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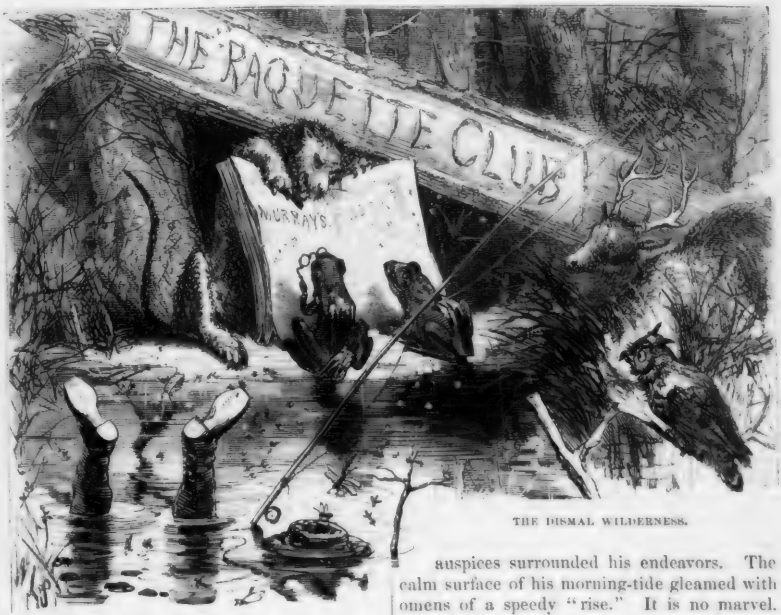
THE RAQUETTE CLUB.



THE DISMAL WILDERNESS.

THIS celebrated Club of incipient anglers met pursuant to adjournment, the professor in the chair. By the rules of its organization the professor was made perpetual president. He was the creator of the Club, its source, and vital principle. So long as he moved, the Club performed its functions: when he ceased, the Club died necessarily. The office of president, therefore, could not be elective.

Regarding the Club as his especial charge, the professor employed his every effort for its individual advancement and his own glory. In his preceptive capacity as a professor of piscatorial polity he never ceased to impose "line upon line," nor hesitated to use the *rod* whenever required. He moulded crude ideas with plastic hand, feeling that nothing was more essential to a *perfect cast* than a good "leader." Hence, and consequently, a halo of rose-tinted auspices surrounded his endeavors. The calm surface of his morning-tide gleamed with omens of a speedy "rise." It is no marvel, then, when he rose to rap the Club to order, that his large-bowed spectacles beamed with a benignant blue—that his hoary beard grew radiant with underlying smiles, as mountain mists are illuminated by the sun.

"My worthy neophytes," said the venerable fish-persuader, "before we proceed to business I must state that no candidate can be admitted who has ever fished with a fly or drawn a bead upon a deer. Are all present novices?"

"We are!" (Full chorus, with click-reel accompaniment.)

"Then I greet you in the name of the immortal Izaak, whose mantle I wear. You now enter fairly upon what may be aptly termed your *no-fishiate*. Since all are duly qualified, I receive you into full fellowship, according to usage, upon the point of a Limerick and the angle of a true sportsman.

"The object of this Club, gentlemen, is proficiency in the gentle art. By your own con-

THE PROFESSOR.

fession you are at present merely fish-killers. Attain forthwith to the dignity of complete anglers. Let your hand attest its cunning; and remember that, in taking a trout *secundem artem*, a single feather may suffice to turn the scale." (Sensation.)

"Also, it is incumbent upon each member to *write a book*. The man of the present age who don't write a book is a mere cipher. Sportsmen, especially, should be natural-born authors. Their inspiration is like real Burton ale—drawn direct from the 'wood.' It needs no 'bush.' Your achievements will look glowing in print, and redound to your own fame. Thenceforward the public will accept you as authority in all matters relating to sporting. And you will have only to introduce yourselves as members of the Raquette Club to receive that consideration which your merits will compel."*

Just here the professor seemed to have run off all his line, and his subject took bottom and "sulked," as they say in sporting parlance.

While he recovered his slack the Club made mutual acquaintance.

Analytically treated we discover a hydropathic doctor named Ollapod; Musquash, a lawyer; Tipstaff, a typo; and one Nugget, sexton, geologist, and practical gravel-scratcher; besides old Fudge, the professor, whose name, by-the-by, we have irreverently neglected to mention before. These constituted the *dramatis personæ* of the Raquette Club—a club (to judge from its name and components) destined to make some noise in the world, even if it made no remarkable hits.

Upon comparing notes, confidentially, while the professor dozed, it came out that, although each member had avowed himself a piscatory enthusiast, the inveigling of fish was really a secondary consideration. In each case there was a private axe to grind. On the part of the geologist it was bad digestion. He swore he'd leave no stone unturned to put a keen edge on appetite. The doctor was a devotee to Agassiz's theory; he hoped to supply deficient brain-power by a generous fish diet. Tipstaff the printer—commonly called Tipsy for short—was a gentleman by education, and a loafer by profession. One continual merry-go-round had made him a dizzy-pated youth; and now, in the decline of his convivial rampage, he determined to hie to the mountains and drown chronic compunctions of stomach in perennial streams of *Fishy* water.* Musquash was professedly in quest of derelict sportsmen who bagged game out of season. He was a member of Assembly, and in the interest of the game laws. Of Fudge, the learned professor—Fudge, the head, front, right-bower, capital, and cornerstone of the association—it would be unbecoming to say more than incidentally appears in the course of the narrative. His native modesty would shrink from panegyric; while at the same time to personally introduce to the reader a gentleman of such world-wide reputation—a *savant* so universally known—would be offensive to the last degree. It would be insulting to Fudge.

It was interesting to observe how quickly the incongruous elements of the Club coalesced when it was ascertained that fate had thrown their fortunes irrevocably together. Plainly Tipstaff would have a natural repugnance to the sexton, the sexton to the doctor, and the lawyer to every body in general; but meeting on common ground antipathies subsided. Surgeon and sexton, lawyer and printer, alike accepted each other as friends and coadjutors. Student as each was in some special department of the black-art, what tie more likely to prove congenial than the profession of an *angler*, whom some one has invidiously styled a "dealer in treason, stratagems, and plots—devoted to snares, traps, and subterfuges!"

Thus harmonized, the Club was the better prepared to receive the advice and instructions of its worthy president, who rose at this juncture.

"My friends," he said, with the proverbial solemnity of an owl, "I had intended to accompany this Club on its projected expedition, but now think it best to decline, for various reasons—"

* The professor is altogether too dogmatic. He is evidently suffering from that species of strabismus which so often affects the private "I." Egoism is a malady from which neither sportsmen nor authors are exempt. Every eye has its own limited horizon. When it makes a new discovery it is apt to imagine the rest of the world in relative darkness, and in its haste to enlighten its fellows exposes its own ignorance. There is little we learn but what somebody knew before. The simile, "drawn from the wood," is clever. Sporting literature is generally so effervescent with froth that it is difficult to detect the brew.

* Common report attributes the authorship of these papers to this person. *Certes*, they are the only record of the Club's doings we wot of. We are the more ready to credit their paternity to Tipsy, inasmuch as men and books are so alike in one respect—all they need is to get well "set up" in order to get into print.

The speaker was cut short at once by a general explosion, cries of disappointment, intimations of doubt, groans of dissent. Had Moses abandoned the Israelites on the shore of the Red Sea, the consternation could not have been greater.

"Oh, Fudge!"

"Shame!"

"Treason in the camp!"

"The game's up now!"

"Hear me, gentlemen," he pleaded. "Hear my reasons! In the first place—I say it with all due respect to the Club—I never fish except in the company of experts; and you are all mere tyros, by your own confession. Secondly, I prefer not to make the fifth wheel of a coach, so to speak. Four is a complete number. Four makes a party at whist, a quartette in singing, and the requisite number for the duties of camp-life. *I* don't sing, never play cards, and object to doing my own chores. I should be only a supernumerary. Besides, it will be better for you all to learn from experience—which is the best teacher. I will select your tackle, make you up some casts of flies, and give you all the necessary directions; then it will be your own fault if you do not succeed. I have selected the Adirondacks as the field for your exploits, which I've no doubt will fill many books. Your permanent camp will be on Raquette Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, whose fame—I speak modestly—is contemporary with mine. Possibly I may pay you a visit before the close of the season. Here is a copy of "Murray." Take "Murray" for your guide, and be happy.

"And now, my friends, since you start as a unit, let me express the hope that while you have a line left you will *all hang together*. When you wind up at last, may your *net* profits be large. Success to your fishing!"

The professor receded as gently as a tidal wave, leaving the drift high and dry. The coolness of his taking off was hyperborean. It was superlatively French. For a moment the Club was stunned, paralyzed, nonplused, dumfoundered. Then its indignation found vent.

"Trepan him!" shrieked the doctor.

"Lay him out!" gasped the sexton.

"Quash his *non sequitur!*" snarled the lawyer.

"Pi his form!" cried the printer.

In vain! His radiant presence had vanished like a meteor's.

"Confound him!" said one. "The old humbug has imposed upon us!"

"Yes," chimed the sexton; "thrown dust in our eyes."

"Bamboozled us completely!" groaned the doctor.

"Started us off on a wild-goose chase after trout, and then given us the slip," said the printer.

"Who is he, any how?" demanded Nugget.

"His name is Fudge!"

"Exactly—quite apropos—don't know the first rudiments of angling, I'll warrant."

"He's a scaly fellow, at all events," ventured the printer; "though for my part," he added, "I am generally inclined to give the devil his due. The professor may not be so bad as he seems."

"Humph!" snapped the lawyer, "give the devil his *do*, and he will do *mischief*."

The Club having thus unsatisfactorily disposed of the professor, its next quandary was the "Adirondacks." Who was this Murray? Where this land of promise which their delinquent Moses had bespoken? This Arcadia of big trout and venison steaks? No one seemed to know. No one had even heard of it. Yes, by-the-way, Tipsy had heard of it. He recollected having once set up a few "stickfuls" of a *Tribune* correspondent about that country, and, come to think of it, he had seen one or two sketches of the Adirondacks at the art galleries. They had been considered very creditable works of *H*art, as the cockneys would say.

As far as his limited knowledge extended, this region had remained a *terra incognita* until explored by one John Brown, several years ago. After sending out one or two interesting accounts of his discoveries, John finally got lost, and nothing was ever heard of him afterward. Of course the entire scientific world was greatly shocked and excited. Successive expeditions were sent out in search of John Brown's *Track*. All were fruitless until one Arnold finally struck the trail, and followed it as far as the Fulton chain of lakes. There it was lost, and never recovered. As the footprints pointed toward the heart of the wilderness, it is believed that, while the body of John Brown perished in the swamps, his soul still continues to travel on. Arnold shantied in disgust, and few persons have since been bold enough to attempt the ghostly penetralia. There is a report, which is gradually gaining credence, that the spirit of John Brown has been occasionally encountered, of late, upon some of the nameless creeks of this region.*

At this juncture lawyer Musquash took occasion to remark that he had closely scanned the volume which Fudge had given them. (The lawyer always scanned—*plain prose* was a bore to him.)

"It is evident," he said, "that we are indebted to the author's indomitable endurance of hardship through protracted periods of persistent research for very fresh and valuable information. He has but completed the work which John Brown so heroically commenced. But for him we should have known scarcely any thing of the Adirondacks. Now we have every thing plain before us. Let's follow Murray, and carry out the original plans of the campaign."

"And renounce old Fudge?"

"If necessary, yes. We can do without him."

* This seems to be corroborated by Murray's legend of "Phantom Falls."

"Agreed!"

"A fig for Fudge!"

"Hurrah for Murray!"

"I tell you, my friends," continued the lawyer, with rising enthusiasm, "this Murray is no hearth-rug knight of the quill. He is a mighty hunter, like

> 'Nimrod the founder
> Of empire and chase,
> Who made the woods wonder
> And quake for their race.'

It requires no little courage to brave the dangers of a mosquito swamp, *sans* tar and oil; to endure a salt pork diet for days together; to help the guide pack the traps over a 'carry' to save the time and trouble of going twice; and to get sap in your eye while sleeping out nights under 'the murmuring pines and the hemlocks.' There is a toothsome flavor of *fact* in the pabulum which this book provides; while at the same time (as some one has forcibly remarked of somebody or other) it 'has shed a sort of classical dignity over the angler's art, and even associated it with piety and poetry.'"

Here the speaker's enthusiasm wound itself up to so high a pitch that the mainspring snapped, and the Club adjourned.

How many meetings were held subsequently, to arrange for the day of departure, the record says not; neither is it clear as to the amount of time and energy expended in studying up "Murray" and gathering information from maps and experts, and in collecting the utensils and equipments requisite for roughing it in the bush. Certain it is that, about the 1st of July, 1869, the Club might have been easily recognized among the motley throng that crowded the Saratoga train bound north. It was obvious to the most casual observer that they were sportsmen *en route* for the "Adirondacks." Each member was attired in the most approved style of the craft—huge felt hats, capacious boots, velveteen jackets slashed with multitudinous pockets, guns and rods of assorted sizes and patterns strapped together, knapsacks, and woolen and rubber blankets. When they conversed it was in the style of old campaigners. They talked knowingly of the "Wilderness," black flies, wild-cats, and five-pound trout; frequently consulted maps, "Murray," and the "Railroad Guide;" and speculated upon the time they were to be due at specified points. Occasionally they paused to mark the effect upon their fellow-passengers, and, if they happened to catch a small boy listening with some show of attention, their faces shone with an effulgence of rapture.

"There's nothing like brass, you know," said Musquash, with a professional shrug. "By Jove! it is fortunate we got posted before we started. This hand-book is invaluable."

Just here a news-boy appeared and offered "Murray" for sale. The Club was bewildered at first—then indignant.

"Pooh, pooh! we have seen that book—no use for it whatever. By-the-way, my son, do you sell many of them?"

The juvenile pointed up and down the double range of seats, and behold! all the passengers were studying "Murray." The Club hadn't observed it before.

THE RUSH FOR THE WILDERNESS.

Presently the train rumbled up to the Whitehall Junction, and the conductor piped out, "Change cars for Rutland; passengers for Lake Champlain keep their seats!"

All kept their seats.

"I wonder where all these people are going?" asked Tipstaff.

They reached the steamer at Whitehall, and lo! the crowd came streaming down the pier and crushed into the gangway.

"Is this the way to the *Adirondack?*" piped a fat woman of forty as she paused on the plank. In an instant she was hustled out of sight.

The Club was aghast with wonder. Presently it clambered up to the promenade deck for safety and a better view. Immediately a small boy came up and proffered "Murray." Other small boys were observed to waylay the procession below and tender copies of "Murray." The procession was continuous. It was a moving phantasm of sea-side hats, water-proofs, blanket-shawls, fish-poles, old felts, mackintoshes, reticules, trout-rods, fish-baskets, carpet-bags, guns, valises, rubber boots, umbrellas, lap-rugs, hunting-dogs, water-spaniels, guide-books, and maps. There were old women, misses, youngsters, spinsters, invalids, students, Bloomers, correspondents, sports, artists, and jolly good fellows. Behind followed innumerable vans, crates, and barrows of miscellaneous baggage—Saratoga trunks, huge family trunks, Noah's arks, valises, corn-bins, bandboxes, bales, baskets, and boxes. Two packages of "Murray" and one case of "Hamlin's Magic Oil" brought up the rear.

When the steamer was fairly under way the members of the Club started on a reconnoissance. A gong admonished them to buy dinner-tickets. They asked a saloon boy the way to the office.

"Four times around the boat, Sir. Better be lively, gentlemen—first table is setting now."

