida, Onondaga, Cayuga, and Seneca. These were subdivided into tribes or smaller families, each having its totem or heraldic insignia, such as the bear, the beaver, the deer, the turkey, or the tortoise. The Confederacy occupied the region of the present State of New York north and west of the Kaatsbergs or Catskill Mountains, and south of the Adirondack group of lofty hills.

Tradition says the Confederacy was founded by Hiawatha, the incarnation of Wisdom, whose power was equal to his intelligence. Leaving his divine estate, he made his dwelling on the earth with the Onondaga nation. He taught the Iroquois, by precept and example, the art of good living. He was yet among them when a band of fierce warriors swept down from the north of the great lakes, slaying every thing human in their path. He advised the Onondagas to call a council of the related nations for the purpose of forming a league for the common good against the invaders.

At that council, held on the bank of the Onondaga Lake, the wise Hiawatha addressed the representatives of the Five Nations, and assigned to each canton its relative position and title. A league was formed; and, by common consent, Atatarho, a chief of the Onondagas, who was eminent for his wisdom and valor, was chosen to be its first President. He was then living in grim seclusion in a swamp, where his dishes and drinking-vessels, like those of half-barbarous Caucasians, were made of



WAR-CLUBS.



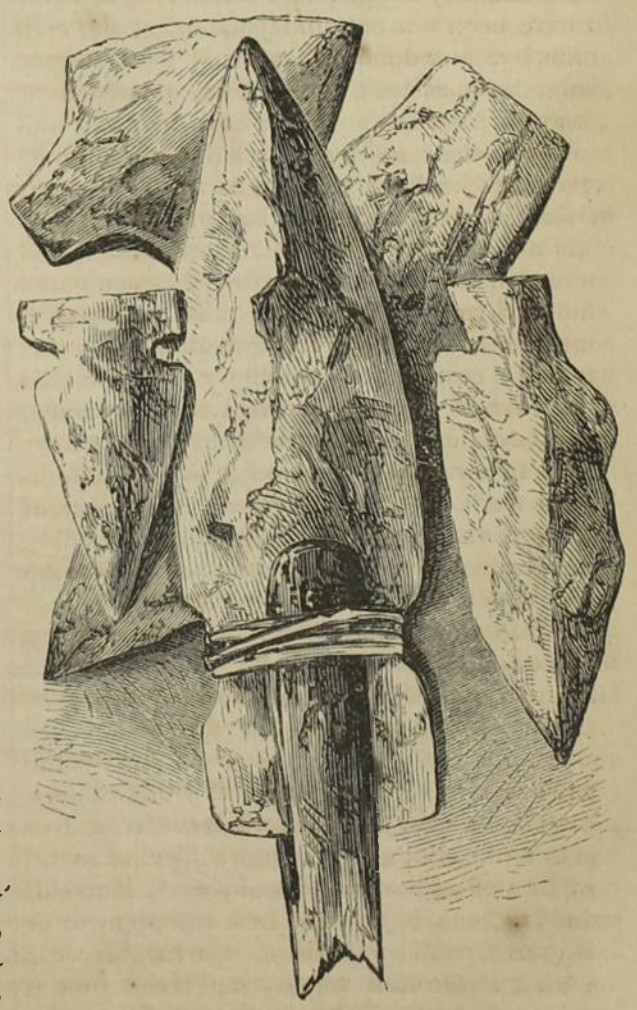
TOBACCO-POUCH.

the sculls of his enemies slain in battle. He was an object of veneration and awe; and when a delegation of Mohawks went to offer him the symbol of supreme power, they found him seated in the deep shadows smoking his pipe, but unapproachable, because he was entirely clothed with hissing serpents, as represented in the engraving (p. 796), made from an ancient drawing. Here is the old story of Medusa's snaky tresses, invented in the forests of the new-found world, and forming a part of the traditionary history of the Iroquois Confederacy.

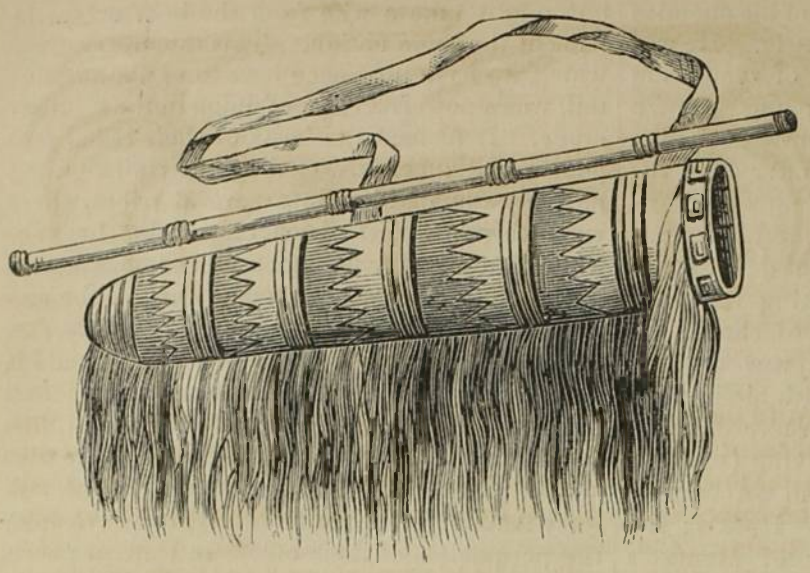
The chief features of this remarkable League were the principles of tribal union through the totemic system, military glory and domination, and a practical example of an almost pure democracy most remarkably developed. The men, as every where else in the American forests, followed hunting as an employment and amusement, but those of the Iroquois had fixed places of abode in villages, where the women cultivated the soil, ground the corn, and prepared the food. Each canton or nation was a distinct republic, entirely independent of the others in what may be termed the domestic concerns of the state; but each was bound to the others of the League by ties of honor and general interest. Each had an equal voice in the General Council or Congress, and possessed a sort of veto power which was a guaranty against despotism. After the Europeans came, the sachem, or civil head of a tribe, besides presenting a belt of wampum as a pledge of good faith in diplomatic bargains, invariably affixed its totem, such as the outlines of a wolf, a bear, a heron, or a tortoise, to every public paper he was required to sign. It was only the repetition by an American Barbarian of the ancient custom of the Civilized Man in affixing a seal—the common custom of monarchs who, like Indian sachems, could not write their names.

In order to prevent degeneracy, intermarriage was not allowed between near relations, nor of persons of the same clan. A man of a wolf or deer tribe of the Mohawks, for example, might not marry a woman of the same tribe, but might take a wife from the bear or turtle tribe of the same nation. This totemic system, which we have not space here to explain in detail, was a powerful bond of union in the Confederacy. It formed the basis of their tribal and political alliance. As each of the confederated nations was divided into several tribes, there were thirty or forty sachems in the League. These had inferior officers under them, answering to our magistrates in towns; and so the civil powers of government were quite widely distributed. There was not a man who gained his office otherwise than by his own merits; and every unworthy action was attended by a forfeiture of the officer's commission, and the penalty of public scorn. They, as well as the military leaders, accepted no salary, but gave away the perquisites of their offices in time of peace, and their share of plunder in war. There was no bribery and corruption in office, for they had not learned the arts of the Civilized Man. They felt themselves amply rewarded by the confidence and esteem of the people. Chosen by the voice of universal suffrage, their deportment was as dignified as their position.

The powers and duties of the President of the Confederacy were similar to those imposed upon the Chief Magistrate of our republic. He had authority to "light the great council fire"—that is, to assemble a general congress by sending a messenger to the sachem of each canton, calling him to a meeting. With his own hand he kindled the blaze around which the council gath-



ARROW-HEADS, FULL SIZE.



QUIVER.

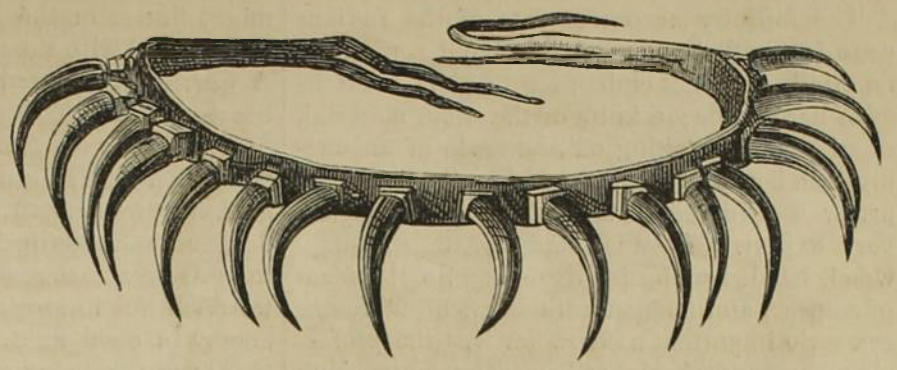
ered, and at which each man lighted his pipe. He was always chosen from the Onondaga nation, and the general congresses of the League were held at what the French called the Onondaga Castle. He had a cabinet of six counselors of state, whose powers were only advisory. In the council he was only a moderator; and he had no power to control, directly, military affairs, or interfere with the internal policy of the several states of the League. In fact, there was no coercive power lodged any where that could act upon any canton or individual, excepting that of despotic public opinion.

The military organization of the League seems to have been not only independent of the civil authority, but dominant of it. The military leaders were called Chiefs. They derived their authority from the people, who recognized and rewarded their ability as warriors; and they sometimes held the relation to the civil heads of the nations similar to that of Roman generals to emperors, whom they deposed and succeeded in office. The army was composed wholly of volunteers. There was no power to conscribe men. Every able-bodied man was bound by custom to do military duty, and he who shirked it incurred everlasting disgrace. Therefore the ranks of the army were always full. The war-dance and other popular assemblages were the recruiting stations. Thereat the warriors, painted and bedecked, recounted their prowess in wild songs, and so inspired the youth with a desire (amounting sometimes to a frenzy) to win the honors of war. Such was the method of "beating up for recruits" among all the nations of North America.

As in old Rome the soldiers were honored above all other men, so they were among the Iroquois; and the warriors, under their chiefs, were all-powerful in public affairs. Whatever was done in civil councils was subjected to review by the soldiery, who had the right to call councils whenever they pleased, and approve or disapprove public measures. So careful were the civil authorities to pay deference to the warriors, that general answers were postponed until the opinions of the soldiers might be known. And so it was that in nearly all councils the decisions were made by unanimous consent. In all this, consummate wisdom was displayed. In the perfect freedom of the voluntary system lay the amazing strength of the Confederacy, for every servant of the state was an inspired and willing one. And so much did the Iroquois reverence the "inalienable rights" of man, such as "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," that they never made a fellow-man a slave, not even their captives taken in war.

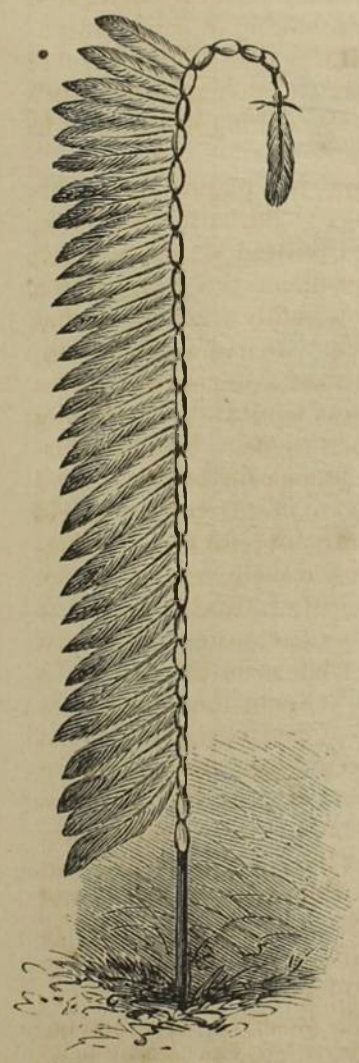
There was a third and powerful party in the conduct of the public affairs of the League, namely, the matrons. Theirs was a highly conservative power. They had the right to sit in the councils, and there exercise a negative or veto power on the subject of a declaration of war, and to propose and demand a cessation of hostilities. So they were preeminently peace-makers. It was no reflection upon the courage of a tribe or nation if, at the call of the matrons, they withdrew from the war-path. These women wielded great influence in the legislatures, but they modestly delegated the functions of speech-making to some masculine orator. And so it was that, in that notable confederacy of barbarians, woman was man's co-worker in legislation—a thing unheard of in civilized nations.

Such, in mere outline, is a picture of a political confederacy among our Barbarian Brethren, generations before the Civilized Man discovered them. It was a government the nearest to a pure democracy, and yet highly aristocratic, that the world has ever seen. It had all the essential elements of our form of government. Like old Rome, the state was constantly increasing by conquests and annexations. Had the discovery of America by Europeans been deferred for a century, no doubt that republic would have embraced the continent; for the Five Nations had already extended their conquests from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and were the terror of all the other Indians east and west of them. For a long time even the French in Canada, who had taught them the use of fire-arms, maintained a doubtful struggle against them. "Our wise forefathers," said a leading sachem to commissioners of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, in 1744, "established unity and amity among the Five Nations. This has made us formidable. This has given us great weight with our neighboring nations. We are a powerful Confederacy; and by observing the same methods our wise forefathers have taken, you will acquire fresh strength and power. Therefore I counsel you, whatever befalls you, not to fall out with one another."



NECKLACE OF BEARS' CLAWS.

The Iroquois was only a Barbarian more advanced toward civilization than the rest of his dusky brethren on the continent. He was superstitious and cruel. So were the men and women of all the other American nations. They all believed in witches, as firmly as did Cotton Mather and a majority of civilized men and women in his day, in the light of Christianity; and they punished them in human form as fiercely and piously as did the magistrates of Henry the Eighth, or the rulers and gospel-ministers of Salem in later times. The "medicine men" and "prophets" were as acute deceivers, and as despotic and absurd in social life, as were the priests and oracles and conjurors of the Civilized Man in another hemisphere. They tortured their captive enemies in revenge for kindred slain, with almost as exquisite a refinement of cruelty as did the ministers of the Holy Inquisition of Civilized Man the enemies of their opinions; and they lighted fires around their more eminent prisoners of war, in token of their power, as bright and hot as those kindled by enlightened Englishmen around Joan of Arc, as a sorceress, or Bishops Latimer and Ridley, as unbelievers in an utter absurdity.



ENSIGN.

We have observed that the costume of the Indians was modified by climate and seasons. In the warm regions they were almost naked, seldom wearing more than the azain or loin-cloth, or an apron of fur or feathers suspended by a thong around the abdomen, as seen in the sketch (page 800) of a Virginia magician or "medicine man," as given by De Bry. In the more temperate and colder regions they wore clothing made of the skins of wild animals, dressed, or with the hair or fur on. Of the skin of the deer, dressed and smoked, they made soft moccasins or shoes, which they sometimes highly ornamented for the feet of girls and women, with pigments, or the stained quills of the porcupine. They had no knowledge of the art of making hard leather by tanning.

The "leather stocking," or legging of dressed deer-skin, was another part of the costume, which was ornamented generally by fringes of the same material, and is yet in use among all the hunter tribes. The masculine legging was made the length of the limb. The feminine reached only to the knee, below which it was fastened by a garter. Both covered the moccasin. The men wore war-shirts or mantles, made of the skins of fierce beasts like the bear, the wolf, and the panther, with the idea that the wearer, while on the war-path, might partake of the fierce nature of the beast. These were sometimes ornamented with the feathers of the eagle or the claws of the bear. Necklaces made of bears' claws were also worn by warriors.

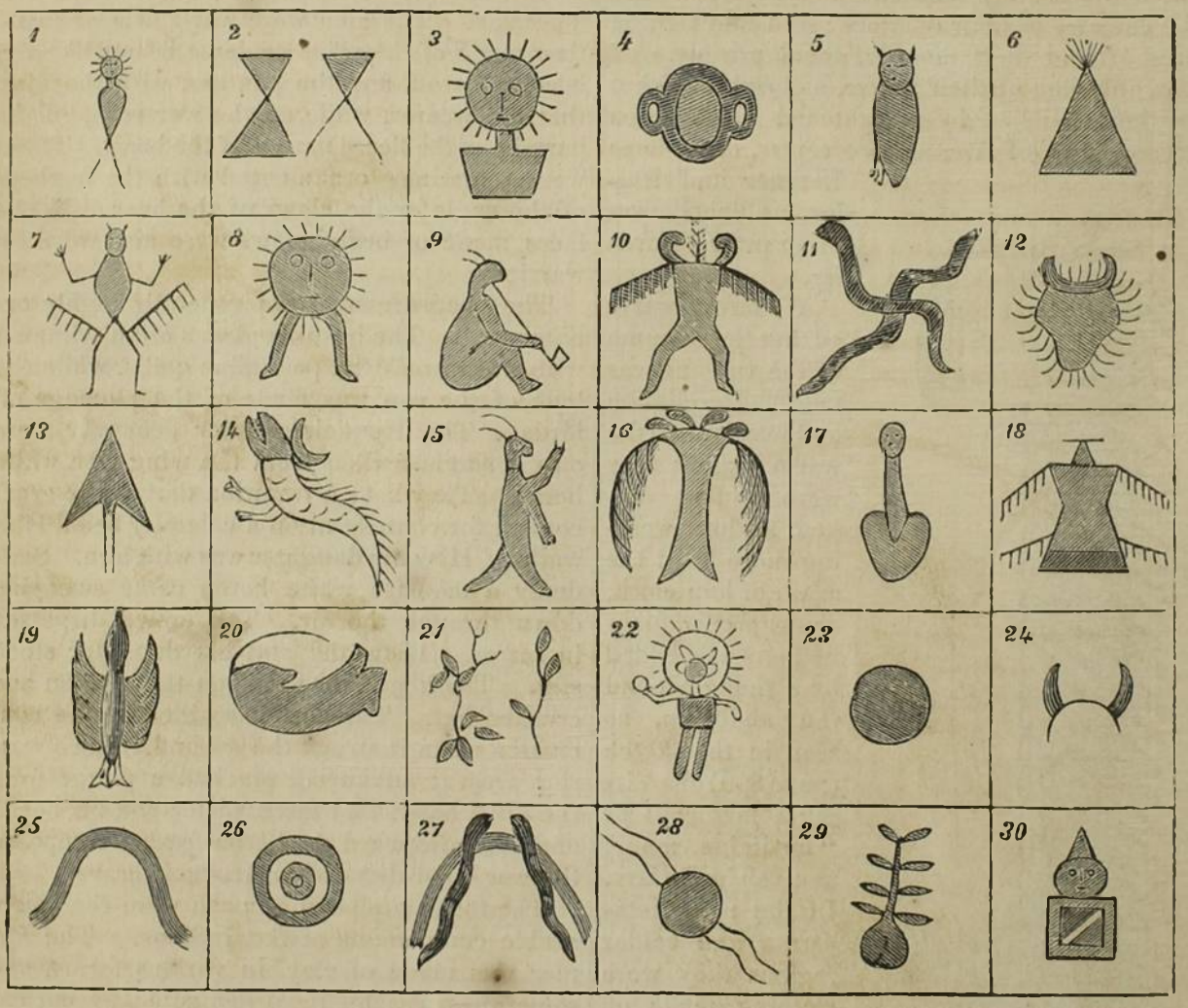
The head-dresses were generally highly ornamented. The head-band was often trimmed with shells and dyed porcupine quills, while the bulk of the cap was made of the plumage of birds. The Iroquois warrior generally wore only a single feather from the wing of a white heron. They have a tradition that at the great council for confederation a calamity befell Hiawatha. His only daughter was with him. Suddenly a monster white heron came swooping down through the air. The crowd dispersed in terror. Hiawatha and his daughter stood still. The huge bird fell upon the maiden and crushed her. The bird was killed by the concussion when it struck the ground. Each warrior present advanced, plucked a plume from the huge body, and fastened it upon his head; and ever afterward the heron-feather composed the war head-dress of an Iroquois brave.

The tobacco-pipe and pouch were the inseparable companions of the Indians. The former was made of clay, in various forms, and sometimes was highly ornamented by curious markings before the material was baked, as seen in the engraving on a preceding page, from a specimen in possession of the writer. The calumet, or pipe of peace, used at inter-tribal councils, was generally trimmed with the feathers of the pigeon or dove. The pouch was made of the skin of a small fur-bearing animal, and was often highly ornamented.

The military accoutrements of the Indians were few and simple. A huge and sometimes fancifully-wrought club of hard wood; a hatchet of hard stone; a knife of the same material, or of bone, for taking off the scalp of an enemy, and bow and arrows, made up the list. The arrow was his chief weapon, in which he was very expert. It was made of light, tough wood, headed with flint wrought into the form of a spear, and fledged with small birds' feathers. So important a character was the professional arrow-maker, that he was exempted from all public duty and the chase. The arrows were carried in quivers in form and method not unlike those used by the barbarians of the elder world, the ancestors of civilized nations. These quivers were made of skins or the bark of trees, and were often ornamented with pigments or carvings. The shield, made of the thickest part of the hide of the buffalo or stag, was the Indian's only protection against the arrow. These were often handsomely ornamented, and were worn on the arm in the style of the bull's-hide shields of Homer's heroes. Their ensigns or war-banners were not made of fabrics that might flutter in the breeze, but of a tall pole full-fledged with the wing-feathers of the eagle. A warrior considered it a high honor to be the bearer of this.

And so the old Americans were prepared for war when the Europeans found them. They generally went forth in parties of forty or fifty bowmen. Sometimes a dozen went out, like knights-errant, to seek renown in combat. They were skillful in stratagem, and seldom met an enemy in open fight. Ambush and secret attacks were their favorite methods of gaining an advantage. Though much engaged in forays, they could not properly be called a warlike people. Their close personal encounters were fierce and bloody. They scalped their enemies, dried these trophies on hoops, and bore them home in triumph as evidences of their valor; while their more notable captives were tortured.

The domestic utensils of the Indians were few and simple for the supply of their few wants. They were made of stones and bones and hard wood. Of these materials they made mortars and pestles, large and small, for grinding their grain. They had stone axes for hew-



INDIAN SYMBOLS.

Explanation.—1. A living man. 2. Headless man and woman. 3. A spirit, or a man enlightened from on high, having the head of the sun. The idea of a nimbus. 4. A man's head with ears open to conviction. 5. An owl, the symbol of Wisdom, as among the ancient Greeks. 6. Wigwam—domestic circle. 7. A spirit of Evil. 8. Symbol of a warrior as bold as the sun. 9. Sociality. 10. A botanical doctor with great skill. Ubiquity given him by birds. 11. Wariness. 12. The sun. Horns denote power. 13. War. 14. Magical power. 15. A great war-captain, grasping earth and sky. 16. Symbol of power to look into futurity. 17. Symbol of power over the heart. 18. Spiritual power. 19. Speed. 20. Death. On stones at graves the totem of the deceased was always placed in this position. This is a dead bear totem. 21. Medical power. 22. A spirit of prophecy of the sky. 23. Night—eclipse. 24. Power. 25. The sky. 26. Time. 27. Spirits of Evil looking into heaven. 28. A belt or baldrick—nocturnal fraternity. 29. A budding war-club. 30. A chief.

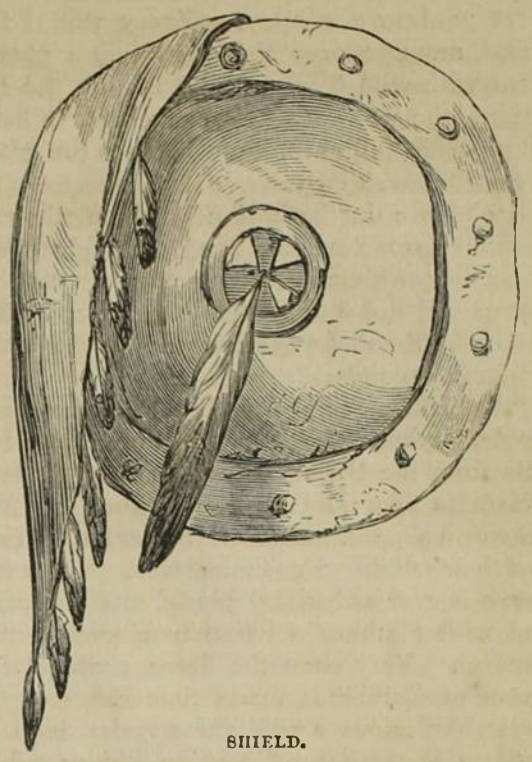
ing down trees and hollowing out logs for canoes by the aid of fire, which they obtained by the friction of two pieces of hard wood, one moved swiftly by a contrivance like a drill-bow. Their dwellings were huts made of poles set in conical form, and covered with skins or the bark of trees. Their money was made of little tubes wrought of the common clam or other shell, arranged in strings or in belts, and was called wampum, as seen in a picture on a preceding page. This the children were taught to make.

There was no written language in all the Western World excepting in the form of pictography, which had a near relationship to the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians, and was common to all ancient nations. It was used in aid of historic and other traditions, and in illustration of their mythology, which was almost as rich, in some instances, in symbolism as was that of the Hindoos, Etruscans, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans. It formed a part of their religious system, having, like that of the nations mentioned, its basis in the personification of the powers of nature in their relation to men. It was no more extravagant and absurd than that of other peoples, but lacked the polish which philosophy sometimes gave to the others. It was created by the natural craving of the spirit for something above the level of humanity.

The duality of God was the most ancient tenet of the Indian faith—a prominent tenet, it may be observed, in all the more advanced Oriental nations of antiquity. They believed in the existence of two Great Spirits as forming the perfect Godhead. One eminently great was the Good Spirit, and the inferior was an Evil Spirit. They believed every animal to have had a great original, or father. The first



A SCALP.



SHIELD.

buffalo, the first bear, the first beaver, the first eagle, *et cætera*, was the manitou, or guardian spirit, of the whole race of these different creatures. They chose some one of these originals as their special manitou or guardian, and hence arose the custom of having its representation as the *totem* of the tribe. Whatever they held to be superior to themselves they deified, such as the sun, moon, stars, meteors, fire, water, thunder, wind; but they never exalted their heroes or prophets above the sphere of humanity. They adored an invisible great Master of Life in various form, which they called Manitou, and made it a sort of tutelar deity. They had vague notions of vicarious atonement, and made propitiatory sacrifices with great solemnity. They all had dim traditions of a deluge as an exhibition of Divine wrath, and the salvation of a family as an act of Divine mercy. They were very superstitious, and under the direction of priestcraft they did cruel and horrible things. In their pictographic records of moral and religious thought, as well as of their mythology, they employed symbols extensively. These were also used in writing their songs, and in musical notations.

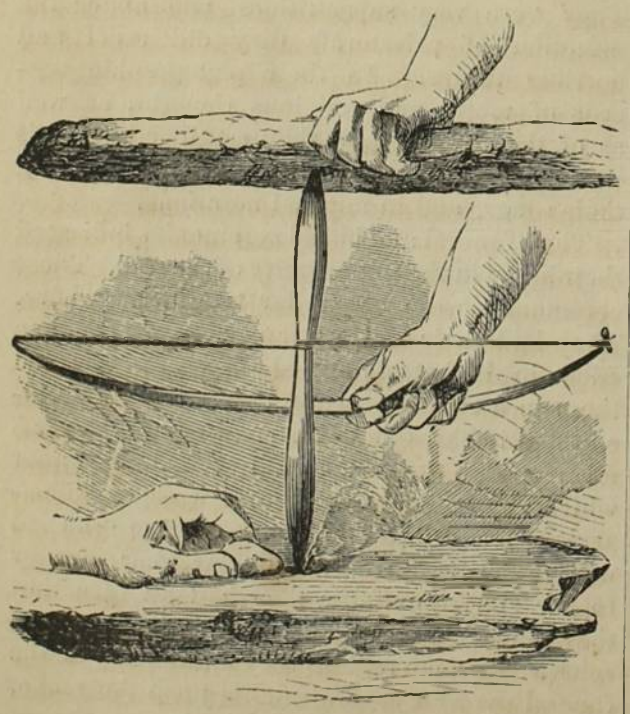
Their funeral and burial ceremonies indicated their belief in the immortality of the soul. These ceremonies were of similar type every where. They laid their dead, wrapped in skins, upon sticks in the bottom of a shallow pit, or placed them in a sitting posture, or occasionally folded them in skins and laid them upon high scaffolds out of the reach of wild beasts, under which the relatives wept and wailed. Their arms, utensils, paints, and food were buried with them, to be used on their long journey to the spirit land, for they had an idea that they possessed a twofold nature of matter and spirit. In some regions they lighted a symbolic funeral pyre for several nights upon the grave, that the soul might perceive and enjoy the re-

spect paid to the body. Every where they raised mounds over the graves, and planted them with wild flowers; and among the Floridians, the widows of warriors slain in battle cut off their hair and strewed it over the graves of their beloved ones.

Such were our barbarian brethren when the civilized European found them, and such a greater portion of them are now. Every where the first pale visitor was treated with generous hospitality by the dusky American. How was that hospitality requited? Let us see.

"So loving, tractable, and peaceable are these people," wrote Columbus to Ferdinand and Isabella from the Bahamas and Antilles, "that I declare to your Majesties that there is not in this world a better nation or a better land. They love their neighbors as themselves. Their discourse is ever sweet and gentle, and accompanied with a smile." Satan had entered that paradise. Very soon the fierce civilized followers of Columbus made that Eden of the gentle barbarians a wilderness and a land of unutterable woes, for Christian kindness had been requited with all the savage cruelties of avarice and lust. Thousands of men, women, and children had perished, and many were made abject slaves and beasts of burden by the intruders. Who were the barbarians?

A few years later wealthy Spanish owners of mines in San Domingo sent a Civilized Man with ships to kidnap natives of the Bahamas for service in the dark pits. Storms drove the vessels to the coast of our South Carolina. The unsuspecting barbarians there received the sufferers with kindness, and gave them food and water. Allured by false smiles the simple natives swarmed upon the ships, which had been prepared as traps, and scores of innocent people were borne away southward as predestined bond-slaves in the horrid mines. Who were the barbarians? This treachery soon became known all over the land of the palmetto. The Indians were apt pupils of their civilized brethren, and fearfully rewarded treachery with treachery when pale-faces again appeared in their country. "Others of your accursed race have in years past poisoned our peaceful shores," said Acuera, a Creek chief, to the messengers of De Soto. "They have taught me what you are. What is your employment? To wander about like vagabonds from land to land; to rob the poor; to betray the confiding; to murder, in cold blood, the defenseless. No! with such a people I want no peace—no friendship!" That was more than three hundred years ago. "The white people," said a chief to a committee of Congress, in 1867, "treat us worse than the wolves do." At any hour between the dates of these expressions they may have been truthfully used by the Indians.



METHOD OF KINDLING FIRE.

Then followed the crimes of Cortéz, already alluded to. Twenty years earlier mariners from Portugal, where men and women were established articles of traffic, prowled along our New England coasts and below, enjoyed the hospitality of the barbarians, and then carried away fifty of them and sold them as slaves. Who were the barbarians?

Then came a Florentine in the service of the King of France. He skirted the shores of the Atlantic from Cape Fear to Nova Scotia, and was kindly treated every where until he encountered the angered Indians of New England, who had heard of the treachery of the Portuguese. The Florentine also had left an active seed of hatred behind him, for on the coast of North Carolina the rescue of some of his sailors from drowning by the natives was requited by robbing a mother of her child, and an attempt to kidnap a young woman. Who were the barbarians?

A French navigator, accompanied by scions of the nobility of France, received the blessing of the Bishop of St. Malo; sailed for the new-found world; discovered, named, and navigated the St. Lawrence River as far as the site of Montreal, and was received there with marked hospitality by the chief sachem of the Hurons. That barbarian was rewarded with cruelty by his civilized brother, who carried him away a captive to France. Which was the barbarian?

The discoverer of the St. Lawrence was followed, many years afterward, by another Frenchman, who built a fort on the site of Quebec, and, with a band of Huron-Algonquins, made war upon the Five Nations, and gave them their first acquaintance with fire-arms. So general had become a knowledge of the pale man, his treachery and his cruelty, along the coasts and far into the interior of the continent, that forts became a necessity for settlers against the righteous wrath of the Indians. Instead of securing their friendship by a simple reciprocity of their justice and kindness, the Europeans, especially the English, refusing both,

made them bitter enemies. In a short time, however, the Jesuit priest and the French trader, exercising both kindness and justice, won the confidence, friendship, and alliance of the Indian; while the English continued to treat him as a brute rather than as a man. Defrauded and ill-used almost every where, the barbarian's indignation often kindled the flames of war. Then his cruelties were cited as proof of his natural devilishness, while no account was taken of his provocations. Pometacom, fighting for his birth-right, was a *savage;* the Englishmen who carried his head upon a pole into Plymouth, and sold his son as a slave in Barbadoes, were *saints.*



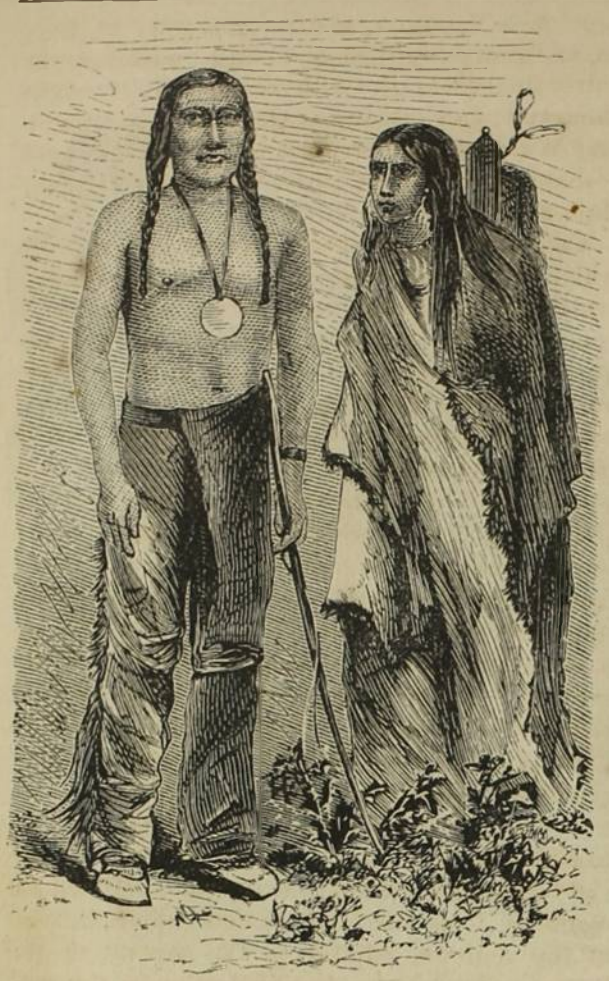
FLORIDIAN WIDOWS SCATTERING THEIR HAIR OVER THEIR HUSBANDS' GRAVES.
(*From Picart.*)

Every where on the pages of our colonial history are records of hostilities between the Barbarian and the Civilized Man, excepting in the commonwealth established by William Penn, the Quaker, where justice was the foundation of the state.

"Thou'lt find," said the Quaker, "in me and mine,
But friends and brothers to thee and thine,
Who abuse no power and admit no line
'Twixt the red man and the white."
And bright was the spot where the Quaker came
To leave his hat, his drab, and his name,
That will sweetly sound from the trump of Fame
'Till its final blast shall die.

When the founders of the republic had finished their labors they adopted a policy toward the Indians which has proved most disastrous to them and injurious to the nation. They were denied citizenship, and so were excluded from its privileges and advantages. They were taught to call the President of the republic their "Great Father;" and he, in turn, called them "Children." This was practically their relationship. They were treated as children and wards of the nation, and yet were held to be foreigners in organized sovereignties, capable of making treaties and holding diplomatic relations with our government. This absurd policy has been the fruitful mother of most of the evils which have attended our intercourse, as a nation, with the Indians. They have been forced or persuaded to cede their lands to the national government or to those of States for almost nothing, in comparison with their value, until they have become nominal sovereignties without territory, and tenants at will of strangers. Ever since the Dutch bought of the Mannahatoes the island on which the city of New York stands, for a few worthless trinkets which were valued at twenty-four dollars, the spectacle has been exhibited of a simple, artless, confiding people suffering themselves to be dispossessed of vast and valuable territories upon conditions that show all the essential elements of fraud in the transaction—the strong and cunning taking advantage of the weak and credulous.

In the treaties for the cession of lands the government has guarantied the payment of stipulated annuities of money or merchandise, or both, to the Indians, and also protection. It has, from time to time, placed them on reservations of wild lands, and so compelled them to continue in the hunter state, on the borders of civilization, instead of becoming agriculturists or artisans within its folds. As the white populations have pressed upon these reservations the Indians have been removed further westward, into the wilderness, until now they are all beyond the Mississippi River, and are still kept upon the extreme verge of civilization. Some of these removals have been outrages upon human nature and gross violations of the laws of nations, as in the case of the Cherokees in Georgia, who had fine cultivated farms, flourishing schools, and Christian church-



SOUTHWESTERN INDIANS.—(*From a late Report to the Government.*)

es when they were driven to the wilds between Arkansas and the Rocky Mountains.

Our system of Indian reservations and annuities, under the general superintendence of government agents, has been productive of a vast amount of evil, and of the almost continual wars between the pale and dusky races. Hovering like vultures around the agents may be found a host of contractors and traders, who, as a rule, manage to cheat both the government and the Indians. The traffickers have caused wide-spread demoralization among all the tribes by the sale of intoxicating drinks, and are justly chargeable with much of the woe that our Barbarian Brethren have suffered. Injustice and wrong toward the latter have almost always formed the rule with the government and individuals, and the opposite the exception. Smarting under a sense of these wrongs, the Indians have been made implacable enemies of their oppressors. Contractors have, in scores of instances, purposely fanned the flames of their indignation and desires for vengeance, and incited the Indians to make war that their own craft might prosper in government employment. These are grave charges, but a thousand tongues can testify to their truth.

In this connection the Church and the State have been guilty of enormous sins of omission. The former has been sending, annually, large sums of money to Asia, Africa, and the isles of the sea for the Christianization of the heathen; while, until lately, pagans at our doors, as naked, degraded, darkened in spirit as "the King of the Cannibal Islands," have received but little attention. The latter, seemingly insensible of the value to the State of civilization among hundreds of thousands of barbarians under its charge, has, until lately, not only done nothing, comparatively, for the physical, moral, and spiritual well-being of the Indians, but has pursued a policy calculated to keep far from them all elevating and civilizing influences, and to perpetuate and intensify their degradation. The Church and State lift up eyes and hands in holy horror, and cry "Savage!" when Indians steal cattle and horses from some military corral, or attack an emigrant or express train or frontier settlement, and plunder and murder the people. What student of our past history can deny that the Church and State are largely responsible for these acts, and for the fact that, after an intercourse of more than two hundred years with the Indians, there should be a "savage" tribe within the borders of the republic? This fact is discreditable to our Christianity and civilization. Who shall deny that the thousands of precious lives and $200,000,000 spent in wars with the Indians ($40,000,000 in the great slave-hunt in Florida alone) are not chargeable, in a great degree, to the failures in duty of Church and State?

For years Christian philanthropists and enlightened statesmen have been earnestly considering the question, What shall be done with our Barbarian Brethren? Until lately the question seemed a knot too hard to be untied by any practical answer. War, plunder of the national government, expenditure of life and treasure, and demoralization, were almost constantly seen and deplored, but the old policy was persisted in. At length the distressing hostilities with the Indians that had been going on since the close of the civil war caused Congress first to appoint a commission to inquire into the condition of the Indian tribes, and then a peace commission for their pacification. These reported, and the facts they revealed aroused the whole country to a sense of the necessity for a change of policy toward the Indians. A Senator from Kansas reported a bill in Congress, early in 1869, to "create a Department of Indian Affairs, and to provide for the consolidation, civilization, and government of the Indian tribes." The religious brethren of William Penn—the Society of Friends, or Quakers of our country—numbering many thousands, who had long considered the "Indian Question" in the light of justice and humanity, now spoke out. In a memorial to Congress of representatives of Seven Yearly Meetings, who assembled in Baltimore early in 1869, they asked that body to try kindness instead of gunpowder in dealing with hostile Indians. They believed General Harney was right when he said, "It is easier to conquer the Indians by kindness and justice than by all the forces of unscrupulous war." They said: "Let the effort be made in good faith to promote their education, their industry, their

morality. Invite the assistance of the philanthropic and Christian effort which has been so valuable an aid in the elevation of the freedmen; and render it possible for justice and good example to restore that confidence which has been lost by injustice and cruelty."

Congress took action in accordance with these suggestions; and President Grant said, in his Inaugural Address: "The proper treatment of the original occupants of this land—the Indians—is one deserving a careful study. I will favor any course toward them which tends to their civilization, Christianization, and ultimate citizenship." He did not stop here. He appointed the legal representative of the remnant of the Seneca nation, who bears the official medal of Red Jacket, to be Chief of the Bureau of Indian Affairs at Washington, and nominated eighteen members of the Society of Friends as agents to go among the Indians and try the effect of honest dealing and kind actions. "No higher compliment was ever paid by government to a religious sect," said a leading newspaper at that time. It may with equal force be said that no government ever more honored itself. These peaceful agents are now in the field of beneficent labor.

This is all well; but it falls far short of a perfect remedy for the evils we deplore, and would cure. It leaves complicated and injurious machinery in operation, and only makes a change in the operators. We must sweep away all the machinery. It has been long tried, and found to be worse than useless—positively mischievous. We must go back of the acts of the founders of the republic, and adopt a new policy. Let us profit by the experience of the British government in its relations to the Scotch Highlanders. They were treated as clans or tribes bearing allegiance to chiefs, and with chiefs alone the government held intercourse. Raids, rebellions, wars, were the consequences. After the great rebellion in 1745 the government changed its policy. It made roads through the Highlands, broke up the tribal relations, and required each man, as a citizen of Great Britain, to obey its laws and perform duties as such; and at the same time gave him all the privileges which citizenship conferred. Peace and loyalty were the consequences. Turbulent men, expensive to the state, were made good neighbors and valuable to the state.

We have within our borders an Indian population of a little more than three hundred thousand souls, according to official estimates made in 1867. There are about fifteen thousand in the States eastward of the Mississippi, principally in New York, Michigan, and Wisconsin; the remainder, consisting of Cherokees, Choctaws, and Seminoles, being in North Carolina, Mississippi, and Florida. The number in Minnesota and along the frontiers of the Western States and Texas (most of them from the country eastward of the Mississippi) is estimated at eighty thousand. Those on the Plains and among the Rocky Mountains, not within any organized Territory, at fifty thousand; in Texas, at twenty-five thousand; in New Mexico, at thirty thousand; in California, at seventy-eight thousand; in Utah, at ten thousand; in Oregon and Washington Territory, at twenty thousand—making a total of three hundred and eight thousand.

Considering the extent of the region over which these remnants of the old Americans are scattered, and pondering their past and present condition, the question, What is to be their destiny? comes up, pressing for an immediate answer. The teaching of all history, and of our own experience as a nation, replies: *Make the Indian a citizen of the republic, wherever he may be, and treat him as a man and a brother.* Give him all the privileges of citizenship, on terms of equality with other citizens, and exact from him all the duties of a citizen. Hold him responsible for his conduct as an individual, as we do other citizens. If he shall be living within a State, let him be treated in all respects as a citizen of that State. If he shall be an inhabitant of a Territory, let him be treated as a citizen of that Territory. Abandon all the machinery which is now needed in our absurd relations to him, and merge each Indian into general society as a member of the republic. Then all agencies, from the head of the Indian Bureau at the national capital to the servant of the lowest official at an Indian station in the wilderness, would disappear, with all the enormous cost of such agencies, honestly and dishonestly imposed. Then would disappear the host of contractors who adhere like leeches to the public treasury, and the swarms of traders whose blight has been felt like a mildew through all the tribes of the forests and the plains. Wars with the Indians would cease. Civilization, working directly upon individuals, would rapidly achieve wonderful triumphs.

A SONG.

'Tis not the murmuring voice of Spring
That stirs my heart and makes me sing;
'Tis not the blue skies, bubbling o'er
With sunshine spilled along earth's floor;
Nor yet the flush of bursting rose,
Nor bloom of any flower that grows.

It is that long, long years ago,
When all the world was blushing so—
It is that then my cheek blushed too,
My heart beat fast for love and you:
There was a music in the air
I fail to find now any where.

And so, when Spring comes wandering by,
I lose the thread of misery;
Trusting the promise of her days,
I tune my voice to sing her praise,
And cheat myself with the sweet pain
That in the spring Love blooms again.

ALBERT DURER.



ALBERT DURER.

MAY 20, 1771—just a century ago, lacking a year—was a great day in the quaint Bavarian city of Nürnberg; for on that day was laid the foundation-stone of a monument to the memory of Albert Durer, the greatest citizen of that old town, who had been born there just three centuries before. On another May-day, in 1840, threescore and ten years later, this monument was formally finished by the erection of a bronze statue, the work of the great sculptor Rauch. Monument and statue stand in plain view of all men, in the public place, now named Durer Platz, hard by the house where Albert Durer passed many years of a prosperous life—a house which was most likely old three centuries ago, and yet so solidly built that it may look scarcely older three centuries hence.

This statue of Durer represents a man of middle life, standing in an attitude of calm repose. The face is closely modeled after a portrait of Durer, painted when he was of the age of eight-and-twenty. The likeness between this face and that which great painters have chosen to set forth the countenance of the Redeemer of the World is striking. This assumed portrait of the Saviour is possibly mainly ideal; but in its general aspect it can be traced so far back, and through so many channels, that it is no very violent stretch of faith to trust that this one pictured face which looks down from so many altar-pieces all over Christendom is not unlike that worn by Him who in the beginning was with God, and who was God, what time He "became flesh and dwelt among us." In any case, it can not be other



RAUCH'S STATUE OF DURER.

than pleasant to know that the face of the first great Christian painter was not unlike that which other great painters have chosen as the one best fitted to represent the character of the Christ.

A quaint old German poem describes Nürnberg as—

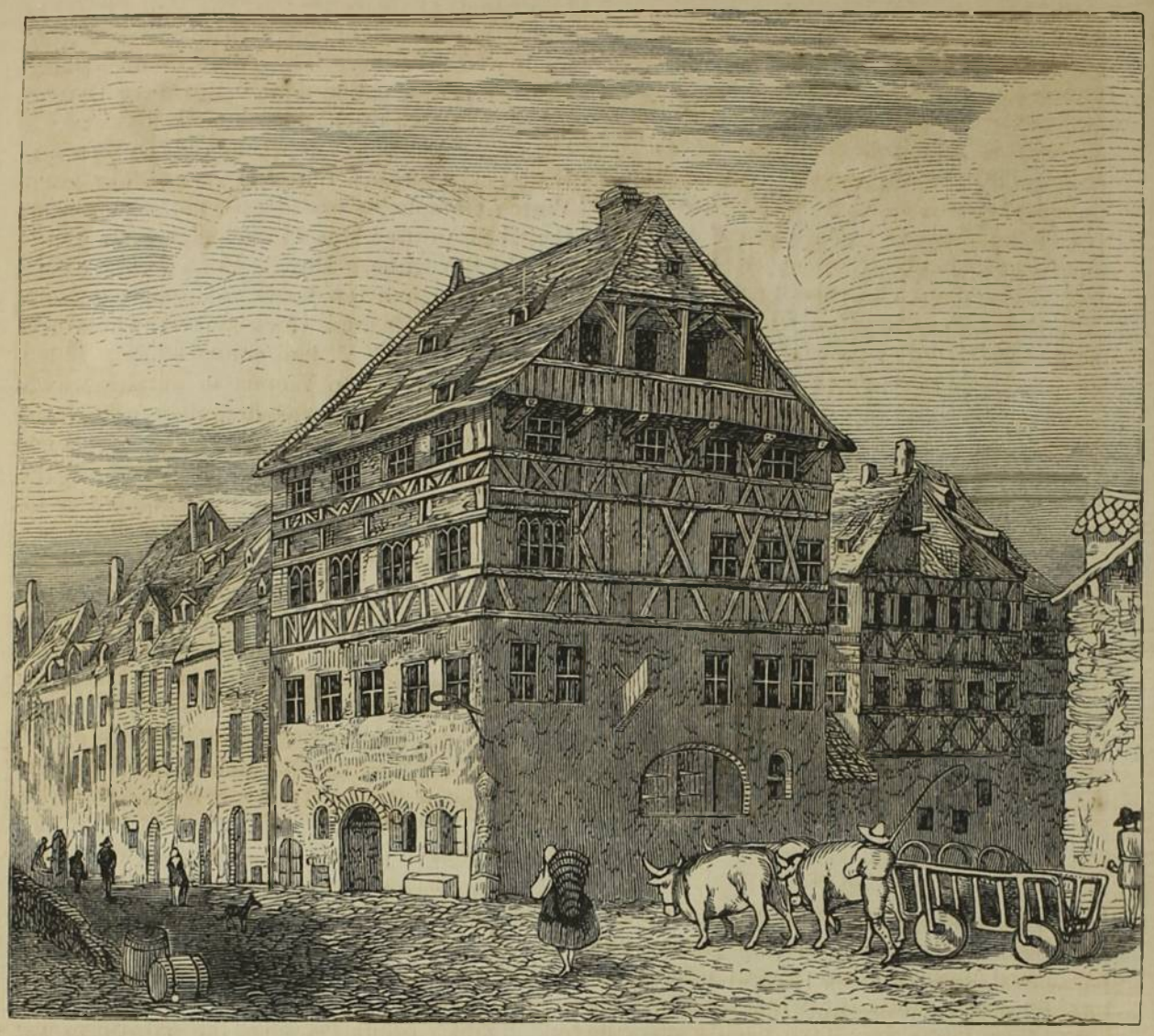
> "That ancient, free, imperial town,
> Forever fair and young,
> Where Albert Durer plied his art,
> And Hans Sachs pegged and sung."

The word "free," applied to a German town of the Middle Ages, conveys a weight of meaning which we of this country and century can hardly appreciate. To men of that day it meant that the citizens had somehow set themselves free from the control of their feudal lords. Sometimes they won this freedom by the sword; sometimes they purchased it for money. Nürnberg bought its freedom. For centuries the Emperor had the power of appointing a "Burg-grave" or Governor, who had a fortified residence in the town. In 1417 the Emperor chanced to be more than usually in need of ready cash. The good burghers of Nürnberg bought their freedom with a great price. To get rid of their Burg-grave they paid to the Emperor 120,000 *gulden*, which, making due allowance for changes in the valuation of money, may be estimated as the equivalent for a million of dollars. They razed the residence to the ground, and for long afterward were ruled by a council of their own choice. The free city grew to be a centre of industry. The first gun-lock ever made was fabricated at Nürnberg. The first watches which a man could carry in his pocket were made at Nürnberg. They were round-looking affairs; people called them "Nürnberg Eggs;" in fact, a watch of that day looked much like a big egg. It would keep time only indifferently. Yet we think that any one of our great Watch Companies would give half a dozen of their best productions in exchange for a genuine old "Nürnberg Egg." Contemporary with Durer, though a few years younger, was Bollman, locksmith and clock-maker, whom the Emperor Charles V. had conveyed in a sedan chair all the way to Vienna to put his watch right. This watch was doubtless a "Nürnberg Egg," and out of Nürnberg there was not a man who could repair it. Nürnberg, in the time of Durer, was one of the chief cities of Europe. It had a population of 100,000—nearly double what it now contains. In wealth and splendor it exceeded London or Paris, and was only surpassed by Genoa and Venice. It suffered greatly during the Thirty-Years' War, and has fallen far behind many of the great cities of Europe which were once its inferiors. It is now famous for the manufacture of toys.

But to us Nürnberg is mainly interesting as the home of Albert Durer. He was born on the 20th of May, 1471,* and died on the 6th of April, 1528. His father, an honest, God-fearing man, was a skillful goldsmith, and wished his son to follow the same profession. But the boy's bent was toward Art; and at the age of fifteen he was placed with Wohlgemuth, the most noted painter in his native city. In three years he learned all that his master could teach him. He had before this made good progress in his profession. There is extant a portrait of himself at the age of thirteen, which gives evidence of decided talent.

At the age of three-and-twenty Durer married the pretty Agnes Frey, who turned out a sad shrew, and led him an uncomfortable life. Her fortune, most probably, enabled him to purchase the house in which he lived and wrought. It still stands. It can hardly be called a princely mansion. It is entered through a wide door which admits into a covered court-yard, which is really the support for the rooms above, for the habitable portions of the house are all up stairs. The walls of the upper part of the house are of that kind of construction known as "half-timber." The second story presents nothing very remarkable; but climbing up a rather dark stairway, which the foot of Durer must often have trodden, almost four centuries ago, the traveler of to-day reaches the third-floor—the real home of Albert Durer. The front-room of this story is a fine apartment. It is lighted by "win-

* This is the accepted date of Durer's birth. His father's record simply says that he was born on "Friday, in Holy Week, St. Prudentius's Day." There is some confusion in the Calendar; some computations make Good-Friday, 1471, to have fallen April 12; while Prudentius's Day was April 6. If this last computation is accepted, he died on the anniversary of his birth. We, however, accept the usual dates.

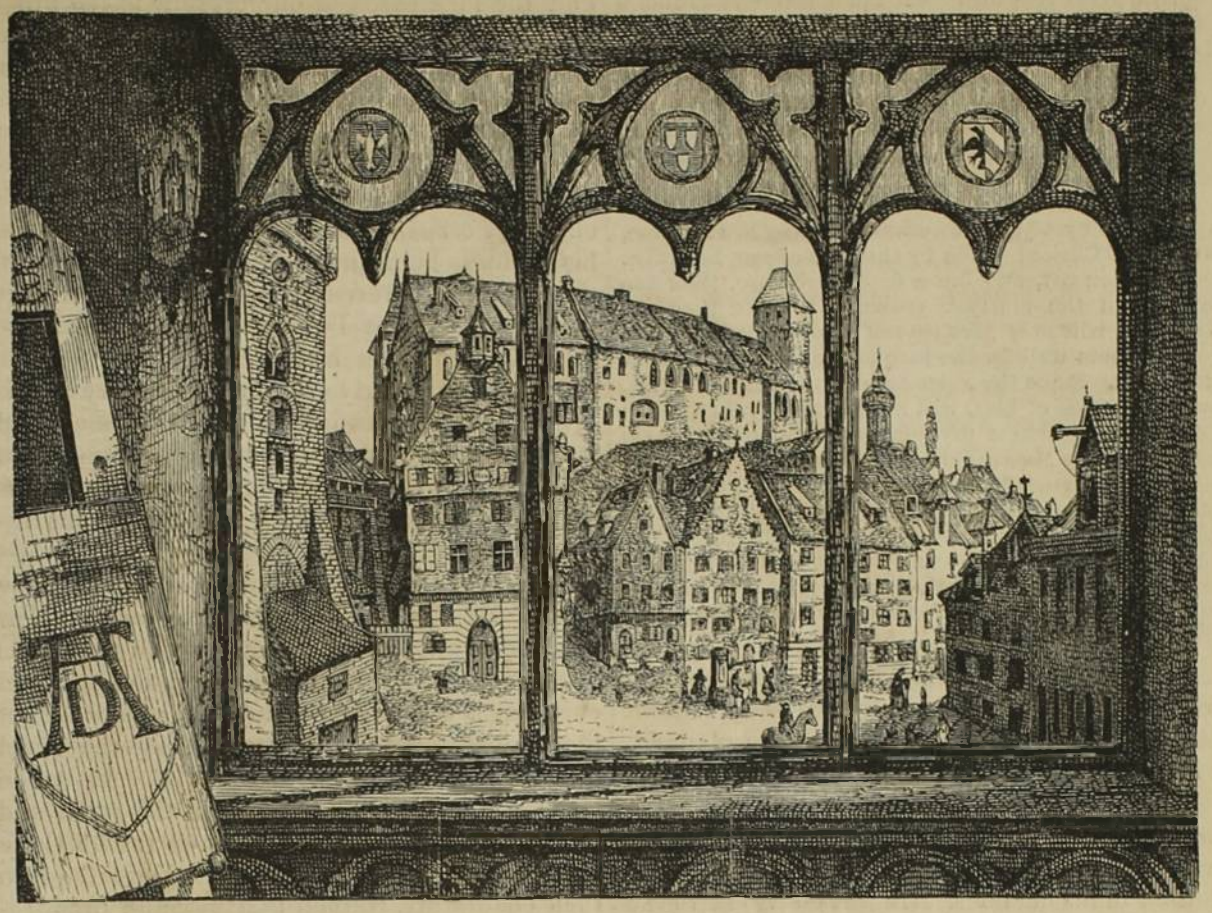


DURER'S HOUSE.

dows with cusped mullions," which may be seen in the picture which we give of Albert Durer's house. The view from the window of this room is quaint enough. Dominating over all is the Castle of Nürnberg, which looks very like a somewhat dilapidated manufactory. At the foot of the castle runs a straight street, bordered by odd edifices, which leads toward the Durer Platz and Rauch's statue. One quaint building standing just opposite Durer's window deserves special note. It overtops all its neighbors, and its high-pitched roof is crowned by a sort of balcony tower. This building bears the name of "Pilate's House;" for therein resided Martin Koetzel, who had been twice to the Holy Land, and had brought back with him exact measurements of the way to Calvary from the supposed place of trial. He laid down the distances upon the map of Nürnberg, making his own house to stand for that of Pilate, the line stretching forward to the cemetery of St. John; and upon this road, which is now named Durer Strasse, Adam Kraft was erecting sculptures of the "Seven Agonies," which still remain in good preservation.

Durer's active life measured the great intellectual uprising of the sixteenth century. Two years before he set up his studio in Nürnberg, Columbus had discovered the New World. Luther was singing for his bread in the streets of Eisenach; Raphael was making his first drawings; Michael Angelo, three years the junior of Durer, had not begun that series of works which were to entitle him to be considered the mightiest artist whom the world has yet known. Art in Italy had indeed, within a few years, made rapid advances. But Italy was then a long way from Germany; and Durer knew nothing of the works of the great Italian painters. He had to be his own master; and even when, in mid-life, he visited Italy, the works of the great southern painters influenced him but little. From first to last he was Albert Durer, the German. Italian painters were wont to give portraits of their mistresses as representations of the Virgin. Durer, too, painted Madonnas; but none of these were portraits of women of doubtful character.

Albert Durer's artistic life lasted something more than thirty years. We believe that no man, before or since, has left behind him for so long a period so many memorials of his labor. Counting up his works now extant, after a lapse of almost four centuries, they number—paintings, engravings, and drawings—fully a thousand, the authenticity of which is unquestioned, besides many others in respect to which Art critics are in doubt. The list of



VIEW FROM DURER'S HOUSE.

the works, the authenticity of which may be considered proven, is about as follows: Paintings, 230; engravings on copper, 100; engravings on wood, 250; drawings and sketches, 420. How many may have been lost, or have escaped the observation of his biographers, no man can say.

Albert Durer's place in Art is unquestioned. In grandeur of thought, solemnity of feeling, and tenderness of expression he found no equal, and left no superior. Yet it must be admitted that there was running through all his works a vein of grotesqueness, which, in a measure, mars their artistic value. Something of this may be owing to his mixed blood. On his father's side he was Hungarian. His paternal ancestors were sprung from the wild hordes that Attila led into Europe. Wherever they settled they "occupied themselves with cattle and horses," as Albert says of his immediate paternal ancestors. On his mother's side he was German; and thus he inherited two opposite strains of character—the wild Oriental and the sober Teutonic; both, though from a different point, opposed to the Latin form of culture which had for generations been the only type of Christendom.

When the great uprising of the North of Europe against the South took place—which we call the Reformation, of which Luther was the occasion rather than the cause—Nürnberg was among the communities which took sides with the Reformers. It was by accident that the famous Diet was held at Worms, rather than at Nürnberg. Albert Durer entered heart and soul into the new faith. In 1521 Luther suddenly disappeared. Durer's record of this in his journal is the most notable thing which he ever wrote:

"Friday before Pentecost the cry reaches us that Martin Luther has been treacherously seized. Under escort of the Kaiser's guards, and traveling with a safe-conduct, it seems that he was abandoned in a solitary place near Eisenach. The herald declared he ceased any longer to be his guide, and so quitted him; immediately ten horsemen emerged and laid hands on him. So this man, enlightened by the Holy Ghost to be the continuer of the true faith, has disappeared! Have they murdered him? I do not know. If he has suffered, it is for the Christian truth against the unchristian Papacy, which works against the freedom of Christ, exacting from us our blood and sweat therewith to nourish itself in idleness, while the peoples famish.....God of heaven, have pity upon us! O Lord Jesu Χρε! pray for thy people. Save us in thy right time; preserve in us the true faith; collect thy widely wandering sheep through thy voice in the Bible, called the Word of God.....O God! make thy poor people free, now bound by commandments and laws causing them to sin against conscience. O God! never were men so cruelly put down under human laws as under those of the Roman Chair, men who were saved by thy precious blood, and made free Christians.....

"And so this man, who has written more clearly than any other for 140 years, to whom Thou hast given a spirit so evangelic, being gone, raise us up another who will be able to gather all the world into the faith, and bring Turks, Pagans, Indians within the Christian fold. But Lord, Thou, whose Son Ihs XS died by the priests, was raised and ascended into heaven, hast willed that his follower, Martin Luther, may be killed treacherously through the Pope's hirelings, raise again the spirit of this apostle. As Jerusalem was destroyed of old, so destroy with thy power the Chair of Rome. Give us a new Jerusalem, adorned with the splendors as written in the Apocalypse, a new Evangel cleared of human commentaries.

"Every one sees how clear the doctrine in Luther's books is announced, and how it conforms to the holy Evangel.....If Luther is dead, who will explain to us the Evangel with the same clearness? How much might he not have still written in ten or twenty years! All you pious Christians, deplore with me the loss of this man, and pray the Lord that he will send another guide. O Erasmus of Rotterdam, where wilt thou remain? Wilt thou see the injustice and blind tyranny of the powers now ruling? Hear me, Knight of Christ! Ride by the side of our Lord XS. Old as thou art, and but a feeble creature, thou too mayst win the martyr's crown. I heard thee say that thou wilt only give thyself two years for work; employ them well for the love of the Evangel and the true faith. Make thy voice heard: the Roman Chair, even the gates of hell, will not prevail against thee; and if thou reachest thy journey's end in the same manner as thy Master Christ, with pain and ignominy—if thy days are a little shortened, through death life will come, and through Christ thou wilt be made glorious. Drinking of his cup, thou wilt reign and judge with him. O Erasmus! may God, thy judge, be glorified in thee!....May the Divine Will help us to the beatitudes at last. Glory to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, one God! Amen."

This burst of enthusiasm and indignation was, as far as Luther was concerned, without cause. His supposed abduction was planned, with his own consent, by his fast friend, the Elector of Saxony, and probably with the knowledge of the Emperor Charles V., as the only means of preserving him from the persecutions of his enemies. He was conveyed to the Castle of Wartburg—his "Patmos," as he was wont to call it—where he was hidden for ten months, during which he translated the New Testament. It was soon evident, by the writings which he put forth, that Luther was alive and in safety; but where he was concealed was known only to a few trusty adherents.

Great as were Durer's merits as a painter, it is by his engravings that he is best known. He may properly be styled the father of engraving. Engraving on metals had long been known. Silver-smiths were accustomed to ornament their work with figures cut into the metal; into these lines they run a black compound metal, easily fusible, and the whole being polished, a beautiful inlaid work, having black figures on a white ground, was the result. Nothing was more natural than that the artist should, from time to time, try the effect of his work by putting a black pigment into the lines, and then taking an impression upon paper by rubbing. But for a long time no one thought of taking such impressions for sale, for the simple reason that there was no public which wanted them. But when printing had created a reading public, a demand for pictures arose simultaneously in Germany and Italy. The earliest known book so illustrated bears the date of 1461, ten years before the birth of Albert Durer. He found the art rude, and at once brought it to a point of perfection, in many respects, hardly exceeded at the present time.

Engraving on wood—that is, cutting away all except the lines of the picture, leaving these standing in relief—was of much older date, but extremely rude. For a long time it was chiefly used for the production of playing-cards; and the face cards of our present packs are a fair representation of the work executed. Later, cheap books for the people were thus illustrated, but the pictures were hardly superior to those on the playing-cards. While Durer was a boy, whole Bibles were printed, profusely illustrated in the same rude style. The wood-cutter (*Formschneider*) was a mere mechanic, his business being just to cut away the parts of the block not covered by the lines drawn by the designer. Before Durer no person worthy to be styled an artist had ever undertaken these drawings. He early saw the availability of this art, and to it devoted much of his time; and soon had a large number of workmen employed in cutting his drawings. The sale of these cuts probably furnished the greater part of his income.

Durer's wood-cuts are in themselves wonders of art. But fairly to estimate them we must bear in mind the limitations under which they were of necessity produced. In our time the wood engraver is not merely an artisan. He does not limit himself simply to reproducing the exact lines drawn for him by the artist. He often translates, as it were, into lines the spirit and effect of what the artist renders on the block by broad washes with the brush. Durer had no such coadjutors, trained by study and practice. He could rely upon them only to follow exactly, line by line, his drawing; and he must make the drawing only such as they could reproduce with the imperfect materials at their command. The engraver of our time uses only box-wood, the grain of which is almost as fine as that of metal; his blocks are cut across the grain, so that he works upon the ends of a series of tough fibres, so closely packed together that they are hardly separable by the microscope. Durer had only coarser-grained woods—that of the pear-tree being the best. This wood was cut into boards, and it was impossible to produce the exquisitely fine lines which enter into the wood-cuts of the present day, to which they owe what may be called "effect," as distinguished from the "character" in design and drawing. Durer's most admirable cuts are therefore hardly more than outlines, the shading being intimated, rather than expressed, by a few simple strokes. Every thing had to be boldly and simply expressed for the use of the wood-cutter; but his copper-plate engravings, executed solely by his own hands, show that he was capable of producing drawings upon the wood, which, could they have been engraved, would vie in tone and color, in light and shade, with the best produced of our own day.

Albert Durer must be considered as the real originator of the illustrated books and periodicals which have, for the last thirty years, constituted such an important portion of literature. He was the father of the art of popular illustration; but he left behind him no immediate worthy successor. Wood-engraving almost became one of the lost arts. Two centuries and a half elapsed after the death of the mas-

ter before a work was produced which could at all compare with those of Durer.

Albert Durer's life was alike honorable and honored. It was, indeed, marked by few stirring incidents. He went twice to Northern Italy; and made several journeys through Germany and the Netherlands, every where received with respect and veneration. The Emperor Maximilian appointed him court-painter, and in his honor Durer executed two of the most wonderful panoramic engravings ever produced. One of these, "The Triumphal Chariot of Maximilian," consists of eight large blocks. The other, "The Triumphal Arch of Maximilian," consists of ninety-two blocks, making in all an engraved surface of eleven feet by ten. When put together, the whole represents three doors approached by steps, and divided and surmounted by columns and panels. The whole decoration is wild and fantastic. The capitals of the pillars are composed of living eagles and storks. On the panels and in the niches are men-at-arms, and portraits of all the Kaisers who had preceded Maximilian, surrounded by endless wreaths of vine-leaves. But Durer's great fame rests upon his copper-plate engravings, and upon four series of Scriptural illustrations. There are sixteen illustrations of the Apocalypse, and twenty illustrations of the life of the Virgin. Greater than either are the two series upon the life of the Saviour: the first, known as the "Greater Passion," consists of twelve pictures, fifteen inches by ten and three-quarters, commencing with the "Crown of Thorns," and closing with "Christ taking the First Redeemed from Hades," or, as the old-mystery playwrights style it, "The Harrowing of Hades." Of this series, "The Last Supper," "The Seizing of Christ," "The Mocking," "Bearing the Cross," and "The Crucifixion," are among the noblest works of Christian Art. The "Little Passion" comprises thirty-seven pictures, five inches by nearly four. In these days of Doré illustrations, no nobler work could be performed than the publication of these two "Passions" of Albert Durer.

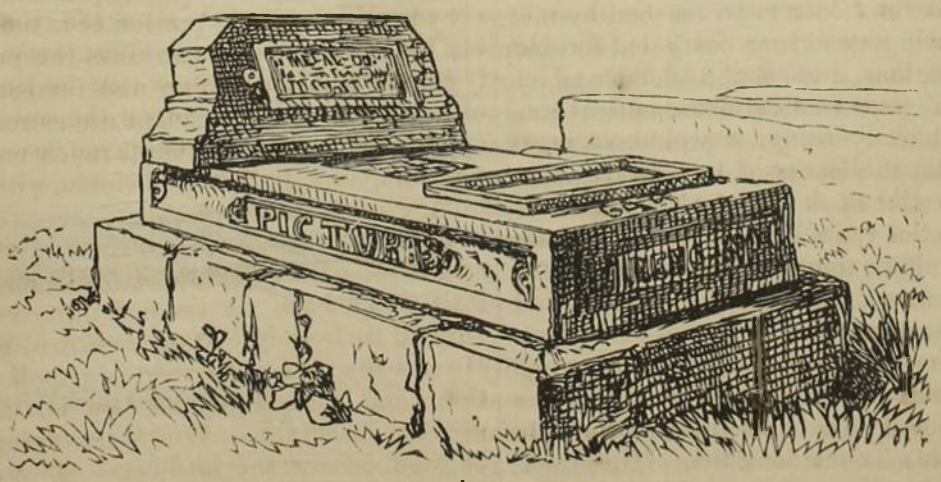
A brief memorandum, written by Durer not long before his death, gives an insight into his worldly circumstances. He says: "I have not had a great chance to become rich, and have had many losses; having lent without being repaid, and my work-people have not reckoned with me; also my agent at Rome died, after using up my property. Half of this loss was thirteen years ago. Still we have good house-furnishing: clothing, costly things, as earthenware, professional fittings-up, bed-furnishings, chests and cabinets; and my stock of colors is worth a hundred *guldens*." Pirkheimer, Durer's life-long friend, says that he left to his childless wife more than 6000 *florins*. Stating this in money of our day, it may be put down at from $50,000 to $100,000; a large fortune at that time. Moreover, she had, besides the house, the plates of his engravings, from which the thrifty woman doubtless realized a considerable income.

Albert Durer died on the 6th of April, 1528, if one account is authentic, on his fifty-eighth birthday. He was borne in solemn pomp to his grave in the cemetery of St. John, along the way visible from the windows of his house, marked by Adam Kraft's "Stations," upon which he had often looked. The tombstone was a solid block, with a bronze tablet let in, bearing this inscription, by his old friend Pirkheimer, who in two years was to follow him to the Silent Land:

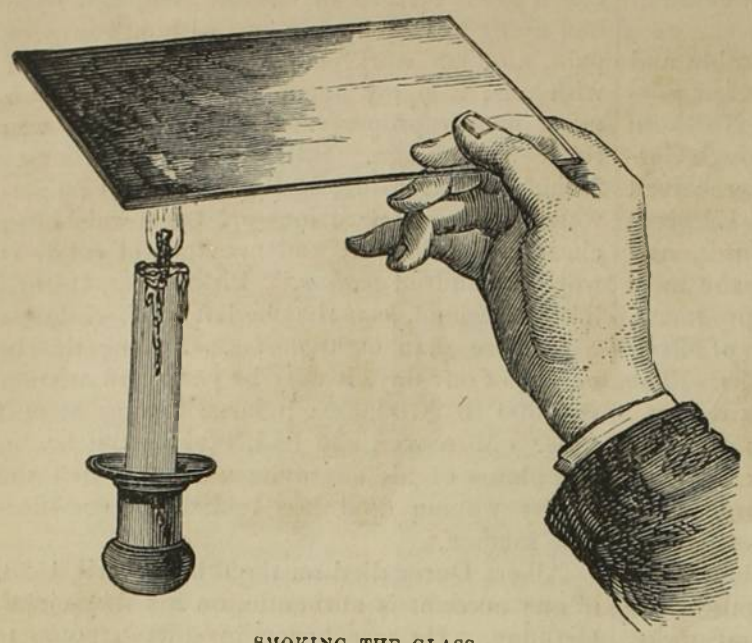
ME. AL. DU.
QUIDQUID ALBERTI DURERI MORTALE
FUIT SUB HOC CONDITUR TUMULO.
EMIGRAVIT
VIII IDUS APRILIS,
MDXXVIII.

A century and a half after the death of Durer, Sandrart, the historian of German painters, visiting Nürnberg, found this monument a ruin. He caused it to be restored and beautified, adding two inscriptions: one in Latin, the other in German. The latter may be thus translated:

"Rest here, thou Prince of Painters! thou who wast
better than great,
In many arts unequaled in the old time or the late.
Earth thou didst paint and garnish, and now in thy
new abode
Thou paintest the holy things overhead in the city
of God.
And we, as our patron saint, look up to thee ever will,
And crown with laurel the dust here left with us still."



DURER'S TOMB.



SMOKING THE GLASS.

THE SPOTS IN THE SUN.

IT would seem that the object in nature which is of all others most conspicuous, and most completely open to the observation and even to the close scrutiny of man, is the sun; and yet this is the object which, in respect to its constitution and the character of the various phenomena which it presents, is involved in the most complete and impenetrable mystery. It is the great standing riddle of the universe. A hundred successive generations of observers, learned and unlearned, from the Chaldean shepherds of Abraham's day to the accomplished mathematical astronomers of the nineteenth century, have studied it in vain. They are all utterly and hopelessly at fault in their attempts to comprehend the nature and the cause, either of the glowing heat and dazzling brilliancy of the shining portion of its surface, or of the intense central blackness and shadowy penumbra of the dark spots which appear from time to time upon its disk, and float like clouds, in fantastic and ever-changing forms, till they finally melt away and disappear. Of the mathematical and mechanical relations of the sun to the celestial bodies within his influence—relations which are removed beyond the boundaries of sense, and only to be reached by means of the most exact and long-continued astronomical observations, and of the nicest and most complicated processes of mathematical analysis—almost every thing, it would seem, that comes within the limits of human cognizance, is known. But of the physical constitution of the orb, and of the nature of those phenomena which it exhibits, that lie open, as it were, to the gaze of all mankind, every thing is involved in inscrutable mystery.

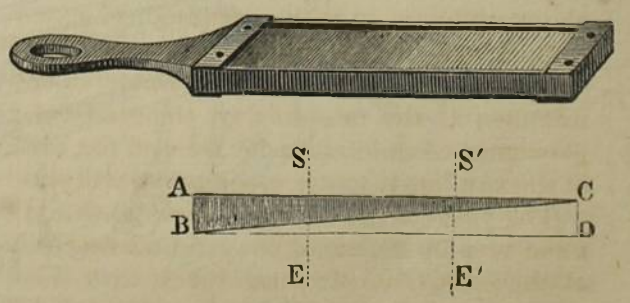
The appearances have all been very carefully and laboriously studied, and various crude and fanciful speculations and theories have been advanced to account for them. These speculations are, however, all entirely unsatisfactory. They are founded on analogies drawn from our terrestrial experiences of the nature and action of incandescent substances, while in all probability there are involved in the constitution of such a body as the sun modes of existence and action, both in respect to matter and force, of which we have around us on this earth no experience, and can, of course, have no adequate conception.

The object of this article, however, is not to discuss these theories and speculations, but only to present to the reader the results of the most recent observations made upon the sun's disk, by means of the most powerful instruments, as represented by careful drawings, copied from photographs, made under the direction of French astronomers.

That the black spots which appear from time to time upon the sun's disk are actually upon the surface of the orb itself, and not caused by opaque bodies revolving in space at a distance from the sun, and passing across his disk from time to time, so as to intercept a portion of his light, is shown by the fact that when they disappear on one side, and then afterward reappear again on the other, which often happens, the interval of disappearance is always the same as the time that they continue in sight. This evidently could not be the case if the phenomena were due to bodies revolving at a distance from the sun, since it would be only a small portion of the orbit of such bodies that would come between us and the disk in the course of its revolution, and consequently the times of appearance and disappearance would be very unequal.

The spots on the sun are sometimes, though not very often, of such magnitude that they can be seen by the naked eye. To make it possible to look directly at the dazzling surface astronomers employ darkly-colored glasses to intercept a portion of the rays. By ordinary observers glass covered with a film of smoke, by being held in the flame of a lamp or candle, is used. Some precaution is necessary, in smoking the glass in this way, to prevent cracking it, by heating any one portion of it too suddenly.

The smoked glass answers the purpose sufficiently well for sudden and temporary emergencies; but for permanent use astronomers employ a helioscope, which is much more conven-



HELIOSCOPE.

ient. This instrument consists of two wedge-shaped plates of glass—one of a very dark color, and the other perfectly transparent—made to fit each other very exactly, and set together in a suitable frame, as shown in the engraving. The frame is rectangular in form, and of a width and length convenient for the eyes, and is provided with a handle. The plates of glass are so fitted together, as shown in the second figure, which presents a sectional view of the plates of glass, that the thick part of one plate, A B C, lies upon the thin part of the other, C B D. The thickness of the glass, therefore, through which the rays have to pass is the same every where, and there is, therefore, no refraction to distort the image, while by moving the instrument along before the eyes the image may be made more bright or more obscure at pleasure. At S E, for example, the rays pass through a greater portion of the dark glass than at S′ E′.

These simple contrivances answer very well for viewing the sun with the naked eye; but great difficulties have been encountered by astronomers in devising effectual and convenient means of enfeebling the rays in the use of powerful telescopes. Some kinds of colored glass, it was found, intercepted the rays of light, but allowed the heat to pass freely; while others, which absorbed the heat, did not sensibly diminish the dazzling intensity of the light. Without great care, moreover, the plate or plates of colored glass, by a more or less irregular refraction of the rays, affected unfavorably the distinctness of the image.

These difficulties have at length been in part avoided and in part overcome in the use of an arrangement by which a magnified image of the sun is received upon a white screen, like the picture in a camera obscura, where it can be studied, in all its aspects and peculiarities, by the observer at his leisure, and drawings and photographs taken with great facility.

By means of this arrangement, and with the aid of other resources at the command of scientific men at the present day, the study of the phenomena exhibited to our view on the surface of the sun has recently made great progress.

The spots, some of which are almost always to be seen by means of powerful telescopes, are of the most fantastic forms; but, with few exceptions, each one consists of an almost entirely

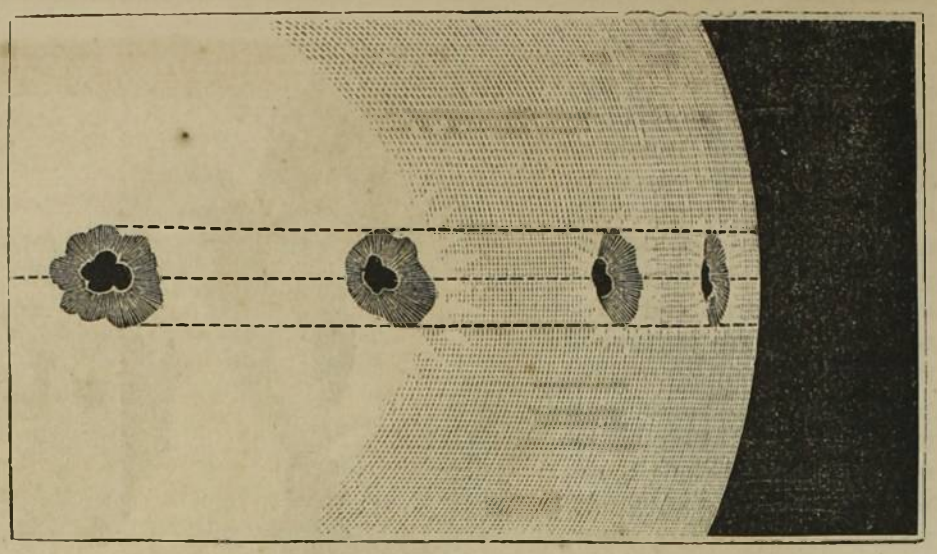


GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE SPOTS.

black central portion, surrounded by a gray or semi-luminous border, which is called the penumbra, and, somewhat like clouds floating in the sky, they change their form from day to day, as they are borne slowly along by the revolution of the sun. They are sometimes small and circumscribed in form, at others extremely irregular, spreading into the most fantastic forms, but always, or nearly always, bordered by the penumbra.

Many of these spots, though occupying but a small space apparently upon the sun's disk, are really of immense magnitude. Vast numbers of them are so large that if, as has often been supposed, they are cavities in a luminous envelope surrounding the sun, a body of the magnitude of this earth might be dropped into them without touching the sides; and some that have been observed and measured would admit in this manner bodies of from fifty to a hundred times the bulk of this globe.

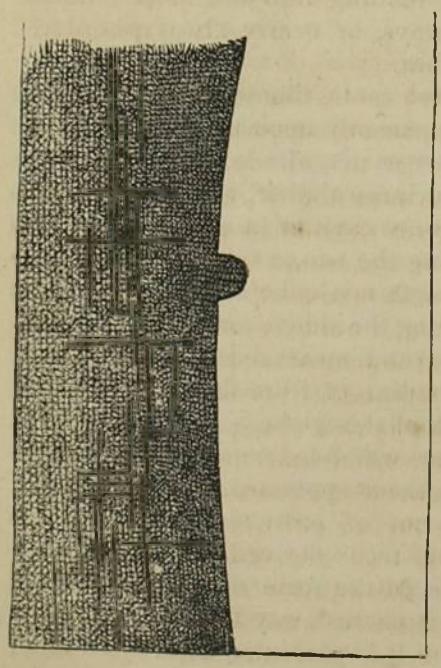
The evidence which led many astronomers to conclude that these spots are of the nature of cavities, and not of protuberances, upon the surface of the sun, is derived from certain peculiar changes in the form of the spot, which take place as it passes away from the centre of the disk, where it is presented directly to view, toward the limb, where it is seen obliquely.