The Club fell in at the rear of the column. When it reached the dining-room the third table was just cleared. While it was waiting it happened to notice that the steamer's name was *Adirondack*. Remarkable coincidence! Likewise the decorations of the boat were all suggestive of the land of trout and venison. Black-walnut deer stood out in bold relief on the panels. Strings of translucent fish gleamed in ground glass upon the state-room doors. Every thing was so successfully appropriate that, had it been gotten up expressly to order, it could not have harmonized more perfectly with the objects and aspirations of the Club. And yet, singular as it may seem, the Club was still so befogged by its first impressions, that it never dreamed its own little coterie was but a fraction of the grand aggregate whose destination was an irreclaimable wilderness. Naturally it didn't expect to find the latest ladies' fashions in an uninhabited region where even "hunters' cabins are fifty miles apart."

After dinner the obfuscation cleared a little. People became communicative. They gathered into little knots and groups to compare notes. A dashing young woman in Bloomer dress, who had been eying the Club for some time, ap-

proached with a certain kind of coyish assurance, and saluted.

"*En route* for the Adirondacks, I suppose, gentlemen?"

The Club returned an embarrassed assent.

"Been there before, of course?"

"Never." (Embarrassed dissent.)

"Mercy! Why, I took you for *guides*. Excuse me."

The Club nudged each other and fidgeted.

"Well, the fact is, madam—that is, miss," explained Tipstaff, "the fact is—h'm—we are a sporting club just returned from—yes—from the Rocky Mountains. As we hadn't got quite tired yet of hunting wild-cats and grizzlies—*grizzlies*, madam—we thought we would amuse ourselves a little in the Adirondacks, a considerable wilderness up north here, you know—"

"Oh yes, I know—been there myself. Was there last summer."

"You! Is it possible, miss?"

"Oh yes; we had lively times there, I assure you. I am the correspondent of the *Lively Midge*—sporting paper, you know. By-the-way, have you read Murray's book? If you haven't been in before, it may serve you. Some folks think it a 'sell,' because it was published 1st of April, as you will see from the preface. But no matter. Murray is all right—personal friend of mine. You'll find copies for sale in the saloon below. Excuse me, gentlemen. I hope to meet you again. Ta-ta!"

"Phew!" said the doctor, as she vanished. "How her tongue rattles! There's a wood-nymph for you!"

"Or a katydid," suggested Tipsy.

"Correct! Hit it about right that time, I guess, neighbor. That's her name—Kate—and no mistake. I know her. She writes for the papers—writes books."

This extraordinary information was volunteered by a consumptive-looking Yankee who had been eying the group for some time, trying to get a word in edgewise. He was one of those hatchet-faced fellows who seem to have just enough inquisitiveness left in them to keep soul and body together.

The Club appeared not to heed the intrusion.

"Be any of you going into the woods?" the stranger persisted.

"We *be*." (*Omnes.*)

"Is it healthy in there? Because, you see, I'm kinder ailing, and I don't keer to go in if it's agoing to hurt me. They say the mountain air is good for invalid folks, and I've been recommended to go in. I hain't been first-rate for more'n a year back."

The questioner, by some chance, directed his remarks at Nugget, who replied:

"Oh, if you mean to ask my professional advice, I should say, Go in, by all means. We sha'n't miss you. It may help me a little in a business way, too."

"How's that? Be you a doctor?"

"Oh no! Quite the reverse. I'm a sexton—grave-digger. I'll see that you'll have a decent burial, my friend."

"Sure? You don't mean that, now? Well, I'll take the chances on it, any how. I'm determined to go in. I've been advised to. Come to think on't, can you tell me, mister, which might be the best route to go in—by the way of Port Kent, or the t'other route?"

"Really, my friend," replied the sexton, after proper reflection, "I don't think it makes much difference which way you go *in*—you'll probably come *out* at the little end of the horn!"

A laughing chorus followed this solo upon the "horn," in the midst of which the victim emitted a hacking cough and retired.

When the sober mood returned, "By Jove!" said Nugget, "this subject of a choice of routes had scarcely occurred to me. It seems the whole boat-load, invalids included, are bound for the woods. I don't understand it. Let us inquire."

The sexton's proposal met the common approval. The Club ascertained that opinion was about equally divided, as between the Port Kent or Keeseville route and the Plattsburg route. It transpired that there was a bitter rivalry between the Keesevillites and the Plattsburgers. The Keeseville route was the shortest in miles, and formerly took all the travel; but the whole journey was by stage. Latterly the Plattsburgers had built a railroad extending twenty miles into the wilderness; so that the longest way round was not only the shortest, but the easiest way in. It seriously lessened the pecuniary profits of the Keeseville stages and hotels. Hence those tears. Each route had its earnest advocates and detractors. "The dilemma," said Musquash, "was something like the old darkey's:

"'Supposin',' said the African exhorter, by way of illustration—'Sam! supposin' you kum to two forks in de woods, and de finger-board he say dis road lead to hell, and de oder finger-board he say dis road lead to heaben—which road you take, um?'

"'Why, de toder one, ob course.'

"'Well, den, supposin' de debil kum along, and he put up anoder finger-board, and *both* boards say dis am de road to hell, which road you take den—tell me *dat?*'

"'What?—um?—when both roads lead to hell? which road I take, eh? Why, den dis nigger *take to de woods*, ob course; what you s'pose, you ole fool?'"

Hour after hour had passed away in pleasant chat, bearing more or less upon the general topic. Meanwhile the steamer had threaded its sinuous course through the Whitehall Narrows, passed Ticonderoga, Crown Point, and other places famous in Revolutionary history, touching at numerous picturesque landings, and gradually unfolding to view the blue mountain ranges of Vermont and New York, with their lofty peaks dimly outlined in the distance. Late in the afternoon she blew her whistle and rounded gracefully up to the little wharf at Port

Kent, where she landed half of her passengers. As there were only half a dozen wagons visible to accommodate the multitude, the Club continued its voyage to Plattsburg. Its first care was to find a hotel. "Fouquet's" was near the landing. The Club reconnoitred. Having little baggage, it was foremost at the office, and asked for rooms. The polite clerk informed it that the house was tolerably full: but that, if it would sleep four double, and take turn about with a party who had already pre-empted the room, it might have No. 21. When the Club demurred, the clerk assured it that, since the rush for the "Wilderness" commenced, such accommodations were considered first-class. It afterward found excellent entertainment at "Witherell's," further up town.

"MADAM, I BEG PARDON—IS THIS A DEER-HOUND?"

In the morning it took an early train and was whisked away twenty miles into the Wilderness. The crowd of the day before accompanied it, largely reinforced. Among the accessions was a fat lady, with her daughter and a poodle. The ladies were very much dressed—likewise the dog, which was wrapped in a Paisley shawl. All smelt strongly of musk and patchouly. They had evidently ventured to be foremost in patronizing a new and popular resort, in order to introduce the fashionable styles—just two days later from Saratoga.

"By Jove!" cried Musquash.

"Hallo! what's the matter?"

"Don't you see? Ha—ha! there's our fat friend going *in!*"

"So she is! and her daughter too. I wonder what she's going to do with that dog? Madam, I beg pardon—is this a *deer-hound?*"

This from Tipsy, of course.

"What! poor Flora? La, no! Now, Sir, don't you know, I think you are trying to tease me! Here, Clementina dear, take the little darling, while I go and arrange with the coachman. La, sakes! I shall go distracted. Only to think that Pa would permit us to travel thus without attendants! Can you tell me, kind Sir—I presume, by your *toat ensawmb*, that you are familiar with the vicinage—can you tell me when the *diligence* leaves for Apollo Smith, Esquire's?"

Tipsy didn't know one place from another. The Club had not even made up its collective mind which route to take.

"Well, really, madam, I—I—"

"Better git aboard, marm, if you're going in. The stages will be all filled up," interrupted a driver.

"Mercy! how rude these people are! Which *is* your carriage?"

All this little divertisement took place at the dépôt. A daily line of "stages" was advertised to leave the railroad terminus at Ausable station, upon the arrival of trains, for Paul Smith's, Baker's, Martin's, Bartlett's, and all the various forest resorts. There were a dozen nondescript vehicles drawn up at the platform—covered rockaways, market wagons, buggies, and "buck boards"—nothing that resembled a "stage" of the primitive period. In the midst of the general rush and confusion, the Club was glad to secure a double-seated wagon, which answered its purpose tolerably. The driver booked them for Smith's, and they now waited only for Tipsy, who was watching the fat lady.

"Mercy!" said she. "I never can endure to go in one of those outlandish vehicles. What *outre* affairs! Have you no voiture, no barouche?"

"Eh? No what?"

"Nothing better than these?"

"No, marm."

"Well, I shall die! I never can survive. Why, Clementina love, don't you know we traveled all over the Alps in our own private carriage—to Vevay, to Freiburg, to Martigny—

"HAVE YOU NO VOITURE, NO BAROUCHE?"

and so luxurious, one could fancy one's self in a cradle; and you know, dear, we are always accustomed to our own carriage!"

"Yes, indeed, Ma," the daughter replied. "Poor Flora, too! She never *can* ride without C springs. How absurd of Pa to let us come!"

"I'll tell you what, marm," said the good-natured bushman, who was anxious to please, and not behind in native politeness; "if you will ride on with me three miles to the Forks, I can get you a private carriage, but it will cost you more money."

"How much?"

"Have you many trunks, marm?"

"Only these seven. You can take them in with us, can't you?"

"Phew! seven Saratogas! Not by a darn sight, marm. We'll have to haul them in with a team. It will cost you double fare, marm."

"Oh, lor! double fare! Well, *n'importe*, never mind. You can charge the bill to Mr. Apollo Smith. He knows me well. He is to pay my expenses until my husband, the General, arrives. Oh, dear! what an uncivilized country we have come to, to be sure!"

All being now ready, the several stages rumbled off to their respective destinations.

"You wish to go to Paul Smeet?" said John to the Club. "Very well, I take you to Smeet." And away they rolled over a plank road so rough as to rattle the gold filling out of their teeth—down a hill so steep that blankets, bags, fishing-rods, passengers, and seats were well shaken into a heap over the forward axle—around a turn so short that it upset the equipoise of the old sexton, and whisked the gravel over the edge of a twenty-feet sand-bank—and then over a beautiful stretch of level road, willow-fringed, that skirted the bank of the rushing Ausable.

Uncle Silas, the driver, was a French Canadian, who had migrated to the Adirondacks thirty years before. He was one of the early pioneers, and knew every rock in the country, and didn't mind running over them occasionally. The Club discovered that fact.

The country through which they had passed thus far was simply undulating. It was pretty well settled and cultivated. Two or three considerable towns boasted their brick buildings. Ranges of frame dwellings followed the course of the river as they advanced. The doctor wished to stop and fish, and was much disgusted to hear Uncle Silas say there were no trout in the stream—the mills had driven them out.

"It's always so!" he growled. "I never went fishing yet, but when I got to the place the sport was just twenty miles beyond."

At Ausable Forks the Club was astonished to find a populous town with a telegraph office, brick stores, and the like—streets busy with passing wagons, and mills resonant with their industrious hum. At Black Brook also there was a large settlement—the centre of the great Rogers iron district, whose railroad, plank road, stores, mills, bustle, and thrift have all grown out of the business prosecuted by the enter-

prising proprietors. Here every thing was black and dusty. Smelting furnaces emitted dense volumes of smoke. Huge charcoal vans and loads of iron ore constantly passed. The road for miles was lined with the huts and cabins of the employés, populous with smutty-faced children. Away off on the bare hills thin columns of smoke told where the miners were delving into the bowels of the earth. Slag and iron filings paved the thoroughfares. Coal dust filled every chink and crevice. It settled thickly upon the trees, and when it rained the leaves shed rivulets of ink.

At Black Brook the road passed through a ravine, and then ascended a tiresome hill. Here the character of the scenery was totally changed. Gradually and imperceptibly, by railroad and stage, they had climbed a thousand feet above the level of Lake Champlain; and now, at the summit, an amphitheatre of Titanic proportions loomed up on all sides. The blue ranges of hills swelled into mountains of every conceivable size and outline, which swept away in double and triple phalanx to the farthest limit of vision. Clouds capped the tops of the most aspiring. A wilderness of forest climbed their inaccessible sides. Here and there only, at inappreciable intervals, a clearing might be descried. Along the highway which they traveled were the only traces of habitations. The scenery was so grand and the occasion so exhilarating that the sexton declared he began to feel his digestion improve already. He felt as hungry as a bear. Opportunely they arrived at Franklin Falls. Here they found dinner and the noble Saranac.

"Saranac! there is romance in that name. It is redolent of pine and balsam, trout and aboriginal Indian. It is the leaven that leavens the great lump of the Adirondack range. What splendid pools of inky blackness! what dashing rapids! what chasms boiling with frantic waters! what a peaceful overarching of green alders! What a place for trout!"

Musquash stood upon the brink of the deep ravine, and thus gave vent to his pent-up eloquence.

"Pshaw! mister; you can't catch no trout here, excepting in the spring. Don't you see, the mill drives 'em away." A small urchin spoke, whom Musquash had not observed before.

"What mill, youngster?"

"*There.* Sir; just over there. Don't you see that air saw-mill?"

"Saw-mill! yes, by Jove, I see it now. D—n saw-mills! I detest that word 'mill,' whether as applied to labor or the prize-ring. It is forever marring and destroying the face of nature. I wish all mills were put into their own hoppers and ground up!"

A shout from the rear warned the indignant sportsman that the stage was ready to proceed. Before they departed they were requested to sign their names on the hotel register. All made their marks. Tipsy had undertaken to count those that preceded. There were upward of *one thousand* names, counting arrivals in and out.

"Phew!" said the doctor; "if men were cattle I should say that there had been a *Murrain* in the States, and that every body had stampeded for the Wilderness. Well, we'll go on and stay our forty days out, any way. Somebody will provide manna for the multitude, I hope."

In the lapse of time the party reached Bloomingdale, the last post-town on the route. Their course had been ever onward and upward, "like the eagle, my boy," and the journey had already become tedious. They had accomplished thirty miles of staging, and they had eleven yet to go. On their way they had stopped at a country store for beer. They had seen but few houses, and the farms were pinched and poor. The land was "strong," and the crops of boulders heavy. There was about one blade of grain to an acre of stone. Hills and swamps had been shorn by frequent fires, and fences were in danger of the oven. There was quite a congregation of loungers of sundry ages around the store, and to judge by the weak and worn condition of the fences and porch, the loungers had to depend upon them for support.

The Club engaged one of the veterans in conversation.

"How do you make a living in this barren country? You don't depend upon the travel, I suppose?"

"Barren country! Why, bless you, there is no finer farming land in the State. All that is needed here is a little *energy*, *enterprise*, and *capital*. By-and-by immigration will begin to strike in, we hope, and then we shall get on well enough."

The Club concluded not to wait for the immigration, and pushed on. From Bloomingdale until within two miles of Paul Smith's the farms were much improved, and the houses nearly all frame. Then they struck into what bore some resemblance to a wild country. The forest was dense, there were deer tracks across the beds of the brooks, blue jays and squirrels screamed and chattered in the woods, and an eagle sailed leisurely across the blue rift above their heads. It was eventide, and the wayfarers watched eagerly through the openings for the first glimmer of the sunset sheen upon the bosom of St. Regis. Presently the glorious, inspiring bay of hounds fell musically and mellow upon the ear, the sound of a chopper was heard near at hand, small dogs barked a falsetto accompaniment, old wagons, wood-piles, and other evidences of civilization hove in sight, and in a few moments a turn in the road brought the hotel and the lake simultaneously into view. A minute more and the Club was shaking the kinks out of its legs on the long piazza at Paul Smith's.

A numerous and motley crowd gathered around to greet or survey the new-comers. Tipstaff inquired for the landlord.

Paul said, "Here!"

He reported an abundance to eat, but no beds. Was the piazza pre-empted? "Yes—every individual plank." No room on the lawn? "That was occupied, too, by dwellers in tents." The boat-house, bowling-alley, barn, out-buildings? "All were full." Hat-racks and clothes-hooks in use? "Yes." Tipstaff inquired for Spalding's glue. The landlord had some. How could he accommodate the guests? He would do every thing in his power. He had already succeeded in making the house hold twice its capacity. "Then," said Tipstaff, "you will have not the slightest difficulty in sticking us up against the wall for the night. Consider these clapboards engaged by the Club."

A volley of cheers followed this sally, and the Club became favorites at once. Several ladies offered their extra trunks for lodging. It was astonishing what multitudes of trunks there were—likewise guns, rifles, fishing-rods, creels, landing-nets, knapsacks, rubber over-coats, oil-cloth suits, casts of flies, patent mosquito nets, water-proof boots, self-acting pocket pistols, meerschaums, and the like—standing in corners, hung on pegs on the door-posts and walls, and lying around loose generally. Strings of sick fish were laid out on the porch for the inspection of dogs and guests. Wooden models of big trout that had been caught in days by-gone were stuck up conspicuously, with the date of the achievement and the name of the great achiever. The guests, too, were a motley crowd. It being after the regular supper hour, they swarmed upon the piazza and lawn, and the Club had full opportunity to survey the wondrous scene. There were dames in longitudinal trails, who promenaded luxuriantly; maidens in full-fledged paniers; snobs with canes and eye-glasses, strutting in intensest agony of self-conceit; professional sportsmen in fishing suits of approved material and cut; excursion parties in bush-worn habiliments, just returned from far-off woods and lakes; invalids in flannel wraps and big easy-chairs; old gents in Panamas and homespun, who read the latest papers; young gents who played euchre and sipped their claret per last arrival; nurses with fat babies; small, ubiquitous boys in short frocks, who rubbed molasses taffy on every body's clothes; and petite little misses in starch and furbelows, who minced, and smirked, and carried on imitation flirtations with children of larger growth. Then there were games of croquet upon the lawn, boating parties upon the lake, lovers sauntering in the woods, and a Chickering thrumming in the parlor. Down at the boat-house a party of incipient but now self-approved anglers, who had passed their first fortnight in camp, were discussing theoretical points with the guides, and a couple of bad boys were trying to set the hounds to fighting on the lawn.

This was the "St. James of the Wilderness." It was astonishing how three hundred guests could put up so cheerfully and harmoniously with accommodations designed for only seventy-five! It was a "happy family."

There was much more to be seen and taken in at a glance, but attention was diverted by new arrivals, accompanied by a familiar voice in a high key.

"Abuse my Flora, indeed! you nasty man! Here, Flora—poor thing—come here! Did he hurt my little darling, so he did! I'll complain to Mr. Smith. Just to think! how *dare* you take my Flora by the nape of the neck and chuck her out of the carriage! Dear sakes! I shall faint! Where is a seat? Clementina, my vinaigrette!"

No seat being convenient, and Mr. Smith at the moment appearing:

"Oh, Mr. Smith! how glad I am to see you! Are our apartments ready? You know I engaged apartments. And, Mr. Smith, I told the driver to charge the carriage hire to you. It is all right, driver; you may go now. Dear sakes! how shall we ever endure such a fearful journey the second time!"

"Here, Ma—this way. Here is a person to show us our rooms," said Clementina.

The excitement was more than the Club could stand on an empty stomach, and it accordingly went to supper. Later in the evening, when the crowd had somewhat thinned, the Club was invited to a game of euchre. It played with varying fortune, but it was generally remarked that the sexton won when *spades* were trumps. The Club was also fortunate in having canvas accommodations tendered them in one of the tents upon the lawn. It gladly accepted; but when the morning dawned it discovered that it had jumped from the frying-pan of indoor discomforts into—rather an extensive puddle. It had rained hard during the night, and the party got well soaked. For the first time in his life the doctor was tempted to go back upon his practice—hydropathy.

Just before the dinner hour the high key of the familiar voice was heard in the hall.

"Really, Mr. Smith, we can not possibly stay. It is out of the question. I never, in all my life, occupied a room before without carpets. It is decidedly vulgar. Why, we have Axminster at Saratoga always—don't we, Clementina? Summer weather! It makes no difference, Mr. Smith. Other people may put up with it if they like, but not I—not by no manner of means. Besides, Mr. Smith, you have no French cook; I can't do without a French cook. The table is not nice either, and the chamber-maids wait in the dining-room. Bah! it is *too* much!"

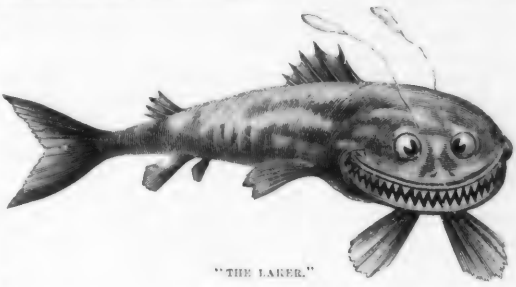
"Oh yes, Ma dear—let us leave this horrid, outlandish place; do, Ma!" pleaded Clementina.

"What time did you say the next conveyance would go, Mr. Smith?" the lady asked.

"This afternoon."

"Then, please consider our seats engaged. We shall undoubtedly intercept our baggage.

Let me see, Mr. Smith, can you accommodate me with *a hundred dollars?* The General provided us with very little money, as he expects to find us here when he comes. Oh, la! won't he be surprised!"



"THE LAKER."

The result of the negotiation was that the Club became the fortunate possessors of an excellent room, with comfortable beds, good attendance, and the cleanest of linen. The table was bountifully provided, not only with the toothsome products of forest and stream, but with those little luxuries and delicacies which one expects to find in all hotels termed first-class. Considering its isolation from all markets, great credit reflected upon the caterer.

The day following the Club tried its luck in the adjacent ponds and streams. At daybreak the doctor was observed by Tipsy (who had one eye partly open) to rise noiselessly and slip stealthily out of the room. He had heard that early morning was most favorable to successful angling, also that the monster lake trout of the Wilderness kept near the bottom at this season. So he took a copy of Agassiz, a handline, and some bait: and, jumping into a boat, pulled out to the middle of the lake, where he came to anchor. Then he threw overboard a handful of pork scraps, by way of "chumming" the fish. After this he paid out ten or fifteen fathoms of line, and adjusting his cushion and his spectacles, opened his favorite author. He had just reached that section which treats of the action and effect of phosphorus as a stimulant to the brain (illustrated by numerous eminent examples), when the gong sounded for breakfast. At the same time he felt a dull tug at his line. Hastily dropping the book, he hauled in, hand over hand, with such celerity that, before he was aware of it, the above represented nondescript creature stared him full in the face! The doctor had never caught a "laker," but it needed no great intuitive perception to determine that this was clearly a fish of another color. The general aspect of a lake trout is white. This was decidedly black—as black as the devil. It had horns too, and looked something like the devil, only that it had a benign cast of countenance, and wore two white pendants under its throat, like the ends of a clergyman's neck-choker. Tipstaff said it looked like George Francis Train in disguise.

After breakfast the Club tried its hand at fly-fishing. Each boat carried two persons besides the boatman. Tipstaff and the doctor were in the same boat. Tipstaff eagerly jointed his rod, and, at the first cast, threw two joints into the water. When he had adjusted the parts, he let out more line, and, drawing his rod well back for a long throw, succeeded in fastening his hook into the doctor's hat. Then he reeled up, and at the next cast snapped off his tail fly, with a crack like a whip's. This quite discouraged him. Dropping his rod, he let the flies sink to the bottom, when, lo! an unmistakable bite! The line ran out handsomely. In his excitement and surprise, Tipstaff struck with all his might; for an instant a small sunfish dangled in mid-air, and when he dropped, with a delicate little splash, back into the water, Tipstaff discovered that his second joint had broken short off at the ferrule! So he resignedly put by the fragments, and lighted his pipe for a smoke.

Meanwhile the boatman had paddled off some little distance, and the doctor, casting his flies by some chance near a cluster of lily-pads, saw a sudden gleam of light just where they dropped. In an instant a half-pound trout tautened the line, and darted, full tilt, for the pads. The doctor held on to his rod with a will, but did not prevent the fish from entangling himself in the long, tough stems. Fortunately, both the line and the trout's jaw were strong. The boatman paddled to the spot, and pulling up the lily-pad, drew it, the trout, and the line together, safely, but tangled, into the bottom of the boat. But disaster attended their triumph. While they were engaged in securing the fish, the rod fouled, bent double, and snapped in the middle!

The doctor looked at the wreck with tears in his eyes, and then said, resignedly, as he held the butt in his hand, "This is the end of my split bamboo!"

The rest of the Club met with little better success. They destroyed a fabulous amount of tackle, and caught five small trout; and "what were they," as Tipstaff said, "among so many?" Wherever they went they found no lack of company. A dozen boats were always on the ground before them. Nothing could have mitigated their disgust and disappointment except the good dinner which they found provided when they returned. There is nothing like a good dinner to soften the asperities of misfortune, especially when it is sauced with Champagne, and a saddle of venison and baked trout with cream are the *pieces de resistance.*

Now Musquash was missed immediately aft-

er dinner; and it was simply because the foregoing is a truism that the Club did not order the lake to be dragged at once, and the woods to be searched, for his dead body. Musquash *could not have committed suicide upon a full stomach.* Every one granted that. It was equally improbable that an accident had befallen him, for he was known to be habitually cautious: besides, being a lawyer, he could argue himself out of a scrape at once. Had there been an evening paper printed at St. Regis Lake, that day's issue would have contained the news, in big type, "Mysterious Disappearance of Musquash, the Counselor:" and his friends would have advertised for him. As it was, the mystery continued unsolved throughout the day.

Now the fact was that the smell of venison at table had started him off, like a sleuth-hound, on the trail of blood. Avowedly, he was on the alert for derelict sportsmen; but this time he did not appear (or disappear) in the *rôle* of a detective. He took a gun with him, a guide, and dogs, and followed a by-path through the forest to Osgood's Pond. What he did, or what he attempted, no deponent has ever been found to testify. If, indeed, "there be tongues in trees," the trees have never whispered. One belated sportsman averred that he saw a light dodging about the swamps late at night, but he could not determine whether it was a "Jack" or a Will-o'-the-wisp. "Only this, and nothing more." A single remark which Musquash himself let drop, when he appeared at the table, alive and well, in the morning, was all that seemed to afford any clew to his manœuvres. The purport of it was this: "I haven't seen the sign of a trout or a deer being caught any where about here since I've been in the woods, and yet the table is abundantly provided with trout and venison at every meal." Then he seemed wrapped in thought for a moment. His brow knit, and his fingers clutched spasmodically; then he added, with his mouth full of delicious deer-meat, "If I only could find who it is that is breaking the game laws every day, shooting deer out of season, I'd prosecute 'em, confound 'em!"

Human nature will out, and Musquash was but human. The dog in the manger showed more human nature than is generally credited to canines. There are men termed sportsmen who will wantonly slaughter game in season and out of season. It is to protect the game from these ravagers that judicious laws are enacted. The true sportsman needs no legislative restraint. He is the real conservator of the laws. Thus, the Adirondack hunter, who is in a great measure dependent upon the forest for his subsistence, thinks it a hardship that he is made to suffer for the sins of reckless deer-slayers; and while he does not hesitate himself to shoot deer out of season to supply his *necessities*, it is seldom that he can be found the ready abettor of pseudo-sportsmen. He will, indeed, accompany them on hunting excursions, and, to all appearances, assist them in their endeavors; but if the sportsman be a novice or unskilful, it is seldom that he will have the satisfaction of filling his bag. There are a thousand little tricks of the craft which the guide will employ to save the life of the deer, while apparently acting in good faith toward his employer. If this is news to any frequenter of the Adirondacks, let him put it in his pipe and smoke it in lieu of killikinnick.

That evening the members of the Club scattered down to the guide house, where they encountered a delegation of those forest rangers. Said rangers had understood that the gentlemen were going "in," and wanted guides. Said rangers were hirsute, swarthy, raw-boned, ill-ribbed, and looked as though they might exist in regions where none but creatures with gum-elastic souls could counterfeit even a respecta-

THE LAZY GUIDE.

life appearance of life. There were guides of all sizes, ages, nations, and degrees: lazy guides, witty guides, talkative guides, low-bred guides, bragging guides, silent guides, bad guides, good guides, independent guides, hotel guides, sober guides, thirsty guides, gray-haired guides, carroty-haired guides, bald-headed guides, cross-grained guides, guides well recommended and guides without a character—Frenchmen, Yankees, Irish, and Indians. All offered their services, and were ready to go anywhere, any how, and at any time; they were ready to tramp it, to pack it, to boat it, to rough it, to take it easy, and to take it "straight;" they knew all the best camping, hunting, and fishing grounds, and had been there before; they knew their way into any part of the Wilderness, and they knew their way back. The Club was just on the point of making its selection, when it was startled by the unmistakable voice of its worthy president upon the landing below. The guides recognized it too.

"Hallo! the professor is back," they said.

"If there isn't old Fudge, you may shoot me!" cried Tipsy.

There was a rush for the landing. The Club fell into the arms of Fudge. Fudge fell into the arms of the Club. It was an affecting meeting. The Club was surprised to see the professor then and there. Was he just going in? Would he accompany it on its excursion to the Raquette? No! the professor had just returned from a grand tour of the lakes. He had been out four weeks.

"I had expected you in sooner," he said, "and should have been pleased to join you at that time. The fact is, my friends, the best of the season is over. Trolling for lake trout is done with. The speckled trout don't rise much to the fly. You are now betwixt hay and grass, so to speak. In two or three weeks more the trout will gather around the spring holes and mouths of cold brooks. Then they will take the fly freely, and you will enjoy good sport. You may also take some lake trout, still-baiting, with ten-fathom lines; but, for my part, I had as lief drag the East River for dead bodies as to haul fish in by main strength in that fashion. My time for trouting is always in the spring, not later than June. The trout are in best condition then, and fair game. This fishing in spring holes is small business, in my opinion."

"But, professor, this is the very time of the year that Murray's book recommends sportsmen to come, and he cracks up spring-hole fishing, too."

"Perhaps he is a spring-hole fisherman. For my part, I regard it as a kind of slaughter—a sort of ichthycide in the third degree. The fish really don't have a fair chance. Nature teaches them to swarm in those localities most suitable for spawning beds. You know they are there, and you have only to go and take them. They come to your hand just as a dog is tempted by the love of a bone. In the spring they are scattered about all over the lakes and streams, and it is then that your knowledge of the habits of the fish—your science as an angler—avails you. To take the beauties then is the essence of sport."

"Shall we get no fishing, then?"

"Oh yes, my friends, lots of fishing. As a rule, the more *fishing* the less fish."

"About the flies, professor—are they very bad?"

"Never saw them worse in my life than they are at this minute. But this is an exceptional season. They hang on late. One thing you may depend upon—you never can enjoy the perfection of fly fishing unless you endure the torment of black flies: that is, indeed, excepting you go in the early spring, and then the weather is too cold for comfort."

"So you really decide not to accompany us?"

"My friends," said the professor, "if you always carry a baby it will never learn to walk. It is best that you should go alone. Practice and experience are the best teachers. Besides, I have told you already that you are too late for me. However, I will furnish you an excellent substitute. Here is old Uncle Steve. He is the Nestor of all the guides. You can depend implicitly upon him."

Late the following morning the Club bade adieu to old Fudge, and started on its tour of the lakes. Uncle Steve prepared the outfit, which was light, since it was decided not to camp out much on account of the flies. (The distances can be so arranged that one can find comfortable lodgings in a sporting-house, provided they are not overcrowded.) The fleet comprised three boats—one large one carrying Uncle Steve, the doctor, and Tipstaff, and two lighter ones for Nugget and Musquash, with their guides. The Adirondack boats are seldom adapted for more than two persons, as they require to be built as light as possible that the guides may back them the easier over the "carries."