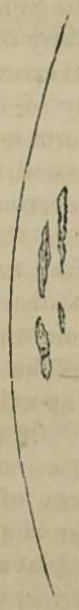
APPEARANCES INDICATING CAVITIES.

These changes are represented in the adjoining engraving. It is plain that if the spots were protuberances—the penumbra surrounding them forming the sides—the portion of the penumbra lying to the *right* of the spot would gradually become concealed, while that on the *left* side would come more and more directly into view, as the spot moved from the centre toward the right limb of the sun, as viewed by the spectator. The contrary is, however, always found to be the fact, as shown in the engraving. This phenomenon is generally considered as proving satisfactorily that the spots are of the nature of cavities opening in some kind of bright gaseous or liquid envelope surrounding the sun, and disclosing a view of something dark, or at least of something having the effect of a dark object on our vision. This vast envelope, of such exceeding brilliancy, and in a state of the most intense and violent commotion, is supposed to be the source from which the heat and light come that emanate from the sun, and is called the *photosphere*.

The difference which is observed in the breadth of the penumbra on the different sides of the spots, as well as the elongated appearance of the spots themselves as they approach the margin of the sun, is another proof, independently of the reason already given, that the maculæ are phenomena pertaining to the surface of the sun itself, and are not caused by the transit of bodies at a distance from the orb, and passing across his disk in the course of their revolution in their orbit. This will be made plain by the accompanying engraving, which shows very clearly the difference of appearance presented in the two cases. One of the figures represents the planet Mercury just leaving the limb of the sun, as seen in the transit of November, 1868; while the other shows the aspect which certain spots presented at the same time, and in nearly the same position in respect to the limb, though in a different part of the disk. The planet, it will be observed, preserves the circular form of its section, as we should expect in view of the fact that the dark spot formed by it on the sun's disk is produced by the interception of a portion of the rays by a spherical body at a distance from it; while the solar spots, revolving with the mass of the sun, are seen obliquely as they approach the limb, and are much elongated by the perspective effect.

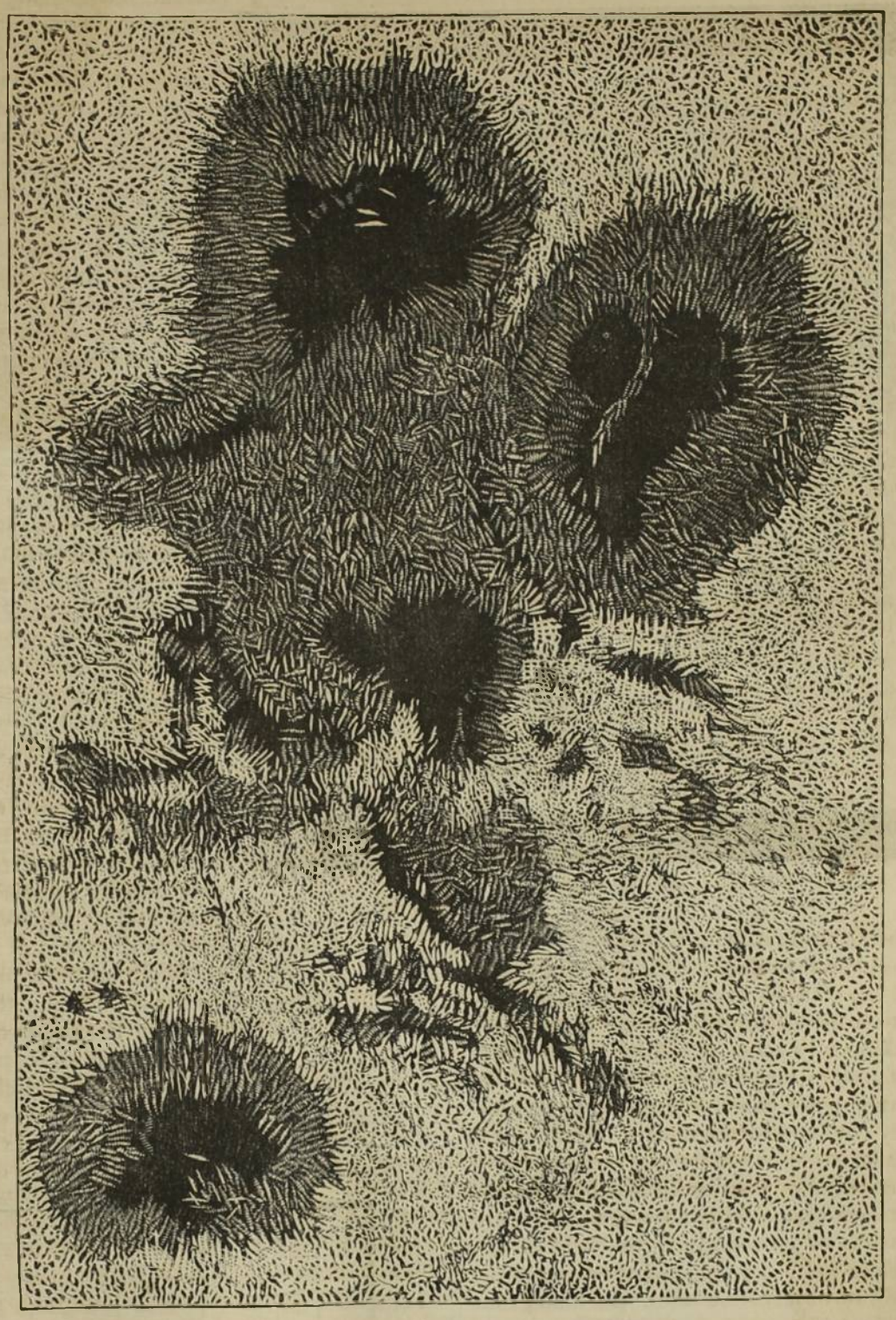


THE PLANET MERCURY.



SOLAR SPOTS.

The photosphere, as the supposed igneous envelope forming the radiant surface of the sun is called, is perhaps popularly conceived of as existing in a calm, tranquil, and unchanging condition, though constantly pouring forth streams of heat and light of such intense and dazzling brilliancy. As seen without any scientific aids to the vision, this is the aspect which it presents; but when viewed through powerful telescopes, this seeming quiescence and uniformity disappears, and the whole surface is found to be in a state of the most violent action and agitation. The surface becomes variegated too by forms and figures of different degrees of brilliancy, which are continually varying in contour and position, and melting into each other in changes which, to be seen at all at such a distance, must be produced by movements of enormous magnitude, and of vast rapidity of action. The general surface is every where mottled with a kind of brilliant efflorescence, and in the vicinity of the spots a mysterious configuration appears called the *willow leaves*, from the resemblance to a group of willow leaves lying on the ground. In some parts these leaves lie mingled confusedly, crossing each other in every direction. In other parts, especially in

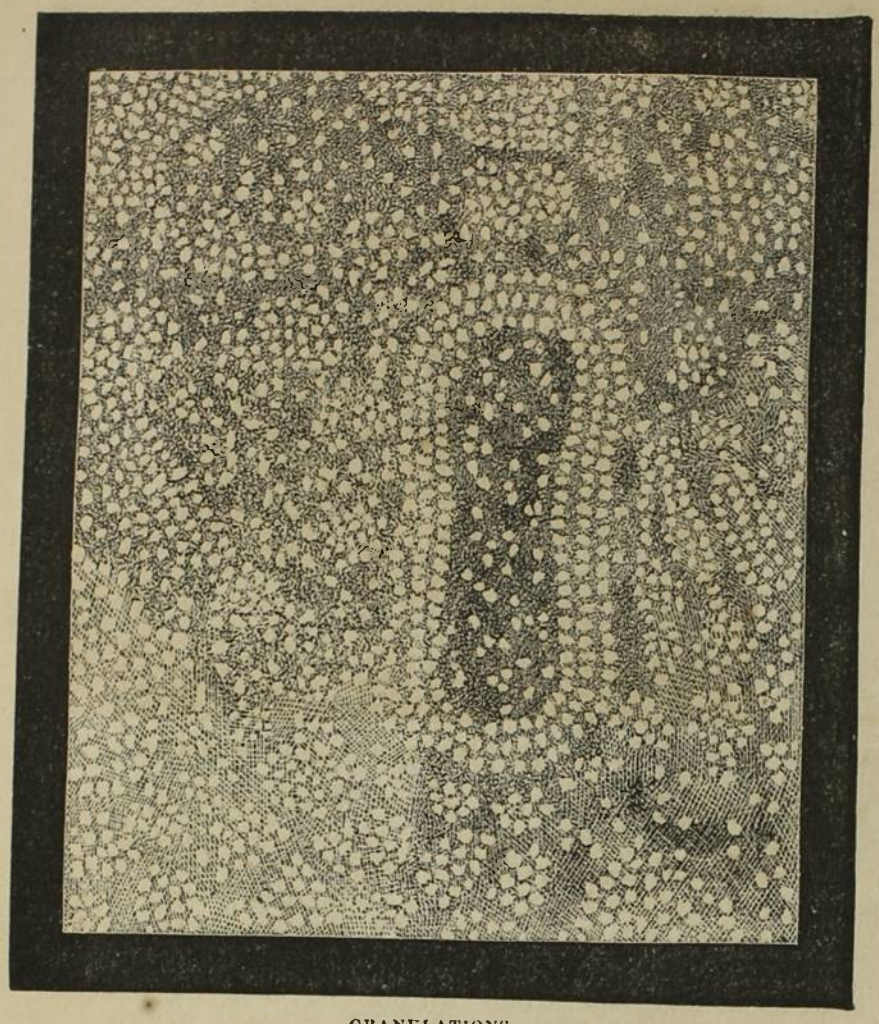


THE MOTTLED SURFACE. THE WILLOW LEAVES. THE LUMINOUS BRIDGES.

the *penumbræ* of the spots, there is a tendency to regular arrangement, and especially to a convergent direction toward the centre of the spot. Sometimes lines of these figures extend out *across* a spot, forming what Nasmyth, the astronomer who first observed them, named *luminous bridges*. The engraving representing these appearances is not a fancy sketch, but an exact copy of a group of spots, and of the surrounding surface of the sun, as seen by Nasmyth on the 5th of June, 1864.

The mottled appearance of the photosphere, as observed by the aid of the most powerful telescopes, is still more distinctly shown in the next engraving, which records an observation made by Huggins. The granulations of light which form the mottling of the surface are of a form somewhat resembling grains of rice, to which they have sometimes been compared, and are very curiously grouped. The nature and the cause of them, as of every thing else relating to the physical constitution of the sun, is enveloped in unfathomable mystery.

It is remarkable that the spots in the sun do not appear indiscriminately in all parts of the disk. They are chiefly confined to a zone extending some 30° or 40° on each side of the equator. It is true that those existing at a distance from the equator toward either pole would be seen more or less obliquely, and would consequently come less distinctly into view. The smaller ones, situated far to the northward



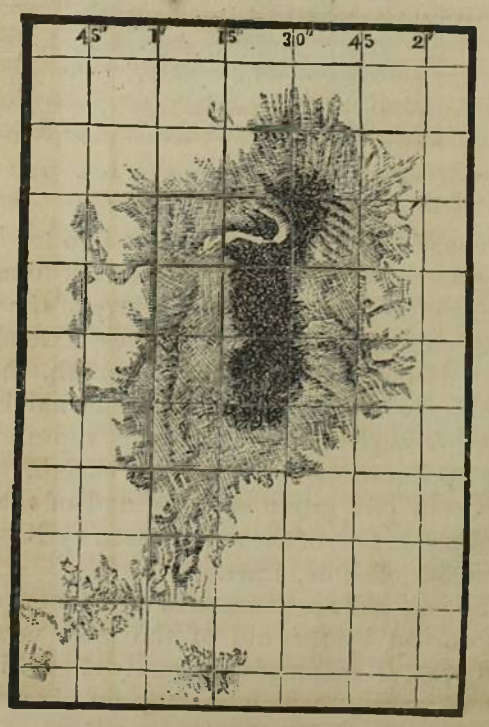
GRANULATIONS.

or southward, might from this cause, especially if it should be true that the spots are of the nature of excavations or openings in a liquid or gaseous envelope, entirely escape observation. But making all necessary allowance for this, it remains certain that the spots are due to some action among the constituents of the sun which is mainly confined to the equatorial regions of his surface.

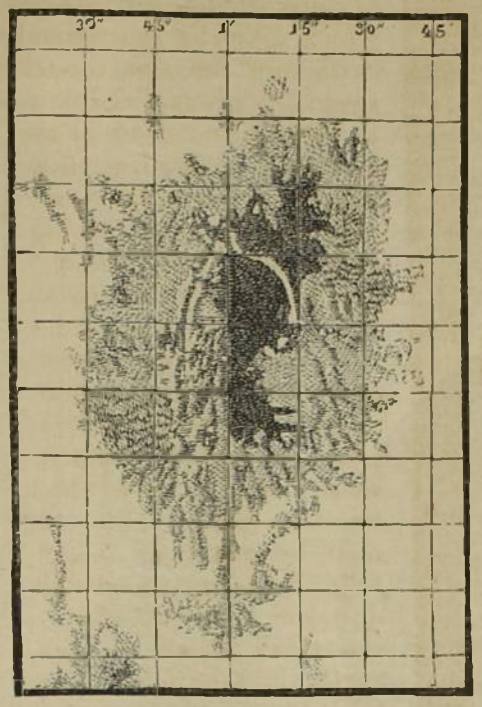
The changes of form and the movements of the spots are very exactly observed and recorded by means of cross-lines in the field of view of the telescope. The engravings representing this mode of observation show the changes of form and position of a spot which passed over the disk of the sun in the fall of 1865, from drawings made by the English astronomer Howlet. On the upper margin of each figure the divisions, in seconds, are marked for *one angular minute* of the surface; and by noting the relation of the spot to these marks, and to the lines drawn through them, the reader will perceive the changes, both in the forms of the spots and in their position, on the different days specified. It has been shown, by careful observations made in this manner, that the spots do not occupy a fixed position, as if pertaining to any solid portion of the orb, but that they have a comparatively slow motion upon the surface of it, as well as a motion *with* the surface, in its regular rotation.

These changes of form and position, not only of the dark spots, but also of the bright lines and spaces which diversify the general surface of the sun, though seemingly gradual and slow, as they appear to us at the enormous distance from which we view them, are really effected with prodigious rapidity, and imply a continual and inconceivably intense action, of some nature or other, among the constituents of the photosphere.

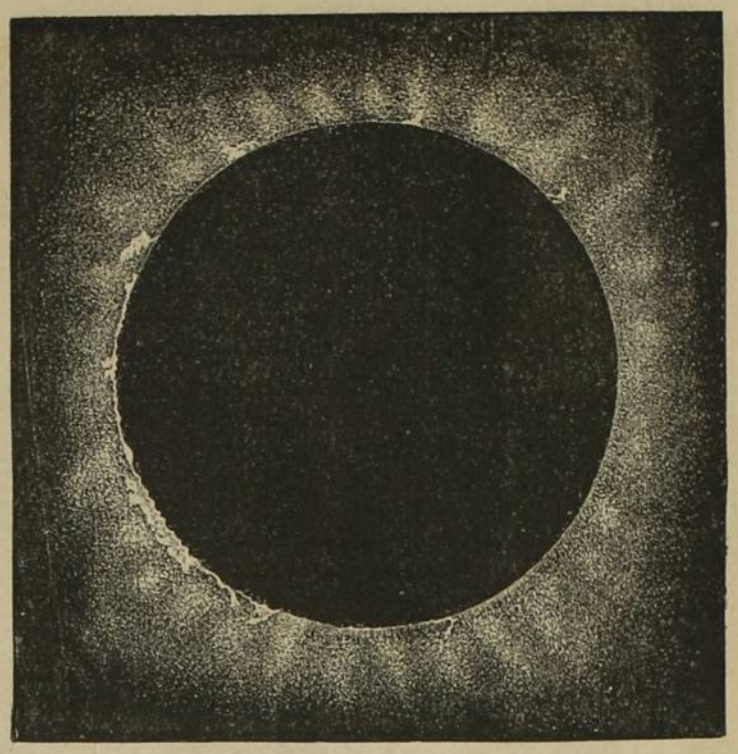
But the most striking proofs of the prodigious intensity of the action which is taking place in the sun, and the enormous magnitude of the movements induced by it, are afforded by the views which are presented at the time of a total eclipse. If the surface of the orb were really bordered by the smooth, well-defined, and quiescent, though dazzling, envelopment which it seems to present to view in ordinary vision, the intervention of the moon, when the disk was entirely covered, would completely suppress the light from it during the brief period of totality, and, as it were, blot it out entirely from the heavens. But this is far from being the case. Although the whole *body* of the sun is covered, the figure of the moon intervening is surrounded by a remarkable halo of bright light, with protuberances, and radiations, and coruscations breaking out on every side like vast volcanoes, or rather like rolling mountains of liquid



SPOT AS SEEN OCTOBER 13, 1865.



SPOT AS SEEN OCTOBER 14, 1865.



ECLIPSE OF 1860—BEGINNING OF TOTALITY.

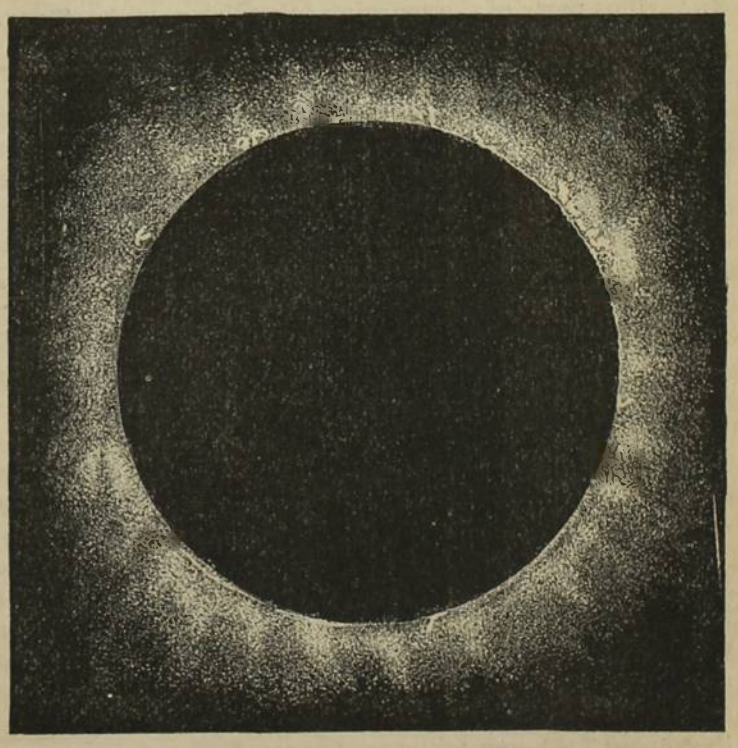
fire. These appearances are well represented in the accompanying engravings. They present a variety of forms, showing several distinct kinds of action. There are protuberances of intense light, which, as seen in the telescope, show different tints of color. There is, moreover, a general glow, like a halo, surrounding the orb; and at certain distances, as seen more particularly in the view of the eclipse of 1868, radiating beams of light, more faint but more extended than the other coruscations.

These incandescent emanations are observed to be in a state of incessant movement. The changes of form and position are of course, as seen from this enormous distance, apparently slow. The actions, however, in reality take place on an inconceivably vast scale, and with enormous power and rapidity. In one instance an extremely brilliant coruscation was observed to surge across the disk at a rate which carried it in the space of five minutes over a distance of more than thirty thousand miles. How inconceivably vast must be the force of an agency which such a movement as this implies!

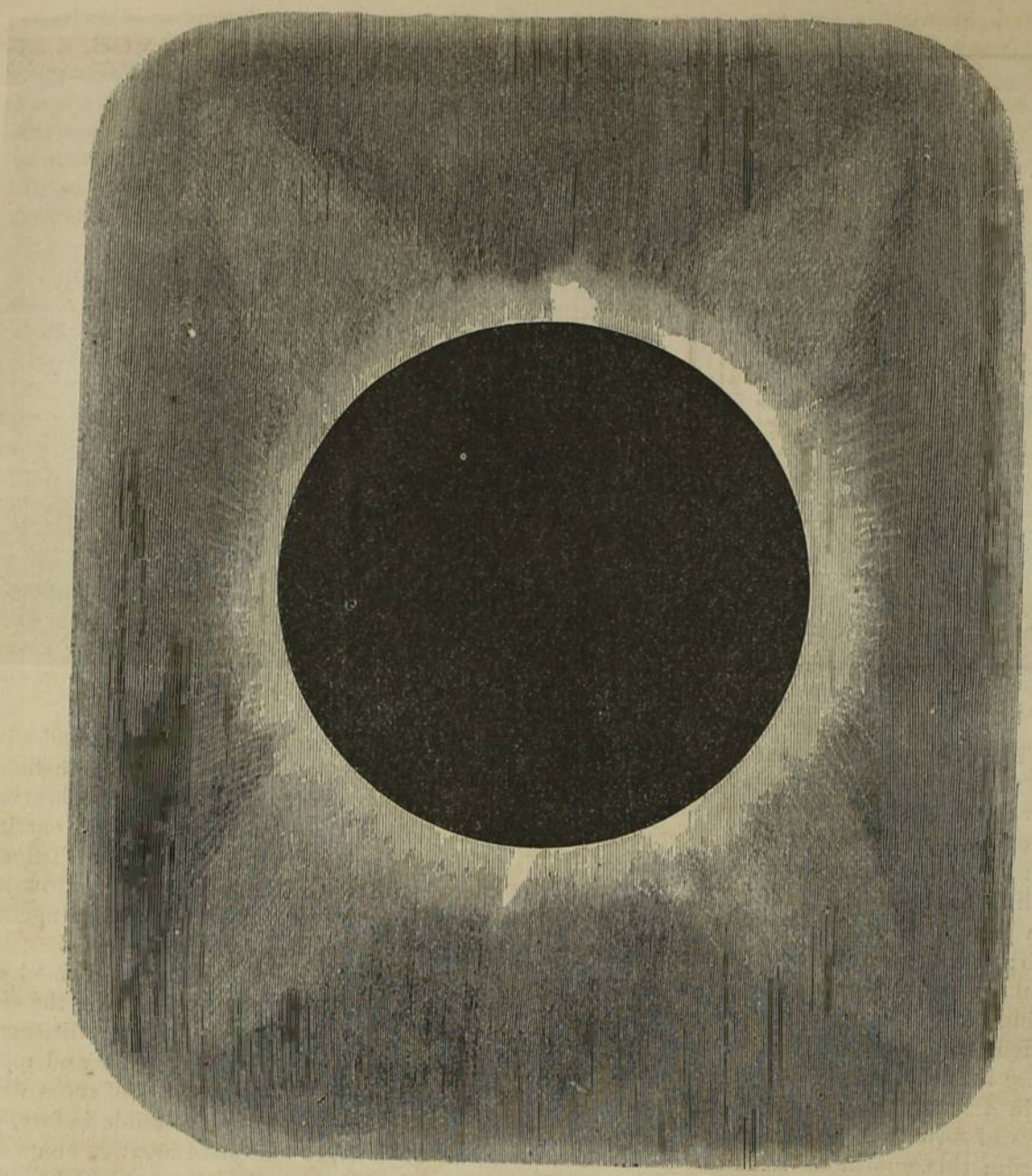
These coruscations and coronæ, formed of luminous emanations rising high above the surface of the sun, were observed very distinctly during the eclipse of the year 1869, and more prefect and exact representations of them were secured than has ever been possible before, on account of the very complete arrangements for photographing which the observers had made.



SPOT AS SEEN OCTOBER 16, 1865.



ECLIPSE OF 1860—END OF TOTALITY.



ECLIPSE OF 1868 AS OBSERVED IN EAST INDIES.

In various parts of the margin of the disk rose-colored protuberances, like surging waves of fire, and coruscations shooting out for thousands of miles, like gigantic jets of flame, were seen by the eye and photographed by the instruments.

These phenomena have in many respects the appearance of those produced by the process of combustion. But combustion is simply the union of two or more substances by an action so intense and rapid as to develop light and heat by the conversion of the forces brought into play. Of course, when violent it speedily exhausts itself by the exhaustion of the materials. If the sun is a fire, then the unanswerable question arises, Whence comes the fuel? If the source of its light and heat consist of flames like those of a lamp, where is the wick which brings the continuous supply of oil? We have historical evidence that it has been burning and shining as now for four or five thousand years, and geological evidence, quite as conclusive to all who impartially examine it, carrying back the record for many millions of centuries.

To sum up the case, then, in respect to our knowledge of the physical constitution of the sun, we find that the seeming regularity and smoothness of the orb, and its homogeneous and quiescent condition, are mere illusions, arising from the immensity of the distance from which we view it. Its surface is, in fact, furrowed by enormous incandescent billows, and is in a state of incessant and violent commotion. Enormous flame-like coruscations, in masses larger than this globe, rise, and glow, and wave, and then melt away and disappear. Some of these blazing radiations appear to project themselves forty or fifty thousand miles into the surrounding space, though on account of the immense magnitude of the body of the sun, and his vast distance from us, they do not perceptibly affect the smoothness of the contour of his disk, as it appears from the earth, to our unassisted vision; but the real violence and rapidity of the action thus taking place are inconceivable. On the one hand cavities of absolute darkness, and on the other vast protuberances of extraordinary and special brightness, form and fluctuate over

the surface, increasing and diminishing at the rate of thousands of miles in extent in very brief periods of time.

It is absolutely, though not relatively, as if the whole continent of America were to rise from the sea, in the midst of the most violent commotion, in the night, and then as suddenly melt away and disappear in the morning.

Thus the sun, instead of existing in the calm, placid, and unchanging condition which it appears to assume, is in reality a mass of seething and surging incandescence, deformed by incessant and tempestuous agitations of surface, produced by contests among forces the nature of which elude our research as completely as the enormous magnitude and extent of their effects surpass our powers of conception.

IN A COUNTRY STORE.



THE COUNTRY STORE.

AWAY from the cities the whole range of lesser everyday wants turns for fulfillment to the country store. And so it becomes a clustering-point for all of village life.

There is no limit to its possibilities. If Aunt Eunice wants any thing, from a wash-tub to an ounce of paregoric, she knows where to find it; but when she broke her only pair of spectacles, the other day, she came to us in doubt.

"You keep 'most every thing," she said, hopefully.

"Yes, I know; but we don't sell spectacles. People are so different, you see. But there are a pair or two about here somewhere, if they will do you any good."

These had come to us from some auction or other, where were congregated the quaint and useless relics of many a previous sale—relics that are still destined, I doubt not, for further kicks adown the vales of time by auctioneers yet unborn. I have them before me now—stout-rimmed, cumbrous, brassy—staring owl-like at me, as if from out the deepening twilight of the past; the glasses so scratched and dim with use and age that it is easy to imagine that within their misty lenses lingers the remembrance of many a vanished scene, and that they feebly attempt, as I place them astride of my nose, to twist the familiar things at which I look into an antique picture which shall be in keeping with their own venerable aspect.

But they *are* spectacles. A rare spectacle, too, was the good woman's face as she held them afar, that she might the better inspect them with her crippled eyes.

"Goodness! Did you ever! How could people ever wear such things as these? I hope you don't ever expect to sell 'em?"

But thus happily were the resources of our "establishment" vindicated; though really less ready we than that other shop-keeper of these parts, who laid a wager he could fill any single

demand, and triumphantly produced a second-hand pulpit which was called for.

Such enterprising spirits are not narrowed by any study of the known laws of supply and demand. Within the precincts over which I have been called to exercise a temporary charge are gathered many things that have long failed to excite the appreciation of our plain country folks—patent medicines, powders and unguents, of happiest efficacy and illimitable range of cure; polishing powders, enough to burnish the world until it should shine like another sun; preparations and contrivances needing a second inventor to discover a use for them or to tell their efficiency—and which are here awaiting in dingy and fly-specked state that happy millennial time which shall find for all inexplicable and slighted things a full and legitimate use.

The country store-keeper is in some sort a public character. He finds himself used in a dozen different ways—as banker, oracle, referee, newspaper, directory, intelligence man, etc.—almost before he is aware. Gossip and small-talk he should retail with the same graceful alacrity with which he dispenses maccaboy and peppermint drops. Thoroughly democratic as an institution, "the store" recognizes no caste, and its door swings freely open to all who come, whatever be their errands. An inviting haunt for all the idle ones among us, its fireside on stormy or impracticable days draws together its little circle, that is ever shifting its character and its subjects as different persons come and go. Sometimes the conversation has all the interest that native humor and penetration can give it. But not unfrequently will it subside into the veriest twaddle. Few and almost commonplace as are the occurrences of rural life, yet the social requirements of the village demand that these be made the most of, that no one may be guilty of so indecorous a thing as silence in his neighbor's presence. A meagre subject soon gets worn distressingly thin by this rapid process of tongues, and he before whom the ascendant topics rehearse themselves more frequently than any other, may find himself growing strangely indifferent at times. The unusual weather will fail to inspire him, and he is, perchance, unfascinated even by the recent mishap to Mr. Wiggins's cow. Strange, that of all the persons coming hither, and feeling themselves in duty bound to chat about something, so few should leave behind them any thing really worth remembering. I once heard a witty person say, "Never talk unless you say something;" and I have at times entertained the desperate thought of emblazoning his words above our store. But then we have some visitors whom I would not silence for the world.

Perhaps a more buoyant and self-sacrificing nature, by giving his days and his nights to the study, might at last infuse his frequent audience with something of the universal spirit of culture and vivacity which he imagines they at present lack. Humbly I say this, as one con-



AUNT EUNICE.

scious of his own unworthiness. But, happily, if to me have been manifested those instincts of the people which point out the "Coming Man" who is to supply satisfactorily all their wants over the counter of a country store. Whether that unfortunate individual is to be shut off from his high destiny by the co-operative system, is a question from which I stand tremblingly aloof.

As I have intimated, the store-keeper can not be in the least exclusive. He is one of those felicitous individuals whom "every body" knows. But especially is his character made a study by that omnipresent class of married vagabonds who quarter themselves transiently upon the village, stepping, as it were, into the still warm tracks of a dozen vanished predecessors. These pursue their investigations with such astonishing acumen and success, that before the year of their lease has flown, they ascertain to a cent how far they can insinuate themselves into his books. But even then their continued faith in his good-nature is something wonderful. Ever doubtful of their own conclusions, they look for softer moods in the shopman, as we look for bland days in late autumn, that they may bask a little longer in the sunshine of his confidence.

If he be of a philosophic temper, the dealer comes at last to look upon this accommodating trust of his in the honesty and solvency of all mankind as a sort of involuntary beneficence, almost sublime in its extent and the uncertainty that surrounds it. It is a cardinal principle of the social economy of the dealer whom I serve that the provident man gathers not alone for himself, but for the benefit of all about him; so, considering himself one of the stewards of this world, he is often swindled in the most obliging of spirits—perhaps with a smile upon his face, and an after-hope springing up in his heart of treasure laid up somewhere.

But I trust I have not conveyed the idea that these unthrifty ones practice deliberately upon the grocer's good-nature. Of course they expect to pay for all they get; they surely will

when comes that grand gush of good fortune for which they are ever lying in wait.

The reverse of this picture—must I say it?—is not all sunshine. Thrift is admirable—essential; but it has some mean relations, and he who deals much with the public soon comes to know the whole clan. Some are forever questioning his weights, his prices, his figures, and his books. Their economy, and by that same token, I am afraid, their conscience too, knows no honest man. But shabbiest of all this penurious tribe are those well-to-do persons who must always be served at less than the standard prices, or they will not buy at all; and those others who always fall a little short of the exact amount of their bill. I wonder if that good woman, who always insists that I shall throw off a few cents from each article of her purchase, knows how she is tempting me to stilt my prices up for her especial benefit? and that bland individual, who will never hand me the five cents that is due, will he weigh his package when he gets home, to see if I am honest as he is? It might be well to think of these things; more is involved than is at first apparent. One pays, sometimes, too egregious a price even for prosperity.

The store-keeper is also the victim of numerous tricks, and all the popular jokes and "sells" are tried upon him. These things are endowed with a surprising longevity, and there is a certain periodicity about their recurrence which is really curious. When every body has apparently forgotten them, and they might be supposed to be decently mouldering in their graves, they suddenly spring out before you, like "Jack-in-a-box," and take you by the nose, screaming, "Ha, ha! you had quite forgotten what rare jokers we are!" and resume, in fleshless jollity, their wanderings about the world.

A small head comes through the door:

"Has Bob been here?"

"Bob who?"

"Thingumbob!" And the ghost scampers away, dragging the tickled boy after it to other posthumous successes.

"How short these cigars are!" remarks a youth who is selecting one. "Don't you want them any longer?" and he begins to roll them on the counter, as if to lengthen them.

"No, no! we don't want them any longer."

"Very well," says he, grinning, "if you don't, I'll take them away."

Bah! Puns are execrable, and this one should have been buried long ago.

"How do you sell those corn-poppers?" questions a droll one.

"Twenty-five cents."

"Got any penny ones?" he asks, innocently.

In the days of specie, enterprising lads were wont to drop large cents into the till, and then insist, by a happy process of reasoning that was all their own, that they were "quarters." Indeed, the shopman is considered fair game by this class for all sorts of little schemes; and it is certainly no fault of theirs that his life does not beget a fell suspicion of all his race.

But in spite of all the ill-natured things I have felt called to say, my position is not without its pleasant aspects. It is flattering to that busy spirit that possesses so completely most of our nation to be enabled to be so generally useful in supplying the substantial wants of one's neighbors. And whatever of unhackneyed interest or picturesqueness there is in village life will, in due time, reveal itself to us who meet our neighbors oftener than does any other.

The following is from the notes of a single day:

This morning I let down the heavy, old-fashioned shutters upon the supporting posts outside, and kindle a fire, for this is wintry weather. Then I sweep the dirt from the floor. There is a deal of suggestion in it. With nut-shells, orange-peel, and the like, scattered about, how like it is to the ashes of yesterday's life! These cardamoms that skip away from my broom were dropped by pretty Nellie L——, in her surprise that clumsy, boyish Giles should thrust them into her hand, as she was matching sewing-silks at the counter. "Them are yours," he blurted, hastily, and then ran, half-frightened, away. "Old Horace" spilled these crackers from out the wrecked bundle under his arm, as he stopped, on his homeward way, last night; and this candy, ground and trodden about the floor, was lost by "Baby" Lane, who came hither alone yesterday, in eager haste to spend the rare cent she had got. Two school-boys were playfully scuffling at the time, and I had just bidden them to cease, when, as Baby turned timidly from the counter, they dashed against her, and she fell. Away from out her hurt little hand flew her precious purchase, and a heavy heel came down upon it and ground it to hopeless atoms. Poor Baby! It would indeed have been worth crying about had restitution been impossible. But Baby was finally righted, and I hope she will not remember the cent's worth of candy she carried home at last as a criterion of all her future purchases.

My first visitor this morning is an ambitious school-boy. He lives near by, and is in haste to buy a pencil, which he begs me to sharpen—"Quick; so I can do my sums before school." It is very pleasant to possess the friendship of those budding potentates—the boys. It is sound policy, too, for us whose business calls us much before the public, as those best know who have once incurred their displeasure. How shrewdly they provoke their obnoxious victim, till in some luckless moment he betrays his weakest point, and then how mercilessly do they assail him at it! And he who, in his wrath, attempts to resent their clamorous persecutions will prove himself very impotent and very unwise. Mr. Jingle, speculator in "junk," rags, and iron, was driven from town by them only a few months ago, because he did not take their overtures kindly. They found that he was above his business. Little pleasantries

about the price of old iron and the condition of the bone market galled him, and he resented them. Soon it was no longer, "Mr. Jingle, what *is* the price of old iron now?" but, "Old Jingle! old Junkee! old Bones! Do you get any good soup-pieces now?" and a deal of similar stuff, flung after him from a secure distance. He was also the subject of many ingeniously-hideous serenades, and one night his bell-pull was twitched violently out, and his fence torn down. Many of us pitied the man; but that did not help his case. He tried the law, but got no permanent redress, and at last he shook the dust from off his feet, and departed from our borders forever.

Hastening thus early to our fireside comes a homeless vagrant, chilled and purple with cold, having passed the night, as he has every other since winter closed in, in a comfortless haymow somewhere in the neighborhood. Veriest of loafers and most unambitious of youths is he. Life makes no such large promises to him as it does to most young men just approaching their majority. Things might have been different, he said to me one day, if he had improved certain earlier opportunities; but he now folds his hands, as if satisfied that the time for all hopeful effort were past. Work and board have been offered him; but, as these would remove him from his present haunts, to which he has a sort of animal attachment, he seems to think the very proposal an annoyance, his present life answering all his demands, or he now feeling himself incapable of living any other. How he manages to eke out a subsistence is a standing wonder to our good people, as he seldom earns any thing, and there is little about at this season that he could steal, had he a thievish propensity. I sometimes think he could give some suggestive facts to social economists if he would, as he always appears in full bodily condition. What egregious fools he might prove most of us to be, for bartering all our lives away for an insignificant living! But his pride makes him miss even this whimsical chance of being of use to us in any way; for he is not that merry, captivating vagabond who makes a jest of his poverty, and by his light-hearted philosophy compensates the world for his idleness, but one who would gladly have been other than he is, had circumstances, without asking too much effort from him, made it possible.

We of this busy nation are at a loss to understand that predicament of mind which allows a man in rags, and perhaps with dull hunger gnawing him within, to sit inertly down amidst the whispers and sidelong looks of so many thrifty ones, and put forth no sturdy effort to better his condition. So he gets little sympathy, and it is his own dim, passive perception of the pity and contempt he excites that makes the aspect of his case more pathetic.

I think it was his life as a drummer-boy in the army that confirmed his habits of indolence and improvidence so strongly upon him. Since the quarter-master and cook were discharged,



THE STRANDED DRUMMER-BOY.

he has drifted helplessly away from whatever locality he may call home—sinking, meanwhile, in the scale of public opinion, from the proud rank of the disbanded hero to the lower depths of worthless vagabondage—and has at last stranded in the placid waters of our village life.

For weeks he has come to our fireside as punctually as the week-day mornings, generally remaining the whole day through, until the shutters close at night. There is a deal of tolerance in these degenerate days, or he would have been driven out of doors long ago. Poor devil! that inane pride of his, which must be to him an inexpressibly dreary and burdensome possession, might let him freeze before it would disclose his extremity; and so he is allowed to stay with us, who seldom close our doors against any, or exact explanations from those who come.

I answer his morning greeting with a reluctance I can not conceal, but which he seems not to notice, finding resentment impossible. As he warms himself he talks about indifferent things with a shivering attempt at vivacity, as if to persuade me that he is not the vapid and everlasting nuisance I have taken him to be, but is, on the contrary, a most lively and interesting person, whose coming in on this particular morning is one of those rare and happy accidents of good fortune for which I ought to be sincerely grateful. But as he grows warmer his voice mellows to a prosy monotone, and after a little he becomes lulled, as it were, by my inattention and the warmth, into a drowsy silence. There he will sit for hours, doing nothing save stretching his hands occasionally toward the stove, thinking that by affecting he is not yet warm he can excuse his continuance

here, though his face is fairly aglow with superfluous heat. At times during the day he will arouse a little, and take what part he may in the conversation going on around him. Perhaps the uncertain flow of his speech will dribble on my ear for some time after the other speakers are gone, as though he were talking in his dreams, for I do not always pretend to listen to him. Indeed, I am continually forgetting his presence in the occasional silence of the apartment and my own abstraction, and it will of a sudden obtrude itself upon my perception, as I glance around from where I sit, as though I had discovered an apparition sitting there. Sometimes he reads, and the sharp, infrequent rustle of his paper comes to me as startlingly as the quick scamper of rats in the ceiling. It has even seemed to me at times, as in the silence I have studied him, that his body was really soul-abandoned, and had become only a cumbrous sort of ghost, susceptible indeed of suffering and destitution, but foreign to the bright inspirations of happiness—a being incapable of filling any worthy place in the world, unfortunately, and so standing, wistful and phantom-like, without the pale of our utilitarian life. But he is of too sluggish a nature to be deeply depressed, and often appears unconcerned and contented enough; and, as I have said, even attempts to be sprightly at times, as though inspired by a sudden determination to convince himself and us that he is quite other than the spiritless and forlorn individual we have taken him to be.

Early customers come and go—plain people, whose wants are easily supplied. While I am busy with these, enters Old Crazy Hooting Horace Risley. I here string all his titles together, not because they are ever thus collectively made use of in speaking to or of him, but for the reason that the popular mind has in these various appellations happily condensed his most salient characteristics. His names fit him better than his clothes; and, remembering them, a stranger seeking him in our village street would be prepared to recognize him at once. He is simple and odd, rather than crazy—a harmless, cheerful old man, talking low and brokenly to himself as he takes his bent form along the village street, leaning low on the wood-saw he usually carries, the long use of which as a staff has so sadly crooked his aged back. He has gruff, good-natured words for every one he meets, and none would think of answering him in other than a kindly way.

For a long time Horace occupied at night an old, dilapidated barn, where the storms roared at him through the cracks and openings, and the bold rats used to steal out and plunder his Sunday store of crackers and cheese. But the old ruin fell about his head one lusty night, and he has since found safer quarters in a newer structure. He has blankets to wrap himself in, but I suspect the cold gets at him sometimes these bitter nights, for he is too old for the life he leads. Wont to earn his living by sawing

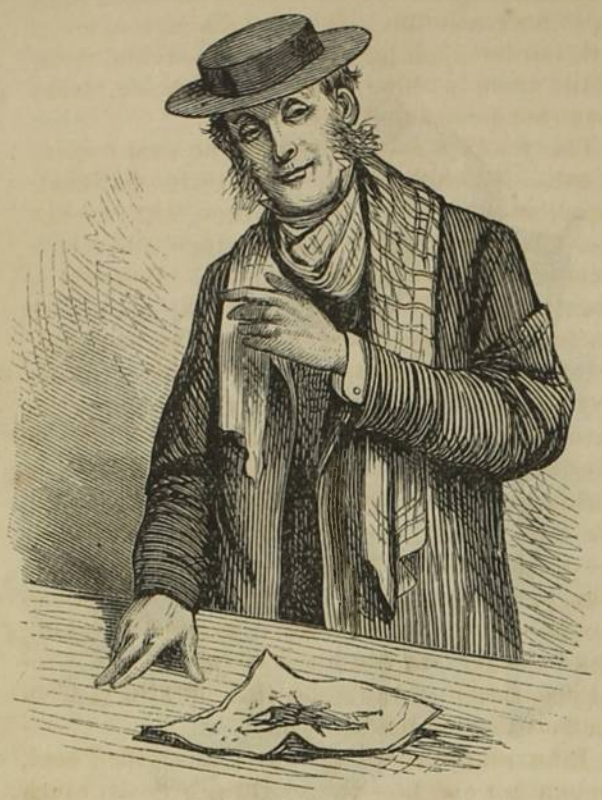


HORACE RISLEY.

wood and doing other plain jobs about the neighborhood, he is still able to do somewhat for the kind friends he has made, though not adequate to any considerable task. Yet he does not go hungry away; he never has a doubt where to go for his breakfast; nor are his other meals often wanting, or the bundle of crackers and cheese of a Saturday night for Sunday's quiet demands. A great gourmand, he delights to tell, with many a fond, unctuous grimace, what hearty dishes he affects, and how richly he has fed.

But as he enters the store this morning he greets me with a voice that is so hoarse and clogged with phlegm that it seems as if the words must terribly rasp his throat. Drawing a chair close to the stove, he drops his leathern mittens upon the floor, and his battered hat beside them — uncovering his wonderfully thick and silvery hair, a perfect "crown of glory" with the sunshine streaming over it — and stretching his numb and trembling hands about the stove, seems to take to himself great handfuls of the heat. Evidently he has had a cold walk, and perhaps did not sleep warmly last night. His cheeks are pinched to redness by the frost, and his thin, aged beard is tangled with icicles. Yet there is no bitterness in his heart, though he complains that the selectmen have neglected his requests for warmer clothing.

See! even while his plaints are troubling my comfort he falls to dozing beside the stove, and all the cold world, that so lately pinched him, drifts from his memory, and his senses sink as softly as a child's beneath the dreamy waves of sleep. Aroused by the noisy entrance of some school-boys, he gathers himself together, and after inviting himself to call again, in that



THE DARWINIST.

quaint way he has of carrying on both sides of a conversation, goes off up the street, a prospective breakfast somewhere in the neighborhood luring him away from our fireside.

The homeless drummer-boy, whom we almost involuntarily expect will bow low his head to this life-worn veteran of his tribe, conducts himself toward him rather in an affectedly superior and patronizing way that is very surprising to observe. So it is that many lives are buoyed up and made altogether tolerable by an innocent, out-at-the-elbows sort of content, which is ever thinking there are less fortunate conditions of life underlying its own.

But it will never do for an aspiring grocery clerk to keep his customers waiting so long. Among those who have come in is T——. He is not unlike his neighbors in many respects, yet is a droll and provoking genius in his way. He arrives at about the same conclusions as other men, but always by different processes of thought. His directness is sometimes startling. When he paid his tax to the collector, here in the store the other day, he said he was thus contracting with society that his life and property should not be molested by any of its members. "I don't feel the need of any of the cumbrous machinery of government to keep me a good neighbor," he remarked; "but as my fellow-men seem to—why, I am willing to help support their conservators." And he beamed pityingly around upon us all, a broad grin flickering just beneath the serious aspect of his face. This forenoon he has come for some nails to mend his hog-pen. As I do them up (T—— says, "Never mind about a string") he discourses about his pig:

"He's an aspiring chap—this grunting brother of mine. It is difficult to confine him to a dead-level existence. This morning, having attained the freedom of the yard, he chewed up my newspaper for the paste that was on the wrapper. I am quite curious to observe what effect so sudden a digest of the affairs of the world will have upon his erratic genius."

Having lately picked up a vague idea of the principles of Darwinism, T—— has lent himself ardently to that study ever since. He has found a wondering and attentive audience here.

"Strange I never thought of these things before," he says. "Why, I have the instincts of all grades of life centred in myself, I believe. I love molasses like a fly, the spring sunshine like a turtle, and chestnuts like a squirrel. I chew tobacco as the ox does his cud. Indeed, most of us have a good deal of the bovine lingering in us yet. We don't eat grass, to be sure, but the cattle do, and we eat them, getting our grass at second hand so. Now, in chewing tobacco," says he, waxing profound: "There you see a remembrance of the worm or grasshopper life that feeds wholly on it; then the ox habit, chewing; and perhaps back of all this lies the forgotten fact that we were once tobacco ourselves!" With a sly look at me he goes away, his audience, so soon as they can recover themselves from the puzzling labyrinths of their being in which he has involved them, laughing loudly after him—all except one, a knowing little man with snapping eyes. He has been whittling, in a rapt way, the barrel-head upon which he sits, and now raises his head with spasmodic suddenness.

"T—— ain't any body's fool," he ejaculates, half closing one sagacious eye.

Meantime I sell a codfish to a little Irish woman, who compliments me needlessly; a Jackson ball, an axe-helve, two quarts of beans, a Farmers' Almanac, a box of cinnamon, etc., etc., to others. Verily my life has the spice of variety.

During an absence of other visitors enters a wayfarer. Of a sharp and grizzly aspect, his face has the look of one who has long been searching for some good that he has not found. His rough wayside staff, its top smoothly polished by his hand, at once announces him a traveler. He carries it always with him, in his hand or under his arm, as he walks about the store, using it in such familiar and unconscious ways to help along his talk that it seems to have become an essential accessory to his person. No less do his faded and weather-worn clothes speak of an outdoor life. He has on so many coats that the outer one is buttoned with difficulty about him—having wrapped himself up against the elements as though his experience had taught him to expect from all things the bitterest that might be. A felon, in a big bundle on his thumb, affords him an acute text, from which he discourses with dismal readiness and assurance. But even while he is gratuitously insisting upon the ills of poverty—maintaining that honest labor means perpet-



THE WAYFARER.

ual indigence—he spends, of the twenty-one cents he is able to collect from the many receptacles about his person, fourteen for tobacco and seven for crackers and cheese—a proceeding that might unsettle an unfledged faith in his philosophy. But it is not unprofitable to study these unfortunate characters, whose lives have been such sad failures in regard to all we think necessary to the completeness of our own.

This man's talk reveals him an Irish Protestant, a man of more zeal than devoutness or education. Our institutions have by no means answered his expectations. Bringing to this country a keen remembrance of the social distinctions and sectarian hates that have in times past so embroiled his own unhappy land, and finding the same elements of contention intricately woven into our social life, he can argue none but ill results. Gently as he may, he tells me there will be clashings, war, separation. He can not understand that social differences are unavoidable; or how, as I try to explain, the fierce militant spirit of sect is slowly softening into the more Christian idea, that the tendency and practical aim of all religion should be to make men better neighbors and more peaceful citizens. The Pope of Rome Party, as he calls it, is to him the very incarnation of bigotry and crafty power. Those ignorant countrymen of his, who dig our railroads and sewers, are its abject slaves. "Before I would go and dig with *them*, I would *steal!*" And as he reaches this climax of his indignation he turns suddenly and fiercely on me, as if to express the daring of his resolution. The freedmen, too, are a dark burden upon his mind; he has found them all too cheaply filling many of the choice places about our homes and farms.

This man's memory discloses no sunny spots to me. A whole category of evils—national, social, personal—he enumerates, with a glibness I have done little to encourage, and which hints of many previous rehearsals—all of which seem to have touched in some way his life or his imagination—he ever reasoning outward, as it were, from some sore point in his own history or condition. His poverty and philosophy have embittered and narrowed his life, instead of educating and consoling it, and while he has darkly brooded on his ills the sweetness of his life has passed unaccepted away. Probably the world has used him roughly, has wronged him, perhaps, and he, looking for requital, can see no other way than by a general breaking up of the present condition of things, and a total separation of the good that he affects from the bad that he has known.

Like many another weary, misguided soul, he can not see how the world can go on much longer without coming to some kind of settlement. I imagine it is this expectation that keeps him from becoming an altogether morose and desperate man. He is now on his way to some visionary township which he long ago idealized as capable of answering his life's demands, but which he has never yet been able to find. And so he trudges on, toward an ever-receding goal, the faint hope that lingers in him dwindling sadly away.

I hope this portentous philosopher may some day find an adequate listener. It occurs to me, oddly enough, just as he bids me an emphatic good-day, that this may be one of the objects of his journeyings, and that I have been a fresh disappointment to him.

The gongs in the adjacent city bellow noon, dwelling long upon the sound and repeating it in many rival tones. School is out, and the mingled shouts of the released children sound through our closed doors like the wild, sudden clamor of the crows when disturbed by the woodside. Here they come!—girls and boys crowding in together; some to spend the pennies they have kept till now—kept in lingering contemplation of the whole magnificent range of sweets which thus seemed open to them, but from which they must at last choose so little; some to see what these will buy, and perhaps (oh, hopeful perhaps!) to get a small taste from the generous little hand; others for the mere sake of stopping at "the store," and learning what they may of life so. I have unwittingly found my way to the favor of these little ones. In my inexperience I gave them unwonted cent's-worths; and now when they make their momentous purchases they shrewdly choose those things upon whose value the confectioner has set no arbitrary limits. They make me guess at the quantity they shall have, the little



THE BUTT OF THE BOYS.

rogues! and, like native politicians, hold me close to my ruinous "record."

One little boy says he should like to be a store-keeper, and his eye ranges along the shelves in fond and sweet imaginings.

They are very inquisitive, these children—eager to understand every thing—wonderfully willing to be educated; and we all have to turn teacher at times. It behooves us to act more cheerfully and wisely in this matter than many of us seem to think. These youngsters are all, alas! so facilely human.

The village, having dined, stirs abroad once more. Among our afternoon visitors is one of the town's notabilities. A small, toddling, awry-eyed personage—weak of intellect and garrulous of tongue. His flippant and good-natured imbecility has gained him a notoriety that a brighter wit could not attain. Every body knows him, and most play upon him—some in a kindly spirit enough, but others roughly, abusing him in their wanton pride of intellect. Somewhat in years, he has thus become a sort of heir-loom for all the mischievous ones among us; while the men have grown too sedate, the boys have learned to practice upon him, and so he has been tossed, all his life, a sentient plaything, from one generation to another. His half-furnished mind, becoming more and more uncertain as the years gather around him, affords a curious and, at times, a puzzling study. Gossipy and credulous, and given to weak exaggeration, he once afforded the smart ones of the neighborhood an excellent opportunity to exercise their ingenuity, and all sorts of absurd stories were set afloat through him, who sturdily believed them all. So flattered and played upon, he has at last lost the power to separate the false from the true, and his own most insipid dreams now float through his colorless mind with all the parade and satisfaction of verities.

Fortunately his mind has no cognizance of its own infirmity. Whatever differences he perceives between himself and other men his conceit hastens to bridge over, and he has become, in many outward aspirations and observances, absurdly like the rest of us. Special police to all the small boys of the neighborhood, a consequential doer of errands, and a faithful attendant upon all public occasions, he fancies himself quite an indispensable character.

This afternoon as he came in he was all swelling with fresh indignation, his loud threats of summary vengeance having come to us before he reached our door. Some sportive wretch had pulled his cap violently over his eyes, and snatched from his crammed pocket a number of old newspapers, throwing them over a fence, where he was at some trouble to recover them again. Having recited his troubles he forgets them for a while, and babbles of a certain hearse and sextonship that each to-morrow of a long succession of weeks was surely to put into his hands, but did not. Still he has as stubborn a confidence in the to-morrow now before him as though no other had ever been named by him. We may humor his conceit, or laugh and pass him by, as all do at last, but his story is ever fresh upon his lips.

But most welcome of all the visitors of the day is he who enters briskly now. A figure of jolly dimensions, a face florid and full, giving at first an impression that its owner seldom smiles—an impression that does not linger long in his presence. He is one of those rare persons who talk for the mere sake of entertaining, and who succeed. But, unfortunately for my purpose here, bare words are so small a part of his conversation that it can not be adequately written. Made up largely of local anecdotes, it is a succession of actual and pertinent illustrations. But it is not mere gossip we are listening to; Human Nature seems rehearsing itself before us in the most jocund of moods. In the glamour of his presence we look upon the broad, sunny surface of life, and it shifts and dances in the rich gleam of his humor till all the world seems about to go masquerading. Yet it is ever true to itself. Every body has become suddenly natural—that is all; and so we feel a fresher and more fraternal interest in them. There is always fun enough in the world, and all we dull ones need is some one to discover it to us that we may laugh; and his is a mind that occupies itself pre-eminently in discerning and reflecting whatever odd or amusing things occur in the life around him. And then that wonderful memory of his, which the years have stored with all kinds of warm-hued and delicious remembrances, and whose mellow



THE WELCOME VISITOR.

treasures he delights, at times, to display before us!

For nearly an hour he has inspired and delighted the chance audience he has found about our stove on this dull winter afternoon; and while all sit with hungry ears and faces that have not yet composed themselves, he rises abruptly, and we suddenly find ourselves at the mercy of each other again. And now that I try to recall some of the many good things he has been telling us, I am surprised to find them changed to the prosiest facts beneath my touch. The wizard has withdrawn his spell.

School is out for the day now, and our precincts sustain another irruption of chattering children. Those from a distance do their errands quickly, or, having left their orders at morning or noon, take up their purchases and are nimbly away, on the alert for a ride home. One little girl has forgotten her errand, and, between her doubt and the fear that she will lose her ride home with a neighbor, gets helplessly confused.

"Oh dear! what was it?" Her forehead is all knotted with perplexity.

"Perhaps it's chewin' gum," drawls a funny fellow.

"Or pins?" says a little girl who is about to buy a cent's worth, and has climbed upon the counter for that momentous purpose.

"Or oranges — maybe raisins?" suggests a little boy with a big mouth, following their lead, and trying to climb up too.

But I check them. Perhaps *I* can think for her. "Was it cheese? soda? tea?" Strangely enough, I only confuse her the more.

"No, no; not any of them. Do let me think! Oh dear! there goes Mr. Munsen, and now I must walk home." This in submissive despair. But immediately brightening, as her eye catches a placard—"Oh, it's matches! Be quick, and p'r'aps I c'n catch him now!" I throw out the package, make change, which she sweeps into the wrist of her mitten without taking it off her hand. Seizing the package she is off like the wind, with great flutter of garments. I hurry out after her and shout, "Mr. Mun-*sen!*" That benevolent man looks around, checks his horse, and adds another happy little heart to his load.

After a little I am alone, save for the presence of the stranded drummer-boy; and the quiet that pervades the village informs me that the world is "taking tea."

As the twilight deepens within doors, stealing from out the dusky corners as though it had been lurking there all day long, Old Horace stops on his downward way to warm himself against his long walk. He has supped royally to-night, and is happy as a lord. We even persuade him to sing a little in the most unmusical and unintelligible of voices. His laugh is hearty and cheerful as he closes, and his "Good-night," though spoken in a voice that is gruff and broken with exposure and age, has nothing of want or sadness in it. As he moves away down the street to his lonely bed in the barn, the evening shadows close around him, hiding his bent form from us, as must soon that deeper shadow from which he will never emerge.

The tavern being long ago dismantled, the store now alone offers itself, a tamer place of evening resort. A large portion of the male population of the village drift hitherward of an evening with a punctuality that I fear has not always its reward. A number have trading to do, to be sure; but many come only to hear and tell what may have transpired during the day. Others, younger men, come for the mere sake of finding "something going on," they are such eager, restless fellows. I wonder parents do not oftener see to what a dangerous pitch of activity they may train their boys. Contemptuous of books and study, that youthful energy, which is so praiseworthy about the farm or in the shop, is prone to conviviality and mischief in its leisure hours. What rare men education would have made of some of these we might name! In contrast with these are those placid natures who sit all the evening long, merely to pass away the time, adding little to the talk or merriment that is evoked about the stove.



"OH DEAR! WHAT WAS IT?"

To-night the boys who were in the army are telling their experiences, and vying with each other in the extravagance of their stories. One relates that he lay with his regiment one dark night upon the battle-field, sleeping close to one he supposed a mess-mate. Trying to waken his fellow-sleeper, at the call in the gloom of the morning, he found he had been nestling all night against a headless foeman.

With more of animation than he has manifested all day long beside, the drummer-boy tells that his regiment passed one night in bare barracks. It was bitter cold, and their baggage was way back in the mud. "I waked up shivering in the night—almost froze," says he. "I was sure I heard the drums beatin', and jumped up, fumblin' for my own. Then I thought it didn't sound quite like drums. I could hear the fellers shudderin' all about me; and, Sir, that noise was the thumpin' of their heads upon the bare boards as they shivered in their sleep!"

One other now takes his turn with great earnestness. A member of his company was hastily buried one day, as an immediate move was expected. As often at such times, the grave was rather shallow. "We didn't leave that day," he goes on; "and next morning I heard some one whistling out there, as contented as could be. And I'm a sinner if it wasn't L——. He had poked his head up through, and was mad because I hadn't brought his breakfast. Being a new hand, he supposed this a part of the service, you see."

The best talkers do not generally stay long; it is the dull ones, those who do not know what else to do with themselves, who stay and bore each other beyond all reason. At last, all customers having gone, and the conversation lapsing into fearful inanities, we close the shutters as a hint, and our visitors button their coats about them and go away into the night—the stranded drummer last of all, and most reluctant to leave the stove. Ere the crunch of their footsteps has died away upon the quiet street we put out the lights and hasten to our own more secluded fireside, glad that from here, at least, the world is shut out.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

VI.—DIPLOMATIC INTRIGUES AND MILITARY ADVENTURES.

ON the river Maas, a few miles north of the present city of Liege, there was a celebrated castle called Herstal. For many generations feudal lords had there displayed their pomp and power; and it had been the theatre not only of princely revelry, but of many scenes of violence and blood. A surrounding territory of a few thousand acres, cultivated by serfs, who were virtually slaves, was the hereditary domain of the petty lords of the castle. A few miles south of the castle there was a monastery called Liege, which was a dependency of the lords of Herstal.

Amidst the vicissitudes of the revolving centuries the rollicking lords grew poor, and the frugal monks grew rich. A thrifty city rose around the monastery, and its bishop wielded a power, temporal and spiritual, more potent than had ever issued from the walls of the now crumbling and dilapidated castle. In some of the perplexing diplomatic arrangements of those days, the castle of Herstal, with its surrounding district, was transferred to Frederick William of Prussia. The peasants, who had heard of the military rigor of Prussia, where almost every able-bodied man was crowded into the army, were exceedingly troubled by this transfer, and refused to take the oath of allegiance to their new sovereign, who had thus succeeded to the ownership of themselves, their flocks, and their herds. The gleaming sabres of Frederick William's dragoons soon, however, brought them to terms. Thus compelled to submission they remained unreconciled and irritated. Upon the withdrawal of the Prussian troops the authority of Frederick William over the Herstal people also disappeared; for they greatly preferred the milder rule of the bishop of Liege.

The bishop denied that Frederick William had any claim to Herstal. He brought forward a prior claim of his own in behalf of the Church. The duke of Lorraine, when proprietor of the castle and its dependencies, had pawned it to the bishop for a considerable sum of money. This money, the bishop averred, had never been repaid. Consequently he claimed the property as still in his possession.

George Ludwig, count of Berg, who, at this time was bishop of Liege, was a feeble old man tottering beneath the infirmities of eighty-two years. He did not venture upon physical resistance to the power of Prussia, but confined himself to protests, remonstrances, and to the continued exercise of his own governmental authority. As Herstal was many leagues distant from Berlin, was of comparatively little value, and could only be reached by traversing foreign states, Frederick William offered to sell all his claims to it for about eighty thousand dollars. The proposal not being either accepted or rejected by the bishop, the king, anxious to settle the question before his death, sent an embassador to Liege, with full powers to arrange the difficulty by treaty. For three days the embassador endeavored in vain to obtain an audience. He then returned indignantly to Berlin. The king, of course, regarded this treatment as an insult. The bishop subsequently averred that the audience was prevented by his own sickness. Such was the posture of affairs when Frederick William died.

Upon the accession of Frederick the Second, as officers were dispatched through the realm to exact oaths of allegiance, the Herstal people, encouraged by the bishop, refused to acknowledge fealty to the new king. Frederick was now in the district of Cleve, in the near vicinity of Herstal. He sent the following very decisive summons to the "Prince Bishop of Liege," dated Wesel, September 4, 1740.

"My Cousin,—Knowing all the assaults made by you upon my indisputable rights over my free barony of Herstal, and how the seditious ringleaders there, for several years past, have been countenanced by you in their detestable acts of disobedience against me, I have commanded my privy-counselor, Rambonet, to repair to your presence, and in my name to require from you, within two days, a distinct and categorical answer to this question:

"Whether you are still minded to assert your pretended sovereignty over Herstal, and whether you will protect the rebels at Herstal in their disorders and abominable disobedience?

"In case you refuse, or delay beyond the term, the answer which I hereby of right demand, you will render yourself alone responsible, before the world, for the consequences which infallibly will follow. I am, with much consideration, my cousin, your very affectionate cousin. Frederick."

Rambonet presented the peremptory missive, and waited forty-eight hours for the answer. He then returned to Wesel without any satisfactory reply. Frederick immediately issued a manifesto, declaring the reasons for his action, and ordered two thousand men, horse and foot, who were all ready for the emergence, to advance immediately to Maaseyk, one of the principal towns of the bishop, take possession of it and of the surrounding region, quarter themselves upon the people, enforce liberal contributions, and remain there until the bishop should come to terms.[1]

The solid, compact army, with infantry, artillery, and cavalry in the best possible condition, advanced at the double-quick. Arriving at the gates of Maaseyk, not a moment was spent in parleying. "Open the gates instantly," was the summons, "or we shall open them with the petard."

With great courtesy of words, but pitiless energy of action, general Borck, who was in command, fulfilled his commission. A contribution was exacted of fifteen thousand dollars, to be paid within three days; sufficient rations were to be furnished daily for the troops, or the general, it was stated, would be under the painful necessity of collecting them for himself. Two hundred and fifty dollars a day were to be provided for the general's private expenses. Remonstrances were of no avail. Resistance was not to be thought of.

The poor old bishop called loudly upon the emperor of Germany for help. The territory of the bishop of Liege was under the protection of the empire. The emperor Charles VI. immediately issued a decree ordering Frederick to withdraw his troops, to restore the money which he had extorted, and to settle the question by arbitration, or by an appeal to the laws of the empire. This was the last decree issued by Charles VI. Two weeks after he died.

Frederick paid no regard to the remonstrance of the emperor. The bishop, in his distress, applied to the French for aid, and then to the Dutch, but all in vain. He then sent an embassy to Berlin, proposing to purchase Herstal. The king consented to sell upon the same terms his father had offered, adding to the sum the expenses of his military expedition and other little items, bringing the amount up to one hundred and eighty thousand dollars. The money was paid, and the Herstal difficulty was settled. This was Frederick's first act of foreign diplomacy. Many severely censured him for the violent course he pursued with a power incapable of resistance. All admitted the energy and sagacity which he had developed in the affair.

Voltaire, in his *Memoirs*, says that he drew up the manifesto for Frederick upon this occasion. "The pretext," he writes, "for this fine expedition was certain rights which his majesty pretended to have over a part of the suburbs. It was to me he committed the task of drawing up the manifesto, which I performed as well as the nature of the case would let me; never suspecting that a king with whom I supped, and who called me his friend, could possibly be in the wrong. The affair was soon brought to a conclusion by the payment of a million of livres, which he exacted in good hard ducats, and which served to defray the expenses of his tour to Strasbourg, concerning which he complained so loudly in his poetic prose epistle.

"I represented to him that perhaps it was not altogether prudent to print his *Anti-Machiavel* just at the time that the world might reproach him with having violated the principles he taught. He permitted me to stop the impression. I accordingly took a journey into Holland purposely to do him this trifling service. But the bookseller demanded so much money that his majesty, who was not in the bottom of his heart vexed to see himself in print, was better pleased to be so for nothing, than to pay for not being so. I could not avoid

[1] "As the bishops of Liege had been in possession of the contested districts more than a century, and as Frederick William had not, any more than his predecessors, adopted any vigorous measures to gain possession of them, it is not probable that the claim of Frederick was very well founded. At all events, his conduct was violent and unjust. The inhabitants of these districts had been guilty of no crime but that of avowing their allegiance to the prince whom they had been accustomed to obey, and whom they appear to have considered as their lawful sovereign. When Frederick, therefore, sent his troops to live upon the inhabitants of those districts at discretion, he committed an act of tyranny and of cruelty which nothing in the circumstances of the case could justify." —*Memoirs of Voltaire*, p. 44.

feeling some remorse at being concerned in printing this *Anti-Machiavelian* book at the very moment that the king of Prussia, who had a hundred millions in his coffers, was robbing the poor people of Liege of another, by the hand of the privy-counselor Rambonet."[1]

It must be borne in mind that these words were written after Voltaire had quarreled with Frederick, and when it seems to have been his desire to represent all the acts of the king in as unfavorable a light as possible. Frederick himself, about eight years after the settlement of the Herstal difficulty, gave the following as his version of the affair:

"A miserable bishop of Liege thought it a proud thing to insult the late king. Some subjects of Herstal, which belongs to Prussia, had revolted. The bishop gave them his protection. Colonel Kreutzen was sent to Liege to compose the thing by treaty, with credentials and full power. Imagine it; the bishop would not receive him! Three days, day after day, he saw this envoy apply at his palace, and always denied him entrance. These things had grown past endurance."

Frederick returned to Berlin by a circuitous route, which occupied ten days. His uncle, king George II. of England, whom he exceedingly disliked, was then on a visit to his Hanoverian possessions. Frederick passed within a few miles of his Britannic majesty without deigning to call upon him. The slight caused much comment in the English papers. It was regarded as of national moment, for it implied that in the complicated policy which then agitated the courts of Europe the sympathies of Prussia would not be with England.

Soon after this Frederick's next younger brother, Augustus William, who was heir-presumptive to the throne, in default of a son by Frederick, was betrothed to Louisa Amelia of Brunswick, younger sister of Frederick's bride.

About the middle of October Wilhelmina came to Berlin to see her brothers again. Nine years had passed since her marriage, and seven since her last sad visit to the home of her childhood, in which inauspicious visit the wretchedness of her early years had been renewed by the cruelty of her reception. In Wilhelmina's journal we find the following allusion to this her second return to Berlin:

"We arrived at Berlin the end of October. My younger brothers, followed by the princes of the blood and by all the court, received us at the bottom of the stairs. I was led to my apartment, where I found the reigning queen, my sisters, and the princesses. I learned, with much chagrin, that the king was ill of tertian ague. He sent me word that, being in his fit, he could not see me, but that he depended on having that pleasure to-morrow. The queen-mother, to whom I went without delay, was in a dark condition. Her rooms were all hung in their lugubrious drapery. Every thing was as yet in the depth of mourning for my father. What a scene for me! Nature has her rights. I can say with truth I have almost never in my life been so moved as on this occasion. My interview with my mother was very touching."

The next morning Frederick hastened to greet his sister. Wilhelmina was not pleased with his appearance. The cares of his new reign entirely engrossed his mind. The dignity of an absolute king did not sit gracefully upon him. Though ostentatiously demonstrative in his greeting, the delicate instincts of Wilhelmina taught her that her brother's caresses were heartless. He was just recovering from a fit of the ague, and looked emaciate and sallow. The court was in mourning. During those funereal days no festivities could be indulged in. The queen-mother was decorously melancholy; she seems to have been not only disappointed, but excessively chagrined, to find that she was excluded by her son from the slightest influence in public affairs. The distant, arrogant, and assuming airs of the young king soon rendered him unpopular.

"A general discontent," writes Wilhelmina, "reigned in the country. The love of his subjects was pretty much gone. People spoke of him in no measured terms. Some accused him of caring nothing about those who helped him as prince royal. Others complained of his avarice as surpassing that of the late king. He was accused of violence of temper, of a suspicious disposition, of distrust, haughtiness, dissimulation. I would have spoken to him about these had not my brother Augustus William and the queen regnant dissuaded me."

Frederick invited his sister to visit him at Reinsberg, to which place either business or pleasure immediately called him. After the lapse of two days Wilhelmina, with the neglected queen Elizabeth, repaired to the enchanting château, hoping to find, amidst its rural scenes, that enjoyment which she never yet had been able to find in the sombre halls of the Berlin palace. Here quite a gay company was assembled. Frederick was very laboriously occupied during the day in affairs of state. But in the evening he appeared in the social circles, attracting the attention of all by his conversational brilliance, and by the apparent heartiness with which he entered into the amusements of the court. He took an active part in some private theatricals, and none were aware of the profound schemes of ambition which, cloaked by this external gayety, were engrossing his thoughts.

On the 25th of October a courier arrived, direct from Vienna, with the startling intelligence that the emperor Charles VI. had died five days before. The king was at the time suffering from a severe attack of chills and fever. There was quite a long deliberation in the court whether it were safe to communicate the agitating intelligence to his majesty while he was so sick. They delayed for an hour, and then cautiously informed the king of the great event. Freder-

[1] *Memoirs*, p. 47, 48.

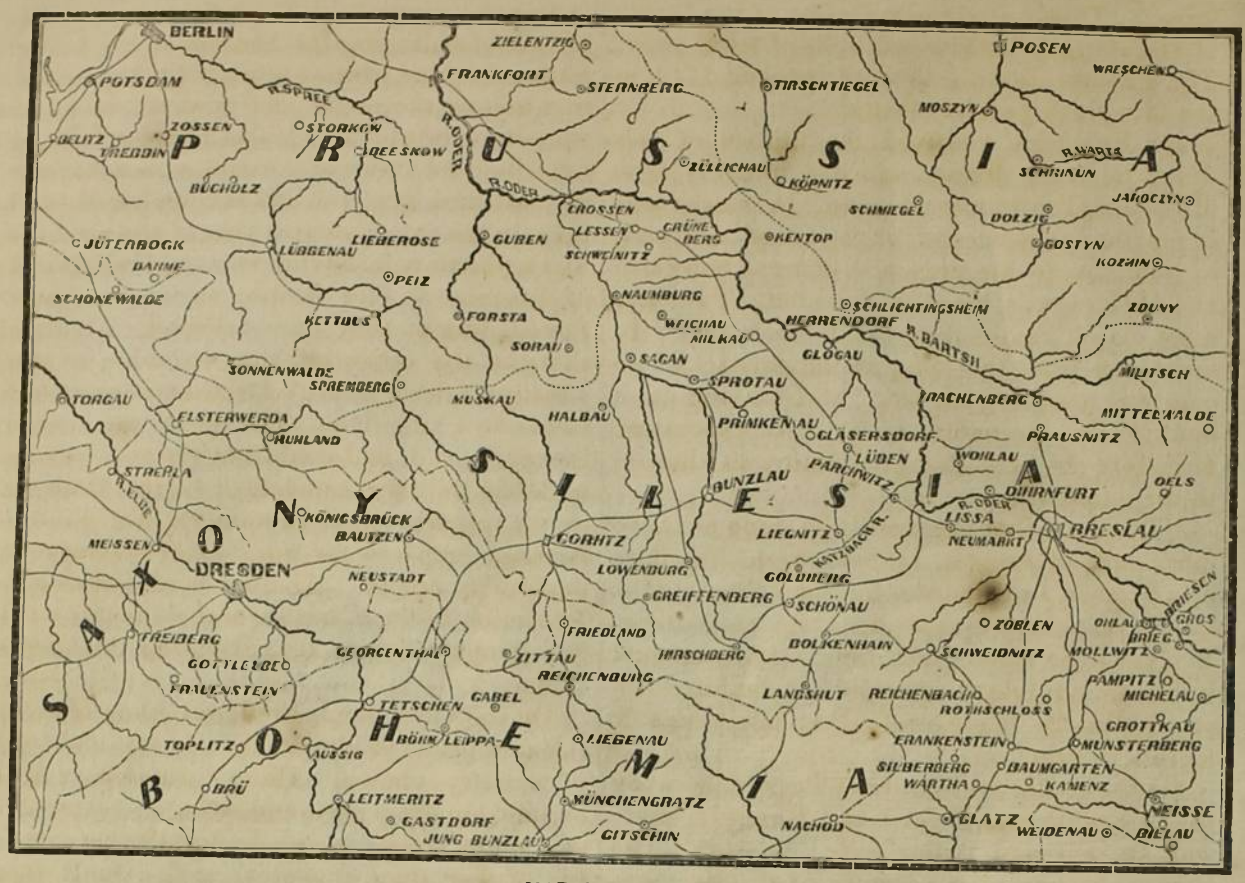


THE DEATH SCENE OF THE EMPEROR.

ick listened in silence; uttered not a word; made no sign.[1] Subsequent events proved that his soul must have been agitated by the tidings to its profoundest depths. The death of the emperor, at that time, was unexpected. But it is pretty evident that Frederick had, in the sombre recesses of his mind, resolved upon a course of action when the emperor should die which he knew would be fraught with the most momentous results. In fact, this action proved the occasion of wars and woes from which, could the king have foreseen them, he would doubtless have shrunk back appalled.

The emperor Charles VI. left no son. He therefore promulgated a new law of succession in a decree known throughout Europe as the "Pragmatic Sanction." By the custom of the

1 "His majesty," says M. Bielfeld, "did not appear to be greatly moved. But what followed convinces me that he possesses the art of composing his countenance; and that the emotion passed within. For he rose soon after, sent for M. Von Eichel, secretary of the cabinet, and commanded him to write to marshal Schwerin and M. Von Podewils, minister for foreign affairs, and order them to come immediately to Reinsberg. These gentlemen arrived forthwith. They daily held long and very secret conferences with his majesty. They say that sovereigns have sometimes authority even over their infirmities. The fever has shown itself docile to the will of the monarch; for after two slight attacks it has entirely left him."—*Letters*, iv. p. 18.



MAP OF SILESIA.

realm the sceptre could descend only to male heirs. But by this decree the king declared that the crown of the house of Hapsburg should be transmitted to his daughter, Maria Theresa. This law had been ratified by the estates of all the kingdoms and principalities which composed the Austrian monarchy. All the leading powers of Europe—England, France, Spain, *Prussia*, Russia, Poland, Sweden, Denmark, and the Germanic body—had bound themselves by treaty to maintain the "Pragmatic Sanction." It was a peaceable and wise arrangement, acceptable to the people of Austria and to the dynasties of Europe as a means of averting a war of succession, which might involve all the nations of the continent in the conflict.

The death scene of the emperor was an event which must interest every reader. Upon his return from a hunting excursion into Hungary he was attacked, on Thursday evening, October 16, by slight indisposition, which was supposed to have been caused by eating imprudently of mushrooms. His sickness, baffling the skill of the doctors, increased, and by Saturday night became alarming. On Tuesday it was thought that he was dying. The pope's nuncio administered to him the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. His majesty manifested great composure in view of the sublime change before him, and said to one who was weeping at his bedside:

"I am not afraid in contemplating the dread tribunal before which I must now so soon appear. I am certain of my cause. Look at me! A man that is certain of his cause can enter on such a journey with good courage and a composed mind."

To his physicians, who were doubtful respecting the nature of his disease, he said: "If doctor Gazelli were here you would soon know what is my complaint. As it is, you will only learn after you have dissected me."

He then requested to be shown the cup in which his heart would be placed after that operation. His daughter, Maria Theresa, who had married the grand duke Francis, was in a delicate state of health. The death of her father would place the weighty crown upon her youthful brow. Grief and agitation threw her helpless upon her bed. So important was her life to the world that the emperor was unwilling that, in her then condition, she should enter the death-chamber.

"Tell my Theresa," said he, in faint and dying accents, "that I bless her, notwithstanding her absence."

The empress had fainted away at the bedside, and had been borne, in the arms of the attendants, into her daughter Maria Theresa's chamber. She was now summoned, with the younger children, for the final adieu. As the empress, almost delirious with grief, re-entered the apartment, she threw herself upon the bed of her dying husband, and exclaimed, in frenzied tones, "Do not leave me! Do not leave me!"

During all the day of Wednesday weeping friends stood around the bed, as the lamp of life flickered in its socket. Every moment it was expected that the emperor would breathe his last. At two o'clock the next morning the spirit took its flight, and the lifeless clay alone remained. The grief-stricken empress closed the eyes of her departed husband, kissed his hands, and "was carried out more dead than

alive." Thus ended the male line of the House of Hapsburg, after five centuries of royal sway. The emperor died the 20th of October, 1740, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

As Frederick received the tidings of this death he rose, dressed himself, and his ague disappeared to return no more. A courier was immediately dispatched, at the top of his speed, to summon to his presence general Schwerin and M. Podewils, his chief minister. Two days must elapse before they could reach him. In the mean time the king, taking counsel of no one, was maturing his plans and making quiet but vigorous preparations for their execution. He wrote the next day to Voltaire, in allusion to the emperor's death:

"I believe that there will, by June next, be more talk of cannon, soldiers, trenches, than of actresses and dancers for the ballet. This small event changes the entire system of Europe. It is the little stone which Nebuchadnezzar saw in his dream, loosening itself and rolling down on the image made of four metals, which it shivers to ruin."

On the southeast frontier of Prussia, between that kingdom and Poland and Hungary, there was an Austrian realm called Silesia. The country embraced a territory of twenty thousand square miles, being about twice as large as the State of Vermont. The population was about two millions. For more than a century Silesia had been a portion of the Austrian kingdom. Time, and the assent of Europe, had sanctioned the title.

But the young king Frederick was very ambitious of enlarging the borders of his Lilliputian realm, and of thus attaining a higher position among the proud and powerful monarchs who surrounded him. Maria Theresa, who had inherited the crown of Austria, was a remarkably beautiful, graceful, and accomplished young lady, in the twenty-fourth year of her age. She was a young wife, having married Francis duke of Lorraine. Her health, as we have mentioned, was at that time delicate. Frederick thought the opportunity a favorable one for wresting Silesia from Austria, and annexing it to his own kingdom. The queen was entirely inexperienced, and could not prove a very formidable military antagonist. Her army was in no respect, either in number, discipline, or *materiel*, prepared for war. Her treasury was deplorably empty. There was also reason for Frederick to hope that several claimants would rise in opposition to her, disputing the succession.

On the other hand, Frederick himself was in the very prime of manhood. He was ambitious of military renown. He had a compact army of one hundred thousand men, in better drill and more amply provided with all the apparatus of war than any other troops in Europe. The frugality of his father had left him with a treasury full to overflowing. To take military possession of Silesia would be a very easy thing. There was nothing to obstruct the rush of his troops across the frontiers. There were no strongly garrisoned fortresses, and not above



THE MARCH INTO SILESIA.



ATTACK UPON NEISSE.

three thousand soldiers in the whole realm. No one even suspected that Frederick would lay any claim to the territory, or that there was the slightest danger of invasion. The complicated claim which he finally presented, in official manifestoes, was founded upon transactions which had taken place a hundred years before. In conversation with his friends he did not lay much stress upon any legitimate title he had to the territory. He frankly admitted, to quote his own words, that "Ambition, interest, the desire of making people talk about me, carried the day, and I decided for war."[1]

The general voice of history has severely condemned the Prussian king for this invasion of Silesia. Frederick probably owed his life to the interposition of the father of Maria Theresa, when the young prince was threatened with the scaffold by his own father. Prussia was bound by the most solemn guarantees to respect the integrity of the Austrian states. There was, seemingly, a great want of magnanimity in taking advantage of the extreme youth, inexperience, and delicate health of the young queen, who was also embarrassed by an empty treasury and a weakened and undisciplined army. Frederick had also made, in his *Anti-Machiavel*, loud protestations of his love of justice and magnanimity. Mr. Carlyle, while honestly stating these facts, still does not blame Frederick for the seizing the opportunity which the death of the emperor presented for him to enlarge his dominions by plundering the domain of Maria Theresa.

"It is almost touching," Mr. Carlyle writes, "to reflect how unexpectedly, like a bolt out of the blue, all this had come upon Frederick, and how it overset his fine programme for the winter at Reinsberg, and for his life generally. Not the Peaceable magnanimities, but the Warlike, are the thing appointed Frederick this winter, and mainly henceforth. Those 'golden or soft radiances' which we saw in him, admirable to Voltaire and to Frederick, and to an esurient philanthropic world, it is not those, it is the 'steel bright or stellar kind' that are to become predominant in Frederick's existence; grim hail-storms, thunders, and tornado for an existence to him instead of the opulent genialities and halcyon weather anticipated by himself and others.

"Indisputably enough to us, if not yet to Frederick, 'Reinsberg and Life to the Muses'

[1] Macaulay, speaking of the claims of Frederick to Silesia, says: "They amount to this, that the house of Brandenburg had some ancient pretensions to Silesia, and had, in the previous century, been compelled, by hard usage on the part of the court of Vienna, to waive those pretensions. It is certain that, whoever might have been originally in the right, Prussia had submitted. Prince after prince of the house of Brandenburg had acquiesced in the existing arrangement. Nay, the court of Berlin had recently been allied with that of Vienna, and had guaranteed the integrity of the Austrian states. Is it not perfectly clear that, if antiquated claims are to be set up against recent treaties and long possession, the world can never be at peace for a day?"—*Life of Frederick the Great*, by MACAULAY, p. 62.

are done. On a sudden, from the opposite side of the horizon, see miraculous Opportunity rushing hitherward; swift, terrible, clothed with lightning like a courser of the gods; dare you clutch *him* by the thunder-mane, and fling yourself upon him, and make for the Empyrean by that course rather? Be immediate about it then; the time is now or never! No fair judge can blame the young man that he laid hold of the flaming Opportunity in this manner, and obeyed the new omen. To seize such an Opportunity and perilously mount upon it was the part of a young, magnanimous king, less sensible to the perils and more to the other considerations than one older would have been."[1]

With the utmost secrecy Frederick matured his plans. It could not be concealed that he was about to embark in some important military enterprise. The embassadors from other courts exerted all their ingenuity, but in vain, to ascertain in what direction the army was to march. Though the French had an embassador at Berlin, still it would seem that Voltaire was sent, as a spy, under the guise of friendship, to attempt to ferret out the designs of the king. These men, who did not profess any regard to the principles of religion, seem also to have trampled under feet all the instincts of honor. Voltaire endeavored to conceal his treachery beneath smiles and flattery, writing even love verses to the king. The king kept his own secret. Voltaire was not a little chagrined by his want of success. In his billet of leave he wrote:

"Non, malgré vos vertus, non malgré vos appas,
Mon âme n'est point satisfaite:
Non, vous n'êtes qu'une coquette,
Qui subjuguez les cœurs, et ne vous donnez pas."[2]

Frederick, while equally complimentary, while lavishing gifts and smiles upon his guest, to whom he had written that as there "could be but one God, so there could be but one Voltaire," wrote from Ruppin to M. Jordan, on the 28th of November, just before Voltaire took his leave:

"Thy miser" (Voltaire) "shall drink to the lees of his insatiable desire to enrich himself. He shall have the three thousand thalers [$2250]. He was with me six days. That will be at the rate of five hundred thalers [$375] a day. That is paying dearly for a fool. Never had court fool such wages before."

The Austrian envoy expressed to his court a suspicion that Silesia might be threatened. The reply which came back was that the Austrian court would not, and could not, believe that a prince who was under such obligations to the father of Maria Theresa, and who had made such loud professions of integrity and philanthropy, could be guilty of such an outrage.

Frederick did what he could to divert the attention of the court at Reinsberg by multiplying gayeties of every kind. There was feasting, and music, and dancing, and theatric exhibitions, often continuing until four o'clock in the morning. In the mean time couriers were coming and going. Troops were moving. Provisions and the *materiel* of war were accumulating. Anxious embassadors watched every movement of the king's hand, weighed every word which escaped his lips, and tried every adroit measure to elicit from him his secret. The Danish minister, Prätorius, wrote to his court from Berlin:

"From all persons who return from Reinsberg the unanimous report is that the king works the whole day through, with an assiduity which is unique; and then, in the evening, gives himself to the pleasures of society, with a vivacity of mirth and sprightly humor which makes those evening parties charming."

The marquis of Botta, the Austrian envoy, endeavoring to penetrate the plans of Frederick, descanted upon the horrible condition of the roads in Silesia, which province he had traversed in coming to Berlin. The king listened with a quiet smile, and then, with much apparent indifference, replied:

"The worst which can happen to those who wish to travel in Silesia is to get spattered with the mud."

The English envoy, sir Guy Dickens, being utterly baffled in all his endeavors to discover the enterprise upon which the king was about to embark, wrote to his court:

"Nobody here, great or small, dares make any representation to this young prince against the measures he is pursuing, though all are sensible of the confusion which must follow. A prince who had the least regard to honor, truth, and justice, could not act the part he is going to do. But it is plain his only view is to deceive us all, and conceal for a while his ambitious and mischievous designs."

Dickens at length ventured to ask the king directly, "What shall I write to England?"

Frederick angrily replied, "You can have no instructions to ask that question. And if you had, I have an answer ready for you. England has no right to inquire into my designs. Your great sea armaments, did I ask you any question about them? No! I was, and am, silent on that head."[1]

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[1] The king of Prussia, the *Anti-Machiavel*, had already fully determined to commit the great crime of violating his plighted faith, of robbing the ally whom he was bound to defend, and of plunging all Europe into a long, bloody, and desolating war, and all this for no other end whatever except that he might extend his dominions and see his name in the gazettes. He determined to assemble a great army with speed and secrecy to invade Silesia before Maria Theresa should be apprised of his design, and to add that rich province to his kingdom."—*Life of Frederick the Great*, by MACAULAY, p. 61.

[2] No, notwithstanding your virtues, notwithstanding your attractions,
My soul is not satisfied.
No, you are but a coquette;
You subjugate the hearts of others, and do not give your own.

[1] In this wicked world power seldom respects weakness. No sooner was the emperor dead than four claimants sprang up to wrest from Maria Theresa a

By the 10th of December, within a fortnight of the time that the king received the tidings of the death of the emperor, he had collected such a force on the frontiers of Silesia that there could be no question that the invasion of that province was intended. As not the slightest preparation had been made on the part of Austria to meet such an event, the king could with perfect ease overrun the province and seize all its fortresses. But Austria was, in territory, resources, and military power, vastly stronger than Prussia. It was therefore scarcely possible that Frederick could hold the province, after he had seized it, unless he could encourage others to dispute the succession of Maria Theresa, and thus involve Europe in a general war. Frederick, having made all his arrangements for prompt and vigorous action, sent to Maria Theresa a message which could be regarded only as an insult:

"Surrender to me peaceably," was the substance of this demand, "the province of Silesia, and I will be the ally of your majesty in maintaining your right to the throne, and in defending the integrity of all the rest of your realms. I will exert my influence to have the grand duke Francis[1] chosen emperor of Germany, and will also immediately pay one million of dollars into the Austrian treasury."

An embassador, count De Gotter, was sent to Vienna, to present this demand to Maria Theresa. He was authorized, in case these terms were not accepted, to declare war. But in the mean time, *before the count could possibly reach Vienna*, consequently before there was any declaration of war, or even any demand presented, Frederick, at the head of his troops, had entered Silesia, and was seizing its defenseless fortresses.[2]

As the king was about to embark upon this enterprise, it was proposed to place upon the banners the words, "For God And Our Country." But Frederick struck out the words "For God," saying that it was improper to introduce the name of the Deity into the quarrels of men; and that he was embarking in war to gain a province, not for religion.[3] In a brief speech to his soldiers he said:

"Gentlemen, I do not look upon you as my subjects, but as my friends. The troops of Brandenburg have always signalized themselves by their courage, and given, on different occasions, the fullest evidences of their bravery. I shall be an eye-witness to all your exploits. You will always fight in my presence. I will recompense those who shall distinguish themselves for their zeal in my service, rather as a father than as a sovereign."

In reference to this campaign the king subsequently wrote: "At the death of the emperor there were but two Austrian regiments in Silesia. Being determined to assert my right to that duchy, I was obliged to make war during the winter, that I might make the banks of the Neisse the scene of action. Had I waited till the spring, what we gained by one single march would certainly have cost us three or four difficult campaigns."[1]

To the summons which Frederick sent to Maria Theresa, demanding the surrender of Silesia, no response could be returned, consistent with the dignity of the crown, but a peremptory refusal. The reply was unanswerable in its logic. Though it was, in general, couched in courteous terms, one sentence crept into it of rather scornful defiance.

"It seems strange," said the Austrian minister of war, "that his Prussian majesty, whose official post in Germany, as chamberlain of the emperor, is to present the basin and towel to the House of Austria, should now presume to prescribe rules to it."

On Tuesday night, the 12th of December, 1740, there was a very splendid masked ball in Berlin. The king and queen were both present. The mind of the king was evidently preoccupied, though he endeavored to assume an air of gayety. Privately quitting the ball, at a late hour, he set out, early in the morning, to place himself at the head of forty thousand troops whom he had assembled near the Silesian frontier. A small escort only accompanied him. It was a cold winter's day. Driving rapidly, they reached Frankfort that night, sixty miles distant. In the dawn of the next day the king was again upon the road, and, after a drive of forty miles, reached Crossen, a border town, where he established his head-quarters.

Two Silesian barons called upon him, and presented a Protest, from the authorities they represented, against his meditated invasion, the design of which was now manifest to all. The king received them very courteously, tossed the Protest to a secretary to file away or to cast into the waste-paper basket, and invited the two gentlemen to dine with him.

The next day the Prussian army, in two divisions, occupying a space about ten miles long and ten broad, in the lines of march, crossed the frontiers and entered the Silesian territory.[2]

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part or the whole of the kingdoms she had inherited from her father; and this, notwithstanding nearly all the powers of Europe had guaranteed the Pragmatic Sanction. The elector of Bavaria claimed Bohemia, from an article in the will of the emperor Ferdinand I., made two centuries before. The king of Poland demanded the whole Austrian succession, in virtue of the right of his wife, who was the eldest daughter of the emperor Joseph, elder brother of Charles VI. The king of Spain claimed all the Austrian possessions, in consequence of his descent from the wife of Philip II., who was daughter of the emperor Maximilian. The king of Sardinia hunted up an obsolete claim to the duchy of Milan. But for the embarrassment into which these claims plunged Maria Theresa, Frederick would hardly have ventured to invade the province of Silesia. The woes which, in consequence, desolated the nations of Europe no mind but that of the omniscient God can gauge.

[1] The husband of Maria Theresa.

[2] VOLTAIRE'S *Age of Louis XV.*, i. p. 54. [3] Id.

[1] *Military Instructions*, p. 171.

[2] The army with which Frederick invaded Silesia consisted of a general force of 28,000 men, which was followed by a rear-guard of 12,000. He had, in all,

Frederick issued a proclamation declaring that he had come as a friend; that no one would be molested in person, property, or religious privileges; and that every thing used by the army would be amply paid for.

In very rapid march, the troops advanced through Grünberg toward Glogau, about forty miles in the interior. Here there was a fortified town, which was considered the key of northern Silesia. It was but feebly garrisoned, and was entirely unprepared for resistance. By great exertions the Austrian governor of the province, count Wallis, and his second in command, general Browne, succeeded in placing behind the works a little garrison of one thousand men. The whole population was summoned to work upon the ramparts. Count Wallis remained in Glogau. General Browne took command of the troops and garrisons abroad. But there was a division of sentiment within the walls. Quite a large portion of the population was Protestant, and would be glad to come under the protection of Protestant Prussia. The Catholics were zealous for the continued reign of Austria.

The Prussian troops, meeting with no opposition, spread over the country, and a strong division reached Weichau on Saturday, the 17th. There they spent Sunday in rest. Frederick was anxious to win to his cause the Protestant population. He consequently favored their religious institutions, and ordered that Protestant worship should be held in the villages which he occupied, and where there was no Protestant church edifice, one part of the day in the Catholic churches. This plan he continued through the campaign, much to the gratification of the chaplains of his regiments and the Protestant community in Silesia. Though the Austrian government had not been particularly oppressive to the Protestants, still it leaned decidedly against what it deemed heresy. The Jesuits, favored by the governmental officials, were unwearied in their endeavors to promote the interests of their Church. Frederick, by allowing the impression to be spread abroad that he was the champion of Protestantism, was enabled to secure the sympathies of quite a strong party in Silesia in his favor. It is said that two-thirds of the inhabitants of Silesia were Protestants, and therefore favorable to Frederick.

In the suburbs of Glogau there was a Protestant church which count Wallis deemed it a military necessity to order to be burned down, lest it should protect the Prussians in their attack. "The Prussians," said Wallis, "will make a block-house of it." The Protestants pleaded earnestly for a brief respite, and sent a delegation to Frederick to intercede for the safety of their church. The king very courteously, and with shrewd policy, replied:

"You are the first who have asked any favor of me on Silesian ground. Your request shall be granted."

Immediately he sent a polite note to count Wallis, assuring him that the attack, if attack were necessary, should be made on the other side of the city, so that no military advantage could be taken of the church. This popular act resounded widely not only through the Protestant community of Silesia, but throughout Europe.

Monday morning, December 19, the army was again on the move, now spread out into a length of nearly fifteen miles, and even more than that in breadth. Concentration was unnecessary, as there was no foe to be encountered. The occupation of this wide area enabled Frederick to take advantage of good roads, and also to obtain abundance of supplies. Their advance led them in a southerly direction, up the western banks of the Oder, which stream here runs nearly north.

It seems to be ever the doom of an army to encounter mud and rain. It was cold, gloomy, December weather. The troops were drenched and chilled by the floods continually falling from the clouds. The advance of the army was over a flat country where the water stood in pools. All day long, Monday and Tuesday, the rain continued to fall without intermission. But the Prussian army, under its impetuous leader, paid no regard to the antagonistic elements.

"Waters all out, bridges down," writes Carlyle; "the country one wide lake of eddying mud; up to the knee for many miles together; up to the middle for long spaces; sometimes even to the chin or deeper, where your bridge was washed away. The Prussians marched through it as if they had been slate or iron. Rank and file—nobody quitted his rank, nobody looked sour in the face—they took the pouring of the skies and the red seas of terrestrial liquid as matters that must be; cheered one another with jocosities, with choral snatches, and swashed unwearicdly forward. Ten hours some of them were out, their march being twenty or twenty-five miles."

They reached Milkau Tuesday night, the 20th. Here they were allowed one day of rest, and Frederick gave each soldier a gratuity of about fifteen cents. On Thursday the march was resumed, and the advance-guard of the army was rapidly gathered around Glogau, behind whose walls count Wallis had posted his intrepid little garrison of a thousand men. Here Frederick encountered his first opposition. The works were found too strong to be carried by immediate assault, and Frederick had not yet brought forward his siege cannon. The following extracts, from the correspondence which Frederick carried on at this time, develop the state of public sentiment, and the views and character of the king. His friend Jordan, who had been left in Berlin, wrote to him as follows, under date of December 14, 1740, the day after the king left to place himself at the head of his army:

about 12,000 cavalry. The remainder were foot-soldiers. The artillery consisted of 20 three-pounders, 4 twelve-pounders, 4 howitzers, and 4 large mortars of fifty-pounds calibre. His artillerymen numbered 166.

"Every body here is on tip-toe for the event, of which both origin and end are a riddle to most. Those who, in the style of theologians, consider themselves entitled to be certain, maintain that your majesty is expected with religious impatience by the Protestants; and that the Catholics hope to see themselves delivered from a multitude of imposts, which cruelly tear up the beautiful bosom of their Church. You can not but succeed in your valiant and stoical enterprise, since both religion and worldly interest rank themselves under your flag. Wallis, they say, has punished a Silesian heretic, of enthusiastic turn, as blasphemer, for announcing that a new Messiah is just coming. I have a taste for that kind of martyrdom. Critical persons consider the present step as directly opposed to certain maxims in the *Anti-Machiavel.*"

Again M. Jordan wrote, a week later, on the 20th of December:

"The day before yesterday, in all churches, was prayer to Heaven for success to your majesty's arms, interest of the Protestant religion being one cause of the war, or the only one assigned by the reverend gentleman. At the sound of these words the zeal of the people kindles. 'Bless God for raising such a defender! Who dared suspect our king's indifference to Protestantism?'"

On the 19th of December the king wrote, from the vicinity of Glogau, to M. Jordan. Perhaps he would not so frankly have revealed his ambition and his want of principle had he supposed that the private letter would be exposed to the perusal of the whole civilized world.

"Seigneur Jordan," the king writes, "thy letter has given me a great deal of pleasure in regard to all these talkings thou reportest. To-morrow I arrive at our last station this side of Glogau, which place I hope to get in a few days. All things favor my designs; and I hope to return to Berlin, after executing them, gloriously, and in a way to be content with. Let the ignorant and the envious talk. It is not they who shall ever serve as load-star to my designs; not they, but glory. With the love of that I am penetrated more than ever. My troops have their hearts big with it, and I answer to thee for success. Adieu! dear Jordan. Write me all the ill the public says of thy friend, and be persuaded that I love and will esteem thee always."

To Voltaire the king wrote, in a very similar strain, four days later, on the 23d of December:

"My dear Voltaire,—I have received two of your letters, but could not answer sooner. I am like Charles Twelfth's chess king, who was always on the move. For a fortnight past we have been kept continually afoot and under way in such weather as you never saw.

"I am too tired to reply to your delightful verses, and shivering too much with cold to taste all the charm of them. But that will come round again. Do not ask poetry from a man who is actually doing the work of a wagoner, and sometimes even of a wagoner stuck in the mud. Would you like to know my way of life? We march from seven in the morning till four in the afternoon. I dine then; afterward I work—I receive tiresome visits; with these comes a detail of insipid matters of business. 'Tis wrong-headed men, punctiliously difficult, who are to be set right; heads too hot which must be restrained, idle fellows that must be urged, impatient men that must be rendered docile, plunderers to be restrained within the bounds of equity, babblers to hear babbling, dumb people to keep in talk; in fine, one has to drink with those that like it, to eat with those who are hungry; one has to become a Jew with Jews, a pagan with pagans. Such are my occupations, which I would willingly make over to another if the phantom they call glory did not rise on me too often. In truth, it is a great folly, but a folly difficult to cast away when once you are smitten by it.

"Adieu, my dear Voltaire! May Heaven preserve from misfortune the man I should so like to sup with at night after fighting in the morning. Do not forget the absent who love you. Frederick."

As we have mentioned, the army advanced mainly in two columns. While the left was briefly delayed at Glogau, the right, under the command of general Schwerin, was pushed rapidly forward, a few leagues, to Liegnitz. They reached the city, unexpectedly to its inhabitants, just at the dawn of a drear, chill winter's morning, the rain having changed to freezing cold. It was Wednesday, December 28. The Prussian grenadiers stole softly upon the slumbering sentry, seized them, and locked them in the guard-house. Then the whole column marched into the heart of the city silently, without music, but with a tramp which aroused all the sleepers in the streets through which they passed—many of whom, in their night-caps, peered curiously out of their chamber windows. Having reached the central square, or market-place, the forces were concentrated, and the drums and bugles pealed forth notes of triumph. The Prussian flag rose promptly from rampart and tower. Liegnitz was essentially a Protestant town. The inhabitants, who had received but few favors from the Catholic Austrian government, welcomed their invaders with cautious demonstrations of joy.

Frederick having completed the investment of Glogau, cutting off all its supplies, left a sufficient detachment there to starve the city into submission. There were about seven thousand inhabitants within the walls—"a much-enduring, frugal, pious, and very desirable people." As it was probable that the feeble garrison, after a brief show of resistance, would surrender, Frederick hastened in person, with all his remaining available troops, toward Breslau, the capital of Silesia. On the 27th he wrote to M. Jordan:

"I march to-morrow for Breslau, and shall be there in four days. You Berliners have a spirit of prophecy which goes beyond me. In fine, I go my road; and you will shortly see Silesia ranked in the list of our provinces. Adieu! this is all I have time to tell you. Religion and our brave soldiers will do the rest."

With almost unprecedented rapidity Frederick pressed his troops along, accomplishing "in three marches near upon seventy miles." The course of the Oder here is, in its general direction, northwest. The army marched along its southwestern banks. On Saturday evening, the last day of the year, the advance-guard took possession of the southern and western suburbs of Breslau. The city, of one hundred thousand inhabitants, was spread out over both banks of the stream. Frederick established his headquarters at the palace of Pilsnitz, about five miles from the city. There were many Protestants in Breslau, who rejoiced in the idea of exchanging a Catholic for a Protestant government. It is said that some of the sentinels on the walls would watch their opportunity and present arms to the Prussian soldiers, and even at times exclaim, "Welcome, dear Sirs!"

Before sunrise Sunday morning the Prussians had seized upon many important posts. About seven o'clock a flag of truce, or rather a trumpeter, approached one of the gates, demanding admittance to communicate to the chief magistrate of the city the intentions and requisitions of the Prussian king. After some delay, two colonels were admitted. They demanded the entire surrender of the city, and that the authority of Frederick, the king of Prussia, should be recognized instead of that of Maria Theresa, queen of Austria. All their local laws and customs were to be respected, and they were to be protected in all their rights and privileges. Their own garrison should guard the city. No Prussian soldier should enter the gates with other than side-arms. The king himself, in taking possession of the city, should be accompanied by a body-guard of but thirty men. The city council was assembled to consider this summons, and thirty hours were spent in anxious deliberation.

In the mean time Frederick took positions which commanded the three gates on his, the southern, side of the river; constructed a bridge of boats; and sent four hundred men across the stream, and made preparations to force an entrance. At four o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, not a gun having yet been fired, a messenger brought the intelligence that the town would be surrendered. At eight o'clock the next morning, Tuesday, 3d of January, 1741, the city authorities came in their coaches, with much parade, to welcome their new sovereign. It was a bitter cold morning. The king had ridden away to reconnoitre the walls in their whole circuit. It was not until near noon that he was prepared to accompany the officials to the palace which was made ready for him. He then, on horseback, attended by his principal officers, and followed by an imposing retinue, in a grand entrance, proudly took possession of his easy conquest. He rode a very magnificent gray charger, and wore his usual cocked hat and a blue cloak, both of which were somewhat the worse for wear. Four footmen, gorgeously dressed in scarlet, trimmed with silver lace, walked by the side of his horse. The streets through which he passed were thronged, and the windows and balconies were crowded with spectators of both sexes. Though Frederick did not meet with an enthusiastic reception, he was very gracious, bowing to the people on each side of the street, and saluting with much courtesy those who seemed to be people of note.

On the evening of the 5th his Prussian majesty gave a grand ball. All the nobility, high and low, were invited. The provident king arranged that the expenses, which he was to defray, should not exceed half a guinea for each guest. Early hours were fashionable in those days. Frederick entered the assembly-rooms at six o'clock, and opened the ball with a Silesian lady. He was very complaisant, and walked through the rooms with a smile upon his countenance, conversing freely with the most distinguished of his guests. About ten o'clock he silently withdrew, but the dancing and feasting continued until a late hour.

The king exerted all his powers of fascination to gain the affections of the people. Though he dismissed all the Austrian public functionaries, and supplied their places by his own friends, he continued to the Catholics their ancient privileges, and paid marked attention to the bishop and his clergy. At the same time he encouraged the Protestants with the expectation that he would prove their especial friend. At the assemblies which he gave each evening that he was in the city, he lavished his smiles upon the ladies who were distinguished either for exalted rank or for beauty. But there is no evidence that, during this campaign, he wrote one line to his absent, neglected wife, or that he expended one thought upon her.

About thirty miles southeast of Breslau is the pleasant little town of Ohlau, situated in the delta formed by the junction of the Ohlau River with the Oder. It was a place of some strength, and the Austrian authorities had thrown into it a garrison of three hundred men. Frederick appeared before its gates on the morning of January the 9th. He immediately sent in the following summons to the garrison:

"If you make any resistance, you shall be treated as prisoners of war. If you make no resistance, and promise not to serve against us, you may march out of the city unmolested, with your arms."

The surrender was made. Fifteen miles nearly east from Ohlau, on the southern banks of the Oder, is the little town of Brieg. Frederick approached it with divisions of his army on both sides of the river. The country was flat and densely wooded. On the southern

side, where Frederick marched with the major part of his troops, it was traversed by an admirably paved road. This was constructed one hundred and fifty-six years before by one of the dukes of that realm. It was a broad highway, paved with massive flat stones, climbing the mountains, threading the valleys, traversing the plains—a road such as those which the Romans constructed, and over which the legions of the Cæsars tramped in their tireless conquests. This duke, in consequence of his religious character, was called "George the Pious." His devotional spirit may be inferred from the following inscription, in Latin, which he had engraved on a very massive monument, constructed in commemoration of the achievement:

"Others have made roads for us. We make them for posterity.
But Christ has opened for us all a road to heaven."[1]

On the 11th, Brieg was summoned to surrender. The prompt and resolute response was, "*No.*" The place was found unexpectedly strong, and a gallant little garrison of sixteen hundred men had been assembled behind its walls. Frederick was much annoyed by the delay thus occasioned. He promptly invested the city so as to cut off all supplies, and dispatched an order to Glogau to have the field artillery sent, as speedily as possible, up the Oder to Brieg.

Two days before Frederick reached Brieg, a column of his army under general Schwerin, which had advanced by a line parallel to the Oder, but several miles to the west, encountering no opposition, reached Ottmachau, a considerable town with a strong castle on the river Neisse. This was near the extreme southern border of Silesia. The Austrian commander, general Browne, had placed here also a garrison of sixteen hundred men, with orders not to yield upon any terms, for that reinforcements should be speedily sent to them. A slight conflict ensued. Twelve of the Prussians were killed. This was the first blood which was shed. A delay of three days took place, when four cannon were brought up, and the gates, both of the town and of the castle, were blown open. The garrison offered to withdraw upon the terms proposed in the summons to surrender. The king was sent for to obtain his decision. He rebuked the garrison sternly, and held all as prisoners of war. The officers were sent to Custrin; the common soldiers to Berlin.

Preparations were now made for the capture of Neisse. This was an opulent, attractive, well-fortified town of about seven thousand inhabitants. It then occupied only the left or north bank of the stream, which runs from the west to the east. The region around, being highly cultivated, presented a beautiful aspect of rich meadows, orchards, and vineyards. It was the chief fortress of southern Silesia, and, being very near the frontier of Austria proper, was a position of great importance. Frederick, having encountered so little opposition thus far, was highly elated, expecting that Neisse would also immediately fall into his hands. From Ottmachau he wrote, on the 14th of January, to M. Jordan as follows:

"My dear Monsieur Jordan, my sweet Monsieur Jordan, my quiet Monsieur Jordan, my good, my benign, my pacific, my most humane Monsieur Jordan,—I announce to thy Serenity the conquest of Silesia. I warn thee of the bombardment of Neisse, and I prepare thee for still more projects, and instruct thee of the happiest successes that the womb of fortune ever bore."[1]

Three days after, on the 17th, the king wrote again to M. Jordan:

"I have the honor to inform your humanity that we are Christianly preparing to bombard Neisse; and that if the place will not surrender of good-will, needs must that it be beaten to powder. For the rest, our affairs go the best in the world; and soon thou wilt hear nothing more of us; for in ten days it will all be over, and I shall have the pleasure of seeing you and hearing you in about a fortnight.

"I have seen neither my brother,[2] nor Keyserling.[3] I left them at Breslau, not to expose them to the dangers of war. They perhaps will be a little angry, but what can I do? the rather as, on this occasion, one can not share in the glory unless one is a mortar!

"Adieu; go and amuse yourself with Horace, study Pausanias, and be gay over Anacreon. As to me, who for amusement have nothing but merlons, fascines, and gabions, I pray God to grant me soon a pleasanter and peacefuler occupation, and you health, satisfaction, and whatever your heart desires."

A letter of the same date as the above, addressed to count Algarotti,[4] contains the following expressions:

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[1] Straverunt alii nobis, nos posteritati;
Omnibus at Christus stravit ad astra viam.

[1] Charles Etienne Jordan was thirty-six years of age. He was the son of wealthy parents, in Berlin, and had been a preacher. The death of a beloved wife, leaving him with an only daughter, had plunged him into the profoundest melancholy. Frederick, when crown prince, took a great fancy to him, making him nominally his reader, giving him charge of his library. He is represented as a man of small figure, genial, and affectionate, of remarkable vivacity, very courteous, and one who was ever careful never, by word or action, to give pain to others.

[2] His next younger brother, Augustus William, who had accompanied him on the expedition.

[3] Colonel Keyserling was a Courlander of good family. He had been officially named as "Companion" of the crown prince in his youthful days. Frederick entitled him *Cæsarion*, and ever regarded him as one of the choicest of his friends. He was a man of very eccentric manners, but warm-hearted and exceedingly companionable.

[4] Algarotti was a Venetian gentleman of much elegance of manners and dress. He was very fervent in his utterance, and could talk fluently upon every subject. He was just of the age of Frederick. Being the son of wealthy parents, he had enjoyed great advantages of study and travel, had already published several works, and was quite distinguished as a universal genius, a logician, a poet, a philosopher, and a

"I have begun to settle the figure of Prussia. The outline will be altogether regular; for the whole of Silesia is taken in except one miserable hamlet, which perhaps I shall have to keep blockaded until next spring. Up to this time the whole conquest has cost me only twenty men and two officers.

"You are greatly wanting to me here. In all these three hundred miles I have found no human creature comparable to the Swan of Padua. I would willingly give ten cubic leagues of ground for a genius similar to yours. But I perceive I was about entreating you to return fast, and join me again, while you are not yet arrived where your errand was. Make haste to arrive then, to execute your commission, and fly back to me. I wish you had a Fortunatus hat; it is the only thing defective in your outfit.

"Adieu, dear Swan of Padua. Think, I pray, sometimes of those who are getting themselves cut in slices for the sake of glory here; and, above all, do not forget your friends who think a thousand times of you."

The river Neisse is quite narrow. In preparation for the bombardment Frederick planted his batteries on the south side of the stream, and also approached the city from the north. It will be remembered that Frederick had an army in Silesia at his command of about forty thousand men, abundantly provided with all the munitions of war. The little Austrian garrison hurriedly thrown into Neisse consisted of but sixteen hundred men, but poorly prepared either for battle or for siege. The Austrian commandant, general Roth, determined upon an heroic resistance. To deprive the assailants of shelter the torch was applied to all the beautiful suburbs. In a few hours the cruel flames destroyed the labor of ages. Many once happy families were impoverished and rendered homeless. Ashes, blackened walls, and smouldering ruins took the place of gardens, villas, and comfortable homes.

On Sunday morning, January 15, the deadly, concentric fire of shot and shell was opened upon the crowded city, where women and children, torn by war's merciless missiles, ran to and fro frantic with terror. The dreadful storm continued to rage with but few intermissions until Wednesday. Still there were no signs of surrender. The king, though his head-quarters were a few miles distant, at Ottmachau, was almost constantly on the ground superintending every thing. As he felt sure of the entire conquest of Silesia, the whole province being now in his possession except three small towns, he looked anxiously upon the destruction which his own balls and bombs were effecting. He was destroying his own property.

On Wednesday morning general Borck was sent toward the gates of the city accompanied by a trumpeter, who, with bugle blasts, was to summon general Roth to a parley. General Borck was instructed to inform the Austrian commander that if he surrendered immediately he should be treated with great leniency, but that if he persisted in his defense the most terrible severity should be his doom. To the people of Neisse it was a matter of but very little moment whether they were under Austrian or Prussian domination. They would gladly accede to any terms which would deliver them from the dreadful bombardment. General Roth, therefore, would not allow what we should call the flag of truce to approach the gates. He opened fire upon general Borck so as not to wound him, but as a warning that he must approach no nearer. The king was greatly angered by this result.

In burning the suburbs one of the mansions of the bishop, a few miles from Neisse, had escaped the general conflagration. The Prussians had taken possession of this large and commodious structure with its ample supply of winter fuel. General Roth employed a resolute butcher, who, under the pretense of supplying the Prussians with beef, visited the bishop's mansion, and secretly applied the torch. It was a cold winter's night. The high wind fanned the flames. Scarcely an hour passed ere the whole structure, with all its supplies, was in ashes. The Prussian officers who had found a warm home were driven into the icy fields.

These two events so exasperated his Prussian majesty that the next morning, at an early hour, he reopened upon the doomed city with renewed vigor his fire of bombshells and red-hot shot. Fire companies were organized throughout the city, to rush with their engines wherever the glowing balls descended, and thus the flames which frequently burst out were soon extinguished. All day Thursday, Thursday night, Friday, and until nine in the morning of Saturday, the tempest of battle, with occasional lulls, hurled its bolts and uttered its thunders. There was then a short rest until four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, when the batteries again opened their action more vigorous than ever, nine bombs being often in the air at the same time.

Frederick, not willing utterly to destroy the city, which he wished to preserve for himself, and perhaps, though no word of his indicates it, influenced by some sympathy for the seven thousand unoffending inhabitants of the place, men, women, and children, very many of whom were Protestants, who were suffering far more from the missiles of war than the Austrian garrison, arrested the fire of his batteries, and decided to convert the siege into a blockade. His own troops were suffering much in the bleak fields swept by the gales of winter. The whole of Silesia was in his hands excepting the small towns of Brieg, Glogau, and Neisse. These were so closely invested that neither food nor reinforcements could be introduced to them.

connoisseur in all the arts. He was a great favorite of Frederick, and accompanied him to Strasbourg and on this expedition to Silesia. Wilhelmina describes him as "one of the first *beaux esprits* of this age," and "as one who does the expenses of the conversation."

Should they hold out until spring, Frederick could easily then, aided by the warm weather, break open their gates.

He therefore spread his troops abroad in winter-quarters, levying contributions upon the unhappy inhabitants of Silesia for their support. The king, ever prompt in his movements, having on Monday, the 23d of January, converted the siege into a blockade, on Wednesday, the 25th, set out for home. Visiting one or two important posts by the way, he reached Berlin the latter part of the week. Here he was received with great acclamations as a conquering hero. In six weeks he had overrun Silesia, and had virtually annexed it to his own realms. Whether Austria would quietly submit to this robbery, and whether Frederick would be able to retain his conquest, were questions yet to be decided.

HANDSOME JOHN GATSIMER.

YOU supposed I was in love with John Gatsimer! Every body thought I was going to marry him. Well, I was in love with him in a sort. I will not pretend that it was otherwise—nay, more, I should doubtless have married him, but for a chance. Shall I make a clean breast of it, as they say, and tell you the manner of it—the falling *in*, and falling *out*, I mean; will it interest you? "Certainly, of all things," I replied; and who, indeed, is not interested in a love-story? If there be in this old world of ours one thing that by no possibility can ever be stale, flat, and unprofitable, it is the mystery of mysteries we call love!

Then my friend Ruth Lamson, after a little modest hesitancy, told me the manner of her falling in and out of love with handsome John Gatsimer. But before I repeat her story I must beg the sufferance of a preface which the reader is advised not to pass over, if he would justly appreciate the falling *in*.

Ruth Lamson is a woman of great good sense; I mean sense in excess of sentiment, ambition, fancy, affectation, or foolishness; she would probably have gone by the natural and direct road to a home and hearth very like the one she has found, if it had not been for the management of an upreaching, restless, and worldly-minded mother.

But such a mother she has; her characteristics were well understood; and it was not therefore so much of a surprise in the circle of Ruth's immediate friends, as otherwise it would have been, when it began to be told as a sort of open secret that Ruth was really engaged to handsome John. Not that there was any thing to be said against young Gatsimer; on the contrary, there was a good deal to be said in his favor. Still, he was "young Gatsimer;" and by that we all understood that he lacked something of the standing qualities of the elder John Gatsimer, who, by dint of moral worth and unflinching perseverance and industry, had made himself rich, and his name a power, at least in his own State.

John the elder had come up afoot; John the younger had been coddled. But, as before said, there was a good deal to be said in his favor. He was handsome; that ought not to have been set down to his credit, but somehow it was. He was well-mannered, so far as indolence and carelessness would permit, and, at any rate, pleasing; he was generous, full of fine intentions, and, what was to his credit, not in the least a snob. A pretty girl was a pretty girl to him, and he admired her none the less because she sat at a spinning-wheel in a farm-house, or because she came with her parcel of sewing out of a Broadway shop.

He came out of college not with high honors, to be sure, but more than fairly; went to Europe to look about for four or five years; concluded it was not worth while; and at the expiration of half the proposed sojourn came home. He vacillated between his father's place in Pennsylvania and his hotel in New York; *thought* of the law and of medicine, but did not take hold of either; did not, in fact, really take hold of any thing. He amused himself a good deal with the fine arts and the Opera, wrote verses in albums, painted a little, played the flute, and talked of the prima donnas with a familiarity of tone and a critical smartness that were, if not exactly improper, beyond the line of fine taste.

His best friends could not help saying sometimes, "Pity young Gatsimer were not just a little different!" Yet he was very popular notwithstanding. His musical talent alone—and if he expended any energy it was in melody—was quite enough to carry him straight to the hearts of all the girls; and, if I dare say it, his prospects weighed mightily in his favor. He was the only son, and the elder Gatsimer counted his wealth by the hundred thousand.

In dress he was always stylish, with a little dash of extravagance, perhaps; and he was so good-natured and obliging, and in the main so unexceptionable in behavior, that we all hesitated to make prominent in our discussions of him what we felt to be the prime lack of his character—the moral soundness and sweetness that enable one to trust the man across the world. He seemed, in short, rather to revolve round his principles than to have them fixed in him—the central facts of his life. I speak in the past tense, because he has gone out of our circle now.

That Ruth should fall in with this young man was natural enough, under the leadership of such a mother as hers; and natural enough, through the same shaping influences, that acquaintance should be turned into courtship, and courtship into engagement.

In the first place, Mrs. Lamson had suffered the disappointment of her own personal ambition all through life; of her literary ambition in her girlhood, chiefly because there was nothing in her to make its realization possible;

of political ambition, for causes like unto the first; and of both matrimonial happiness and ambition, because of two somewhat important desideratives—love and money. She always regarded her widowhood as a fortunate event. "It is not too late yet to achieve distinction," she said. So she sold her silver tea-spoons, and some say her Bible—but as to that last I am not sure; tricked herself out in low neck and short sleeves, and leaving her baby at nurse, mounted the platform. Her lecture, whatever it may have been, failed to impress the public; at all events it was not called for a second time, and Mrs. Lamson produced a novel, which was still-born, and buried by the critics in silence.

After this she betook herself to verse—poetry she called it—and made a wavering little moan, interspersed with wild jumbles of fierce epithets, which lasted about seven years; but having nothing to say, she never said it. By this time, having grown emaciated and thin-haired, she went back to her house and her baby—the open-eyed, clear-headed Ruth. "I will live again in my child," she said, "and she shall do all that I have failed of doing;" and thenceforward, like many another mistaken mother, spent herself and all her substance in the endeavor to make of the child something which the child was never born to be.

"Here you are, Ruth Lamson, twenty years old!" she says one day; "and what have you done, and what are you likely to do, but just be a healthy, hearty, commonplace nobody?"

"Dear mother," answered Ruth, laughing gayly, "I am sorry to disappoint you; but what would you have me do? I keep the house and keep myself pretty trim, I think, considering my means. I go to church, visit the sick, visit the poor, sew a little, read a little, play a little even; in short, try to fill my small sphere the best I can. But say, what would you have me do?"

"*Make* a sphere," says the mother.

"Well, what sort of sphere?" still laughing.

"Lecture on Woman's Rights!"

"Oh Lord, mother!" lifting up her hands, this time.

"Write poetry then!"

"Gracious sakes! that isn't much better!"

"Why, what could be more delightful! Now there is Miss Blue, not a bit better educated nor prettier than you—for you have a sort of common beauty—and she can sit down and write a poem in an hour, perhaps; send it to the publisher, and receive back her check for fifty or a hundred dollars—dear me, I don't know for what amount; but it must be a nice way to do, you can't help owning that?"

"A nice enough way, mother; but then it isn't my way."

"Well, child, make it your way—that's what I want you to do."

"I can not. It isn't in me."

"Nonsense; I'm ashamed of you! Think of all I've done for you—deprived myself of every thing!" Here she fell crying.

"I know what you have done," says Ruth, "and I wish it were undone, and the means spent back at our disposal. When my education began, I was too young to estimate of what you were depriving yourself; and as I grew older, I naturally took for granted that what my mother did was right, never questioning the fitness of things. I am sorry for it all now; for, after all, I am only the more unfitted for the position I am in, and for the lot that will probably befall me. But let us spend no more time in regrets or dreams. I am willing to work within the limit of possibility. Buy me a sewing-machine—I could do something with that; but with poetry, never."

"But, my dear, Miss Blue does, and how does she do it?"

"I don't know how she does it; that's the question. Why, mother, I can't make a rhyme even, unless it's strife and life, or given and heaven, and the dear knows the market must be supplied with that sort of poetry!"

"But, my dear, it's so aggravating to see Miss Blue all fixed up, and me in my plain gown—not a scrap of point lace or camel's-hair to my name!"

"That is terrible, mother!" And Ruth laughed anew, and with all her might.

"I don't see how you can laugh. Miss Blue has every thing—admiration—money—every thing! It's enough to provoke a saint!"

Ruth wiped the merry tears away, and then she said: "There is another side to the picture, mother, if you will but look at it. Miss Blue is not so young as I am, by twoscore years at least; she was born without half my zest of wholesome, natural, worldly pleasures. And then, think of all the bitter experience, the jar upon the fine-strung nerves, the insatiable longing of soul and heart, the wasted affection, the yearnings for the things that are not in any life, much less in hers; the childless house to-day, the desolate old age coming on; and can you think that a few hundreds or thousands coined out of the heart's hope and the life's blood can pay for it? I don't envy her, mother, the poor, thin praises that fray and fall to pieces while they are being uttered. I don't envy her her satin gown and her lace cap, nor any thing that she has, or can have—Heaven forbid. She is what she is by the law of her nature; and the destiny that is hers is not to be coveted, much less to be envied. Come, mother, let us be content to be ourselves, and not foolishly strive to be Miss Blue, or Miss Anybody. I vote for the sewing-machine!"

"Don't talk of voting, unless it's politically. Women are poor, limited, circumscribed creatures at the best."

"Not by any thing so much as their own natures," says Ruth. "What they *can* do they *may* do, for all of men. I am hindered from great things by myself, and external disabili-

ties would be as nothing if I had but strength in myself. The cobweb may hold the fly, but would it the lion?"

"Don't, for mercy sake, turn against your own sex!"

"I do not; you must not understand me as talking against woman; I am not. Let each do or say what she can; let her only be careful to do and say well, and she will find work and a hearing. For myself, I have nothing to say and nothing to do that is worth the world's notice."

"And you make yourself a standard of perfection?"

"By no means; but I am the representative of a large class, and will be to the end of time. The ordinary destiny would content me."

"I am sorry for it, that is all."

"And I am not, and that is all."

Mrs. Lamson put her lace handkerchief to her face, for she was one of those women who somehow have lace handkerchiefs, even if they are not point; and then she plied poor Ruth anew with her importunities.

"If you won't write poetry," she says, "work up something in prose, at any rate. We will drink no coffee for a week, it's bad for the complexion, and the savings will procure the necessary paper and ink—come, darling. I am so ambitious for you, if you are not ambitious for yourself; do promise me you will try. There's the editor of the *Ladies' Wreath*—he will take a novelette or something of you, I know. He's your warm personal friend, and he couldn't refuse."

"He would, though, and I should make a goose of myself besides; but yet, if you will promise me, never, in case of failure, to urge me to make a second effort, I will see what I can do—do my very best, in fact; but I tell you in advance I have no literary best to do. There is nothing in me that craves that sort of expression. I can, perhaps, with hard work, execute, mechanically, a third-rate prose production—make a composition that *you* might read and praise; but I might just as well try to catch the waters of Niagara in my thimble as to strive to make the faintest impression on the public by any inspiration of mine. I don't know the meaning of the word; but I said I would try, and I will try, and fail too."

"Of course, child, you will fail, if you set out resolved to fail."

"Not resolved to fail, mother; but only with the consciousness that failure is inevitable. You are blinded, both by your partiality and your ambition; whereas I have no ambition beyond the measure of my ability, and I am not prejudiced in my own favor, as you are for me. I know just about what I am, and what I can do; and if you would only consent to rest your case at that, why, we might take in as much sunshine as the best of them. We are poor but respectable, and we have appetites for plain food, thank God; and if it were not for that desire of the moth for the star with which you keep rasping away all the time I think we should have little to complain of."

There was more controversy, which need not be repeated; and in the end Ruth engaged to abstain from her beloved beverage for a week, procure pen, ink, and paper with the savings, and write, or try to write, a *piece* for the *Ladies' Wreath*. Accordingly the coffee-urn was banished, greatly to the benefit of the daughter's complexion, as the delighted mother affirmed.

"Really, my dear," she says, "you would almost pass for a beauty." And in this conclusion she was less than she usually was in the wrong.

Ruth worked with all her heart, whatever she did; and it was the stir and flutter there that gave such animation to her eyes and sent the ripples of tender red along her cheeks. True, it cost her some time to select a subject, for it did not select itself, nor did she ever get it well in hand; but she, at all events, meant to write a piece, and she worked with a will.

"'Pon my word, that Miss Lamerson, or whatever you call her," says John Gatsimer, the day he was introduced, "has made a narrow escape—a hair's-breadth farther and she would have been a beauty! I'm mightily took with her!"

He spoke thus ungrammatically to take the edge, as it were, from the truthfulness of his confession. The spell of what might perhaps be called a fascination had really fallen upon him, and, in spite of himself, he was moved through all his indolence.

Ruth had not fallen in love all at once, but she was made of the human stuff that goes to the formation of most young girls—and John was handsome, and had smiled upon her his sweetest, and sung to her his best; and the smile played in her fancy, and the songs kept ringing in her ears.

"I can't write, mother!" she says; "it's no use," when she found herself again at her desk, a bottle of writing-fluid, six steel pens, and a quire of foolscap before her.

"I can tell you what to write!" says the mother, patting the cheek that was flushed with the will's vain effort. "Make a hero like young Gatsimer, and make him fall in love with a poor girl like yourself; have them marry, live in style, set up a carriage, and all that. And mind, dear, you have the mother taken home to be the ornament of the house, and of the grand society in which she will move, as with the grace of natural birth-right. Will that do?"

Ruth understood the full significance of these hints, and resolved to forestall the hope they intimated. "But, mother," she says, "I don't think John Gatsimer a hero."

"And why not, pray? He is handsome!"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"You suppose so!"

"Well—yes, then."

"He is rich, or his father is."

"Yes, mother, his father is—more's the pity!"

"He moves in a good circle."

"I don't know; but I do know he doesn't legitimately belong to ours."

"Nonsense! Legitimate is what one can get."

"As to that, mother, we should probably not agree in all day; and meantime, what would become of my story?"

"No matter what became of it, if you would only consent to live a story! Why, I should think it would be enough just to carry off such a prize, whether he were quite your hero or not. Only think, with his attractions and prospects, how he must be sought! But I never can make you see things with my eyes!"

"No, mother, you never can."

Then Ruth said she believed she would write a story showing how a proud woman refused to buy her modest, humble-minded daughter a sewing-machine, and made her disgrace herself by attempting to be literary. And after utter discomfiture, still further disgrace herself by trying to court a rich young fellow that wouldn't marry her! "Oh mother, mother!" and she laughed merrily; but the next moment, seeing the burning, wistful looks of intense unrest in the mother's eyes, her sympathies mastered her, and tucking up her sleeve of faded calico, she smoothed out one of the blank sheets, dashed her steel pen resolutely into the ink, and waited till it dried away. This process she repeated again and again; and at last the labored lines began to disfigure the paper.

We need not follow her through all the painful process of writing, and revision, and copying, and blotting, and interlining, and revision, and copying again, but come at once to the time when, pushing manuscript aside, and dashing the pen from her inky fingers, she cried, with tear-wet cheeks, "There! that's the best I can do, and a failure. Will you hear it, mother?"

"No, child, it is not worth while. I know it must be a success; but read it to Mr. Gatsimer, and he will put you in good heart about it."

Truth is, Mrs. Lamson had lost nearly all interest in the story long ago, her ambition having been absorbed in a new direction. The shadow of John Gatsimer had darkened all the old hopes, and made them seem poor and mean. She lost no occasion of speaking his name, and, as it were, thrusting in the wedge of her hopes —all colored now by an establishment in town, a carriage, and a house at Newport or Saratoga.

"Is it really a story? and what is it about, my dear?" she says, still keeping up some show of interest.

"No matter," Ruth answered, "since you won't hear it; but it's a failure—an utter failure; lacks pith, point, and continuity; is, in fact, some good words rather loosely put together, with here and there an idea trying to make itself felt, and then shying off discouraged. But I have done my best; and I propose to send the result, such as it is, to the sage editor of the *Ladies' Wreath*, as you advised, just to prove to you that I have estimated my literary powers correctly."

And the manuscript was duly forwarded, a day of fasting having made the express available; and then came the anxious hopes and fears, for when distance had come between the author and her production hope dawned. "What if, after all, I should have done better than I believed! Writers are not the best judges of their own performances, they say. Who knows, who knows!"

So Ruth pleased herself with fancies, as it turned out. The manuscript came back, the postage prepaid with a considerateness that it was painful to think of, and accompanied by a very carefully written note from the editor, thanking dear Miss Lamson for the favor she had done the *Wreath*—hoping that they might be in a position to accept some of her choice inklings hereafter; just at present they were crowded, almost burdened, with accepted manuscripts. Nevertheless, if decision rested solely with the editor, he wouldn't for a moment hesitate; but, unfortunately, the publisher was the ultimate arbiter! etc., etc., etc.

Ruth threw manuscript, letter, and all into the fire, spent a sleepless night in mortification and tears; and the following morning, as she sipped her coffee—for the urn was now restored —thought of John Gatsimer with more favor than she had done hitherto.

When his card came to her that afternoon she stopped to peep in the glass before she went down, changed the ribbon about her throat from blue to pink, and clipped from her geranium three sweet little buds, and tucked them under her belt. "What does it mean?" says Mrs. Lamson, smiling, to herself; but she knew well enough what such things always mean. When the young man went away that evening two of these same buds were in his button-hole; and Mrs. Lamson smiled again, and said again, "What does it mean?" But she knew what it meant, for she knew what such things always mean.

John Gatsimer was in earnest for once in his life, and the earnestness begot in him something that was quite superior to the natural man; so that by little and little Ruth's prejudices were undermined, and she began to think she had failed to do him justice. Doubtless the feeling that she had wronged him made her lean too much the other way. Then the mother, with the weight of all her ambition, threw herself in the scale. Miss Blue and her poems vanished like a mist; hope was on a solid basis at last; and what with her incessant plying, what with the constant and flattering courtship of the handsome lover, and what with the weakness of human nature, and all together, for it must be owned that Ruth was a little dazzled, she persuaded herself that she was in love, and suffered her finger to be encircled by a ring, worth more than the price of the house in which she was born.

It is Bulwer, I think, who somewhere says, that pride above all things strengthens affection; and he is not so far wrong as might at first appear. There was, among the other influences tending to soften the heart of our young lady, a feeling akin to triumph, as she sat in her plain gowns at home, and drew to her feet, away from scores of accomplished women who were using all the lures of beauty and wealth and fashion to hold him in their presence, the gayest, the handsomest, the most admired of all the elegant circle that only shone upon her from so far. It pleased her to be thus singled out and sought in her humble loneliness, and held as a queen above the haughty ladies, who in every thing but the possession of this young man's love had so much the advantage of her.

When it was whispered at a gay party that John Gatsimer was detained at his hotel with a cold, at least a dozen fair women held it to be precious news, and set their wits to work as to what costly gift they might be privileged to send; so that of rare wines, fine flowers, embroidered slippers, smoking caps, Afghans for his sofa, and the like, there was literally an inundation; and the poor fellow would have been killed with kindness, weighed down, smothered, crushed, if it had not happened that his feet at the time were on Mrs. Lamson's cool matting. And by all this the reader will partly see how even sensible Ruth had untied her little craft, and drifted down the current of courtship toward the haven of matrimony. How an unexpected eddy set her whirling, and how she paddled up stream again, will be shown presently.

I said we were all taken a little by surprise when it came to be understood that she and John Gatsimer were really engaged. It must be so, said Rumor; and then the splendor of Ruth's ring would be dilated upon and held as confirmation past peradventure. Only those stubborn young ladies who would not believe held out; but the stubbornest were forced to a reluctant admission of the facts when it became known that Ruth was gone with her mother into Berks County, Pennsylvania, to visit the parents of John, at their fine residence near Gatsimerville, of which the Gatsimer Iron-Works were the centre of business interest.

"Dear, dear! to think of handsome John, actually marrying plain Ruth Lamson!" said the stubborn young ladies, tossing high their heads.

But Ruth was not so plain as they pretended. She was always what might be called a good-looking girl, and of late she had come to be almost a beauty, as her mother had said. Nothing helps women so much to be admirable as the being found worthy of admiration; it is what the dew and sun are to the flower—to have the root set in the common earth is not enough.

We heard of the lovers from time to time—of their drives along the green briery lanes, and pleasant wooded roads, that are woven round and round the smoky and quaint old town of Gatsimerville like the threads of a spider-web about its centre. We heard that the *old folks* and the young sister, Ethlinda, were delighted with John's choice, and that the sister was coming home to New York with the expectant bride to assist in making purchases for the great day of days in a girl's life. And we, her special friends, had all come to be reconciled to the order of things, or at any rate to say it was Ruth who was to live with John, and we ought to be satisfied.

There was, to be sure, a general ruffling among the mateless birds, and much croaking. Poor John, he was to be pitied—such a mother-in-law! They knew how it would be from the moment she got her clutch upon him. Ruth was a nice enough girl in her way; but, oh dear, dear! It was concluded in solemn conclave that there was but just one thing to be done—cut the whole set together.

All at once, unannounced and unexpected, Ruth and her mother came home alone, and settled quietly in their old way of life. Where was Ethlinda, and all the grand shopping? Where was handsome John? Nobody saw him, and there was a rumor that he was going abroad again for an indefinite period. A dozen girls had seen Ruth, and spied out the nakedness of her hand. Where was the engagement ring? that was the question.

One thing had to be admitted. Ruth was not broken-hearted. She was not noisy nor talkative; but there was a serenity about her—an assurance, so to speak, which attested all was very comfortable about the heart. It must be that John wouldn't have her, nevertheless; it could not be possible that she had cast him off. Oh no, a thousand times no!

Curiosity was all on tip-toe, and tip-toe, tip-toe, when a healthy, hearty-looking young fellow, with square shoulders, brown crisp beard, curling close to his cheeks, a waistcoat well filled out, and an honest, open blue eye, was seen at Widow Lamson's, not only once, but twice, thrice, half a dozen times. He carried about him a sort of semi-professional air. His black coat was rusty, and seemed to betray an acquaintance with hail and rain storms. It was indeed shrewdly suspected that he might be a country doctor, well used to riding in an open buggy along muddy roads, winter and summer. His clear blue eye had that tender, solicitous look that grows out of sympathy with suffering; and cheeks, neck, and hands were deeply bronzed; only the forehead, shaded by the crisp curls, betrayed the fair complexion.

In grace of person and all external accomplishments he was by no means the rival of John Gatsimer; but whoever felt the grasp of his friendly hand, or looked in his open blue eye, perceived at once that his principles were in him, and that he was not floating about them, like a chip about a buoy, in some fluctuating water. In speech of tongue he was not fluent; but his heart spoke for him, and

spoke so plainly that there was no possibility of mistake.

What could it mean?

And now, if the reader will turn back to the opening sentences of our story, we will go on with the rest of it in Ruth's own words.

I was half in love with John Gatsimer, she said; indeed I fancied myself quite in love, and doubtless would have married him, but for the accidental spraining of an ankle. And then she said what we quoted before. "Let me make a clean breast of it, while I am about it."

John was handsome, she went on, and very charming (she spoke of him as of one dead, you will see); and then she sighed a little sigh, and then she turned the plain gold ring that of late she had been wearing on her finger, and after a little interval of silence began.

Yes, we were engaged, John and I. I had accepted a costly ring, and an invitation to visit his father's family with my mother. They live splendidly, the Gatsimers; we could ride for miles together on their own domain, through cultivated fields and meadows, and great stretches of woods that stood dark and still in their own primeval shadow; along green lanes, bordered with walnut and cherry trees, and dotted here and there with the snug cottages of the Gatsimer hands; for, go where we would, we met these stalwart men, some on foot, their broad-brimmed hats slouched over sunburnt faces, and with picks in their hands or crow-bars over their shoulders, whistling back to the blackbirds on the fences, and swinging one stout arm to help themselves along. Sometimes we would pass a great team, six or eight mules, with ears back and slim tails between their legs, pulling hard up the hills, with tons and tons of blue broken stones behind them, food for the iron furnaces toward which they were headed.

Out of all the raspberry patches by the way bright young heads and wondering young eyes were peeping, and these were the children of the hands—held by the neighborhood, and in some sort by themselves, as the natural belongings and adornments of the Gatsimer place. We drove daily miles and miles in all directions, and never once got out of reach of reminders of the consequence of these people. If there were a vineyard on the hill-side finer than the rest, that was sure to belong to the Gatsimers; and if a school-house or a church were specially attractive in design or situation, why it was built by the Gatsimers! and so on. I need not particularize further.

Our visit was nearly over, and had been in all respects delightful; at any rate, I had been happy without being fully satisfied, if you can imagine such a condition. The house itself was full of comfort, luxury, elegance; and we were received and entertained, not as by sufferance, but as honored guests. Perhaps the father and mother might have been better pleased if John had looked a little higher; but if so, they never betrayed a shadow of the feeling, but accepted me as though I were the chosen of their own hearts. Indeed, they were so proud of John, and so used to think whatever he did was right, that they may never have questioned his choice at all. I don't know. They were, as far as I knew them, estimable people, and I know they are beloved and respected by all among whom they live; a severe test, and yet I came from their hospitable home and hearts with a charge against them, which I do not see how they can make clear. They withheld from me a secret that I had a right to know. As for John, I can not hold him so guilty in this one respect. He did not violate the law of his nature so much as they must have done. He is constructed on a less noble plan, and whatever he may do to retrieve his past, will always, to the end of his days, be young Gatsimer.

Ethlinda and I became at once like sisters; she made me so much a part of her that I sometimes forgot my poverty of culture and accomplishment in her profusion. She played and sung for me; we embroidered at the same frame, on the shaded piazza watched the bees at their work in the garden by the hour, pulled flowers or currants as it happened; read novels, laughing over the fun, and growing tearful over the pathetic; tramped through the hay-fields at dew-fall to breathe the sweetness and to see the girls and boys raking up the windrows, and chatting as gayly as if the day had been a holiday and not a work-day. John was sure to come after us in all these excursions, if indeed we did not find him afield before us.

Sometimes he would take the rake in his hand and affect to be a workman with the rest, singing some wild snatch of ballad, or tender verse of love-dole, that held all the meadow spell-bound with its charm. I always noticed that he took his rake from the hand of the prettiest girl in the hay-field, and that when he sung his love-songs his eyes were fixed upon her, as though he said, "This is all meant for you, my pretty sweet-heart!" and the kindling blushes told that it was so understood. Sometimes he would take the hand when he took the rake, and squeeze it too before he let it go. "It's a way John has!" says Ethlinda, apologetically; "the girls all understand that it doesn't mean any thing!"

I saw him kiss a little brown hand one day in that *way* of his, and I would not have cared if he had known I saw it; but he did not, for the windrow was breast-high between us.

What he said I don't know, but it was something that ought not to have been said; for when the little brown hand got possession of itself, and the fluttered damsel turned toward us, you would have thought the burning cheeks were going to set all the dry hay on fire. I was sulky all that evening, and went off to bed with the robins, saying I had a headache.

Another time we found him with his arm

round the waist of a blue-eyed Scotch lassie, who was picking berries in a part of the field quite away from the hay-makers. "I didn't think it of you, John," I said, as we were going home together. He laughed gayly, and tried to make me believe—and in the end did make me believe—that he had seen me approaching, and had agreed with cunning Effie, the berry-picker, to enact this little part just to see if it would make me jealous.

"Not for the world would I have grieved you, my dear!" he said, seeing that I was in serious earnest; and then he said a great many sweet and pretty things that I need not repeat —I being, of course, first and last, and the one altogether lovely. "Pardon me, my fair Puritan!" he said, "and yet I can't regret the bit of comedy that has shown me how exclusively you would have me to hold and to keep." I was pacified, at any rate; and all that evening, and for days to come, John was so discreet in all ways, and so tenderly thoughtful, both of me and of every one, that I blamed myself for having blamed him.

We drove out of evenings almost altogether after this, and left the hay-fields and the hay-makers behind; and it happened one day that we came upon a group of children playing on a bank of green turf by the road-side. Among them, with a bunch of violets for a foot-stool, was a young mother, knitting and suckling her baby as she tended the romping group. It was a pretty picture altogether, the bare-legged, chubby-cheeked children, in copperas-colored petticoats and blue jackets, chasing up and down like so many butterflies, flaxen hair tossing and blue eyes aglow, and the modest mother with her tender face drooping to the baby on her bosom.

"Well done, Katherine!" cried John, reining his chestnut up so suddenly that he backed our wheels quite against the bank. The woman lifted her fresh, round face in amazement, hastily drew the kerchief across her bosom, smoothed the fair hair under the frill of her simple cap, and pieced out her broken salutation with the sweetest of smiles. "Ya', vel done, I says too," she replied, holding up the baby, for she had understood the exclamation as a reference to her child; "he stay cood asleeps mos' every time. I nevar seen no baby so much love-ly, only mine cousin's; but I forgets, Mr. John, I was all wrongs to sbeak of dat—I so much zorry; but it was a cood baby—cood as mine, vor all, an' vor all! You never sees him? Oh, I forgets! Mos' all the time I forgets—ven I sees you, tings goes out o' my head as they vos —you very much excuse me. I say no more of dat—no times—not now; but if you vas to see him—little one—you vould be so move in your heart—you could nots help it—you take him right avay!"

I turned toward John for an explanation of all this, and was startled to see the change that had come over his face. I can't explain it; but my heart went down, and down, and turned sick within me, with some frightful apprehension, I knew not what. He tried to gather up the reins, but seemed unable; and as I did it for him my hand touched his, and I saw that it was as limp and useless as a rag.

"Confound this tuberose odor!" he said, after a minute, taking a sprig from his button-hole and dashing it into the road. "I believe it was near making a woman of me. You'll be finding out all my weaknesses, won't you, my dear?"

"Oh, if that's all, I don't mind. Was it really the tuberose?"

"Of course. What should it be?"

"I hardly know. I fancied it was some allusion that German woman made that affected you so."

"Nonsense!"

He said this sternly. Then he laughed; but I thought the laughter sounded hollow and forced. And then he said, in gentler tones, "Why, how should her silly woman's talk about her baby affect me?"

"But it was partly about her cousin, John, and her cousin's baby! And I was half afraid, dear; I don't know why, nor of what."

"I am sorry you were so foolish—that's all," he said; and then he drove in silence a long way.

"Why should you be offended with my foolish fears, if there was nothing in it all?" I said by-and-by, determined at least not to have one of those silent quarrels, that are the most tantalizing and tormenting of all quarrels.

Then he said that he was not offended; but that he was hurt by my distrust of him; and he begged that I would not make myself, and him too, unhappy by listening to the gabble of every loose tongue that happened to be set going within ear-shot of me. Our quarrel was likely to be sharp enough now; but all at once John changed his tone—perhaps he saw no other way of checking it.

He believed the tuberose had made him sick, after all, he said; and begged that I would not lay to heart any cross or unreasonable word that he might have spoken; he was really not responsible. Then he was, he said, so conscious of my perfections, that the very consciousness brought out his imperfections all the more, just as a bashful man will sometimes appear rude and unmannerly from his very bashfulness, and in self-defense.

A young man, driving a sturdy little horse in an old, mud-bespattered vehicle, turned in from a cross-road just before us, and met us squarely. "Ah, Doctor, just in good time," says John, reining up and reaching out a hand. Then he explained that he had been weak enough to wear a sprig of confounded tuberose, which Ethlinda had stuck in his button-hole, though he knew his liability to be made sick by the odor, and asked for some simple antidote.

"Certainly," says the young man, in a cheery voice, and opening the saddle-bags that lay at his feet. "There; lay that on your tongue, and let it go where it will, and the physical

man will be all right in a few minutes. Now, if it were a mind diseased, I could not minister so hopefully."

John winced at this. "Why should you insinuate that it was my mind?" he said, almost angrily.

"A thousand pardons," said the young man, coloring confusedly. "If I had thought as you intimate, I should certainly not have made the suggestion." And with the hope that his medicine would be more pertinent than his words had proven, gave his roan a touch on the flank and passed us.

"Our village doctor," John explained. "A goodish face, hasn't he?"

"Yes, rather," I answered, carelessly; for I had only thought of him as contrasting unfavorably with *my* John! And probably, but for an accident, he would have continued to look to me like a kindly commonplace country doctor, though I had seen him every day for all the rest of my days.

But who shall say what might have been, if things were not as they are? Perhaps I had been in all the ways and windings of my life going right toward that cross-road, out of which should drive this goodish country doctor, in his mud-bespattered buggy. His name, which I did not learn at the time, not having sufficient interest to inquire, was, and is, Felix Helper. I have promised to make the name mine, and that is why I think I must have been going toward him all the days of my life.

"Where does that road lead to?" I said, pointing to the one out of which the doctor had come, "and why do we not drive there sometimes? it looks so pleasant." And it did look wonderfully pleasant, winding away toward a thick wood, and lined all along with elder-bushes, and a thousand wild and sweet-smelling weeds.

I had expressed the wish to take that lane in our drives half a dozen times before, but John had always put me off with one excuse and another. It led to a German settlement directly, and was not pleasant farther than we could see. "And yet I notice that your horse always turns his head that way, as if he were used to traveling there. Why is that?" I said.

"Because he is a fool!" answered John. And of course my wish was urged no farther that time.

An evening was never lovelier than that, and as the new moon hung in the boughs of the thick woods before us, and the little birds fairly fell upon them, as upon green beds, tired out with sunshine and with song—as the hay-makers went homeward, driving the full-uddered cows before them, and the smoke above the cottages began to curl in warm welcome, we could neither of us quite resist the soothing effect, and our little differences all healed of themselves.

In one place there was a sweet-brier lifting her tender handful of bloom up to us as we went along, and I had hardly expressed my admiration when John was on the ground, and the next minute my lap was all shining with the delicate little pink cups, overflowing with that fine fragrance that is almost spiritualized.

The medicine had acted like a charm, John said, and certainly he was never more delightful than during the remainder of our drive. It was the last we ever took together—the last we ever will take.

I turned into the cross-road the next time I went that way. But I have not yet quite come to that next time.

The fair-haired German woman, with her baby on her knee, was still sitting on the bank by the road-side as we drove homeward, and I threw her a spray of my flowers, in token of good-will. She clasped them to her bosom, saying, in her broken way, it was a pity they would fade so soon.

"But they can't possibly fade *now*, Mistress Katherine!" says John, in that way of his, so charming to women, of which Ethlinda had spoken. This one remark will show you that he was quite himself again.

We talked late that night—talked of our wedding-day. Lord help us! how little we know, when we talk of to-morrow, what that to-morrow will bring forth! If I had known it, my fancy need not have wandered beyond that brown house among the trees at the other end of the village, where Felix Helper was writing at the old walnut-wood desk, at which his father had written before him. I need not repeat the plans that we planned; they were like the mists of the morning, that are all taken up by the later sunshine; but for that one night they were very lovely; they could never, in any circumstances, have gone into realities, for the man that I thought I loved was not the one sitting there beside me. My imagination had lifted him and idealized him into that which he was not, and could not be. I wonder if ever a woman did the same thing, and discovered her mistake after marriage? That must be dreadful.

"Come, dear Ruth, come! it is growing late!" Ethlinda called to me again and again from the window of the chamber above.

"Not yet, not quite yet!" John would plead, holding my hand with an almost painful tenacity of grasp; "directly, I will let you go!" At last he said, "When yonder cloud passes from the star it is just covering, you may go. I will not then urge your stay for another instant."

The cloud did not pass away from the face of that star, but gathered to itself blackness upon blackness till all that side of heaven was gloom.

"Are we never to have light again?" he said. "I wish I had not asked you to stay till the cloud was gone. I am superstitious somehow to-night. But good-by; you have seen enough of my weaknesses for one day."

He let go my hand, and then reached after

and caught it again, felt for the ring, and then with a sigh, that was almost a sob, turned away.

I dreamed of him all night, and I was searching up and down the world for him, and could not find him, and awoke with a cry of such anguish as made me glad enough to be awake.

At breakfast John did not appear, and it presently became known that he was not able to leave his bed. The house was at once pervaded with a new influence, every thing being put in subordination to the son and heir. Almost the first thing to be done was to call Dr. Felix Helper, and as I met him in the hall I could not forbear saying to him, under pretense of good-humor, that I hoped he would not give his patient any more of those dreadful powders, whatever he did! He opened his blue eyes wide, bowed slightly, and smiled in such a way, as though he said, "You are not worth minding, you silly little girl!"

I looked after him almost with contempt. He was stoutish, and I thought his legs too short, and said to myself, "He walks like a duck!" contrasting him with handsome John still more unfavorably than at first. I called him the *great* Dr. Felix all that day, whenever I spoke of him, and somehow got a wonderful deal of satisfaction out of the epithet.

All day the sick man kept to his chamber, and I saw that, whether the tuberose had any thing to do with it or not, there was clearly no feigning now. But toward evening he revived, and insisted that Ethlinda and myself, who had, he said, been unconscionably bored all day, should take an airing together. The pony-chaise was proposed at first; but no, John said, we must go in his phaeton and drive his beautiful chestnut, which Ruth so much admired. "He requires the exercise, and is perfectly safe; only, mind one thing—keep out of the way of the railroad trains!" Then he looked at his watch, and *timed* us, as he called it, so that we should not be upon the strip of road that lay beside the rail-track when the evening express should become due. "Now remember!" was his last injunction; and then he said, "Hadn't you better have Peter take you, after all?"

No, we wanted to go alone; we wanted no Peter, and would have no Peter. He had marked out our drive for us, and had made us promise faithfully to adhere to his direction, and he had left out the one cross-road that I so much desired to explore. He kissed his hand to us from the upper window, and I called back to him as we mounted the phaeton, "There goes the great Dr. Felix just ahead of us; so, if any thing happens, you see, we will have the good fortune to find medical wisdom close at hand!"

So we drove away laughing, following in the track of Dr. Felix and his rusty old buggy. We had followed the route as set down for us strictly, passing, against my will, the lane into which we saw the Doctor turn before us, and commenting on his sturdy roan as he trotted out of sight; but never saying one word of himself, first or last. We did not think of him. We had gone to the Gatsimer Oaks, as the beautiful belt of woodland that was to end our drive was called, and had turned the head of our gay young chestnut homeward, mindful to get over the dangerous strip of road betimes, when it happened that we discovered a bed of ripe strawberries blushing up through the grass by the road-side. We could not resist the temptation; it would be so nice to take some fresh berries, picked with our own hands, home to John. We would wait there till the express train had passed—that would be the way to manage! I made a cup of sassafras leaves, very sweet with its linings of silver-gray, and had nearly filled it when a low, threatening mutter broke out of the Gatsimer Oaks behind us, and turning, we saw with sudden alarm the clouds rolling up as black as night. We lost a minute or two in debating what was best to do; wait, and take the risk of the rain, or go forward and risk the engine and the whistle.

The air grew blind in a moment, and the winds made such tossing and tumbling of the oak-tops, and such howlings withal, that we were awe-struck, if not afraid, and resolved to set off with all speed for home. Our horse was quite as likely to be frightened by the storm as the whistle; indeed he already showed signs of excitement, that warned us to keep before the on-coming clouds if possible. His ears were turned back, his eyes scared, and his slender legs trembling. He set high his fine head, and started off at a lope that was nearly a canter. "We shall get over that dangerous bit of road at any rate!" says Ethlinda, as we mounted the hill that brought us on a level with the track, and she gave freer rein to our spirited loper. All at once, driving round the curve before us, bellowing like a mad bull, and facing right upon us, with fierce red eyes, came the engine. A quick lurch to one side, that had nearly upset us, a spring forward, and away we went with the fury and speed of the wind. Of course, the first thing that Ethlinda did was to scream; the next, to try with all her might to run our valiant chestnut into the fence upon one side, or the clay-bank upon the other. "Keep a straight rein, and give him head!" I cried, but all in vain. She sawed mercilessly on the bit, and directly the ribbons snapped in two in her hand. Then came the screams again, adding terror to the fright of our horse, and causing him to keep his heels in the air for the most part.

The next thing, I saw a little butterfly of a hat, pink flowers, and yellow straws together, whirling through the air, and a cloud of lawns, frills, and flounces fluttering off in the opposite direction! I did not look behind—I could not. I knew that I was alone with that shadow feared by man, and I knew nothing else. And yet I did know something else. I distinctly saw that we were approaching the forbidden road. I saw one of the Gatsimer teams coming down

the slope toward the main road, and wondered whether the man would find Ethlinda and carry her home, perhaps only her body; saw the head of the Doctor's roan just behind the wagon-bed filled with blue stones, nodding up and down in a sober, jog-trot sort of way.

After this, that awful shadow pretty much absorbed me, for my maddened beast, true to his old habit, or instinct, turned square off, grazing the guide-post, catching the phaeton cover on the top of it, wrenching it half away, and on and on! Should we run right into those six mules? It seemed so. But no, my fate was not so ordered. Somehow the driver got his team partly clear of the road, my chestnut sheered off, and, like a zigzag of lightning, we shot by, clearing the six mules, the two clumsy projecting hubs, the big solid heap of stones, the Doctor's slender buggy, and all! We passed the piece of woodland beyond which John had told me the road was not so pleasant, and dashed forward, still at the same rate—the steam-whistle, at momentary intervals, bellowing away in the distance, for we got over the ground almost at the rate of the engine.

Perhaps the beast will tire himself out, I thought, if we should meet no further obstruction, and I and the shadow part company after all. A sudden sense of jamming into new conditions—a coming dizziness and darkness—and I knew no more till I found myself, with head low, and stretched flat, on what proved to be a thyme-bed in old Grandmother Van Borr's garden. I did not see the thyme-bed at first, nor Grandmother Van Borr. I saw, bending over me, the honest, sympathetic eyes of Dr. Felix Helper. He was trying to get one hand between the thick soft thyme and my waist, an achievement soon accomplished. Then he raised me up, saying, cheerily, as he did so, "There, that 'll do. We are not hurt so badly after all, are we?"

So, from the first, you perceive, he made himself a part of me. I saw now that my boots were off and my stockings too, and that one foot and ankle were much swollen, and as blue as the stones I had seen in the Gatsimer wagon-bed.

"Broken?" I said, nodding past the Doctor to my foot.

"No; sprained. Here, grandmother, sit down on this thyme, please, and prop us up a little; we can't go alone all at once."

"Poy, come pack; vat you doos? Come pack! yo pe in pad vork all times, mos'! Come an' 'old ye voman's pig voot!"

I now saw, with a coarse straw hat set sideways on his gold curls, a child two years old, perhaps, standing in the garden walk a few yards from me, both chubby hands full of pinks and hollyhocks all crushed together. A short-sleeved shirt of coarse white linen, and a petticoat of red flannel, shrunken with much washing, made, together with his straw hat, all his dress. His shoulders had a brave, square setting, he stood strong on his legs, and his brown eyes were so confident of your good-will that the love of almost any woman must, in spite of herself, have gone straight to him. Mine did, even before a box on the ear from the bony, shriveled hand of the grandmother had brought out two great appealing tears to his pretty cheeks.

The second word I spoke was to this child: "Come to me, my little beauty!" I said; "give me some of your flowers, won't you?"

"Vot vor call him peauty—him no peauty—him's much very pad! Voman don't vant you, poy. Co avay! shoo! shoo!" And the grandmother clapped her dry hands and tried to frighten the lad away, much as one would scare away the crow that was stealing one's corn.

I was angry with the old dame, and told her I could do without her support, for by this time she had set herself against my shoulder. The Doctor bit in his lip and a smile with it, and then he called, "Gatty, my little man, won't you come and bring us some flowers?"

He came at once, his lip trembling, and the two tears trembling above it, reaching out his hand full of pinks and hollyhocks before him. There came over me, as he stood there, with tear-wet cheeks—in his scant petticoat, and with sun-burnt feet buried in the thyme, a feeling which I suspect must be akin to that of motherhood. An infinitude of tenderness and yearning to take him to my bosom, and to shelter and save him from all harm. Nay, more, to give him all good gifts, and to make his place in the world shine so grandly that no shadow of blame or reproach should ever get near him. I don't know how it was, but I took his orphanage for granted, and longed to fill up the gap that I felt, in some mysterious way, must needs have misshapen his life.

"I must kiss you, my dear," I said, drawing him to me, as he dropped the crushed leaves of his odorous pinks in my lap.

"Vat you say? Him knows not apout—shoo long, poy!—him knows not apout kiss—him pad!"

"Not know about kisses? What does the woman mean?" and I turned from the toothless old grandam to the Doctor.

"We must not talk too much; our brain is excited just now!" he replied, busying himself with a bandage.

Then he sent the child away to another part of the garden, on pretense of wanting some fresher flowers; and my attention was at once diverted both from myself and the boy.

One of the Gatsimer men appeared, leading John's horse, stepping high, and dropping sweat. The man held him close to the mouth with one hand, and patted his proud arched neck with the other. Some bedraggled harness hung across his back, and the two shafts, slivered where they had snapped, dragged either side of him along the ground. And all this passed before I was fully conscious of all that had happened or might have happened.

Ethlinda had lodged in a thicket, interwoven and covered with grape-vines, and had thus es-

caped without so much as a bruise. The horse, too, was uninjured except by his fright. The phaeton had suffered wreck; had come, in fact, to complete grief; and I had sustained the injury of a sprained ankle, and the experience of a fainting fit.

The stumps of one of the Gatsimer oaks, lately felled from its place in the highway, caused the final catastrophe. We had run over the stump, the axle had caught, the jar shattering the carriage, and lodging me in a haystack in the adjoining field. It was a miraculous escape, every body said, for I had gone over stones and fence-rails enough to have dashed my brains out, if I had had twice as many as I possessed. And there I was in Grandmother Van Borr's garden; the Doctor, who had faced about and driven after me as fast as he could, having picked me up and carried me, pale-faced, and with a good deal of hay in my hair, to the nearest refuge, which happened to be Dame Van Borr's garden. She was in it at the time, hoeing cabbages, and her little grandchild was there too, not hanging to her skirts, as we may suppose, but off by himself, picking pinks and chasing bumble-bees.

The old woman insisted directly that I should be taken into the house. Her little Katherine, she said, "vould pe glad as nothing to share her ped mit the vomans!"

But the Doctor said No; it were much better that I should be taken home at once, "if," he said, "the young lady will accept so poor a conveyance as I must offer."

"Whatever the Doctor thinks best," I replied. But I naturally turned my eyes toward the house, which I had scarcely observed before, and saw sitting at a little window in the steep gable a slight girlish woman, spinning flax; her hair the color of the mesh on her distaff, and with a face pale and settled in expression, as if, indeed, she might have died in that low garret years agone, and still kept on spinning at her flax. And yet she was not so much ghost as spirit. Beautiful, very beautiful, she looked in the dim light; her rustic dress simplicity itself, her graceful head thrown a little back, one bare arm holding up the thread as she spun, and in her thoughts apparently quite apart from the things of this low, common earth. It may have been the hum of the wheel that kept her unconscious of all the noise and stir—so unusual about the secluded place—for evidently she was not aware that any thing aside from the common was going on.

Seeing that I noticed her, the old woman said: "That is my little von, my granchile you calls him; she mos' every time spins long viles deeps don the vays o' the midnight; no moonshine to her; noting at all; spin, spin, the vay you sees her now, mos' every time, dat vay."

"Is she sick?"

"No, not vith nothing put only her minds; dat is sick as can not pe vell, no, not never!" And then, in answer to my look of sympathy, for I did not feel privileged to say more, she went on: "She's mudder, put not vrow; that von tare in te flower-peds, he's to plames for all. I mos' vishes him no cood. Katherine and I ve lives here all lone—petter so—petter; noting for us no more—vell, vell—never minds!" She hid her withered old face in her skinny hands, and when the child came to her with his fresh-pulled flowers, she said, irritably: "Co vay; I vants you not; co vay off—furderer you can!"