By common consent Tipsy was made quartermaster of the expedition. "A quartermaster," says Tipsy, "is a *ration*-al being who keeps a quarter for himself and gives the balance to the rank and file." He took it in charge to carry the liquor for the whole company, "so as to keep the party together, lest they should become separated and get lost." It was pleasant to watch the departure of the little flotilla, with its chief officer at the helm of the flag-ship arrayed in the full "pomp and penelope" of his official station. Gayly they traversed the expanse of the lake, and then disappeared around a turn of the outlet. A tortuous but romantic passage led them into a second lake, and anon into a third, studded with islands and flanked by blue mountains. Here was a wilderness in all its primitive grandeur and solitude. Broods of young ducks started up betimes from the sheltering alders that fringed the shores. Kingfishers rattled out their screams of defiance from the stark branches of dead pines. Loons

BEFORE GOING TO THE ADIRONDACKS.

piped in the distance. Occasionally the tawny outline of a deer could be detected on the shadowy shores. The Club could not repress its delight with the constantly shifting panorama.

In due time Uncle Steve headed the fleet for the land, and ran up on the beach. A hirsute and shaggy being emerged from the bush, and approached. He moved his hands and arms wildly, as if making signs. The Club showed symptoms of alarm, and seemed inclined to fall back upon its quartermaster to keep up its spirits. It took the strange being for some Robinson Crusoe, or wild man of the woods. Its courage partially returned, however, when it discovered that he was only brushing away flies and mosquitoes; and when Uncle Steve introduced him as old Moses San Germong, it was fully reassured. At first the old fellow didn't seem to recognize any of the Club, but when Tipsy drew the cork of his whisky-flask, he showed signs of intelligence. The Club learned that St. Germain—which was his real name—was to haul its boats over the "carry." He was to be its Moses to guide it through the Wilderness. He was the Charon to ferry it over the *Sticks* on dry land. The distance was a mile and a half, and the way was rough—now rising a steep knoll, anon dropping into a gully, leading through bogs and quagmires, and across rotten sticks and decayed logs, obstructed by underbrush and overarched by sombre pines. Such are "carries" generally. The sled could haul only one boat at once, and consequently, by the time all were over, and launched upon "Big Clear Pond" (the next lake), the Club was quite ready to proceed. The flies had drunken and made merry at the expense of their best blood. Their patent mosquito nets proved worse than useless, and were voted a humbug. The Club looked, collectively, as though it had the measles. At the outlet of Big Clear the route for two miles lay through a flooded tract that bristled with more stumps than a cricket ground, with a channel so narrow and tortuous that, when they rounded a short turn, one might jump from the bow of the boat into the stern. Then they crossed a short "carry," amidst clouds of mosquitoes and flies, and descended a miserable, narrow stream, called "Ramshorn Creek," a ram's horn so crooked that, if the Israelites had had the like at Jericho, they would have needed to go round the city but *once* to make it tumble from sheer vertigo. Thence they passed into the broad and beautiful waters of the Upper Saranac—immortalized by artists and poets—and thence to Bartlett's, a good hotel, where they rested for the night. The next day's journey comprised a three-mile "carry" through a venerable maple forest, and a dashing race down the darksome channel of the river Raquette. It was a refreshing journey, free from all molestation of mosquitoes, protected from the summer sun by an overarching canopy of maples and evergreens, and redolent with the sweet odors of balsams and pines. No traces of man's presence or handiwork were visible here, save when a sporting party hove in sight. Vegetation grew rank and tangled. Savages and wild beasts might have lurked in the thickets secure from closest observation. Once Uncle Steve paused, and pointed to a prone hemlock that protruded from an alder copse, like a gun from a masked battery, and extended its gaunt length one-third across the stream, casting a black shadow into the depth. "There, do you see that log? I was passing just here two years ago last fall, and happened to look at that log. It looked kinder queer, like as if it was covered with brown moss. But it warn't moss, by a darn sight! You can bet I scooted away from that log as fast as I could, and drifted down stream. Just there was an old *he panther*, ten foot long, lying flat on his belly, waiting to drop on the backs of the deer that come down the run to the bank of the river! I hadn't no gun, nor didn't need any (though I'd have liked to kill the critter), for the minute the varmint found I seed him, he slinked back down the log, and giving a jump clean over them alder-bushes, dove out of sight into the woods."

The narrative shortened the breath of the interested listeners, who were sensibly relieved to learn that such highwaymen of the woods were

seldom seen nowadays. The next noteworthy incident occurred while the party halted for lunch at the mouth of a cold brook. A boat came jauntily down the stream. There was nothing remarkable about the boat itself; but it was loaded deeply with two large chests and several bales of canvas, probably tents, besides a miscellaneous collection of cooking utensils, guns, and rods. In the stern was a figure, upright, with skull-cap, eye-glass, mutton-chop whiskers, snuff-colored sporting suit, and kids. The figure moved neither to right nor left, but drew a basilisk focus full on the Club with its eye-glass, and eyed it intently as it passed. The Club saluted with the greetings customary under the circumstances, but it spoke never a word. Only when it apparently became satisfied that the Club didn't owe it any thing, and was otherwise beneath its notice, did it avert its supercilious gaze. This figure was an English tourist "doing" the Adirondacks! Such curiosities are occasionally, though seldom, seen, as Uncle Steve said of the panther. This cavalier treatment hurt the Club's feelings so that it couldn't eat!

AFTER GOING TO THE ADIRONDACKS.

After this they pulled down the river to Setting-Pole Rapids—a romantic stretch of foaming water—where they caught some fine trout with bait. Then they retraced their steps as far as Big Tupper Lake, which they had passed on their way down. There are several houses near the outlet of Big Tupper, two or three of which are kept as hotels for sportsmen. These happening to be filled, the Club had to camp out for the night. It was its first experience, and it was naturally a little nervous. The first alarm was shortly after dark. Tipsy had some fine old Scotch ale put up in stone bottles. The bottles were in a rubber bag, and the bag was in the stern of the boat. Uncle Steve volunteered to go for the beer, and straightway disappeared in the darkness. While he was gone, the Club became absorbed in a game of euchre. The sexton had won two games, and was in the act of turning trumps, when a series of loud reports, close at hand, startled the party to their feet. Groans followed.

"Injuns!" shouted the doctor, and seized his gun.

All seized weapons and rushed in the direction of the sound. Presently they came upon the prostrate body of Uncle Steve. Close at hand lay the bag, boiling over with froth. The sexton hastily took position beside the *beer*, ready to extend his professional services.

"Help!" cried Uncle Steve.

"What's the matter?"

"Darned if I know!" murmured the sufferer, faintly, as he recovered his pins. An examination solved the mystery. All the bottles had burst with one grand, simultaneous explosion! The weather being warm, and the road somewhat rough, the beer had *worked*. The bag was air-tight and slung over Steve's back; hence the concussion was tremendous, and followed by a violent fit of nervous prostration. The loss of the ale, under the circumstances, was irremediable; it was disheartening. Whisky was the only substitute the commissariat afforded—the only consolation at hand to revive their downcast spirits. So they kindled the camp-fire into a ruddy blaze, heated water, and made hot slings, with which they comforted the inner man. Their pipes were produced and lighted, and while they drank inspiration from the weed and grain, Tipsy sang this pæan in praise of Bacchus, the mellow deity:

"Talk not to me of temperance joys,
Nor of teetotal vows—
I drink a drink that's fit for gods,
Which common-sense allows.

AN ENGLISH TOURIST "DOING" THE ADIRONDACKS.

And he who would not drink with me
Is sure a senseless noddy;
For oh! true rapture's only found
In drinking Whisky Toddy.

"It oils the hinges of the tongue;
To fancy gives the rein;
From it the noblest thoughts have sprung;
It soothes the lover's pain;
It throws a glow o'er every sense;
It cheers and warms the body;
He's *wrapping flannel round his heart*
Who drinks of Whisky Toddy!"

By this time the bibulous bard had become so exhilarated by the combined influence of the whisky and the "divine afflatus" that he was ready to head a scouting expedition to the neighboring houses and camps. He failed, however, to muster any recruits. The Club declined peremptorily, and so he departed *solus*. Toward midnight the Club, whose senses were keenly on the *qui vive*, was aroused from its fitful slumbers by strange noises in the adjacent underbrush. They were something unearthly—a combination of groans, coughs, yelps, and sneezes, followed by hissing sounds like steam escaping. The doctor, who had been reading "Murray," bethought him of the ghost of "Phantom Falls." The sexton, speaking from experience, maintained that ghosts were noiseless. Musquash suggested owls. "Is it," said he,

"'The moody owl that shrieks?
Or is it that sound betwixt laughter and scream,
The voice of the demon that haunts the stream?'"

"It may be panthers," hinted the sexton. "Let us awaken the guides."

"No, not yet," said Musquash. "Let us see what we can do first ourselves. 'Murray' says, you know, that 'a stick, piece of bark, or tin plate shied in the direction of the noise, will scatter them like cats.' I'll show you the passage in the morning. Now let's have at them, boys!"

This advice was immediately followed. A volley of old boots, tin plates, empty bottles, and chunks of wood went crashing into the brush. A moment of silence followed, and then the sounds were repeated again. The commotion had now aroused the guides, who seized some pieces of blazing bark and boldly advanced. The object of their consternation and search was soon discovered. It was only poor Tipsy, their comrade, all unconscious, and wrapped in sonorous slumbers!

. . . . Just here the record of the Club becomes somewhat misty; nor does it appear to have been subsequently kept with that nice regard for dates and coherent narrative that characterized it at first. It is made up mainly of personal incidents and comments of little interest to any but the Club. It seems that it followed the route usually taken by the most enthusiastic of tourists, visiting all the large lakes and streams on its way to Raquette. It ascended exceeding high mountains and surveyed the illimitable panorama of sky-splitting peaks and deeply embosomed lakes. It penetrated forbidden fastnesses and stirred up the old hermits that had hoped to find eternal seclusion from the eyes of men. It left newspapers at Stony Brook stuck up in a crotch near

the spring where old Calkins came down to drink, that he might know the war was over and Grant elected President. It visited Grave's Lodge on Big Tupper Lake, where it found all the little nick-nacks of civilization. It caught big trout at the foot of Bog River Falls, fighting flies meanwhile, whose voracity and persistency not all the smudges and tar-and-oil preventives could diminish or disperse. It examined the traces of the old military bridge of Revolutionary days, which was thrown across the Raquette near the head of Long Lake—Long Lake, magnificent in its broad expanse of water and the ever-changing outline of its shores. It visited the picturesque camps of ardent sportsmen, whose snowy canvas tents at times relieved the solitude of the wilderness retreats. It partook of the famous pancakes which Mother Johnson prepares at Raquette Falls for the delectation of her guests, and took "plane board" in the carpenter shop of Uncle Palmer. Not a single place recommended by "Murray" or suggested by its attentive guides was omitted.

At Raquette Lake the Club found numerous camps. One, more pretentious than the rest, attracted its attention. It was built of boards, and thatched with split shingles. It wore an air of domestic comfort not usually found in bachelor quarters. Besides, there were certain nondescript garments of flimsy texture hung on the neighboring bushes, that betokened the indubitable presence of females. Bouquets and wreaths of flowers adorned the gables of the shanty. When the Club approached it was met by a jolly, sun-burnt sportsman, whose weight might have been one hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois. The stranger started in perceptible surprise.

"Well, now, I swear to thunder," said he, "if this ain't cute! Who'd 'a expected to have seen you here? Don't you know me? Why, I'm the thin, consumptive cuss that you said was going to come out of the little eend of the horn! 'Twould take a pretty good sized horn now, I guess. But come in. Here's our old friend, the katydid."

There, indeed, stood the fair little correspondent of the *Lively Midge*, with her dear little arms up to the elbows in flour.

"You are just the person I wish to see," she said to Tipstaff, when she had saluted the rest of the party. "All of our company have gone off after berries for my pies; and just as soon as I have mixed this dough I shall want you to go with me to gather pond-lilies—for we are to have a little spree to-night. Now you will, won't you? That's a good ducky!"

Tipsy was embarrassed. He had seen very little female company for the last three weeks, and the sensation was altogether novel. However, he held himself in readiness; and presently a lithe little figure, in short frock and Bloomer trowsers, with a soft felt hat thrust jauntily over her tresses, and a tin cup strapped around her waist, tripped down to the cockle-shell of a boat that waited for them.

"Now, Mr. Tipstaff, I want you to pull me right across to yonder little cove that you see by that big rock. We ought to go over in two

AN EXPLOSION.

minutes." And the sylph seated herself gracefully in the stern, without any undue flourish of petticoats or tiresome adjusting of folds.

Tipsy blushed crimson. He was ashamed to confess that he didn't know how to row.

"Oh, never mind! Take my seat, and I'll pull you over. You shall be the rudder, and I'll be the compass. Won't that be jolly? Now steer, and keep your eye steadily on *me*."

What a fix for a sensitive young bachelor! Tipsy never knew exactly how he got over the lake, nor how they ever managed to find such a boat-load of pond-lilies. It must have taken a long time to gather them.

The record abruptly ends here. The siren enticed the original memorialist away into some forest recess, and it is quite possible that he is hopelessly lost. No mention is subsequently made of him. There is, however, a supplementary chapter in a different handwriting. It purports to give the proceedings of the last meeting of the Raquette Club, and is dated at Raquette Lake, August 1.

The sexton offered a resolution to dissolve the Club then and there—that it adjourn *sine die*, and bequeath all its accoutrements and paraphernalia to old Fudge, its founder.

"I find," he said, "that I have no taste for these things. For my part, I had rather officiate at one first-class funeral than catch all the trout in the Adirondacks. One can occupy his time to advantage in my business. If he can't do better, he can learn the dead languages, and study Latin off of old tombstones."

The doctor remarked that camp life was like every thing else. It was no doubt very well for those who liked it and understood it. "But," said he, "it don't seem to agree with me. I don't see that eating fish, and making perpetual Lent and Friday of one's existence, is a-going to help one's brains. Besides, here I've broken fifty dollars' worth of rods and tackle, caught no trout, swallowed a peck of dirt and ashes in this savage mode of cooking and eating, and been devoured by flies and all manner of insects. Look at my ears *now*; if they swell much larger I shall begin to think I made an *ass* of myself by coming into the woods at all!"

Musquash remarked: "I've followed 'Murray' implicitly, and here's the result. You know what the Scripture saith—'If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch together.' And HERE WE ARE! I move we adjourn. I want to go home!"

Carried unanimously.

The historian has now got to the end of his tale. What will he do with it?

"WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?"

SOUTH-COAST SAUNTERINGS IN ENGLAND.

[Saunter YE.]

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

CANTERBURY.—I.