While this was going on between us, the Doctor was out of hearing, looking after his horse. He now came up, leading him as close to the garden gate as possible.

"You must tell me your name before I go," I said, taking the boy by his two plump shoulders, and turning him toward me.

A trick of manner—something in the eyes, or the smile, I know not what—held me spellbound, as, looking me straight in the face, he answered, bravely, "My name is John Gatsimer." Then he folded his little sun-burnt arms stoutly across, and stood, as though he resolutely defied me, and the world together—once for all.

"His vater's name!" says the grandmother. "I gives it him all myselfs—I vould, vor vengeances. Katherine vould not have it so as it is—she speaks it nevar at all—no times—but calls him Gatty mos' every times. All darks mit her now tays—moon shines petter as sun, and she spin all viles ven day co up, and ven him co down. Vell, vell, let all alones!"

I reached home before Ethlinda. John had heard nothing of the accident, and was waiting for me on the piazza.

"Where have you been all this while?" was his eager question.

"At the Opera," I replied. "I never saw so pretty a Margaret as I saw to-night, at her spinning. If you would like to see her, go to old Grandmother Van Borr's garden, and look up to the little window in the garret, you will be sure to see her; for I am told she spins there often all night long. And here is a ring you may throw up to her, if you like. I am done with it. Yes, yes, John, I traveled on the forbidden road to-night, and I find you have been there before me!"

I need go no further into details. Of course our engagement was broken, and you will at least partly understand how it might naturally enough have come about that I should be now wearing this slender plain gold ring. At any rate, here I am, disengaged and re-engaged, this time for life, for, so far as any regret or any hope of mine is concerned, there might be no man in the world but plain Felix Helper.

Three months after this, a letter addressed to me and signed Ruth Helper, concluded on this wise:

"Felix has bought me a sewing-machine, somewhat to the mortification of mother, and what do you think! I have taken Katherine Van Borr to live with me, and be my friend and

house-mate. Yes, taken her for good and all, and little Gatty into the bargain.

"Handsome John did not go abroad as reported; he is at home lying sick with a fever. The Doctor, of course—the *great* Doctor—there is but one Doctor now—visits him daily, and brings me most favorable reports of a healthy spiritual condition. I have hopes of John yet, strange as you may think it!"

Two months later she writes:

"Gatty is the delight not only of our house, but of the whole village; and Katherine shines us all down with her sweetness and her beauty; but yesterday we had a sort of quarrel. I found John's picture under her pillow.

"She actually loves that man yet! and I see now clearly enough I never did. I wish he would go to the other end of the world, for Katherine will only look one way, and sing one song, while he goes prancing up and down. Women are so foolish!

"I proposed to send her to New York for a while; but no, she wouldn't go. She just fell kissing little Gatty, rocking him on her bosom, and singing that tender bit of song, that I know she has learned of *him*—you know who I mean. Women are so foolish! Advise me what to say or do."

Six months later:

"Don't trouble yourself now about advising me in the matter I wrote you of—but to come to the point. I have great news. Our boy ran away the other day and got lost! He was last seen about an old well that is left with mouth uncovered, on the common. Of course his mother was frantic, and we all feared, indeed, that he was lying at the bottom, the sunshine all out of his pretty curls. The sympathy of all the town was enlisted; the hands at the furnace left their work, and came running with ladders and ropes. The scene was frightful in itself, so many eager men pushing and crowding, so many contradictory expedients suggested. Nobody was bold enough to go down at once, for the well was reported to be filled with damps, and it was certain that a man had been suffocated in it not long before. A light was at last lowered, but half-way down went out; then another, and that went out too. The mother was there with the rest; she could not be kept away; but she neither spoke nor shed a tear—we all wished she might—the look of deadness that was in her face when I first beheld her came all back again. All at once there was a new sensation in the crowd. Who would have thought there could have been at such a time? It was John Gatsimer, who was pushing the men one way and the other, and opening a road right between them. He did not seem to see Katherine; did not seem to see any body; but got straight to the mouth of the well, dashed off coat and vest, put his white hands on the rough stones either side of the well, and swung himself down, lower, lower; and now his shoulders are sinking, and now his head. 'Stand back! stand back! let him have what air he can! Wait, man! wait! fasten this rope to your waist, for God's sake!' were the cries that went after him.

"We heard the dull thud of the knotted rope they lowered after him against the dripping stones, but no word came back from John. He had no ladder but the stones with which the well was walled round, and these were slimy and moss-covered, so that he must needs dig rests for hands and feet as he went; but though the progress was slow, he went on, and down.

"Fifty feet deep, the well was said to be; but how much water was at the bottom, no man knew—it would not take much to drown a three-years-old child. We all knew that. Half-way, or a little more, the stones had caved in on one side of the well, and a vigorous locust root had pushed out a strong young shoot, whose cluster of thick branches and cloudy leaves filled up all the space; below that the descent must needs be more perilous, because of the darkness.

"John rested for a moment on this branch, and then the one person permitted to look down reported that he was stooping over, almost double, and feeling down among the mass of dark leaves, and weeds, and sticks, and whatever had accumulated in this dull lodging-place.

"Every voice was hushed now, every breath—waiting, waiting. Then came a noise, rather than a voice, so hollow and smothered was it. 'He is here, lodged in the thorn-bushes!' A little low wail, that hardly came out of the mother's heart—so low that it could not have been heard, but for the utter silence—moaned and died; the crowd swayed back involuntarily, and left her close to the well's mouth almost alone. And now the dull digging along the stones was heard once more. John was coming back alive, at any rate.

"'He's got him!' cries the man, looking over—'steady, man, steady—careful there!' And now the head, hair clogged with clay-specks and stringy with damp, is rising higher and higher, and now one white hand clutches the hand of the nearest man; up heaves the strong shoulder, and dangling, white and limp as a rag, on one side, all out of the bedraggled frock, are the two sturdy legs; and on the other side, hugged so close and so tenderly, droops the pale baby face.

"Felix, my Felix, was right there, where he should have been; but when he would have taken the child, John says, 'No, not yet.' Then he took him from his shoulder—he was on firm ground now—straightened the bedraggled petticoats about the cold feet—combed with his fingers the dark leaves away from the curls, out of which all the sunshine was drowned—held him to his bosom a moment—kissed the shut mouth before us all; and then, as a baptism of tears fell over the still face, laid him on the heart of his mother.

"'He is not dead!' cries my Felix, who had been suffered to touch the child by this time—and then a great cry of joy went up—and all, even the roughest man, crowded about John, and none could clap him and praise him enough.

"For my part, I never saw him look half so handsome as he did then, in his muddy shirt-sleeves, and with hair tumbled and scented with the mildew.

"Our little Gatty, thanks to my Felix, was brought back to life, and is now as well as ever, for all this happened a week ago.

"John Gatsimer has been with us every day; comes and goes in open daylight, and before all men; and though he did not follow my advice at the time, and throw that engagement ring up to Katherine's window, she will get it yet!—mark my words—and very soon, or my name is not

"Ruth Helper."

THE CHURCH OF JERUSALEM.

IN the first century of the Christian era the civilized world rested in unexampled peace. It was the most tranquil period Europe has ever known. No general war disturbed the prosperity of Gaul, Italy, or the East; no widespread revolution carried carnage and desolation to the populous provinces of imperial Rome.[1] It was a golden, autumnal season of classic civilization, when the ripened fruits of long years of material and mental progress were showered upon mankind, and when the internal decay of the mighty empire was hidden in its exterior and splendid tranquillity. Compared with the later centuries the first was singularly frugal of human life. In the seventeenth century all Europe was torn by fierce religious wars, and men died by myriads to gratify the fanatical malice of kings and priests. In the eighteenth the obstinate vanity of a Louis, a Frederick, or a George III., covered land and sea with slaughter. In the dawn of the nineteenth millions of the human race perished by the iron will of Napoleon; and the young generation of Europe and America have seldom known any long repose from the dreadful duties of the camp. But in the first century no battle of civilized men occurred equal in importance to Sadowa; no siege, except that of Jerusalem, as destructive as that of Sebastopol. Under its imperial masters, whether madmen, philosophers, or monsters, the Roman world almost forgot the art of warfare, and, weighed down by a general tyranny, gave itself languidly to the pursuits of peace.

A magnificent form of civilization at once grew up. Men every where clustered together in cities, and surrounded themselves with the countless appliances of a luxurious life. The theatre and amphitheatre, the aqueduct and bath, the graceful temples of yellow marble, the groves and gardens, the triumphal arches, the forums filled with statues and lined with colonnades, were repeated in all those centres of artistic taste that sprung up, under the fostering care of successive emperors, from the Cæsarea of Palestine to the distant wilds of Britain or Gaul. The Roman empire embraced within its limits a chain of cities fairer than the proudest capitals of modern Europe—a throng of municipalities destined to become the future centres of Christian thought. At the mouth of the venerable Nile stood Alexandria. Its population was nearly a million. It controlled the commerce of the world, and its vast fleets often covered the Mediterranean. It was the Paris of the East—gay, splendid, intellectual; its university and its library, its philosophers and critics, filled the age with active speculation. Antioch, on the Syrian shore, still retained its prosperity and its luxurious charms. In the midst of its apocalyptic sisters, Ephesus glittered with artistic decorations, and maintained in all their magnificence the Temple and the ritual of Diana. Greece boasted the corrupt elegance of Corinth, the higher taste of uncomparable Athens. Far to the west Carthage had risen from its ruins to new importance. Spain was adorned with the temples and the aqueducts of Saragossa[1] and Cordova; the banks of the Rhine and the wilds of Gaul were sown with magnificent cities; and the camps of Britain swiftly grew into populous capitals and peaceful homes. In the midst of the series of provincial towns stood conquering Rome, the mistress of them all, slowly gathering within her bosom the wealth, the luxury, the corruption of the world.

But of all the imperial cities the most wonderful was still Jerusalem.[2] In a mysterious antiquity none of them could rival her. The towers of Salem had been contemporary with that of Belus or Semiramis, of the glory of Thebes and the youth of Memnon. Jerusalem had seen the splendors of her conquerors of Babylon and Egypt sink into decay. A thousand years had passed since David founded the city of Mount Zion, and still, in the first century, with a singular vitality, the holy site was covered with magnificent buildings, and a new Temple had risen on Mount Moriah, to surpass the glory of that of Solomon. When the seven hills of Rome had been a desolate waste, and the Acropolis the retreat of shepherds—when all Europe was a wilderness, and savage hunters roamed over the site of its fairest cities, Jerusalem had shone over the East a beacon of light, and had observed and, perhaps, guided the progress of Italy and Greece. She had been often conquered, but never subdued. More than once leveled to the ground, she had risen from her ashes.[3] For a thousand years the priests had chanted the Psalms of David from Mount Moriah, unless in captivity or exile, and still the Jerusalem of Herod and Nero was, in her magnificent ritual and her sacred pomp, the rival and the peer of Athens and Rome.

In the minds of her contemporaries[4] the Jewish capital seems to have excited an intense dislike. The Jews were noted for their bigotry and their national pride.[5] Even in their captivity they despised their conquerors; they turned with contempt from the polished Greeks and Romans, and refused to mingle with them

[1] Under Augustus and Tiberius Italy was at peace, and their successors were satisfied with distant conquests. The Vitellian wars filled Rome and Italy with massacres, but were soon terminated by Vespasian. Tacitus, Hist., iii. 72, laments the Capitol. From the Jewish war we must abate much of the exaggeration.

[1] Cæsar Augusta.

[2] Tacitus, Hist., v. 8. Hierosolyma genti caput. Illic immensæ opulentiæ templum. He sketches imperfectly the history of the famous city. Dum Assyrios penes Medosque et Persas Oriens fuit despectissima pars servientium. See Josephus, Ant., vii. 3, 2.

[3] Josephus, Ant., x. 10; xii. 5, 3. Under Antiochus the finest buildings were burned, the Temple pillaged.

[4] Tacitus, Hist., v. 5, recalls this feeling. Adversus omnes alios hostile odium.

[5] Cicero, Pro L. Flacco, 28. Quod in tam suspiciosa ac maledica civitate, etc. He speaks of their barbarous superstition, and argues like an advocate.

as equals or as friends. To the austere Pharisee a Cicero or an Atticus was a pariah and an outcast, and the chosen people, as far as possible, shrank from the unholy society of the gentile. But this exclusiveness seemed to their cultivated contemporaries barbarous and rude; they repaid it by a shower of ridicule and sarcasm. The Roman writers, from Cicero to Tacitus, paint the Jews as the degraded victims of a cruel superstition. The Roman satirist accused them of worshiping the empty air or the passing cloud;[1] the people of Rome, of adoring the vilest animals;[2] and no author of that intellectual age had discovered that the lyrics of the Jewish king were more sublime than those of Pindar; that the conflicts and the trials of a human soul were nobler themes than the Olympic sports or the triumphs of Hiero. No Roman writer had studied with care the Jewish Scriptures, or had contrasted the sibylline oracles with the prophecies of Isaiah.

Yet even to the Greeks and Romans a mysterious awe invested the holy city. They heard with wonder of that inner shrine where no image of a deity was seen, but within which no profane eye was allowed to gaze; of the golden candlestick, the priceless veil; of the pompous worship of an invisible God.[3] They knew that to the austere Jew the fairest statues of Phidias, the most glorious representations of Jupiter and Apollo, were only an abomination. They had learned that the despised Israelites were looking forward to the advent of a prophetic Messiah whose reign should be universal, and who should subject all nations to his sway; and emperors and kings had been startled and roused to cruelty by their unflinching faith. But no heathen writer could have supposed that the promised Messiah was to be a God of boundless love;[4] that from the heart of the abject and hated race was to come forth a generous sympathy for the suffering and the sad of every land; that from mysterious Jerusalem was to descend upon the world a faith that taught the common brotherhood of man, a charity as limitless as its celestial source.

This remarkable mental revolution took place within the first century. In a brief period Jerusalem was transformed from a centre of bigotry and intolerance to become the joy and hope of nations. The church of Christ arose. Scarcely thirty-five years elapsed from the death of the Divine Teacher until the final ruin of the holy city; yet in those few years grew up a society of inspired missionaries, equal in power, in gifts and grace, who carried the tidings of hope and faith to the distant capitals of heathendom. The church of Jerusalem, the church of Christianity, was formed upon the simplest and most natural plan. Its affairs were discussed and determined in a general assembly of all the faithful. It knew no earthly master, acknowledged no temporal head. The apostles themselves, full of humility and love, yielded to each other's opinions, and consented to be bound by the decisions of their own body or of the united church.[1] Peter, whose vigorous faith formed for a time the chief support of his companions, was sometimes governed by the Hebraic impulses of the austere James, and was afterward softened by the generous remonstrances of Paul. James himself, the brother of the Lord,[2] at the apostolic council urged compromise and peace. The apostles laid no claim to infallibility; they trembled lest they themselves might become castaways. The church was a true republic, in which, in his unaffected humility, no man sought authority over another, and where all were equal in a common faith, an overpowering love. Its ritual was the natural impulse of a believing heart. The Christians met in private rooms or on the flat tops of houses, and joined at regular intervals in prayer and praise. The sermon of the presbyter and the apostle was usually unpremeditated, and pointed to the sacrifice of Calvary. No painted robes, no gorgeous rites, no pagan censers or chanting priests, disturbed the season of divine communion. The commemoration of the last sad supper was performed by carrying the bread and wine from house to house; and when the inspired missionaries set out, full of joy and faith, to bear their good tidings to splendid Antioch or gilded Ephesus, their dress was as plain as their Master's, their poverty as conspicuous as his. From Jerusalem, which had till now heaped only anathemas upon the gentiles, the early church descended, the teacher of self-denial, benevolence, and hope to man.

The holy city of the first century was not that scarred and stricken waste that now meets the traveler's eye.[3] It was gay with palaces of marble and streets of costly houses; with the homes of the wealthy Sadducees, who had won their fortunes in trading with Eastern lands, and of that priestly aristocracy who had engrossed the high offices of the Jewish church. Above the deep ravines of Jehoshaphat and Hinnom the hill of Zion rose to the southward,[4] covered with fine buildings and the palaces of its Idumæan kings. On the west and north the lower Acra was perhaps the home of the laboring class. Farther northward, the new suburb of Bezetha, which had grown up under the successors of Herod the Great, was no doubt filled

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1 Juvenal, Sat., xiv. 100 *et seq.* Nil præter nubes et cœli numen adorant.

2 Tertullian, Apol., cxvi. Petronius et porcinum numen adoret.

3 Tacitus, Hist., v. 9.

4 Unless we trace the prophecy of Virgil to a Jewish source. The harsher traits of Judaism were well known to the Romans. See Martial, v. 29; xi. 95. Persius, Sat., v. 180. Ovid, De Arte Am., i. 76, 416.

1 Clem. Roman., about 97, disapproves of the people removing blameless presbyters. 1 Ep. to Corinthians, c. 44.

2 James is called "the brother of the Lord" in the Scriptures; tradition has sought to make him a cousin. See article "Brothers" in M'Clintock and Strong's Biblical Cyclopædia.

3 Robinson, Biblical Researches, i. 380 *et seq.* Tobler, Topographie von Jerusalem.

4 Derenbourg, Essai sur l'Histoire et la Géographie de la Palestine, i. 154.

with the warehouses and the rich dwellings of the Jewish merchants. On the eastern precipice, that overhung the vale of Jehoshaphat and the brook of Kedron, stood that magnificent Temple which, to the impassioned Jew, seemed to surpass in splendor as in holiness every other earthly shrine. A tall and shapely building of pure white marble, seated on the high top of Mount Moriah,[1] was the central fane where the Almighty was believed to dwell. It was seamed with golden plates, and covered by a roof of gilded spikes, lest the birds of the air might rest upon it. To the pilgrim afar off, on the north or east, it glittered in the bright sunlight of Judæa with an effulgence that seemed divine. Within were two chambers. One was that Holy of Holies into which no profane eye was allowed to gaze. It was wreathed in rare workmanship of the purest gold; and before its golden doors hung a veil, priceless in value, woven with the rarest skill of Jewish and Babylonian maids.[2] The outer chamber contained the golden candlestick whose seven lamps were the seven planets; the twelve loaves that marked the passing year; the fragrant spices that declared the universal rule of God. Here, too, the walls and roof were covered with golden vines, and huge bunches of golden grapes hung on every side. The Jewish taste for costly ornaments lavished itself on the Holy House.[3] Its doors were of pure gold; its whole front was covered by immense plates of gold; at the entrance hung a second veil of Babylonian workmanship, embroidered with mystical devices in scarlet, purple, or blue.

Such was the Holy House, the earthly resting-place of Him who had thundered from Sinai or spoken by the prophets. The approach to it was through a succession of magnificent terraces.[4] Around the sacred precinct, at the foot of the hill, ran a wall of immense stones, wrought into each other, and embracing a circuit of several thousand feet. The inner side of the wall was a portico supported on huge pillars of marble, beneath whose shelter the sellers of doves and the money-changers held a busy traffic. The whole area was called the Court of the Gentiles, and was the common resort of the Greek, the Roman, and the Jew. But within it, at the base of an ascending terrace, was drawn a graceful balustrade of stonework, upon whose pillars was inscribed a warning that none but the pure Jew could pass, under pain of death. No Greek nor Roman might enter its exclusive barrier. Above it, a flight of steps led to a second court or square, surrounded by a magnificent wall. It was the outer sanctuary, and within was provided a separate place for women. Still higher rose a third court, with gates of gold and stones of costly workmanship, containing the altar from which the perpetual smoke curled up to heaven, and the Holy House with the candlestick, and the Holy of Holies.

To the north of the Temple, and joined to it by a bridge or stairs, stood that well-known tower upon which no Jew could look without a silent curse upon the gentile. The castle of Antonia was at once a palace, a prison, a fortress. Within its massive walls, that seem to have covered a wide surface, were inclosed a series of magnificent rooms, courts, barracks for soldiers, and perhaps dungeons for the refractory Jew.[1] Here St. Paul found shelter from the angry throngs of the Temple, and, by the care of the Roman captain, escaped the fate of Stephen. The tower was always guarded by a Roman garrison; its turrets overlooked the excited host of worshipers in the courts of the Temple below, and the glitter of foreign spears upon its impregnable walls reminded every Jew that the kingdom of David and Solomon was no more. The hill of Zion was profaned by a heathen master; the God of Jacob seemed abased before the idols of the gentiles.

Deep down below the eastern side of the Temple walls, the chasm or ravine of Jehoshaphat, a rift apparently cloven by some fierce convulsion, separated the hill of Moriah from the Mount of Olives.[2] The head grew dizzy in looking down from the Temple walls into the bed of the Kedron. Yet the Mount of Olives was only a few hundred feet distant from the sacred precinct; its sides were carefully cultivated, and belonged perhaps to the wealthy priests;[3] from its top could be seen the city lying extended below; and far to the east might be traced the glittering line of the Dead Sea.[4] Along the side of the mountain spread the olive groves of the garden of Gethsemane. Its peaceful walks were no doubt a favored retreat for the contemplative, the silent, and the sad.

Peace and prosperity seemed once more within the walls of Zion. Its people, always industrious and frugal, were advancing in wealth and ease. Jerusalem was a hierarchical city, and resembled, upon an extensive scale, an English cathedral town.[5] Its topics of conversation, its subjects of interest, were all religious. At the front of its society stood a few priestly families, possessed of great wealth and influence, who engrossed the chief offices of the church. Ananias, Caiaphas, and Eleazer were the leaders of a narrow aristocracy distinguished for its bigotry and pride, its luxury and pomp. The splendor of their dress and their wasteful extravagance are noticed with severity

[1] Mischna, iii. p. 334. Mons ædis erat quadratus. De Mensuris Templi. [2] Id., iii. p. 362.

[3] The Mischna is filled with details of golden ornaments and costly wood, iii. p. 362.

[4] It is impossible to reconcile the different accounts of the Temple in Josephus and the Mischna; I have therefore given a brief outline.

[1] Josephus, De Bell. Jud., v. 5, 8.

[2] Robinson, Bib. Researches, i. 326.

[3] Derenbourg, i. 467. See Tobler's Topographie von Jerusalem, who quotes vol. 2, p. 987, La Citez de Jerusalem, a description written in 1187.

[4] Robinson, i. 349. "The waters of the Dead Sea lay bright and sparkling in the sunbeams."

[5] Derenbourg, with the aid of the Talmud, has given new light upon the condition of Jerusalem, i. 140.

in the Talmuds. Of Ismaël ben Phabi it is related that he wore but once a magnificent robe worked for him by his mother, and then gave it to an attendant. Eleazer had one so splendid and so transparent that his colleagues refused to allow him to use it.[1] The priests feasted together at costly banquets, and lavished their wealth in pompous ceremonials and useless display. A congregation of priests and doctors of the law governed the city.[2] It was called the Sanhedrim, or the Seventy, and its bitter intolerance and cruelty were felt by all the apostles. It was a high-priest who ordered Paul to be smitten in the face; it was to the corrupt and fallen churchman that the apostle cried out: "Thou whited sepulchre."

The city was thronged with a busy and prosperous population. Every Jew was taught in his youth some useful trade; the perpetuity of the race is due in great part to its habits of industry and frugality. Amidst the throngs that filled the shops and warehouses and the quiet homes of Jerusalem were seen the wealthy Sadducee, to whom the present life seemed the end of all; the austere and formal Pharisee, who practiced the minute requirements of the law; the Jew from Alexandria or Cæsarea, softened by the contact of Greek philosophy; the wild Idumæan, and the fanatical zealot. When the great paschal feast called the faithful to the Temple, its wide area was filled with the united descendants of Benjamin and Judah, and a fierce religious excitement ruled in the sacred city that the Roman garrison itself could scarcely restrain. It was often a period of tumult and disorder. Strong patriotic impulses stirred the fanatical throng. The children of Israel, gathered in their holy seat, saw before them the habitation of the Most High, and in His strength fancied themselves invincible.

To the eye of History twelve sad yet hopeful men, charged with a heavy task, stand out distinctly amidst the busy throngs of Jerusalem. The bold and ardent Peter, the fond and tender John, the faithful James, led back their companions to the beautiful city.[3] They wandered together through its crowded streets; they preached in friendly houses; they met often in the Temple to pray. They were Jews, and they had resolved that Jerusalem should be the centre of that wide religious reform which they felt was to flow from their teaching. It was in the city of David rather than of Romulus that the Christian church was to find its model and its source.[4] In some plain house belonging to the mother of John lived the Holy Virgin, cherished, tradition relates, by him who had been the best beloved of her Divine Son and by her whose bounty had often fed and clothed the houseless Saviour. Her children seem soon to have gathered around her. James, according to the spurious epistle of Ignatius,[1] which, however, may retain some trace of legendary truth, resembled in appearance his Lord and brother. In character he was so eminently pure as to be known as James the Just. He lived in honorable poverty. He wore the plainest dress and fed on the simplest food. His name was renowned for perfect honesty and truth. He was a Hebrew of the strictest sect, and performed with rigid care every requirement of the Jewish law.[2] His knees grew callous from his constant attitude of prayer; his heart was full of intense love for the departed Lord; his life was spent in visiting the widow and the fatherless and in keeping himself unspotted from the world. It was natural, therefore, that the disciples should turn with unaffected reverence to the representative of the family of their Master, and James assumed the position of the head of the early church. By later writers he is called bishop; but no title and no authority were annexed to his office.[3] He was rather an elder or adviser, counseling the faithful in moments of difficulty, guiding the deliberations of the inspired assemblies, and leading on his followers to a spotless life.

Around the home of the Virgin were probably assembled her younger children, the brethren and sisters of the Lord. But of them we hear nothing until after the martyrdom of James, when Simeon, his brother or his cousin, becomes his successor. Yet it is pleasant to fancy, with the old tradition, that Mary staid long in the house of the gentle John, that her last years were cheered by his constant care, and that she was able to bear witness to the world that all the marvels told of her Divine Son were surpassed by the truth. In the spurious Ignatian epistles a letter of Mary is inserted. It is a reply to an invitation of Ignatius, the martyr bishop, to visit him at Antioch.[4] Its simplicity and its purity might almost affirm its authenticity; it has neither the superstition nor the grossness of the papal age. The Virgin gently assures the good bishop that all he had heard of Christ was true; that she would gladly visit him in company with John; and exhorts him to stand fast in persecution.[5] The romance of the correspondence between Mary, John, Ignatius, seems to carry us back into some humble and happy home at Jerusalem, where, amidst the harsh strife of the corrupt city, a boundless purity, a limitless love,

1 Derenbourg, i. 232. 2 Id., i. 141.

3 Acts, i. 12. Neander, Kirchengeschichte, i. 329, describes the invisible church of Paul and James. The first epistle of Clement. Rom. may be looked at as showing the sentiment of his age.

4 Acts, i. 4.

1 To St. John. See Hefele, Migne, v. 626, for an account of Ignatius.

2 Eusebius, H. E., ii. 23, quoting Hegesippus, Δια δέχεται την ἐκκλεσίαν—ὁ ἀδελφὸς τοῦ κυρίου Ἰάκωβος.

3 Eusebius, ii. 1. The title is not Scriptural.

4 Migne, Pat. Græc. Migne's uncritical and partial collection should be read with caution, v. 942, 943. Le Nourry, in his Prolegomena, and the Romish writers, reject these epistles, partly because Mary is called the mother of Jesus and not of God.

5 Migne, Pat. Græc., v. 943. She is made to say, De Jesu quæ a Joanne audisti et dedicisti, verasunt. She calls herself humilis ancilla Christi Jesu.

shed over its modest scene the peace of heaven.

A frequent visitor at the house of John and Mary was no doubt the impetuous but true-hearted Peter. In history there are two St. Peters. One is the ambitious, the unscrupulous, the cruel and tyrannical creation of the church at Rome. Every unhallowed and worldly impulse was gradually numbered among the attributes of the great apostle. In the third century his Roman defamers began to invest him with an ambitious design of subjecting all other bishops. In the fifth, Leo openly demanded for him a universal primacy of authority that was denied both at Chalcedon and Constantinople. At a later period he was made a temporal prince, ruling over the Roman states by force and fraud. In the eleventh century the haughty Hildebrand, in the hallowed name of Peter, proclaimed himself the temporal and spiritual master of the world. In the thirteenth, Innocent III., to enforce the authority of Rome, filled Europe with bloodshed, and exterminated the heretics of Provence. St. Peter was now made the author of the Inquisition, the champion of the Crusades, the oppressor of the humble, a universal persecutor. Still later, he was represented by the horrible vices of a Borgia. At the Reformation he was held up to mankind as the foe of rising knowledge, the patron of a dull conservatism. He was supposed to have inspired the bitter malevolence of the Council of Trent, and to have countenanced every crime of Charles V. or Philip II. In the nineteenth century, his name is once more invoked by the bishop of Rome in exciting a new assault upon human freedom. Priests and pope, in their final council, present once more to mankind their traditional St. Peter—ambitious, cruel, tyrannical—and declare his infallibility.[1]

Very different was the true St. Peter of the Gospels and the Acts. He was ever lamenting his own fallibility. In a moment of terror, at the thought of death, he had denied his Saviour. On him the eye of affection had been turned reproachfully; to him had been spoken the words of indignation, "Get thee behind me, Satan." His fervent love had won forgiveness; he was the rock on which the church was built. Again he had denied his Master when he strove to enforce the Mosaic law on the followers of Christ; again he yielded, conscience-smitten, to the intercession of James and the fierce denunciation of St. Paul. At the sacred supper it was not Peter that leaned on the bosom of the Lord, and only his age and his rude eloquence gave him any precedence among the disciples. Often the first to act or speak, his advice was not always followed. To James the Just, to John and Peter, the Lord, after his resurrection, communicated a divine knowledge;[1] and Peter seems to have paid a willing deference to the family of his Master.

His true greatness, his inspired eminence above mankind, lay in the humility with which he subdued his own impetuous nature, in the lessons of gentleness and purity which he so freely inculcates upon his disciples. To him the worship paid to a modern pope must have seemed a shocking idolatry. "I am but a man," he cried to the Roman convert who would have adored him. He could scarcely have presided at an auto da fé, for his language is ever merciful and forbearing. For himself he disclaimed all superiority, and would be only an elder among elders.[2] Instead of the vicar of Christ, the lord of kings, the keeper of the sword of persecution, he would have all men humble themselves to one another. "Love as brethren," he cried; "be pitiful, be courteous, not rendering evil for evil." "God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble."[3] To such a nature the vain strife of contending bishops, the pretensions of priests to spiritual and temporal despotism, the unhallowed splendors of the medieval church, the horrors of the Inquisition and the massacres of the religious wars, the pride of a Hildebrand, the cruel rage of an Innocent III., must have seemed the orgies of evil spirits clad in a sacred robe.

With St. Peter is constantly associated the gentler John. Together they had fished upon the Sea of Galilee, had left their nets at the call of the Master, and followed him in his wanderings through Judæa. Together they had beheld the crucifixion; together they had wept through the night of nights; they had run together in the morning to the sepulchre. But the tender love of the faithful John had urged him on swifter than Peter, and he had first seen that the stone was rolled away. Together they were to suffer imprisonment and persecution; preached in Samaria; performed miracles; and were at last parted to die in foreign lands and by a different death.[4] St. John represents, if possible, a higher form of human excellence than his ardent companion. The Saviour, we are told, loved him above all other men. In his boundless affection his Master had discovered no flaw; on him the divine countenance had never turned reproachfully. St. John's life and writings are filled with that intense sentiment of tenderness and compassion which is the soul of Christianity, and which was to flow in a full tide over the human race.[5]

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[1] Baronius, Ann. Ecc., sees nothing but Peter in the early age, i. 283. Petrus a Christo primatu in omnes est auctus, etc. Quidnam est, quod oculi omnium convertuntur in Petrum? Within a brief period all eyes were turned on Paul.

[1] Eusebius, H. E., ii. 1. So in the fragments of Papias, Andrew is named before Peter, iii. 39.

[2] 1 Pet., v. 1.

[3] 1 Pet., v. 5. So the epistles of Clement and Polycarp reflect the humility of the apostles.

[4] Eusebius, H. E.

[5] Neander, Denkwürdigkeiten, Geschichte des Christenthums, etc., i. 399, has an instructive essay on Christian brotherhood. The Christians formed a united family; they sent aid to each other everywhere—bis nach den entfernsten Gegenden.

His youth was apparently passed in active labor. He was a fisherman, like his father; but he had inherited some property, and was possibly able to obtain a better education than fell to the lot of the other apostles. His writings show traces of an acquaintance with Greek philosophy. Of the other members of the sacred company scarcely any thing is told. Tradition has vainly striven to follow them in their missionary toils, and has sent them forth to found churches in India and Ethiopia, in Britain or Gaul. They were all poor, plain men, yet it can not be inferred that they were wholly uneducated. Every Jew was usually taught to read, if not to write; and the apostles, from their youth, had been familiar with the wonderful lyrics of David and the inspired precepts of the law. Their minds had been fed upon the solemn liturgy of the Temple; they had heard the holy lessons chanted by the priests, and had listened to the wild strains of the lyre and the cymbals that accompanied the sacred rites. With music and poetry, therefore, they were not wholly unacquainted, and they had learned to watch the lovely changes of nature on the shores of Galilee. Here, Josephus tells us, was the brightest landscape of Judæa. In Galilee the sower trod the ever-fertile fields with joy; the songs of the marriage feast and the cries of happy children were heard over the land; the lily trembled on its stalk more splendid than Solomon's glory; the olive and the vine poured forth their abundant fruit.[1] But, above all, the disciples had heard lessons of divine wisdom, and been instructed by parable, precept, example, by the Sermon on the Mount.

Affrighted and dismayed by the spectacle of the crucifixion, the faithful eleven had fled from Jerusalem and betaken themselves to their nets.[2] Recalled by the well-known voice of their risen Lord, they returned to the city, and met together in their plain lodging, the upper chamber, to found the infant church. Before them lay a heavy task. Through persecution and suffering, in poverty and weakness, they were to preach to all nations the lesson of heavenly peace; they were to break down the mighty fabrics of formalism; to blend into one Christian family the gentile and the Jew. Yet never had the ruling religions of the world seemed more firmly established than when the apostles began their labors. In Jerusalem the fierce zeal of the Jews was aroused to new vigor by the shame of a foreign rule.[3] The presence of a gentile master, the hostile spears of Antonia, deepened to a wild enthusiasm the ardor with which the assembled nation performed its devotions in the Temple, and kept with rigid minuteness the strict requirements of the law. Never were the rites more splendid, the throngs of the festal seasons more numerous, than when, under the Roman procurators, the tribes gathered on the holy hill. A perpetual horror hung over the fanatical nation lest strangers might defile their Temple; a keen watch was kept over the sacred site; and every Jew was prepared to lay down his life to save it from gentile desecration.[1] Pharisees and Sadducees united in this dreadful resolution, and even the gentle Essenes were afterward found fighting in defense of their Temple and its God.

Hatred for the gentile had deepened the patriotic faith of the Jew, but had left his religion a corrupt formalism. The higher orders of the priests were noted for their pride and their rapacity. To maintain their luxurious splendor, they plundered the people; to confirm their power, they put to death their rivals. The holy city was often startled by the news of an assassination or a murder, and often fierce tumults arose within the walls of the Temple itself, and dyed its sacred courts with blood. A general corruption of morals had followed the cruel reign of Herod and the Romans; the Sadducees,[2] rich, venal, and unscrupulous—the Pharisees, linked together in their unholy brotherhood, had filled Jerusalem with their vices and their crimes; the poor were oppressed by usurers and cheated by forestallers; and great wealth was seldom gained by honest means. Throughout the open country robbers from the rocky caves of Lebanon preyed upon the industrious, and perhaps gave rise to the parable of the Good Samaritan. They were the zealots or patriots who had taken an oath never to submit to the Roman rule, and who fled from the city to rocky fastnesses and hiding-places, from whence they issued forth at night to plunder equally the Roman, Samaritan, or Jew.[3] Not seldom they made their way back to Jerusalem, and in the throng stabbed some unlucky priest or wealthy citizen who had shown too great subservience to the Roman rule.[4]

In the most bigoted of cities the apostles were to preach a new faith; to their enraged and rebellious countrymen they were to teach lessons of tenderness toward the Roman and the Greek. But if they ventured to look beyond the limits of Judæa the prospect of religious reform seemed even less encouraging. Far before them spread that gentile world of which they knew only by report, where for countless generations the white-robed priests had celebrated the rites of Jupiter or Minerva, the gods of Homer and Pindar, of Æschylus and Ennius, in temples splendid with the offerings of the faithful and consecrated by an undoubting superstition. Unlearned and modest rustics, touched

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1 Rey, Etude de la Tribu de Juda, still finds magnificent groves of olives in Judæa (p. 19), and quotes the reverend Robinson often. Of Galilee, Josephus has given a pleasing account, B. J., iii. 3.

2 St. John, xxi. 3. Simon Peter said, I go a-fishing.

3 Raphall, Post-Biblical Hist., ii. 399 *et seq.*

1 Josephus, B. J., ii. x. 4. Raphall, ii. 399.

2 Derenbourg, i. 143. See De Saulcy, Histoire d'Hérod.

3 Raphall, ii. 365.

4 Josephus, B. J., ii. 12, paints a dark picture of the horrors in the city at a later period. The Sicarii murdered men in the daytime, and then hid in the throng. They appeared in Herod's time.

only by a sacred fire, they were commissioned to penetrate to Antioch and Ephesus, to Athens and Rome, and declare to hostile paganism the wonders of the cross. But how could they hope to be believed! Never had the ancient faith seemed more firmly established. At its front stood the Roman emperor, the chief priest of the pagan world, the master of the lives and fortunes of his subjects, proclaiming his own infallibility, and announcing himself to be a god. In the city of Rome, the central shrine of heathenism, beneath the golden roof of the Capitoline temple, the St. Peter's of antiquity, amidst the chant of choristers, the smoke of censers, the musical intonations of the stoled and mitred priests, a Caligula[1] or a Domitian was adored by his trembling subjects as the representative of deity on earth. No bishop of Rome ever possessed a more imperious sway over the faith of mankind; no Hildebrand or Innocent was ever more jealous of his spiritual rule, or persecuted with greater vigor the luckless heretic. Whoever denied the infallibility of Caligula was condemned to the cross or the scourge, and the prudent cities of the Roman empire hastened to adore the statues of the imperial god. Nor was the splendor of the ancient ritual inferior to that of modern Rome. The one, in fact, is borrowed from the other. The Pontifex Maximus of the Capitoline temple has been transformed into the Pontifex Maximus of the church of Rome;[2] the rich robes and mitre of the ancient priest adorn the modern pope; the tapers and lighted lamps, the incense and the lustral water, the images glittering with gems and gold, the prayers, the genuflections, the musical responses, and the gay processions of the servants of the pagan temple have been preserved wherever the Roman faith is dominant, from Italy to Peru.

It was against this imposing formalism, whose centre was ancient Rome, that the apostles were to wage incessant war, in poverty, humility, persecution, death. They were to strike down the imperial Pontifex Maximus, who claimed to be a god; they were to drive the priests from the altar and banish the glittering images, the unhallowed rites; they were to preach, amidst the fearful corruptions of the age, a spotless purity; to inculcate honesty, industry, humility, and love; to prepare mankind for a better life. They met in an upper chamber in Jerusalem, elected Matthias in the place of Judas, by the suffrage of all the small band of Christians; and then, in the heart of the hostile city, surrounded by the fanatical throngs of Pharisees and Sadducees, exposed to the dagger of the Sicarii and the rage of the Sanhedrim, began to speak of Him who had walked with them on the Sea of Galilee.

[1] Suetonius, Calig., 22. See Merivale, H. R., v. 405. Caligula claimed an equality with Jove.

[2] Muratori, Liturgia Romana Vetus, would trace the Roman ritual back to the apostles—nulla autem dubitatio est, quin vel ipsis Apostolis viventibus aliquis fuerit Liturgiæ; but the supposition is unhistorical as well as unscriptural. See cap. i. p. 3; ii. p. 10.

Suddenly there spread through the city of David a wild religious excitement, a revival more wonderful than prophet or priest had ever caused. The spirit of God moved over the chosen people.[1] The voices of the apostles, accompanied by miracles and prodigies, and telling the story of heavenly compassion, melted the hearts of the penitent Jews. Immense congregations assembled around the house of the teachers, and professed their faith. Three thousand were converted in one day. The number of believers was constantly enlarged. The Jews of every land, who had come up to Jerusalem from their distant homes in Babylon or Alexandria, Syria and Greece, were filled with a novel fervor. The people of Jerusalem of every rank yielded to the general impulse, and worshiped Him whom they had crucified. Priests, learned in the teachings of the rabbins, and weary of the empty formalism of the law, threw themselves at the apostles' feet. Wealthy citizens sold their lands and houses, and gave their possessions to the cause of Christ.[2] A holy brotherhood, a congregation of saints, sprang up in the corrupt city; the meek and spotless Christian walked amidst the throngs of the crowded streets teaching by his words and his example;[3] in many a humble dwelling on the Acra or stately palace on the hill of Zion the sound of Christian prayer and praise was heard; and all Jerusalem seemed ready to worship at the cross of Calvary.

Thus, almost in a moment, the church of Jerusalem and of Christ arose. It was about the year 35. Tiberius was on the throne of the world, and was hidden in his island fastness, hated by mankind. Within two years he was to die, and transmit his authority to Caligula. At Jerusalem the family of Herod the Great, always patronized by the Roman emperors, still held a certain authority. Augustus and Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero had each maintained a friendly intercourse with the Jewish kings. Herod the Great died in the first year of the century, just after the birth of Christ; his son, Herod Antipas, succeeded him in a nominal rule over a part of Palestine, and reigned until perhaps the year 39.[4] Agrippa I., the grandson of Herod the Great, and the friend from childhood of the emperor Caligula, next governed Judæa, from 41 until 44. His son, Agrippa II., was made king of Chalcis in 48. His little royalty was afterward enlarged, but never embraced the province of Judæa nor the city of Jerusalem. He survived the destruction of the sacred seat. During the whole apostolic period, therefore, the holy city was under the direct control of officials appointed at Rome; and it can hardly be doubted that the Roman court was constant-

[1] Pressensé, Le Premier Siècle, i. 347.

[2] Eusebius, H. E., ii. 17.

[3] Epistle to Diognetus, c. v., defines the Christian. He is to love all men; he is persecuted by all.

[4] Archelaus reigned a few years over Judæa.

ly informed of the rapid progress of the new faith. From the doubtful letter of Pontius Pilate to Tiberius, and from the account of the trial of St. Paul, we may at least infer that so important a movement had not been neglected by the jealous despots of the Roman world; and it seems probable that no city of the empire was better known to Claudius and to Nero than the ancestral home of their friends Agrippa I. and II., the direct descendants of Herod the Great. Between Jerusalem and Rome there was a constant intercourse.

Meantime the missionary labors of the apostles went on unchecked. Full of joy and faith, they preached to increasing throngs. Beneath the shadow of the stately Temple and the hostile vigilance of the bigoted Sanhedrim, the infant church grew in strength, and shed a refining influence over the tumultuous city. One of its most pleasing traits was its ceaseless liberality to the poor. The widow and the orphan were visited and maintained at the cost of the community. No one was allowed to suffer for want; and the apostles, engrossed by the labor of teaching, were obliged to appoint seven assistants, afterward called deacons, who distributed alms to the poor. Presbyters or elders were also elected, at a later period, to relieve the first missionaries in their holy toil; and with this simple organization the church of Jerusalem was always content.[1] It possessed no bishop nor pope; no Pontifix Maximus nor imperious head. The family of the Lord seem to have held always a high place in the esteem of the commonwealth, as the natural inheritors of His primacy; and James the Just deserved by his rare piety the first rank in the assemblies of the faithful. Yet the first Christians still remained, in outward form, a sect of the Jews. The converts observed all the forms of the Mosaic law; the apostles went daily to the Temple to pray; and even Paul himself, at a later period, submitted for a moment to the national observances. With their fellow-Jews the Christians climbed the stately terraces of the Temple, and worshiped within the sacred inclosure where no gentile was allowed to come.

They could not, however, escape the vigilance of the Sanhedrim. In the first joy and promise of its wide success, the progress of the church was arrested by the iron hand of persecution. Peter and John, the most eminent teachers of the new faith, were seized and thrown into prison. They were set free by a miracle; were forbidden to preach; and were saved from a sudden death by the prudent counsel of Gamaliel. We may well conceive the deep excitement, the profound alarm of the peaceful church, when it was told from house to house that the two chiefs of the apostolic company had been shut up in the common jail, and the thrill of awe that followed their mysterious deliverance. Yet the apostles, full of inspired ardor, refused to obey the Sanhedrim. For persecution they were prepared, and the example of their Master was ever before them. Perhaps, in this hour of danger, they wandered to Golgotha and the Mount of Calvary, recalled anew the awful scenery of the crucifixion, and saw above them the tender countenance crowned with its circlet of thorns; perhaps they looked above the world to a glorified reign in heaven, and longed to stand at the right hand of the Saviour. But no terrors of persecution damped their ardor. Their voices were still heard above the fanatical throngs of Jerusalem, preaching in opposition to the rigid law the single doctrine of faith in the crucified Lord. "Believe," they cried to Sadducee and Pharisee, "and thou shalt be saved."[1]

The next phase in the history of the church was martyrdom.[2] To Stephen, one of the seven almsgivers, belongs the first place in that countless company who have died for the faith in all the long centuries of persecution. Like Stephen, the victims of many an auto da fé have seen heaven open as they passed away; like him, Huss and Jerome died with songs of joy. He seems to have been one of the most gifted of the early converts, and his vigorous eloquence aroused the intense hatred of the Sadducees and the Sanhedrim. His learning and a Greek education enabled him to dispute with Saul of Tarsus and the Cilicians, with the Jew of Alexandria and of Antioch. He made converts, no doubt, who carried into the pagan capitals the new revelation. He grew bold and vigorous in his assaults upon the Jewish law, and Sadducee and Pharisee felt that their authority with the people was passing away. They resolved to use violence in silencing the eloquent reformer. A wild and angry throng gathered around the preacher; the scribes and elders seized and dragged him before the great council of Jerusalem, charging him with having uttered blasphemy against the holy law.[3] The assembly met in one of the courts of the Temple, beneath the shadow of the Holy House; no prudent Gamaliel restrained the fanaticism of its high-born and imperious members; and among the fiercest of the accusers of Stephen was the gifted and yet unsanctified Paul. The trial of the first martyr recalls the long series of similar scenes in the annals of his successors. From the seats in the sacred hall looked down upon their victim a throng of judges as bitter and as hostile as those who condemned the gentle Huss at Constance, and who sought the life of Luther at the Diet of Worms. The charge of blasphemy was preferred; the high-priest said, "Are these things so?" Then, like Lu-

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1 The presbyters were Jewish, the bishops or overseers of gentile origin. The term bishop was, therefore, not used at Jerusalem. The church officers, whether bishops or presbyters, held their positions only during good conduct (1 Ep. of Clement, c. 44), possibly only at will.

1 So in Pastor Hermas, Vision 4, c. 1. A voice answered, "Doubt not, O Hermas."

2 Acta Martyrorum, Bollandus, i. 16 *et seq.* The fancied tales of martyrdom at least agree in their leading traits.

3 Acts, vi. vii.

ther at Worms, or Jerome at Constance, Stephen broke forth in an impassioned argument for the truth of Christianity. He reviewed the story of his ancestral faith; he charged the haughty priests, the high-born doctors, with having violated every precept of the law. "Which of the prophets," he cried, "did not your fathers persecute, and you have destroyed the Holy One; you are the betrayers and the murderers of the Son of God."

They gnashed on him with their teeth; they were cut to the heart. A fierce clamor probably arose in the crowded council; but Stephen, conscious of his doom, said, "I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God."

A loud outcry arose; they stopped their ears; with frantic rage they dragged Stephen out of the city walls and stoned him to death. He called upon his Master; he prayed, "Lay not this sin to their charge," and then fell asleep.[1]

This picture of the first martyrdom at Jerusalem, painted by the skillful touch of Luke, was ever before the minds of the early Christians, and animated them with a divine fervor. They, too, longed like Stephen to see heaven open; to win through the pains of martyrdom an immediate access to celestial bliss. As persecution deepened around them, and to embrace the faith of Christ was become almost a certain pathway to torture and to death, the ranks of the martyrs were filled by countless willing victims, who sought instead of avoiding the terrible doom. The apostles looked forward gladly to the last great trial. James the Great and James the brother of the Lord died, like Stephen, at Jerusalem.[2] Peter and Paul are said to have perished at Rome. Tradition awards a violent death to nearly all the apostles. St. John is said to have been thrown into a vessel of boiling oil, to have passed through the ordeal unharmed, and, like Enoch, to have been finally translated.[3] The gallant Ignatius, the disciple of St. John, traveled cheerfully to Rome to be devoured by wild beasts, and longed for the moment when he should be torn to pieces by the teeth of the lions. He prayed that the wild beasts might become his tomb.[4] His friend, Polycarp, gave thanks when he was bound to the stake.[5] The passion for martyrdom grew into a wild enthusiasm with the spread of persecution; the Christians often besought the pagan judges to grant them the priceless boon;[6] parents educated their children to become martyrs, and then threw themselves in the way of death; martyrdom descended in families, and the child thought himself an unworthy member of a saintly race did he not receive the crown of his ancestors; and when the papal church of the Middle Ages revived the pagan practice of persecution, the gentle Vaudois among their mountains, or the Calvinists of France and Holland, learned, from the example of the first martyr of the church of Jerusalem, to die without a tear.

A general dispersion of the Christians followed the death of Stephen. The persecutors broke into their houses and dragged them to prison. Jerusalem was filled with scenes of violence; the happy church, so lately rejoicing in prosperity and progress, was dissolved; the new converts fled, with their families, to Cyprus, to Antioch, or Alexandria, and, wherever they wandered, preached the Gospel to attentive hearers. Churches were founded in splendid cities by the humble missionaries, that afterward grew into metropolitan sees and haughty bishopries. Antioch owed its conversion to this sudden dispersion. It is not improbable that the church of Rome may have been founded by some fugitive from Jerusalem. But while their people fled, preaching and baptizing in foreign lands, the apostles, and James their moderator, still remained in the holy city, resolved to maintain its pre-eminence as the centre of the church.

Yet from this period (36) the elder members of the church of Jerusalem are almost lost to history. Peter and John appear for a moment as missionaries to Samaria; Peter converts a gentile and confounds a magician; after a long silence the apostles reappear at the council (50); they are then lost except in tradition; and they live and die in almost impenetrable obscurity. We must conclude, however, that they were seldom long absent from Jerusalem. In the sacred city they would find an audience of rare magnitude, ever changing with the varying seasons; and when the Temple was filled with its motley throng from foreign lands, they could spread the Gospel with little labor. They enlarged and strengthened the church at Jerusalem; they made missionary tours to Samaria, which lay north of Judæa; they no doubt often crossed over it to their native Galilee, still fertile and prosperous, beyond; they saw the well-known lake, and trod its peaceful shores. St. John is said to have lived at Jerusalem with the Virgin Mary until, in 48, she died; and we may fancy that often the beloved disciple and the gentle Mother wandered away from their fair house on Zion Hill[1] to the fertile environs of the city, gazed with chastened sorrow on Calvary, and paused under the olive groves of Gethsemane; that James the Just was ever in the Temple at prayer, or visiting among the sick and the poor; that Jude, Simeon, and the other younger brethren of the family of Christ had grown up to be useful members of the vigorous church. Persecution seems to have in a measure ceased. The Roman rulers probably restrained the rage of the Sanhedrim. From

[1] Acts, vii. 60. [2] Eusebius, H. E., ii. 23.
[3] Eusebius. [4] Ignatius, Ep. to Romans, c. 5.
[5] Eusebius, H. E., iv. 15.
[6] The legends are often touching, often gross. See Bolland., i. 569. So in i. 16, the virgin martyr gives thanks: Gratias ago tibi Domine Deus, qui ancillam tuam in perfectione tuæ instituisti. The story of S. Martina is repulsive.

[1] Nicephorus, H. E., ii. 42, describes John's house as a fine one. John sold his estate in Galilee, according to the same writer, and bought the house on Mount Zion.

Jerusalem, the centre of the ever-expanding limits of Christianity, the apostles watched over the various missionary stations in the pagan world, guided the ardent laborers in the fertile field, heard with joy of the wide success of the faith, and were won from their Jewish prejudices when they were told of the piety and humility of the gentiles.

One great name, eminent only in its lowliness, from this time overshadows and controls the church of Jerusalem. Fierce, cruel, unsparing in his unsanctified state, Saul of Tarsus had disputed with vehemence against the eloquent Stephen; had consented to his death.[1] Among the eager throng that watched the fate of the holy martyr none was more malevolent than the Jew of Tarsus. He saw without a tear the woes he had occasioned; he heard without a sigh the tender words of forgiveness; an impenetrable veil hid from the world and from himself those nobler qualities that were yet to shine forth with surpassing lustre upon mankind. From the murder of Stephen, Saul proceeded to new excesses. He became the leader of that fierce persecution that broke out in Jerusalem. He forced his way into the Christian homes of the Bezetha, or Mount Zion; amidst the wail of women, the cry of little children, he dragged fathers and mothers to their doom; he filled the prisons with his victims. When sated with persecution at home, he hurried to Damascus, armed with letters from the high-priest and the Sanhedrim, to strike down the infant church that had sprung up amidst the groves and gardens and the glittering waters of the fairest city of the East. The incarnation of the rigid law, of a Pharisaical formalism, of a cruelty not surpassed by an Alva or a Bonner, Saul traveled swiftly and sternly over the ancient road from Jerusalem to Damascus, dead to the fair face of gentle nature around him, to the beautiful and true in life, to the loveliness of virtue and of faith. A pride like that of Hildebrand, a cruelty like that of Innocent, a madness such as ever clouds the intellect of ambitious priests and overbearing churchmen, impelled him as he rushed like a maniac to the slaughter of the just. Suddenly a light came down from heaven; a gentle voice, the harmony of infinite compassion, pierced his soul; he groveled in the dust; he knew that of all sinners he was the chief.

Blind, he staggered on to Damascus. He was led by his companions, more helpless than a child. He saw no more the ever-blooming groves, the countless gardens, the radiant flowers that strewed the banks of the Golden River; the rich bazars, the crowded streets, the stately pomp of the paradise of cities. For three days he remained sightless. A miracle restored him; a presbyter of the Damascene church received the penitent to its society; and he was forgiven by those whom he had sought to destroy. But not by himself. Paul fled from the luxurious landscape of Damascus to the wild and inhospitable desert. He hid in the sands of Arabia for three years.[1] Amidst the herbless solitude, overhung by rocks and mountains ever seared with torrid heat, the burning wind parching his fevered brow, his food the scanty gleanings of the desert, his dress that of the impoverished Bedouin, his only companions the wild beast and the serpent,[2] the apostle perhaps lived in his remorse. Ever before him, in his wild retreat, must have hovered the memory of his guilt; of the gentle Stephen, whose dying love had failed to touch his own cruel heart; of the weeping families he had tortured at Jerusalem; of the fierce hatred he had borne for the church of Christ; of the persecution he had instigated against his Lord. A man of deep conscientiousness, of the purest impulses, now that the veil of a cruel formalism had been torn away from his mind, we can well imagine with what abject penitence the once haughty persecutor prayed and fasted in the homeless desert. Yet, happier in his desolation than his pride, he toiled for forgiveness, purity, faith.[3] In the Arabian solitude, in the bitter struggle with remorseful woe, Paul was prepared for that fierce combat he was destined to wage with every dominant formalism, with the high-priest at Jerusalem, or the imperial Pontifex of Rome.[4]

Paul was born probably in the second or third year after the Saviour's birth. He may have been thirty-five years old at the time of his flight to Arabia. His youth was passed in his native city, Tarsus in Cilicia, one of those brilliant centres of artistic taste and literary excellence that covered the prosperous East, and the young Jew was, no doubt, highly cultivated in its libraries and its lecture-rooms; his avid mind gathered knowledge eagerly from every source. He was small and plain in appearance; his health always infirm; his voice sharp and tuneless; his intellect ever active. From Tarsus he had come up to Jerusalem to study the sacred law under Gamaliel, the most eminent of its professors, and at his house probably became acquainted with many young men of the priestly families who afterward sat with him on the benches of the Sanhedrim, or joined in his condemnation. Every young Jew was taught a trade, and was expected to provide for his own support; Paul, during his studies, labored as a tent-maker, or perhaps a sail-maker, and from the coarse hair of the Cilician goat wove cloths for mariners and travelers. He was always industrious, and, having in his youth been pre-

1 Conybeare and Howson, St. Paul. Neander, Planting of Christianity, i. 99 *et seq.*

1 The model of later anchorets. Hieron., Ep. 18, p. 43. Anachoretæ qui soli habitant per deserta.

2 Hieron., Ep. 18, p. 30. Scorpionum tantum socius et ferarum. Jerome is describing the Syrian deserts.

3 See Galatians, i. 17.

4 Renan's painful picture of the great apostle is altogether unhistorical; it is not the character painted by his contemporaries. See Renan, St. Paul. He imputes to him want of heart, bitterness, intentional deceit. See chap. xix.

served by labor from immoral tastes, enforced the duty of self-support upon his converts. He was a rigid formalist; the high-priest was to him almost a mortal god; the services of the Temple the only source of salvation; the smoking offering, the daily prayers, the fasts and feasts of the Jewish law, the direct appointment of the Almighty. With horror, therefore, the rigid Pharisee beheld the daring innovations of the Christians; with inexpressible rage he listened to the arguments of Stephen. By nature he was fierce and ardent; he was a descendant of that savage Semitic race who had so often stoned the prophets—whose relatives, the Phœnician and the Carthaginian, forced mothers to throw their smiling babes into the blazing caldrons of Moloch, and who delighted in human sacrifices: Paul's fierce fanaticism found a real joy in persecution.

But in a moment the savage was converted into the tender, gentle saint. From the wild sands of Arabia, after his long and painful probation, Paul returned to Damascus a preacher of the Gospel. He spoke with a natural fervor that won many hearts. Often scourged by Roman and Jew, in prison or at the verge of death, he welcomed persecution with joy, and was ever eager to wear the crown of martyrdom. He escaped from Damascus, and about the year 43[1] prepared to return to Jerusalem to seek the friendship and support of the Christian church. Once more he approached the holy city, and saw before him the magnificent Temple, the centre of his early adoration, glittering in the sunlight on Mount Moriah; the hill of Zion covered with its palaces; the busy suburbs filled with the throngs of the faithful. But for him all was changed. Shame and contrition probably weighed him down as he entered the scene of his former cruelties; and he scarcely complained when the Christian church at first shrank from him in doubt and terror. How could they see in this man of cruelty and blood the great teacher of gentleness and mercy, whose inspired thoughts should pierce the hearts of the gentiles, whose ceaseless toil was to found a church that should live forever! At last, in his humility and his contrition, Paul was made known to James and Peter, and lived in the house of the latter for fifteen days. Again he began to dispute in public, but a higher faith was now his only theme. All the vigor of his intellect, all the resources of his learning, were lavished in his controversies with the Jews of his native Cilicia or of the Grecian lands. He was a new Stephen, teaching the religion of the heart.

Driven from Jerusalem by the rage of his enemies, he began that wonderful series of missionary labors that fulfilled in the highest degree the commands of the Master, that carried the name of Christ to the chief capitals of heathendom, and whose example has ever inspired the humble emulation of his modern imitators, who have penetrated with their glad tidings the savage shores of Greenland, the jungles of India, the islands of the Pacific. He was the leader of the great mental revolution whose centre was the holy city.[1] For twenty-five years the apostle wandered from land to land, maintained chiefly by his own labors, and inculcating by his example the dignity of honest toil. His intellect, ever active and vivid, was only strengthened by time; his feeble frame, often borne down by disease, was sustained by a miraculous vigor; his joyous spirit, glad in its release from bondage, carried hope to the infant churches; his inspired eloquence pierced with deadly wounds the sensual formalism of the age.

An irreparable sorrow fell upon the apostolic company soon after St. Paul had left the city. For several years the church had rested in peace. But now James the Elder, the first apostolic martyr, died by the commands of a royal persecutor. Agrippa I., the grandson of Herod the Great, and the friend from childhood of the emperor Caligula, was the last king that sat upon the throne of David. He had inherited the vices and the cruelty of his grandfather; he was a worthy associate of the infamous son of Germanicus; yet his descent from the priestly race of the Asmoneans gave him an hereditary claim to the loyalty of the Jews, and he was eager to win their favor. In the last year of his life and reign he began a severe persecution of the Christians. To all the throngs that trod the prosperous streets of Jerusalem the forms and features of the apostolic band must have been familiar, and the fame of their holy lives had reached the corrupt circles of the palace on the hill of Zion. To gratify the Jews, Agrippa resolved to destroy them all. He selected for his first victim the bold and active James, brother of John, and one of the best beloved of the disciples. James was beheaded. Tradition relates that on his way to his execution his chief accuser, stung by remorse, begged his forgiveness. The apostle kissed the repentant enemy, and said, "Peace be with thee." But the enraged Jews, unsoftened by the spectacle, put to death the accuser with the accused.[2] Peter was arrested and thrown into prison, but was miraculously set free, and escaped from the city. A dreadful doom hung over all the apostles, when suddenly Agrippa died in horrible torments.[3] The kingdom of David and Solomon perished with their corrupt successor, and from this time (44) until its destruction Jerusalem was governed by officials sent from Rome.

Paul soon after returned to the holy city. A famine raged in Judæa; the poor starved, and the Christian church, impoverished by its liberality, must have suffered with the people.

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[1] The exact date can not be fixed.

[1] St. Paul's freedom from Jewish prejudice is reflected in all the apostolic fathers. The Epistle of Barnabas is a protest against Judaism, c. iii. iv. So in the Epistle to Diognetus, c. iv., the formal scrupulousness of the Jews is pronounced ridiculous.

[2] Eusebius, H. E., ii. 9, from Clem. Alex.

[3] According to Wiesler he died August 6.

The Christians of Antioch and the other distant churches sent aid to their brethren in Jerusalem, and Paul was at the head of a delegation of the alms-bearers. He remained but a short time. The city was no safe place for the ardent missionary; while far before him he saw that boundless field of labor, the splendid cities of Asia Minor, of Syria, of Greece and Rome, toward which he was impelled by a heavenly call. He could not, like Peter and James, remain at rest in Jerusalem; he wept over the blindness of the heathen.

At Antioch Paul made his first missionary station; at Antioch the disciples were first called Christians.[1] In almost all the cities of the Roman world large colonies of Jews were established, and with their usual industry and thrift had made themselves powerful and wealthy. Cultivated and softened by Greek civilization, the Hellenized Jews fell easy converts to the inspired eloquence of the apostle. The church at Antioch, the oldest next to that of Jerusalem, flourished with singular vigor. From Antioch, attended by the chief presbyters of the church, Paul set out on his first missionary journey; he passed through Cyprus, Pisidia, Lystra; he preached in the synagogues to vast throngs of Jews and gentiles; in Lystra he healed a cripple, and the savage people, struck with wonder, believed that the gods were once more descended among them. Barnabas, tall and commanding in appearance, they supposed to be Jupiter. Paul, small, insignificant, but ever eloquent, was Mercury; and the simple people, full of awe, summoned their priests, prepared oxen for sacrifice, and would have made prayers and libations to the divine strangers. Paul and Barnabas rent their clothes in anguish: "We are but men!" they cried out to the eager throng;[2] and Paul, in impassioned eloquence, preached to them the risen Lord.

Meantime in Jerusalem the wonderful success of the apostle had fixed the attention of the church. They saw with astonishment the conversion of the gentiles; they still doubted if there could be salvation out of the Mosaic law. James and Peter were startled at the liberality of Paul; they trembled lest he had departed from the faith; they resolved to hold a general assembly of the church, to decide, under the guidance of inspiration, the future rule of belief. Paul and his fellow-missionaries had determined that circumcision and an observance of the Jewish rites should not be enforced upon his gentile converts. James and the other apostles thought their doctrine heretical; "false brethren," as St. Paul relates, had stimulated and embittered the controversy; to restore the rule of Christian harmony the infant church assembled in the year 50 at Jerusalem.

The first council forms an instructive contrast to the long line of its medieval and corrupt successors. An apostolic grace hung over all its proceedings.[1] There was no claim of infallibility on the part of Peter and his associates; no threat of violence and persecution; no trace of priestly ambition or of spiritual pride. James the Just presided as the representative of the family of Christ. Around him were gathered John, ever gentle; Peter, full of love and hope; Andrew, the first-born of the apostles. One vacant place must have touched the hearts of all the sacred company. They looked in vain for the well-beloved form of the martyr James. The council met in some plain house in the city, and the whole church, of all degrees, took part in its proceedings. The apostle claimed no greater authority than the simplest layman, and every question was decided by a common suffrage.[2] Each Christian was the member of a holy priesthood, and was subject only to the ruler of the skies. From the council of Jerusalem to the council of Constance, of Trent, or of Rome, the eye turns with singular interest. In the last—the council of our own day—beneath the pomp of St. Peter's, the glare of dull-eyed images, the glitter of gaudy idols, the peal of pagan sounds and rites, a throng of bishops and an infallible pope meet to legislate for Christianity. But should some follower of St. Paul presume to assert the rights of conscience and of private judgment before the modern sanhedrim, like the apostle, he would, perhaps, be smitten on the face by some despotic priest; with apostolic indignation he might exclaim, "Thou whited sepulchre!" In the modern council freedom of debate is forbidden, and religious despotism enforced by the papal rifles. At Trent a still sterner tyranny prevailed. Luther and Calvin, the spiritual descendants of St. Paul, shrank in aversion and terror from the unscrupulous assembly. At Constance the contrast deepens into tragic interest when, amidst mail-clad princes and mitred priests, its holy martyrs, the defenders of mental freedom, are burned to ashes beside the rapid Rhine.

But no temporal chief nor spiritual despot controlled the assembly of the saints at Jerusalem; no gay-robed procession of imperious bishops swept into the modest chamber. Paul, covered with the dust of travel, clad in the coarse garb of perpetual poverty, came up to speak words of inspired wisdom to his brethren. The gentle Christians, no doubt, listened with eager joy to his earnest eloquence. The narrow room overflowed with the number of the faithful. The strict rule of the Mosaic law was swept away by a unanimous decision, and Paul set out once more on his mission to the heathen, the teacher of harmony, union, and a common faith.[3]

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1 Baronius, as usual, would make Peter found the church at Antioch (Ann. Ecc., i. 327); but when?

2 The conduct of Paul should check the spiritual pride of modern priests.

1 Pressensé, Hist. Trois. Siècc., has given a clear account of the apostolic age, i. 459 *et seq.* See Schaffer, Hist. Ap. Church; p. 254 for the council.

2 For the purity and simplicity of the apostolic faith and usages consult the "Apostolic Fathers." Migne's edition may be used with discretion.

3 Schaff., Hist. Ap. Church, p. 255. Some restrictions were retained, but soon forgotten.

Ever with the great labors of the apostle is associated the venerable name of Ephesus, the chief of the apocalyptic churches. The traveler who approaches the site of the famous city,[1] on the shore of Asia Minor, sees only a wide morass, a few huts and hovels, and various huge mounds of buried ruins rising beyond. Yet the name of Paul still keeps alive the memory of the lost metropolis, once more splendid than any Europe boasts. One mound is called his prison; another the theatre where the clamorous Ephesians demanded his death; another the Temple of Diana. Of all the ancient shrines the most gorgeous and the most renowned was that of the virgin goddess, the bright, prolific moon of the tropic East.[2] All Asia had united in lavishing its wealth on the marvelous Temple; the ladies of Ephesus had given their jewels to restore its splendors, and each of its columns of precious stone or marble was the gift of a king. Amidst its flowery groves, fed by perpetual springs, the fair fabric arose, the largest and most costly work of the ancient architects. Its colonnade was more than four hundred feet long and two hundred wide, and each Ionic column was sixty feet high. Statues by Praxiteles, pictures by Apelles, and countless works of art embellished its labyrinth of halls. In the midst a rude wooden statue of Diana, venerable in its simplicity, and which was believed to have fallen from the skies, was hidden amidst a blaze of precious stones. A throng of unmanly priests and virgin priestesses lived within the sacred precincts, swept in gorgeous processions through the noble porticos, and celebrated the worship of the guardian deity of Ephesus. The high-priest of Diana was the chief person in the city; and little images of the deity, of silver or gold, were manufactured by the jewelers of Ephesus, and sold in great numbers to her devout worshipers throughout the East. In the month of May, when spring had sown the fertile land with flowers, all Asia gathered within the sacred city, and celebrated with games and sports the annual festival of the goddess.

On one of these occasions Paul preached in Ephesus. Already his name was renowned in the East; he was looked upon with alarm and hatred by priest and worshiper. A wild tumult arose, and the artisans of Ephesus called out for his death. He was accused of having preached against graven images, of having insulted the majesty of Diana. The people rushed in a vast throng to their magnificent theatre, now one of the mounds that disfigure the silent shore, and shouted with incessant zeal, "Great is Diana of Ephesus!" Paul's fate seemed certain; he hid in a private house; the tumult was quieted by a prudent magistrate; the apostle escaped. But his voice had pierced the splendid ritual of Diana with mortal wounds. A prosperous church arose at Ephesus; the pagan worship passed slowly away; the graven images he had condemned were laid aside for a purer faith; the famous Temple sank into ruins, and in later ages its jasper columns were ravished away to adorn the Christian churches built by Constantine. In the devout city of Ephesus St. John is said to have passed his old age,[1] and a graceful tradition relates that when grown too infirm to preach, he would be carried to the assembly of the faithful, and repeat the words, "Little children, love one another."

Swiftly the great apostle passed from city to city, filling the world with the tumult of a radical reform.[2] The labors of Luther, of Wesley, of Whitefield but faintly represent the incessant achievements of the last ten years of his life. At Colossæ, at Philippi or Corinth, he founded churches in the centre of rigid paganism, and planted the conception of ideal virtue in the corrupt soil of classic civilization. But it was at Athens that the eloquence of St. Paul must have gathered around him the most gifted of his audiences. The city had changed but little in appearance since Socrates had taught in its public square, or Demosthenes raised the dying patriotism of its people—since Atticus had made it his mental home, or Cicero studied in its schools. Still, on the Acropolis, the lovely temple of Pallas rose in the clear sunlight almost as perfect as in the moment of its completion. The gardens and groves of Plato and Aristotle were yet trodden by their disciples. The statues of the greatest of sculptors, the pictures of the most tasteful of painters, the most delicate conceptions of the architect, and the fair landscape of its unsullied sea, made Athens still the centre of the beautiful; and its schools of thought yet lingered fondly over the ballads of Homer, the wild creations of Æschylus, and the gentle philosophy of Plato. St. Paul had no doubt studied Greek literature in his native Tarsus, and could scarcely have entered its ancient seat without a thrill of admiration.

The people of Athens were still chiefly philosophers or students. For two centuries it had been an academic city, the university of the world. They gathered eagerly around the wonderful Jew. His fame had no doubt reached the Agora, and the Athenians must have known that from him they need look for no dull declamation, no trite philosophy. They received him with respect, as he spoke, like Socrates, in the public streets; they listened with interest, and invited him to address them from the hill of Mars. On some fair day of the Attic autumn, when the grasshoppers chirped languidly beneath the gray and dusty olive, and when the herbage was embrowned in the gardens of Academe, the people of Athens gathered in the open air, around the stone pulpit of the venera-

[1] Arundell, Seven Churches, p. 4–24.

[2] The Ephesian Artemis can scarcely be disconnected from moon worship. Yet see Welcker, Griech. Götterlehre, i. 562. She was the symbol of productiveness. Eckermann, Rel. G., ii. 67. Der Cult der Ephesischen Artemis endlich ist ungriechischer.

[1] Eusebius, iii. 31. The history of Eusebius is a storehouse of legends.

[2] Eusebius, iii. 3. Luke composed the Acts from what he saw himself.

ble hill. There for ages had sat the Areopagus—the supreme tribunal of the state. There the most eminent citizens of Athens had formed the most respectable of human courts; there a long succession of important causes had awaited the decisions of dignified judges; and there the philosophers and students of Athens assembled to hear, for the first time, the higher eloquence of inspiration. Small, plain, wasted with toil and sickness, with sufferings and endless persecution, his voice feeble, his enunciation marred by the Semitic accent, Paul yet enchained the attention of his hearers. His Jewish face and figure could scarcely have pleased the lovers of the beautiful; his shrill intonation must have shocked their critical ears. But the acute Athenians may have seen in his plain aspect something fairer than any exterior grace. From his eyes beamed the perfection of moral purity; in his countenance shone that perfect honesty and manly self-control which Plato had faintly described. He spoke of the unknown God, now for the first time revealed, of the common brotherhood of man, of the resurrection and a Messiah. We have but a slight abstract of his speech, yet we can readily imagine that a solemn awe rested on the vast assembly as the temple-clad hills above and the city below echoed for the first time with the name of the Omnipresent, and philosophers and students, stoics and epicureans, heard with astonishment a wisdom above that of Plato and Aristotle.

The church of Athens sprang up at the touch of Paul. It was formed, no doubt, on the plan of that of Jerusalem. It had its presbyters and deacons, its modest rites, its simple faith. Its chief elder was afterward called a bishop, and tradition relates that Dionysius, a member of the Areopagus, who had been converted by the sermon on Mars Hill, was its first president.[1] We have scarcely space to follow the wonderful career of St. Paul. At length old age approached him, and he anticipated without alarm a martyr's doom. He had always longed to preach at Rome and in the farthest West: he was not to be disappointed. Once more he sailed along the coasts of Asia Minor, visiting the churches. At Miletus he delivered his farewell sermon to the assembled faithful; he left them kneeling and praying on the shore. He had told them they were to see his face no more. He reached Jerusalem about the year 58, and was received with friendly greeting by James the Just and the other elders; he told, with his usual vigor, the story of his missionary labors.

But Jerusalem was now fast preparing its own destruction. An insane hatred against the Romans, a hopeless longing for freedom, a wild rage against the tolerant Christians, filled the vast throngs that came up to the Temple to pray.[2] Had the Jews yielded to the mild persuasion of James the Just or the liberal spirit of St. Paul, Jerusalem might have escaped its awful fate, and have survived through centuries as the head of the Christian church. Its people, however, were mad with religious frenzy. The zealots controlled the nation; the Romans felt that they were hated, and retaliated by a cruel oppression; and the Christians at least foresaw that the dreadful day foretold by the Master was near. In this period of wild fanaticism among his countrymen, Paul, too conspicuous to be neglected, in vain endeavored, by the advice of James, to disarm their rage by conforming to the full requirements of the law. It was too late. His name was abhorred by every fanatic, by almost every Jew. In the Pentecostal festival, when the Temple was filled with strangers from Ephesus and Asia, he ventured within the sacred courts. He was set upon by a ferocious mob. Feeble with age and suffering, he was beaten and tossed about, and the people dragged him beyond the Temple walls to put him to death.

North of the Temple, and joined to it by a bridge or stairs, stood the castle of Antonia, now filled with a Roman garrison. From its turrets the sentinels kept watch over the excited worshipers below them in the sacred courts, and carefully observed their conduct. The Romans saw Paul struggling in the throng, and a band of soldiers sprang down the stairway into the Temple court to save him from their rage. They dragged him up the stairs; he was safe. Yet, in the fierce excitement of this perilous moment, the apostle still hoped to soften and preserve his countrymen. He said to the Roman commander, "May I speak?" He obtained permission, and then turned to the Jews below. He waved his hand, and suddenly the angry throng grew still. The spectacle of that last appeal to Jerusalem still stirs the fancy more than the highest efforts of Cicero or Gracchus. Paul stood on an elevation looking down into the Temple court.[1] Above him glittered the Holy House so soon to pass away. Before him shone the hill of Zion; below, the proud and prosperous city; silent at his feet hung the vast throng from whose rage he had just escaped, bruised, beaten, and forlorn, whose coming doom he foresaw, whom he strove in vain to save. His clear voice rang out in his own melodious tongue through the Temple and the castle, as he recounted his conversion, his penitence, and hope. The Jews listened; perhaps some believed. But when he spoke of the mission to the gentiles, of toleration for their oppressors, the hate of the fanatical nation broke forth in a terrible clamor. They cried out that he was a wretch unfit to live—that he polluted the earth; in their rage, they tore their garments and threw dust upon their heads. The Roman commander, Lysias, was now convinced that Paul had committed some dreadful crime, and ordered him to be carried to the castle and put to torture. He was hurried to a dungeon; the instruments of torture were

1 Eusebius, H. E., iv. 23.
2 Conybeare and Howson, St. Paul, ii. 244.

1 Conybeare and Howson, ii. 255.

brought, when the apostle declared himself a Roman citizen. He was saved.[1]

After the day of horrors he probably slept in the castle. He lay surrounded by the coarse soldiers, yet less cruel than his countrymen. The next day Lysias sent him under a guard before the Sanhedrim; and in the hall of Gazith, within the Temple, where he had himself sat twenty-five years before to condemn Stephen, Paul ventured to defend his own career of penitence.[2] Rage filled the hearts of the insane council; the high-priest, Ananias, ordered him to be smitten in the face. Yet the apostle spoke with vigor, and even won the favor of a part of his judges. The council-room was filled with an angry multitude, and the Roman commander sent a guard to bring Paul back to the castle. In the night Paul's nephew, his sister's son, heard that a band of forty Jews had sworn to assassinate his uncle; they belonged probably to the party of the zealots, and had gained the assent of the Sanhedrim, the highest court in the city, to their horrible design. Paul told the Romans of his danger; in the night he was sent secretly out of the city, under a strong guard, to Cæsarea. Swiftly the well-trained soldiers, with their weary charge, swept over the road to the distant town, rousing the sleeping peasant by their steady march, and followed by the curses of the subject Jew. They passed the hills of Ephraim, the fields of Sharon glowing with a bountiful harvest, the mountains of Samaria. The foot-soldiers went only part of the way; the cavalry pressed on, and in the bright afternoon of the Jewish summer rode into Cæsarea.[3]

It was the sea-port of Judæa, the seat of the Roman governor, a city adorned by Herod the Great with all the refinements of Roman taste. Its port was a basin of stone-work of singular beauty. Its temples and theatres, its palaces and gardens, were modeled upon those of Rome. Its name was a compliment to the Cæsars. Up to its low shores rolled the blue Mediterranean, bearing the wares and the ships of Italy to the land of David; yet later to bring them filled with arms. To-day the wild bushes grow over the site of the palaces where Herod, the two Agrippas, Felix, and Festus held their revelry;[4] where the frail Berenice won or enchained the heart of Titus;[5] over the fragments of temples and the sunken stone-work of the ancient walls. Yet Cæsarea is hallowed by the footprints of St. Paul. Above its lonely waste one sacred figure still seems to hover perpetually; from its solemn ruin one voice is forever heard. Here for two years Paul was held a prisoner. Here, soon after his arrival, he was brought before Felix to be judged. The most infamous of men, according to Tacitus, cruel, vicious, treacherous,[1] sat in judgment upon him who was to be the herald of purity to mankind. Paul's accusers, the Jewish priests, full of that bitter hate toward him which seems to have risen to insanity, hastened from Jerusalem to Cæsarea to give testimony to his guilt. There, in the judgment-hall, stood the fierce high-priest, Ananias, the chief members of the Sanhedrim, and a hired advocate employed to convict Paul of treason against Rome. Amidst his fierce accusers, before the terrible judge, the wayworn, aged apostle spoke with his usual fire; the judge hesitated; the decision was postponed; the high-priest and his followers went back disappointed to Jerusalem. Again, at Cæsarea, Paul was brought before Felix and his wife Drusilla; and now, at the sound of his rapt voice, Felix trembled. Two years passed away. Often, followed by his guard, the apostle probably wandered along the sandy beach of Cæsarea, and gazed with a martyr's hope upon the sea that was to be his pathway to Rome and death. At length Felix was removed from office. Festus was now governor, and, with strange persistence, the fanatic Jews urged him to destroy Paul. They hoped to assassinate him within the holy city; but Festus refused to allow the prisoner to be taken back to Jerusalem. He summoned Paul before him, and again at Cæsarea the trial was renewed; again the implacable priests came to prove Paul worthy of death; again they were disappointed. "I appeal," cried the apostle, "to Cæsar." He must now be sent to Rome to be tried by Nero in person. Yet before he went, at Cæsarea, in the audience-chamber of some magnificent palace, whose ruin now lies undistinguished on that desolate plain, King Agrippa II., then a young man of twenty-six, his sister Berenice, beautiful as frail, and the generous Festus, called before them the famous missionary, and listened patiently to his wonderful theme. He was chained to a soldier. He could stretch out only one of his hands. Yet the youthful king, the fair, unhappy princess, the friendly governor, heard perhaps with solemn awe, perhaps with pretended levity, the divine message. Once Festus interrupted him. Once Agrippa said: "Thou wilt soon persuade me to be a Christian." Then they separated and passed away. The dissolute king, the voluptuous woman, to despair and death; the eloquent old man to the priceless joys of martyrdom. Thus Cæsarea and its princely state revive with the memory of Paul.

Next the apostle is seen on the deck of a huge Alexandrian corn vessel, guarded by Roman soldiers, passing slowly along the southern coast of Crete on the way to Rome.[2] That the ship was very large is shown from the circumstance that two hundred and sixty-seven

[1] Conybeare and Howson, ii. 259.
[2] He addressed them as equals—Men and brothers.
[3] It was the Pentecostal season, in July. Cæsarea was about 60 miles from Jerusalem.
[4] Pococke, Travels in the East.
[5] They met first at Cæsarea Philippi; yet Titus must often have been detained at the sea-port.

[1] Tacitus, Hist., v. 9. Suetonius, Claud., 28, calls him Trium reginarum Maritus.
[2] Conybeare and Howson describe at large the famous voyage, chap. xxiii.

persons, besides a heavy cargo, found shelter within it.[1] Like all ancient vessels, it was badly constructed, and in moments of danger was strengthened by ropes passed around the keel. It had two rudders; its course was very slow. The wind at first was uncertain; the ship reached the port of the Fair Havens safely, and here Paul advised the captain to stay; but the wind was now favorable, and the sailor drifted on before it. Then suddenly broke upon the unmanageable ship a fierce storm from the mountains, driving her toward the African shore. It was one of the hurricanes of the Mediterranean. The waves rose high; the sky was covered with a perpetual night; torrents of rain fell incessantly; the wind drove the struggling vessel from its course. For fourteen days the Euroclydon held the great corn ship in its grasp. She sprang a leak; was rapidly filling with water; despair ruled on board; and Romans and Egyptians, officers and crew, assembled on the deck, looking for instant death. But Paul alone, with cheerful countenance, watched the angry skies, the raging seas, and said to his fellow-passengers, "Be of good cheer; you are safe." Next, in the lull of the tempest, was heard the roar of distant breakers—the ominous sound of land. Paul in the moment of peril almost held command of the ship; he pressed the terrified passengers and crew to take food to sustain their strength; he ordered the boat to be cut adrift; the cargo was thrown overboard; the ship struck with a violent shock on an unknown coast, and broke to pieces. It was a lonely part of the island of Malta. Floating on portions of the wreck, or swimming through the surf, the whole ship's crew escaped, as Paul had foretold. Roman and Egyptian, bond and free, perhaps, gathered around the apostle as he knelt on the desolate coast and gave thanks to Heaven.

Of the later career of St. Paul we have little room to speak.[2] He became the connecting link between the church of Jerusalem and the early church of Rome. He impressed upon his first converts his own honesty and simplicity. The church of Rome owed at least its chief vigor to the preaching of the saint. His disciples Linus and Clement became its first presbyters or bishops; and the epistle of the latter to the Corinthians is full of the liberality and humility of Paul.[3] From Jerusalem to Rome Paul bore only the simplicity of the faith. Yet history throws but a feeble light on the last days of the apostle. At Rome he lived a prisoner in his own hired house; he preached and wrote incessantly, in his own handwriting, his letters and exhortations. He was probably tried again; he stood before Nero, the Pontifex Maximus of the ancient faith, in the imperial court; again one of the most wicked of mankind sat in judgment upon the most innocent; again St. Paul must have spoken—must have been set free. From this time nothing is known of his career; yet tradition relates that he preached in the fair cities of Spain, was perhaps permitted to revisit his infant churches in Greece, and then returned again to become a martyr at Rome. Far out on the Ostian Way, in a desolate country, once clothed with groves and gardens, a magnificent church, crusted with marble and costly stones, rich in painting and mosaic—a miracle of useless wastefulness and splendor—arises on the spot where tradition indicates that the Roman lictors beheaded St. Paul.[1] His boundless sufferings and toils, his manly energy, his ceaseless hope, his joyous trustfulness, and his supernatural powers, have made him the most eminent of the apostles.

With the labors of St. Paul at Rome is connected the most important or the most insignificant of historical questions:[2] Was St. Peter his coadjutor? was Peter ever at Rome? To the Protestant the question is of little consequence; to the defenders of an infallible papacy it is the most momentous of all. If St. Peter was never at Rome, or went thither only to be martyred, the whole fabric of the papacy must fall without a blow. For how could Peter transfer from Jerusalem to Rome an infallible primacy? How could he have reigned as the vicar of Christ, the lord of kings, the vicegerent of Heaven, in a city which he never visited, and whose infant church was fostered or founded by Paul and his disciples?[3]

Historically it is impossible that St. Peter could ever have entered the imperial city. St. Luke, his contemporary, who wrote the Acts of the Apostles, would certainly never have neglected to mention the most important of them all; but St. Luke confines Peter's missionary labors to the distant East. St. Paul in his letters carefully enumerates the chief members of the church at Rome; the name of St. Peter never occurs in the apostolic record.[4] During his imprisonment no one but Luke, he said, was with him. We have St. Peter's own epistle. It is dated at Babylon, and is addressed to the distant churches of the East, where he had long been laboring. Whenever he appears in the sacred writings St. Peter is always at Jerusalem or preaching in its neighborhood;[5] when he writes himself he is founding churches in Asia, and wholly forgets to assert that he is the infallible representative of the Deity on earth, reigning at Rome. He calls himself, indeed, only an elder among elders.

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1 Penrose estimated the ship's burden at five hundred tons.

2 Conybeare and Howson may be consulted, chap. xxv. xxvii.

3 Eusebius, H. E., iii. 4.

1 Merivale, H. R., v. 276 *et seq.*, and Gibbon, c. xvi., doubt the martyrdom of Paul and the persecution of the Christians under Nero.

2 The literature of this question is, of course, immense, from Spanheim to Giesler. Schaff and some Protestants admit the tradition (see Schaff, p. 362), but only in part. See Neander, Kirch. Gesch., i. 317, and note.

3 Even Neander finally doubted the tradition (Apost. Gesch.); in his Church Hist. he accepted it.

4 See the list in Epist. to Romans.

5 The Romish writers make Peter travel as widely as St. Paul (Baronius, i. 455); but of this, Luke knew nothing.

Tradition, therefore, is the only foundation of the legend. To have famous martyrs was the chief pride of the early churches, and it is possible that some ardent presbyter of Rome, as fanciful as Prudentius, first conducted St. Peter to his martyrdom on the Vatican. The story grew with the lapse of time. His tomb was discovered; he was crucified with his head downward; his frequent timidity was recalled in the legend of his flight and of the apparition of his Lord; and when the papal church of the Middle Ages began its usurpation, it boldly claimed, enlarging upon St. Jerome, that Peter had reigned for twenty-five years as the vicar of Christ at Rome.[1] The legend was first pronounced a fable by the acute Waldenses, who had for ages scoffed at the papal pretensions, and who claim to represent the opinions of the early church that preceded and resisted the haughty hierarchy of Constantine. The traditions of the Vaudois, the church of the people, may at least counterbalance those of the Romish priesthood, and confirm the accuracy of the Scriptural history.[2]

But we must hasten to the last period (66–70) of the sufferings of Jerusalem and its church. A deeper mental darkness, a wilder fanaticism, rested upon the sacred city. The brotherhood of the zealots, linked together by their terrible oath, grew in numbers and ruled the policy of the nation. The wild robbers issued from their mountain caves to spread desolation over Galilee and Judæa; assassins filled the city; the multitudes who came up to the Temple were roused to frenzy by the secret promptings of the robber patriots; the children of Israel—poetic, impassioned, Semitic, easily moved to a vain self-confidence, easily driven to a mad despair—fancied that by a violent struggle they might shake off the yoke of Rome.[3] The higher orders of the city, the more intelligent, knew that the plan was hopeless; but the half-savage zealots from the rural districts now governed Jerusalem. In this moment of patriotic excitement the Christians, who would take no share in the rebellion, were probably looked upon as traitors as well as heretics. The chief victim of this intense hatred was James the Just, the brother of the Lord. For thirty years the face and form of the son of Mary had been known to all Jerusalem; he had grown old as the head of the Christian sect; his virtues were admired by Jew as well as Christian; and he had striven, by gentle compliances, to disarm the malice of his fellow-citizens. He had never, like Paul, denounced the Mosaic law; or, like a greater than Paul, preached a new dispensation. In form and appearance James is said to have so closely resembled his divine brother as scarcely to be distinguished from him.[1] He was now to share a not dissimilar fate. When Paul had escaped by appealing to Cæsar, the enraged Jews, says Eusebius, turned their fury against James.[2] In some wild season of fanaticism, when the city teemed with savage worshipers, the priests and people seized James, perhaps as he climbed the sacred terraces to pray, and bore him to a high tower of the Temple, overlooking the gentile court below. The Sadducees were the bitterest enemies of the Christians. It was the young Sadducee high-priest Ananus that led the new persecution. We may imagine the venerable saint standing on the giddy height, waiting to be thrown down on the pavement far beneath.[3] They commanded him to renounce his faith in Christ. He replied by pointing to the risen Lord above. With rage they cast him down. When he had fallen, the multitude stoned him nearly to death. "See," said a by-stander, "Justus is praying for you." A fuller beat out the brains of the dying saint with his club. His tombstone was afterward shown outside the Temple. So eminent were the virtues and the fame of the brother of Christ that Josephus attributes the destruction of Jerusalem to the anger of Heaven at the insane cruelty of his countrymen.[4] The family of the Saviour, however, still ruled over the church at Jerusalem; they possessed a kind of hereditary claim to its leadership; and after the fall of the city, Simeon, the brother or the cousin of James, filled his place for many years with equal virtues, and died a martyr in extreme old age.[5]

Around the city of Mount Zion, according to the Talmuds and Josephus, began now to gather the omens of its doom. In the western sky, as the sun was setting, the crimson clouds formed themselves in the image of a battle-field. Armies rushed over the fading heavens, engaged in a dreadful contest; chariots filled with armed men contended on the celestial plain; cities were surrounded and sacked; the fate of Jerusalem was painted on the skies.[6] Within its walls the prodigies were equally alarming. A supernatural fire shone over the Temple in the midst of the night; the great eastern gate, which could scarcely be shut by twenty men, bolted and fastened by immense bars of iron, rolled open of its own accord; and when the priests were ministering in the inner sanctuary they heard the noise of a multitude of voices crying, "Let us remove hence." A blazing comet, shaped like a sword, hung over the city; a madman or a prophet ran through the streets, crying, "Woe, woe to

[1] Baronius, with excessive minuteness, names the year 45 Petri Annus 1, Ann. Ecc., i. 409. He knows even the day on which the Roman church was born. Neander doubts even the martyrdom, Plant. Chris., i. 358.

[2] See Waldensian Researches, Gilly, p. 42, vol. i., and Leger. The Waldenses boast a direct descent from the apostles. The *Nobla Leycon*, a poem of the year 1100, notices their origin; but after they have been nearly extirpated by the papal persecutions.

[3] Rabelleau, Histoire des Hebreux, ii. 285. A useful narrative.

[1] Epistle of Ignatius.

[2] Eusebius, H. E., ii. 23. The accounts of his death vary.

[3] Hegesippus, quoted by Eusebius, gives the story, ii. 23.

[4] Josephus. Eusebius, ii. 23.

[5] Eusebius, iii. 11.

[6] Josephus, B. J., vi. 5.

the city, to the people, to the holy house!" No punishment, no kindness, no prayers could silence his mournful wail. For seven years he kept up his ceaseless cry, until, during the siege, a stone from an engine struck him dead.[1] The Christians, too, remembering the prophecy of the Lord, knew that the evil days were approaching, and prepared to fly from the coming woe.

In the last years of Nero's reign the war broke out. The madness of the Jews, the cruelty of the Romans, arrayed the two hostile races against each other. The Jews were at first successful in driving off a Roman army; and Nero, who was singing and acting before the applauding audiences of Athens, sent his best commander, Vespasian, to repress the insurrection. Jerusalem, meantime, had become an armed fortress, the centre of rebellion. Its priestly rulers made preparations for an inexpiable war. The city was filled with provisions, arms, and men; the walls were strengthened—the towers garrisoned; all Palestine had risen in revolt; and skillful leaders were set over the different provinces to array the populace in military order. It was hoped, it was believed, that every Jew would join the army, and that the Romans would be overwhelmed by an immense host, irresistible in fanatical zeal.

Galilee, the most northern province, filled with populous cities and a warlike people, must first meet the shock of invasion.[2] It was placed under the command of the historian, Josephus. A cloud of doubt will ever rest upon the character of this eminent writer. In his own age he was looked upon as a traitor, the destroyer of his country, and his most favorable commentators have admitted his feebleness and his inefficiency;[3] yet in his own writings Josephus has painted himself in such favorable colors as to have won the regard of generations of readers. He was rich, high-born, connected with the noble and priestly families of Jerusalem, and his learning and mental culture have given him a respectable place among the inferior historians. But as a commander he was singularly unfortunate. He entered Galilee commissioned to raise an army of one hundred thousand men; he obtained only eight thousand. He aroused no enthusiasm among the warlike people; his movements were slow and ineffectual. Vespasian entered the flourishing province, and, with terrible ravages, sacked its happy cities and filled its sacred landscape with scenes of woe. The lake of Genesareth was dyed with blood. Its charming environs, the paradise of Palestine, resounded with lamentation.[4] The Roman cavalry swept over the country, killing the helpless people. Josephus was besieged at Jotopata, was beaten,[5] was captured, made his peace with the Romans, and lived and died the companion and the friend of his country's destroyers.

Vespasian moved slowly onward, destroying the country as he passed.[1] He left behind him a bleeding, half-desolate waste. He swept through Samaria, and the Samaritan women wept over their husbands and their brothers slain on the hill of Gerizim. Joppa and Tiberias fell. He passed around Jerusalem, and ravaged all Judæa. Emmaus and Jericho, Lydda and Jamna, surrendered. He killed ten thousand men in the heart of Idumæa; the Dead Sea echoed to the note of the Roman trumpets; all Palestine had felt the dreadful discipline of the Roman chief. Two years of warfare passed; Jerusalem stood alone in the midst of its ruined country. At this moment Nero was dead; Vitellius ruled at Rome; a war of succession followed; Rome was filled with massacres; and at last Vespasian was proclaimed emperor. The impoverished soldier, the horse-dealer, the plebeian, was alone fitted to control that mighty empire that reached from the Jordan to the Thames. He left Judæa for Rome, and the conquest of Jerusalem was intrusted to a young man of twenty-seven, his son, Titus.

A cloud of horror now rested upon the holy city.[2] Its condition resembled that of Paris in the dreadful days of terror when the prisons were filled with the suspected, the scaffold ran with blood, and robbers and miscreants had risen to rule in the fatal despair that had fallen upon its people. The Christian church had fled from the city, warned by the prophecies of their Master, and found refuge in the little town of Pella, beyond the Jordan. Many of the wealthy and cultivated Jews had also escaped from Jerusalem; but their places were filled by a savage throng of refugees from desolate Galilee and Judæa, the robbers of Libanus, and the zealots of the distant towns. John of Giscala led the furious horde; and a fierce assault was begun upon the native citizens, who were believed to have shared in the treachery of Josephus, and to have meditated an abject surrender to Rome. Night and day robberies, massacres, and civil war filled the streets of Jerusalem. The citizens, led by Ananus, the high-priest, strove to destroy the zealots in the Temple; but on a dark and stormy night a throng of Idumæans broke into the city and overwhelmed the resistance of the priestly faction. Simon, another brave and cruel partisan, entered Jerusalem and garrisoned the hill of Zion.[3] Between John in the Temple and Simon in the upper city a constant warfare raged; their soldiers fought madly with each

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1 The Talmuds repeat the prodigies, and show the overwrought condition of the Jewish mind. Nothing was natural—nothing simple. Derenbourg, i. 280 *et seq.*

2 Josephus, B. J., iii. 3.

3 Id., iii. 10.

4 Raphall, Post-Bib. Hist., ii. 417.

5 Josèphe, says Derenbourg, i. 417, mérite peu de confiance pour ce qu'il raconte de cette lutte suprême de ses coreligionnaires, etc.

1 Raphall, ii. 428.

2 The Talmuds give Derenbourg only a few anecdotes of the condition of the city, i. 280. Yet the legends celebrate the valor of the Jews, and are all on the patriot side, i. 284. See Rabelleau, Hist. des Hebreux, ii. 294.

3 Rabelleau, v. 301.

other on the bridge that joined Mount Zion with the Temple; and united only in the plunder and massacre of the helpless citizens, whom they accused of being inclined to peace with Rome. Day and night the fighting went on; a ceaseless lamentation for the dead resounded over Jerusalem; the city was sacked and desolated by the robbers; and while Vespasian was sweeping over Judæa,[1] the Jews consumed their strength in horrible excesses; all preparations for defense were neglected; the stricken city seemed filled only with raging madmen.

The Passover drew near, and in the first days of April, in the year 70, the Jews gathered in vast throngs at Jerusalem to celebrate for the last time the most sacred festival of the law. The poor remnants of a fallen nation, they yet filled once more the desecrated courts of the Temple. Still the priests performed with sad minuteness the various rites; still in the midst of the raging factions the smoke of the burnt-offerings arose from the holy altar, and the psalms of David resounded through the inner sanctuary; still the countless worshipers made their way through streets filled with the dead and the dying, and went up to the Temple to pray. Still John and Simon watched each other from their hostile hills, and with fierce forays terrified and desolated the fairest quarters of Jerusalem. But suddenly their rivalry ceased.[2] A common danger united them too late. Sweeping along the road from Cæsarea appeared a band of six hundred Roman cavalry, the first squadron of an army of eighty thousand veterans, and at their head rode Titus, the young heir of the empire of the world. At the sight, John and Simon, conscious of their own madness, forgot their enmity and entered into a compact of mutual aid. Cruel, wicked, remorseless, these savage chieftains were still patriots, and began now with heroic courage to provide for the defense of Jerusalem. John had nine thousand men in the Temple; Simon, fifteen thousand on Zion Hill. As Titus rode carelessly along at the head of his cavalry a sudden sally was made, and the Roman commander escaped with difficulty from the fury of the Jews.

Jerusalem was renowned as the strongest of ancient cities.[3] Two impassable valleys nearly surrounded the hill of Zion and Mount Moriah; on the north a triple wall and the castle of Antonia seemed to provide an easy means of defense. The city was filled with munitions of war, and food was at first abundant. The Jews, in their last struggle, showed all the chivalry of the Semitic race; they fought with unrivaled courage; they suffered with unconquerable patience; priests, warriors, people, showed their proud contempt of death, their unchanging devotion to their country, their faith in the ritual and the law. They fell by thousands in fierce sallies, often successful; they inflicted terrible losses on the foe; they were always happy in death when their enemy died with them. Yet Titus, with his well-trained legions, made constant progress. He soon broke down the outer walls, and burned or pillaged all the lower portion of the city. Often the learned Josephus was sent to address his countrymen from the Roman works, offering them pardon and life if they would surrender; always the suffering garrison refused to listen to the traitor. They shot at him with their arrows. At last an enemy appeared within the city more dreadful than the Romans. Titus had raised around Jerusalem a long wall that shut out all exterior aid, and famine raged in the homes of the rich and the poor.[1] The summer of the year 70 passed in horror over the ruined city. As the hot sun beat on its pestilential streets, as vegetation withered, and only the gray and dusty olive lived in the torrid heat, men, women, children died in their stately houses; and robbers, fierce and starving, snatched the last loaf from the hearth of the poor. The woes of Jerusalem seemed to Josephus to have surpassed those of every other city; the terrors of the siege awoke a thrill of pity in his vain and selfish breast. Yet happier, perhaps, the Jews who died with simple faith for their God and their country than the stately historian, the friend of an emperor, who wrote in a Roman palace[2] an unsympathizing narrative of their woes.

Then came that saddest of all their sorrows, which has never yet faded from the memory of the Jews. In the absence of all grosser forms of idolatry, the chosen people had learned to look upon their Temple, its pyramid of terraces, its golden gates, its glittering shrine, almost as the heathen looked upon his brazen gods. It was their idol, and the centre of their hopes. The Temple of the Most High[3] had been sung in immortal lyrics by their regal poet; the sanctity of the courts of the Lord, the future splendors of the Holy House, had been the theme of his perpetual meditation. The nation was filled with the enthusiasm of its inspired bard. In all his wanderings at Alexandria, Athens, or Rome the impassioned Jew ever kept in his memory the glory of his native shrine, and hastened with devout enthusiasm to the paschal feast. To him the Temple was the light of the world, the Zion of his weary soul.[4] In the season of fruit, the month of Ab, the irreparable

[1] Tacitus, H., v. 10. Intra duas æstates cuncta camporum, omnesque præter Hierosolyma urbes. The account of Tacitus is only a fragment.

[2] Josephus has described with minuteness, Tacitus with a few brief touches of genius, the opening of the wonderful siege; but the narrative of the Roman leaves a clearer impression than that of the Jew. Tacitus, Hist., v.

[3] Tacitus, v. 11. Sed urbem, arduam situ, opera molesque firmaverunt.

[1] See Jost, Allgemeine Geschichte des Israelitischen Volkes, ii. 99.

[2] Josephus probably composed his dull speeches long after the event in his splendid residence at Rome.

[3] David's solicitude for the building of the Temple is told by Josephus, Ant.

[4] Jost, Allgemeine Gesch. des Israel. Volkes. Der hochgefeierte Sitz—von vielen Fremden bewundert, geehrt, bereichert, etc., ii. 100.

woe fell upon the children of Israel. Titus had pressed on his slow approaches all through the summer. He heard with no compunction of the horrors within the city. When he was told that Mary, the wealthy matron, had cooked and perhaps devoured her own infant, he appealed to God that he was innocent of the dreadful deed. His engineers made their way into the castle of Antonia; he prepared to storm the Temple. He knew that around it centred the fanaticism of the Jews, and he gave orders for its destruction.[1] A general assault was made. John of Giscala, the patriots, and the priests, fought with terrible resolution in its defense; the skillful Romans, under the eye of Titus, forced their way into the sacred courts; they climbed terrace after terrace, where the pavements were thickly strewn with the dying and the dead; a soldier threw a blazing torch into an open window of the Holy House; the priceless veils, the cedar beams, the gilded ornaments, blazed forth in a wild conflagration; the priests killed themselves before the altar; and the Temple of the Most High was consumed to ashes. A wail broke from the hapless Jews more sad than any their own sorrows had ever occasioned. It was repeated in desolate Galilee and wild Judæa; in the distant synagogues of Alexandria and Rome. It has never ceased: it still breaks forth from every Jewish heart; and the most touching spectacle of modern Jerusalem is that of the cowering Israelites amidst the brutality of Turkish soldiers and the mockeries of Armenian boys, wailing over the crumbling foundations of what was once the most hallowed of earthly shrines.

Titus hastened on the labors of destruction. Mount Moriah was already a scene of ruin and death. Next the Roman engines shattered the walls of Mount Zion, and the palaces and fine mansions of the hill of David were given to the flames.[2] No more were peace and prosperity to reign within her walls; never again was the holy hill to rejoice in the consciousness of her freedom. The most dreadful cruelties were inflicted by Titus and his remorseless legions; the Jews were slaughtered like some hated reptile, and the gentiles repaid the isolated pride of Israel by one of the most brutal massacres that mark the annals of war. One million Jews, it is stated, perished in the siege of the city—a number that can not bear a careful criticism.[3] But still worse than death was the fate of the living. Ninety-seven thousand prisoners fell into the hands of Titus. Of these some were cultivated and accomplished priests, some pure and spotless patriots, some industrious artisans, some fair and virtuous women, some robbers and miscreants, deformed with crime. Their fate was the same. Many were sent to labor in the mines of Upper Egypt; many were forced to fight with wild beasts in the ampitheatres of the two Cæsareas; one of the fairest and noblest women of Jerusalem was seen, in her hunger, struggling to gather the grains of corn that fell beneath the horses' feet of the Roman soldiers; another was fastened by her hair to a horse's tail, and dragged, in that condition, from Jerusalem to Lydda.[1] The needless barbarities of Titus are perpetuated in the Talmuds.

Yet Titus, the destroyer of Jerusalem, has been painted by his countrymen and by Josephus as the mildest and the purest of men. He was called the love, the delight of the human race.[2] He was almost a Christian in benevolence, almost a philosopher in self-control. But history has at length reasserted its verity, and Titus stands before us one of those half-savage monsters who revel in bloodshed and crime, and have yet moments of transitory penitence. His early youth was corrupt and shameless; his later life showed little change; he was the chief instrument in the horrible massacres of Jerusalem; he was merciful or pure only in contrast with a Caligula or a Nero. Nor is it wonderful that the Talmuds paint with revengeful bitterness the coarse malignity of the conqueror of Jerusalem, and that the Jewish writers have never ceased to denounce as false and traitorous the pleasing portrait of Titus left by the unpatriotic Josephus.[3]

Over the smoking ruins of Jerusalem the Roman soldiers passed more than once, destroying what remained of its former splendor. It is probable that few houses were left standing. Only two or three towers, it is said, were preserved. The day of wrath, foretold by the Master, had fallen upon Zion; if the Christians had retained the sentiment of vengeance, they might have exulted in the fate of their persecutors. The haughty priests, who had pursued Paul with persevering malignity, had died by the assassin's hand or in the amphitheatre of Cæsarea. The Sadducees, the murderers of James the Just, were robbed of their vast possessions, and had fallen by famine or the sword. Of all the great throng that a few years before had assailed the venerable Paul in the Temple courts, or rejoiced in the torture of James, only a few wretched fugitives remained. But the Christian church, still in its apostolic purity, felt only a tender sympathy for the general woe. It is not possible that every Christian could have made a timely escape from the city; it is not unlikely that many of the faithful perished in its dreadful doom. The church wept over the fate of its less fortunate members, over the woes of its country, the desolation of Judæa. When the storm had passed away a solemn congrega-

1 The Talmuds say that Titus gave orders to burn the Temple, Derenbourg, i. 289, and refute the account of Josephus, that he wished to save it.

2 Josephus, vi. 8.

3 Jost. All. Ges. Is., ii. 100. Und 97,000 (was wohl glaublich) zu Gefangenen gemacht worden.

1 Derenbourg, i. 290–293.

2 Suetonius, Flavius, i.

3 Derenbourg, i. 289. The learning and accuracy of this writer promise extensive progress in Jewish history. The story of the Hebrews has not yet found its successful narrator.

tion was held of all the faithful. The apostles that still survived, the disciples, and nearly all the members of the family of the Lord, assembled to elect an elder in the place of James the Just. Simeon, the cousin, perhaps the brother, of Christ, was chosen by a unanimous vote.[1] The church of Jerusalem still survived in poverty, humility, persecution; and when the fugitive Jews once more ventured to return to their ruined city, the Christians probably followed them. Once more the hill of Zion may have resounded with songs of praise, and Christian and Jew have wept together over the desolation of Mount Moriah.

Simeon, whether at Pella or in Jerusalem, ruled over the church for thirty years.[2] It is the most obscure, it was no doubt the most active, period after the fall of the city. The surviving apostles had wandered away on their various missions; Andrew was piercing the wilds of Scythia; Thomas penetrating the Indian shores. The daughters of Philip prophesied at Hierapolis, and the sons and daughters of St. Peter were emulating the virtues of their father.[3] St. John was at Ephesus or in exile, and his inspired visions began to be read in the churches. All over the world we can trace the career of the undistinguished Christians by the swift decline of the imperial faith, the violence of the persecutions, the countless tales of martyrdom.[4] In no later period of history has so vigorous a tendency toward reform been witnessed among mankind. From the church at Jerusalem flowed over the world a wave of purity. The gifted missionaries, successors of the apostles, but clad in poverty and humility, preached in every city and village a spiritual refinement, an ideal virtue. "Be honest, be virtuous,"[5] they cried, with the pastor of Hermas. "Be simple and guileless, and speak no evil." With Clement of Rome, they professed a saintly humility;[6] the way of the world was to them, as to Barnabas, a way of darkness, leading to arrogance and hypocrisy, sensuality and crime.[7]

The gentle voice from fallen Jerusalem touched the heart of nations. City after city fell captive to the spell. Antioch and Ephesus, Alexandria and Rome, learned to look to the ruined capital, once so hated and contemned, as the only source of hope and joy. During the first century after the destruction of its early seat the church of Jerusalem spread over the world, and retained, in all its purity, the apostolic spirit of its founders. It was the light of the decaying age. The apostolic choir, says Hegesippus, overshadowed it with their grace.[1] Then came a period of decline. Paganism mingled with the simple ritual of the church its coarse and formal observances. The swinging censers, the processions of gay-robed priests, the peal of barbaric music, supplied the place of the hymns and prayers of the church of Paul and James the Just. Images, once the abhorrence of all believers, were first tolerated, then adored. The saints and the gentle Mary were made to fill the place of the Penates or Artemis. Presbyters were converted into bishops; the rival sees contended for the supremacy; the bishop of Rome became the ruler of the Western world. A tyrannical formalism, the image of that against which Paul had contended at Rome, and Stephen at Jerusalem, ruled over Christendom; the Roman church began a perpetual persecution, more terrible, because more lasting, than that of Nero or Domitian; the church of Jerusalem seemed to live only amidst the humble and the poor, and in the dying visions of some inspired martyr—a Jerome or a Huss.

When the city had sunk to ashes, and Mount Moriah rose discrowned and desolate, an image of the broken law, the gentle saint in Patmos had painted a new Jerusalem in the skies. A fairer temple arose not made with hands; a golden city shone above, where, at the perpetual paschal feast, the countless generations of the hallowed dead gathered in its spiritual courts. There the fancy of St. John lavished all its wealth; there the streets of the holy city were paved with gold, and all its bulwarks glittered with precious stones; there met that sacred company with whom he had loved to mingle on earth; there a perpetual peace filled the walls of Zion; there the veil was withdrawn from the Holy of Holies; and the redeemed dwelt in the presence of the Most High. Amidst the corruptions of later ages, the degradation of the faith, the church of Jerusalem seemed only a vision of the past.

Then once more the ideal beauty of the early church dawned upon mankind. That graceful virgin, spotless and refined, who had shone in the Pastor of Hermas, and gladdened the fancy of St. John, broke from the spells of the enchanters, and put to flight the rabble rout of Comus. Dissolute churchmen and barbarous priests strove in vain to bind anew their captive; the church was free. The successors of Paul and James, hidden for so many ages among the Vaudois and the Waldenses, the Lollards, the Paulicians, came forth at the call of Wycliffe, Huss, and Luther. The church of Jerusalem, simple, lowly, pure, became once more the centre of a wide reform; the church of Rome retreated step by step, until at last it cowers, fallen but not repentant, beneath the pagan magnificence of St. Peter's.

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[1] Eusebius, H. E., iii. 11.
[2] Id., iii. 32.
[3] Id., iii. 30.
[4] The Pastor of Hermas, the Pilgrim's Progress of the second century, throws light on the purity of the church. See Migne, Pat. Græc., ii. p. 910. The first command enforces the unity of God.
[5] Migne, Pat. Græc., ii. p. 922.
[6] First Epistle of Clement, c. 17.
[7] See Epistle of Barnabas, c. 20.

[1] Eusebius, H. E., iii. 32.

A HOUSE TO LET.

WHAT a little paradise that was between the long row of poplars and the bushy, glistening evergreens! It stood with its back to a hill and its face to a fair, shining, sloping lawn, that in turn looked into the depths of one of the prettiest copses in England. It was a house, and it was to let, this paradisaical dwelling; and being so charmingly situated, its well-wishers were justified in thinking that it would let well.

Perhaps it could hardly be described conscientiously as a commodious house. It was rife with the oddest and most picturesque of nooks and corners; but then, these nooks and corners, from the utility point of view, were valueless. It had a sloping thatched roof and a tiny veranda, against which things innumerable, from ear-wigs to clematis, crept; and it had a winding path down to the river-side, and a croquet-ground, and other things of the like sort that made it seem to the eyes of youth a most desirable abode.

"It was the very spot in which a poet or a painter ought to pass his honey-moon," passers-by who caught glimpses of it from the road said—if they did not say that it ought to be tenanted by a young lady whose means were independent and whose health was failing. And then, having given vent to this remark, they would go on to add that they supposed the coachman could tell them who lived there? and as a rule he would reply, "No great shakes."

"What, a common person!" the inquiring mind would go on to question (be it understood at once that inquiring minds in peripatetic bodies only passed by Helmsleigh on the coach), and the reply would boom forth sonorously, "Not a common person exactly"—he (the coachman) would be cautious how he called her that—"but a queer customer! a very queer customer!" Then, probably, the coach would roll on, and the quaint cottage at Helmsleigh and its queer customer of an inhabitant would fade from the minds of both the coached and the coachman.

She was only a care-taker. Has it not been told that Helmsleigh, as the little place was called, was to let? and until it was let the agent, on behalf of the landlord, elected to declare himself much pleased with the person in charge. She had flashed upon that agent in a startling way, and had surprised him out of the small piece of patronage. Nevertheless he had never repented having given it, but, on the contrary, had cited her to other keepers of unlet houses as a model worthy of imitation.

She was only a care-taker; only a vassal; only a hired servant put in that place to vaunt the merits of it, and to show the strangers round with civility who came out of curiosity to see it—and her. For all unconsciously, and very much against her will, she had acquired a local celebrity, and the pretty care-taker at Helmsleigh was one of the objects of interest mentioned to tourists in those regions.

The manner of her dawning upon that neighborhood was thus: The old master of Helmsleigh Cottage (who was a younger scion of the big stock that ruled up at Helmsleigh House) had died, leaving his only son "lord of himself, that heritage of woe," at the age of twenty-two. The young man, Raymond Helmsleigh, had forthwith taken a first-class ticket by express train to the dogs, in the estimation of all his sober-minded neighbors. That is to say, he had run the gauntlet of an adjacent garrison-town billiard and ball room; and from the former he had come home shorn of his money, and from the latter of his heart.

It was a disgusting thing, in the eyes of the mothers of marriageable daughters in the vicinity of Helmsleigh, to say nothing of the daughters themselves, when Raymond fell a palpable victim to a stranger. A young lady, a temporary resident in the town—she described herself as an artist, and was described by other people as Heaven-knows-who, from Heaven-knows-where—waltzed Raymond out of all regard for the unities, and into an offer of marriage, one night. Every one present, noticing the state of things, denounced her as designing, and him as infatuated. Their judgment was shaken the following day, when it got noised abroad that Miss Babbington had refused him!

"It is only a feint, to make him the more eager," one outraged local maternal parent observed.

"It is only because she is probably married already," another hissed; and a third remarked, with that air of bitter preparation for the worst which obtains so largely among that respectable but unpleasant class who dub themselves Bible Christians, "Even she shrinks from the punishment that awaits a bigamist." Still, after all these things were said, nothing remained but the fact—the stranger, Miss Babbington, had refused Raymond Helmsleigh.

She had come quite alone to that little, gossiping, scandalous place; had come there quite alone, to do what it is so hard for a young woman to do in England—earn her living respectably. If a girl's father and mother have died leaving her poor and unprovided for, people are apt to regard her, not exactly as guilty, but as ready and willing to be guilty as soon as an opportunity offers. Miss Babbington was so regarded; but Miss Babbington had not justified this regard as yet.

Poor, unprotected, and pretty. These were the odds which were against Miss Babbington when her match against the world came off in Helmsleigh. There were many who could have forgiven her for being poor. There were many more who would never have given a second thought to her being unprotected. But when it was seen what a fatal effect her prettiness had on Raymond Helmsleigh, they ("they" in this case representing a section of the neighborhood)

cried aloud for justice and no mercy on the interloper.

Now the story shall be told from her side—from her point of view.

Euphemia, or Effie Babbington, as she had been always called by her friends, found herself at Lufton, the garrison-town nearest to Helmsleigh, one morning under the following circumstances.

She had answered an advertisement which had appeared in one of the most respectable of our metropolitan daily papers "for a companion to an elderly lady." The advertiser requested that all applications should be made in person to "Mrs. Holly, Lufton. Terms liberal. The highest references given and required." This was the advertisement. Effie Babbington, in want of a home, answered it "in person," as requested, and had the satisfaction of finding out that it was a hoax, a practical joke, perpetrated by some idle young ruffian, who cared not how many honest women he defrauded of their time, provided this, the most facetious combination of circumstances he could imagine, could be effected.

Our story has nothing to do with him—one does not, by preference, chronicle the doings of a fool—but we will follow Effie's fortunes from the moment the truth dawned upon her that the situation and the elderly lady were alike intangibilities. She had expended nearly every pound she was possessed of in the world in this journey, only to find her money and her time wasted. As she stood in the High Street of Lufton, after listening to the postmaster's assurance that no such person as Mrs. Holly existed in Lufton, the girl felt very desperate. It was of no use, she told herself, going back from whence she came—London had been only a hard, big, barren wilderness to her. It was no use standing still and lamenting. Quiescence is only a virtue when well-to-do friends are standing by to help the quiescent. "It was no use doing any thing," she was almost thinking, in her despair, when her eyes fell upon the largely placarded notice of a ball at the Lufton Assembly-Rooms, to take place that very night.

"I will go, and see if any one will be pitiful enough to believe me and help me to find employment and a home," she thought. And so she went back to the inn where she had left her boxes when she went out to seek for Mrs. Holly, and unpacked an evening dress, in which, when the time came, she arrayed herself, and went to the ball. She described herself to the ticket-taker as an "artist about to settle in the town;" and she fervently hoped that she looked older than her age, in order that the respectable matrons of Lufton might think it no crime in her to dare to aspire to teach the rudiments of drawing to their daughters.

She was two or three and twenty at this time, looking younger than her years, by reason of the exceeding fairness of her hair and complexion, and the exceeding lightness and slenderness of her figure. A pretty girl, with sweet, thoughtful blue eyes, and a delicately-cut mouth that could look very sorrowful. When she entered that little country town ball-room alone, in a quiet, exquisitely-made black dress, she caused a sensation. But the sensation caused by her distinguished appearance among the men was as nothing compared to that caused by her audacity among the women.

Two or three of the more particular and pugnacious of the lady-patronesses gathered themselves together and determined to demand an explanation. And she, seeing this, advanced upon them, hoping to disarm them by her sweetness and veracity, and told the story of the hoax. "She should stay in Lufton, she thought" (here her voice faltered, and they put her down in their own minds as more depraved than they had believed while she had only smiled), "and try to win her way; she was very friendless, very poor, very anxious to work. Would they help her?"

Would they help her! There was small promise of help in the averted eyes and the hard tones of the self-constituted jury of British matrons who were sitting upon her case. "Under the circumstances," the forewoman of the conclave told her, "it spoke little for her judgment and taste to have forced herself into their ball-room. Why had she not waited, and made her desire for respectable employment known in a more unassuming manner? As she had obtruded herself she must abide the issue." With those comforting words the jury broke up, the spokeswoman brushing her garments aside so that they might not be contaminated by contact with Effie's. "If I had waited I might have starved," that presumptuous young person said as they left her; but she spoke in a very low, broken voice, and perhaps they did not hear her.

Nightly in hundreds of ball-rooms, in some or other gay haunt of humanity, suffering, heart-stricken, desperate, hopeless women must be footing it with apparent ease and blitheness. But perhaps not one more hopeless and desperate than Effie ever belied her heart by her manner. For just two or three hours she would stay, and seem to have a place, however poor, in life's gayeties, she thought. Then she would go out—where?

But before those two or three hours were over things had assumed a different aspect. Raymond Helmsleigh waltzed with her, saw her beautiful, found her charming, and felt himself frantically desirous of seeing more—a great deal more of her, all in a minute. She told him briefly and truthfully the tale of why she was there. And he grew furious with the foolish author of the hoax, and sanguine as to the success of her scheme of setting up in Lufton as a drawing mistress. "All the Helmsleigh interest should be hers," he assured her. Then he went on to tell her that he wasn't much himself, but that his cousin, Philip Helmsleigh, up at the House, was an awful county swell. And

Effie listened gratefully, and smiled upon him sweetly.

Before the evening was over the young man had asked her to be his wife—had asked the strange woman, whom every other woman in the room was pronouncing to be an adventuress, to be "Mrs. Helmsleigh." In that offer (since she did not, could not accept it) he wrought her local destruction. They could not forgive him for having proposed, nor her for having refused his proposal. As soon as his infatuation became known it was manifest that Miss Babbington might starve fifty times over, if possible, for any assistance that the matrons of Lufton would render her.

Feeling herself outraged, injured, maligned, unjustly dealt with, and disliked without any cause, incensed the girl out of all prudent judgment. In her heat she vowed that she would stay there, no matter in how lowly a position at first—stay there, and win a higher place than any of the women who had scouted her enjoyed. So when Raymond Helmsleigh went away to recover his spirits, and the cottage was to let, she offered for the situation of care-taker, and got it too.

Raymond Helmsleigh away on his travels, too indifferent to them all to keep up a correspondence with any one since the fatal (to him) evening when he had fallen in love with the pretty stranger, had no idea that the woman he loved was guarding the home he had left. She went there immediately on obtaining the situation, and contrived to live there in some meagre way on the salary that situation brought her, and on the proceeds of water-color sketches of surrounding scenery, which she sold in the adjacent town. Scores of people came to look at the cottage, avowedly with a view to taking it, really in order that they might obtain a glimpse of the girl whose romantic story was now public local property. "Designing creature! she's staying there hoping to catch poor Raymond when he returns. Depend upon it, she repents bitterly enough that he took her 'No' for answer." This was said by one of the aforementioned jury of matrons to Philip Helmsleigh, the head of the house, just returned from a year's trip to the tropics in search of some color which can only be gained in those gorgeous haunts of nature.

"Refused Raymond, did she?" Philip said, surprised. "She can't be such a mere worthless adventuress as you all want to make her out, or the short acquaintance wouldn't have stood in her way, and she would have taken him while he was in the humor." And then, though he said no more about her, he made up his mind to ride over to Helmsleigh Cottage some fine day soon, and have a look at the much-abused occupant of it.

So the sun set on the following scene shortly: The flowers were lifting up their heads gratefully to the dew that was beginning to fall after a long sultry July day; and on the lawn one little specially fair bed of delicate pink geraniums, bordered with equally delicate blue nemophila, was receiving the contents of a watering-pot, which latter was firmly grasped in the pretty little hand of Miss Babbington. She was alone, to the best of her belief, for the little charity-school girl who did the slight service she required had gone home, and, believing herself to be alone, she did what people often do under such circumstances, namely, alternately sang songs and talked to herself.

> "He will return; I know him well:
> He will not leave me here to die,"

she warbled in a way that would have been very gratifying to the writer and composer of that song. Then she checked herself, picked away a withered leaf, and muttered, "I wonder when *he* will return and oust me from here! I'm getting to like it, and to feel at home; so, of course, I shall not be let stay here long. Oh dear! oh dear! 'Home!' I wonder if I shall ever have a real one." Then she dropped speech again, and sang a bar or two of "Home, Sweet Home;" and then she started back, exclaiming, "Good gracious! what's that?" in most unfeigned alarm.

It was only a strange gentleman advancing rapidly, hat in hand, toward her.

"Pray don't be alarmed, Miss Babbington," he said, courteously, and her ear was greeted pleasantly by the smooth, well-modulated, well-bred tones of his voice. "Pray don't be alarmed, Miss Babbington. I have only just come home, after a long absence, or I should have done myself the honor of calling on you before."

"You are laughing at me," she said, simply. "Men in your position don't call on women in mine. I am the person in charge of this house until it is let. Have you come to see it?"

He was charmed with the sweet serenity of her manner—charmed with the proud humility that would not let her seem other than she was for a moment.

"I have not come to see it, for I know it well," he said, quietly. "I have come to call on a lady whose independent spirit has won my admiration and respect. I shall bring my sisters to call on you as soon as they come down from town. Meantime let me introduce myself," and as he spoke he handed her a card, with "Philip Helmsleigh, Helmsleigh Hall," lithographed on it.

"Mr. Raymond Helmsleigh's cousin?" she said, looking up from the card to his face, with her eyes sparkling.

"Yes, Raymond's cousin—you know him?"

"I have met him," she said, laughing and blushing; for she knew that Raymond's strange offer and her stranger rejection of it could be no secret to this man.

"I know you have." Then he said a word or two more relative to his sisters' calling on her, and presently took his leave of her as if she had been a duchess.

She stood looking after him rather wistfully.

He was so much brighter than any thing that had crossed her path for many a long day. "Ah! if it had only been him instead of his cousin," she thought; and then she laughed tunefully at herself for even daring to think such a thing of the Squire of Helmsleigh, of the handsome, bright, clever young gentleman who had the gift of courtesy upon him so strongly that, seeing her for the first time in this humble guise, he should discriminate, and treat her like the gentlewoman she was.

She did not dream about him uninterruptedly for any great length of time. Rumors reached her that his sisters, one of whom was married, and all of whom were notoriously haughty, had come down. Her little handmaiden told astounding stories of the beauty and splendor, and wealth and wonderfulness generally of the Misses Helmsleigh and Mrs. Waring. "They say Mr. Raymond is to marry one of his cousins—leastways if you don't, Miss," she added, correcting herself humbly. For the story of Raymond's love for Miss Babbington had filtered through to a very low round of the social ladder. And when Effie heard of that family arrangement she felt more anxious to see Philip Helmsleigh's sisters than ever.

Philip Helmsleigh's sisters, meanwhile, were thinking that his trip to the tropics must have given him brain-fever. When he first told them the romantic story of Effie Babbington, they were interested to the point of saying they "should certainly like to go and look at her—not that they believed that Raymond had been such a fool." But when their brother told them that their curiosity could be gratified very easily, as he had promised Miss Babbington that they should call on her, their scornful surprise knew no bounds, and a well-grounded fear sprung up in their minds that Philip was a greater fool than Raymond.

Helmsleigh Hall was their brother's property, and it was only their home by his good-will and pleasure. Accordingly they had no desire to offend him. But, on the other hand, it would be equally bad policy to suffer him to drift into matrimony with any one just yet—more especially with such a one as this girl, who had "no antecedents." It may here be remarked that poor penniless had never been directly called upon to render up "her antecedents," and as she never thought of vaunting them it was not known in those regions how unexceptionable they were. Her father had been a naval officer. Her mother the only child of a beneficed clergyman. There was nothing for poor Effie to shrink from when "her antecedents" were on the *tapis*, save the death of her parents, and the distress which had ensued. Nevertheless, her cheeks did tingle when the rumor reached her that the Misses Helmsleigh, aided and abetted by their married sister, Mrs. Waring, were going "to take strong measures to stop their brother Philip disgracing himself by having any thing more to do with a girl of whose antecedents they knew nothing."

"Nothing more to do with her!" and he had had so little to do with her already, she thought, mournfully. Just a few calls from him, always made with perfect respect and with a kindly motive. Sometimes he had come in company with the rector of the parish, who had found out that the care-taker at Helmsleigh Cottage would be the very person, of all others in the world that he had known, to whom he would most willingly intrust the education of his two little prized motherless children. Sometimes Philip Helmsleigh had come in this good man's company, and at other times he had come alone. But vulgar gossip was busy with Effie's name now; and so he grew more chary of that presence which was like the sun to her—more chary of that presence until he could make up his mind as to whether he would bestow it to her altogether or not.

At length there arose a report in the land that Raymond Helmsleigh was coming home, and Effie began seriously to think about bestirring herself to find another resting-place for the fair young head that had to bear such a heavy burden of toil and uncertainty. The governess mart was overcrowded, as she had tested, to her sorrow, before this. The price she received for her sketches barely repaid her for the sums she expended on paper and paint. She was not a fool, and therefore she did not believe that she had the power to write if only she had the will to exercise that power—a form of folly very frequent among young ladies who find themselves incapable of originating an idea themselves, or understanding an original idea in others. She was sorely put to to devise some plan whereby she might live reputably, in fact; and in the midst of her perplexity about life, she was in a little distress about love. In fact, poor creature! she had lost the only thing of value she had in the world—her heart; and though she knew where it was, she had not lost it the less surely for that knowledge.

It may occur to some people that Effie, in her poverty and perplexity, must often have regretted her rash refusal of Raymond Helmsleigh's hand. But, truth to tell, she never did do this. On the contrary, she rejoiced heartily that she had had the courage not to solve her difficulties in that way, telling herself, shudderingly, that if she had married Raymond she should have been a wretched woman, for she felt that she was preordained to love his cousin; and even though (sad fate!) it did not appear as if his cousin felt himself preordained to love her, still any thing was better than to be the wife of one man and in love with another.

But while she was considering and bemoaning herself, Mr. Philip Helmsleigh was making up his mind; and he was considerably aided in this process by his sister Alicia—the one who looked with kind eyes on Raymond. "You ought to try and remove that person before Raymond comes home, Philip," she said to her brother one day. "After the reports, and her absurd conduct in settling down in his house,

just as if she couldn't have got employment any where else, it will be horrible if she isn't gone before Raymond comes home."

"Are you afraid he'll fall in love with her again when he sees her?" Philip asked, rather maliciously.

"Not a bit of it," Alicia replied.

"Then why do you want her to be gone?"

"Oh! because our relations would all be so extremely unpleasant, if he kept on hankering after a person we couldn't know."

"But you can 'know' Miss Babbington."

"No, we can't—not in the way I mean, of course. How tiresome you are, Philip! Very few brothers would care to see their sisters compromised in such a way."

"In what way would a knowledge of Miss Babbington be compromising to you?" he asked.

"Oh! in many ways. Now, Phil, don't be angry. I know you like her; but it's out of the question that we can know her. Get her away before Raymond comes home; do, there's a good fellow."

"I'll try to," he said, in what struck his sister as being a singularly dry tone of voice.

Some three weeks after this, Raymond Helmsleigh came home, to find his cottage in excellent order, and his pretty cousin Alicia waiting in the garden to welcome him.

"Isn't it in good order?" she said, in reply to his expression of gratification at finding things as they were, herself among the number. "The person who took charge of it was really most trust-worthy."

"Who was she?" Raymond asked, carelessly.

"I forget her name," Alicia said, ingenuously. "Never mind, Raymond, tell me about yourself."

"Tell me about Philip: is he married?"

"Oh dear no; nor likely to be. He's away shooting grouse somewhere; he's to be back for the Lufton ball next week. By-the-way, you'll go, won't you, Raymond?"

"Yes," Raymond rather thought he would, though he felt rather sheepish when he remembered what had transpired at the last Lufton ball which he attended. And then the cousins went on half flirting together, as had been their custom of old.

Raymond went to the Lufton ball with the Misses Helmsleigh and Mrs. Waring, and shared the astonishment of all in the room, when, on the names of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Helmsleigh being announced, there walked into the room, leaning on the Squire's arm, the identical audacious young person who had dared to survive all the slights put upon her by the neighborhood, while she had been living in obscurity in charge of a house to let.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS FOR WOMEN.

1. Reform der Weiblichen Erziehung, *von* MINNA PINOFF (Reform of Female Education).
2. Die Arbeit u. Erziehung (Labor and Education), nach Froebel's Methode, *von* Baroness MARENHOLTZ BÜLOW.
3. Das Recht der Frauen auf Erwerb, *von* L. OTTO.
4. Ueber die Besserung in der gesellschaftlichen u. volkswirthshaftlichen Stellung der Frauen, *von* Dr. VON STOLTZENDORFF. Berlin.
5. Die Frauen und ihr Vereinsleben, *von* U. HENSCHKE.
6. Blicke (Glances) in der Familie, *von* JOHANNA GOLDSCHMIDT.
7. Warum bedürfen wir weibliche Gewerbschulen und wie sollen sie angelegt sein? Erläutert vom socialen Standpunkte unserer Zeit (Why do we need Female Industrial Schools? etc.), *von* EMMA MARWEDEL, *Oberlehrerin an der weiblichen Gewerbeschule* (Directress of the Women's Industrial School), *in Hamburg*, 1868. H. Gruenig.

THE above German works discuss the woman question, not from the point of view of political rights, but with reference to women's need of practical education, in order to their discharge of their universally-recognized social duties.

The last mentioned on the list is dedicated to the author of the first—Minna Pinoff—perhaps the most widely recognized reformer and writer on female education in Germany; and whom Miss Marwedel thanks for her work on that subject; remarking that, "It has lifted the woman question to the height of the human question by its masterly setting forth of the circumstances of the current time"—circumstances that called forth, in 1861, from Jules Simon those words in his "L'Ouvrière" which Miss Marwedel makes the motto of her work, and which, translated into English, are: "If there is a question in the world in which it is necessary to see clearly, and not lose ourselves in mere words, it is this, for it is a question of life or death."

From the dedication of Miss Marwedel's work, which, we have been told, was written at the suggestion, and published at the expense, of one of the most munificent benefactors of science and education in North Germany, Herr Adolph Meyer, it seems that she herself had been spending a year or two in England, Belgium, and France, for the express purpose of examining what has been done in those countries for the amelioration and elevation of the labors of working-women, in connection with improvements in their education, and had seen many institutions in successful operation.

As the subject of introducing industrial schools into our public education presses upon public attention at this moment in America, we propose to *resume*, in these few pages, the very important information given in her book, which has not yet been translated into English, together with some important suggestions of Miss Marwedel, which are plainly dictated by the laws of social economy for both sexes.

A very considerable literature is now devoted to the discussion of this subject, which, with the earnest practical experiments of many societies, indicates that the problem of woman's education to practical labor, on the highest planes of ideal excellence, can not be any longer set aside by any who have the welfare of mankind at heart, to say nothing of the immediate demand made on ourselves in particular by the position of things in America. She states the special question of the time to be, What are the duties and claims of women who are coming forward to fill their places in family and social life; and what are the institutions we want to prepare them to do these duties; especially, what is the place among them of industrial schools? For, certainly, the general reformation of industrial life in our day must also change home life, whose accustomed industry is of an antiquated type, machinery and manufactories having lifted the work of spinning and weaving from its pressure on single-handed strength. Even the ordinary laundry and needle-work is transferred to large public establishments; and, in proportion, female labor *en masse* has become a demand, and of commercial value in the market. It is not uncommon to see in our daily papers advertisements of the furnishing establishments of our cities calling for a hundred or five hundred female laborers; calls answered all too quickly from the country by girls who know not to what they come. We all know how sadly this demand for female labor is influencing the working-women's question every where by the many advertisements of work wanted, and the sad contrast of work and wages. Miss Marwedel says that a London dry-goods merchant, wanting some thirty working-women, was obliged to send away, not without the help of the police, seven hundred women who gathered round his door at seven o'clock in the morning of a rainy November day! And the average number of governesses in London who apply for places every day is more than two thousand! It is mentioned in the London *Times* that a gentleman wanting a governess received five hundred and ten applications! Governesses in the work-houses of England are not uncommon. There are also ten times more governesses that pass their examinations in Prussia than are wanted. Yet there is another fact which, in this connection, it may seem hard to believe: in the very same places there is an unfulfilled demand for thoroughly skilled laborers of very many kinds. In undertaking to show why and how this is, Miss Marwedel says: "It used to be said in Germany that a girl leaving school at fourteen could support herself." But the influence of the home and school education is dependent on its keeping pace with the wants of the times; and the German schools, though they have adopted some improvements, have not done so. At the time the above-mentioned proverb arose all situations for girls of fourteen were supposed to be inside of families. But now, when girls are thrown into factories and shops, unguarded, on their own responsibility, the case is different. Physically feeble and half-developed, not fitted to act and think independently, unsupported by the requisite preliminary knowledge, they pass from the constraint of school rules to a personal freedom they do not know how to use. The necessary consequences are—all the moral evils to which our poor factory-girls and domestic servants are exposed; and which, we are too apt to say, are "the characteristic faults of our time," forgetting that we are responsible, by reason of our more commanding positions, for these same characteristics.

We are proud of our hospitals and almshouses, of our reformatories and work-houses, of our asylums and regulated prisons, of our life insurances for the sick and for burial expenses. But all these things are for the middle and end of spoiled and infirm lives. What a blessed change in our moral and social circumstances it would be if society and the state should take equally generous care to invigorate and preserve the uncontaminated healthy limbs of our youth, especially of our female youth, and to give moral ripeness to their characters! We are proud of our schools as models for other nations; but we take our children out of them when they have received less than nothing for the conduct of practical life, and most need good examples and moral protection, neither strengthened in inner capacity nor outside practical ability, even when they have, what the majority never do have, a year of regular apprenticeship. What, necessarily, must be the lot of the working-women of to-day? Without any systematic instruction, in the majority of cases, instead of being skilled in labor, in a hopeless mediocrity, their lot is the sorrowful one of working for *any* wages; and this is not all, for the better working power is drawn down by the iron law of demand and supply to the same starvation prices. This is not only true in Germany; the working-women of France, England, and America are suffering in the same way. In France, indeed, the working-women have retained more individual work, and therefore made more headway against the introduction of machinery, the predicate "artistic" being given to every high degree of excellence in hand-work; and public opinion being able to discriminate between artists and mere artisans, there is a great difference in wages. Nevertheless, even in France there is all the suffering which Jules Simon sets forth in his "L'Ouvrière;" and the pathetic representations of his last book, "The Eight-Years-Old Worker," immediately called out a society for the protection of apprentices and of children in manufactories, which proposes a quite extensive and careful protection and instruction in labor of both boys and girls. Some new institutions have been modeled and old ones remodeled, of which we may mention one in Strasbourg, established in 1845; one in Mülhausen, in 1842;

one in Nancy, in 1845. This society publishes bulletins, in which its members give most interesting details of many other institutions, educating women for special work, without omitting to prepare them, meanwhile, for social and family life, by qualifying housewives and mothers for their inevitable duties. Besides Jules Simon, Emil Legouvé has boldly combated in France for a reform in female labor in connection with education. In 1848, Madame Coiquet founded in Paris *L'Ecole Professionelle* (the professional school), renewed in 1862 by Madame Lemoirier. This school owes its origin to the following paragraph in a daily paper: "Mademoiselle C—— has committed suicide. Near her corpse was found this note: 'I am poisoning myself because my betrothed can not support me. I am neither able to work nor to procure myself work.'"

This school is now often mentioned in newspapers. It has nearly four hundred scholars, and teaches them book-keeping, wood carving and cutting, drawing, painting on porcelain, and dress-making. The Minister of Instruction visited it in 1867, and gave an ample official statement of it; and it is expected that the state will establish a large number of such schools.

The condition of the working-women of England has been made known to the whole world by Thomas Hood's beautiful sad "Song of the Shirt"—the occasion of which was the death of a young working-woman in a great millinery house, who "died," according to the coroner's inquest, "from overwork and insufficiency of food." The event and the song caused some state movements and many private associations to help working-women, among which were:

1. Female schools of art and industrial schools.
2. Working-women's colleges.
3. The Army Clothing Factory, Pimlico; the Dress-making and Milliner's House, 18 Clifford Street; and an institution for the employment of women connected with a large number of bazars.
4. The Institution for the Employment of Needle-women.

All these institutions, though independent in their activity, and different in mode, unite in the following ideas:

1. To exterminate prejudice against female labor.
2. To raise women's wages.
3. To diminish half knowledge.
4. To abolish middle-men (commissioners).
5. To enlarge women's field of labor.
6. To introduce co-operative stores, credit associations, and associations for the support of the sick and old.
7. To shorten the hours of labor.
8. To take greater care of the physical development and health of young working-women.
9. To prolong the instruction and protection of youth.

Of the Female Art School connected with the South Kensington Museum, Miss Marwedel says: "While it fulfills the higher conditions of artistic education, it also gives practical instruction in lithography, designing patterns, in sculpture, wood cutting and carving, and porcelain painting, in order to open to women new industrial branches." A school in Dublin does the same, by giving instruction on the sewing-machine and dress-making, as well as in law-copying and telegraphing.

The Working-Women's College in London resembles the German working-men's evening schools, with the exception that Dr. Elizabeth Garret lectures on physiology; and classes in mathematics and logic are taught. Mr. T. W. Hales is the examiner, and also is the examiner of Oxford and Cambridge students; and he declares that the young girls pass their examinations equally well, although they nearly all are engaged in business, and have only three hours of evening instruction, not seldom having great difficulties in attending on account of distant residence. There are four hundred of these young working-women who receive these testimonies of excellence. Miss Marwedel speaks with great pleasure of the "pleasant little chats" she had with them in their home-like little parlor, where a nice library, a good piano, books, a beautiful flower-arrangement, and a museum, afford entertainment for those who would take a little rest before and after their lessons. An excellent cup of tea or coffee and a slice of bread and butter can also be had for two-pence. This first working-women's college was founded and superintended by Mrs. Frank Mallison and Mrs. Whitehead, sisters of Mrs. P. E. Taylor of Aubrey House, Notting Hill, London. Lately Mrs. P. E. Taylor has founded another working-women's college, Mr. Taylor having erected a house for the purpose in their garden.

The Milliner and Dress-making House was founded on shares, and all England has taken great interest in it. It contains all English comforts for forty young girls. Their moral behavior is excellent. They have only been instructed in gymnastics, in addition to their trade, up to this time. But they have a very good piano, a large library, and soon will have some scientific instruction; and they have the good influence of two superior lady superintendents. The second year gave a dividend of six per cent. to the shareholders; and after distributing $12,219 to the working-women, left a fund of $600.

The Institution of Employment is a united group of different establishments, enlarging from day to day. The eighth report speaks of one for teaching hair-dressing, one for glass-cutting, one for ivory-carving, one for electro-plating, one for nursing the sick, one for medicine, one for book-keeping, one for law-copying, one for photography, one for apothecary work. Besides these ten establishments it keeps a register for women's employment, without exact-

ing payment for it; and sometimes it lends money to young women. It also sells or distributes freely all kinds of pamphlets and books in relation to the women question, and has a reading-room connected with it.

The Institutions for Employment of Needle-women, which are especially established to abolish the middle-men, are seven. The largest and oldest daily employs 350 women, while six other smaller ones altogether give work to 400 more. The women work socially, in light, lofty rooms, with the best results. According to the sixth annual report, wages are rising 45 to 50 per cent. above the customary wages in shops, and they work no more than nine hours a day. Their capital is £12,000.

But the best exemplification of the above-mentioned principle is the Army Clothing Factory. It is a copy of a French institution, was founded by the state, and is entirely self-supporting. It shows what power, intellect, humanity, and self-denial is able to accomplish, even in institutions which are founded generally for the interest of the owner. Colonel Hudson is the manager—a gentleman who deserves the immediate gratitude of 200 men and 800 or 900 women, and indirectly of all humanity.

While great pains are taken to give every comfort to the working-women in this establishment, the discipline and moral behavior is the best in the world; and although the state requires that the work done should be at the least market-price, Colonel Hudson makes such arrangements as to give the women higher wages continually. He pays for eight hours' work a day from six to nine dollars weekly; while the contractors or middle-men paid for fifteen hours' work a day only two and a half dollars weekly.

Excellent tea in large cups, and excellent slices of bread and butter, are to be had for two-pence; and when Miss Marwedel was there the humane Colonel Hudson was thinking of making an arrangement for a healthy dinner, to cost only four-pence. "And how easy," she adds, "would it be to unite to this a course of housekeeping for young girls, as is done by C. Metz in Freyburg, who has employed more than a thousand girls every year for thirty years, and is called by them father. He protects them so like a father, that any young man wishing to marry one of them asks him for her as a daughter is asked of her parents."

This institution takes in apprentices, but before they receive pay they have to show their work to a commission for its approval, an arrangement which stimulates salutary ambition for excellence.

The building of this army factory consists of a central aisle 200 feet in length, and perhaps forty feet wide, and is lighted by a vast skylight. The side aisles, which are three stories in height, are lighted by side windows. It is nearly impossible to estimate the value to health and virtue, as well as comfort, not only to themselves but to their posterity, of the change from the dark, low, unhealthy places in which middle-men make their employées work. How sad are the common circumstances when compared with all these improvements. The old traditional ways turn blessings into curses, and heap sin upon sin, sacrificing victims to thoughtless custom every hour. But, thanks to the clear-sightedness of some, and to the daily press at the present time, these old evils, with their consequences, are unsparingly laid open. One of the most remarkable cases, where a prosperous business, by which manufacturers become immensely rich, and the working-women are proportionally oppressed, is that of the ready-made clothing stores and the trade in woolen manufactures at Berlin. There are sixty manufactories in that city where women are employed to make things, the manufacturers growing rich, the working-women kept at starvation prices, and even of these defrauded on a system. In 1867 a woman was prosecuted on the charge of not having given back in her work the weight of wool she had taken: she brought into court seven women who testified to being continually deprived of their wages on account of this alleged short weight, which they declared to be owing to the fact that they were obliged to take the wool moist from the damp cellar; and they made the case good by witnesses who testified to the dampness of the wool when it was received, and which resulted in all these poor women having deductions constantly made in their already small wages, sometimes to the amount of sixty dollars. The manufacturers contrived to gain this cause in the court; but the outrage was so manifest, that the venerable Dr. Lette, then Minister of Public Instruction, whose death we have lately heard of and lamented, became President of an association of women for the protection of the labor rights of women, whose public meetings had been broken up by the police on the pretext of an old law forbidding to women and apprentices the right of assembling. The exposure of this long-standing fraud, which was found to be quite a general one, has perhaps been one cause of the change coming over Prussia with regard to women's Unions; and just now, only two years after the above-mentioned prosecution, Dr. Von Holtzendorff called to Berlin an international convention of women to discuss, first, how to form a regular official communication between all the existing Unions; secondly, how to form industrial and art schools for women; thirdly, how to form co-operative associations for women, with credit institutions, giving working-women the same advantages that working-men derive from their associations, now become international.

We can the more easily credit the organized frauds upon working-women in Berlin, because even in Boston they suffer things quite as outrageous. Country girls are tempted into the city from the far East and North by advertisements calling for one, two, or three hundred to work in "furnishing shops." They come to

find themselves in the hands of middle men or women, who contract with the merchants to supply certain work at certain prices remunerative to themselves, but not to those who do the work. But it is not so much the small rate of pay promised to the working-women as that they do not get it. At first all looks fair; but soon pay is so delayed, on the ground that the merchant delays his payments to the middlemen, that the girls get in debt for their lodgings, and consequences ensue with which we can not defile our pages. Some of the women physicians of Boston, who become the depositaries of the saddest confidences, could tell how many deaths and things worse than death are inevitable. As Miss Marwedel says, nobody of any knowledge of things as they are denies these terrible evils and sorrows, produced by the industrial and moral circumstances of the working-women of our American, no less than of European, large cities. But public speeches, and even strong writing, are not enough to meet the evil. There must be effective activity to change the conditions from which, by the unchangeable logic of cause and effect, it flows. If ever there was necessity for large associations for reform and guidance, it is in this case. In spite of all the smaller associations, and many establishments of relief and for education in labor, very little is done for the large mass, whose misfortune is growing from hour to hour. The same lady who is weeping for far-off miseries, related with artistic power, is not seldom beating down the wages of the poor working-girl who stands pale at her side, and does not think how important the small difference of price is to her, who perhaps has a poor, sick, widowed mother, suffering for every cent which she can bring home. All thinking and feeling people are bound to lose no time in seeing what is to be done to better the general conditions of the individual working-women. That the abolition of middle-men and the shortening of the hours of labor can be brought about with advantage to every public as well as private interest is manifest from the account above given of English establishments for the purpose. These ought not to be denominated charity establishments; Miss Marwedel protests against *charities* as degrading humanity.

1. One great suggestion of her book, to meet the case of the poorest of the poor, respects institutions which she calls school work-shops for women, whose main object shall be the instruction of those who work in them, and not the profit to be gained by the shop, since the greater prominence of the latter object in the plan would lead to a division and subdivision of labor, which turns out the apprentices unable to do any whole thing independently—a special machine, instead of an able self-supporting individual in some department of human work, which is the first object of the school work-shop.

2. A second object is to provide new fields of labor and occupation, as well as to improve execution, lifting up to the level of art both the old and new operations, and therefore to interest and ennoble the workers and insure higher prices for the work.

3. These school work-shops become homes of intelligence and humanity by subordinating all the improvements they bring about to the interest of the apprentices themselves, who are not only the chief factors, but, in the end, become proprietors, working on a co-operative basis of capital. This is shown triumphantly by the Dress-making and Millinery establishment, 18 Clifford Street, London, which is a fair specimen of the co-operative school work-shop; no less profitable as a business place, because the profits are equitably distributed between the laborers and capitalists, the laborers themselves being the capitalists as well. The self-conscious success of this particular establishment was so large that it claimed to be represented in the tenth group of the Paris Exhibition, which exposed those things "intended to ameliorate the moral and physical condition of the population." The profitableness of this establishment has also, for one of its causes, that its five hundred regular customers are shareholders also.

4. The profitableness of all such industrial schools, which quicken the laborers with hope and dignify them with self-respect, is a well-known fact. Mrs. Ellen Wood's industrial schools in Cork, Ireland, are also in excellent financial condition, self-supporting. The work-shops of convents are so profitable that they subsist, in many cases, on the work done by their inmates. Ernest Legouvé, in his "Histoire Morale des Femmes," highly praises the Ursuline cloisters, which, he says, have kept the industrial activity of Frenchwomen up to such a high mark of excellence by reason of *the education* which they give. The Belgian cloisters deserve equal praise. Their great excellence has called into life from the Liberal party, in opposition, the professional schools for women, which have been established in every great city of Belgium within the last few years. In convent schools originated lace-making, crochet-work, and straw-braiding.* That *work is money* has been proved, not only by these institutions, but by the statistics of prisons, deaf and dumb and blind asylums, where the inmates work to support themselves. And when we consider how many trades in small cities are kept up

* In a note to this paragraph, Miss Marwedel adds, on the authority of Higginson, "that the Italian and Spanish convents have given scientific education to women, as was proved in the fact that, in 1820, a library was purchased in Pisa which contained over eight thousand scientific works written by women." The Archbishop of Paris, Dupanloup, in a work written in reply to De Maistre, and which has been translated into English and published by Patrick Donahoe, of Boston, under the title "Studious Women," has given a great quantity of evidence of the scientific education given to women. The object of this work is to prove that unbounded culture of women is their moral and religious duty; and it is one of the most remarkable contributions to the literature of the woman question.

merely by the labor of apprentices, what may be hoped of co-operative institutions, supported by the moral consent of the whole nation?

5. These school work-shops aim to awaken the spirit of self-formation and self-disposal; for the self-respect of the workers leads to earnest investigation of the whole circle of duties and functions naturally connected with their special employments—a thing at present not done either in our schools or work-shops, which, therefore, are not places for the development of the heart or mind.

6. These school work-shops do effective battle against the great enemy of human development—the prejudices which have been accumulating in every town and village in Europe for uncounted generations, and are transplanted into America as well; laughed at by the wise and foolish, but still persisted in. While men, in every rank of society and degree of wealth, accept money, pleasure, rank, and honor for their labors, to work for money is still a sorrow, and held a dishonor and disgrace for women. It can not be disputed that women, taught to labor with both hand and head, are degraded in social position, in Europe generally, and in America too often. Hardly is the position of a governess in New England, where public opinion is freest and soundest, an exception. In spite of equal rights by birth, in spite of superior culture, in spite of the high responsibilities and the large confidences with which she is necessarily honored in this vocation, her social position is considered a secondary one.

Jessie Boucheret, in her "Hints on Self-help," maintains that any woman who does not claim equal wages with men for equal labor, but, in a half-brutal stupidity, is content with *alms*, as it were, is degraded. "No woman," she says, "can live long under such moral oppression, and at such starvation prices. Strong natures resist a little longer, but finally they also succumb to the illness of mind and body that follows the want of all healthy pleasures, and even of palatable food. That women prefer to starve in such positions rather than gain their livelihood by vice, that they prefer this prison life rather than to steal, are strong proofs of moral strength and stoicism. They should, indeed, be placed higher than our religious martyrs, since the latter are supported by the sympathy and admiration of their fellow-believers, while the former poor creatures have to despair unknown, unpraised, and without any human pity."

As long as these poor uneducated women wander, restless and hopeless, from door to door, without resource and security in themselves, is it not indisputable that women more favored by fortune are under a moral obligation to free themselves from the *dilettanteism* of their faculties, and rise into the feeling of the nobility of labor, which flows inevitably from systematic education and culture?

7. School work-shops will tend to abolish the intermediate trade between workers and consumers. Bazars and wholesale associations will be united with them, to be conducted by the working-women themselves. Every good and qualified pupil, under certain conditions, must become a shareholder, and be brought into direct relation with customers, and identified in interest with the institution. Co-operation of capital and labor is the only solution of the difficulties brought into the questions of our day by machinery. But hitherto there has been failure of the expected practical results of co-operation; the reason of which we can trace to the want of a moral understanding, which alone can abolish the separatism inhering in personal selfishness. School work-shops erected on the basis of the co-operative principle, understood in its moral spirit, will be the best place for educating young people to the highest point with respect to the relations of labor and capital.

8. Much *pure* scientific instruction may not be compatible with a profitable business done by these school work-shops; but they must at least provide instruction in drawing, choral singing, and gymnastics, as well as book-keeping; and be united to a working-woman's college, whose sessions are in the evening, and where instruction may be extended indefinitely; and it must not be forgotten, that, as the shop-girls may become wives and mothers, the college should in all cases give instruction in anthropology, hygiene, Froebel's nursery and kindergarten arts, and housekeeping. In the working-women's colleges in England, lectures on other subjects are also given gratuitously by competent men and women; and the price of admission for the year is only from two to six dollars.

9. The school work-shops should never ask any money at all for instruction, as the object is to get the poorest of the poor for scholars.

10. But the school work-shops should not accept any pupil for less than a two-years' course, as they are to be taught not only how to work themselves, but how to direct others.

11. The school work-shops should make the pupils partners in profits, as soon as they can do the work perfectly; for it is only those who need most sorely to earn their living that are expected to enter them; and they must be attracted by the profit, in addition to all moral motives, and their earnest activity assured. Some pupils can *only* be stimulated at first by the hope of profit. The certain prospect of better wages for better work, progressively, must be added to all other good influences, such as the public opinion and conscience of the shop; and perhaps a committee should be chosen from among themselves to reward excellence with inexpensive honors, like the crowns of leaves given at the Olympian games, so highly prized by the winners.

12. The school work-shops may perhaps assist some of the pupils to work at home under certain conditions—as, for instance, when the money for the share was earned by work done

in the institution, and the shareholder has a certificate from the lady superintendent of her moral and industrial worth, with a vote from her fellow-workers that she may work outside of the institution as a shareholder.

13. These school work-shops should be able to unite with wholesale co-operative associations, credit associations, and relief associations for the old and sick, and be the head-quarters of all social developments concerning the labor and woman questions.

14. Finally, these school work-shops must take special care of the health and physical development of the scholars, with a high sense of obligation to the future generation, of which they may become the mothers. England is a model in this respect; there the social economy of a sound mind in a sound body is fully understood, and hence she is introducing into all her public institutions bathing, daily walks in the open air, gymnastics, and short hours of labor.

As to the question of how these school work-shops are to be established, Miss Marwedel suggests that the capital be raised in small shares, as is done in the Dress-making and Millinery House in London; and she urges that it be done at once. We have associations, she says, to protect animals from cruel treatment, to improve cattle, for agriculture and for horticulture; why should we not have associations for the moral protection, industrial education, and best physical development of the mothers of the coming generation, in view of the manifold disadvantages and distresses of tens of thousands of the daughters of the present one?*

* Since we received the foregoing review, whose publication has been unavoidably delayed, Miss Marwedel, who is now in this country, has proposed, and even initiated, a Co-operative, Self-supporting Institute, near Brentwood, Long Island; whose special object is to educate women as practical florists, and producers and conservers of fruits and small vegetables, while they receive a fair general education and make a happy home, preparing them for family life after they leave it.

The personal impression she has made on thinking people, together with the practical wisdom of her plan, may be inferred from the fact that Mr. Cornell, by a liberal offer of land, and President White, by offers of the free access of her pupils to the lectures of Cornell University, invited her to Ithaca. But considerations of climate, and nearness to the New York market for flowers and fruit, have determined her locality on Long Island.

Readers of the above article who may be impressed with the facts and suggestions we have gathered from her little volume, may learn particulars of this practical experiment at demonstrating her views by application to the trustees of the Co-operative Fund on which it is based—viz., Robert W. Pearsall, Oakwood Farm, Brentwood Station, Long Island; P. T. Quinn, Tribune Office, New York; Andrew S. Fuller, 37 Park Row, New York. The shares are only $5, to enable all to take a personal interest who may approve the principle and plans. Only five per cent. dividend is promised, that all additional profits may be appropriated to increase the capacity of the scholars. This saves the thing from being a charity institution, while it will keep away mercenary stockholders. Miss Marwedel is on principle opposed to charity establishments, and an enemy to great corporations, which have no soul or morality in them.—Ed.

A BREACH OF PROMISE.

ELIZABETH BRANDON was as pretty a girl as you would wish to see when she left the hills of New Hampshire to go down to Cragstowe, to teach a few pupils in music, and "to see the world," as her aunt said. Better for her had she never seen that same world; but who could forecast events? Not all the black art of Arabia could have predicted the fate of little Elizabeth Brandon. It was an innocent and commendable thing to take pupils, and to acquire a grain of experience; how could she conceive of harm as the result? Neither did she conceive of it. She set out as happy as a queen, believing in every body, delighted with every thing. Half-way to Cragstowe the cars performed some remarkable gymnastics, and landed her in a ditch, in a somewhat bruised condition; from whence she was rescued by a gentleman, who took her in his arms tenderly, as if she had been a crushed flower, not heeding the ditch-water dripping over his fine broadcloth, and carried her into a neighboring house. He had better have left her in the ditch. She was far safer there.

"Oh, it is nothing," she said, in answer to his sympathetic inquiries. "I am only a little faint. I shall be all right presently. What an escape! What a queer way to see the world!"

He gave her a glass of wine, and finding that her bruises were not serious, he hired a farm-wagon, and proposed they should drive into town forthwith.

"You were going to Cragstowe," he said; "I saw your ticket. May I ask where I shall put you down?"

"At Mrs. Murray's, thank you."

"At Mrs. Murray's. No doubt I can find the place."

"Oh yes; every body knows her; and it is 27 Grosvenor Street."

They set forth upon the road, hardly discomposed, and not at all disheartened, by their late disaster. It was a three-seated wagon, in which other companions in misery had taken places, and Elizabeth and her friend, occupying the back seat, chatted together as if they had known each other a lifetime.

"It is *so* nice to travel," said this piece of inexperience. "You meet so many kind people, and—"

"Suffer so many bruises, Miss Brandon."

Miss Brandon looked up at him in innocent-eyed wonder. "Pardon me," she returned; "what did you say just now? Did you call me Miss Brandon?"

"That is your name, is it not?"

"But how came you to guess it?"

"I didn't guess it. I knew it."

"Knew it! Ah, you saw it on my handkerchief."

"Did I? Well, let me tell you something else I know. You are going to Cragstowe to take pupils in music; one of your pupils is to be Garcia Frodsham. Mrs. Murray is your

aunt; you came from Stillwater, where an old miser wants to marry you, the villain! There, is all that on your handkerchief, too?"

"Dear me, you're a soothsayer, I do believe! You'll be telling me my own thoughts next."

"Some of them. You'd like to know who *I* am, now. You've been wondering if my name is Angus de Montford or Rudolph Duchesne; whether I'm in petroleum or cotton."

"I must own that I *have* speculated upon your name," she laughed.

"And *I* have speculated in petroleum and cotton."

"But you haven't told me how you came by a synopsis of my private history."

"Haven't I? Here is the clew; here we are at 27 Grosvenor Street. Ah, Mrs. Murray, I've brought you your niece, a mass of contusions and confusions. She can't make it out how I came to know her when she told me to set her down at your door!"

"How very kind of you, Mr. Frodsham!" said Mrs. Murray, embracing Elizabeth. "My dear child, are you much hurt? How fortunate that you had a friend on the train; but there, you don't know him! Mr. Frodsham—Elizabeth; we are next-door neighbors, dear, and Garcia is his sister. Here, let me unfasten those knots for you."

"Oh, I can do it myself, thank you, only it takes time;" but Mr. Frodsham's cunning fingers anticipated her, and Elizabeth was speedily evolved from her wraps, like a flower from its calyx, and set down to a lunch with Mr. Frodsham and her aunt.

"I was so anxious about you," said she.

"I shall telegraph to Stillwater immediately," said he, on taking leave, "and I shall come to see you, if I may."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!"

"For which?" detaining her hand a little longer in his warm clasp.

"For both," she answered, shyly and blushing; "that is, I shall be glad to see you."

The next day Elizabeth wrote home.

"Dear mamma," she began, "I hope you received the telegram which Mr. Frodsham was so good as to send you without delay, and that you know I am safe at Aunt Murray's, and as contented and well as can be expected. I have a few bruises, but they don't pain me much, and I don't mind them; but I hope the fright didn't do you any harm. I should have been dreadfully frightened myself, only there wasn't time enough before I was soused in a ditch, out of which Mr. Frodsham picked me a perfect sight to behold; my new hat was terribly crushed, and a ruffle was partially torn off my traveling dress, and I lost an ear-ring. Wasn't it a funny introduction? And wasn't it nice that Mr. Frodsham was on the train? He is a neighbor of ours. I never saw any one whom he resembles; he is very dark, with a color that comes and goes at every word; I should call it a blush if he wasn't so perfectly self-possessed and at ease; his eyes are bronze-colored, with lids that seem too heavy, and he has a lazy way of looking at you from under them as if you were hardly worth the trouble; a way that piques at the same time that it pleases you. But there, I don't mean to prose forever about him; I thought you would like to have some idea of him, since he was so very kind—" Which shows that Miss Elizabeth had acquired quite an idea of Mr. Frodsham—had studied him somewhat and could recite a tolerable lesson, but it was as if she had voyaged about a strange country and had learned its outlines, and could render a favorable account of its general appearance without having penetrated below the surface—without studying the substrata and alluvial deposits—without suspecting the existence of volcanic powers hidden beneath the inviting exterior. And then I would defy any one to have met Julian Frodsham and to have felt indifferent toward him; I would defy any sensitive woman not to have been won by his attention, not to have been piqued by his bearing; his inimitable manner, with all its varying shades of polished devotion, blending and overlapping each other, till you could not discern where one began and the other ended. Few would have failed to be fascinated with his rare good-humor, with his knack of bringing every thing to bow to his will, and that with the least possible exertion, of drifting down the stream of life without reefing sail, trusting to good fortune to waft him into smooth waters.