BEFORE making a modern pilgrimage to Canterbury, the pilgrim will do well to visit the old Tabard inn, two minutes' walk from the Southwark end of London Bridge, where Chaucer and his jolly comrades gathered for a similar expedition five hundred years ago. But he who has read that gem of American humor, Hawthorne's "Celestial Railway," will be impressed by the fact that Mr. Smooth-it-away and his fellow-directors, who bridged the Slough of Despond, and tunneled the Hill Difficulty, have been hard at work in providing swift trains to take one in an hour or two along the road over which the Canterbury pilgrims once jogged on their two days' journey. Just across the river he will see the grand arch of the Cannon Street Station, he will pass by that of London Bridge, and under one of the viaducts that bear the trains over the house-tops, and, when he turns in from High Street to see the ancient Tabard, he will find nearly all of it transformed into a railway office. The old inn is still, however, partly an inn. The tap-room is in an ancient house connected with it; and the Tabard proper is divided up into dismal chambers containing beds, which are let out to drovers and marketers at one shilling per night. A great fire which occurred in the neighborhood in 1676, only stayed by blowing up six hundred houses, destroyed, some say, the inn of Chaucer's time; other authorities maintain that it kindly spared this one hostelry, so that we have it about as it was in Chaucer's time. I can not decide; the antiquity of the present building is certainly very great. The large tap-room in which the pilgrims, if the last-named opinion be true, enjoyed their "'alf-and-'alf" of ale and piety, is now divided by a partition, making two bedrooms, in which the hard-worked rustics sleep, no doubt without many dreams of the queer old stories haunting every niche around them. The ancient host, the immortal "Harry Bailly," is at present succeeded by an affable young man, William Stevens by name, who is very proud of the antiquity of his place, and has even, I believe, ventured to disturb the minds of his present customers by restoring the name "Tabard," in place of "Talbot," the name by which it has been known these two centuries. The original Tabard signified the stately, sleeveless coat of that name worn by noblemen in early days, afterward by heralds as a kind of livery, and which has now disap-

[NOTE.—The writer of "South-Coast Saunterings in England" regrets that he has been misled, by a very circumstantial account with which he met, into stating, in a former article, that Mr. Carlyle is in receipt of a pension from the English government. Such, he is now assured, is not the case.]

peared. Talbot is a dog. Until about twenty years ago there was an old sign on the house inscribed, "This is the Inne where Sir Jeffry Chaucer and the nine-and-twenty pilgrims lay in their journey to Canterbury, anno 1383." There is still over it all that remains of a large sign-board which once bore a painting of the pilgrims setting out on their journey, the work of Blake. There is an old etching on copper of this painting, which I have seen. It is full of spirit and character. On the board strong imaginations still trace out some of the figures. I could only see the head of a horse, a big tankard tilted up to a mouth, and the head and part of the *décolleté* bust of the Wife of Bath, who, after her five husbands, was evidently regarded by Blake as ready to take the sixth.

In the tap-room, where I stopped a while, there was a collection of eight or ten men and one woman, all of the rough and poor kind, who were engaged in eating their mid-day cheese and drinking beer. The woman had a bruised eye, probably received from the low-browed fellow by whose side she sat silently as he devoured some sausages. The interest of the company seemed more or less absorbed in a hot disputation going on between a low, thick-set, gray-haired fellow in his shirt-sleeves and a vehement, black-bearded working-man, on the existence of a God. "Men may go on, and go on," exclaimed the latter, "saying what they please 'bout blievin' this an' blievin' thet; but wat's the fust thing a man says wen 'e gets flat 'n 'is back 'ith illness 'n pain? Wat's 'e call out *then?*" "Lord 'eve mussy upon me!" chimed in a sympathizer. "You may well say thet," continued the speaker, pointing the statement by cramming his mouth full of a dark-looking substance which he seemed to enjoy. "But," returned the atheist, seizing on one of the few opportunities allowed him by the occasional spiking of his antagonist's mouth with food—"but wut *I'd* like to know is why, ef ther's a God, why does he *let* a feller fall flat of 'is back 'ith all sorts of pains?" "Thet's wut none ov us knows nothin' 't all about. But wen a man is taken down a-groanin' 'e's sure to call on God to help him." "Yes, an' he may call an' call," sneered the old infidel, walking over to the fire, and squaring his back to it; "but 'is rheumatiz will go on fur all that, least the doctor kin cure 'im." "Hi don't blieve," retorted the other, "as 'ow Godamity sends all the hevil things a-goin' on in this 'ere hearth. Hi don't blieve 'e sends a man 'ere to commit murder an' get 'anged furt." "Must be a bad lot ef 'e does!" called out a youth from the further end of the room. "And yet," rejoined the remorseless skeptic, "doesn't the Bible say God hardened Pharaoh's heart?" The theist was somewhat staggered by this, having, I inferred, originally taken his stand on the Bible. He fought shy of the question raised, and returned to his allegation that all men called on God when they were in trouble. I left him fighting it out on that line, and went to explore the old inn, thinking what the ghosts of the old pilgrims, who journeyed to have their aches healed at the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury, must, if they haunt the Tabard, think of the discussions which have taken the place of their pious tales. Yet I could not help thinking that there was a logical thread running through the centuries, and connecting those who went in those days

"The holy blissful martyr for to seek
That them hath holpen when that they were sick"

and that terribly large number of the poor in England who refuse to believe in a God who, after the petitions of centuries, still leaves them in their wretchedness. They who dogmatize about that whereof they knew nothing, and persuaded—as some would now persuade—suffering men and women that the course of Nature is arbitrary, and may be altered by human genuflexions and prostrations, planted those seeds of atheism, whose dreary fruits can wither and fall only under the purer faith which is dependent on no private interests, which does not look upon the Infinite through the pin-hole of self, but cries—as no doubt many a poor sufferer in these hovels does, voicelessly—"Though He freeze, though He starve me, yet will I trust in Him!"

Though living in an age when the purer spirit of Christianity was hopelessly imprisoned in the ritual, with which it had become invested—when priests carefully selected the ore instead of its metal for the building of their shrines—it is wonderful how far old Chaucer saw beyond these things. Even while he used the dross for the frame of his picture, the picture itself has many tints of the reformed faith which was to appear six generations later. The old Oxonian heretic, and author of the "Book of Martyrs," John Fox, wrote a remarkable passage about this.

"I marvel," he says, "to consider this, how that the bishops, condemning and abolishing all manner of English books and treatises which might bring the people to any light of knowledge, did yet authorize the works of Chaucer to remain still, and to be occupied, who, no doubt, saw in religion as much almost as we do now, and uttereth in his works no less, and seemeth to be a right Wicklivian, or else there was never any; and that all his works almost, if they be thoroughly advised, will testify (albeit it be done in mirth and covertly)."

He also knew of certain persons who, "by reading Chaucer's works, were brought to the true knowledge of religion." A spiritual descendant of this sixteenth-century worthy, who bore his name, the late W. J. Fox, wrote a beautiful paraphrase of Chaucer's last composition, written on his death-bed, "when he was in great anguish," which was set to music by Miss Flower, and is now a favorite hymn in several London chapels. I yield to the temptation to quote it here, as it will probably be new to nearly all my readers:

"Britain's first poet,
Famous old Chaucer,
Swan-like, in dying,
Sung his last song,
When, at his heart-strings,
Death's hand was strong:

"'From false crowds fleeing,
Dwell with soothfastness:
Prize more than treasure
Hearts true and brave.
Truth to thine own heart
Thy soul shall save.

"'Trust not to fortune:
Be not o'ermeddling:
Thankful receive, then,
Good that God gave.
Truth to thine own heart
Thy soul shall save.

"'Earth is a desert:
Thou art a pilgrim:
Led by thy spirit,
Truth from God crave.
Truth to thine own heart
Thy soul shall save.'

"Dead through long ages,
Famous old Chaucer:
Still the monition
Sounds from his grave—
'Truth to thine own heart
Thy soul shall save.'"

One of the bravest and most eloquent of American preachers—Octavius Frothingham—once uttered a great discourse on "The Creeds of the Poets." He might have called it the Creed of the Poets, for, in all time, they have put one creed substantially. When Wordsworth heard Coleridge accused of atheism he remarked that he had always found Coleridge's atheism very much like his (Wordsworth's) Christianity. The poets stand on the peaks of Humanity's mountain range, and the same light it is that shines from summit to summit—though purple on one, golden or silvern on another—the same light, causing them to stand in the perspective of generations as the many-hued columns sustaining the dome of azure beneath which true spirits ever kneel and aspire.

About the close of the seventeenth century—and that is not a very long time in the life of a people—all this region called The Borough was the thick of London. Instead of the dozen or more splendid bridges which now span the Thames, there was then but the one crazy old London Bridge, which connected Southwark with "the city." In this direction the crowded population was dammed up, and, beyond, the roads passed through swamps infested with wild beasts and wilder highwaymen. Now the same roads pass among pleasant homes and villas; and the swarming Borough is to a sad extent populated with men and women who seem to have inherited the instincts of both beast and highwayman. One must not walk here with a watch-chain dangling at his waistcoat, nor stray too far off the high street. The district is, in fact, to a great extent, ruled by a gang of thieves, who have their own laws, and the police have to compromise with them. These thieves are gregarious—indeed are communists. They will pay the highest rents so as to keep together. Every crime has about twenty of them, more or less, concerned in it. They do not care much for prisons, but detest the Refuge; chiefly, as one of them frankly said of late, because at the Refuge "one can't get pipes and beer; they asks you questions about yourself, over and over again; they makes you say your prayers; and they makes you wash." Fortunately for the wayfarer, they don't approve of crimes of violence, and one who can't commit a burglary without stunning a housekeeper is regarded as a bungler. Murder is tabooed, because it produces a long inquiry, and gets them in the hands of lawyers and newspapers. After all, they are great cowards. One of them once paid my house a visit. Nothing could exceed the skill with which he climbed over the porch to the second-floor, opened the window, opened every drawer and closet, and collected all the valuables to take away; but the step of a servant-girl on the stairway caused him to depart in a twinkling the way he came, without taking a thing with him. The heroine of the Borough gang is a woman called "Cast-iron Poll," who is better known to the public than the Queen. She has been committed to prison fifty-three times. Sometimes she gets tired of the monotony of her den, and, resolving to go to prison, visits a policeman, and asks to be locked up. The policeman declines, on the ground that there is no charge. "No charge? I'll soon make one!" she replies; and woe be to the unhappy wight she first meets. She is sure to attack him with tooth and nail, or to pilfer the first thing she sees, and proceeds to pass her month of laziness in prison. The police are in absolute terror when the day of her release arrives. It is sure to be celebrated as thieves alone know how to celebrate such events. On the whole, the forms in which the old heroic days of Robin Hood survive are not romantic, but they are very real.

The London, Chatham, and Dover Railroad keeps pretty closely to the old road by which the pilgrims of old journeyed to Canterbury. But one who in this busy world has the time, would find it a pleasant pedestrian tour to start from the Tabard, and, following the old Kent road, make the journey in three days. The old road was once lined with way-side crosses and columned Madonnas, which have now made way for the park gates and ivied mansions which represent the latter-day faith of England. As I once turned aside from the old road as it passes Blackheath, to enter the embowered home of John Stuart Mill, it seemed very likely that the most modern thinker of England was probably pursuing his studies on a spot which might have once held its way-side altar; but it could never have been more consecrated than this beautiful home now is to the young and earnest minds of England. In his company I passed a beautiful day, wandering farther on the same road past Chiselhurst Common, as far as St. Mary's Cray—which, I take it, was originally St. Mary's Grace—a spot,

probably, where the Virgin's favor was especially besought by pilgrims. If Chaucer's last words—"Truth thee shall deliver 'tis no drede"—be true, there never was one concerning whose destiny there need be so little "dread" as that of this man, than whom the air is not more transparent nor the flower he bends lovingly over more genuine. Not the devoutest pilgrim that ever passed Blackheath Park but might have found a true brother in this man, whom Westminster removed from Parliament for heresy. Never have I known one whose lightest word or look more betokened truth, nor a more profoundly and tenderly reverent mind. That which really enabled Mr. Smith's money to buy up Westminster was the ten pounds given by Mr. Mill to enable Bradlaugh, "the atheist," to carry on his canvass for the representation of Northampton. Bradlaugh is indeed an atheist; but Mr. Mill knows, as well as do others, that there are many such in England, and he does not think that it will do him, or his comrades, or any body else, any good that their religious opinions should shut them out from representation.

The loss of Mr. Mill from the Commons was keenly felt by many of the members, chiefly on account of the personal relations which had been disturbed. It was only the knowledge that he would not accept a seat so obtained which, to my knowledge, prevented one member from resigning in order that a vacancy might be made for his return. While he was in Parliament, Mr. Mill gave his services to the public work with absolute fidelity. Although residing nearly fifteen miles from Westminster Hall—his house being also a mile from the railway station—no weather prevented his constant attendance; and even when the debates were dullest, and their subject comparatively unimportant, he would remain in his seat until late in the night, when he could only reach home in the small hours by a special conveyance. In the dining-room adjoining the House he would generally be found at six o'clock, surrounded by his particular friends, John Bright, Peter Taylor, and others, and was the life of the table. His wit on such occasions has a freedom and play which the severe nature of his works would not lead one to expect; and it would be hard to find a more genial companion. His *bon-mots*, whispered below the gangway during the debates, which were sure to go the rounds, are still remembered; as when he suggested that the member withdrawn by the redistribution of seats from *Honiton* ought in justice to be given to *St. Bees*. He entered the House with the reputation of a theorist; he has left behind him the reputation of being one of the most practical men that body ever had. Though it is certain that no loss has been more mourned by the members themselves, Mr. Mill by no means feels it in the same way. On the contrary, I found him almost jubilant at his return to his old pursuits; and he said that the recovery of the disposal of his own time was an incalculable relief to him. In the long walk which it was my privilege to have with him, to which I have already referred, his conversation seemed to me wonderful for the range of knowledge and sympathy which it implied. Whether it was philology or the Church, physical science or the American war, he seemed equally wise and unerring in his information and instinct. He was particularly elated at the triumph of the anti-slavery cause in America. It is a grand proof, he thought, of the power of a just cause to uplift and inspire those who adhere to it, that the movement against slavery, beginning with a few ordinary men, whom it made eloquent and strong, at length gathered to it men of learning and genius.

I was very much interested to observe in Mr. Mill the tendency to follow things to their roots, archæologically, as well as philosophically. Thus he traced much of the conservative habit of mind in France and England to the ancestor-worship of the East.

The worship of ancestors preserves its greatest strength in China, and there conservatism attains its maximum. To copy the beliefs, the habits of one's grandfather is natural to one who believes his grandfather is jealously watching him near by, and, what is more, that the old gentleman, as dogmatic as ever, is in a position to punish and reward. But few recognize how powerful the same sentiment still is in Europe. During his residence at Avignon he had been amazed to see how completely even elderly people are often tyrannized over by their aged parents. The majority of French people, even after they have families of their own, never think of doing any thing opposed by their parents. The French law gives the parent power to control his sons or daughters in many most important matters—marriage, for instance—long after majority. In England ancestor-worship is mitigated, but not dead. In many families political and religious opinions are as hereditary as their estates. And in our endowed schools and institutions the present generation is directed and educated by men who, should they return from the grave, would not recognize the country, except for the anachronisms preserved about their own bequests.

In speaking of M. Comte, of whom he was one of the earliest students in England, and to support whom he contributed, with Mr. Grote and others, Mr. Mill expressed a deep sense of the importance of that philosopher's contributions to modern thought, and at the same time radical disagreement with many of his views. He valued highly his generalization concerning the three stages of thought through which phenomena—Theological, Metaphysical, and Scientific—passed, but could not agree with the classification of sciences into higher and lower. No man could say that any kind of knowledge is relatively lower than another, or what mighty results may spring from the seemingly insignificant discovery. The pebble which a geologist may hunt for week after week, the petty insect,

may be the needed link in the chain of knowledge, and may revolutionize thought. So that Browning's friend who

> "wears out his eyes,
> Slighting the stupid joys of sense,
> In patient hope that, ten years hence,
> 'Somewhat completer,' he may say,
> 'My list of coleoptera,'"

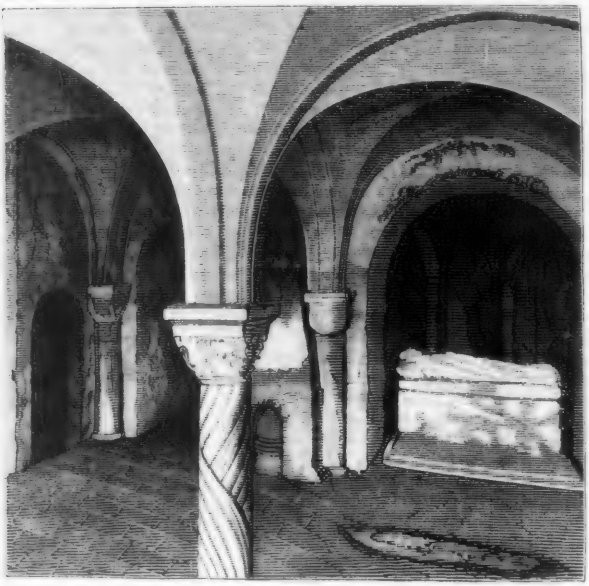
may really prove a greater help to mankind than the most eminent sociologist. With regard to M. Comte's religious views, Mr. Mill partially anticipated Professor Huxley's description of them, as "Catholicism *minus* Christianity," by remarking that the form which his (M. Comte's) religious ideas had taken show how powerful the influence of Catholicism still is over the most advanced French thought. M. Comte knew nothing of the various forms of Protestant organization, else what bears so striking a resemblance to the Catholic organization might have resembled the Presbyterian or some other less rigid and centralized system. The most radical defect, however, which he found in M. Comte's philosophy was, if I remember, his conventional view of the right position and education of woman. It was plain to me that Mr. Mill's hope for the future of society is primarily connected with his expectation of a fuller infusion of the feminine nature into it; and that he thinks there is a growing perception that our unmitigatedly male civilization is becoming dreary and fruitless. It has done its stem-work, but the tree now requires something finer than tough fibre. Soldiering is no longer the chief end of man. We are all thinking of some new departure for society, and what is left to be tried but the educated woman power?