It was not once in a while, nor through accident, that Elizabeth met Mr. Frodsham after this; when she gave Garcia her weekly lesson, he never allowed her to depart without a word, a glance full of meaning, a hand-clasp; sometimes it was a bunch of flowers he brought her; sometimes he insisted that she must stay and sing to him till the twilight came on; after that, he would draw her arm through his and climb a neighboring crag, to watch the dusky, ill-defined city below gradually radiate into a glory of gas-light, as if the whole solar system had sprung into being beneath their gaze. At other times they took parts together in some private theatricals for charitable ends; and then there seemed to him no spot so secluded and inviting to study as Mrs. Murray's music-room, sharing the book with Elizabeth, accepting her criticisms on his renditions, and, with his insinuating manner, making his own fault-findings to seem gracious and preferable to the compliments of another. There was no doubt but that Elizabeth entered into the spirit of these interviews with keen pleasure. In the quiet slough of Stillwater, no finer person than the old doting miser aforesaid had taken the pains to cultivate her friendship; *that* had been an oyster-like existence, from which had, perhaps, been evolved the pearl of a constant and tender heart, but an existence without excitements or enthusiasms, wherein her pulse had plodded on faithfully, without one of the multiplications of this new phase. After each meeting with Frodsham she resolved not to look for him again.

"He was amused with me for a little while," she would say to her beating heart; "some one better and wiser will come into his orbit to-day. I will let it all be, as if I had never met him." But *that* was an impossibility now, something quite beyond her; the power to think of him, or not, had deserted her, if, indeed, she had ever possessed it; and, besides, no one enters into another life and leaves it precisely as he found it. Either there has been something added or something abstracted; or, at least, the properties of that life, the opinions, ideas, beliefs, have suffered perturbation and rearrangement. So Elizabeth's mind might wander off to the pleasant fields of Stillwater; to her hoarded wages that should one day, perhaps, pay up the mortgage on her father's farm; to the future, with its alluring mirages; to the fortunes of some child crooning a ballad in the street below, and reaching out her small, brown, empty hands for pence and pity: yet, wherever Elizabeth's thought might go, the way was not too crooked, nor the path too steep for the thought of Julian Frodsham to follow, stealthily and on tip-toe, as it were, but none the less near and persistent—a perpetual reminiscence of sunshine and its penetrating, friendly force. It was an influence that must follow her a lifetime, be it to bane or bless, of which she might never rid herself; she was no longer to be free and unburdened, the "world before her where to choose;" voluntarily, or involuntarily, she had chosen, and there was nothing for her to do but to take the bitter with the sweet, in whatever proportions it might please fortune to prescribe them.

In the mean time, here was the impregnable present—impregnable in virtue of its far-reaching hopes and its certain joys, in which no forebodings might make a breach; for who could doubt but this glance—that held her fast bound with fluttering heart in its tender embrace, like the poor fly in the spider's cunning web—was the absorbed glance of a lover—a lover to whom neither time nor eternity could teach forgetfulness? So, if it was the lover's eye that met hers, it was his voice that made rhythmic the commonplaces of every day, his presence that drew the heavens nearer, and contracted the world till it was bounded by a garden hung with roses, in which was no forbidden fruit, nor the lightnings of any flaming sword. The old days at Stillwater presented themselves to her mind now like blurred negatives of a picture wanting in color and effect, and constantly retreating into the distance, till they had become little more than silhouettes of the past. Not that she had forsaken father or mother for this man; she wrote home most dutifully, at regular intervals; she made anxious and sincere inquiries for the sick and poor of the parish; she paid up the interest on the mortgage; she could have told you any day, at a moment's warning, the shortest cut to Pringle's swamp, where the blackberries grew thickest, where the trailing arbutus opened its pink lips earliest to the May sun. She could give you the Christian names of half the population of Stillwater, with characteristic traits and amusing items of family history. She could have mapped out to you her father's systematic arrangement of his day's work; how he weeded his garden while breakfast was in preparation; read the divines and wrote his sermon till dinner; visited his parish in the afternoon; and recited Young's "Night Thoughts" to mamma in the still evenings, with the honey-suckles pushing in at the open window, a fragrant commentary. She could have told you all this and a thousand other details of Stillwater life, perhaps something of the gossips of the place, its loves and hates; but it would have been all mechanical with her—a thing of rote; something resembling a dull novel read on a rainy day for the want of pleasant companionship, since these were no longer the vital interests of life: the old loves were not dead, but sleeping, and this new affection had stepped in and usurped their privileges, had overgrown them, so to speak, and had shut off the atmosphere which would have endowed them with healthy vigor. One day it struck her, like a blow, that by-and-by she would need to break the thread of this enchantment, and go back to Stillwater and still life. She was walking on the terrace with Frodsham when the thought occurred to her, leaning upon his arm. There was a slender young moon just setting, and a tender light in the heavens, glittering in the dew, deepening in the shadows of her companion's eyes.

"How I shall miss every body here when I go home!" she said, thinking aloud.

"When you go!" he echoed, as if the idea of losing her was new and startling. "I can't think what Cragstowe will be like without you, Elizabeth, unless it should resemble the great desert. You must stay here"—emphasized by the pressure of a hand. "I can't trust you out of my sight, nor in the neighborhood of that love-lorn old miser of yours. I'm afraid he will steal away your heart, and lock it up among his gold!"

She gave her happy laugh, that reminded one of the trills of a wild bird, in replying:

"I thought there was nothing could make great Achilles tremble."

"Only the thunders of Jove, when they bring trouble to you."

"I'm not so weak a vessel as to sell myself, I trust; do you think I am?"

"Then it *would* be selling yourself? You really *haven't* come down here without a heart to lose, playing a one-sided game with us poor wretches? There *isn't* any youth with ambrosial locks in Stillwater, then, who wishes Cragstowe were in the Red Sea, and you out of it, eh?"

Elizabeth colored deeply under the setting moon, and touched her pocket with the disengaged hand. "*Oh, I have lost it!*" she cried.

"Lost what, Elizabeth?" he asked, pausing

and looking into her distressed face. "Was it a love-letter?"

"Oh, let me go back and look for it!" she cried, forgetting herself in her perplexity. "It can't be far off; we have only made the tour of the terrace, and I am sure that I thrust it into my pocket as you came in. Can the wind have blown it away?"

"Then I guessed rightly?" he said, in his self-composed way. "See, here it is!" showing a crumpled letter. "I don't know any sleight-of-hand tricks, so don't look at me like that. I picked it up on the veranda after you had stepped down. A gentleman's handwriting," he continued, still detaining it; "not your father's; and you have neither guardian nor brother. Shall I tear it up for you? That's a safe way to dispose of dangerous letters."

"It's not at all dangerous," said Elizabeth, frowning, and holding out her hand for it.

"Are you serious? Do you know I feel an unaccountable aversion for this bit of paper?"

"And yet it is perfectly harmless," laughing, a little constrainedly.

"And yet one is hardly disturbed at the loss of a harmless epistle—one doesn't blush about a friendly letter. You know my power of clairvoyance; shall I tell you the contents of this document?"

"Thanks; but I think I know the contents quite as well as yourself," she answered; "and I don't believe in your clairvoyance; you only deduce from given premises."

"Then let me give you the benefit of my severe deductions. We will sit down here under the echo-tree, if you please."

"But the echo-tree tells tales; I don't think it's a safe place. See how it leans down to listen!"

"That's true; it tells every thing it hears to the spirits of the air—to the birds asleep in the elms yonder, and they think it's a dream, and sing it all out to the world next morning, just as you tell *your* dreams at the breakfast-table. Yet, somehow or other, lovers always take to the echo-tree, notwithstanding its faults; perhaps they like to hear their words repeated. Now, then, have you answered this love-letter, Elizabeth? No? Then let me ask you to answer in the negative."

"Aunt Ellen would say it is too good a chance to lose," she returned, mockingly.

"And *you* don't care for good chances, eh?"

"No," soberly; "there's only one good chance in the world."

"To love and to be beloved? Is that it? Then you do not love this youth? I begin already to sympathize with him."

"Strange inconsistency; and yet you advise me to—to—"

"To give him the cold shoulder. I do, indeed; but I pity him at the same time, all the more, perhaps, for fear the same measure may be meted to me. Come, let us hear what the echo has to say about it," he added, flinging out these strophes on the wings of a melody:

"'Echo, dear echo,
Listening here I wait;
Answer me, dear echo,
Will she be my Fate?
When the stars are in the sky,
When the dawn dethrones the night,
Does she with love's mystery
My true love requite?'

There, don't you hear echo answer 'Quite?' Shall we take her for a prophetess?"

"Your oracle is a time-server," said Elizabeth, evasively; "she says whatever you choose to have her."

"Obliging, isn't she? I wish some other friend of mine would be so kind, would answer me according to—"

"Your folly?"

"Is it a folly? I think the echo, then, is only a malicious fairy, who entices us into her neighborhood in order that we shall make confessions which we had best keep to ourselves."

"Ah? I haven't felt her influence, then."

"I wish you had. But see; it is clouding over for a storm; the stars have gone in."

"We had better follow their example."

"Take my arm, then. And the letter?"

"I have it safe."

"And you will burn it, to-morrow?"

"Yes." And so it happened that the first fortune in Stillwater—and no mean one at that—as well as a heart true as steel, were alienated from Elizabeth, and passed beyond her grasp forever.

"Perhaps I ought to have married him," she said to herself, when the letter was fairly mailed—"such comfort for mamma! such a load off poor papa's shoulders! such shiny silks and ermine as his sisters wore to church! and the family jewels! But if I love some one else, am I doing wrong? Is not love an inspiration from the Divine source? Would it not be profanation to make it a subject of barter? Would it not seem to be like the money-changers in the temple?"

Thus week multiplied by week, and the year that had seemed such a rough, up-hill road to this little traveler, had proved itself the highway to many happy possibilities. Frodsham, to be sure, had not sealed the compact with set words and a ring; but for all that the great, wise world shook its head, smiling approvingly, and declared the affair a foregone conclusion. There was a doubt in the mind of the community, but the blind boy had stolen a march on young Frodsham at last, in spite of himself, and had effectually cut off his retreat! But even communities are sometimes at fault; so, while mammas patted Elizabeth, figuratively, and planned how they would cultivate her when she became Mrs. Frodsham, their daughters glowered at her over their fans, wondering how it would seem to snare such a handsome lover without turning over one's hand; a lover who hung on one's words, and deluged one with tropical flowers, and forgot the existence of other women when *one* was near. And they felt a sort of bitter envy of

this strange girl who had come down from Stillwater to carry off the match of the season. Poor Elizabeth, when Stillwater would have been so much less fatal to her, with all its stagnation! Frodsham had been out all day, making his New-Year's calls; he had reserved the evening, however, for Elizabeth and Mrs. Murray; and now, as he sprung up the stairs without a warning bell or servant, as was his custom of late, a strange tableau met his gaze. Through the deep bay-window, that let in a glimpse of winter landscape at the head of the staircase, the first young moon of the year was looking in like a sweet familiar face, grown dearer and sweeter than before, quite unawares. Where he stood he could discern the snow-piled terraces gleaming like polished marble beneath its light, and the treacherous echo-tree bending still lower, with its Christmas burden of icicles and snow-wreaths; the tall spire of a church shot up beyond, like the finger of faith, pointing upward to the frosty skies and the slender new moon as an earnest of peace on earth and good-will toward men; while a distant mere struck off the white radiance from its frozen surface like burnished steel, only to gather it back into its cold bosom till the whole was a tangle of flashing silver sparks. But what most claimed the young man's attention was the fore-ground of the picture, where Elizabeth had fallen on her knees before the phantom moon, like some Eastern worshiper, and with upturned face, and clasped hands, repeated some foolish rune beneath her breath.

"What are you doing, Elizabeth?" he asked, bending to raise her; but she had found her feet at his first word, and was standing there before him, abashed and blushing.

"Oh, I am so foolish!" she cried, in self-reproach; "it never struck me *how* foolish before—as if the new moon and I could work miracles together! I was only saying a silly verse to the first new moon of the year. Do you mind very much? Now don't laugh; they say if you bow nine times, and drop on your knees before her, she will grant your wish."

"I would rather drop on my knees to you, silly child. Would you grant *my* wish?"

"That depends," she answered, gravely. "I shouldn't want to grant it before I heard it, you know. Come, Aunt Ellen is waiting for me."

"She can't have you till you tell me your wish."

"Oh, never! never!"

"And why not? Is it so great a secret? Come to me, Elizabeth, *I* can grant your wish better than the new moon. Darling, did you wish for love, when it was yours already? Come to me, dearest!" And she went, poor foolish moth.

That was a New-Year's night hard to forget—a night to shine forever through the mists of Time, growing brighter and brighter by its own unborrowed light. So when Elizabeth went home to Stillwater nothing seemed dull, nothing tedious; for this sacred flame in her heart illuminated the round world, and she saw and moved through its benign presence; routine was no longer distasteful, poverty no more a hardship, since she sojourned in a land of beautiful shadows, and Love walked beside her all the way.

Elizabeth had been engaged to Julian Frodsham for half a year, when suddenly, without a moment's warning, her planet went into eclipse. The daily mail that found its way up among the New Hampshire hills put into her hands, one bright morning, a package bearing the well-known handwriting. She kissed it, as she held it, before breaking the seal, since whatever *he* had touched with so much as the tips of his fingers was precious to her; then she opened it, deliberately, and let loose a bevy of inclosed letters. The love-letters she had written to Julian!

"Don't break your heart for me, Elizabeth," he wrote, with the egoism peculiar to many men; "some other is better worth it. A speculation in which the greater part of my fortune was involved has failed, and I love you too well to subject you to the trials and hardships of poverty, for my sake. 'Good-by, sweet-heart, good-by.'"

Oh, did he not know that she had been all her life used to that fierce discipline, and counted it as nothing beside this loss of love's neighborhood? Elizabeth was like one paralyzed when she first let her eyes wander over that scrap of paper; then she repeated over and over to herself those fatal words, "Good-by, sweet-heart, good-by," in a mazed way, as if trying to unravel their meaning and intention. Could such sweet words mean cruelty and desertion? She left her seat presently, and throwing her letters upon the empty grate as she passed, went out and laid the table for dinner, putting on a plate for Julian, and laughing in a heedless, giddy way at the conceit, still singing over and over the snatch they had sung together, she and Julian, "Good-by, sweet-heart, good-by," the thrust and wound being the sharper from the familiarity of the weapon.

"You are right merry to-day, Lizzie," said her father. "What has happened?"

"Oh, nothing, father, nothing," she answered; "he told me not to break my heart, and I am singing and laughing to keep it whole, you know."

"To keep it whole, daughter! Is there any thing—"

"Elizabeth, Elizabeth," called her mother from her couch, where she read the morning paper faithfully every day; "Elizabeth, is there *another* Julian Frodsham in Cragstowe? He is married to a Miss Bullion! It can not be *your* Julian?"

Elizabeth carried both hands to her head, and burst into a loud laugh, peal after peal.

"No, it can not be my Julian," she cried; then, "It is so droll," kneeling down at her mother's side, and looking with great vacant eyes into nothingness, "he wouldn't have me

to suffer poverty, but he doesn't mind it for *her*, you see, poor thing! But he wouldn't like me to break my heart, mother; don't let it break, don't let it break," her voice rising like the wind, with the storm and vehemence of her emotions; then dropping into a murmur, "If it does break, don't let him know it," followed by a hollow, resonant laugh that chilled the blood in her mother's veins and froze the words upon her father's lips.

"The child is mad!" said Mrs. Brandon, in a white horror, reading her husband's face. "Send for Dr. Rue."

But it was a case quite beyond Dr. Rue's utmost skill; not all his science could restore to pretty Elizabeth Brandon what she had lost on that bright summer morning, through a bad speculation of Julian Frodsham's.

"We'll bring it before the courts," said Doctor Rue, then, to Mr. Brandon; "we'll make him pay roundly for this."

"Never, while *I* live!" answered her father. "Nothing can pay for this blind work. Nothing can restore to me my light-hearted, happy child. All the gold in the veins of California could not pay the price:

> "'The mills of God grind slowly,
> But they grind exceeding small.'"

And, indeed, it was hard lines for this poor old clergyman, struggling along on a pinching salary, with a bedridden wife and a mad daughter. Elizabeth's, to be sure, was a gentle, melancholy madness; there was nothing terrifying in the soft eyes that met yours in an empty gaze, nor in the idle wringing of her white hands; but for all that she was utterly useless, as well as a constant care and reproach to the worn father; moreover, she often wandered away into the waste or wooded places about Stillwater, and led him a weary tramp over marsh and meadow, up hills, and across streams; and when questioned about these rambles, she invariably replied:

"I am following the new moon to Cragstowe. She flies before me; but I shall overtake her yet!"

It would have been safer to have lodged her in an asylum; but then there was no money. Accordingly, it was no great surprise to any one, considering his burdens, that one day Mr. Brandon laid them down and slept the sleep of the just. But who was Samaritan enough to take these burdens upon himself henceforth? The old love-lorn miser might have come to the rescue at this period, perhaps, for the sake of the lovely girl who had once stolen his heart—his chief treasure—had he not already paid the debt of nature and left his hoards to be scattered to the winds; while the youth whose fate was sealed once by Mr. Julian Frodsham under the echo-tree at Cragstowe had carried himself and his fortune abroad. Then when Mr. Brandon died his small annuity, as well as his smaller salary, died with him, and since it never rains but it pours, his creditors found the heart to foreclose the mortgage on the bit of land which he had dignified with the title of "a farm." Of course after this there was the merest pittance left for Elizabeth and her invalid mother—an income so small that it was found barely sufficient to provide Mrs. Brandon with the absolute necessities of existence. Where, then, should Elizabeth find the comforts of a home? Fate had narrowed her circumstances so relentlessly that there was nothing left for her support but the benefices of the town! And so pretty Elizabeth Brandon, who had had two fortunes at her beck and call, and who had just escaped the third, became a town pauper! But the selectmen of Stillwater were shrewd fellows, with an eye to economy and the main chance; and one fine day Mr. Julian Frodsham was surprised out of his elegant ease by a summons to answer to a suit in court for breach of promise. Dr. Rue's prediction had come true—they meant to make him pay roundly for his misdeed, and they succeeded; and the damages sent poor Elizabeth—ignorant of the whole business—as well as her paralyzed mother, to the protection of the asylum at last.

Would any one have identified this vacant-eyed woman who took up her abode there with the rosy, laughing child who started for Cragstowe one morning five years before, the very spirit of youth and buoyant happiness, with a future full of alluring perspectives? When she had been at the asylum for a whole year, the directors sent word to the town of Stillwater, stating "that though Elizabeth Brandon was possessed of an incurable malady, it had been so far alleviated by the treatment to which she had been submitted as to make it safe for her to be intrusted with the care of other patients more irrational, since her gentleness and native tractableness rendered her an efficient aid in the services to which she had been trained, in the way of her cure, in order to withdraw her mind and occupy it, as was deemed needful. Therefore it was decided that she should be discharged, further cure being considered impossible, or retained in her capacity of assistant-nurse, according as her legal guardians should direct."

Doubtless her legal guardians were nothing loth to take advantage of this overture, and to rid themselves of the responsibility of Elizabeth's welfare, for she was still in the kindly shelter of the asylum when the new patient was brought in, whose lapse from reason had filled the columns of the dailies with commiserations and warnings.

If an observer had failed to recognize the blooming young girl in the sodden, afflicted woman, much less would he have been able to discover traces of the once gay gallant in this bowed and broken man, who, with wandering mind and relaxed will, raved about the money-market, stocks, and exchange, and struck out at his keepers with all the strength and heedlessness of despair.

"Poor creature!" said Elizabeth, shutting out the sounds with her two hands, as the muffled figure was borne past her to the padded room. "I wonder who he is?"

"His money has driven him mad," said a doctor who stood near. "It is Julian Frodsham, the millionaire. He lost his wife last month, and though he hardly loved her, the loss of her fortune, which returned to other heirs, to his great surprise, was the last straw that broke the camel's back."

"Julian Frodsham!" repeated Elizabeth, groping in the dark places of her intelligence for a clew. "Have I seen him? Have I heard of him?"

"Very likely," returned the doctor, who was wholly ignorant of her history. "He has been a man of mark in the mercantile world; but too great a worshiper of Mammon."

"Julian Frodsham," echoed Elizabeth. "Something in the name haunts me. Do you know," she said, speaking half under her breath, quickly, as if the thoughts crowded upon her too fast for utterance, "when you spoke it just now a strange picture presented itself to me. I saw a new moon looking in through a great alcove window across a winter landscape, and a young girl on her knees before it, and this Julian Frodsham stretching out his arms to her, with a countenance dazzling with love. And yet, you know, I have not seen the man's face!"

The Doctor looked at her scrutinizingly; there was a flush on her usually pallid cheeks, and a lustre in her usually wan eyes, as if a new intelligence animated her. "You need rest," said he, "and a blister on the feet."

"I? Oh no! I never felt better. I need more occupation, and all you can tell me about this poor man. The thought of him recurs to me in all manner of situations and scenes. Can I have dreamed them? I feel as if I were sent here to do him service. Shall I have the care of him? Shall I go now and see what he needs?"

"You! why, he would annihilate you with a word, child."

"I am not afraid."

"He would tear you limb from limb."

"Yet I controlled 'Hamlet' when the others failed."

"Yes, yes; true"—thoughtfully. "But wait; the others have not failed here."

"But when they do?"

"When they *do* fail you shall be called."

And so it happened that one day Elizabeth *was* "called."

Mr. Frodsham was literally starving to death. He would take no food, and all the usual methods of forcing the patient had utterly failed. However, his violence had in a measure subsided; and in the intervals he would sit and count his fingers, and make long calculations on the walls of his apartment with his nails, and tear his hair and clench his hands till the blood spurted forth, at the results. "I shall come to the alms-house yet," he would shriek at such times. "I tell you I shall bring up at the alms-house yet. She did! she did! *I tell you she did!*" It was during one of these paroxysms that Elizabeth's ministrations began. "Come," she said, softly touching his clammy, cold hands with her delicate fingers; "we will go there together, then; it is not so bad there, either; there's a pleasant fire burning on the hearth, and the tea-kettle sings on the hob, and the cat purs before the blaze."

"Who are you?" he asked, roughly, motioning her away. "Be off with you! I tell you, you have deceived me—you have wronged me! There was a woman who loved me once, but she was not like you!"

"Tell me about her," asked Elizabeth, with shining eyes and trembling mouth. "And taste *this*. I prepared it myself for you: see how good it is!"

"Ah, you want to poison me, you green-eyed witch; I know your tricks. You want my money; but, hist! you shall never touch a coin of it! Ah, but *she* would never have done it; she was like a rose, dew-sprent—and I was her ruin! Retribution? Ah, get away with your poison stuff. I'll none of it!"

"Oh, indeed, it is good food," persisted the patient Elizabeth. "See, I will taste it myself."

"You? Ah, you look true: you have honest eyes and a smile like hers. If I could only hear her say 'I forgive you,'" bending low, and whispering in Elizabeth's ear, "for I starved her, body and soul; she was a pauper, you know, after that—a pauper!"

"I was a pauper once myself," said Elizabeth, simply.

"You! Let me taste it, then; let me see what paupers' fare is like. There, it is not so bad! not so bad!"

"By no means!"

"Give me more. There, there: now sing to me. You can sing? *She* sang to me once, such delicious melodies, full of sobs and sighs. I am going to sleep now. Give me one of *her* songs—under the echo-tree in the twilight—her lips so near to mine—her breath wasting against my cheek. So." And Elizabeth sang:

"Drop, drop thine eyelids, tired soul,
While night drops down upon the sea,
And in the heavens from pole to pole
The planets move mysteriously:
For rest is blest,
And here confessed
Is my true love for thee!

"Cease thy loud beatings, tired heart,
Perplexed by pain and fear;
The stars themselves, they shine apart,
Yet feel each other near;
And sighs are wings
Whereon Love brings
Thy 'farewell' to my ear."

She sang it slowly, her voice falling tone by tone, till it vanished in a tuneful whisper, the very ghost of music. The lids fallen, the lips half smiling and composed, the brow robbed of its hard lines, for the instant his whole face

wore the mask of youth. So might he have looked when, in the twilight beneath the echo-tree, she had sung the same words to him long before; so might he have smiled and lifted his love-lighted eyes in an inspiration of recognition, and stretched forth his arms and folded Elizabeth to his heart.

"Elizabeth, Elizabeth!" he whispered, hoarsely. "Speak to me, dear child! I used you ill, but you love me, Elizabeth? Say you forgive me. I have no breath to waste in mere words, dearest. I have been hurt unto death, through the pride of life and the lusts thereof. But oh! I have loved you through it all, darling—you, Elizabeth, only you! Speak—quickly—darling!"

Her half-vacant eyes filled up to the brim with sudden intense light and life, which touched her lips, as well, into a seraphic smile, and painted cheek and chin with the wild rose of health; all the frozen sluices of her heart gave way at one impulse; for the moment she was once again pretty Elizabeth Brandon, with her lover's arm about her, and his eyes beseeching her; all the bitter intervening years had slipped down into gulfs of forgetfulness; she remembered nothing but that she had him fast, but that she loved him.

"There is no need for haste," she said, bending toward him; "have I not all forever to tell you my love in, dear?"

"All forever there! Oh say it quickly here; Elizabeth, my love! say you have not forgotten to love me! Kiss me once again with your fragrant mouth. Ah, your face fades away into air!—do not go away now! do not leave me alone forever! Lean over me so, and let my soul pass into yours! 'Good-by, sweetheart—good-by.'"

The tired eyelids flickered, the smile trembled and went out, like a light that flares and dies; the hands relaxed their hold of earth-gotten gains; Elizabeth's warm lips took the last dying breath of Julian Frodsham!

CUBA AND THE OSTEND MANIFESTO.

THE party organized under the name of Young America, and recognizing Stephen A. Douglas as its leader, had, as a principal object, the acquisition of Cuba. How that party, in 1853, killed the superannuated leaders of the old Democracy, and then committed suicide by consenting to the nomination of Frank Pierce as their candidate for the Presidency, are matters of history, and I need not repeat them. One had to know, personally, Douglas, Corry, Marshall, and Sanders to appreciate their look of blank dismay and disgust when William A. Marcy was called to the State Department.

General Pierce organized an able Cabinet. The most striking figure was at its head. William A. Marcy had been raised and educated in a school that held principles as a sportsman does money—as so much capital with which to gamble. Thoroughly imbued with such teachings, he had not, probably, a solitary conviction of what was right or wrong in politics, and no impulses to embarrass him in selecting between the two. And yet it is impossible to look over his career, long and varied as it was, and find one act that does not justly claim our approval. All that he accomplished was the result of intellectual effort, and nothing else. Not only as a hard student did he gather to his thoughtful mind the lessons of the past, but as a shrewd observer he understood the events of his day, and appreciated the actors, so as to acquire and exercise influence without resorting to the low arts peculiar to the supple politician. Huge and unwieldy in his person, rough almost to brutality in his manner, with massive head, shaggy eyebrows, and piercing eyes; possessed of a relish for humor, and a power of sarcasm—based on a keen sense of the ludicrous—combined to make the political shams of his day shrink from his presence, and at the same time fear and respect his power. I doubt whether William A. Marcy had a friend, in the popular acceptation of the word, but he had what is much better—a wide circle of earnest supporters who believed him honest and capable.

We can not justly hold a man accountable for his friends. He is responsible for his enemies. The former select him; the latter he selects. How we may be damaged by the kind souls that circumstances or themselves fasten to us, has become proverbial. William A. Marcy managed both classes with admirable judgment. The officious and indiscreet he shook off, while with a premeditation and malice aforethought really artistic, he created his enemies. One of these last was a brother member of the Cabinet—the cold, subtle, and unprincipled Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis.

The cynic believes—is he not right?—that a man is respected in this wicked, cowardly world of ours just in proportion to the harm he can do. Who has ever seen a huge fellow running from a hornet without appreciating this fact? For one act originating in kind impulse, have we not a hundred to which we are driven from a fear of unpleasant consequences? To this may be attributed, in great measure, the success of Governor Marcy and Secretary Davis; and our political friends who practice the amiable virtues might, with advantage, note the fact and study the examples.

Young America had no representative in the Cabinet of Mr. Pierce; but the leaders had too much pluck to be discouraged on that account. As much of the difference between them and the "old fogies" (as the elders of the Democracy were called) was in our foreign policy, an effort was inaugurated to secure one or more representatives in the diplomatic and consular corps. With Governor Marcy at the head of the State Department, this effort would have been fruitless but for the fact that it received the sanction and active co-operation of Mr. Secretary Davis. Pierre Soulé, Senator from

Louisiana, was selected; and the post asked for, that of Minister to Spain. There was something extremely ludicrous in the proposition. Senator Soulé, a Frenchman by birth and education, a Red Republican by profession, and a Democrat in principle, had signalized his career in the Senate by bitter, continuous attacks on the governments of Europe in general, and that of Spain in particular. To send such a man abroad, clothed with powers as a Minister, was the absurdest proposition ever submitted to a civilized nation. It was an insult to the Spanish government, and was so regarded by its proud and irritable people. That this selection should be acquiesced in by Senators and Representatives not in the secret that actuated the appointment, only gives additional proof of our ignorance of the laws and usages of diplomacy. To choose an avowed and bitter enemy as our representative at the court of a friendly power, was to close the door to all usefulness in the Minister. As his appointment was an insult, his presence would be a continued irritation; and one might well be puzzled to know how important information could be obtained, or advantageous negotiations conducted, by such an agent.

It was not intended, however, by the managers of this little affair that Pierre Soulé should waste his time in picking up information or negotiating treaties. He was to procure the acquisition of Cuba, either by purchase or by force. And they were well aware that either process could not in any event be a friendly one. They knew that no class or clique of politicians was to be found in Madrid bold enough to advocate or consent to the loss of this last possession out of the many that had given so wide a space to Spain in the history of conquest. The Spanish grandee, who will live upon garlic to preserve his feathers, and suffer the severest privation rather than soil his hands by labor, is not the man to approach with a proposition based on his weakness or poverty. Young America and the Southern politicians were well aware of this. But Cuba, from the fact that we wanted it, and for no other reason, was a source of constant irritation. Every thirty days the American flag—so dear to the South—was grievously insulted; and, instead of instant reparation or war, it all passed off in stupid negotiations. Young America was too impatient and the South too proud for such delays and such results. They wanted an agent whose knowledge of diplomacy, or rather practice, did not extend beyond a demand for instant apology and indemnity—or his passport. The first they knew would not be given; but the last could be forced, and Mr. Pierre Soulé was well selected for that business.

Read by the light of subsequent events, it is not difficult to understand why Davis, Toombs, Mason, Slidell, and others of the South, favored this abominable design. While Young America, full of honest enthusiasm, promulgated the doctrine of Manifest Destiny, that would not only extend our dominions to the salt-water's edge, but embrace the islands adjacent, the addition of two slave States in Cuba, and no end to slave territory taken from Mexico, would serve to preserve that balance of power upon which, in its estimation, depended the preservation of our Union, the Southern intriguers saw in the acquisition of Cuba further reasons and means for the breaking up of that Union, and the creation of a great empire based on slavery. This design of a confederacy of slave States, originating with John C. Calhoun, had been brooded over by the South for thirty years, and would have assumed shape long before, but for the presence of Henry Clay, whose great mind embraced the entire country, and to whose heart our integrity as a people was dearer than life itself.

Although from his association and support as a politician one might reasonably think otherwise, I do not believe Mr. Soulé was ever affected by these Southern doctrines. He understood them well; and frequently, after his arrival in Paris, called my attention to the designs of Southern leaders. But he believed that, in preserving the balance of power between the free and the slave States, we would strengthen the Union. He held that, while Northern territory should be acquired and given up to free labor, the South should look to Cuba, Mexico, and Central America for the addition of slave States. He believed that, in these events, the Union would be more durable than before.

In spite of the remonstrances from Mr. Marcy, the President gave way to the importunities of Young America and the solicitations of Southern politicians. He appointed Mr. Soulé Minister to Spain.

The Minister was not long without an opportunity for the exercise of his diplomatic talent. The *Black Warrior*, a merchant vessel of the United States, sailing in the waters of Cuba under suspicious circumstances, was fired at and brought to by a Spanish man-of-war. Under the then prevailing doctrine of the sacredness of the flag, and the consequent exemption from the right of search, it was exceedingly easy to get a vessel fired into. Filibusters, pirates, and slavers had only to run up the Stars and Stripes to secure their protection. Any interference was then at the risk of the party interfering. If he fortunately seized a pirate, well and good; but if, on the contrary, he molested an honest bark, woe betide him! —the flag had been insulted, and great was the indignation.

In this instance, the flag so jealously guarded by Southern politicians was grievously insulted. A round shot from a six-pounder had ricochetted across the bows of the vessel carrying that flag; and the skipper, under the shadow of that banner, had been called to account. The country, North and South, was aroused by the indignity; and from the press

and the stump came loud demands for apology. In response to these outcries, Colonel Sumner (since Major-General Sumner) was hurried to Madrid with dispatches, and Young America was jubilant. I asked Mr. Barringer, Pierre Soulé's immediate predecessor, and then in Paris on his way home, if he thought a war likely to grow out of the affair.

"Oh! certainly not."

"I can not well see how it can be avoided. Mr. Soulé will certainly demand an apology, and that will not be given; then he will ask for his passports."

"Hardly. Soulé will first state the circumstance, and ask if the outrage is sanctioned by the Spanish government. The Minister will respond that he is not yet in possession of the facts; he will reply as soon as he receives them. A month will be exhausted in waiting for reliable intelligence; and when this at last arrives a long correspondence will spring up in relation thereto. When, at last, the responsibility *is* settled, the question comes as to the indemnity; and when this, after a tiresome correspondence, is determined upon, the Minister of Foreign Affairs will take up some old claim against our government or citizens, and ask to have it admitted as a set-off. This will be deemed sufficient ground for further correspondence, and by the time it is at an end the *Black Warrior* outrage will have passed from the memory of man."

The shrewd remarks of Mr. Barringer showed considerable knowledge of the Spanish Ministry and European diplomacy. But they exhibited a profound ignorance of Pierre Soulé. The correspondence opened as the ex-Minister predicted. The Minister of Foreign Affairs responded that he was not yet prepared, as he was awaiting later and important intelligence. Mr. Soulé immediately protested. He claimed that the Cuban mail, that left subsequent to the event under consideration, arrived previous to his dispatches; and certainly so grave an event, affecting the peace of two great nations, was not left unexplained by the Captain-General of Cuba. He must insist upon an immediate response. Twenty-four hours after, this peremptory demand remaining unanswered, the Secretary of the American Legation, Mr. Perry, appeared before Calderon de la Barca.

"I am instructed, your Excellency, by the American Minister, to say that he sees no good reason for this extraordinary delay in responding to his note demanding an explanation for the recent insult to our flag. Your Excellency will observe," the Secretary continued, looking at his watch, "that it is now twelve o'clock. At this hour to-morrow, I am instructed to say, I will call again. If the response is not ready, his Excellency wishes his passports."

"My God, young man!" said the startled Minister, "his passports? Does Mr. Soulé mean war? Would he involve these two great powers in a war?"

"I am not instructed by his Excellency as to his intentions, other than what I have already said. I wish your Excellency a good-morning."

The note was received ere the twenty-four hours had passed, and proved entirely satisfactory. There was no excuse for demanding passports; and, alas! no hope of a war.

The fact is, Senator Soulé soon discovered that, between Mr. Secretary Marcy at home and dull, honest, yet experienced Calderon de la Barca as Minister of Foreign Affairs in Madrid, he had more than he could well manage. Calderon, as I have said, was dull and honest; but his long residence at Washington as Minister had given him a correct knowledge of our government and a fair appreciation of our people. He was able, therefore, to meet Soulé successfully, although vastly his inferior in every respect.

I do not recollect, if indeed I ever knew, who proposed the Ostend Convention. The design was that Messrs. Buchanan, Mason, and Soulé should meet at some convenient place, compare notes, and give the administration at Washington the benefit of their information touching the acquisition of Cuba. I can readily imagine the alacrity with which Mr. Secretary Marcy consented to, if he did not suggest this pitfall. He had little faith in Southern politicians, and none whatever in Young America. He despised Buchanan, hated Soulé, and laughed at Mason; and must have chuckled at the thought of exhibiting them to the world as making a proposition as impracticable as it was odious. It would be difficult to conceive, even with a knowledge of the character and antecedents of these men, how they could possibly agree upon any one thing. But it must be remembered that while Soulé had sought the acquisition of Cuba as the representative of a party honestly and enthusiastically imbued with the doctrine of Manifest Destiny—a destiny that would eventually give the continent of North America to one grand, powerful, and perfect republic—Mason was the blind, narrow, and bigoted believer in a Southern Confederacy, and wished Cuba for additional slave States; while Mr. Buchanan, knowing little of, and caring less for either project, was looking anxiously for the Presidency, and had a profound respect for Southern influence, and a wholesome fear of the reckless organization that in the late National Convention had so effectually put a quietus to his political claims.

George Sanders and Mr. Sickles had contrived to bring him in contact with Felix Pyat, Kossuth, young Hugo, Louis Blanc, and other distinguished Red Republicans, whose favorite resort was the house of Mr. Sanders, where dinners were given and duly chronicled, and revolutions plotted; but that the American Minister should partake greatly disgusted my worthy chief in Paris, who roundly asserted that such undignified and unprincipled conduct greatly impaired Mr. Mason's usefulness as a Minister, and retarded his diplomatic work. What this

usefulness and work consisted of would puzzle one to say, unless they were a profound gravity of deportment, and a close imitation of diplomatic life, very difficult to maintain when the actor had any sense of fun in his composition.

The Ostend Convention was an absurdity. What information those three gentlemen could gather up, other than that already possessed by the administration at home, it is difficult to imagine. But when we remember that this trio of sages were not ministers, had no diplomatic power, but were merely the clerks or agents of the State Department, and that even the head of the State Department was only the clerk of the President, and that the President could not move without the sanction of the Senate, the amazement, and next the amusement, of the diplomates in Europe can be appreciated.

It was, in fact, an appeal to the people of the United States, made over the heads of the administration, showing the necessity of seizing upon Cuba, how it could be accomplished, and how such seizure—albeit in the teeth of certain maxims cherished by civilized people—was yet an "honest thing." Unsophisticated people saw in it only a shameful exhibition of unprincipled knavery on the part of these pretended representatives. The immorality of the proceeding does not astound us so much as its intense stupidity. Diplomatic effort has but one moral criterion, and that is Success. We have seen, as every student must see, how governments, while professing the purest and highest regard for rights of all sorts, unhesitatingly trample upon them when their safety or interests seem to demand the sacrifice. But it is something new in history, and unique in diplomacy, to plan a burglary of such magnificent proportions, and to publish the prospectus in advance. That these prominent men should unhesitatingly assume the moral status of our people to be on a level with such a paper, and give the world to understand that such an appeal would be popular, was most infamous; and that Mr. Secretary Marcy should have consented to the act seems incredible, unless he saw in it, as he probably did, the willful suicide of these obnoxious politicians.

The Convention assembled. I was to have been its secretary, but declined in favor of Mr. D. K. M'Rea, American Consul at Paris. Mr. Soulé came prepared with an elaborate document, but with the tact and penetration peculiar to him, he submitted it to Mr. Buchanan with an earnest request that he would adopt it, and consider it merely a few thoughts hastily thrown together, and from them, as from the rough ore, produce the finished coin of his own creation. The ponderous Pennsylvanian, completely carried away by the flattery, worked out the Manifesto. It is a singular fact that this document, as it originally stood in the handwriting of Mr. Buchanan, did not exhibit one redeeming feature. The most abandoned criminal could scarcely have thrown out a more bare-faced plea in behalf of villainy than did this so-called statesman of Pennsylvania. Born and raised in a free State, where all his early and better associations ought surely to have endeared freedom to him, he yet sold himself to Southern masters—and for what?—and placed on record in this notorious Manifesto his conviction that our possession of Cuba was a necessity, in order to perpetuate slavery there; for its seizure by any other power would most likely result in the emancipation of its slaves; and such a menace to our peculiar institution threatened injury and danger to our government, and hence there was no remedy for the evil but a forced purchase or seizure of the island.

The original draft, in the handwriting of Mr. Buchanan, was corrected here and there by Mr. Soulé, who endeavored to soften it somewhat by a few moral paragraphs and rather pious reflections; while traces might be seen of Judge Mason's pen correcting a few verbal inaccuracies. The naked deformity of the thing seems to have shocked even the Frenchman. Judge Mason can scarcely be held accountable. It depended very much whether it was before or after dinner that he signed the paper. But Mr. Buchanan offered himself unhesitatingly and shamelessly for sale. The Presidency was his object; that secured, he cared little for the disasters he brought upon the republic, even should the gratification of his vanity and ambition involve the very destruction of the republic itself.

The Ostend Manifesto was received with grins by the diplomatic circles of Europe, and ridiculed and abused at home. The trap intended for Mr. Marcy caught those who made it.

"I have read your paper, gotten up at Ostend, with great interest," said Drouyn de L'Huys, gravely, to Mr. Mason, "and I must say that it is able and clear. I never before understood your American policy."

This was too much even for the simple mind of the Virginian diplomate; but restraining his wrath until he reached his carriage, he turned to me and said, emphatically,

"D—n his impudence!"

One of the Commission, however, was eminently successful. At the National Democratic Convention following its publication, Mr. Buchanan, its reputed author, received the nomination as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. Young America was true to its pledge; and the Southern politicians saw in this man a creature they could mould to their own traitorous purposes—even then clearly defined. They were not mistaken. The Minister who had unhesitatingly appended his signature to his own degradation, in the hope of such a reward as was eventually given him, occupied the Presidential chair in stolid indifference for four years; while, to his knowledge, the most active preparations were being made for the destruction of the government that had so honored him.

"I am the last President of the United States!" he said, in a tone indicative of triumph rather than of sorrow.

A WORD FOR GRANDFATHERS.

EVERY man is bound to have a grandfather on each side of the house, whether he knows it or not; yet every man is not bound to be a grandfather. Your father and your mother, dear reader, surely had each a father, yet you may have no children of your own, or, if you have children, they may not have any. I never saw either of my grandfathers, and have never been made particularly acquainted with their personal traits. I am glad to think of them as rejoicing a hundred and a hundred and three years ago, in their different homes in the same country village, over the birth of the little boy and girl who some twenty-five years afterward were to be joined in marriage, and to have thirteen children, myself the twelfth of them. To me, therefore, a grandfather seems to be as remote and venerable as the antediluvians, and Noah and Abraham are as near to my imagination and to my affections as they.

Such being my very solemn idea of a grandfather, I never expected to be one; or, if I might ever chance to rise to that august dignity, I supposed that it would imply venerable old age, with one foot in the grave and the other foot on the brink. But the awful experience has come. To my amazement I am a grandfather, and a very decided one too, yet with none of the expected marks. I am quite sure of being backed up by hundreds of my readers in similar plight, when I declare that I never felt younger in my life, never enjoyed nature, art, society so much, and that this chubby little fellow whom I found in my daughter's arms on my return from abroad, and who has so saucily pulled my beard and laughed in my face instead of holding out to me a ticket-of-leave from life as a superannuated dotard, is a pledge to me of new youth, and from this fresh and sparkling cup of child glee I drink new joy that makes me young again.

I dreamed of this little fellow often before he came, and wherever in England and on the Continent the litany of the English Church was read, the one petition that presents the mother's hope before God always came home to my heart. The word of his birth was duly sent, but by strange mishap it was delayed several weeks from the misdirection of four or five letters, and not till reaching Florence, in October, did I know the good news. One likes to associate household experiences with exalting names and institutions, and there was no presumption surely in bearing the thought of the child and mother the next day into the charming old church of Santa Croce, and commending them to God's blessing there. Dante, I believe, saw the beginning of that famous shrine, and although his bones still remain in exile at Ravenna, his statue stands in colossal majesty before that church, and his stately monument appeals to you as you enter the door. It is fair for every one to speak honestly his own experience, and I can honestly say that Dante has for years been with us a household name and face, and it seemed to me right to take him into our family secret, and expect him to join in the stranger's thanksgiving and prayer at that shrine. I have taught my children to love and honor him for his strength and gentleness, his peerless sense of the worth of woman, and his illuminated and enraptured devotion. We generally remembered his festival in our country home, and this very girl of mine, who has a charmed touch for flowers, had sometimes twined a garland for the rock that bears his sculptured name. There was comfort in this remembrance, and I did not ask the Pope to absolve me from the sin of thinking more of the benediction that the great poet's spirit seemed to whisper in my ear than of that which the robed priest intoned from the altar in his morning mass.

At Rome and Naples the new treasure went with me, and I know that I do no wrong to thousands of my readers in affectionate families in taking them into my confidence, and in believing that they will think me no more in my dotage than they are. It was pleasant to find some American children in Rome, and I do not know when I have been more impressed than by going with a large American family into the catacomb of St. Calixtus, and seeing these little ones running about with wax tapers in their hands among the graves of children younger than themselves, and buried there by pious hands some sixteen or seventeen hundred years ago. Among other inscriptions there was the familiar symbol of Christian faith, the name of Christ in monogram, known as Chi Ro — ☧, and I was glad to find this in a Roman store inlaid in mosaic in a pretty jewel for our boy—his grandfather's first gift.

How full of events a few weeks may be! and if you add the ten or twelve days' time required for a letter to reach Europe, and the ten or twelve days required for your passage home, you have nearly a month of interval between hearing from home and reaching there. How many things may have happened during that interval! and while you are at sea you are out of reach of the telegraph, and the marvelous wire under the ocean has no word to say to the ships that are coursing over the ocean bed. How eagerly and anxiously the returning traveler snatches the first newspaper that the pilot brings to him far out at sea! and how great is his relief to find no record of disaster or death to any one whom he knows and loves! In eleven days our good ship reached the New York dock; and what face was ever more welcome to a returning pilgrim than the young mother's face there, whose smile, with her two sisters', told that all was well in the home! The grandfather and the grandchild were soon introduced, and it was more than love at first sight, such as romancers tell of; for it was love that had come before sight, and which sight only confirmed.

In due time came the baptism. After a severe storm the clouds vanished, and a charming sunshine looked upon us through our windows

on Sunday afternoon, as we met for this service. The company was small, yet characteristic; and besides the father and mother, two grandfathers and two grandmothers, there was a great-grandmother, from whose benign face looked so many years of Heaven's blessing, with a love that was amply answered by children, and children's children, and their children. The baptized child did his part well, and in one respect remarkably so. While his grandfather, who was the officiating minister, said the words of the service, the little fellow held the Byzantine cross in his hand, and looked the minister all the while full in the face, as if wholly aware of the importance of the transaction, and quite determined to be a good soldier under the great commission. One said, "It is the child's angel guardian that moves him to do this;" but a smart grandmother said, "The baby thought that you were talking to him, and so he looked at you and listened all the while."

This little boy is but a specimen of the great host of little Americans that come to our hearts and homes, to renew the first loves of parents and children, and interpret to us the inexhaustible fullness of true life. Gather together, you great and goodly company, who are interested in the grandchild in your own house, and let us help each to a better understanding of the meaning and the richness of this relation. We will not begin with the creation or the deluge, nor undertake to give a history of grandfathers and grandchildren since the day of Enoch; nor will we go into the philosophy of the parental love, that is the key to the whole matter. We know that we love our children, first of all, from a certain instinct, because they are ours; and we know that while with the lower animals this love ceases with the dependence of the young animal upon the parent for aliment, with the human being the love deepens as the relation of parent and child is ripened and strengthened by growing sympathy and mutual service. Now this very affection that we have for our own children does not rest in them alone, as they grow in years and knowledge and rise into youth and maturity. We still yearn for a little child to love, and there is a void in the house where there is none. Good Providence has benignly met this need of our nature by ordaining that when our children grow up their place shall be supplied, or rather truly filled, by children of theirs, and so the child is not set aside, but rather restored in the grandchild.

I do not exactly know how to analyze the kind of affection that is so ready to cling to a grandchild. We love that little fellow at once, without waiting for moralist or theologian to define the feeling or urge the duty. He is blood of our blood and bone of our bone, and in the form that most expresses dependence and wins protection. He is the child of our child, and we love him for our sake, for his mother's or father's sake, as well as for his own sake. We see in him not only himself, but the whole world of affection with which he is related. In that boy or girl in our daughter's arms we see as in a mirror the face of our daughter when she was in her mother's arms; and that mother's face smiles again upon us with new grace, whether from the earthly home or from the heavenly mansion.

Then this child is nearer our heart from being an interpreter of the plan of God for our human life. He shows to us how it is that God is ever educating us for himself, and calling us to live in fresh and undying affection by ever setting, like Jesus, a little child in the midst of us. If we have only our own children to love, the time will come when they will grow up and be full of new interests and cares that may come between them and our hearts. When these children of ours have children their affections are softened, and their hearts are quickened toward us and ours toward them by this new attraction, that sends a child into the family not to be the rival of any, but the friend of all. Sometimes, indeed, the leaven of rivalry does come in with the grandchild, and a second marriage interferes with the grandchild's place, by bringing a new crop of children into the house. Here opens upon us a practical question that we may as well meet manfully at once, this question of second marriages.

It surely seems to be the true order of life that grandchildren should come generally when children cease to be born of the grandparents; and at the age of forty-five, which is about as early as a woman may expect to be a grandmother, she may reasonably expect to have won her maternal honors, and entered upon the list of retired but not indolent dignities. If a stray lamb, however, does come into the old fold at that autumnal season, be it heartily welcome, and the child and the grandchild make merry together in the dance that joins two generations in one. But is it well for people to form new connections that virtually put the first children away from the heart and home, and bring a young wife into the place of the venerable mother who has gone? It may be of little use to moralize upon this subject, or try to reason on any matter connected with our strongest passions; but every little helps, and this poor word of mine may open the eyes of some man or woman who is about to play the fool. I will put the case to any reasonable man who is father of a family, and who at a grave age finds himself a widower. Suppose him to be sixty years old, with half a dozen children who look to him for affection and support. Shall he marry again or not? He can be wise in his course, and he can be very foolish. He can use his experience and reason, and either not marry at all, and trust to a daughter or sister to preside over his house, or he may marry some sensible and companionable lady of congenial years, who will secure to him sociality and affection without the passion and the liabilities that go with young blood.

He may do this, or he may tumble over head and ears into love, as madly as when he was twenty-one years of age, with the first pretty girl that he meets upon any terms of confidence. Balzac says that the most dangerous period of a man's passions is between fifty and sixty, since then the senses have not lost their fire, while the fancy and imagination have lost much of their controlling, exalting, and refining sway. But he does not adequately state the danger; for not only do the senses stir strongly at that age, but the fancy and imagination in many men, and perhaps especially in men of culture, are in full play not only then but long after; and men, and women too, have been famous sentimentalists and lovers at the very age of threescore and ten, when they ought to be meditating upon grim Death and his dart, rather than upon the chubby face of Cupid and his arrow. Elderly men may certainly fall madly in love, and make complete fools of themselves, by marrying young girls and tending babies of their own, when it would be far more proper for them to be content with playing with their grandchildren. It is natural enough for a young man to be a little out of his head with love, and we laugh at young people in all charity when we remember our own moon-struck period, and think that these twinges, like those of the toothache, are not fatal to life. But old men in love are in a ridiculous plight, and their trouble may increase instead of ceasing with time; for while love should raise a young man to new dignity as a husband and father, it entangles an old man in unseemly pleasures and untimely cares.

We must not be illiberal toward elderly men; and every man must have some genuine womanly heart to care for him, whether it be in a mother, daughter, sister, or wife. A true man, however old, can rarely fail of having such a heart in his home, and he will not need to marry a giddy girl to save himself from being wholly alone, or else regarded as a supernumerary in a family that will be more at ease, and perhaps richer, by having him away or in his grave. The grandchild can help him often out of his perplexity by giving him a new object of love, and a fresh hold on the old affection for his child. He can thus have the affection, without the labor and anxiety of his years of direct care for his children; and love survives and thrives, while the severity of its first labor is lost.

Then, moreover, a genial grandfather has full opportunity to refresh his social affections in the society that comes to him with his new and dignified condition. He is thrown among children and young people in a way befitting his character. He has little playmates that throw the sunshine and the dew of childhood upon his path, and he meets the companions of his children upon a worthy and agreeable footing, with that due access to sprightly and refined female society which is so good for the spirits of all men, however old or young. Our principle, therefore, although somewhat exacting, is not narrow or morose, but broad and liberal, and we insist upon making more instead of less of this much-abused human life under our grandfatherly code. We insist upon making the old man young again by giving him a young playmate, who shall make him merry as well as wise indoors and out of doors, who shall reopen his old stores of funny tales by the fireside, and pull him out upon the lawn or into the garden and grove, and sing over to him the old songs, and rehearse to him the old primers of nature and the schools. If a thoughtful man of fifty-five or sixty will watch carefully the growth and development of a bright child, note all the motions of instinct, intelligence, and affection, and do what he can to teach and train the little one, he will be surprised to find himself learning quite as much as he teaches; and the Grandfather Whiteheads have already made for themselves a name in our household literature.

There is great comfort for an elderly man's languid or invalid hours in the thought that he can still be of use to a young creature whom he loves, and who is learning to love him. He may not be strong enough to make his usual business appointments, or brilliant enough to meet his accomplished friends, but he can make an appointment with this little play-fellow, and meet him in the nursery and on the green on equal terms. If he is so old and infirm as to be out of place in the gay circle, he is not out of place where he is loved, and his face is always lovely to the child to whom he has ever been loving, and who interprets looks by the heart back of them, not by the shows upon and around them. Great and unceasing may be also the grandmother's joy in this companionship, for she is a mother still, and has the doting heart and exhaustless powers of pleasing that come to her by nature, and are so trained and enlarged by experience. When she takes the grandchild into her arms she rehearses the story of her own maternal life, and fondles her own first children over again in this new sprig from their tree.

Instead of finding my grandfatherly dignity interfering with the freshness and geniality of life, it seems to be quite otherwise, and already very pleasant associations have gathered around this new hope. A few weeks ago I met a lady whom I knew in her girlhood as one of two sisters, a blonde and a brunette, who were belles of mark. The brunette seemed to me as bright and handsome as ever, yet she told me that she had lately became a grandmother, and a child had been born to her eldest son. My memory may be a bore to my readers, yet I must tell you that I knew well not only this son, but also his young wife, when they were children, and I can recall a charming summer day when I sat with this girl's mother by a river's bank in the country with a young party, and we were all young and a little romantic too. That was long ago; but even now, at this sober time of life, I have enjoyed this late little walk and chat with this

lively brunette grandmother, and told her that I was glad to see her keep up so well the credit of her class, and prove that grandparents must not be, of necessity, as old as Methuselah and as wrinkled as the mummied mothers of the Pharaohs.

Again, I met, on returning from abroad, a valued friend whose daughter was married about a year before, and we interchanged greetings with a heartiness that we never knew until we had been lifted to the same dignity by Heaven's blessing on our children's marriage. We had a good long talk together, and he afterward asked me to a grandparents' dinner on the anniversary of his own birth and of his daughter's marriage. It seemed odd thus to go to an old folks' party; but we went from our house as grandpapa and grandmamma, and had a good time. Bountiful and beautiful was the feast, a banquet of luxuries; and above all ornaments towered the especial symbol of the occasion—a sugar cradle with a baby in it, miniature of the *sweet* little fellow who had been presented to the guests before dinner. Here, too, memory played its pranks, and showed me in her mirror this blooming young mother as she was when a little girl with waving ringlets and rosy cheeks, and during the whole interval until, a year ago, she knelt with her husband and attendant young men and maidens at the chancel of our beautiful church, and received God's blessing upon a marriage after the good old Christian pattern, without any modern conditions or abridgments. In Heaven's name keep the old sanctity that joins the altar and the home together, and makes husband and wife one in the authority that is loving and in the love that is authoritative. When that goes there is not much in the world that will be worth living for, and chaos may as well come again.

So it is that we have some gleams of sunshine and springs of sparkling water as we tread what is called the down-hill of life. But why take that view of our cause, and think that in any serious sense a man goes down of necessity as he grows old? Why not rather maintain that we ought always to be making progress; and even when the senses are dim or slack, the mind and heart may keep their vision and quicken their love? Would it not be a good thing, in this day of conventions of all sorts of people on all sorts of subjects, to call a grandfathers' convention to consider the interests and urge the true principles of that great and growing class of the community? Suppose that Europe and America should combine their patriarchal wisdom, and gray heads from Russia, Germany, Italy, France, England, and all the great nations should sit in council with the gray heads of our America as to their best course in view of the circumstances of their position! There would be need of naturalists and physicians to lay down the laws of health and vigor for old age; economists to show how important it is for a man to secure an independent income, however small, for his closing years, and keep the reins in his own hands as long as he lives; men of society to illustrate our social characteristics, and prove that our elders should be well washed and brushed and dressed, and keep their manners and their affections in trim for all good fellowship; moralists and theologians to interpret the life and method of the intellect and will, and prove that, in the best sense of the word, we ought to be always making progress, and ever entering into true life, and never say die to any noble impulse, thought, or purpose. With all that is said about the irreverence and impatience of our young people, and the disposition to push fathers and mothers, and much more grandfathers and grandmothers, aside, to make way for upstart girls and boys, there is still a place, and an enlarging place, for elderly people; and I was much struck by the remark of that model grandfather of American letters, Mr. Bryant, to me not long ago, that there was an increasing regard in America for age; and he seemed himself to be having a good time of it, as well he may, after his exemplary life. Old as he is—some seventy-five years—he is young as ever for nature, humanity, and God; and writes and talks and walks more freshly than the host of sophomores whose eyes are bloodshot with much wine, and whose nerves tremble with vicious excitement. He is putting the finishing touches to his version of the Iliad; and his free, unhackneyed senses and mind make him at home with old Homer, and the two are old boys together at the feet of great Mother Nature.

It seems to me that as a man grows old, and has his children's children before him, he should secure that highest dignity and joy that comes from leaning like a child upon the Divine Providence and grace, and so make his very dependence a source of strength. If he adds this filial spirit to habits of careful activity and elevating thought and genial charity, he will find that his latter years may be his best, and he gives and takes as much blessing as in the flush of his youthful enthusiasm, or the prime of his manly ambition. If he backs himself up by his best social allies, keeps near the Christian Church and its best ministers, and, above all, enlarges his direct communications with heaven, he may be quite sure that he is not outstaying his time on earth, and the grandfather is not, in his case, the "superfluous veteran" that "lags upon the stage." He and his grandchild then have the same heart and hope, and are entering into the same blessed life, as they kneel down together and say the same filial prayer with the same filial love to the Father in heaven.

The little fellow who has called out this perhaps prosy essay seems to take kindly to his grandfather, and to make especially merry at the sight of him, as a welcome variation from the young faces usually about him. He smiles quite in his own way, and sends out a light from his deep blue eyes that is as sunshine from the eternal love. Then he crows, and tries to prattle, and winds up with a stout pull at the beard.

In his bath he is quite antic, and is as free and easy there in the water as if it were true that man is but a developed tadpole, and has a good right to swim in his cradle. But when asleep he awakens most thought, and he sets me into many a reverie, however little his infant head may have in it of the stuff that dreams are made of. What will be his future and mine? how far shall we educate each other, and in what way? shall I live to see him grown up and in college, and perhaps out of it? or shall I survive him and follow him to the grave? I know not, but will dream the best. God keep him and bless him, and grant me his love while I live and when I die!

In Rouen, Normandy, there is a wonderful old church, named for St. Gervais, I think, and famous as the place where William the Conqueror died, and as having in its crypt (itself an old Roman relic) the bodies of two primitive martyrs. It was a startling thought that there, on that spot, the conqueror of proud England breathed his last; and there, under the present edifice, in the remains of an older building, the blood of martyrs had been enshrined. I looked at all the ancient memorials reverently, and examined the work of restoration now going forward upon the building on so liberal a scale. I then went into the large cemetery near by, whose gateway was so beautiful with roses, and found myself in the midst of proofs of the love of those Normans for their dead. Every where inscriptions, vases, flowers, pictures, statues, spoke the affection that does not allow death to part the family, and keeps the dead on the lips and in the faith and affections. I remember better than any thing else there, better than all the ambitious monuments, urns, and inscriptions, a wreath of *immortelles* bearing the words, "To my dear Grandfather." Are there not a great many of my readers who can join me in wishing that such young love as that little Norman grandchild's may cheer them to the last, and outlast their earthly lamp by its own kindly ray?

So ends this Word for Grandfathers.

"FAIS TON FAICT."

THROUGH the window poured the sunshine, on the blank walls' glaring white,
But his eyelid never quivered in the fierce, unsparing light;
On his easel, on his pencils, on his scanty, careless dress,
As if inquisition making for each item of distress,
Poured the sunshine; but his still face fronted all that noonday glare
With the look that throws a shadow forward on the glowing air.

Set where his last look might reach it, on the easel shone a face
That brought in all Heaven's riches to that man-forsaken place.
The Archangel leaning forward, all his heavenly brow was bare,
For it seemed a wind of glory blew back all his shining hair;
Needing not to smile, so clearly (though men's wailing did not cease)
Heaven's love lay all around them, toward the which he wrought in peace.

Through the window, in the distance, the grand outline of the dome
Told the story how the sleeper left the North to die in Rome.

Bowing low before the altar, if she may but choke her tears,
Kneels a woman, shuddering inly, as the priest's clear words she hears:
"Lift up your hearts!" The answer comes, "We lift them up to Thee."
"Nay, Lord, Thou seest we can not lift our own hearts up," moans she.
Clutching back again her stillness that those piercing words had broken,
Silent, waiting for the blessing that at last is spoken,
Slow she turns, and wendeth homeward through the wintry streets,
And she wears no look beseeching pity of the few she meets,
And none notice where the tears left (that she did not wipe) their streaks,
Nor the pangs of patience written on her weary brow and cheeks;
For, left lonely, she entreateth of God's grace to grant her this,
That she cast not on her fellows her sore weight of miseries.

Lo! the woman stands transfigured; on her wall hath flashed the face
That shone in that Roman chamber, on a less forsaken place.
All the bright brow shineth on her, as the sun may shine in spring;
All her heart goes out to meet it, filled with thankful wondering.
Drop by drop the warm blood stirreth once again in every vein;
The warm tears pour down her pale face, as God sends a gracious rain
On the parched earth, and she speaketh: "Now, O gracious Lord! I know,
Since Thou didst send such a vision to some mortal here below,
He and Thou and I forever are bound together in thy love,
And I know my angel waiteth for me in the realms above."

Then two spirits that were serving in the ranks of angelhood,
With fresh sense of joy and blessing thrilled through all their heavenly mood,
Even like bright clouds filled with sunrise, so they lightened in their place—
One because he loved that woman, one because he drew that face.

"ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR."

PAUL DOUGLAS had been a rising man in the political life of the United States—a politician outside the professional arena, indeed, but still an author and writer after the pattern somewhat of the French journalist, who does not usually affect to stand aloof altogether from the vehement turmoil of parties, and to stop his nostrils against the smoke of the encounter. He had been a rising man; but he suddenly withdrew from the field, gave up the game, and obtained a modest appointment as United States consul in a sea-port on the west coast of France. He had the good fortune, if it might under the circumstances be called so, to retain the post under a new administration, and had now been nearly seven years rocking himself at ease, like the fat weed on Lethe's wharf—a harmless, do-little official in a dull foreign sea-port. He wrote hardly any thing, read a good deal of "forgotten lore," occupied himself in nowise for the benefit of his fellows—although there was a time when he was ardent enough about the human race, and even still he wished well to all—and, in short, led a very barren kind of life. I have compared him to the weed on Lethe's wharf. In truth, Paul Douglas had accepted the consulship he held in the hope that the unclean and fishy sea-port might prove a Lethe's wharf to him. Which of course it did not. I do not know why the waters of oblivion should be pictured or sung of as a slow and stagnant pool. A raging, raving cataract, a thundering sea dashing on a broken coast, would be more like the thing. Oblivion is not brought about by quiet, but by storm and unceasing struggle and wild confusion and commotion. Paul Douglas thought he could find oblivion in dullness, and he was mistaken.

Not a great distance from the dull sea-port was a brilliant and fashionable bathing-place, where Douglas hardly ever went. If nothing else would have kept him away from it, he would have avoided it because so many of his own country people were always to be found there in the season.

One summer morning, perhaps three or four years ago, Mr. Douglas, who was now growing just a little bald on the temples and gray in the beard, received a letter from the principal hotel in the bathing resort I have mentioned. He opened and read:

"You will be surprised to receive a letter from me, my dear old friend; but I can not think merely of past grievances now, and I can't stand on ceremony. I want to see you, at once. Don't be alarmed—it is nothing—only I am dying. Dying, dear Paul, here, almost alone, and I want to see you, and to say something to you which you must carry back for me to the dear country I shall never see more. Forgive me; don't scorn me or scold at me; but come and say a kindly word of farewell and hear my message.

"Sincerely yours,

"IDA MAYNARD KING."

Mr. Douglas put the letter down, and a hot flush poured itself over his face. His first thought was one of which he felt ashamed in a moment, and which yet was excusable, indeed perhaps inevitable. The thought was, "Is this true—or is she only once more playing a part?" Then he crushed this thought, and tried to realize to himself the awful fact that Ida Maynard was dying; the strange, sad fact that he was summoned to her dying bed.

For she had destroyed his whole life. She had made of him the mouldering wreck, the dull, prematurely-aging, humdrum creature that he was. Ten years ago she was the most brilliant and gifted woman in the circle of society to which she belonged, and into which Paul Douglas had entered. She encouraged Douglas, as she encouraged every body; she liked his attentions and played with him, and at the very moment when he was nearly mad with mingled hope and doubt she calmly turned away from him and married Mr. King, a brainless, characterless rich man. Poor Douglas had not observed that there were other victims as well as himself; that he had perhaps nothing very particular to complain of. He only saw his own maddening disappointment, and he could not bear it. He threw up the game of life, and became as the weed on Lethe's wharf.

Something he had heard of his old love in the mean time. He had heard that her husband and she did not get on very well together; that the husband complained bitterly of her coquetry and frivolity, and she of his gambling and his ill tempers; that at last they had agreed to live asunder, and that she spent her winters chiefly in New York, and her summers at Saratoga or some such place, while her husband generally remained in Europe; that her levity and her extravagance were harshly judged by most of those who had once been her friends. This much he had heard, vaguely, piecemeal, and at long intervals, for he saw few Americans, except those whom his official duties forced him to meet. He was grieved and shocked at her falling off, and it made him still less inclined than before to think of returning to his own country. And now he was to meet her again; and she was dying.

He hurried to the place. He found her not in the worst inn's worst room, but in the best inn's best room; but none the less a broken creature, lying under sentence of instant death. The eyes, once so soft and bright, were now wild and ghastly, the face haggard and wan, with that livid, unreal appearance which the use of paint leaves behind it when paint is used no more; the hands miserably thin; only the glorious dark brown hair, with the kind of golden aura about it, remained just the same as ever. Death's pale flag was not advanced there.

She had been dying of consumption for months, he learned. And she had come to this place in the hope of finding her husband there, to whom she would fain be reconciled. When she came, he left the place, and declared that he would not see her. This was a new shock, and she fell under it. She had an hour or two

of returning strength on the day when she wrote to Paul Douglas.

They were now alone.

"Dear Mr. Douglas—dear Paul—good old friend!" she said, taking his hand in both hers. "Don't give way—*I* don't." In truth the tears were rushing to Paul's eyes, while she was very calm. "I only wish I had died long ago! I acted wrongly to you, Paul; but you will forgive me? There are two others to whom I acted far more wrongly; and one, my husband, will never forgive me—although the only sin I ever committed against him was in marrying him when I did not love him. The other would forgive me if he could know—and I want you to tell him, when you see him—and you will try to see him, will you not?—that I loved him only, and always, when living, and now love him when dying. It was my vanity, my folly, my passion for extravagance, my mean ambition which made me turn away from him. He never knew that I loved him; he thought me only a flirt toward him as toward others; and I want you now to tell him the truth. Will you do this? It may pain you, perhaps, but still—"

"*May* pain me!" thought Douglas, with agonized heart.

"I ask you because you are the only one I could trust, even if others were near. Will you not do this for me?" She spoke with such difficulty and gasping that he could sometimes hardly catch her words; and although the nurse, who was in the room at a little distance, spoke no English, yet the dying woman endeavored to whisper her message into Douglas's ear:

"Surely, dear Ida, I will say any thing you wish. Don't think of me—only tell me what I am to say, and to whom I am to say it."

"Yes; but listen—I want him to know it only if he still—oh, you must understand!—if he still thinks of me. If he has not turned against me, and rooted me from his heart. If, through all these years, he still thinks of me, and—and loves me, then I should wish him to know how dearly I loved him and how deeply repent."

"Am I to ask him?"

"No, no. But he used to wear—I know he used—a lock of my hair, which I allowed him to take one day; and he had it set in a locket, with the initials of my name; and if he thinks of me still he will still wear *that*. You can find out. Oh yes, you can!—easily—some way. And if he does—oh, then—" Her voice became so weak, her gasping so oppressive, that the nurse hurried to the bed.

"But, Ida, dear Ida, you have not told me his name," said Douglas, eagerly.

"*Silence, Monsieur*," whispered the nurse; "*elle meurt!*"

It was true. She died, and had not told her secret after all.

Paul Douglas resigned his consulship soon after he had seen the remains of his old love consigned to a grave in the Protestant cemetery of the place where she died. He shook off his inactivity. That death-bed scene had, he could hardly tell how, filled him once again with his old convictions of duty to man and society and Heaven. And he was ashamed of the petulant, romantic manner in which he had abandoned every thing in mere disappointment and passion. He returned to his own country, and worked there for every good cause that presented itself.

The message of the dying woman he had not delivered. How could he deliver it? He did not know the name. He had no hint at the identity of the man for whom it was intended. He thought over the names and characters of all poor Ida's admirers—alas! *nomen illis legio!*—for whom she seemed to show any kind of marked preference; but none of them appeared likely to be the one on whom she had truly set her heart. Many of them—such of them, indeed, as he could reach—he sought out and established a sort of friendship with. And he took occasion to talk of her and to tell of her sad death; and he watched in vain for any expression that could light him to his end. Most of the old lovers were married now, and had only a gentle friendly memory of poor Ida; some still felt bitterly, and spoke very harshly of her; one or two had almost forgotten her. Some of them clearly had been no more in earnest in their love affairs than poor Ida Maynard herself.

"In truth, Douglas," said one of this latter class, one evening, "she was very brilliant and fascinating, of course; no man could well keep his senses while he was near her; but I doubt if many of us really loved her—in the true sense, I mean. I don't think I should have liked to marry her at any time—I should have been afraid to trust her—shouldn't you?"

"No; I don't think so. At least I think a man whom she loved, and who had intellect and force of character, might have trusted her, and would have found in her a true companion and a noble wife."

"Do you, really? Well, one would like to think so now. I thought she had no heart, and couldn't love any body."

"You were wrong there, quite wrong," said Douglas, softly.

"Then, if she really cared for any body, Douglas, it positively must have been you."

"Indeed it was not. She never cared for me—never."

"Well, she ought to have. It was just like her not to—poor thing. Of all her admirers I have often thought that nobody really loved her but you, Douglas, and Jack Clement; and she treated poor Jack shamefully—used to make a mere laughing-stock of him."

"Yes; she never seemed to appreciate poor Jack at all; and yet he was a fine, manly fellow."

"Of course; but when you have called him

'poor Jack' you have said all. If he had been rich Jack, she would have married him fast enough, even though she disliked him twice as much."

"What became of Jack Clement?"

"Oh, he got over the affair soon enough. He was looking hale and brown when I saw him last. He has been out in the West exploring for paths for new railways, and hunting buffaloes, and fighting with Indians, and all that."

"A curious sort of life for such a man—a reader, a scholar, a sort of philosopher. I used to think, at one time, that Jack Clement was destined one day to become an American Herbert Spencer or Buckle."

"Yes, just so. Every one thought I was destined to go to the dogs, and I haven't gone, after all."

So that conversation dropped, and Douglas at last said to himself: "I may as well give up the search. I can find no one; I can think of no one to whom that message ought to be given. If the right man is ever to be found, he will come in my way; I can do no more."

Not long after this Paul Douglas made one of an expedition across the continent from Chicago to the Pacific. This was, of course, before the opening of the railway, and, indeed, before the works of the line had been carried to any considerable distance on either side. They went through Indian territory, and the Indians were very troublesome just then. They reached one station only in time to be too late for a sharp fight which had been waged between a small emigrant party and a whole swarm of Indians. The emigrants, aided by the few soldiers who were at hand and two or three travelers, had succeeded in driving off the savages without much loss to themselves. One of the travelers, however, saw that two of the Indians were carrying off a little girl. Shouting to his companions to follow he rushed impetuously to the rescue; shot one of the Indians, seized the girl, and was severely wounded in the act of rescuing her. His companions came up, the Indians all fled, the girl was brought back more frightened than hurt—and Jack Clement was mortally wounded.

For it was the Jack Clement of whom Douglas had been speaking; the old friend, the whilom scholar and philosopher. He had flung away his life in doing a brave, good deed; and when Douglas came up he was lying under the roof of the old shanty, past hope, past cure, and perfectly resigned, cheerful, and calm. His eyes brightened when he saw Douglas, whom he recognized in a moment, although they had not met for years, and a warm, silent hand-pressure was exchanged.

"I haven't long to live," said Jack, "and I don't think I am particularly sorry for it. But I want to say a few words to you, Douglas, alone."

The hut was cleared, and the friends were left together.

Douglas waited in silence, with moist eyes.

"Look here, old friend," Jack faintly began—and he seemed to gather a little strength as he went on—"there's a bond uniting you and me which gives me a claim on you. We both loved the same woman, and we both had the same fate, or much the same, and we both threw our lives away in disappointment. I might have been something better—although I don't know how I could have died any better way—but I don't blame her! I love her too much—I love her now as warmly as ever! Well, you may meet her one day—and if you should, I want you to tell her that I never blamed her, that it was no fault of hers if she could not love a fellow like me—that I never believed a word that was breathed against her—never!—and that I died loving her and praying for her happiness and blessing her!"

Douglas could have heard the beating of his own heart. Far less composed was he than the man who was so soon to die. A strange light broke in upon him, and he anticipated already the revelation that was coming.

"There was one day," Jack Clement went on to say, after a moment's pause, "when I thought, at least I almost thought for an instant, that she loved me. She let me cut off a lock of her hair—oh, beautiful brown hair!—and I had it put into a locket with her initials. I showed her the locket, and she was not angry, only smiled very kindly. It was all only mere kindness and friendship on her part, as I soon found out; but just for a moment I mistook it. Douglas, I have kept that locket with me always; I am wearing it now—and I want you to be sure that it is buried with me, and to tell *her* so when you see her—I mean, *if* you see her. That's all, old friend; and now good-by!"

"Oh, Jack, my dear friend, *you* will see her before I do! She is not living, Jack—she is dead—and she loved you only, and loved you always!"

The dying man started up, almost sprang up, with sudden feverish energy, and caught Douglas's hand, and gazed into his face with eager, gleaming eyes, that had an expression of wild hope and wonder in them.

"She has gone before me! she loved me!" he exclaimed. "You are not deceiving me, Douglas? Man, that would be mistaken kindness! I was resigned and ready to die: I was happy to die. You would not disturb and disappoint me?"

"Heaven knows I would not."

"But it can not be so, Douglas. You must be deceived. It can not be so!"

"It is so, Jack Clement, as surely as there is a Power above. Not many months ago I stood by her dying bed as now I stand by yours; and with her dying breath and in deep regret for a wasted past, she told me of a love that could not die—a love for you; and she bade me seek you out, and, if you still held faithful to her memory, tell you all the truth! Jack Clement,

you know all now. Ida Maynard lived and died loving you!"

A sweet peculiar smile passed over Clement's face.

"Then I shall meet her," he whispered; "and I must not delay here any longer, for she is waiting for me!"

That night Paul Douglas buried in the desert the body of his friend, and buried his locket with him.

SECULAR AND SECTARIAN SCHOOLS.

ACCORDING to the belief of Protestantism, or at least of Republicanism, it is the duty of the state to educate its children. The argument is very short, and to a good Republican—we do not use the word in its party sense—is very conclusive. It is the duty of the nation to provide for the education of its royal family. Its own preservation demands this. Every nation perceives the necessity of the demand, and conforms to it. In America every child is born into a royal family. Since all share in the administration of the government, all must be educated under its fostering care. According to the belief of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, on the other hand, the state has no business to intermeddle with education, as little as it has to intermeddle with religion. The public school is the Pope's greatest grievance. The act of Austria, in secularizing her schools, was recognized as an act of direct rebellion. Nothing in the recent revolution in Spain—not even the expulsion of the Pope's legate—nothing except the inventory and partial confiscation of certain art treasures of the Church, was resented as so direct an act of impiety as the measures taken to establish unecclesiastical common schools.

We have given in a word the argument of the Protestant Republican. The argument of the Roman Catholic Absolutist is equally simple.

Either the school must teach moral and religious truth, or it must not. If it undertakes the former task, if it introduces the Bible and prayer, it becomes a religious school—a Protestant school. It taxes the Chinaman to support Christianity, the Roman Catholic to support Protestantism, the Liberal Christian to support Orthodoxy. This is Church and State. If it close the Bible, and hush the voice of prayer, it becomes an infidel school. It leaves the most important part of the nature undeveloped. It teaches the intellect without teaching the conscience to direct it. This is the dilemma which the Roman Catholic hierarchy offers to Protestant Republicanism. Just now it demands the exclusion of the Bible as a sectarian book. If the Bible be excluded, it will demand the suppression of the school as a school of infidelity.

As yet, however, the Roman Catholic Church does not, *in this country*, demand the suppression of the public schools. There are two reasons for its self-imposed restraint. Half a loaf is better than no bread. Republicanism may be induced to modify its school system. It will never consent consciously to abandon it. And as yet the hierarchy is not strong enough to wrest it away. Besides, in this matter the Church itself is not as united as it should be. The laity are tainted with heresy. Pat has no education. He is all the more anxious that his children should have one. The public school is far more popular with him than with his priest. If the Church were to demand the abolition of the common schools, it would hardly secure a majority among its own patrons.

The Roman Catholic Church in America is therefore very much in favor of education. It does not even demand that the work of education be given over to it. It is more modest, and simply asks leave to educate its own children. It proposes a compromise analogous to that which Abraham proposed to Lot. "Let there be no strife, I pray thee," it says, "between thee and me.....Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me." In ecclesiastical controversies it is fond of regarding Protestantism as simply a collection of heretics and schismatics. "Protestantism," says a famous Roman Catholic divine, "is the individual." But in its discussion of the school question it becomes possessed of a more charitable spirit. It then recognizes Protestantism as a Church. "Let us divide the public funds," it says. "We will educate our children; you shall educate yours. All will then be educated; each in the faith of his own fathers."

A division of the school moneys among the schools in the proportion of their attendants—this is the solution of the educational problem which Roman Catholicism proposes to us. As Roman Catholicism produces a great many children and very little revenue, this is really an invitation to the Protestant to contribute to the educational resources of the Roman Catholic Church. And this demand is made in the name of justice! The suppliant doffs his monastic rags. He no longer begs for a charity. He cries, "Stand and deliver." The beggar is transformed into a highwayman.

Between the secular and the sectarian systems of education the country, it is probable, will before long be called on to decide. We invoke, from the recent past, history to throw some light upon this question.

From the recent past; for we have no need to cross the ocean to see what are the results of the ecclesiastical system of instruction, however honestly and zealously administered. We have made fair trial of it in our own country. The history of that trial, hitherto hid away in inaccessible reports, addresses, petitions, and manuscript documents, has recently been brought to the light in two books, which are of incalculable value to the student of the educational problem: Thomas Boese's report on "Public Education," and William Oland Bourne's "His-

tory of the Public School Society."* From these volumes, chiefly, we gather the material for this brief chapter on the history of American education.

Up to the year 1805 the city of New York had depended almost exclusively, for the education of its children, upon the provisions of the Church. Each parish had its parochial school. In each school was taught, not only the common branches of an English education, but the precepts of the Bible, and the doctrines of the Church catechism. One at least of these parish schools has survived all the changes of times and customs, partly by conforming to them. The school of the Protestant Reformed Dutch Church is still not only in existence, but in a prosperous condition—the oldest, as it is one of the best schools in the city. And the children, we believe, still continue to repeat the same catechism which their Dutch ancestry learned over two centuries ago.