But I must not forget that my Mecca is not Blackheath Park just now, but Canterbury. Yet we must in each age be allowed our own Meccas. Are there not a little off the high-road to Canterbury the Druidical remains near Rochester, and "Kit's Coty House"—a grand solitary cromlech almost as mysterious as the sphinx—where pilgrims made their way a thousand years before Canterbury ever heard a Christian chant? Our age worships thought, and finds its healing shrines at Concord, Faringford, Chelsea, Blackheath Park, and the like. Nay, the brightest light about Canterbury at this day is that which it has borrowed from its poet-pilgrim; and when Dean Stanley was transferred from the old see to Westminster Abbey, he placed a memorial stained window in the latter which had nothing to do with the saints, but is called "The Chaucer Window." And a noble monument it is too, if the reader will allow me to make one pause more, before proceeding on our pilgrimage to Canterbury, to say a word concerning this last ornament of the old Abbey. The window is placed immediately over the tomb where Chaucer's dust reposes. It was designed by Waller, and executed by Baillie and Mayer, last year, in London, and shows that work of that kind can be as well done here as on the Continent. At the base are pictures of the pilgrims setting out from London, and their arrival at Canterbury. Above are two medallions, representing Chaucer receiving his commission in 1372, from Edward III., to the Doge of Genoa, and his reception by the latter. At the apex is represented, allegorically, as two ladies, one in white the other in green, "The Floure and the Leafe." "As they which honour the Flower, a thing fading with every blast, are such as look for beauty and worldly pleasure; but they that honour the Leaf, which abideth with the root, notwithstanding the winter storms, are they which follow virtue and during qualities, without regard to worldly respects." In the spandrels and traceries are heraldries, and portraits of Edward III., and Philippa, Gower, and John of Gaunt, Wycliffe and Strode—Chaucer's contemporaries. They are fringed with the arms of England, France, Hainault, Lancaster, Castile, and Leon. At the bottom is written "Geoffrey Chaucer, died A.D. 1400," and beneath all four lines from the "Balaide of gode Counsaile:"

> "Flee fro the press, and dwell with soth fastnesse,
> Suffise unto thy gode though it be small:"
> * * * * * * *
> "That thee is sent receyve in buxomnesse:
> The wrastling for this world asketh a fall."

There is a still, religious light about the window, which may well denote the quiet beauty with which the sacred stream of thought flows ever through the ages, shining above the mouldering monuments of kings, luminous after their strifes and ambitions are forgotten. Little did King Edward III. dream that in the end he might be chiefly remembered as the monarch who recognized Chaucer!

As we stand beneath the poetic arches which vault above the tombs of the poets of whose dust Westminster Abbey is the shrine, they must stiffen a little, and the tombs must wax fewer and blacker, ere the view dissolves into Canterbury Cathedral. Arriving in that ancient city—it is only a town, but a cathedral makes a "city" in England—we would like to put up at the old inn where Chaucer's pilgrims stopped; but alas it was burned a few years ago, and only a bit of the wall has been preserved in the smart new dry-goods shop which is its phenix. So we stop at the Fountain Inn, which has long been a favorite hostelry. There is a tradition that there was once a fountain somewhere about it; of course it dried up when the Catholic archbishop left. Hastening to see the Cathedral one will pause before an old gate, once splendid, now decaying, from which the statues have fallen away (even the English climate is hostile to images). The most discoverable thing on the gate is a big papal tiara, now split in two. Passing beneath the arch, a sudden splendor breaks upon the eye. It were, indeed, hard to find the match of Canterbury Cathedral, as to its exterior, though its interior is somewhat cold. More especially is that grand central tower, which seemed to Erasmus a pil-



THE UNDERCROFT.

lar of cloud, guiding pilgrims for many miles around, impressive. A tower of defense for one age, it stood as a tower of vision in another: but it is now only a huge monument of dead conflicts and faded visions, for, on trying to get to the top of it, I was told that the steps had long been too rickety, and no one had gained any outlook from it these many years. I could not help remembering that its present dean has discovered that it is even harder to get any grand moral outlooks from cathedrals than physical ones from their towers.

I had arrived the day before the great event, the coronation of a new archbishop. It had been for some time understood that the occasion was to be accompanied with greater solemnity and effect than had been witnessed there for some centuries. The pressure for tickets had been so great that Dean Alford was reported to have telegraphed for lodgings in Bedlam. There is no doubt that, though a kindlier man never lived, he made several thousand enemies by his inability to enlarge the capacity of the Cathedral. On this previous day all was astir. Little processions of clergymen in shining black cloth and snowy cravats were continually passing and repassing; and the various endowed schools were being drilled for the part they were to take in the great procession next day. In one quarter were heard the sharp reproofs of the master—"I must insist, etc. Some of you show an utter contempt, etc. I must have no mistakes TO-MORROW!" In the choir the leader was drilling the little choristers in the most thorough way. "You must sing it more *crisp*—'Provèd thee — and — saw — thy works.' Then again, in 'To whom I sware in my wrath' — there positively *must* be more emphasis on *sware*." It was really very remarkable to listen to these little fellows—the oldest of them could not have been more than twelve—as they sang with accuracy and feeling the grand music of Handel, and even the subtle and complex compositions of Spohr. Whether there be at Canterbury the counterpart of the Sacred Rod preserved at Rome, which Pope Gregory used to apply to his choristers, I know not; but they are severely drilled.

The inside of the Cathedral is in the shape of a large cotfin. About half the interior is new. The finest fresco decorations in it were painted by a woman, a Mrs. Austin, who worked on it while her son, the present architect, was putting up some of the stained windows. Some of the slender pillars which were renewed a few years ago were stained over with a dark oil, so as to make them look like the old pillars. This oil was also put on the ancient pillars to preserve uniformity; but the effect has been to polish the old and blacken the new, so that now the real look sham, and the sham real. The tombs in the new part are generally execrable mementoes of obscure personages. A fair sample of them is that of one Jacob Hales, once English Embassador to Portugal, who died at sea, and was thrown over in his armor, as he requested. The tomb has a portrait of Hales, a painted picture of his being let down over the side of the ship, and another painting of his residence and estate in the neighborhood of Canterbury!

Wishing to begin at the root of that which, leaf after leaf—under seasons which were centuries—unfolded to the oldest and most historical architectural flower of Christian England, I went into the crypt or undercroft, and there passed the morning. A few steps taken, an old wooden door opened; and I passed from the realm of Dr. Tait and the nineteenth, to that of Ernulf and the eleventh century. This crypt, meant to imitate the catacombs of Rome, is one of the five eastern crypts in England founded before A.D. 1085—the others being Winchester, Gloucester, Rochester, and Worcester. In

these old crypts one may spell out letter after letter not only of the periods when they were built, but of pre-historic ages. Left alone for hours in this cold and dismal cavern, it gradually became haunted as with rank after rank of ancient gods and saints, who seemed to pass forever by. Of that procession I was to see the latest detachment accompanying the new archbishop next day.

I can not help forgiving some of the timidity and servility which enter so largely into what we call conservatism, for the sake of the important service it has done in preserving the traces of the continuity of human development. Canterbury can be traced back for nearly a thousand years before the birth of Christ. It was the Durwhern, or "place of the swift stream," which Ludhudibras founded, the Durovernum of the Romans, the Cantwara-byrg (borough of Kent) of the Saxons. During that time it has passed from religion to religion; its cathedral, after it got one, has been burned, wasted, renovated, again and again; yet each generation that superseded an older altar borrowed something from it, until, when Christianity came, it found rudely traced records of every deity which had been ever worshiped there. At this point, indeed, it was not due chiefly to conservatism that the footprints of pagan deities managed to get upon the temple of the new faith. That they are represented here at all—albeit in hideous forms—is due rather to controversial exigencies. The earliest Christian missionaries, preaching that the British deities were devils, brought Southern art to their aid in representing them as such. Odin, Thor, Baldur, and the rest were nowise inferior to the gods of Greece in the dignity and beauty ascribed to them; but the plan of the Christian in superseding them was to carve and paint them in horrible caricature on some inferior part of a church, so that they might suffer by contrast with the beautiful forms and faces of the Christ, Madonna, and saints, to whom they wished to allure the populace. But, having once got their foothold thus on Christian architecture, it was due to religious conservatism that the traces of them were preserved. Each new architect, each renovator, jealously copied what he found on the original walls. No matter how ugly or grotesque, if a figure was on the first little church, it must be copied, perhaps with some emendations, on every stone petal as it unfolded to the cathedral. And thus it is that I am able here to decipher, in their degraded forms, the once noble divinities of these islands, each bearing, no doubt—though not easily discoverable—some trace of what it was genuinely associated with in the minds of its sincere worshipers. They are carved on the capitals of the low columns, which are about six feet in height. One is a winged ram fiddling, which Max Müller would no doubt trace back to Aries in the zodiac, and Lyra among the constellations. A goat—the animal which drew the car of Thor—and a wolf are playing on a trombone; they are Odinistic, and their musical instruments come all the way from the pipe of Pan. A goat rides on a cock, which had so long given its entrails for the inspection of soothsayers that not even its Christian service in awakening St. Peter to repentance could save it from disgrace as a pagan bird. A nondescript winged animal, which might be a malformed sphinx, plays on a harp. A man with ass's ears has his hands gnawed by two wolfish animals—an admonition, no doubt, of how Odin's two pet wolves would serve those who venerated their master. Two frightful predatory birds, which might be caricatures of the same deity's owls or ravens, are also found, with a leopard beneath them. A hideous man, with long serpent tail, holds up a bag in one hand and a bowl in the other. A huge sphinx-like monster, winged, with wide, brutal mouth, head humanized, but with simous, or almost serpentine horns, holds a fish in human hands. Another head, with some qualities of humanity, has ass's ears, tongue lolling out, and tusks which branch out into foliations. A similar architectural conceit is shown in a lion whose tail branches to a stem bearing two *fleurs-de-lis;* and in a picture of a man struggling with some beast, both man and beast having tails which harmoniously blend to make the scrolls of the capital. There are no figures of serpents, which confirms Mr. Ferguson's opinion that serpent-worship never existed in any of the British Islands, except, perhaps, Scotland; but the dragon (winged) appears several times. One curious sculpture represents a warrior mounted on a queer feathered horse—as near as I could make the beast out by light of a torch, which dispelled the darkness imperfectly—with a still more nondescript animal beneath, kissing, or else biting, the warrior's toe. It suggested at least a rude version of St. George and the Dragon.

This work in the undercroft, though the most ancient, has outlived several architectural stratifications of a more recent date. In 1571 Elizabeth gave up the crypt to French refugees from Alva, who here wove silk and had their own pastor. It is marked all over with texts in French, left by those "gentle and profitable strangers." Recent repairs have brought down heaps of the old ornaments of the Cathedral, making a strange débris strewn along one side of the crypt. I hardly knew whether to moralize or laugh while fumbling among this saintly rubbish. Some saints or kings had contributed only their two feet, broken short off at the ankle; a crook, with a hand holding it, was all that remained of what may have been the Pope himself. From beneath the round stomach which was all that remained of a friar, who possibly paid too much attention to it while living, peered the two stony eyes of a nun, or fair-saint, as if their curiosity alone survived the wreck wrought by time. Scores of these fragments of the limbs and features of saintly parties lay in this strange medley: and, if they can now look down upon the fallen estate of

DEVICE ON ARCHBISHOP MORTON'S TOMB.

the statues once raised to honorable niches, they must have vivid impressions of the evanescent character of even ecclesiastical homage. Heaving a sigh, as I slipped a saint's toe in my pocket, I left the crypt to attend the noon service above, to which the bells were calling, in tones more peremptory than sweet. On my way, however, I paused to note Archbishop Morton's tomb and rebus—a *mort* (hawk) and a tun.

Few, however, obeyed the summons. There were at least thirty persons present belonging to the Cathedral, about one-half being choristers. Four clergymen participated in the readings and prayers. There was no sermon. Yet even the presence of strangers had not swelled the audience to the number of those officiating! Among these sat Dean Alford, with his clear, frank eye, taking in for the thousandth time that anomaly which he has so powerfully exposed, that the immense revenues of English cathedrals should be keeping about each of them a small regiment of clergymen and clerks, to read and intone before a dozen or two wealthy ladies! Dean Alford is a handsome man, with a tall and shapely figure, surmounted by a good head and face. His grayish hair and beard—he is nearly sixty—are the frame of a face full of genial humor, and with that freshness with which so many English students and literary men in England seem embalmed. Shakspeare could never use the expression, "Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," were he living among the present fraternity of English thinkers. The Dean of Canterbury has such a modern look and such a youthful step, he so simply uses everyday words and tones, without cant, that one almost suspects him to have been accidentally entangled in his vestments as he came in at the door. His voice is particularly pleasant; and, being a Cambridge man, he is happily without that Oxonian drone, of which no graduate of the older university is free. The dean looks the poet far more than the ecclesiastic; and, seeing him, one thinks rather of his "School of the Heart, and Other Poems," or "The Poets of Greece," than of the sermons which he has issued since Palmerston, in 1857, transformed the eloquent preacher of Quebec Street Chapel into the Dean of Canterbury.

Rightly to see the Cathedral, one must have both the physical and the historical perspective; and to get these, the approach must not be from London, but from the Isle of Thanet, away by the sea, where Augustine first landed at the close of the sixth century. The first preacher of Christianity in Britain was Alban, who came hither in the third century. He was an enthusiast who knew nothing about compromises. He said to the pagans: "All those whom you worship are not deities, but devils; and they who worship them will burn in everlasting fire." It is no marvel that a people who sometimes sacrificed their own children to their gods felt no hesitation in sacrificing Alban. So he perished, and became a saint. But Augustine had no disposition to be canonized by the like ugly process. When he first set foot on the Isle of Thanet—on St. Mildred's rock, where the miraculous impression of his footmark disappeared only at the Reformation—he met Ethelbert, who, though a Saxon pagan, had been conciliated to Christianity by his French queen, Bertha, "under an oak that grew in the middle of the island, which all the German pagans held in the highest veneration."

All Augustine's first meetings with the British were held under the same kind of holy tree. After the interview, in which Ethelbert declared that, though he would adhere to his religion, he would permit theirs, Augustine marched up to Canterbury, the Saxon capital, with his procession of priests and choristers, singing all the way a Gregorian chant. Ethelbert placed them in "Stable-gate," by an old heathen temple where his servants worshiped—the site is the present of St. Alfege's Church. After they had staid there for some time, he admitted them to hold their services in the temple, which, under the name it now bears—St. Martin's—became the first Christian church in the kingdom. The spirit of Bertha is in its name—that of the saint of Tours, of whom she would have heard most in France—and her reputed tomb is also in it, though the visitors to the coronation who asked to see it found it utilized as a stove! In this little church Ethelbert is said to have been baptized, and the reputed font—modern, but possibly a monumental imitation of the original—is shown. The present St. Martin's Church is very ancient, and, on a

DEAN ALFORD.

pagan foundation, contains some of the Roman bricks of Bertha's Chapel in its walls. When Ethelbert was baptized his people were also, and there were great rejoicings at Rome. Augustine was so delighted that the Pope had to admonish him to humility. And, sooth to say, it seems Alban was the better man. My objection to Augustine, as a man, is not—not mainly, that is—because when the people of Stroud humorously fastened a fish-tail to his back he cursed them so that the population were ever afterward born with fish tails, but, rather, that he instigated the massacre of an older remnant of British Christians in Wales, because they were not ready to worship the Pope. But as to his apostolic services in Britain there will be various opinions. While the Pope was congratulating himself at Rome that the Gospel was being embraced by the heathen in Britain, the fact was that Augustine was managing to give a Christian veneering to the pagan divinities, which his baptized converts continued to worship. The cross was indebted for whatever homage it received to the sacred tree near which it was always planted, and the abbey to the wishing-well, whose magic power it rather sanctified than destroyed. The songs and dances once performed in honor of Odin and Nornir continued as the adoration of Romish saints. This compliance with paganism, on the much-abused "all things to all men" principle of Paul, had long been the practice of the Church in Egypt, where Coptic saints and Egyptian gods are to this day mixed in strange confusion; and in Greece, where the Parthenon and Temple of Theseus preserve more of the old Greek religion than the antique marbles; but in Rome the practice had been less compromising—the consecration of the Pantheon to all saints being almost the only instance. The Protestant world has been scandalized at hearing of Jesuits costumed in the East as Buddhist priests; but they of England who worship in Walsingham Church, or St. Paul's, or York, or Canterbury cathedrals, or in Westminster Abbey itself, kneel in Christian temples that never could have been built but for the degree to which they originally enshrined the hallowed forms of heathen deities. As we stand on the hill where St. Martin's now stands, overlooking a landscape sacred with the landmarks of Christian history, we are but doing what the worshiper of Odin did before us. The old arch and wall which first strike the eye—now called St. Pancras's Abbey—were once the chief temple of the Saxon deities, embosomed in a grove of sacred oaks. Augustine dedicated it to the boy-martyr, St. Pancrasius. Three miles off one sees the holy spot still called Hermansale, which was once Hermansaule, "the pillars of Herman," whose relation to German mythology Grimm has pointed out (Deutsche Mythologie, i. 9). And in the great Cathedral over there—the first-fruit of the union of Church and State in Britain—there is to be seen a point from which the shrine has been removed, like other shrines; but, although there is evidence that it was far more resorted to than any other in the Cathedral, Drs. Stanley, Alford, Robertson, and others, have vainly tried to discover any Christian saint with whom it can be associated. To this I shall have to allude again by-and-by; at present it is sufficient to remark, that it is more than likely that, even after the building of the later Cathedral, the common people were still indulged with the worship in it of some being unknown to the Catholic calendar. So, also, the Saxon festivals were retained, and the names of the days of the week, each that of some British deity.

Archæology finds the pre-historic past surviving among us in many ways. First of all in our words (*e. g.*, the names of the days); next in our architecture (*e. g.*, the orientation of churches, insisted upon by Vitruvius, a relic of sun-worship); then in our customs. Our games, particularly those of chance, are traceable to ancient religions; and among many tribes of savages dice are still used for divination. Gipsies still put cards to their primitive use of fortune-telling. But perhaps the most curious instance of this kind of survival is modern Spiritualism. Dr. Bastian, of Berlin, has lately shown how the very forms and tricks of Spiritualism have been known in the most ancient times. "Planchette" has been for ages a familiar instrument among the Chinese for receiving communications from their ancestors, who are to Confucians almost the only gods. The tyings and untyings in cabinets were centuries ago familiar to the Tartars and Ojibbeways of America. A distinguished biologist of London recently designated Mr. Home as "a Tartar in evening dress." But I find him more related to the ancient Celt. Thus, among the ancient Celts, great spiritual elevation was held to be frequently attended with physical elevation, and Mr. Home's latest feat is soaring in the air. From the earliest worshipers of Britain the idea passed into the Christian Church. Thus we read that Richard, one of the early archbishops of Canterbury, was surprised by a monk when floating in the air. Indeed it were easy to match most of the phenomena of modern Spiritualism from the records of this one city. Once a friar, who neglected to take proper care of the tomb of Ethelbert, was visited by a spirit, clothed in light, who admonished him, and retired. As for the spirit-raps, they were well known in the time of the witches, since when they have been repeatedly imitated by prisoners, who have used them to communicate from cell to cell—one rap meaning A; two, B; and peculiar noises agreed upon as signs for "Yes" and "No." Undoubtedly many of the ancient observances have come down to us through the alliance of the Church with the religions it found already in occupation.

But, to return to Canterbury, whatever may be thought of the moral and religious results of this compliant plan of Gregory and Augustine, over which Dean Stanley has charitably thrown

ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH, AND VIEW.

the mantle of John Wesley's saying, that "the devil ought not to have the best tunes," there can be no question as to the vast historical importance of the events traceable on the landscape stretching out from the point of view we have taken. "Let any one," says Stanley, "sit on the hill of the little Church of St. Martin, and look on the view that is there spread before his eyes. Immediately below are the towers of the great Abbey of St. Augustine, where Christian learning and civilization first struck root in Britain; and within which now, after a lapse of many centuries, a new institution has arisen, intended to carry far and wide, to countries of which Gregory and Augustine never heard, the blessings which they gave to us. Carry your view on, and there rises, high above all, the magnificent pile of our Cathedral (equal in splendor and state to even the noblest temple or church that Augustine could have seen in Rome), rising on the very ground which derives its consecration from him. And still more than the grandeur of the outward buildings that rose from the little church of Augustine and the little palace of Ethelbert have been the institutions of all kinds, of which these were the earliest cradle. From Canterbury, the first English Christian city—from Kent, the first English Christian kingdom—has, by degrees, arisen the whole constitution of Church and State in England, which now binds together the whole British empire. And from the Christianity here established in England has flowed, by direct consequence, first, the Christianity of Germany; then, after a long interval, of North America; and lastly, we may trust, of all India and all Australasia. The view from St. Martin's is, indeed, one of the most inspiriting that can be found in the world; there is none to which I would more willingly take any one who doubted whether a small beginning could lead to a great and lasting good—none which carries us more vividly back into the past, or more hopefully forward to the future."

We have thus approached our Cathedral from the right historical and artistic direction; and, on entering it, our first interest will be to search out the sites of the old shrines. In these days, when fine churches are built merely for show, when so many spires rise simply to beat other spires in the skyward race, it is important that we should realize that this ambition was the least element which contributed to the ancient cathedrals. Their grandeur and beauty were but incidental to other purposes. The reader who accompanied me on a visit to Christchurch, in Hampshire, will remember that we found preserved in the stone carvings of its Norman part the tiles and lattice-work which bear us back to the days when the cathedral was but the more commodious common cottage, to which the peasants gathered from similar, but smaller cottages, in which they could not afford to keep private chapels and chaplains like the gentry in their castles. Beginning with that for a seed, we may trace the growth of a cathedral as we would that of a plant. Here, for example, Augustine receives from the Saxon king a piece of ground on which to build a Christian church. It must, in the first place, be large enough to *hold* all the people he wishes to convert. But, though larger than the surrounding houses and the pagan temple (a larger Saxon house simply), it must not be unlike them, for the people would be repelled by any unfamiliar structure. So Roman architecture can not yet be imported.

Yet it must be, on the other hand, somewhat more beautiful than the pagan temples, in order to attract—a strictly utilitarian purpose, observe. The higher tower will catch the eye of more people, and those further off, than those of the Saxon temples, and so it is built higher than the rest. Thus far we have simply a larger Saxon house. After considerable preaching, Christianity has made such headway that an image of Christ may be introduced; next the Madonna; and in succession the saints. As fast as the people will tolerate them they ascend to niches inside or outside, not at all for decorative, but for strictly religious purposes. Presently they will appear in stained windows, for the barbarians love color, and they will be made beautiful, in order to excite homage. Emboldened at last the new religion will venture to humiliate the too-pleasantly remembered deities opposed to it by carving grotesque representations of them. Thus we have the germ of the cathedral. It requires now only to expand. Two causes will bring this about. The increase of population and of worshipers will render it necessary to add wings and extend the length. But a still more potent influence to expand the Saxon house to a huge cathedral will be that, as it goes on from age to age, necessarily through periods of invasion and convulsion, the house will gradually gather about it important historical events. Startling events, martyrdoms, and the like, will happen; and these, in an age that knows neither printing nor history, will be traced upon the stones. Memorials will gather to it in the shape of tombs and shrines. So the building must have room, not only for the people, but for altars, tombs, and shrines. Nay, these shrines, being supposed to have miraculous virtues, will attract thousands of pilgrims from a distance. For a long time it will be crowded by these; but under many seasons the stone will crumble, or perhaps a fire will occur, and thus will be furnished the opportunities of repeated enlargement—the original form, however, being preserved, as the old names of business firms are preserved long after those who bore them are dead, since with the old sign goes "the good-will of the establishment." Thus we find the theme of Emerson's "Problem" ever confirmed—

"These temples grew as grows the grass."

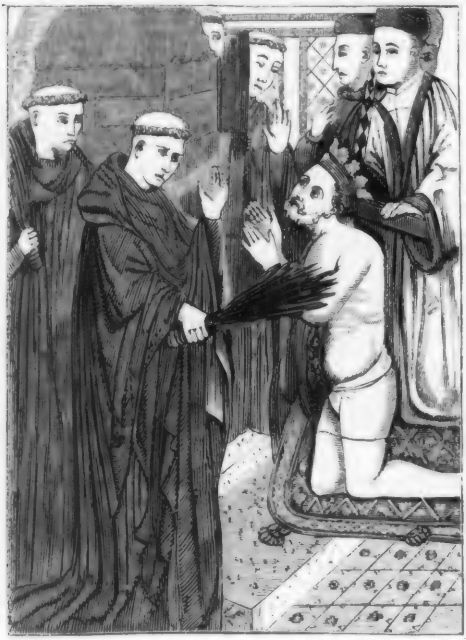
We have but to add dates and names to the above general statements to have before us the particular history of Canterbury Cathedral. On its site stood a British or Roman church, built by King Lucius. Augustine pulled this down, and built a more commodious temple. It was repaired and enlarged by Archbishop Odo (A.D. 942–959); sacked by the Danes, and its monks massacred (1011); burned in the times of the Conquest (1067); reconstructed by Lanfranc, first archbishop after the Conquest (1070–1089); greatly enlarged by Anselm (1093–1109); chancel and choir built by Prior Conrad and dedicated (1130); choir burned* (1174); completed again (1184); new nave and transepts added (1410); central tower built† (1495); and from that time to this, frequent renewals and additions.

The reader must bear in mind the reason why the prelacy of England is represented by the see of little Canterbury, rather than that of London; there, through the influence of Bertha, Christianity was recognized by the Saxons, at a time when it could not have been preached in London. The same will explain why it became an object of pride to the Catholic world in the South. At that day the mania for relics, each of which was regarded as having potency, was raging every where, and the bodies and bones of saints began to gather toward Canterbury. The body of St. Blaize, purchased for a large sum at Rome, was enshrined in the Saxon church. Then there were the heads of Saints Swithin, Fursens, Orun, and Bartholomew. But ere long Canterbury had no reason to look abroad for holy bodies. Saints Alphege and Wilfrid, martyred by Danes and Northmen, fell at its doors; and finally within its hallowed walls Thomas à Becket was assassinated, thereby becoming the greatest saint after Peter himself.

The legend that, after the Romans and Huns had fought until all bit the dust, their spirits kept up a spectral war in the air over the battle-field, is a literal truth when told of the ecclesiastical conflicts raging in England. In a spectral way the conflicts which marked the reigns of the Henrys and of Queen Elizabeth are still going on. The fight which was recently in progress between the relative authority of the Crown and the Convocation, apropos of Colenso—and whether that heretic, with the Queen's appointment as Bishop of Natal, is superior in authority to Dr. Macrorie, whom the Church has consecrated to grapple with him—was really the struggle between Henry II. and Thomas à Becket revisiting the glimpses of the nineteenth century. Becket has from the day he fell been the gauge, the counter, the barometer, of English Church history. With admirable art, Browning, in his last poem, describes the old Pope reflecting on how the poor body of one of his predecessors, who had given a certain decision, went through all the vicissitudes of the doctrine of papal infallibility. As one party prevails, the Pope's body is buried in pomp; as the other, it is pitched into the river. So since his death Becket has been enshrined, his shrine has been devastated, he has been canonized, he has been royally excommunicated, as this or that party has come into

* "Whereat," says Gervase, who witnessed the fire, "the people were astonished that the Almighty should suffer such things, and, maddened with excess of grief and perplexity, they tore their hair, and beat the walls and pavement of the church with their hands and heads, blaspheming the Lord, and His saints, the patrons of His Church.

† "Tanta majestate sese erigit in cœlum," says Erasmus, "ut procul etiam intuentibus religionem incutiat."



THE PENANCE OF HENRY II.

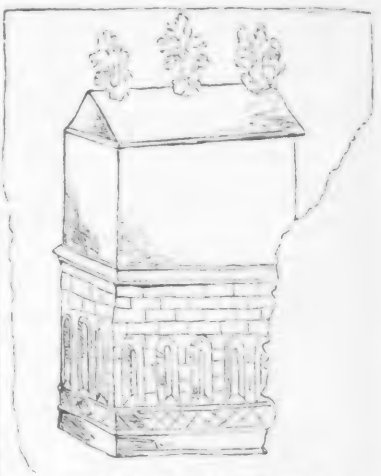
power. One who reads the Church papers of London will see that his bones are not even yet permitted to rest; for though the supremacy of the secular arm over the Church is English law, it is still furiously denounced by High-Churchmen as "the Erastian Heresy." But any one who is scandalized by the acrimony of the Colenso discussion has only to read the history of the battle for ecclesiastical supremacy as it occurred in the days when the real English throne was that old stone chair, on which the Archbishop of Canterbury is still enthroned, to know that the controversy is now but a ghost. In those days we find archbishops sitting in each others' laps, in their competition for the chief seat on state occasions, and even coming to fisticuffs. The archbishops of York and Canterbury, Richard and Roger, had, in 1176, a regular mill in Westminster Abbey. The test points between the King and Becket were the immunity of the clergy from secular jurisdiction, claimed by the latter, and the supremacy of the see of Canterbury over that of York. There are twenty-nine histories of the affair, and so I need not go into it. We all know that it ended in the King sending his knights to Canterbury, who, after an angry interview with the unyielding archbishop, slew him. The spot where he fell —as, after turning his back on the one staircase by which he might have escaped, he tried to reach his episcopal throne—has been made out certainly by Dean Stanley. It is marked only by a square piece cut out of the pavement, probably as a relic. "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit," was his dying sigh. The monks watched with his body during the night, fearing further indignities would be offered it. Beneath his splendid canonicals was found the monk's habit, and haircloth next his skin.