But these parochial schools made but a sorry provision for the wants of the public. They provided education, as they still provide charity, for their own poor. There was an immense and an increasing number of poor children, who were attached to no parish, whose parents were in communion with no Church, and who needed educational advantages in school the more that they had absolutely none at home. These children roamed the streets of the growing city in absolute idleness and in absolute ignorance—a perpetual source of pain to the philanthropist, and of perplexity to the statesman. Up to 1805 the Church had an almost undisputed possession of the field. But it either failed to comprehend that "the field is the world," or failed to occupy it for want of funds. No provision was even offered to children of "outsiders." The doctrinal teaching of these parish schools would have practically closed the doors against the children of unbelievers, even if Church charity had been liberal enough to have offered to provide for them. The consequence was, "that," to quote the words of De Witt Clinton, "children the most in want of instruction were necessarily excluded by the irreligion of their parents from the benefit of education."

Curiously enough, the first educational provision of a public nature was made for the blacks.

In 1785 an association was organized for the purpose of "mitigating the evils of slavery, to defend the rights of the blacks, and especially to give them the benefits of education." This Manumission Society was the first step toward public education in the city of New York, the seed from which the tree has grown. The census of 1805 showed 4000 negroes in the city, about one-half of whom were slaves. Their children were enough to fill several schools, which were maintained with great energy and great success until, in 1834, they were transferred by the Manumission Society to the Public School Society, to whose domain they really and naturally belonged.

The negroes were the first objects of commiseration; white girls were the next. Their destitute condition touched the hearts of some good Quaker ladies. In 1802 the "Female Association for the Relief of the Poor" opened some charity schools for white girls. They were speedily filled. The success of this movement, and the energies of the ladies in prosecuting it, awakened the interest or touched the consciences of the men. On the 19th of February, 1805, twelve gentlemen met at the house of John Murray in Pearl Street, to consider what could be done for the education of the neglected children of the metropolis. A more public meeting was called; at that meeting a committee was appointed; and the final result was the incorporation of the "Society for Establishing a Free School in the City of New York." It was of the utmost importance that the cordial cooperation of the Churches should be secured. No man, probably, then dreamed of supplanting the parochial by a public school. No man conceived that the new Society would interfere with the educational work of the sects. The charter of the new Society incorporated it expressly for the purpose of providing for "the education of poor children who do not belong to, or are not provided for by, any religious society." In their very first address to the public the trustees were careful to guard against any possible jealousy by the avowal: "This Society, as will appear from its name, interferes with no existing institution, since children already provided with the means of education, or attached to any other society, will not come under its care." Their first school was organized in what is now Madison Street. It numbered forty-two pupils.

The Lancasterian system added impulse to this movement, if indeed it did not help to create it.

It may almost be said that, prior to the commencement of the present century, there was no attempt made to provide for the education of the common people. There were Church schools, but they were really, and in all Roman Catholic countries avowedly, feeders of the Church. Locke unquestionably expressed the nearly universal sentiment of philosophers: "If those of that rank [gentlemen] are by their education once set right, they will quickly bring all the rest in order." It is the very peculiarity of the religious teaching of Jesus Christ that it begins at the bottom of society and works up. But this principle was neither understood nor accepted. It is scarcely recognized to-day. It certainly was not applied to education. That the tree can be no better than its root we are slow to learn, since the root is underground. Joseph Lancaster deserves all the honor which

* *Public Education in the City of New York: its History, Condition, and Statistics. An official Report to the Board of Education.* By THOMAS BOESE, Clerk of the Board. Harper and Brothers.

History of the Public School Society of the City of New York, with Portraits of the Presidents of the Society. By WILLIAM OLAND BOURNE, A.M. William Wood and Co.: New York.

has been bestowed upon him, since he was among the first to recognize and apply this principle in the work of education. His system has failed to stand the test of time. But the false system, curiously enough, has given universal acceptation to a true, a noble principle.

Undoubtedly one reason why no systematic attempt was previously made to educate the children of the common people was because it appeared to the most sanguine utterly impracticable. To provide teachers for so many seemed a hopeless task. The school tax, which we now pay so cheerfully, would never have been willingly paid by a people who had not learned the practical value of popular education. Joseph Lancaster proposed to make the people educate themselves. He divided his schools into classes or companies of ten each. At the head of each class or company, supervising it, was a monitor. He was chosen from the class of older scholars, and received his office as a reward of merit. The fagging system of England rendered the introduction of this system not difficult, since already the younger boys had been habituated to yield obedience to the older. As a transition from popular ignorance to popular education it was admirable. The bridge has long since fallen into decay; but America never could have crossed the chasm without it. At the time of its introduction it was received with the wildest enthusiasm. Its practicability appeared to be abundantly demonstrated. School after school was organized with two and three hundred pupils, and but a single professional teacher. Under his supervision all the subordinate teaching was intrusted to monitors, who asked no other wages than the honors of their post and the privilege of wielding a brief authority. In Manchester the Lancasterian school had four hundred pupils; in London, over a thousand.

If the invention of this scheme of instruction—recently revived in the Southern States (in the education of the freedmen) under the name of the Monitorial System, only to be abandoned again—did not give rise to the Public School Society, it gave increased scope to the work. It was adopted with enthusiasm. The English schools of Joseph Lancaster were visited in person by a member of the Society. A teacher who had been trained in the system was employed to organize the first school. The enthusiastic faith of the trustees in their movement was contagious. The Common Council caught their spirit. The children of the Alms-house were absolutely unprovided with any education. The city had contented itself with giving them shelter, food, and clothing. They belonged to no parish, and no parochial school opened its doors to them. The Common Council gave to the Free School Society a room adjoining the Alms-house, and made an appropriation of $500 to put it in a suitable condition. The Society undertook in return to educate fifty pauper children. This was the first public appropriation in the city of New York for school purposes. It was the beginning of the rill which has grown to so mighty a river. In 1807 the amount expended for public education was five hundred dollars. In 1867 it was nearly three millions. In 1807 the city provided for the education of fifty pauper children. In 1867 it educated considerably over two hundred thousand of all ranks, ages, and conditions.

This appropriation was speedily followed by others. The Legislature appropriated four thousand dollars toward a school building, and one thousand dollars toward the annual expenses. The moneys were to be paid out of the excise fund. The city corporation presented a lot of land on Chatham Street, and the sum of fifteen hundred dollars toward the erection of a building, the Society undertaking therefor to educate all the children of the Alms-house. But still the Society depended chiefly on private benevolence. Colonel Henry Rutgers gave them a lot in Henry Street for a school building. The vestry of Trinity Church gave them, a little later, two more, near what was then the village of Greenwich. Other benefactions flowed in, in smaller amounts, from many quarters. In 1820, the Society, which had then been organized fifteen years, had erected four commodious buildings, organized six successful schools, enlarged its scope so as to include girls as well as boys, was providing for the instruction of over twenty-five hundred pupils, and had become, by frequent appropriations, the recognized distributor of all public moneys for educational purposes in the city of New York. Belonging to no sect, its school sessions were always opened with reading of the Bible and prayer; a "universal catechism" was taught; and on Sundays its pupils were assembled for religious instruction under the direction of ladies of different denominations. By their prudent management the trustees had avoided sectarian controversy. This was not always to be. The prosperity of the Society aroused the jealousy of the Churches. Curiously, the first attempt to divert the public funds from secular to sectarian education was made by Protestants.

By an act of the Legislature, passed in 1805, the net proceeds of certain public lands were solemnly set apart to the work of public education. The interest of this sum was to be added to it until the annual interest of the whole amount reached the sum of $50,000. This act, passed at the same session with that incorporating the Public School Society, may be regarded as the first step toward public education in the Empire State. In 1812 the interest of this fund had reached the required amount, and by act of Legislature, passed in 1813, provision was made for the distribution of that part which belonged to the city and county of New York. By this act it was provided that this fund should be apportioned and paid to certain philanthropic societies, prominent among which was the Free School Society, and also to "*such incorporated religious societies in said city as supported or should establish charity schools, who might apply*

for the same." The distribution was to be in proportion to the number of pupils upon the register; and the funds received were to be employed exclusively in the payment of teachers' salaries. This last limitation was subsequently so far modified as to give the Public School Society permission to employ its surplus in the erection of new buildings. Such, in brief, was the condition of the law in 1820.

Among the religious societies who had availed themselves of this law of 1813 was the Bethel Baptist Church. It appears to have had two "meeting-houses," one on Broome, and one on Delancey Street. It was a vigorous and flourishing organization, and was blessed, in the person of Rev. Jonathan Chase, with a very energetic pastor. If he was somewhat of a propagandist, his propagandism must be attributed to his religious zeal. If he was something of a wire-puller, he at least pulled the wires solely to advance the interests of his Church, never to advance his own. He was a shrewd, earnest, untiring, unselfish, and yet not too scrupulous, ecclesiastic. Under his energetic administration the trustees of his society opened a school for poor children in the basement of their church in Delancey Street. It was conducted upon principles at once more liberal and more politic than those which characterized the somewhat analogous schools of neighboring parishes. Its doors were thrown open to all children, whatever their denominational relations. This school was soon filled up. The Church wished to increase their "means of usefulness." Their funds were not adequate to erect new buildings. What more natural than to turn, as the Public School Society had done before them, to the Legislature for assistance? Like the Public School Society, they were laboring for the benefit of the community. Like the Public School Society, they recognized in their school no denominational distinction. Their energetic pastor appreciated very thoroughly so much of the divine injunction as commands his ministers to be "wise as serpents." He moved in the matter very quietly. No public attention was called to the application of the Bethel Baptist Church; no opposition was excited. Almost without discussion a law was passed giving to the trustees of the Church the same right to employ their surplus funds in the erection of school buildings which the Public School Society already enjoyed. The first intimation which the Society had of the application was the public announcement of the passage of the act.

This act secured, Mr. Chase urged his trustees to avail themselves of its provisions. His zeal overcame their reluctance. They yielded a hesitating acquiescence to a policy which they did not heartily approve. A second school was established in Elizabeth Street; a third in Vandam Street. Both were in close proximity to schools of the Public School Society. The propagandist is always more anxious to increase the resources of his establishment than to serve the interests of humanity. The philanthropist believes that the Church is the servant of man; the ecclesiastic, that man is the servant of the Church. The Bethel Baptist schools were soon filled up, but largely by colonies from the schools of the Public School Society. Three hundred pupils were induced, by various means, to leave the free school in Hudson Street for the Bethel school in Vandam Street. A school-house is none the worse through the week for being used as a church on the Sabbath. Such at least was Mr. Chase's opinion. His building, erected by public funds for public education, was more church than school-house. The sanctuary was in the commodious and well-lighted room above. The school was in a dark and ill-ventilated basement below. For is not the cause of the Church more important than that of education? Are not the interests of the soul more important than those of the mind? Piety covers a multitude of sins. The law provided for a division of public moneys in proportion to the number of children *upon the register*. It is easier to fill a register than a school-room. School No. 3 reported four hundred and fifty pupils. Only three hundred could be seated in the school. The entire number for which the Bethel Baptist Church drew appropriations was nearly sixteen hundred. The number in actual attendance was less than nine hundred. The law, before its amendment for the benefit of the Bethel Baptist Church, provided that the public funds should be employed exclusively in paying the salaries of teachers. But no law can prevent a teacher from giving out of his own pocket to the support of his own Church. Mr. Buyce received a nominal salary of $900. He paid back to Mr. Chase $450. Mr. Fardon received a salary of $600. He made a "donation" to the Church of $200. In a word, of the public funds about $2500 went into the treasury of the Bethel Baptist Church. Under the guise of a school tax the State was paying tithes into the treasury of the Lord.

Mr. Chase's zeal outran his knowledge. These "pious frauds" were unearthed. The whole subject was publicly ventilated. The Legislature was memorialized to reconsider its action. For over two years the community heard patiently the entire discussion; a discussion in which, curiously enough, the Roman Catholics seem not to have participated. Party feeling ran high. It was imbittered by religious considerations. The Church was reluctant to surrender the advantage it had gained. The Legislature was reluctant to wrest it from them. The final result was an act referring the entire question to the Common Council of the city of New York. This body in 1825 was composed of spirits very different from those who now constitute our city fathers. A small minority—three out of sixteen—desired to give to Church schools an appropriation for the children of such parents as were attendants upon their respective places of worship. This provision being lost, the Common Council unanimously agreed that

thenceforth the schools of religious societies should be excluded from all participation in the public funds. For a little while the Bethel Church maintained with some show of vigor the schools they had started. But they had neither the pecuniary nor the moral support of the public. It was only too evident that their continuance was neither expedient nor practicable, and they were suspended. But their history remains—and it ought never to be forgotten—a striking testimony to the folly of all schemes, however disguised, for taking the work of education out of the hands of the State in order to give it into the hands of the Church. Protestant or Romanist, the ecclesiastic may always be depended on to make his school subordinate to the interests of his Church organization.

We pass rapidly over the fifteen years which elapsed between this settlement of the religious question in 1825 and its revival in 1840, that we may hasten to express our gratitude to the Roman Catholic hierarchy for their unintentional good offices in securing for the city its present admirable system.

Up to the year 1840 the Public School Society had been, though in law a private corporation, to all intents and purposes an educational commission of the State. Through its organization nearly all the educational funds of the State belonging to the city of New York had been appropriated. It had during that time steadily increased both in efficiency and in public favor. It had under its charge sixteen different schools. Nearly twenty-three thousand pupils were in actual attendance upon them. The annual income of the Society was nearly one hundred and seventy thousand dollars. It had certainly served the State faithfully and well. The public school is maintained at public expense only as an economical police measure. In 1822 the trustees reported that out of twenty thousand pupils who had attended their schools only *one* had been traced to a criminal court. Of a class of thirty-two boys in 1835, whose subsequent career a curious historian traced, there were two future Judges of the Supreme Court, one member of the Legislature, a City Register, several principals and assistants, and one assistant city Superintendent of Schools.

At the same time it must be confessed that the Public School Society had failed to meet the growing wants of the community. Unsectarian though it was, it was, nevertheless, essentially a Protestant institution. Its school sessions were opened with Protestant religious exercises. Its Board of Trustees was composed almost exclusively of members of Protestant organizations. Its school literature was characteristically, and sometimes even controversially, Protestant. It failed to secure the attendance of any considerable number of the children of Roman Catholic parents. In 1827 it reported twelve thousand children between the ages of five and fifteen without any means of instruction. In 1841 this number had increased to over thirty thousand.

Encouraged by an ordinance of the Common Council giving to their Orphan Asylum school a share in the public funds, the Roman Catholic Church prepared to demand that the education of Roman Catholic children be given to the Roman Catholic Church. Parochial schools had already been established by them in connection with their various parishes. For these schools they demanded a part of the public funds, proportioned to the number of pupils in attendance upon them. They declared that the Public School Society was an odious monopoly. They asserted that its books were offensive in their religious teachings. They presented the same dilemma which they still present, that the public school must be either religious or not; if religious, sectarian; if unreligious, infidel. They demanded appropriations from the Common Council for St. Patrick's School, St. Peter's School, St. Mary's School, St. Joseph's School, St. James's School, St. Nicholas's School, St. John's School, and the Transfiguration Church School. They possessed in Archbishop Hughes a man of untiring energy, of great executive ability, of no mean oratorical power, and of absolute and undisputed authority among his own people. They had, to sustain them, a vote which had already become ominously large. They had against them the memories of the past, the actual results of the Bethel Baptist Church experiment, the universal sentiment of the Protestant community, and the organic forces of two large and powerful bodies—the Public School Society and the Methodist Church.

This controversy, extending over a period of two years, is so fresh in the minds of many of our readers that we hardly need recite its history in detail. Too many of them will remember how, day after day, the City Hall was crowded by throngs gathered to hear the discussion between Archbishop Hughes on the one side, and Theodore Sedgewick, Hiram Ketchum, and various representatives of the Protestant clergy on the other; how the press took up the theme and devoted their columns, week after week, to a discussion in which political interests and religious excitement were strangely intermingled; how the pulpit was diverted for the time from its customary topics; how jubilant Protestantism was over the all but unanimous decision of the City Council to adhere to the "old paths;" how *Freeman's Journal*, created for the purpose of serving the Church as an organ, grew into success on the passions of the hour; how, beaten in the City Council, the Roman Catholic Archbishop transferred the conflict from the City Hall to the Capitol at Albany; how he gathered his great parish in mass-meeting, and nominated with his own voice the ticket they were to support; how his influence secured indorsement in high and unexpected quarters, and brought his application before the Legislature with a recommendation in its favor from both the Governor and the Secretary of State; how long and how bitter was the controversy which ensued; and how anxiously the Protestant

community awaited the result. That result gave at the time satisfaction to neither party. The Archbishop retreated to his bishopric a discomfited politician. The Public School Society ceased to be the almoner of the public moneys. Principle forbade that the State should become tributary to the hierarchy. Policy forbade that it should leave the grievances of the Church, real or imaginary, wholly unredressed. A middle course was adopted. Once, at least, in the history of legislation a compromise has resulted in the adoption of a permanent and beneficent principle. A Board of Education was appointed for the city of New York. All public funds were placed in their hands for distribution. The schools of the Public School Society were among those named in the act as entitled to share in the distribution of this fund. No school in which any religious sectarian doctrine or tenet should be taught might have the same privilege. Such, in a sentence, was the school law of 1842. For its existence the State owes an incalculable debt of gratitude to two ecclesiastics, either of whom would have bitterly opposed it to the last. That the school system of New York city is a system, that education is no longer doled out as a charity to the poor, either by the Churches or by philanthropic societies, but is awarded to all, as a right, by the State, is due largely, if not chiefly, to the unintentional offices of Rev. Jonathan Chase and Archbishop Hughes, who succeeded in promoting the very legislation which they were most desirous to prevent.

It is not necessary for our purpose to trace any further the history of the Public School Society, to show how, under the new law, the ward schools established by the Board of Education steadily waxed in prosperity and popularity, and the charity schools of the Public School Society as steadily waned; how, by mutual consent, the private corporation was merged in the public body; and how, finally, the State assumed the full performance of its sacred duty. Nor is it necessary for us to deduce from this chapter of school history its moral. He must be dull indeed who does not perceive it. There are some questions upon which the experience of the past has rendered a final verdict. Among those principles which may be considered absolutely settled by the course of public instruction in the city of New York for the last three-quarters of a century is this, that the work of secular education belongs exclusively to the state, never to the Church.

OLD ENGLISH LAWYERS.

THERE has been lately published, in London, a book giving a brief sketch of the lives of fifty-eight eminent sergeants of the English bar, who flourished between the years 1653 and 1863—two hundred and ten years. The reading, on the whole, is rather dry; but interspersed are a few incidents and anecdotes, some of which will probably be new to most readers, and all more or less entertaining.

In England the sergeant-at-law, or of the coif, is the highest degree taken at the common-law, as that of doctor is of the civil law; and as these are supposed to be the most learned and experienced in the practice of the courts, there is one court appointed specially for them to plead in, namely, the Common-Pleas, where the common-law of England is most strictly observed. But they are not restricted from pleading in any other court, where the judges, who can not have that honor till they have taken the degree of sergeant-at-law, call them brothers.

Sir John Maynard, the first who figures among these eminent sergeants, flourished between the years 1653 and 1700, and was known as a profound lawyer and able advocate for more than half a century. One of his earliest cases shows what ingenious and unique expedients were resorted to in those days to remunerate counsel. In one case a client came to the Sergeant and gave him a basket of pippins, and every pippin had a gold piece in it. "Those were golden pippins!" exclaimed the Chief Justice. Afterward came one on the other side, who, in hope of securing his services, gave him a roasting-pig, and in that pig's belly were fifty broad pieces; whereupon the Chief Justice, being in mood hilarious, remarked, "That's good sauce for a pig!"

Alas that the apple and pig business should be "played out!" and that the bar of the present day are not to be approached in style so toothsome!

Sir John was an earnest Presbyterian. One of the most curious of all the reasons ever urged in behalf of the cause of religion was urged by him. Jefferson believed that great cities were sores on the body politic. Sir John Maynard went further, and advocated, in Parliament, a "bill to prevent further building in London, or the neighborhood." The bill was rejected. But he was pathetic in his opposition. "This building," he exclaimed, "is the ruin of the gentry, and the ruin of religion, leaving so many people without churches to go to. This enlarging of London makes it filled with lackeys and pages. In St. Giles's parish scarce the fifth part can come to church, and we shall have no religion at last!" But London went on.

Sir John was one of the managers of the trial against Archbishop Laud, who was executed on the 10th of January, 1645.

The pecuniary income of the first-class lawyer at that period may be estimated by the fact that, in 1647, Maynard, being then at the head of the profession, received, in one circuit, £700, "which was more than one of our profession ever got before."

Like the late Daniel S. Dickinson, Maynard introduced into his speeches quotations from Scripture with great appositeness. In 1648 a gallant officer, Lilburne, had been heavily fined by the House of Lords, and was a prisoner in the Tower. The great advocate took up his cause, and gloriously succeeded. His speech

at once produced the discharge of Lilburne. He insisted that the crime of the prisoner was not specified. "Festus," said he, "the pagan and corrupt judge, who expected a bribe from poor Paul, would not send him to Cæsar *without specifying the cause in his mittimus.* Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburne is committed in order to his trial at law, and yet is debarred all law."

Then, as now, there were some rather rough scenes in court. When Jeffreys was Chief Justice, a certain Pilkington was convicted of some offense. A sharp colloquy occurred between Jeffreys and Mr. Ward, counsel, as to the precise question to be determined, during which the former said, "You have made a long speech here, and do not understand what you are about. Do not make such excursions *ad captandum populum*, with your flourishes; I will none of your enamel, nor your garniture." This occasioned a little hiss. Note its cheery effect on the court: "Who is that? What, in the name of God! I hope we are now past that time of day that humming and hissing shall be used in courts of justice; but I would fain know that fellow that dares to hum and hiss while *I* sit here; I assure him, be he who he will, *I'll lay him by the heels and make an example of him!*"

In the revolutionary times of 1688–89 Maynard bore a conspicuous part, and, in one speech, gave expression to what has become the usage of nations in times of peril. "We are," he said, "at this moment out of the beaten path. If, therefore, we are determined to move only in that path, we can not move at all. A man in a revolution, resolving to do nothing which is not strictly according to established form, resembles a man who has lost himself in a wilderness, and who stands crying, Where is the king's highway? I will travel nowhere but on the king's highway. *In a wilderness a man should take the track which will carry him home.* In a revolution he must have recourse to the highest law, the safety of the state."

At eighty-eight the old man presided with dignity in the Court of Chancery. At this time a famous saying is attributed to him. Probably it happened when he went up to Whitehall with an address from the bar. The King cast his eyes upon the old gentleman, and observed that he must have outlived all the lawyers of his time. "*If your Highness*," said Maynard, "*had not come over to our aid, I should have outlived the law itself.*" He died at eighty-nine.

Edmund Plowden, a Roman Catholic, is another of these eminent sergeants. Born in 1517, at thirty-five he was a physician, at forty-five a sergeant. Queen Elizabeth was one of his great admirers. At one time of her reign it was unsafe for a Catholic priest to be found in England, a capital penalty being attached to his appearance. The act of assisting at mass was likewise visited with severe punishments, and Plowden was once menaced with serious trouble for a supposed misdemeanor in "assisting at mass." One day, while residing on one of his estates, some persons came, with no good-will, to inform him that mass was about to be celebrated in a certain house in the neighborhood. He might wish to assist at it. Plowden hastened to the place, and was seen to make the sign of the cross and use his prayer-book. For this offense he was shortly afterward summoned. He was suspicious of foul play somewhere, and cross-examined the witnesses, and, among others, the priest himself who had officiated. He demanded of this man whether he would swear that he was a priest. To this question the answer was in the negative. "The case," exclaimed Plowden, "is altered. *No priest, no mass; no mass, no violation of the law.*" It became a proverb after this: "The case is altered, quoth Plowden."

William Fleetwood flourished in 1580 and thereabout. As indicative of the state of public sentiment in 1575, in reference to the drama, it may be mentioned that in that year great efforts were made in London to accomplish a general moral reformation. The players met with great repulses, and their representations were restrained within narrow limits. They might play in private houses, but not openly, till the whole deaths had been "by twenty days under fifty a week, nor longer than shall so continue. No plays on the Sabbath, nor on holidays, nor after evening prayer, nor in the dark, nor continued any such time but as any of the auditors may return to their dwellings in London before sunset, or, at least, before it be dark." Fleetwood, himself an illegitimate child, was in the foreground in those attempts at municipal and moral amendments. A fact in reference to the crime of that period, Fleetwood then being Recorder, is in curious contrast with the executions for high crimes in our day. Let it be borne in mind that at the time of which we write, 1577, London was not quite half the size of New York to-day; yet, in that year, "eighteen were hanged at Tyburn." Notwithstanding, it was "the quietest sessions he was ever at." Hanging was not then "played out" in London, if it be now in New York. During his Recordership he held a kind of audit, on the 12th of each January, when he put "cozeners, cheats, and cutpurses" under surveillance.

It may possibly be serviceable to Recorder Hackett to know something of the manner in which his London predecessor disposed of naughty women. In 1581 a French merchant had £40 stolen by a carrier's wife at Norwich. The money, after much search, was found, but the woman denied the theft. Upon this the Recorder had her into his study privately. Here she was obdurate, and, on being pressed, said, "I will answer no further." And then the Recorder, using the Lord Mayor's advice, bestowed her in Bridewell, where she was punished as a vagrant, being well whipped. It was observable that she said then, "That the devil stood at her elbow in the Recorder's study, and willed her to deny it. But so soon as she

was on the triangle to be punished, he gave her over." Which was courteous—of the devil.

In 1576 mass was publicly said at the house of the Embassador of Portugal. The ceremony was interrupted by the Recorder, who thus tells the story: "On the Sunday we went to the Embassador's house, accompanied by sheriffs, determined 'that no mass-hearers should escape.' We knocked at the door until 'a Portugal' appeared, and said that his lord was not at home. 'Then let us speak with you,' quoth we, 'for we have brought letters.' And the porter answered us very stubbornly. At last the gate was opened. I, the Recorder, put in my left leg, meaning to enter in at the gate; and, being half in and half out, the porter, knowing me very well, said: 'Back, villain!' and thrust the gate so sore upon my leg that I shall carry the grief thereof to my grave. Sithence that time my pain hath been so great that I can take no rest. And if Mr. Sheriff Kimpton had not thrust the gate from me, my leg had been utterly bruised unto shivers." The "villain" who did this had seized the Recorder by the throat, and was feeling for his dagger, "and then I thrust him from me, for, indeed, *he was but a testy little wretch.*"

Sir John Hele, who flourished at about the same time with Fleetwood, was a man of less austere ways. In fact, when he was an applicant for the Mastership of the Rolls, Lord Ellesmere gave him the following "first-class notice:"

"1. He is charged to have been long a grypinge and excessive usurer. Against such persons the Chancerye doeth gyve remedye, which yt is not lykelye he will doe, being hym self so great and so common an offender in the same kynde. 2. He is charged to have bene a most gredye and insatiable taker of fees, and (which is most odious) *a notorious and common ambi-dexter*, takinge fee on both sydes, to the great scandall of his place and profession..... He is noted to be a great drunkarde, and in his drunkennesse not only to have commonly used quarrelynge and brawlenge words, but sometyme blowes also, and that at a common ordynarye, a vice ill beseeminge a serjeant, but in a judge or publicke magistrate intollerable."

On the whole, not a lovely legal luminary. "Common ambi-dexters" commonly are not. There is not very much to be said about the old fellow. He *would* take more than seven per cent., but he was a great lawyer, and by professional labors accumulated and left a fortune of £100,000.

Sir John Davys, whose legal career commenced at about 1600, was somewhat noted in his day as a versifier. He filled the office of Attorney-General and Speaker for Ireland, and was esteemed a man of superior parts. It was his great misfortune to have married a daughter of the Earl of Castlehaven, and she was clearly mad. She was twice sent to Bedlam. She claimed to have the spirit of prophecy. On the Sunday before the death of Sir John, as they were sitting at dinner, she suddenly burst into tears. He, asking the cause, was answered: "Husband, these are your funeral tears." To which he replied: "Pray, therefore, spare your tears now, and I will be content; *you shall laugh when I am dead.*"

Sir Thomas Crew grew into fame about 1623. His elder brother was Chief Justice. His abilities were so great as to be proverbial, and so was his integrity. It was written of him:

> "Would you have your cause go true,
> Take senior Cooke and junior Crewe."

King Charles's opinion and saying of him was: "Thomas Crewe is against me, yet he is an honest man." Speaking of displaced chief justices, it was said:

> "Renowned Cooke, proud Montague,
> Great Sir James Leigh, and honest Crewe,
> Two were preserved, two set aside,
> And in their room upstart Nicke Hyde."

He had two sons, each of whom became sergeants, and each was in his day Speaker of the House of Commons, and both were knighted.

More eminent and more versatile than any of his predecessors was Bulstrode Whitelocke, who took and maintained high rank, not only as an orator, lawyer, and politician, but as a soldier. He was in good repute in 1648; was in Parliament at the age of twenty-one, and out of it at twenty-two, when his professional career may be said to have commenced. His tastes were somewhat free, and he was greatly given to larking. On the occasion of the marriage of a Mr. Grimstone, Whitelocke, for a frolic, donned the livery of the coachman, and drove home the bride's coach. Upon the way they stopped at a mansion, where a gentleman of quality and his lady came to the door, bade the newly-married couple welcome, and treated them with wine and sweetmeats. The coachman sat mannerly, with his hat in his hand, upon the box, all powdered over with dust; but the lady, looking earnestly and archly at him, advanced to him with a cup of wine in her hand.

"Sir, I do not use to drink to coachmen, but you seem to be an extraordinary one, and I therefore present my service to you."

What could a coachman do when thus greeted? He descended from his post, and replied, gayly:

"Madam, I believe you do not use to give leave to coachmen to salute you, but let one whom you judge extraordinary have that extraordinary favor from you."

With this he saluted the lady, and reascended his box.

It was Whitelocke who said "*Mammon (the Jewish Cupid) inspired the text of marriage-settlements.*" He was a pupil of Archbishop Laud, and was learned in the languages; he was one of three who undertook the printing of the Septuagint translation of the Bible, but the labor became fruitless by the dissolution of Parliament. Subsequently, later in life, he was offered the Recordership of London, which he declined,

because his conscience condemned some of the points of law in capital cases. He would have had, for instance, to sentence to death men guilty of stealing a horse, or a sheep, or a yard of lace from a shopkeeper's counter, or a watch valued at £2, and he was not willing to be turned into a judicial murderer, like the twelve judges of England down to a few years ago, for the sake of a handsome salary.

In 1654 he was in Sweden as Embassador, where, in a conversation with the Queen, she asked, "How many wives have you had?" "I have had three wives." "Have you had children by all of them?" "Yes; by every one of them." "*Pardieu! vous êtes incorrigible.*" "Madame, I have been a true servant to your sex."

Whitelocke was author of several religious discourses, which were read in his own family. These discourses were subsequently edited by William Penn.

William Whittaker (1759) was the last who had the patent of the king's "first" sergeant. The king's sergeants are made by patent; other sergeants are called by writ. He was a man of much humor and pleasantry, and maintained his customary facetiousness even in the House of Lords. He was conducting an examination at the bar there. An objection being made to some question, counsel were ordered to withdraw, and there was a deliberation of two hours. Nothing was resolved on, and, when he was readmitted, he was requested to put the question again. With great cleverness he answered: "Upon my word, my lords, it is so long since I put the first question that I entirely forget it; but, with your leave, I'll now put another."

On one occasion when Whittaker was on the Norfolk circuit, a friend at one of the assize towns offered him a bed. The next morning the lady of the house asked how he had slept, and hoped that he had found himself comfortable and warm. "Yes, Madam, yes, pretty well, on the whole. At first, to be sure, I felt a little queer for want of Mrs. Whittaker; but, recollecting that my portmanteau lay in the room, I threw it behind my back, and it did every bit as well."

Sergeant Glyn was at the zenith of his fame at the same time as the famous agitator John Wilkes, who materially influenced his political course. Wilkes in his latter days was a courtier, and a frequent attendant at the *levées*. The King, on one of these days, inquired of Wilkes after his old friend Sergeant Glyn. "My *friend*, Sir!" replied Wilkes; "he is no friend of mine; he was a Wilkite, Sir, *which I never was*."

Sergeant Davy was one of those happy humorists who are destined to enliven the dull routine of justice without descending to buffoonery. According to Lord Eldon's reminiscences of the bar, William Davy, like a well-known chief justice in the reign of Charles the Second, learned what he knew in the King's Bench Prison. But, "by force of a strong natural understanding, he became eminent at Nisi Prius, which such a man may be without knowing much law." He usually went by the name of "Bull Davy," on account of his manners. (He was originally a druggist, and became bankrupt.) Being once on the Western Circuit, he cross-examined an old countrywoman very rigorously respecting a circumstance that had happened within her observation some years before. "And pray, good woman," said the Sergeant, "how is it that you should be so particular as to remember that this affair happened on a market-day?" "Why, Sir," replied the woman, "by a very remarkable token, that all the cry of the city went that Mr. Davy, the drugster, had that morning shut up shop and run away." "I think, brother," said the judge, "that you want no further proofs of the witness's memory."

On another occasion he was counsel for some miscreants who connived at a robbery, hoping, by the success of their conspiracy, to punish an enemy. The Sergeant's opening for the conspirators was sufficiently humorous: "I have the honor of attending your lordships as counsel for the prisoners, and I must own that I could not have been prevailed upon to have been counsel for such a set of rogues *had I not been appointed by your lordships.*"

Sergeant Davy was the originator of one expression that has been attributed to many a clever lawyer in this as in the Old Country. Lord Mansfield was not attached to religious holidays. He even ordered the doors of his court to be thrown open on Ash-Wednesday. The disregard of Lent was by no means pleasing to many. But, emboldened by success, it is said that the Chief Justice proceeded to suggest business on Good-Friday. He announced this very eccentric intention in court probably on Thursday. But Sergeant Davy upon this addressed the peer on the instant, and told him that if it were so his lordship would be the first judge that had done it since Pontius Pilate." That anecdote is, therefore, at least one hundred and ten years old. In humor Davy was quite a match for the Chief Justice, who was by no means skilled in the higher principles of law. He one day broke out against the Sergeant with this gibe: "If this be law, Sir, I must burn all my books, I see." "Your lordship had better read them first," rejoined Davy. He once had a very large brief with a fee of two guineas only at the back of it. His client asked him if he had read his brief. He pointed with his finger to the fee, and said: "As far as that I have read, and *for the life of me I can read no farther.*" He was engaged at the Old Bailey, and, a very strong case having been made out, Judge Gould asked who was concerned for the prisoner; upon which Sergeant Davy said, "My Lord, I am concerned for him, and *very much* concerned after what I have heard."

Once when he was called to account for

taking silver from a client, and so disgracing the profession, he replied, "I took silver because I could not get gold; but I took every farthing the fellow had in the world, and I hope you don't call *that* disgracing the profession." This anecdote has since been appropriated by many a good man, but it's Davy's.

It once fell to his lot to question a man closely who offered himself as bail. "Sir," said the Sergeant, "how do you make out that you are worth £3000?" The gentleman stated the particulars of his property up to £2940. "That's all very good, but you want £60 more to be worth £3000." "For that sum," replied the gentleman, by no means disconcerted, "I have a note of hand of one Mr. Sergeant Davy, and I hope he will have the honesty soon to settle it." The laughter at this extended to the bench, the Sergeant looked abashed, and Lord Mansfield observed, in his usual urbane tone, "Well, brother Davy, I *think* we may accept the bail."

Sergeant Heywood, though a fair lawyer, was best known to the people of the Northern Circuit for riding a famous horse called "Pleader," upon whose death Jekyll wrote some elegiacs. Here is a quotation:

"Here lies a Pleader who ne'er urged a plea,
A Circuiteer who never took a fee.
From court to court to serve his friends he'd go,
And though a mute, a firm support bestow;
Through thick and thin he'd surely keep his way,
Carry his client safe, and win the day."

"Our care it is here to support his fame,
Report his merits, and *record* his name:
To tell the world a Pleader lies below,
Who by false steps or tricks ne'er made a foe."

"No petulant disputer, he would say
No contradictory word, but simply 'nay.'"

"Once on his legs, a sure and safe support,
He'd carry jury, witnesses, and court."

So far as legal or intellectual superiority on the part of the sergeants is concerned, all that we can glean of them fails to inspire unusual respect. In most cases they appear to have been born with advantages of family and position above those of the mass of the legal profession. They were in one particular quite noteworthy—they were long-lived old fellows, averaging between 75 and 90, and two going respectively to 92 and 95. Our ablest lawyers seem to be quite the peers of the ablest sergeants, and, so far as pecuniary results are concerned, far more successful.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IN a recent number the *Nation*, after describing a certain Lyceum lecture intended to "popularize science," exclaims: "The more one hears about it, the more one is moved to inquire anxiously how near its end is our American Lecture system?" The report it gives of the lecture which occasions its question is certainly very comical. But consider the foolishness of preaching! How natural to the wearied wanderer in search of spiritual food, as he goes from dullness to dullness, or from flash to glitter, to exclaim: "How near its end is stupid, formal, tinsel preaching." Probably not very near. We shall all avoid dull preachers if we can—we fleecy flocks will decline to be pastured upon the east wind; but religion and the church and preaching will doubtless endure some time longer. And lay-preaching, as the lecture system is not inaptly called, will not be relinquished because of the feebler or foolish brethren; but will become, if it has not already become, one of the chief means of touching the springs of public opinion in this country.

That, indeed, is its great power. When the worthy President of the Lyceum steps to the front of the platform and says, "Ladies and gentlemen, I have the pleasure of introducing to you Miss, or Mrs., or the Honorable, or the Reverend, or the simple Esquire, who will entertain you this evening," he makes a mistake more than half the time, because, although entertaining, the discourse will probably be something more. The mere entertainers hold to the platform by a very frail tenure. If they have a vein of original humor, or if they load their laugh with a purpose, they are, like all humorists and wits, sure of their audience. But the man who comes upon the platform merely to make people laugh for an hour is a clown at an immense disadvantage. He should be in the circus ring with cap and bells. Long ago, when the Easy Chair was about to speak at the Lyceum in a large and cultivated city, the seat of a famous college, it was summoned to the room of a veteran lecturer, whose crippled condition prevented his attending the lecture. "I can't go to hear you, as you see, Mr. Easy Chair, and I am very sorry for it. But I have seen a good deal of service upon the platform, and I want to give you in one sentence the result of my experience. If you wish to succeed as a public speaker, make the audience laugh. Believe me it does not wish to be instructed, nor benefited, nor preached to. It is composed of men and women tired with their day's work, and of boys and their sweethearts. Make 'em laugh, Mr. Easy Chair, and you will be all right."

The Easy Chair departed from the presence rather rueful, for it could not recall that the lecture which it proposed to deliver was very facetious. But before it reached the hall it reflected that Demosthenes and Pericles and Cicero and Chatham and Patrick Henry must have had something else in mind than making their audiences laugh; and thereupon asked itself which were the better models for a tyro in public speaking, the great masters of oratory or the veteran lecturer? That is not to say that a good laugh is not delightful, and that racy humor is not the best of all spices in public discourse. Oratory is a fine art, and of the fine arts a cardinal condition is that they shall please. But Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg pleased, although nobody laughed. To make jokes for the sake of the

laugh is the business of Mr. Harlequin. In private life how often Mr. Harlequin is most estimable! But do we highly respect him in his public character? Is his the career to which proud and tender parents would wish to consecrate their first-born? It is not that he makes us laugh, but that there is no meaning in the laughter. Hosea Biglow makes us laugh. His verses are the highest and purest strain of humor in recent English literature. But what a grave, deep, human purpose under the fun! They are the ringing healthy jests of the soldier upon the battle-field; not savage and cynical like the gibes of that awful guerrilla fighter, Swift.

The lecturer is an orator, the orator is an artist, and the artist must please; and the lecture is none the worse when it makes us laugh. But if this were the whole, who would not echo the *Nation's* eager inquiry, "how near its end is our American lecture system?" The end has been announced very often. A dozen years ago many of the newspapers poured volleys of contempt upon "the peripatetic gentry who infest the country with superficial essays written out of cyclopædias and other sources of information, and who humbug the innocent rural populations [of Albany, say, and Philadelphia and Boston and Buffalo] into paying extravagant sums for an hour's reading of the performance." Alas! man's inhumanity to man! The very editors who wrote these blistering words were daily offering their own performances in their newspapers to the same innocent rural populations—were even expecting that those populations would pay for reading such paragraphs as the one quoted! Was it a question of humbug, and did the editor suppose that his newspaper was better worth the rural money than the "superficial essays written out of cyclopædias?" Fie, fie!—he predicted the speedy downfall of the system. Did it occur to him how the catastrophe would be hastened if every one of the peripatetic gentry should read one of the editor's articles instead of his own superficial essay?

Then it was thought to be a mere fashion of seeing noted persons because they could be seen easily. Every body reads, and has a natural desire to see the author who has interested him, the poet, the essayist, the historian, the traveler who has scaled the Mountains of the Moon, or who has explored Symmes's Hole. And communication was so easy in every direction that it could be readily done. The damsels who had wept over the dulcet lines of Gifted Hopkins, stimulated their beaux with their wish to behold face to face that immortal bard. The beaux—this was the theory—conscious of the advantage of a pleasant evening resort, which should not have the exact constraint of evening meeting or Friday lecture in the Sunday-school room, readily conspired, subscribed, and summoned Mr. Hopkins. The bard came and read a lovely lecture upon "The Real and the Ideal;" and doubtless he deserved the praise which the unmeriting Easy Chair once received from blooming lips that shall be nameless forever: "Oh! Mr. Easy Chair, I liked your lecture! 'Twas fine! 'Twas flowery!"

This theory might explain the lectures of a season; but it would hardly serve as the key to the lecture system as we now see it. It will be observed by the American historian of this epoch that the Lyceum, as it is called, was suddenly established throughout the country not only at the same time with the great railroad extension which made it practicable, but simultaneously with the last and fiercest stage of the great slavery debate. The California discussions, and the omnibus bill, and the compromises, and the old-fashioned "Union-saving" movements belong to the year 1850; and it is from that year also that the vigor of the Lyceum dates. It began, unquestionably, with Shakespeare and the musical glasses; and it was understood that if Mr. Gifted Hopkins alluded to the ideal of liberty, it was not to be to the prejudice of our very peculiar institutions, which it was almost hopeless to expect foreigners ever to understand. It would be much safer, of course, for Mr. Hopkins to remember that persons of all political views and of every religious denomination combined in the Lyceum enterprise, and the committee were very desirous that perfect harmony should prevail, and that they should not be justly accused of promoting agitation in the community.

Accordingly Mr. Hopkins gave his views of the origin and nature of the melancholy of Hamlet, and greatly applauded Cardinal Wolsey's determination to withdraw from public life, which bitter experience had taught him was all hollowness and husks. Mr. Awl Borer charmed the audience with his picturesque and unquestionably faithful description of the farthest accessible point in Symmes's Hole; and the deeper he went into it the more freely the committee breathed. The Reverend Goliath Wren, D.D., drew such a picture of the connubial virtues that the good village pastor pleasingly foresaw an immense addition to his next year's income from matrimonial fees, and the faces of the marriageable young persons in the audience were carnation to behold. And as the Rev. Dr. Wren, and Mr. Borer, and Mr. Hopkins all took occasion to say, toward the close of their lectures, that the proud bird of their country, carrying civilization in its claws, flapped defiance at the effete old despotisms of Europe, the audience went home in a truly patriotic frame, and admitted that it had had a very pleasant evening.

It was pleasant, and who would deny it? Nobody, certainly, known to this Easy Chair. But the historian to whom it has alluded will observe this fact, that every evening, from November to April, hundreds of thousands of persons were gathered in halls, larger or smaller, from the Penobscot to the Mississippi; that these persons were the most intelligent of American men and women, all profoundly interested in the moral principles which were involved in the political situation, and that they were addressed by eminent and powerful speakers, who had very decided convictions upon the paramount interests of the time. Moreover, there was no such opportunity ever offered in any country for touching the very springs of public opinion, and thereby affecting the policy of the country. There was no other platform upon which the relation of morals to politics, and the philosophy of politics, could be so well discussed. We have no political meetings in this country except just before elections and to carry specific measures, when the object of every speaker is to win votes for his side, and when, consequently, abstract and impartial discussion is not to be expected. The consequence

was inevitable. As the boy's tune whistled itself, so the Lyceum gradually, not roughly, but by general consent, became an open platform. Whatever their texts, the most prominent and popular of the lay-preachers had some timely application of truth to the public situation. They directly and powerfully informed and influenced public opinion. The heroism which had disappeared from the political arena appeared upon the Lyceum platform, and the sublime beauty of a great ideal shone nightly into thousands of hearts all over the land.

Naturally, it was not altogether without resistance or dispute that the change was made. It came gradually and not roughly, because the most intelligent minds are the freest, and the bulk of the Lyceum audience was intelligent. When Mr. Phillips went to speak in those days at some quiet country town, the President of the Lyceum, unconsciously sensitive to the change, said to him, "Upon what part of your subject will you touch to-night?" "What part of my subject?" replied Mr. Phillips, in some surprise. "You know I am to speak upon the Lost Arts." "The Lost Arts! the Lost Arts!" exclaimed the President, with more contempt than he would have expressed had he heard that delightful lecture—"What are they?" And thereupon he put the question to the audience whether they would hear about the lost arts or about "Mr. Phillips's subject." The contented audience chose the subject. A year or two before the war, also, when the same orator had delivered the lecture announced for the evening, in a little village in the interior of New York, the audience sat as if something were yet to come. "The lecture is ended," said the President. But the audience remained. Then some one came to the pulpit—it was a Reformed Dutch church, as it was then called—and whispered to the President. He rose and said, "If the audience desire to hear Mr. Phillips upon the subject of slavery, will they please to remain seated?" Not a person stirred. And Mr. Phillips proceeded for another hour, to the great delight of his hearers.

It happened very soon, of course, that those who held the true function of the Lyceum to be the discussion of the melancholy of Hamlet, and the topography of Symmes's Hole, were somewhat alienated. "Why, look here," said they; "the lecturers are all radicals, and they all preach infidelity." This word infidelity is perhaps one of the most useful in the language. It is merely Swift's heterodoxy again, but it has done immense service. The Easy Chair recalls many and many a political meeting in the ancient days near the City Park, at which from amidst the flaring torches upon the platform and between the thunder-bursts of a big gun, some believer from Maryland, for instance, addressing himself to the great body of local believers who filed into the meeting from the Chapel of Ease to old Tammany, called the Pewter Mug, scored the infidels without mercy, and informed the faithful that the great difficulty with their opponents—the one thing which he (the orator), as a Christian man, could not forgive—was that they rejected Christianity and the Bible, and were a howling pack of atheists and infidels. The cheers that followed from the crowd attested the fervor of their faith and the depth of their morality; and it was impossible not to rejoice that undefiled religion was held so precious in a political meeting.

This same watchful spirit for the true faith condemned the infidel tendencies of the lecture Lyceum. Its more reasonable expression was this: "Politics are certainly bitter enough already, and we have enough of them. Can't we agree to keep one spot free, one platform upon which we will have none but æsthetic and literary differences? You gentlemen of the committees apparently select those speakers who are sure to say something that many of the audience do not wish to hear. Yet they have no opportunity to reply, and they would not care to use it if they had, because they do not think it is the proper sphere of the Lyceum. Why not ask the speakers not to touch upon agitating subjects? You announce a course of lectures upon miscellaneous topics. We take tickets, paying in advance, and presently comes one speaker and then another who denounce our cherished convictions. Isn't it a fraud? Don't you obtain our money under false pretenses?"

The committees were perplexed. They were not responsible for the change that had come over the Lyceum. They merely invited the speakers who had been proved by experience to be attractive, and therefore profitable. Meanwhile the public situation grew graver every day. Some of the more prominent lecturers began to behave singularly. Before the war the most noted and fashionable public room in Philadelphia was the Musical Fund Hall. The chief lecturers had all spoken there. But one day they ascertained that a by-law of the management of the hall forbade the entrance of colored persons. If the owners of a hall chose to exclude any particular class of people it was their unquestionable right. Nobody denied it; but many of the chief lecturers said: "We prefer not to speak in that hall while that regulation continues;" and from the day they said so no great and successful course of lectures has been given in that hall.

It must not be supposed that any of the Lyceum lecturers delivered political speeches, in the ordinary sense of those words. But they illustrated certain cardinal principles by allusions or historical citations, the whole tendency of which was what the believer from Maryland would have called "obviously infidel." They were discourses that confirmed opinion, that extended knowledge, that kindled enthusiasm, that welded public sentiment; and it was evident to the dullest that the Lyceum had become not an "entertainment," like the Ethiopian minstrels or the circus, but a positive power. The committees, invoked by the dissatisfied part of their audience to do something, did try to do something. They invited Gifted Hopkins, and Awl Borer, and Boanerges Tit, and nobody else. The result was a thin audience, among which most of the protestants were not to be found, and the course was spiritless and unsatisfactory, and the newspapers gibed that "the business of popular lectures is played out." The Easy Chair remembers a consultation with a chairman who sympathized with the protestants:

"You fellows," said he, "come, and have every thing your own way; while we, who have just as good a side as you, have never a hearing. What can we do? What can I do?"

"Begin by making up your mind that the Ly-

ceum will become freer and freer every year; that the morals of politics and the philosophy of party principle will be more and more discussed, and that the fellows of whom you speak are very much in earnest. It is becoming the only truly independent arena in the country. Now then, write to Mr. Richard O'Gorman, who is by far the finest of the orators of your friends in the country; tell him the situation, and ask him to come and defend what you believe to be the right; and, unless he has sadly changed, you will at least not be ashamed of your advocate. Write to James T. Brady, a most magnetic and delightful speaker; ask him if he does not see the necessity, from your point of view, of withstanding the influence that is affecting the very roots of public opinion."

"I have written to them already," said the young man, despondingly, "and they can not come; and if they could they would not be willing to defend the right, as you call it, because they disapprove of political lectures."

Certainly nobody was to blame if, after it was well understood that certain speakers would use their own discretion as to topics and treatment, the audiences were large and the Lyceums prosperous. It was fair to presume that they heard what they wished to hear. The only practicable remedy, since the Lyceum, despite its decadence and the peripatetic character of its speakers, seemed to be established, and was indeed overrunning the whole Northern country—the only practicable remedy was to decline to ask certain speakers. The most notable experiment of this kind was tried in Albany. The Young Men's Association in that city is a large and vigorous body, and political opinion was very positive among them. An annual election was understood to turn upon the substantial point whether a certain style of lecture should be tolerated. The protestants carried the day, and the new lecture committee instantly invited what were called "literary" lectures. But the defeated party instantly organized an association for independent lectures. They asked especially the speakers who had been proscribed. They sold tickets enough to overflow the hall, while the regular committee were obliged actually to give away the tickets to the "literary" course, which was a melancholy failure. The Association has wisely refrained from repeating the experiment.

The explanation is obvious. It is not that the supporters of the Lyceum required that Hamlet's melancholy and Symmes's Hole should be tabooed, but only that our own immediate questions should *not* be tabooed. They demanded the perfect freedom of the Lyceum platform. Whenever the restriction is attempted now it is followed by the same result, because when attempted it is by those who do not represent the spirit of those who really support the Lyceum. The protestants against its "infidelity" were not those upon whom it depended or depends. Those who complained that Mr. Beecher and Mr. Phillips were invited would not have subscribed to hear Mr. O'Gorman or Mr. Brady. The power and influence of the popular lecture system upon public opinion during the troubles were immeasurable. To-day apparently the simplest, the Lyceum is really a most complex institution. It still summons to its platform the latest Gifted Hopkins of the hour. It does not disdain the jester nor spare the philosopher. If the charlatan were its representative, or the shallowest of its speakers the most popular, we might all again well ask with the *Nation*, when will it end? Its root is in the real charm of oratory, and in the feeling that it is an arena in which important individual opinion may be fearlessly spoken. It entertains, it amuses, it instructs, it inspires, and it has its inexplicable fluctuations. This year the hall is full with a delighted audience; next year with the same speakers the hall is deserted.

But the end is not yet. The Lyceum was never more flourishing upon the whole than during the last winter. It extends its domain. California can not long be considered an outlying State. Omaha has solicited the orators to come, and an undeniably peripatetic course was projected, beginning at Nashville and proceeding by Atlanta, and round by the other chief Southern points to Richmond and Baltimore. Meanwhile the organization is perfected by the establishment of bureaus to conduct correspondence and to make all arrangements, such as the American Literary Bureau in New York, of which Mr. Medbery is Secretary, and the Boston Lyceum Bureau of Mr. Redpath and Mr. Fall. There is also, or was, a Western Lecture Association, by correspondence with which the Eastern Bureaus could arrange prolonged tours for our peripatetic friends, with their carpet-bags holding those superficial essays copied out of the cyclopædias for which the benevolent West seems to cherish a foolish fondness.

Why should "the system" end? There will always be conspicuous men in the country, whom the people every where would hear gladly, and whom they can hear in no way so conveniently as in the Lyceum. Here is a scholar and thinker whose name is honored and prized—what has he to say upon the conduct of life? Here is a famous poet, a master in our literature—what is his view of Dante and Chaucer, of Pope and Wordsworth? Here is a great-hearted preacher, and here a silver-tongued reformer; here a magnetic and persuasive woman, and here a humane and kindly humorist—will they come and speak to us, saying what they will? With these will come, perhaps, the tedious triflers, and airy charlatans, and flashing empirics; but do these babblers bring to an end other institutions in which they swarm?

The other day the Easy Chair received a letter containing a long list of famous persons in England, France, and America, with the remark that it probably knew the post-office address of each, and would it write it against the name and return it to the obedient servant, who was collecting autographs of the most distinguished living personages? *P.S.*—Any autographs of that kind which the Easy Chair might be willing to present to a seeker would be gratefully received, and its reply to the present letter would be regarded as its own individual addition to the collection of distinguished autographs. How many distinguished personages usually gratify the request of the youthful hunter? One poet known to the Easy Chair replies very seldom, and then in such a strain that, although an unquestionable autograph, it can not possibly be exhibited. A certain philosopher keeps himself supplied with postage-stamps by confiscating those that come

in these requests. Another distinguished personage blazes into wrath at the unspeakable impudence of these beggars, and seizes his pen, which you might well expect will tear the paper, and lo! you read:

"My dear young friend,—I do what you ask with great pleasure, and I am very truly yours."

If you look amazed, he says: "Yes, I know. But here is some little fellow—little fool of a fellow, if you will—who loves to read my verses, who reads them aloud, perhaps, to another foolish fellow of the other sex, and I have become their friend, and it is a very hearty wish of his to have my autograph, and it costs me a minute. If every minute of my life could give so much pleasure to another, ah! my good Easy Chair, shouldn't I be glad?" If you say to him that he is doubtlessly mistaken, that the little fellow has probably a long list of every body he has ever heard of, and that his request is a mere mechanical business, which ends in checking off one name from the list and forgetting it, this famous man says: "Yes, I know. But you see the other case is possible, and I'd rather take my chance of not paining my little fellow."

Autograph hunting is a mania which rages with the intensity that marks the American type of all similar contagious affections. Its favorite seats are schools for young gentlemen and ladies; and very severe sporadic cases are remarked by actors and lecturers as they move through the country. It does not often reach the malignant form to which the Easy Chair has alluded in the case of the patient who sent a list of famous people with the modest request to supply the names of their post-offices. This is an occasional form only; but its varieties are remarkable and interesting. The post, for instance, brings the Easy Chair an immense package. It tears the envelope and out falls a shower—a storm—of letters, carefully addressed to various persons, but without a post-office mentioned, as: Victor Hugo, Esq., Mrs. George Sand, George Eliot, Esq., Mr. Gladstone, Alfred Tennyson, Esq., Martin Farquhar Tupper, Mrs. Ristori, Miss Annie Thomas, Wilkie Collins, Esq., and the Hon. Charles Dickens. As before, the Easy Chair is requested merely to put upon each letter the proper address, and forward them by the next foreign mail; and as it is difficult in the country to ascertain the rates of foreign postage, and what letters must be prepaid, will the Easy Chair, whose foreign correspondence must of course be large, attend to those little details, and forward the account of the amounts paid, which will be reimbursed by the next mail?

The lightest attack is the inclosure of cards, with stamped envelopes for the return, and the request to write the name merely, that it may be placed "among the signatures of the most celebrated people in living history." Gemini! who could resist? Who would not be admitted to that circle on such easy terms? The request is granted; the name written and dispatched; and the writer steps out to take the air and his lunch. How little the boor in the street, or the gilded butterfly of fashion, or the noisy and flashing gold gambler, or even the steady old bank director who jostles the writer upon the sidewalk knows that he has collided with one of the most celebrated people in living history! That personage freely forgives them, insects of a day! and proceeds, meditating upon Homer and Shakespeare and Milton and his own immortality. Can any just mind imagine him affecting anger with the sender of the little note and cards, which have revealed to him his real place in history—to which indeed he may sometimes have thought those insects rather blind? The insects still seem unconscious; but he goes steadily on to lunch, biding his time and loftily appealing to posterity. At the lunch-room whom should he meet but young Sparrow, who wrote those pretty verses in the *Behemoth* last month; pretty, certainly, but a mere froth of sentiment—a sweet slop and jingle, if the truth were told. But condescension is becoming to greatness, and one of the Olympians may very gracefully unbend to a little cup-bearer.

"Those were pretty verses of yours, Sparrow, very pretty," says Jupiter, lifting his tankard of lager-bier as if it were a thunder-bolt.

"Yes? thank you," replies Ganymede, flushing, as he pulls a letter from his pocket. "I am surprised they have been so much liked. Here, for instance, is a letter which I have just received."

The celebrated Jupiter sees with horror a writing which he recognizes, and before he can speak, Ganymede continues with an affectedly modest little laugh:

"It is certainly very pleasant to get such testimonies. Here is a boy, I suppose, judging from the hand, and he asks me to write my name upon the card which he incloses, that it may be placed among the signatures of the most celebrated people in living history. I call that very gratifying."

Will any one rashly say that the writer of that innocent note has not done a signal moral service? Jupiter has not much appetite for the rest of his lunch, and bides his time rather more diffidently as he goes back to his home.

A very serious form of the malady is the demand for "an appropriate moral or patriotic sentiment with your signature." Appropriate to what? Virtuous sentiments are always appropriate; so are great abstract truths, historical statements, and other. The realm opened to the mind by the request is so vast that it is confusing. There suddenly don't seem to be any fine sentiments or great truths worthy to be written. But who would chill the expecting heart of youth? Very well, then, here goes:

"Jupiter Jones presents his compliments to Master Joseph Sykes; and Rome was not built in a day."

Would any one of the very remotest branch of the family of Jones be willing to have that performance perpetuated in an album?

"My dear Master Sykes,—Never forget that anger is a short madness. Yours truly, Jupiter Jones."

What does Jones inwardly suppose the boy at Whipster Academy would say to that? Once more:

"For Master Joseph Sykes. Our glorious country—may she go from glory to glory, and from strength to strength, with the best wishes of Jupiter Jones."

A good many of the Joneses and other most celebrated characters in living history keep a few couplets in stock, so to say, and produce them upon occasion. They are generally, however, wisely taken from the poets, and Pope is the more common source. Indeed, what Jupiter Jones does not blush to recall his original senti-

ments in autograph albums? When you are attacked by the demand for a sentiment, the better way is to write immediately:

"'On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale.'
"JUPITER JONES."

Or:

"'Know then this truth (enough for man to know):
Virtue alone is happiness below.'
"Yours truly, J. JONES."

Or again, in the patriotic vein:

"'Cromwell, I charge thee fling away ambition.'
"Always yours, JUPITER JONES."

Perhaps it is as well to dispense with the sentiment; but each patient must be the judge.

What would not an enlightened curiosity give for a glimpse into that gallery of the most celebrated people in living history? Imagination does not dare to record what would probably be found there. Perhaps even Nimbus, whose manuscripts are the terror of editors, has there a soft limbo, and lies friendly and equal with that kind god who can not disappoint the hopeful young fellows, and for whose signature they all implore. Let us believe it, and see in that fact how the cold wind is tempered to the shornest of lambs, and admire the beautiful economy of nature by which the name which is rubbish to the editor becomes a precious jewel to the autograph hunter.

EVEN the best preachers, it is said, turn the barrel once in a while. They find a certain sermon has almost a regularly recurring fitness, and administer it as the old-fashioned mothers gave the spring spoonful of sulphur and molasses for inward purification. If the preacher could only take it for granted that every time he attacked a sin in his flock he dislodged it, then, indeed, he would have no excuse for thrice slaying the slain; and every sermon might properly be the bringing of a new Daniel to judgment. But what preacher can take it for granted? Which of them is not aware that every Sunday, year after year, he plants his battery opposite the same old intrenchments, and opens fire upon an enemy who is as tireless as he?

Now the Easy Chair has constantly endeavored to make the great multitude of contributors to a magazine understand the necessities of the case. A writer is very much troubled if his manuscript is not read at once, and especially troubled if the reply is not favorable. Then he is angry because it does not point out the reason that the article is unacceptable, and because the editor will not "help him" by criticising the sentiment or the style. Then, of course, he would like to know why his ode on Summer is not quite as good as somebody's ode on Spring, which was published in the preceding number. And, especially, why will not somebody explain to him his extraordinary luck—which, with a suspiciously sarcastic turn, he calls "*very* extraordinary." His luck is that nothing he ever writes is accepted. He has not been generally thought a fool, but it appears that he can not write any thing that is worth reading. Of course that is all nonsense, and there is some personal hostility at bottom. There is a conspiracy to keep him out. There is the editor of the *Tide Waters of Baffin's Bay*, who has had half a dozen articles of the indignant writer's on hand for two years—why doesn't he publish them? The *Semi-Monthly Cherubim* has had a score of his poems for an incredible period, and they never appear. It is painful to think of the malevolence of literary men. He is almost tempted to forswear writing altogether!

Almost tempted! Why is he not long and long ago persuaded that he ought to abandon it? What argument could induce him not to besiege the magazines if constant and courteous refusal to admit him does not? Every time he offers the same polite circular comes back, "Very much obliged, but not available." Not available! No; probably Milton's "Paradise Lost" would not be *available* for the *Tri-Weekly Triturator*, he exclaims, with a loathing scorn upon the last words of his remark which is quite indescribable. If they'd only say it was rubbish—ungrammatical, immoral, pointless—but "unavailable!" Gracious Powers! what authors have to endure! And he puts it in another envelope and tries the *Semi-Monthly Cherubim*.

The truth is, that it is not ungrammatical, nor immoral, nor pointless. It may be grander than Wordsworth's "Excursion," and destined to the immortality of the Iliad; but it is not available for the *Triturator*, and of that the editor is necessarily the judge. And he says so with the sincerest wish that every thing which came to him were exactly the thing for which he is hoping. The folly of Scriptor about personal feeling is puerile. Why should the editor, who never saw him, and who knows what he wants for his magazine, pull his own nose by uniformly rejecting Scriptor's performances if they are suitable? The chief annoyance of an editor is not the reading of manuscripts, it is the endless suspicion of authors. He does not require to be argued, nor bullied, nor flattered into liking an article. He knows it by the touch, the taste, the sight. He is always on the alert for a good paper. When it comes there is high holiday. The Easy Chair has known an enthusiastic editor to improvise a feast because a really fine article had appeared, and the health of the author was rapturously drunk in what that worthy Apostle of Temperance, Mr. Greeley, calls Champagne, Heidsieck, and other wines. (This the veteran editor did in an editorial some years ago; and when his error was exposed to him in the smiling presence of his assistants, he was silent for a moment, then looked slowly around the group with twinkling eyes, and remarked, quietly, "Well, probably I'm the only man in this office that could have made that mistake.")

Scriptor thinks it very hard that the editor will not point out the defects of his article, that he may do better next time. But that is to expect him to be Professor of English Composition for about forty millions of people—a chair which he would doubtless very gratefully accept, but that he has already made inflexible engagements as editor which render it impossible. Your article is returned, good Scriptor, merely because it is unavailable. It may be much better than all that has ever appeared in the magazine, it may be the great work of the century, but it does not seem to the editor suitable, and he says so. Nor does he cherish any deep-seated malevolence toward you. And if other editors agree with his judgment of your articles, what ought you, as an honest man, to think?

Editor's Literary Record.

NOVELS.

WE are so weary of depending on England, France, and Germany for fiction, and so hungry for some genuine American romance, that we are not inclined to read very critically the three characteristic American novels which lie on our table, and which, owing perhaps to our national prejudice rather than to their own superior excellence, we take up first. The anonymous author of "My Daughter Elinor," which last year we commended so cordially, follows his first work with a second—*Miss Van Kortland* (Harper and Brothers). On the whole, we see no signs of deterioration, and some of improvement. Comparing this new novel with its predecessor, we find it shorter, more compact, in movement more vigorous, in incident and grouping more original and effective, in composition more dramatic. Margaret's midnight ride to the mill, the strike and riot, the excursion to Tamarack Lake and its results, and the falling in of the mine, are all well conceived and effectively told. "My Daughter Elinor" dragged a little; "Miss Van Kortland" does not. The same pure spirit and the same Christian but unconventional tone pervades it. There is no female character to equal Elinor; but, on the other hand, Prescott is a much finer conception than Clive. The book is in its structure, its incident, its moral purpose, and its characterization, genuinely, heartily, and freshly American. It is drawn from our life, not copied from foreign sources. The most serious fault lies in the introduction of three or four absurdly unnatural characters, which are unnecessary to set off the story, and which only act as blemishes upon it—a fault which was venial in the first book, but has grown in its proportions to a serious offense in the second.—*Hedged In* (Fields, Osgood, and Co.) possesses some of the same characteristics which gave to Miss PHELPS's first novel—for "Gates Ajar" was more a romance than a philosophy—its peculiar power, yet falls, on the whole, far short of it. It is not, like that, evolved out of the authoress's own experience, and lacks the interest with which genuine autobiography always invests the seeming novel. In "Hedged In" Miss Phelps has been compelled to depict experiences which by sympathetic imagination she must first make her own. It is the poet's privilege to *be* what he describes. This power, which constitutes the secret of all true dramatic writing, Miss Phelps but partially possesses. There is no indication that she has ever seen Thicket Street—or more than barely seen it—nor much that she has had any personal acquaintance with Nixy. In style her story is uncomfortably fragmentary, sententious, almost jerky; in treatment there is more effort to be new and fresh than to be true to life and nature. And when finally the curtain falls, in the midst of blue fire and rolling thunder, on Nixy, now transformed to Eunice Trent, kneeling in her white dress at the foot of the great wooden cross, and clasping it in death, we can not but think that the authoress has quite crossed the verge which separates the drama from the melodrama, and has done herself and her theme a palpable injustice by borrowing from the stage so theatrical a device.—*Askaros Kassis* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) is an American novel only in that it is written by an American. The author, EDWIN DE LEON, was, for two Presidential terms we believe, United States Consul in Egypt. The scene is laid in this land of romance, and his book is scarcely less a study of Egyptian life than a novel; rather a picture of that life under guise of a novel. The field is new. In it Mr. De Leon is absolutely without a rival. He could hardly fail, with the material it affords him, to write a thoroughly fresh book; and certainly the oldest novel reader, to whom all the ordinary incidents of the conventional romance are more than "twice told tales," can not complain of "Askaros Kassis" that there is nothing new in it. The hero is an English-educated Egyptian; the heroine an American girl traveling in the Orient. The serpent and the serpent-charmer, the Oriental dinner, the Viceroy at court, and the Viceroy at home, the hippopotamus, the wild dogs of Cairo, the Khamseen wind of the desert, the harem with its splendid discomfort, the dance with its sensual but ungraceful motions, and the abductions and assassinations, such as to the American reader seem wildly improbable, but in Egyptian life are only too true to nature, all are called in to aid in the portraiture of Egyptian life and the creation of dramatic incidents. Never having lived in Egypt, we can not vouch for the truthfulness of Mr. De Leon's picture; but we judge that the reader, with very small allowance for the privilege of the romancer, will get a better conception of Egyptian life from "Askaros Kassis the Copt" than from any of the innumerable books of travels for which a six weeks' sojourn is generally considered adequate preparation.

Madame GEORGE SAND, whose works Roberts Brothers are about introducing to the American public in tasteful typography, and, if we may judge from the first volume, in admirable translation, has lived a romance as well as written many. By crooked paths, such as great families rarely traverse outside of France, she traces her lineage back through misalliances of nobles and shop-girls to Marshal Saxe and the famous Aurora de Königsmark. A wife at eighteen, a mother at nineteen, separated from her husband at twenty-seven, she began her literary life in the true style of the distinguished author of the novel and the melodrama, in a Paris attic, dressing in male attire, partly for economy's sake, partly for freedom, and partly for safety, living on five francs a week, and finding it hard work to earn that. The critics did not receive her kindly, and for a year or two she had a hard fight, not for fame only, but for life. Her mother-in-law had, or fancied that she had, some shadowy connection with noble families — her husband was a colonel in the army—and thought that publicity would pollute the family name. So Madame Dudevant gave up even her husband's name—about all he had ever given her—and to the public became George Sand, the title by which all the world has known her ever since. About the same time that she won a verdict in the court of the critics, she won a judgment in the

Parisian courts, where she had long been battling with her husband for the possession of her children and her grandmother's estate. Since then she has continued to live at her château at Nahant, where she still, at the age of sixty-five, writes romances of love and marriage. A dumpy little woman is she, still full of life and vigor, and like to be to the last, who, if rumor does not belie her, spends upon principle all her income as fast as she receives it, though by no means all of it upon herself, does all her writing between the hours of midnight and six in the morning, in her *toilette de nuit*, and always with the aid of the inseparable companion of her library, a package of cigarettes, and finds her chief amusement in supplying the fish for her table with her own skill and by her own hand.

As to *Mauprat*, with which novel Roberts Brothers introduce the first of French novelists to the American public, if there were any doubts as to George Sand's power it would forever set them at rest. But the doubt of the public is as to the moral tendency, and that doubt "Mauprat" will not satisfy. We are not ignorant of the defense of this kind of literature: "Evil to him who evil thinks." Unfortunately there are a great many who "evil think," and to all such it will prove a dangerous book. Mauprat is brought up among a company of bandits and robbers, relics of the feudal past. At fifteen he is a mere brute, with the animal courage, but with all the animal passions, of a brute. The same catastrophe at first places Edmèe in his power, and afterward at once releases her and delivers him from the diabolic companionship which has made him what he is. The object of the story is to show how by her noble nature he is subsequently transformed from a brute to a man, his sensual passion to a pure and holy love. The aim is admirable, the moral excellent. But the bitter conflict between base passion and the nobler nature is described with so great power, and the incidents which provoke the fiery temper within are wrought up with such consummate skill, that the youthful reader will be apt to find the devil in him more effectually raised than exorcised, the passion fired rather than extinguished, the effect of the story, in a word, more potent than the effect of its moral.

Red as a Rose is She (D. Appleton and Co.) is original in plot and striking in style, but more effective in the half humorous passages which are characteristic of the book than in the scenes of attempted pathos, which, as in the sick-room scene between Esther and St. John, lack strength and completeness.—*Baffled* (Harper and Brothers) is fresh in the consummation of its plot, interesting, though not remarkably powerful in style, pleasant in its dénouement and healthful in its moral tone.

HISTORY.

Mr. Froude brings his *History of England* (Charles Scribner and Co.) to a close with the twelfth volume, "Library Edition." Between this and the cheaper "Popular Edition" there is really but little to choose. In truth we prefer the latter. The volumes are more compact and convenient in size; the type is equally clear and distinct; the marginal notes render it materially more convenient for reference, and if it is not quite so handsome, it is quite handsome enough.

Mr. Froude has chosen for his theme what is perhaps the most critical period in the history of England. He begins with a description of its condition in the early part of the sixteenth century. He closes it with the destruction of the Spanish Armada in 1588. The half century which intervenes is, perhaps, the most important in English history. It is the era of transition from Roman Catholic to Protestant England. It embraces the destruction of the monasteries and the emancipation of the Church of State from Papal rule under Henry VIII., the progress of the reformation under Edward VI., the brief restoration of Papal authority with its bitter fruits under bloody Mary, and the long and exciting contest between Catholic and Protestant, between the cold, cautious, wary but virtuous Queen Bess and the "graceful, beautiful, malignant and untamable" Queen of Scots, ending in the well-deserved and yet ever-regretted death of the charming adulteress and assassin, and the final, complete, and irretrievable overthrow of Papal power, not in England only, but in Europe as well, by the utter destruction with which God overwhelmed the Spanish fleet which ventured to avenge her. It is an era of history which, in these days, when in new issues and under new forms the old battle is like to be waged again, every Protestant has need to read, ay! to study with care. For the Jesuitical spirit which canonized the assassin of William of Orange, and was ready to canonize the would-be assassins of Elizabeth of England, is not far different in the nineteenth century from what it was in the sixteenth. The tiger's claws are just as sharp, though concealed beneath velvet.

We do not hesitate to award Froude a first rank among the writers of history. He is certainly surpassed by none; we doubt whether, in the rare combinations of his qualities as a writer, he is equaled by any. He is patient and assiduous in the collection of material. "I have worked, in all," says he, in a communication to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "through nine hundred volumes of letters, notes, and other papers, private and official, in five languages and in different handwritings." He has brought to the light from ancient archives some new material, and thrown light on much more that is not wholly new. It is a rare mind which would not be lost amidst such a mass of matter, in which careless gossip, painstaking reports, cunningly devised falsehoods, literary frauds and forgeries, contradicted by other forgeries as fraudulent, are intermingled in apparently inextricable chaos. But Mr. Froude possesses in a peculiar measure the legal mind. He understands how to weigh evidence, to balance contradictory possibilities, to cross-examine the testimony of the dead past. We do not always agree with his conclusions. We think he awards too much credit to the court which condemned Anne Boleyn, and too little to the verdict of later history, which has all but unanimously set the judgment of condemnation aside. We think he gives Elizabeth credit for greater sincerity than she possessed, and makes scarcely sufficient allowance for Scottish Mary's early education in the adulterous court and Jesuitical councils of France. But we can always commend his patient research and his no less patient and impartial analysis of conflicting evidence. We sin-

cerely thank him for tearing off the romantic vesture in which this woman, with the "panther's nature," succeeded so well in disguising herself, not only from her contemporaries but from later times. It has never been easy to canonize the pseudo-martyr. Since Froude's 34th chapter it will be more difficult than ever. Even if it be conceded—despite the strongest moral evidence to the contrary—that she had no part in the murder of her own too trustful husband, still, that she was a prime mover and a real participant in the purposed assassination of Queen Elizabeth is as certain as any well-attested fact in history. If America, at peace, did right to demand the execution of Mrs. Surratt for complicity in the murder of Abraham Lincoln, Queen Elizabeth—her kingdom on the very brink of a civil war, and Mary Queen of Scots its most dangerous instigator—is not to be condemned for bringing to the block one who lacked not the purpose but only the opportunity to play the assassin's part in England, as beyond all reasonable question she had played it in Scotland twenty years before.

But Mr. Froude is accused of writing "a romance." Those who imagine that history must be dull to be reliable will certainly find little cause for confidence in his pages. It is rarely that a keen analyst possesses also the dramatist's art. It is this rare combination which gives Mr. Froude his peculiar character as an historian. He is the dramatist of history. It would be hard to find in novel or drama a scene more powerfully portrayed than the death of Darnley or the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. Dramatic writing it is, as, indeed, it must be to be true. For history is not a mere dry detail of dates, but a sublime drama, and he alone knows how to write or read it who perceives beneath the outer course of events the play of passions which beat in the hearts of the actors and really constitute their life. He alone writes the history of Elizabeth and Mary who tells us not only what they did, but what they thought, and felt, and purposed, and what in their secret character they were. It is in this keen analysis of character, this penetrative reading of the hearts and inner lives of his historic personages, that Mr. Froude stands pre-eminent, without a master, if not, indeed, without a peer.

A very different, a characteristically different, book is Dr. John William Draper's *History of the American Civil War* (Harper and Brothers), which is brought to its close in the third volume. Written by one who is almost phlegmatically philosophic, it is carefully and even conscientiously undramatic. It is encyclopedic in its information, encyclopedic also in its calm, unimpassioned, and severely unrhetorical style. It traces rapidly, succinctly, but with remarkable fullness and accuracy, the course of public events. It never stops to paint a picture, to arrange a group, to produce a startling effect, or even to analyze a character. In fact, the very philosophy which underlies Dr. Draper's writing prevents him from penning a dramatic history. It is the essence of the drama that every thing turns upon the play of human passion. We watch in it, with intense interest, the mental conflict, the mind held in poise between good and evil, right and wrong, and with almost breathless interest await a decision on which, as we suppose, the destinies of the hero, or in history, of the nation, turn. Thus the dramatic historian would picture with power the long hesitation in Abraham Lincoln's mind which preceded the Emancipation Proclamation, and the final development of the decision to issue it. The very object of Dr. Draper's book is to show that "the progress of nations is not the result of the devices of individuals, but is determined by immutable law." He passes by, therefore, with indifference, if not contempt, the designs of the individual workman, to trace in their unintentional concurrence the designs of Providence. He scarcely cares to note the immediate causes of events, in the conduct of men, in his eagerness to discover and portray the ultimate cause of all in the great laws which move irresistibly but unobserved to their consummation. He evolves from history its philosophy, as Froude its drama; and the two men may be taken to represent the opposite types of mind, as they represent in their works the opposite methods of historical treatment. Apart from its philosophical interest, it is for reference unquestionably the best history of the war which has been produced. Less brilliant and popular in its narrative than Mr. Abbott's, less technically political than Mr. Greeley's, it gives in a more concise and compact form than either the essential facts and the official figures of the great campaigns. The very dispassionate calmness of its style invests it with an authority which would hardly be accorded to a more ardent and brilliant writer, and, long after the evanescent literature of the war has died, it will remain the standard authority on the events whose history it not eloquently, but lucidly and truthfully, relates.

Lives of politicians and statesmen are very apt to be the work of professional book-makers, and to contain, with very little of original thought or even expression, a large filling up of diplomatic correspondence, state papers, and public speeches. In fact, the proverbial stupidity of religious memoirs is surpassed by most political memoirs; since the private papers which constitute so large a proportion of the one give us at least an insight into the real life and character of the man, which the public papers of the other entirely deny us. We confess to have taken up the *Life of Bismarck*, by John George Louis Hesekiel (Harper and Brothers), with some apprehension that we should find it a book of this description, and we very gladly record our pleasant disappointment. It is neither a eulogy of the character nor a dry narrative of the career of the statesman, but a life of the man. It describes his family, traces his lineage, carries us through his boyhood and college days, makes us familiar with the "Mad Bismarck" of Göttingen and Kniephof, before it introduces us to Otto von Bismarck, Representative in the Assembly, Embassador to Frankfort-on-the-Main, St. Petersburg, and Paris, Premier, and Minister for Foreign Affairs; and it finally closes by giving us the privilege of making a familiar and friendly visit to the great Prussian in his rural retreat at Varzin. It describes him as he is, a man of abounding physical life, of indomitable self-will, and of that intense and even haughty egotism which belongs to a proudly self-reliant and consciously strong

nature, and discloses in the resoluteness of his honest but pugnacious character the secret of his marvelous success. We are not, indeed, inclined to accept altogether Mr. Hesekiel's estimate of his hero, and still less the translator's theory of the divine right of kings, of which Bismarck has been, throughout his career, so persistent an advocate. Not even Bismarck can long maintain against the progress of the age the feudalism of which he is the most distinguished representative. As a republican we have no sympathy for the reactionary spirit which inspires the man and imbues his policy. As a critic we recognize the fact that the story of his life is best told by one who so far sympathizes with Bismarck the statesman as thoroughly to appreciate Bismarck the man.

Of the substance of WILLIAM OLAND BOURNE'S *History of the Public School Society* (William Wood and Co.), or at least of the educational era whose history he narrates, we have spoken so much at length in another part of the Magazine that we only need add here of its method, that it is rich in documents hitherto almost if not absolutely inaccessible to the general reader, that it is the work of a compiler rather than an author, a book for the library rather than for the parlor, for reference rather than for perusal, valuable less as a popular history than as a contribution to the raw material of which history is composed; but that, though not entertaining reading, nor indeed intended so to be, it covers, with a completeness which leaves nothing to be desired, a part of our educational history which we can not afford to forget, and is a book which those who are interested in studying the educational problems of our future can not afford to be without.—J. B. Lippincott and Co. publish *The Records of the United States Navy and Marine Corps*, by LEWIS R. HANNERSLEY. It is a volume of brief biographical sketches, whose general accuracy is vouched for by Secretary Robeson and Vice-Admiral Porter, and will be useful as a sort of naval biographical dictionary.

RELIGIOUS AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

THE same day which brought to our table the paper announcing the death of Dr. JOHN M'CLINTOCK brought also to it the third volume of what is likely to prove the most enduring work of his life—M'CLINTOCK and STRONG'S *Cyclopædia of Biblical, Ecclesiastical, and Theological Literature*—Vol. III.—E.-G. (Harper and Brothers). Professor, author, editor, preacher, and organizer, Dr. M'Clintock failed of pre-eminence in any one department only because he was equally eminent in all. As an instructor he was equally brilliant and successful in the chair of mathematics and in that of the classics. The translation of Neander's "Life of Christ," the joint work of his scholarship and that of Professor Blumenthal, still remains a standard in the theologian's library. The *Methodist Quarterly Review*, under his management, became the peer of its ablest English rivals. Pastor of the American Chapel at Paris, he was as conspicuous for his eloquence as for his patriotism, in a city, too, where Bossuet, Massillon, Lacordaire, and Hyacinthe won their laurels, and his influence in France was second only to that which Mr. Beecher exercised in England on behalf of the Union in the hour of its greatest danger. To his executive ability the Drew Theological Seminary, of which he was the first President, largely owes its assured prosperity; and into the work of its upbuilding he threw himself with all the fire of a nature whose ardency age had matured and directed without diminishing. The last words he uttered to us were an invitation to visit him there on a Commencement occasion, and his eye kindled with an absolutely youthful enthusiasm as he spoke with more than paternal pride of the institution which owed so much to his fostering care. For over ten years he had been engaged on the Cyclopædia, which forms the most permanent and appropriate monument to his memory, as it was by far the most considerable literary undertaking of his life. The success which has attended that most difficult of undertakings, the preparation of an impartial Cyclopædia of theology, is due to that intellectual sympathy which amounted in him to a genius, and enabled him to understand and appreciate faiths widely diverse, none the less that he held his own so firmly. He lived long enough to see this work done; for the Cyclopædia is already completed, and only awaits the necessary revision of passing through the press—then was called to his rest; but his "works do follow him." Of the quality of this, his last and greatest work, we have little need to add to what in previous issues we have said. It is as admirable in his co-laborer's department as in his own. After comparing it with the analogous works of Kitto and Smith in the only true way—by a constant use ever since the issue of the first volume—we have no hesitation in saying that it is not only the best for the American market, because prepared by American scholars, familiar with the wants of the American Church, but that it is absolutely the best, both in the comprehensiveness of its design and the completeness of its treatment.

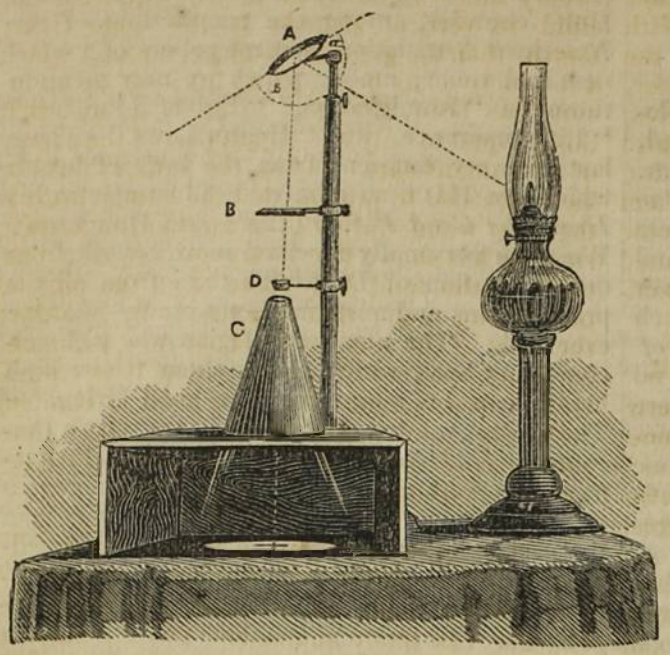
Hereditary Genius (D. Appleton and Co.) is certainly a misnomer. Genius, in the proper acceptation of that term, is never hereditary. The reason is, or at least has been well surmised to be, that the whole force of the faculties is used up in the immediate work of life, and there is no surplus energy to be bequeathed to posterity. Geniuses, moreover, rarely have time or thought to bestow upon their children, who are far more apt to grow up neglected than are those of their less royally endowed neighbors. The ambition which a man of moderate success is unable to gratify by his own career, he hopes to gratify in the career of his children, on whom, therefore, he concentrates energies which the man of genius employs upon himself and his work. But though genius is not hereditary, talent is, as Mr. FRANCIS GALTON has, we think, fairly demonstrated. It is his aim by an induction, based on a careful study of some three hundred families, to prove that intellectual power is handed down from father to son, from which he undertakes to deduce the conclusion that "good-breeding," in the true and strict sense of the term, is as important among men as men have long since agreed it is in stock. Without assenting to his philosophy in full, or even attempting to describe it, we commend his book, because it is an induction, and because it presents, in support of his theories, an array of details, carefully worked out, which are

worthy the consideration of students of psychology, who are too apt to base their hypotheses not on solid facts, but on their own imaginings of what those facts should be.

BRIEF MENTION.

No book can make a gentleman or lady. Nothing but habits of true courtesy, long continued, until they become a second nature, can do that. But a book may be a useful reminder even to those whose home training has imparted to them the courteous manners of a true gentility, and may be yet more useful to one who has never known the benefits of such early training. Such we take to be the office of the *Bazar Book of Decorum* (Harper and Brothers), though it by no means confines itself to so simple an aim. There is a false gentility that sometimes apes and sometimes caricatures the true; and it is not alone Verdant Green, nor even our aspiring friends Mr. and Mrs. Shoddy, who will find the pages of this excellent little manual useful. Mrs. Potiphar might read it with equal profit, except that she would utterly disdain its very practical and sensible directions. Would that we could hope that its unknown author might win a victory in his brave but hopeless campaign against such monstrous barbarisms as chignons and ear-rings, and against such disgustingly bestial practices—we beg the beasts to pardon us—as the chewing of tobacco!—Gail Hamilton, by her trenchant and readable indictment against the publishing house of "Brummel and Hunt"—*A Battle of the Books*—proves certainly three things: that she writes for private correspondents as spicily as for the public; that there is nothing in woman's nature which unfits her for the profession of the law, and even for that part which Dr. Bushnell disallows her, "the uncovering and preparing of evidences, and the advocacies and public litigations of causes;" and, finally, that it is always well for authors to be "intelligent, prompt, exact," if not "exacting, in all business matters which come within their scope." Whether she proves any thing more the public will be slow to decide on this *ex parte* statement. It is but just to say that the impression which we have derived concerning the publishing houses of the United States from a personal experience of some years, and from an experience of friends extending over more than a quarter of a century, is very different from that which Miss Dodge has derived from the very unbusiness-like business relations in which she became involved with the house which has hitherto published her works.—The value of the Illustrated Library of Wonders is universally recognized. Its popularity as a series of juveniles we have tested in our own household. *The Sun*, by Amédée Guillemin (Charles Scribner and Co.), is in theme less popular than its predecessors, but in treatment not their inferior. The illustrations are admirable.—*Steele's Key to the Sciences* (A. S. Barnes and Co.) is primarily a book of answers to the practical questions and problems contained in the author's "Fourteen Weeks' Courses in Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, and Astronomy;" but it is also valuable to others than the student, because it contains, in a very condensed form, a great deal of useful and practical information.—The second number of the *Journal of Social Science* (Leypoldt and Holt) contains, among the transactions of the American Association, several papers of usefulness and value; among which we may mention those on "Immigration," "Public Libraries," "Life Insurance," and "Health Laws."—These last are very different from the laws of health which Dr. Hall so admirably illustrates in his *Health by Good Living* (Hurd and Houghton). We have personally received more benefit from one suggestion of Dr. Hall's than from all the prescriptions and nostrums—not many—that we ever took. The number is legion who will welcome any book which shows them "how high health can be maintained by good living."—The second volume of Father Hyacinthe's Discourses, *The Family and the Church* (G. P. Putnam and Son), contains the Advent Conferences of Notre Dame. Somewhat less fragmentary than the preceding volume, it is evident that the editor suffered under the same disadvantages of incomplete material.—In his *Hand-book of the Sulphur Cure* (Harper and Brothers), Mr. William J. Flagg, whose "Three Seasons in European Vineyards" we have hitherto noticed, undertakes to prescribe for the diseased vines and fruit trees of America out of his observation of methods of remedy in Europe.—The Harpers issue a new edition of *Tom Brown's School Days*—a most healthful book for boys—with illustrations which greatly enhance its attractiveness.—*Bessie on her Travels* (Carter and Brothers) we find as charming as we have already found her under the varied circumstances in which the preceding volumes have described her.—The *Golden Cup* and *Braid of Cords* are both collections of short stories, of more than average merit for the Sabbath-school library, for which they are intended.—The peculiar characteristic of *Friday Night* lies in the fact that it affords, in a series of Jewish stories, a portraiture, by one of their own race, of Jewish life and character.—If any thing could revive the popularity of Leigh Hunt, *A Day by the Fire* (Roberts Brothers) should do so. The first essay, which gives title to the book, is the best. But, alas! busy America is loth to give to meditation or meditative writing the time which this old school of essayists demands.—Why James Russell Lowell entitles his new volume of essays *Among my Books* (Fields, Osgood, and Co.) we are puzzled to conceive, since Dryden, Shakspeare, Lessing, and Rousseau are the only authors he introduces to us. Mr. Lowell, whose prose is in no way inferior to his poetry, is a genuine critic, and has done well to redeem these papers from the comparative oblivion to which they would have been condemned in the pages of the *North American Review*.—Of *Pater Muradi* (Nichols and Noyes) we can speak more advisedly when the second volume, or the sequel, shall appear. Suffice it on the present occasion to say that Dr. Burr would have done well to transform his lectures before issuing them in a book, and that they would have been more permanently effective if they had been less laboriously brilliant.

Editor's Scientific Record.



APPARATUS FOR DRAWING MINUTE OBJECTS.

AN ingenious device for drawing microscopical objects has been recently invented by Fritsch, of Vienna, which has been found to be capable of valuable application in the interest of naturalists; and we accordingly reproduce a figure of it, for the purpose of illustrating its nature more satisfactorily. The instrument is intended to throw an enlarged image of the object upon a table so as to admit of its being copied accurately. When in use, the apparatus is placed near a burning lamp or gas flame, in such manner that a ray of light falling upon the adjustable concave mirror A, at an angle *a*, is reflected at the same angle *b*, upon a movable plate B, in the middle of which is an opening for the reception of the object to be magnified. The rays of light pass through this object to a lens D, and from that through a cone C, and fall upon a sheet of paper placed horizontally below, and upon which an enlargement takes place, readily varied in extent.

The image thus thrown down can be easily copied by the artist, line for line. The apparatus is so simple that any one can construct it out of wood and pasteboard, who can command a concave mirror of two and a half inches in diameter and a lens of good magnifying power.

TOBACCO-LOVING MICE.

In a recent publication on the mammalia of Switzerland, Dr. Fatio describes a new species of mouse from Poschiavo in the Grisons, which has the strange peculiarity of feeding on tobacco in preference to other substances; and on that account is very obnoxious to the proprietors of establishments where this article is manufactured or sold. The account of the species is illustrated by a plate, representing two mice helping themselves to cigars. It is well known that some insects feed on the fresh tobacco leaf in preference to that of any other plant; but this case of an animal devouring the dried plant, and preferring it to any thing else, is quite unique.

In this connection we may recall the recently published accounts of the curious Andaman Island monkey, which was added to the collection of the Zoological Society of London last summer, and which excited so much attention by its fondness for a glass of grog and a pipe of tobacco—accomplishments taught to it by the sailors of the vessel on which it was taken to England.

INFLUENCE OF TREES ON RAIN-FALL.

The marked influence of forests upon the amount of rain-fall of a country has recently received a striking illustration in the experience of the Australians. The result of destroying the timber in the Ballarat district has been to cause a reduction of the rain-fall from thirty-seven and a half inches, in 1863, to fourteen and one-quarter inches in 1868. To remedy the difficulty, and to take proper action for restoring the forests, an inspector of state forests has been appointed by the government, for the purpose of preventing any further waste of timber, and of replanting forest trees in different parts of the country.

STONE AGE OF GREECE.

Mr. Finley, a well-known English historian, in a recent tract, endeavors to prove the existence of a pre-historic stone period in the main land and the islands of Greece, and finds evidence of the occurrence of lake dwellings similar to those of Switzerland, which have excited so much interest among antiquarians. He thinks that passages in Herodotus prove their existence in Macedonia, even in historic times, and says that the condition of the lakes and marshes of the country is such as to render it probable that careful examination will bring to light remains of the kind in question. Unfortunately, the present state of the country is such as to prevent a practical solution of the problem.

Accounts of the occurrence of stone implements in Greece are not unfrequent even in the early ancient historians. These consist largely of obsidian flakes, and also, occasionally, of well-worked objects of nephrite or jade, similar to those of Switzerland, the material of which in both cases may have been derived from Asia or Egypt, there being no known locality of the unwrought material in Europe.

ACTION OF HOP FLOWERS ON YEAST.

It is asserted by an Italian physiologist that the flowers of the hop arrest immediately the development of yeast, and thus prevent fermentation.

QUATERNARY RELICS IN FRANCE.

M. Reboux, of Paris, has lately published renewed evidence of the occurrence of the remains of human art in the quaternary strata of Paris, especially as laid open by the numerous quarries about the city. These consist of knives, lance-heads, scrapers, axes, etc., and in fact the usual variety known to ethnologists, and found at various depths, from the surface to forty feet below it; some of them at least belonging to a period of high antiquity.

Three epochs are traced by M. Reboux; that of the cave bear, or early stone age; the middle stone age, or the reindeer period; and the new stone age, or the period of the dolmens. With the remains mentioned occur the bones of the elephant and mammoth, Irish elk, reindeer, moose, horse, ass, rhinoceros of several species, hippopotamus, hog, cave lion, bison, etc.; also the *Trogontherium*, an ally of our *Castoroides*, and the *Halitherium*, a cetacean, both of them extinct at the present day. Specimens of some of these remains have been, we learn, presented by M. Reboux to the museum of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

VEGETABLE ORIGIN OF SCARLET-FEVER.

A recent writer expresses the opinion that scarlet-fever is the product of a fungus of the genus *Tilletia;* and he also states that this disease is especially characterized by the existence of an immense number of micrococci in the blood, which are at first as small as the finest pin point, and occur in greater numbers than the blood globules themselves. They seem to accumulate about these globules, and to penetrate into their substance, producing a complete disorganization.

FREEZING MIXTURES.

An elaborate course of experiments has recently been made in Germany, with a view of determining the comparative amount of reduction of temperature caused by dissolving different salts in water. The most remarkable result was found in the use of sulpho-cyanide of potassium, a solution of which in water reduced the temperature in a few minutes from fifty degrees above to ten degrees below zero, or a depression of sixty degrees.

MUSCULAR FORCE OF THE HUMAN HEART.

A curious investigation of the muscular force of the human heart, and the comparative amount of work it performs, has recently been made and published by Mr. Haughton, an eminent English mathematician. Starting with the postulates—first, that three ounces of blood are driven from each ventricle at each stroke of the heart; second, that the hydrostatic pressure in the left ventricle and aorta against which the blood is forced out amounts to a column of blood nearly ten feet in vertical height; third, that the muscular force of the left ventricle in contracting bears to that of the right ventricle the proportion of thirteen to five—he proceeds to show that the daily work of the left ventricle is equivalent to over eighty-nine tons lifted one foot, and that of the right to over thirty-four tons; or, for both together, to over one hundred and twenty-three tons lifted through one foot. The enormous amount of force denoted by the preceding result our author goes on to illustrate by showing, first, that if the daily work of ten hours by a laboring man be equivalent to three hundred and fifty-four tons lifted through one foot, the heart does over one-third as much in twenty-four hours; therefore three old women doing nothing whatever actually accomplish more work in one day than the strongest average laboring man; second, that the laboring force of the heart is greater than that expended in propelling an eight-oared boat through the water during the severest boat-race; third, that if the heart expended its entire force in lifting its own weight vertically, it would raise this weight nearly 20,000 feet in one hour, or twenty times as far as an active pedestrian can climb in vertical altitude in the same time; fourth, that the greatest distance through which a locomotive has been able to lift itself up an incline has been 2700 feet in an hour, and that this is equal to only one-eighth part of the energy of the human heart. In fine, our author thinks he has succeeded in proving that the human heart is the most wonderful piece of mechanism known, since he has shown that its energy is equal to one-third of the total daily force of all the muscles of a strong man; that it exceeds by one-third the labor of the muscles in a boat-race, estimated by equal weights of muscle; that it is equivalent to twenty times the force used in climbing vertically; and finally, that it has eight times the force of the most powerful engine invented by the art of man.

LAURENTIAN ROCKS IN EASTERN MASSACHUSETTS.

Professor Hunt, of the Geological Survey of Canada, has lately announced the discovery of the Laurentian system of rocks in the eastern part of Massachusetts, especially in the vicinity of Newburyport and Lowell, a formation not hitherto observed east of the valley of the Hudson and Lake Champlain within the limits of the United States. He was first led to this conclusion during a visit to that part of the country last summer from lithological grounds, the rocks in question, which are gneissoid, granitoid, and syenitic in character, inclosing beds of crystalline limestone, serpentine, hornblende, scapolite, apatite, spinel, etc. At Dr. Hunt's suggestion an examination was made for specimens of the *Eozoon canadense*, a characteristic fossil of this formation, and Mr. Bicknell actually found it in serpentine and limestone at Newburyport, and it was afterward obtained from the crystalline limestone of Chelmsford.

CHLORAL AN ANTIDOTE TO STRYCHNINE.

Among other applications of the new anodyne, hydrate of chloral, it is said by Dr. Liebreich to be an antidote for strychnine, so efficient, indeed, that doses of the poison which would be fatal under ordinary circumstances are rendered entirely innocuous by the chloral, provided the remedy be applied immediately after the poison is taken. On the other hand, strychnine will be available as an antagonist to chloral poison; and although no authenticated cases of this latter character have yet been reported, some may possibly arise hereafter, and it may be well to bear the facts just mentioned in mind.

VEGETABLE ELECTRICITY.

A great furor has lately been excited in Italy by a certain St. Cæsar Mattei, who uses a new remedy called vegetable electricity, and which, administered drop by drop, inwardly or outwardly, it is maintained, will cure the most obstinate diseases. First introduced in Boulogne, where 38,000 cases of sickness were cured in four years, according to the statement of the inventor, he has recently established a hospital in Rome by leave of the papal government, and has received its official sanction to practice his remedies. The precise nature of the substance employed is still

a secret; but it will probably prove to be one of the many cases in which the superstition or the unquestioning faith of the patient is the prime agent in causing the imaginary relief from disease, which itself may possibly be imaginary.

MICROSCOPIC FORMS IN THE STOMACH OF THE OYSTER.

It may be news to some of our readers, even to the professed microscopist, that the stomach of the oyster contains a great variety of minute organisms, and among them many species of the well-known family of *Bacillaria*, which form favorite objects for examination by the microscope, embracing species still living, which, as dead skeletons, go to make up the great mass of true chalk. The species found vary considerably in different localities and at different seasons of the year; and it is probable that a systematic examination of the stomach of the oyster, in any locality, may tend to bring to light facts of much interest in regard to the geographical distribution and the variety of these forms.

ELECTRO-PLATING OF NICKEL.

Much interest was excited at the Academy of Sciences in Paris, in January last, by the exhibition of specimens of various metallic articles electro-plated with nickel by the process of Mr. Adams, of Boston. This application of nickel bids fair to be one of great importance in an industrial point of view, since the metal thus deposited has a color something like that of highly-polished steel, is extremely hard, and resists the action of the atmosphere and of acids, and of almost all substances with which it is likely to come in contact in common use. It is now employed largely in coating philosophical apparatus, such as microscopes, spy-glasses, telescopes, etc., as well as for watch movements, and in fact almost any articles for which a highly polished surface is desirable. Unlike polished brass, it has no disagreeable smell, and from its extreme hardness as well as cheapness, it is much superior to silver-plating. It has also been applied to advantage in coating the surface of engraved copper, and even steel, for the purpose of preventing the wearing away by use and any injurious action of a damp atmosphere.

The experiment of electro-plating with this metal has been attempted before; and during the discussion which ensued upon the presentation of the specimens to the Academy of Sciences, M. Becquerel recalled to mind his having done the same thing ten years ago; to which M. Dumas replied, recognizing the fact, but stating that the merit of Mr. Adams's communication consisted in his showing that the slightest portion of alkali in the liquid prevented the adhesion of the galvanic deposit. If care be taken in this respect a success becomes nearly certain, which formerly was only occasional and irregular.

According to Mr. Adams, the salt of nickel employed must of course be entirely free from any alkali—the double sulphate of nickel and ammonia, or the double chloride of nickel and ammonia, being the most eligible. The operation is performed with very great facility; the salt becoming decomposed in the bath, and the nickel attaching itself to the object placed on the negative pole. After removal from the bath, a moderate rubbing with cloth impregnated with a little metallic powder is sufficient to give it a high degree of lustre.

M. Becquerel announced at a subsequent meeting, as a result of further experiments, that the presence of potash did not interfere with the regular deposit of the nickel, provided that free ammonia were added, to neutralize the sulphuric acid set free by the decomposition of the sulphate of nickel.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE PLEIADES.

Our fellow-citizen, Mr. Rutherford, has recently obtained some admirable photographs of the constellation of the Pleiades; and, by means of a very delicate micrometer, has been able to measure the arcs which separate the stars of this group. Compared with the results obtained by Bessel some years ago, an almost absolute coincidence was found; but an illustration of the triumphs of modern science is shown in the fact, that what required eleven years for the eminent German astronomer to ascertain was determined by an American in the course of the observations of a single night. From the fact that the relative distances of the stars of the constellation have not changed in the slightest degree during the last quarter of a century, it is inferred—as has already been insisted upon—that this group constitutes the centre around which our solar system revolves.

CLIMBING HIGH MOUNTAINS.

In a recent article by Mr. Lortet on the physiological effects of mountain climbing, it is stated that the greatest elevation of any human habitation is that of the Buddhist Cloister of Hanlé in Thibet, established at an altitude of about 19,850 feet. The brothers Schlagintweit, during the explorations of that same region, camped out, with the eight members of their party, from the 13th to the 23d of August, 1855, at altitudes ranging from 21,855 to 24,387 feet. The highest ascent made during the day, and the loftiest yet reached by man in climbing, was 29,530 feet.

The principal physiological phenomena observed by mountain climbers have been classified, according to the different heights, as follows:

1st, *Respiration.*—Respiration is accelerated, obstructed, and laborious, and an extreme difficulty of breathing is experienced.

2d, *Circulation.*—Most travelers have noticed palpitation, an acceleration of the pulse, throbbing of the carotids, and a sensation of fullness in the blood-vessels, sometimes a threatening of suffocation, and even hemorrhages.

3d, *Enervation.*—A very painful headache and sleepiness, sometimes irresistible, blunting of the memory, and moral prostration.

4th, *Digestion.*—Thirst, an intense desire for cold drinks, dryness of the tongue, aversion to salt food, nausea, and eructations.

5th, *Functions of Locomotion.*—More or less pain in the knees and legs, fatigue in walking, and rapid exhaustion of strength.

THE MAHOVOS.

Among other important novelties in mechanical science exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1867, and brought to our notice by the admirable report of Dr. Barnard, of Columbia College, is one called the "mahovos," the invention of a

Russian engineer, which, it is thought, contains the germ of an important improvement. This is intended to economize and utilize the power of a locomotive engine, and consists simply of a pair of fly-wheels of immense weight—started and kept in motion by the moving of the train—provided with a special tender, which runs immediately behind the engine. The practical application of the mahovos will be understood when we reflect that it is always necessary, in running a train, to have an engine capable of surmounting the highest grade on the road, and therefore more powerful than would be required for simply carrying the train along a dead level, where, of course, a certain amount of power is wasted. The object of the mahovos is to store up the surplus power and render it available upon the more difficult parts of the ascent, and thereby permitting a smaller engine to be employed, which would involve not only less expense in the outset, but a reduced amount of wear and tear of the road.

Referring to Dr. Barnard's report for the details of the apparatus, we may simply state that when the train is started the mahovos is of course set in motion, and the size of its wheels and axles is such that a speed of thirty miles per hour in the train will generate in the circumference of the mahovos a velocity of four hundred and sixty-six feet per second; and as it weighs about twenty-six tons, this velocity is supposed to embody a living force of more than one hundred and forty-four millions of foot-pounds. The apparatus, of course, is constructed of such material and in such a manner as to be secure against any danger of bursting by centrifugal force, a matter of prime importance. As the train moves from a state of rest the velocity of the fly-wheels is gradually accelerated, and finally attains a maximum corresponding to the maximum of the velocity of the train. If now the steam be shut off from the engine the mahovos itself becomes a source of driving power, and will maintain the motion until it has given back the work stored up in it precisely as it was first received. To facilitate the necessary stoppages the friction-wheels of the apparatus can be lifted off from the running-wheels, so as to obviate any material loss of power. But if the stop is to be for a length of time the steam is shut off at a distance from the station, so that the power stored up may carry the train to its journey's end, and thus exhaust itself.

It is also so constructed that it may be used as a brake, an entire train being stopped in twenty seconds, which perhaps can scarcely be said of any other form of apparatus for this purpose.

The advantages to be derived from the use of the mahovos are summed up by Dr. Barnard as follows: first, the diminished cost of railways, in consequence of the admission of steeper grades than are now allowed; second, a reduction of the amount of curvature and an increase of the maximum radius, by which the mean velocity may be improved and the wear and tear diminished; third, the reduced cost of maintenance, on account of the reduced expense of the substructure; fourth, the greater durability of the rails and wheels, in consequence of being less frequently subjected to wear by the brakes; fifth, the saving of life and property, by the use of an instantaneous brake; sixth, great economy of fuel. The precise value of this apparatus will probably be known before long, as arrangements have been made on some of the Russian railways to put it to a thorough test.

ELECTRICITY OF ATLANTIC CABLE.

According to Professor Zantesdeschi, a submarine cable may be considered as a Leyden-jar, in which, when the inner insulated wires are carrying a message from America to Europe, those forming the outer layer should reconvey it from Europe to America. He therefore suggests that instruments be established at each end by which the sender of the message can ascertain, by the indications at his elbow, whether his dispatch is received at the opposite extremity as he transmits it.

MR. CARRINGTON'S OBSERVATORY.

Mr. Carrington, the well-known proprietor of the astronomical observatory at Red Hill, in England, has recently published an account of a new establishment of a similar character, which he is about putting into operation in the village of Churts, near Farnham, and presenting some novelties in its construction. The property in question contains a conical hill, sixty feet high, which is entirely detached; and the new observatory has been sunk in the top of this hill, so that the roof just peeps out over the soil. There is, furthermore, a dry well, six feet in diameter and forty feet deep, communicating by a horizontal shaft, one hundred and sixty-six feet long, with the south side of the hill, closed by three doorways. This well is intended principally for the accommodation of the clock, which requires a position of invariable temperature, and also to be kept in an air-tight case.

This establishment of Mr. Carrington has not yet gone into operation; but with the advantages resulting from its favorable situation, including that of an equable temperature, we are prepared to learn of his obtaining results of even greater interest and value than those published in connection with his observations at Red Hill.

ACTION OF SUN'S RAYS ON CHLOROPHYL.

It is well known that the green matter of the leaves of plants, known as chlorophyl, is present in the form of granules, inclosed in the interior of the cells; and the observation was made many years since that the situation of these granules in the cells was influenced very much by the direct action of the sun's light. Not much attention was paid to the statement until quite lately, when Mr. Prillieux renewed the experiments, and has made an interesting announcement of the results to the Academy of Sciences of Paris.

The plant upon which the observations were based is a species of moss, known as the *Funaria hygrometrica*, which is particularly adapted to the purpose, as the leaves are formed of a single layer of cellules, and are sufficiently transparent to be readily examined by the microscope. When the plant has been kept for some days in the dark the leaf, on examination, exhibits the appearance of a green net-work, with a clear and transparent ground between the meshes. The green of the chlorophyl will be found aggregated against the walls which separate adjacent cellules, none

being seen on the upper or under surface of the leaf. As soon, however, as the plant, first laid upon the stage of the microscope, is exposed to the direct sunlight the grains of the chlorophyl will be seen to leave the lateral or perpendicular walls of the cells and attach themselves superficially. They do not remain constant even here, but exhibit a motion among themselves, although still occupying the same relative position in the cell. When the plant is again placed in the dark the chlorophyl grains gradually resume their position against the lateral walls, as before; again to be drawn out, however, by the sun's rays, whenever exposed to them.

Our author finds that bright artificial light answers the purpose as well as that of the sun, so that the experiment can be conducted at night with entire satisfaction, and invariably with the same result.

FUNCTIONS OF THE LACHRYMAL GLANDS.

Discussions have frequently arisen as to the precise function of the lachrymal glands, or those secreting tears, although authors have generally considered them as specially connected with the organs and the phenomena of vision. It is now suggested, however, that the true object of the tears is not to lubricate the eye, as has been supposed, but to furnish moisture to the nasal passages, so as to prevent them from drying in consequence of the continued current of air through them. If this hypothesis be true it will hereafter be necessary to consider the lachrymal glands as accessory to respiration, and closely connected with it.

THE TELICONOGRAPH.

The use of the camera lucida, in drawing objects, is well understood by most persons, although its applications have generally been confined to articles at no great distance from the instrument. An ingenious inventor has, however, lately adapted it to a spy-glass, by means of which it can be applied to delineating remote objects, and its utility thus materially increased. The camera, thus improved, bears the rather unmanageable name of teliconograph, or an instrument for drawing pictures of objects at a great distance. The rays forming the image, after passing through the spy-glass or telescope, strike the vertical face of the prism, and are reflected down upon the paper in the ordinary manner, the size of the image depending upon the distance of the paper from the camera. This instrument is said to operate successfully at a distance of several miles from the object, and has been found very useful in military operations, for taking accurate drawings of fortifications and other works. Other applications suggested are in drawing the details of distant parts of a large building, the faces of rocks, etc.

THE DIAMOND IN BOHEMIA.

The interesting announcement has been made of the discovery of the diamond in Bohemia, in the garnet sands of Dlaschkowitz, on the estate of Count Schönborn, situated at a distance of about four miles northwest of Prague. This is said to be the first positive indication of the occurrence of this gem in Europe, as the reported discoveries in Ireland and Spain are considered by no means authentic. The geological associations of the Bohemian diamond are quite different from those in which it generally has been found, since it did not occur between the ancient and later formations of the primitive rocks, and associated with gold and platinum, but in a comparatively recent sedimentary stratum.

VOTING IN PUBLIC ASSEMBLIES BY TELEGRAPH.

Various arrangements have been devised and brought to the attention of deliberative public bodies for taking and recording the votes on any given question by means of electricity. An improved method has lately been put into use in the lower House of the Land Tag of Prussia, consisting of an instrument which, at the moment the vote is taken, exhibits three different tallies: First, the votes in favor of the measure; second, those opposed; and third, the sum of the favorable and unfavorable votes, which serves to check or confirm the previous numbers. In addition, the instrument records on a slip of paper the name of each member, and how he voted; and by means of an autograph apparatus any number of copies of this list can be produced with great rapidity. If desired, the name of each member and the nature of his vote can be exhibited to every part of the House. The machine is operated by means of a lever placed beside the seat of each deputy. A key, in the possession of the member alone, directs the hand to yea or nay as soon as the vote is called.

ATMOSPHERIC DUST.

Much interest has been excited by the delivery and report of a lecture given before the Royal Institution of Great Britain, in January last, by Professor Tyndall, the subject being "A Lecture on Haze and Dust." The general facts as stated in regard to the composition of the motes and floating particles in the atmosphere were not specially new, but were presented with great clearness, and were illustrated by experiment; while the practical inferences presented to the notice of the audience were very impressive and startling.

According to Professor Tyndall, the atmosphere is filled with particles of organic matter in much larger proportion than of inorganic, and is made up of portions of epithelial matter, germs of fungi, etc., to the presence of which he attributes the propagation of many diseases. The instinctive practice of putting the handkerchief in front of the mouth when exposed to an infected atmosphere the lecturer considered founded in reason, since by experiments the air, when strained through several thicknesses of handkerchief, and, still better, through a tuft of cotton wool, was found to be almost entirely freed from impurities, these becoming entangled in the vegetable fibres. When inhalation takes place without some strainer of the kind in question the impurities enter the lungs, and, in great part, remain there, as is shown by the fact that the air exhaled is almost entirely free from them. It is probable, therefore, that in many cases the spread of infectious diseases may be prevented by some form of respirator, through which the air becomes filtered in its passage to the lungs.

We have not space to reproduce the accounts of all the interesting experiments and observa-

tions of Professor Tyndall; but the full report of his lecture will amply repay perusal.

TRUE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

After all the many attempts that have been made to ascertain the sources of the Nile in the regions explored by Livingstone, Speke, and others, Mr. Beke, himself an African explorer of no mean rank, contends that the true sources are to be found in the vast primitive forests of Olovihendra, situated in the western portions of Southern Africa, within 300 miles of that portion of the coast embracing the Portuguese colony of Benguela; the approximate position of the heads of the stream being probably between 11° 30′ and 12° of south latitude, and 18° or 19° of west longitude. If this be the case the Nile must be considered as the longest river in the world, extending across 43 degrees of latitude, or, measured diagonally, over one-eighth part of the entire circumference of the globe.

BROMIDE OF POTASSIUM FOR CHILDREN.

Certain French physicians very strongly recommend the use of bromide of potassium as a method of putting children to sleep, claiming that it is far preferable to the remedies ordinarily employed, especially those which contain opium—a substance whose use for this purpose can scarcely be too strongly reprehended. It is given in doses, for very young children, of from two to four grains, several times a day. The sedative action of this remedy is said to be apparent the first, or at most, the second night, and to continue as long as the medicine is administered. It is found to be extremely beneficial during the period of teething, as it appears to prevent convulsions by means of its anæsthetic action. One instance is mentioned in which a child, that had been subject for several months to convulsions, was entirely cured after a few days by the bromide.

DR. KLEMM'S MUSEUM.

The celebrated cabinet of Dr. Klemm, of Dresden, collected by him as material for his great work on the history of the progress of civilization, has been offered for sale; and a committee is now engaged in soliciting subscriptions toward its purchase for the University of Leipsic—a considerable reduction in the price being promised by the proprietor. It can be bought, however, for the sum of $10,000—a small sum, considering that it contains over forty thousand specimens, illustrating every procurable variety of dress, of household utensils, implements of every kind, etc., used from very remote periods to the present time. It is much to be regretted that this collection can not be purchased for some American museum or institution, since nothing like it could be brought together at the present time, except at an enormous expense; and there is a great lack in our country of such illustrations of the progress of civilization.

PROPER HOUR FOR METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

The announcement has recently been made by Mr. Henry Lucas that the temperature at eight o'clock in the evening represents with striking exactness the mean temperature of the day; so that, instead of the three observations which are usually taken, one will answer all purposes. This inference is given as the result of forty years of careful observation, and the examination of the records of numerous observatories. Among other advantages suggested for the employment of this hour instead of the others, is the fact that professional or business men who interest themselves in making meteorological observations can much more generally attend to the record of the thermometer at eight o'clock in the evening than at any other hour during the day, and that at this time no precaution need be taken to protect the instrument from direct or reflected solar light.

BLUE COLOR OF FRESH WATER.

According to a recent author, the blue color of certain fresh water—such as that of Lake Geneva, etc.—is due to the presence of silica in a state of solution.

PROTOPLASM IN THE SPLEEN.

The discovery of masses of protoplasm in the spleen of embryonic mammals was announced several years ago; and we are now informed that similar masses have recently been observed in the pulp of the spleen, even in the adult. In the rabbit, pig, and dog they are of a large size, exceeding by several times the magnitude of the ordinary cellular structure of the organs. When examined fresh they are found to be round, and usually, though not always, destitute of a nucleus.

DISCHARGE OF LIVING FISH FROM VOLCANOES.

It is a curious fact that a feature of volcanic discharges in South America often consists in the ejection of immense numbers of fish, usually of one species, thrown out sometimes in such quantities as to poison the air and spread disease by their exhalations. The fish in question belongs to the same natural order as the fresh-water catfish, with which every one in the United States is well acquainted. It has been taken alive in some of the lakes in the sides of the Andes, at an elevation of eight or ten thousand feet above the sea; and it is supposed that these lakes communicate with reservoirs in the interior, from which the fish are ejected by the volcano. Specimens were obtained by Professor Orton, on his late expedition to Ecuador, and have been identified as the *Cyclopium humboldtii* of naturalists.

It is very remarkable, however, that these fish, although sometimes thrown out in a half-boiled state, are generally uncooked, and some of them indeed are alive when they reach the surface of the earth.

NEW ATTACHMENT TO SEWING-MACHINES.

It is announced by a recent German journal that an ingenious mechanic has lately invented an attachment to the sewing-machine by which its working is greatly facilitated, and which is capable of being applied to any form of the machine in common use. Among its other advantages, it permits the machine to turn only in one direction, and thus prevents the danger of breaking needles or thread consequent upon the reversal of the proper motion. One foot or both may be used in propulsion. It also keeps the machine in motion by the ball of the foot, so that the heels and toes are not called into action. The degree of velocity of the machine is regulated not by the number of movements of the foot, but by

the intensity of their motion. The thread is kept in a condition of uniform tension, and the machine can be stopped in a moment without taking the hand from the work. It is also stated that, in the case of sewing-machines which require about 150 movements of the foot to make 600 stitches, the same can be accomplished by the new arrangement with 30 movements; and, with 60 movements per minute (a rapidity easily attained), 1200 stitches will be made in that time—a very slight pressure of the foot being sufficient to start the apparatus and keep it in motion. Finally, it is said that the use of a sewing-machine, with this attachment, can be learned with much greater ease than without it; and that even the heaviest kinds can be made to attain a great degree of velocity without fatiguing or straining the operator.

ELECTRIZING WINES.

Mr. Scoutetten, in a recent announcement, renews his assertion that a current of electricity passed through wines exercises a very positive influence in ameliorating and improving them, and refers the alteration to the decomposition of the tartrate of potassa by the electric current. The potassa set free neutralizes the acid of the wine, while the tartaric acid combines with its fatty matter, and tends to produce the ethers which furnish its bouquet. He also thinks that a certain portion of water is decomposed, disengaging the hydrogen at the negative pole and oxygen at the positive; and as oxygen, in a nascent state, possesses energetic properties, it produces new compounds, which give character to the old wines, and tend to produce those qualities in the new that ordinarily require much time and care.

VARYING COLOR OF JUPITER'S BELTS.

Attention has lately been called by Mr. Browning, and other observers, to some very remarkable changes in the color of the great equatorial belt of Jupiter. This is usually of a pearly-white color; but recently it has exhibited a variety of tints ranging from copper-red to chrome-yellow, with occasional tints of green. The precise nature of the causes which have thus influenced the color of the equatorial belt of Jupiter it is of course difficult to determine; although possibly this may be connected with certain peculiarities of its atmosphere. Mr. Browning suggests that, as Jupiter is the largest of the members of our solar system, excepting the sun itself, supposing it to be of the same age as the others, it retains, in consequence of its bulk, a greater amount of its primitive heat; and that, consequently, the moisture in its substance is all vaporized, forming the dense envelope visible to our sight.

The other planets he supposes have cooled in proportion to their size. Thus the arid appearance of the moon may be due to the fact that not only the water, but the gases which formerly composed its atmosphere, have been frozen into a solid state, and the whole of its initial heat lost, in the intense cold of space, the temperature of which has been estimated by some at one hundred and thirty degress below zero, by others at two hundred and thirty-nine degrees.

In Mars, again, a body intermediate in size between the earth and the moon, more initial heat will have been lost than in the former, and less than in the latter; and accordingly we find the moisture of the surface to be still appreciable in the form of ice at the poles, on that planet, in much larger proportion than on our globe.

Venus, again, nearly of the same size as the earth, has a dense vaporous atmosphere. Mercury has also a dense atmosphere, which in some respects, resembles that of the earth.

Mr. Browning suggests, in conclusion, that in the distant future, when Jupiter has lost more of its heat, the vaporous envelope will be condensed into water, and its true disk will be revealed, of considerably less diameter than the present. He accordingly trusts that careful observations will be made and recorded by astronomers of the present day, in order that our successors, after many ages, may be able to appreciate the changes.

GAMGEE'S PROCESS OF PREPARING MEAT.

Among the many methods suggested, of late years, for preparing fresh meat in such a way as to admit of its being carried long distances to market, so that it may be furnished at a moderate rate, that of Professor Gamgee promises to be one of the most successful. This gentleman, an eminent veterinary surgeon, and at the head of the Veterinary College of London, visited the United States last year, for the purpose of prosecuting experiments on his new method in Texas; and it may be recollected that while here he rendered good service to American agriculture by his investigations of certain diseases of cattle—the Spanish fever especially—and by a report made by him to the Agricultural Department at Washington. It was in Texas that his special investigations in regard to the preservation of meat were prosecuted, as the abundance of cattle, worth there little more than the value of their hides, rendered it possible for him to conduct his experiments on a large scale; and it is understood that the exportation of fresh meat from that State to Europe and to the northern United States, will be prosecuted vigorously in the future.

In Professor Gamgee's process, the living animal is first caused to inhale carbonic oxide, placed in a bag and held over the nose, the gas being prepared by the action of sulphuric acid upon oxalic acid. The application of the gas, of course, produces asphyxia, and the animal falls to the ground, after which it is bled and dressed in the usual manner. Brine of the proper strength is next injected into the meat by hydrostatic pressure, or otherwise; and it is then placed, after being cut up, in an air-tight apartment, from which the air is first exhausted: more air is afterward admitted, which has first passed through red-hot charcoal, so as to convert the oxygen into carbonic acid and carbonic oxide. In this way all the oxygen is removed from the chamber, after which an atmosphere of sulphurous acid is introduced and is absorbed by the meat, which is soon completely saturated with it. The meat is allowed to remain from five to twenty days in this atmosphere, when it may be taken out, and it will then keep perfectly fresh, tasting when cooked precisely like newly-killed meat. There are other details of the process which we do not reproduce, our object being simply to illustrate the principle by which it is made to answer its desired end.

Editor's Historical Record.

THE UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes April 1. Senator Sherman's Funding bill, whose provisions we briefly summarized in our last Record, passed the Senate March 11, by a vote of 32 to 10. The principal modification of the bill was the omission of the section providing for agencies in the chief cities of Europe for the sale of the new bonds.

The bill for the admission of Georgia came up in the House March 5. Two days later, in the Senate, a bill was introduced for the admission of Texas; a similar bill was passed in the House on the 15th. The Senate passed the Texas bill March 29. The Georgia bill passed the House on the 8th, with an amendment providing that nothing in the act should be construed to vacate any of the State offices. In connection with the discussion of this bill in the Senate, the most remarkable event of the session occurred; namely, a speech by Mr. Revels, the colored Senator from Mississippi.

A bill for the reorganization of the army passed the House March 10. This bill reduces the number of major-generals to three, and of brigadiers to six, and establishes reduced rates of pay. The thirteenth section, transferring the Indian Bureau to the War Department, was rejected. A similar bill was introduced in the Senate March 25. It differs from the House bill in providing for a further reduction of the number of enlisted men—namely, to 25,000.

A joint resolution was adopted by the House on the 14th, and by the Senate on the 15th, providing for the payment to the family of the late Hon. E. M. Stanton of one year's salary as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court.—Mr. Cullom's bill to abolish polygamy was passed in the House March 23, by a vote of 94 to 32.—The Senate Judiciary Committee on the 18th reported a resolution declaring General Ames ineligible to a seat in the Senate.

On the 15th the President sent to the Senate a message inclosing a communication from Secretary Fish, showing that thirty States had, up to that date, ratified the Fifteenth Amendment.

The State election in New Hampshire, March 8, resulted in a Republican victory. The Republican vote was 34,814; the Democratic, 25,123. Governor Stearns's majority over all other candidates was 1270.

Colonel Baker's expedition against the Piegan Indians has revived the whole Indian question. The facts of the expedition are these: The Piegans had been wantonly ravaging and murdering in Montana, and General Sheridan, last November, received permission from General Sherman to punish them. Six companies of troops under Colonel Baker left Fort Shaw, in Montana, January 19, marching north. They came upon the Piegans—a part of the Blackfeet nation—on the 23d, near the Marias River. The attack upon the camp was made suddenly, at an early morning hour. One hundred and seventy-three Indians were killed, and the camp was set on fire. Surgeon Townsend writes from Fort Shaw that no women or children were designedly killed. He says that the officers of the expedition assert that more than one hundred of these were collected unhurt after the firing ceased, and that a considerable number of wounded were saved.

General Sheridan, writing to General Sherman March 18, about this affair, says that he has five thousand miles of frontier settlements in his command, and that his duty is to protect families from the outrages of the Indians. Since 1862 he estimates that twelve hundred whites have been murdered within the limits of his command, "the men scalped, the women ravished, and the brains of their children dashed out." He adds: "I have no hesitation in making my choice. I am going to stand by the people over whom I am placed, and give them what protection I can. We have not the troops to place at each man's house to defend it, and have sometimes to take the offensive, to punish for crimes already committed, in order to prevent the perpetration of others. In taking the offensive I have to select that season when I can catch the fiends, and if a village is attacked, and women and children killed, the responsibility is not with the soldier, but with the people whose crimes necessitated the attack."

General Sheridan alludes to another matter in this connection which certainly demands the serious consideration of the Government. He says that, even after the Indian has been forced to the reservation, he can only be protected in his rights while there by the troops keeping off the emigrants who encroach on his land. "The Cheyennes, Arrapahoes, Camanches, Kioways, and Apaches have just been forced on by the troops. During the last year, as soon as I withdrew the troops from the Sac and Fox Reservation, the emigrants took possession. A flood of emigration, almost ten thousand strong, moved in solid mass and occupied the Osage Reservation, because there were no troops there to keep them off. All the other reservations on which the Indian may yet be placed will be lost in the same manner unless guarded by the military."

Apropos of the article published in our last Number, "The Indian: What we should do with Him," General Hazen writes as follows:

"What we must do with the Indian, sooner or later—the sooner the better—is to place him on reservations, first of every thing; not only to keep him from collision with white men, but that we may get our hands on him. Until this is done, nothing whatever can be accomplished with him. All the legislation in Christendom can no more reach him than it does the birds. Having placed him there, apply the humanizing powers. These will certainly have their effect; not that they will at once make statesmen of the Indians, but this policy will have its effects, with slow beginnings and final success. It does even with brutes, and it can't help succeeding with men, women, and children.

"The Quakers are the most effective people for this latter purpose, for they carry into their work something of a fanatical conviction of duty, akin in a less degree to the old work of the Jesuits. Until they are so placed, no civil agents have any authority over Indians who, thus situated, know only military power. This distinction should be made in this field of duty.

"It makes no sort of difference who supervises

this work, the army or others, only it should be done harmoniously. The army must and can deal only with wild Indians outside of reservations."

Pierre Soulé died at New Orleans March 26, aged sixty-nine.—General George H. Thomas died at San Francisco March 28, of an attack of apoplexy. He was in his fifty-fourth year.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

General Quesada, in an interview with the Senate Committee on Military Affairs on the 9th, made a few statements as to the situation in Cuba. The Cubans, he said, held at least two-thirds of the island. They possessed no sea-port town and none of the large cities, not because they had not the ability to capture them, but because, from their lack of arms and ammunition, they could not hold them. The Cuban army, he said, numbers between 50,000 and 60,000 effective men; but a large portion of these were armed with swords and sabres only. Could they be supplied with arms the contest for independence would be brief.—Zamora, the murderer of Greenwalth, was executed on the 5th.

The revolution in Mexico, which was so threatening in its first stages, appears to have been finally unsuccessful, the Government having maintained its ground against the insurgents.

EUROPE.

In the House of Commons, February 28, Mr. Childers, First Lord of the Admiralty, presented the estimates for naval expenditures, amounting to nine and one-quarter millions sterling. A great portion of this outlay was required for the building of the iron-clads. The iron-clad fleet would consist of two broadside ships of the largest size, six of the second-class, nine of the third, eight of the fourth, four of the fifth, and two of the sixth. Of turret-ships there would be two of the first class, five of the second, and two of the third. Besides these there was a number of smaller iron vessels. This fleet would place England on a footing with the highest naval power in the world.—The Irish Land bill passed to its second reading, March 11, by a vote of 422 to 11.—A bill has passed its first reading instituting voting by ballot instead of *viva voce*.—A telegram from London, February 28, announced the successful completion of the submarine cable communication between Bombay and Aden.

The *Journel Officiel* of March 22 contains a letter from the French Emperor to his Prime Minister, M. Emile Ollivier, in which he urges the adoption of all reforms "which will restore constitutional government to France, in order to put an end to that immoderate desire for change which possesses certain spirits, who disturb the public mind by their belief in the instability of the present *régime*." The Emperor lays especial stress upon those reforms which touch the constitution and the prerogatives of the Senate. In the Senate, on the 28th, M. Rouher presiding, Minister Ollivier read the project of a Senatus Consultum, drawn up in accordance with the Emperor's letter. It makes important changes in the prerogatives of the Senate. Hereafter the legislative power is to be divided between the Emperor, the Senate, and the Corps Législatif; the number of Senators must be one-third less than that of the Deputies; former articles giving the constituent power to the Senate are abrogated; and the constitution henceforth may be changed by the voice of the people on the proposal of the Emperor.—The trial of Prince Bonaparte for the murder of Victor Noir was commenced at Tours by the High Court of France, March 21. On the 27th the Prince was acquitted on all the points of the indictment, but was compelled to pay 25,000 francs damages to the Noir family. The Emperor has requested the Prince to leave France.—Count Montalembert, the leader of the Liberal Catholic party in France, died at Paris on the 13th.

Pope Pius IX. has thus far found it extremely difficult to procure a recognition of papal infallibility. France, Spain, Portugal, and Austria are all reported to have intimated their opposition. The King of Bavaria supports Dr. Dollinger in his protest. The American Bishops have united with the German in refusing their assent to the dogma. The French Bishops of Besançon and Nevers lead the opposition to the Pope's claim. Early in the month his Holiness had a *schema* on infallibility distributed among the members of the Council. It insists upon supreme and complete primacy, and asserts that "the Roman Pontiff, of whom it was said in the person of Peter by Christ, 'I have prayed for all,' can not err when acting as supreme teacher of all Christians."

A law abolishing the death penalty has been adopted in the Prussian Chambers by a large majority, notwithstanding the opposition of Count Von Bismarck.

Prince Henri de Bourbon was killed in a duel with the Duke de Montpensier, fought near Madrid on the 12th March. It grew out of an insolent letter written by the Prince to the friends of the Duke. The Prince fell dead at the third fire, shot through the head.—On the 14th March General Prim was assailed in the streets of Madrid by an anti-conscription mob, but he succeeded in making his escape.—A new loan bill for ten millions sterling was passed in the Cortes March 21. The Unionists moved an amendment, which was rejected by a vote of 123 to 117. The defeat of the Unionists led to the withdrawal from the Cabinet of Admiral Topete. Admiral Beranger takes his place.

ASIA.

On the 23d of January the United States ship *Oneida*, Commander E. H. Williams, left Yokohama, homeward-bound, after a cruise of about three years in the ports of China and Japan; and on the evening of that day was run down by the *Bombay*, a British steamer, commanded by Captain A. W. Eyre, and sank within ten minutes after the collision. Her crew numbered 176 officers and men, of whom 56 only survived the disaster. Before the sinking of the *Oneida* her guns were fired, and every possible effort was made to attract the attention of the officers of the *Bombay;* these efforts were made in vain, although the latter vessel received such severe injuries from the collision herself as ought to have suggested the humanity of an inquiry into the condition of the American vessel. The *Oneida* had lost all but three of her small boats in a typhoon, and one of these was cut in two by the collision. The officers of the vessel behaved with a self-sacrificing heroism that reflects honor upon themselves and the naval service. Captain Eyre has since been suspended for six months.

Editor's Drawer.

WITH the present Number closes the Fortieth Volume of the Magazine. Two hundred and forty times has it politely made obeisance to an army of readers, larger in numbers to-day than at any time during its previous history; larger, too, than has ever been attained by any other monthly periodical printed in the English language. From the outset the Drawer has constituted a prominent department of the Magazine, and has come to be recognized as a sort of bureau to which is forwarded the cream of the current wit and humor of the country. To the wits and wags who have contributed to this pleasant department our thanks are cordially tendered, and whenever any member of our great constituency hears of things neat and juicy, let him or her make a note of them, as Shakspeare saith, "for the general joy of the whole company."

APROPOS of the Rev. Dr. Cumming, who had a little correspondence with the Pope about coming to the Council, much to the general Roman Catholic merriment. The modesty of the Doctor's proposition is very neatly hit off by Cornelius O'Dowd, who says that the Doctor meekly supposed that his little bagpipe might add a bit to the effect of the grand oratorio at Rome.

"You acknowledged I was your son a few days ago," cries Dr. Cumming, reproachfully.

"I don't know that I did," replies the Pope; "but as I have a very large illegitimate family, it's not impossible you may belong to them. At all events, I don't desire your company when I am entertaining my respectable relations."

WE rather hold to the opinion that Pius IX. is partly indebted for his longevity to the love of the humorous that is one of his prominent characteristics. The good man is now seventy-eight, and even the weighty matters that press upon him during the sessions of the Œcumenical do not prevent his thorough enjoyment of the passing good things. It has been said that the most superb-looking members of the Council are the Oriental prelates, but they are not much given to ablution—in fact, they are dirty. One of these unclean functionaries was invited to an interview with his Holiness. The Oriental bishop could not speak a word of Italian, French, or English—nothing but a curious Latin, Arabic, and Chaldee. The interpreter carried on the conversation. Before going he asked, as usual, the Papal benediction. Now be it remembered that his Holiness is one of the cleanest, neatest old men in the world. He takes a cold sponge-bath every morning; and when you see him in his nice white clothes, notice his fresh healthy face, handsome hands, and thoroughly well-kept appearance, you can not help thinking of a hearty fat baby just out of the morning nursery toilet; for the white skull-cap and silvery hair add to this illusion. Imagine then what such a clean old man must have felt while breathing the odor of this Oriental species of prelatical sanctity.

When asked for his benediction, the Pope turned to those who surrounded him, and said, with an expression peculiarly Roman—for these Romans are the most witty, sarcastic people in the world:

"Are you very sure this bishop does not understand Italian?"

"Very sure, Holy Father."

"Well, then," said his Holiness, in Italian, drawing himself up before the kneeling, unclean man, "Dirty and ugly as thou art, I bless thee," etc., etc., etc.

HANS BREITMANN has excited afresh the risibles of his readers by the publication of another book of ballads. Among its drolleries is the development of a miracle that occurred during the late troubles, showing that the whisky ring are depraved enough to make the church a hiding-place for illicit corn-juice. Thus does Breitmann expose the fraud:

"I know a liddle shoorsh mineself,
  Oopon de Bole Jack road
(De rebs vonce shot dree Federals dere,
  Ash into shoorsh dey goed).
Dere you might make a bilcrimage,
  Und do id in a tay:
Gott only knows vot dings you mighdt
  Bick oop, oopon de vay."

Denn oop dere shpoke a contrapaud,
  Vas at de tent id's toor—
"Dere's twenty bar'ls of whisky hid
  In dat tabernacle, shore.
A rebel he done gone and put
  It in de cellar, true,
No libin man dat secret knows
  'Cept only me an' you."

Der Stossenheim he grossed himself,
  Und knelt peside de fence,
Und gried: "O Coptain Breitmann, see,
  Die finger Providence."
Der Breitmann doed his hat afay,
  Says he, "Pe 't hit or miss,
I 'fe heard of miragles pefore,
  Boot none so hunk ash dis."

RECORDER HACKETT is not the only judicial functionary who in an extremely clear and concise style of charge gives a jury the root of the matter. We have in a recent English magazine the report of a case where a student of Trinity College was placed in the dock, charged with a petty theft committed in a shop, and the defense was, his station in life, his prepossessing appearance, and his family. The judge charged in these words: "Gentlemen of the jury, this is a short issue; the prisoner at the dock is a young gentleman of attractive manners and irreproachable connection, who stole a pair of silk stockings—and you will find accordingly."

"THE Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, has recovered from his recent attack of severe illness."

At the time we write, this paragraph meets the public eye in nearly every newspaper in the country, and enables an old and favorite contributor to various departments of this Magazine to tell the following story:

Twenty-five years ago we had a political correspondence with Mr. Stephens, called forth by our mutual admiration and support of Mr. Clay. When General Scott was a candidate for the Presidency Mr. Stephens was a member of Congress, and, being in Washington, we determined

to make his acquaintance. Passing up Pennsylvania Avenue, with Mr. Stephens's hotel address in our hands, our attention was suddenly arrested by the appearance of a person who seemed to be in the very last stages of a consuming sickness. It was to us a miracle that any one so attenuated and wasted away in flesh, so wobegone in expression, could command strength enough to move unassisted along the pavement. Startled and curious, we gazed at the disappearing form, and finally, to give some relief to our sympathetic curiosity, we asked a Jehu standing near by:

"Who is that man?"

"That man," said the coachman, pointing his whip disdainfully after the apparition — "that man," he repeated, and his face assumed a look of complete disgust—"that man," the words the third time being uttered with a diabolical sneer, "is one of the most contemptible and unprincipled cheats in Washington."

We expressed our surprise at such a sweeping denunciation against an invalid, and begged to know the name of such a reprehensible individual.

"Why, it's Aleck Stephens, of Georgia," said the fellow, with evident surprise at our ignorance.

"And what has he done?" we asked, with some warmth. "What could such an honorable gentleman, and distinguished member of Congress do, to justify you in speaking that way of him?"

"Why, you see," said the fellow, with an affectation of meekness—"you see, we licensed hackmen of Washington city get five dollars for attending a Congressman's funeral—it's one of our *par*quisites—and we have had our eye on Aleck Stephens for this four years as being as good as five dollars in our pocket, but he keeps moving about and cheating us out of our just rights."

And so has this remarkable man for a quarter of a century lived on, in spite of what appears to be the most unfavorable circumstances, performing meanwhile an amount of intellectual labor that justly places him among the leading minds and most industrious men of the country.

A FRESH anecdote of Tom Corwin, from a legal friend:

Some years ago, during the session of the Circuit Court in ——, Ohio, the Methodist Church was blessed with a revival. Good old Father Collins had preached a powerful sermon, to hear which had gathered many people, including all the lawyers of the town, crowding the large, barn-like place to its utmost capacity. Father Collins saw his opportunity, and used it. On this occasion he was more than usually eloquent. He persuaded, exhorted, commanded. He would not be denied. Corwin was there, and when asked what he thought of Father Collins, said: "Think of him? Talk of men being brought to their feet by the power of eloquence—that's nothing compared with Collins! Why, after he had talked to them, all he had to do was to stretch out his hand and say, 'Come!' and they marched straight forward, whether they wanted to or not. He'd single them out by name. John M—— stood next to me, and Father Collins called out, 'John M——, come up here—right up!' and he went; and all I could do to keep from going too was to hold my arm tight around the *jice* [the rough column supporting the roof], and gnaw. And then Collins called out, 'You, Tom Corwin, come up—come right up!' But I held on, and gnawed and gnawed till I had gnawed that *jice* half through; and that was the only way I could keep from going forward too!"

Tough experience!

IN these days of incompatibility, when passengers per rail in Indiana, on arriving at the capital, are informed in stentorian tones by the Conductor, "Indianapolis!—*cars stop fifteen minutes for divorce!*" it is satisfactory to know that there are instances where the causes for a dissolution of the marriage tie seem to rise to the exigency of the case. For example: In Ann Arbor, Michigan, reside a married couple who have each attained the advanced age of ninety-four years, and for seventy-two years have lived together. Until within a few years their wedded life has been entirely happy. Now they are childish, and both insist strenuously on having their own way. Recently the old gentleman opened a window-blind to let the sunlight into their room. The old lady objected, as it would fade the carpet, which she had made more than half a century ago in Vermont, and closed it with a slam, saying at the same time, "My mother always told me that I never could live with you if I married you, and I've a good mind to get a divorce and go home!"

"We young married descendants of the fourth generation are discussing the point whether it is not our duty to assist the venerable lady in accomplishing her wishes, rather than have her endure a long life of misery now in prospect!"

IMAGINE yourself a witness of the following: During rebellion times, when churches were few in the far West, quarterly meetings were held in the largest obtainable halls, and in both prayer and sermon allusion to the condition of public affairs seemed unavoidable. At one of these meetings in ——, Iowa, the sermon of the presiding elder was so largely political, so fervid and patriotic, that immediately on its conclusion a Union-loving party seized the starry banner that stood in a corner, and unfurling and waving it aloft, struck up that good old anthem, "Rally round the flag, boys!" and the way in which the boys joined in the chorus was lusty, though disgustful to the presiding elder. Fact is, you never can tell how such things will come out!

THE following is a verbatim copy of a letter recently received by the Recorder of Kanawha County, West Virginia, authorizing him to issue a marriage license to Estil Toten, of Coal River, in that county:

COALD RIVER CAIN BRANSH
KANAWHA CO W VA
Feb the 1 1870

Mr Clerk of sed Co

this day and dat I give you leaf to ishue mareg lisensis to Estel to tan and Mary J Harless my dorter

WM A HARLESS

SOME thirty years ago the Rev. Dr. T——, then quite a young man, was settled over a society not a thousand miles from New York. Possessing considerable executive ability, he soon had his people well in hand, and ruled them with vigorous watchfulness. They submitted to the discipline, but, at times, were rather restive. By-and-by the Doctor began to be sought by

societies elsewhere, and "calls" were occasionally extended, which, though declined, he was nevertheless careful to mention with proper complacency to his people. Finally, on receiving a pressing invitation to an important position, he took occasion to expatiate on the frequency with which these "calls" were coming, and closed by saying it seemed to be the will of Providence that he should leave them. Hardly had he touched his seat when one of his most intelligent parishioners arose, and said, "Brethren, I don't think it safe or wise for *this* church to oppose the will of Providence!" No use! resignation accepted. Sometimes it will happen so.

When the Delaware runs high in the neighborhood of Port Jervis it is somewhat difficult crossing, making it especially annoying to parties living on opposite sides of the stream from the parson when matrimony is contemplated. In the early time, when Port Jervis was a frontier settlement, and Parson Van Benschoten ministered to the Reformed Dutchmen of the bailiwick, he was called upon to marry a couple under difficulties. The stream was so high and rapid that to "skiff" across was impossible. He appeared on one bank, they upon the other—the best they could do. Amidst and oversounding the din of waters he tied hard the nuptial knot, and pronounced them man and wife, adding, with stentorian emphasis, as he saw them gayly ascending the hill, "I say! *you can leave the money at Hawkins's!*"

From a Rochester lady, who last year traveled in Colorado, this:

"Among others, I met a German lady who certainly spoke English, but who experienced some difficulty in the use of words having a distinction without a difference. She gravely informed me that she intended going to Denver, to spend *a pair of days*.

"On another occasion I met a young lady who had recently been bereaved of several members of her family since she had removed to the far West. Intending to be most sympathetic, I said, 'It must have been a great trial to have the grave of a friend made in that new country.' To which she replied, in tears, but wishing to take the bright side of the subject, '*Why, it's a good, sandy soil!*'"

A little chap had a dirty face, and his teacher told him to go and wash it. He went away, and after a few minutes came back with the lower part of his countenance tolerably clean, while the upper part was dirty and wet.

"Johnny," said the teacher, "why didn't you wash your face?"

"I did wash it, Sir."

"You didn't wipe it all over, then."

"I did wipe it as high up as my shirt would go."

And here is a case of special pleading worthy of Mr. Evarts, or Mr. S. S. Cox, or Mr. J. E. Burrill, or Mr. J. E. Develin: "Oh, Tommy, that was abominable in you, to eat your little sister's share of the cake!" "Why," said Tommy, "didn't you tell me, ma, that I was *always to take her part?*"

"I do wish you would behave!" said a boy to his little sister, in a fit of impatience. "Don't speak so to your sister," said mamma; "she is a good little girl, on the whole." "I don't see where the *good* comes in," he replied. "It comes in right after the *a*," said the little bepraised. Wasn't she smart?—or "just as cunnin' as she *could* be?"

"Mammy!" said a little fellow, just big enough to gobble doughnuts, but who *didn't* like to rock the cradle of his baby brother, of whom he professed to be very fond—*very*—"Mammy! if the Lord's got any more babies to give away, *don't you take 'em.*"

To "start the tune" in a country congregation, where the starter is not an expert, is rather a tough job. We are favored with an instance: A clergyman, preaching in a rural parish, commenced the usual religious exercises with a hymn. The choir, having commenced with several voices out of tune, "jangled" through the first verse. Attempting to improve in singing the next, they broke down and gave up entirely. After the succeeding exercises, the clergyman read another hymn of six verses, without expecting it to be sung. An attempt was made, however, by the whole choir, which resulted, as before, in complete failure. One young lady, mortified, perhaps, by such an exhibition of discord, or urged by religious zeal, went on with tremulous yet tuneful voice, and sang the remaining verses. The clergyman, with appropriate emphasis, then announced the text of his sermon: "*She* hath done what she could." The effect on the surprised congregation may be imagined.

In one of the lower counties of Maryland there flourished, in the palmy days of the "peculiar institution," an old darkey preacher, who used no notes, and prided himself on his extemporaneous efforts. His white brethren called him "Doctor"—a title which he accepted, of course, with ludicrous gravity. At a camp-meeting which the "Doctor" was holding, one of these friends gave him, as a text, this passage in the Psalms of David: "Wake, psaltery and harp; I myself will arise right early." The "Doctor" adjusted his spectacles, and read:

"Wake, peasle-tree and harp; I myself will arouse right airly."

The "Doctor" went on to explain that Moses was a very airly riser; that he had a peasle-tree which grew near his window; and that he was wont to rise mighty airly and hang out his harp on de peasle-tree, *wid psalms.*

Speaking of texts: A story is told of a Unitarian minister in a Massachusetts town that once, meeting with an Orthodox neighbor, remarked that he was greatly troubled to think up proper subjects for his sermons. "Why," said he, "I preached about lobsters last Sunday, and what under the sun I shall do for the next, *unless I exchange*, I don't know."

A well-known modern philosopher thus sustains the mission of the Drawer:

"It is really worth more tew the world tew have a *good-natured man* born into it, and go into the good-natured bissness, than to have a poeck born and go into the poeckry bissness. Good-natured

men work up into fathers, husbands, and brothers fust-rate, and without enny waste; they make good fellow-citizens, and every body feels as if they had some stock in them; they are as safe and pleasant as root-beer. The good-natured man an't alwus a statesman, nor an't alwus just the man for sekretary of the treasury; but tew grease the griddle of everyday life, tew soften the furious, tew raise the despondent, and tew indorse sixty-day paper, he weighs at least a tun. I had ruther be a good-natured man than tew have a seat in the New York Legislature: thare may not be as mutch money in it, *but thare is twice the means of graze.*"

THE following instance of touching devotion to the memory of a defunct husband is copied from a recent Spanish paper published in Paris:

THIS morning our Saviour summoned away the jeweler, Siebald Illmaga, from his shop to another and a better world. The undersigned, his Widow, will weep upon his tomb, as will also his two daughters, Hilda and Emma, the former of whom is married, and the latter is open to an offer. The funeral will take place to-morrow. His disconsolate widow, Veronique Illmaga.—P. S. This bereavement will not interrupt our business, which will be carried on as usual, only our place of business will be removed from No. 3 Tessi des Tenturiers to No. 4 Rue de Missionnaire, as our grasping landlord has raised our rent.

IN a late English magazine we have an article on "Shamrockiana," in which are given a few fresh anecdotes of the Irish rebellion of '98. Duels were then a matter of daily occurrence, and a man's candidature for a club was always tested by the question, "Did he blaze?"—*i. e.*, had he fought? Curran's second duel was with Egan. The latter, as the injured party, was allowed to have the first shot. He fired and missed, and then, turning around, exclaimed, "My honor is satisfied!" and was about to walk away; but Curran cried out, "Wait one moment. I mean to have a shot at 'your honor;'" which he did to some purpose, planting a bullet in, however, a not very fatal part.

ANOTHER: A well-known member of the bar excused himself from accepting a challenge on the plea that his life was insured for ten thousand pounds, and it was his sole provision for his family, which would be forfeited if he came by his death in a duel. "Tell him," said his antagonist—since that a judge—"that I'll give him a mortgage on my estate for the money, and let him 'come out' with an easy heart."

THE amiable temper that pervaded the debates of the House of Commons is fairly expressed by the words with which Lord Castlereagh wound up one of his bitter replies: "I reprobate the personalities used by gentlemen in this debate. I deprecate a contest of this nature. But if *any* gentleman conceives himself injured by any gentleman on this side of the House, there is a remedy within his reach, which I am proud to say there is *no one* on these benches will not willingly extend to him." There was courtesy!

WAS it Peter Cartwright, or who was it, that, desiring to convey a mild criticism on the too splendidly ventilated style of his parsonage, gave out this notice one Sunday morning? "There will be a mite society on Thursday evening next at the parsonage. The parsonage is a little, old, tumble-down building on —— Street." In the evening he repeated the invitation, thus modified: "On the corner of the street near my residence is a well. Said well is covered over and clap-boarded. It is unpainted and weather-worn; but I wish to describe it so that none of you may make a mistake and take the well for the parsonage. The mite society will be held in the parsonage, *not* in the well."

A VERY elegant, and, to a certain class of readers, very charming volume, "The Memoirs of Sir George Sinclair," has just been published in London—a sort of book seldom published in this country—giving delightful reminiscences, interspersed with anecdotes, of one of the purest, most cultivated, and cleverest men of his time; a great parliamentary debater, a man of polished wit, and of very earnest, practical piety. We quote a few anecdotes, commencing with one of Lady Janet Sinclair, his grandmother, who was greatly beloved by her dependents: "Their confidence in her regard for them was not misplaced. On some points, especially matrimony, it extended to a degree which was divertingly eccentric. She was sensitively anxious that each of her female domestics should find a suitable husband and protector. On one occasion, during a serious illness, being under some alarm for her own life, she gave her maid some salutary advice; and, among other admonitions, pressed upon her the necessity of being married. The young woman, no doubt astonished at the introduction of such a subject, confessed that she had already entered into an engagement of the kind, but was prevented from completing it by a 'little hindrance.' 'And what is that?' said her mistress. 'Only just, my leddy, that the man is married already, and his wife is not dead yet; *but they tell me she is dying.*' Lady Janet was satisfied, and expressed the comfort she had received from this interesting communication."

"NOTWITHSTANDING eccentricities of this kind, which had generally a benevolent tendency, some idea of the respect which this really superior woman inspired among her Northern neighbors may be gathered from another story which she sometimes related. She happened to be directress of an assembly given at Edinburgh while the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland held their session. A simple-minded gentleman in the North, no doubt as little conversant with ecclesiastical affairs as with the nature of the fashionable meeting over which her ladyship was to preside, addressed a letter of business to 'The Right Honorable Lady Janet Sinclair, *Moderator* of the General Assembly, Canongate, Edinburgh.' This simple correspondent did not mistake in supposing that her ladyship took real interest in the welfare of the Scottish establishment, and the efficiency of its ministers."

COULD any thing be more racy or pungent than the following passage from a speech made by Sir George Sinclair in Parliament, where he describes, in a manner singularly graphic, the conversation which he had on one occasion, at dinner, with an aristocratic spinster in relation to the condition of the working-classes:

"I have often listened with indignation and

disgust to the colloquial homilies of selfish affluence. I had the honor, some years ago, to sit at dinner next to a very prim, somewhat antiquated, highly-respectable spinster, deeply interested in the fluctuations of the three per cents, and of the quadrille-table, and who, in the society of a sleek and snarling lapdog, feasted on all the delicacies of all the seasons. While she was enjoying, quite *con amore*, a well-replenished plate of rich and savory turtle-soup, allusion was made to the disturbances then raging in certain districts, where the working-classes had been driven by want of employment to perpetrate acts of violence. My fair neighbor, during the brief intervals from self-complacent deglutition, exclaimed, 'Oh, Sir, national unthankfulness is a very heinous sin! How multiplied are the benefits which a gracious Providence is daily showering down upon us, the unreasonable inhabitants of this highly-favored land! I wish I could expostulate in person with our misguided and unthinking countrymen themselves.' 'Champagne, ma'am?' 'If you please. But, Sir,' continued she, while the butler was pouring a bumper of *vin d'Ay* into her glass, 'I blush to think of the return which we are making for mercies of which we are very unworthy! Is it not awful and melancholy to consider'—here she drank off her wine, which was remarkably well iced—'that perhaps at this moment, by way of requital for all our blessings, we are committing outrages? I declare, when one thinks upon such horrid infatuation, it makes one's flesh creep from head to foot lest, as a just chastisement for all our crimes, we should, in the twinkling of an eye, be deprived of all our comfort—*may I trouble you for another spoonful of the green fat?*'"

An instance of a timely prayer, well put, comes from a Sacramento correspondent. A few weeks since the Rev. Mr. Lucky, Principal of the State Normal School, and frequently acting as chaplain of the Penitentiary at San Quentin, was at Sacramento, and being one morning in the Senate Chamber, was requested by the President to open the proceedings with prayer, which he did—whether forgetting the place he was in or the people surrounding him we can not say—in the following manner:

"O Lord, we pray Thee that Thy mercies may be extended to *these poor men*, who have been sent here from all parts of the State, *convicted of various crimes and misdemeanors;* have mercy upon them, we beseech Thee, while they are here *serving out the times for which they were sent;* and when they have served and are dismissed from these walls, *may they return to their homes better men*, and in time *may they become useful and upright citizens* and honorable members of society! We ask in the name and through the merits of Christ, our Redeemer. Amen."

Whereupon the member from Yolo arose and said, "Mr. President, *I move to strike out Yolo County.*" The scene which followed can be better imagined than described.

A Vineland, New Jersey, correspondent, meeting accidentally Mr. Wendell Phillips in the cars, found himself quite interested in his agreeable society, and listened, delighted, to his remarks on various topics of the day. Of course, during an hour's ride, he advanced some heterodox ideas. Just before separating, I remarked that, during our brief intercourse, he had exemplified the truthfulness of an analysis of his peculiar characteristics as given by another eminent scholar and lecturer, the Rev. John Lord. "What did Lord say?" inquired Mr. Phillips. "He said that Mr. Phillips was a profound lawyer, a deep thinker, a logical reasoner—who could make white appear black, or black white, *and prove it.*" Mr. Phillips laughed, good-humoredly, and replied that he had heard the story before, not exactly as coming from Mr. Lord, and, what was more remarkable, "*many persons believed it!*"

This is not a bad bit, from over sea, illustrating the familiar, daddylike power of the Irish priest over his uncultured constituents: When Father M'Govren from the altar had on three successive Sundays impressively and sonorously demanded, "Who stole Darby Delaney's vinegar?" and received no answer, he supplemented, on the last occasion, in a tone of heart-felt humiliation, "Jim Riley, Jim Riley, *you trate me with contimpt.*" Could any thing be more simply eloquent than the tender delicacy by which Mr. Riley was recalled to a sense of honor, without the faintest aspersion on his character? The vinegar was restored with pleasing alacrity.

After the expiration of Mr. Nesmith's term as United States Senator from Oregon he retired to his magnificent farm in Polk County, in that State. Soon afterward he was nominated by President Johnson as Minister to Austria. Governor Cole, of Washington Territory, started to pay Mr. Nesmith a visit, and when within a mile or two of his residence met a native of the Emerald Isle, and asked him if he could tell him where the new Austrian Minister resided. Pat promptly answered, "No, Sir; there's nary preacher in the whole neighborhood."

Camp-meeting is there now; also Father Mooney.

There was, some years ago, a trial for murder in Ireland where the evidence was so palpably insufficient that the judge stopped the case, and directed the jury to bring in a verdict of not guilty. A well-known lawyer, who desired, however, to do something for the fee he had received for the defense, claimed the privilege of addressing the Court. "We'll hear you with pleasure, Mr. B——," said the judge; "but, *to prevent accidents*, we'll first acquit the prisoner."

In another case, happily not one involving a life, the verdict was of a character so unique, so very Irish, as to be worthy of reproduction in the Drawer for the benefit of oncoming counselors: "How could you have the conscience to give forty thousand pounds in that seduction case?" was the question put to the foreman of the jury who tried the celebrated Bandon issue, where the defendant was an English peer. "Begorra, it was a fine thing to bring all that money into Ireland!" was the answer. Against such patriotism and justice what could be said?

The professions of integrity, devotion to the public interest, conscience, etc., so frequently made in Congress by honorable members, who have honorable axes to grind, reminds one of the

epigrammatic expression of Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, who wishes his son to *do* something, and is alarmed at his high-flown notions:

"Conscience! why you are mad. Did ye ever hear any man talk o' conscience in poleetical matters? Conscience, quotha! I have been in Parliament these three-and-thraty years, and never heard the term made use of before. Sir, it is an unparliamentary word, and you will be laughed at for it."

A CORRESPONDENT at Spruce Creek, Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania, sends what he says is an unpublished anecdote of the late Jacob Kruber, an eccentric Methodist preacher, some of whose sayings were published in the Drawer a year ago. On one occasion he had "stated preaching" at a school-house near by, called The Hook. In his valedictory sermon to that people he said: "Now I have peen breaching to de beobles of de Hook for a whole year, and I ferily pelief dat I hav ton ferry little goot; for I do tink dat if de beobles of de Hook was to die and go to hell, de tevil would say to de beobles of Sotom and Gomorrah, *sdant round and make room for de beobles of de Hook!*"

OUR Spruce Creek correspondent continues: In traveling through Missouri, in 1845, I stopped a few days with a hard-shell Baptist preacher of the name of Chism. Talking politics one evening, the parson said that the "hardest" Democrat (there were "hards" and "softs" in those days) he ever knew was Colonel Johnson, of Booneville. He had been to see the Colonel a few days before his death. On entering the room he said:

"I'm glad to see you, parson—glad you've come; if you had waited much longer you wouldn't have seen the old Democrat."

"I suppose, Colonel, you are prepared for the change, since you are so fully aware of it?"

"Well, I don't know much about that. I have thought I would do there pretty much as I've had to do here—take things as they come; but there's *one* thing I *have* made up my mind to. When I come to where the roads fork, I shall inquire which way the 'coons' have gone, and I'll be —— if I go *that* way!"

THE following was recently found on the table of a distinguished judge "up in Varmount:"

"There was a little Company
Made *pig* from iron ore;
The pig got into Chancery,
And then became a *bore*."

NOT very long since the Rev. Dr. A——, of Boston, was called from his study in the evening to marry a couple, who were in waiting for that purpose in his parlor. They appeared to be from the humbler walks of life. After the service was performed there was a pause. The bride and groom looked at each other inquiringly. After a short interval the bride came forward with a courtesy, and said: "We are very—much—obliged—to you—Sir—and—hope—at—some—time—to—be—able—to—*retaliate!*"

A CORRESPONDENT at Jacksonville, Illinois, gives this instance of the indifference of the juvenile African of the period to the blessings of our educational system:

Some months ago the building in which the "colored" school in that place was held was found to be on fire, and, before the engines could be got in play, was consumed. Of course a large crowd was collected, and the usual talk was indulged in as to how it had occurred, etc. One little colored boy, after watching the fire until the novelty of the thing had ceased, started down street, saying, "Golly! I's glad the old thing's burned; didn't have my jog'fry lesson nohow!"

FROM Hardinsburg, Kentucky, comes narrative of a young gentleman of that State who happened to be at a wedding party at which Mrs. B——, the wife of a Methodist minister, was present. Our young friend was fond of pleasantry, and at the supper-table brought her a huge plate of meat, etc., enough for half a dozen, saying, "When you want more just back up your cart." "I will," said the lady, "if I can get the *same donkey* to draw it!" The reply seems new, and good enough to carry the "cart" part, which always was an ancient Miller.

AT a recent "church sociable" in one of the cities of Ohio there happened to be present several lady school-teachers, some of whom were members of the church. In the course of conversation remark was made respecting the government of children by love instead of coercion; to which one of the ladies responded that she never thought of enforcing authority over pupils in any other way than by love. "Well, love or no love," said an ungallant gentleman, "it's very certain that 'school marms,' as a class, get very misanthropical after teaching a short time; in fact, the milk of their human kindness turns quite sour." "You are mistaken, Sir," quickly answered a young lady present; "that *milk* you speak of never turns sour within the *pale* of the church!"

THERE used to be a pious old negro in Boston named Cæsar, and he was in the habit of praying so loudly as to be heard by many of the neighbors. On retiring for the night his petition invariably was: "Lord, send dy angel for ole Cæsar—ole Cæsar always ready." One evening two of his neighbors, good men, but sometimes bored by his "style," thought they would try him on. They took position at his door, and when the usual petition was made that "the Lord would send the angel," ole Cæsar being always ready, they knocked loudly at the door.

"Who dar?" said the darkey.

"The angel of the Lord, come for old Cæsar," was the reply.

Out went the light, a scrambling into bed was heard, and then, in trembling voice, that same old uncle said: "Go way, dar! go way! *Ole Cæsar bin dead dis ten year!*"

WHAT are we to think of the morals of the women of Ohio? We have it on high authority that only a few days since a woman in one of the rural parts of the State came to the village store to buy things and sell her paper-rags. The clerk, in weighing the latter, found in the bag a Bible, with very few leaves gone. Thinking the good woman must have made a mistake, he mentioned the circumstance. "Oh no," replied she, "no mistake at all; my husband takes the Cincinnati *Enquirer* now, and we've no more use for the Bible."

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