Swiftly did the resurrection of Becket as a saint follow his martyrdom. An aurora borealis shot athwart the sky the same night, convincing the people that the martyr's soul had ascended to heaven in a glory like that of Elijah. The monks who had watched through the night reported that the dead man's arm had been lifted in the gray of the morning and signed the sign of the cross. But such stories were not needed to kindle the superstitious enthusiasm of the people, who were already dipping their garments in the blood that lay fresh on the floor. The assassination sent a thrill of horror through Christendom unparalleled in history. Henry II. was pictured in churches suffering the torments of hell. The poor King's superstitious fears were awakened by the anathemas heaped upon him; and when his armies in Scotland began to suffer defeat, his spirit gave way, and he resolved to appease the spirit of Becket. He came from Rouen to Southampton in midsummer, and straightway set out on his pilgrimage across the Surrey hills to Canterbury. Barefoot, clad only in a woolen shirt, he passed through the streets until he reached the Cathedral. Pausing only to kiss the stone stained by Becket's blood, he entered the crypt where the tomb was, and there knelt to receive three strokes with a rod from each of the eighty monks assembled. (The accompanying picture is from an old painting which hung in the cathedral until late in the last century.) Having bestowed forty marks yearly to keep lamps burning around the tomb, he fasted all night, and repaired to London, where he was laid up with a fever. Saturday after, his victory in Scotland occurred. Into his bedroom, the fever yet upon him, a messenger came with the tidings, and the King leaped up to offer thanks to the propitiated "St. Thomas."

Thenceforth he became more widely known than any other saint. There were churches dedicated to him in Rome, Lyons, even in Syria. His relics are still kept in the Basilica of St. Maria Maggiore, beside the cradle of the Holy Babe. A tooth is treasured at Verona, an arm at Florence, two arms at Lisbon—indeed, if all his arms shown on the Continent are genuine, he must have been Briareus. His skulls are hardly less numerous. Drops of his blood, pieces of his vestments, his cup, knife, and

boots, are scattered through England. It is not to be wondered at that Canterbury, so baptized with saintly blood, became the great centre of English Christianity, and that Becket's body was raised from the crypt where it had been at first laid to be removed to a shrine, whose splendor illuminated the body of the Cathedral and became the celebrity of the world. Four years after the martyrdom the choir was burned. This, probably, was the reason that the shrine was not made until 1220. Never was before any thing so magnificent as the "Festival of the Translation of St. Thomas." Pilgrims swarmed from all parts of the world. Provender for horses was provided gratis all the way from London to Canterbury, where wine also was freely provided for all. The greatest prelates and noblemen of the world, and even several foreign princes, were in the procession, which, headed by the boy king, Henry III., passed through the Cathedral, bearing the body to its shrine. Many of the wealthy had been proud to give precious stones and rings for the decoration of the shrine, which was one mass of splendor. Of these one was of especial splendor—the "Regale of France," the finest diamond or carbuncle in the world—"big as a hen's egg"—worn by Louis VII. of France, who, having hesitated to give so costly an offering, was naturally amazed to see the gem leap from his finger and fix itself in the shrine! A canopy concealed the whole on the day of the consecration; this was withdrawn at a signal, and the shrine appeared blazing with jewels on a ground of embossed gold—framed in gold-plated sides—before which the vast crowd dropped on their knees, at first overwhelmed with the glory, next eager to touch and be healed. The accompanying etching is a facsimile of a picture of the shrine in an old Cottonian MS., which was partially destroyed by fire in 1731.

It was not only to touch the shrine of St. Thomas, and be made whole, that the pilgrims from all parts of the country flocked to Canterbury; the old pagan belief in the potency of sacred wells, which had long been universal, was improved by the appearance of a well near the Cathedral, which was declared to have been formed by the dust and blood of the pavement where the martyr had perished being thrown on the spot. For two centuries this well was the marvel of the place, and its miracle-working waters were borne off in vast quantities in bottles. The vast number of booths and shops which lined the path to the cathedral-yard gave it the name of "Mercery Lane," which it still bears. Many old names and words may be traced back to the religious customs and conditions of medieval times. Philologers are divided as to whether "Canterbury" is derived from "Kent" or "Cant" (*i. e.*, the *chant* of pilgrims), and whether "to canter" did not originally describe the pace at which pilgrims on horseback approached the town. We know that the pilgrims to the *Saint Terre* gave us



ANCIENT ETCHING OF BECKET'S SHRINE.

the word "sauntering," and those to Rome gave us "roaming;" also that "tawdry" originally described the flimsy laces sold at the fair of "St. Audrey," or Etheldreda, patron saint of the Isle of Ely. Just before the Reformation the annual offerings at the shrine amounted to what would now be £4000.

Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that the Archbishop of Canterbury became the supreme potentate of Great Britain. A curious instance of the awe in which he was held by even the first noblemen in the land I quote here, as marking the high-tide of ecclesiastical authority in England.

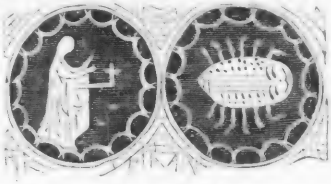
From Dugdale's "Baronage" we learn that, in 1352, an Earl of Kent, grandson of Edward I., died, and his widow, Elizabeth, inconsolable, assumed the veil; but meeting accidentally the accomplished Sir Eustace Dabrischescourt, she was "unable to withstand the impression his agreeable behaviour made upon her heart, and, notwithstanding her solemn vow, was clandestinely married to him, before sun-rising, on Michaelmas-day, by Sir John Ireland, a priest," without having obtained a license from the Archbishop of Canterbury; "for which grave transgression both she and her husband, being personally convened before the same archbishop, at his manor-house of Mayhfield, upon the 7th ides of April, the archbishop, for their penance, enjoyned them that they should find a priest to celebrate divine service daily in the chapel of our Lady, within the church of Wingham (by reason that the marriage was unlawfully solemnized in that parish), for them, the said Sir Eustace and Elizabeth, and him, the said archbishop; and that the priest should, every day, say over the Seven Penitential Psalms, with the Litany, for them and all faithful Christians, as also Placebo and Dirige for all the faithful deceased; likewise, that every

morning, being risen from his bed, that he should say five paternosters and aves, kneeling, looking upon the wounds of the image on the crucifix, and as many every night, in like sort; moreover, that they, the said Sir Eustace and Elizabeth, should find another priest, continually residing with one of them, to celebrate divine service for them in the same manner as the priest at Wingham was to do, and to say the Seven Penitential Psalms, and the Fifteen Gradual Psalms, with the Litany, Placebo, and Dirige, and commendation of souls from the quick and the dead; and also appointed him, the said Sir Eustace, and her, that the next day, after certain nuptial familiarities, they should competently relieve six poor people, and both of them that day to abstain from some dish of flesh or fish whereof they did most desire to eat; and, lastly, that she, the said Elizabeth, should, once every year, go on foot to visit that glorious martyre, St. Thomas of Canterbury, and once every week during her life take no other food but bread and drink, and a mess of pottage, wearing no smock, and especially in the absence of her husband."

From such a pinnacle of splendor and power was Henry VIII. to hurl the papal authority in England!

Those very pilgrimages to Canterbury—as one may gather from Chaucer himself—by the idleness and licentiousness they occasioned, paved the way for the Reformation. A Bishop of London—Simon of Sudbury—first cast a doubt upon the benefit of seeking the shrine (1370). The people execrate him, and eleven years after regard themselves as just avengers of St. Thomas when, under Wat Tyler, they drag him from the Tower, and behead him. A hundred and forty years later, the two first scholars of England—Colet and Erasmus—visit the shrine. Colet ventured to suggest that, if St. Thomas were still as devoted to the poor as when on earth, he would prefer a portion of the treasure on his shrine should go to their benefit now. All the wars of Cromwell were contained in the remark; and there is no wonder that the suave Erasmus had to pacify with some coins the scowling verger who exhibited the shrine. When the two were returning to London, an aged almsman by the way-side held up the "shoe of St. Thomas" for them to kiss. "What!" cried Colet; "do these asses expect us to kiss the shoes of all good men that ever have lived?" Erasmus must have found his irascible friend expensive. He again had to drop a pacific coin. But what of scholars? They have hardly gone home when Charles V. of France (fresh from Luther!) and Henry VIII. himself, and Wolsey, and the proudest nobles of Spain and England, are doing homage at the shrine, all unconscious that in a few short years one of their number was to sweep it all into a dust-hole! No earthquake could have shocked the people so much as what occurred in 1537. That year, on St. Thomas's Eve, Archbishop Cranmer "ate flesh and did sup with his family!" And one world, at least, came to an end when, the following year, the King issued summons to the dead archbishop—"To thee, Thomas Becket, sometime Archbishop of Canterbury"—charging him with treason and rebellion. The summons was read before the shrine; thirty days were allowed for Becket to put in his appearance; and when, at the end of that time, he continued his contumacy, by failing to answer, the case was formally tried at Westminster, the dead man condemned, his bones ordered to be burned, and his shrine devastated. The jewels, however, were carefully picked out and carried away, in two coffers, by seven men. It took twenty-six carts to carry away the rest of the spoils—other shrines having been also devastated. The famous gem, the "Regale of France," already alluded to, was appropriated by the King for his thumb-ring, and the last trace of it was in the necklace of his daughter, Queen Mary. Every discoverable trace of the "blissful martyr" in the kingdom was destroyed—whether on heraldic devices or written records. Only in the stained windows did he remain. But all this had not occurred without a Thomas More ready to die for Becket.

What remains of that great shrine—itself the regale of the Pope? A vacant space, fringed with the print of the knees of pilgrims, worn, in the course of generations, into the stone floor! The splendors of kings and archbishops have passed away; but the traces of the lowly worshipers survive, even as their reverence, which is not dead, but risen. I found nothing in Canterbury so impressive as these vestiges of the solemn march of humanity past its crumbling altars and shrines, in its endless search for that which "hath foundations" which shall endure. The knee-prints are thickest and deepest, as I have before said, about a spot concerning whose shrine or saint there is no record. As there would probably have been some trace about so popular a shrine if the image worshiped there had been a regular Catholic saint, there is good reason to believe that the figure represented to the converted pagans some alluring reminiscence of one of their former deities. From that shrine to that of St. Alfege, and on to those of St. Dunstan, St. Augustin, and, finally, that of Becket, the solemn pilgrimage of the human spirits may be followed, the few feet or yards between them representing centuries. Nay, though as we look back on the road the shrines may seem alike, and massed to one column of superstition, they were really mile-stones of faith, and signify the rising of successive ideas. Mingled now are pagan altars and Catholic shrines in common dust, but the devotion which knelt is not effaced. Thus there be high things that are laid low, while the humble are exalted. All that Augustine and Becket sought to perpetuate is lost; but the aspiration of the people is the victorious history of English and American freedom. So much is still attested by those marks of human devotion which alone remain to mark the spot consecrated "To an unknown God."



MOSAICS NEAR BECKET'S SHRINE.

There are some curious mosaics in the pavement around the spot where stood the shrine, among them some zodiacal signs. These relics of the old astronomical religion were probably laid at the saint's feet on the same principle which led the Greeks to preserve the serpent, which the first settlers of their peninsula—the Pelasgi—had worshiped as sacred to Athena, at whose feet it was at the same time represented in token of her supremacy. Along with the signs of the zodiac are some mosaics of the vices and virtues.

After the services in the choir were over, one of the canons took a gentleman among the tombs, and invited me to accompany them. The canon was an old man, with a face replete with *bonhomie* as well as intelligence. He wore a velvet skull-cap, a common method the officials in cathedrals have of preventing the veneration which forbids hats leading to influenza. I gradually recognized, by this kindly guide's scholarly knowledge of the place, that I was with a gentleman of great ability, and was hardly surprised to find presently that he was the Venerable Canon Robertson, late Professor of Ecclesiastical History in King's College, and the author of the most learned biography of Becket ever written. He is not yet sixty years of age, and is more Scotch than his new archbishop. The presence of such men as Alford and Robertson at Canterbury is one of those significant facts which meet one at every turn in the exploration of English institutions, whether religious or other, to admonish us against the wholesale condemnation of them on their surface appearance.

THE VENERABLE CANON ROBERTSON.

MY MOCKING-BIRD.

Mocking-bird! mocking-bird! swinging high
  Aloft in your gilded cage,
The clouds are hurrying over the sky,
  The wild winds fiercely rage.
But soft and warm is the air you breathe
Up there with the tremulous ivy wreath;
And never an icy blast can chill
The perfumed silence sweet and still.

Mocking-bird! mocking-bird! from your throat
  Breaks forth no flood of song,
Nor even a perfect, golden note,
  Triumphant, glad, and strong!
But now and then a pitiful wail,
Like the plaintive sigh of the dying gale,
Comes from that arching breast of thine,
Swinging up there with the ivy vine.

Mocking-bird! mocking-bird! well I know
  Your heart is far away,
Where the golden stars of the jasmine glow,
  And the roses bloom alway!
For your cradle nest was softly made
In the depth of a blossoming myrtle's shade:
And you heard the chant of the southern seas,
Borne inland by the favoring breeze.

But, ah, my beautiful mocking-bird!
  Should I bear you back again,
Never would song of yours be heard
  Echoing through the glen.

For once, ah! once, at the dawn of day,
You waked to the roar of the deadly fray,
When the terrible clash of armed foes
Startled the vale from its dim repose!

At first you sat on a swaying bough,
  Mocking the bugle's blare,
Fearless and free in the fervid glow
  Of the heated, sulphurous air.
Your voice rang out like a trumpet's note,
With a martial ring in its upward float,
And stern men smiled, for you seemed to be
Cheering them on to victory!

But at length, as the awful day wore on,
  You flew to a tree-top high,
And sat like a spectre grim and wan,
  Outlined against the sky:
Sat silently watching the fiery fray
Till heaps upon heaps the Blue and Gray
Lay together, a silent band,
Whose souls had passed to the shadowy land.

Ah, my mocking-bird! swinging there
  Under the ivy vine,
You still remember the bugle's blare,
  And the blood poured forth like wine!
The soul of song in your gentle breast
Died in that hour of fierce unrest,
When, like a spectre grim and wan,
You watched to see how the strife went on!

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

STAGE EFFECTS OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

THREE different methods have been discovered in modern times for producing an artificial light rivaling in brilliancy and intensity that of the sun. Although the light developed by each of these means is exceedingly intense, its characters and qualities are not the same in all. In each of the several forms it produces peculiar effects, and is adapted to different purposes.

The first is called the *Electric Light*. It is produced by passing a powerful current of electricity across a break of continuity in a circuit —the break being formed by two points of charcoal, connected respectively with positive and negative poles, and brought to within a short distance of each other.

The second, which is known as the *Lime* or *Calcium Light*, and sometimes as the *Drummond Light*, is produced by projecting an oxyhydrogen flame upon a small piece of lime. The intense heat of the jet of flame raises the lime to so high a temperature that it becomes intensely luminous. There are very few substances that can stand this heat without being fused and vaporized. But lime is sufficiently refractory to endure it, and thus, when the flame is playing upon it, the particles remain unchanged and immovable at their post, and disseminate in every direction the intense and dazzling luminosity which is produced by, or which accompanies, so high a temperature.

The third is known as the *Magnesium Light*. It is produced by the combustion of a rod of magnesium, one of the metals discovered in modern times. This metal has so very strong an affinity for oxygen, in union with which it forms the substance magnesia, that it is with the utmost difficulty that it can be separated from it and produced in a metallic state. And when it is thus separated, it recombines with it with so much intensity of action as to develop light possessing, even for photographic purposes, almost the power of the sun.

It is only with the first of these three, the *Electric Light*, that we have to do in this article.

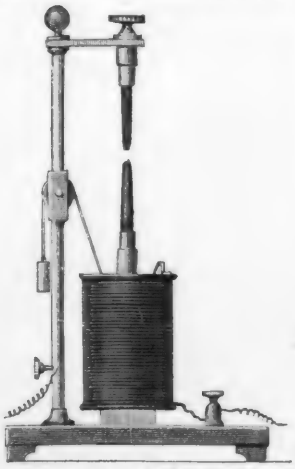
The forms and methods of arrangement of the apparatus employed for the development of the electric light are infinitely varied; but the essential things are in all cases the same.

1. There must be a battery, or other means, for inducing and maintaining a constant flow of electricity.

2. There must be wires or other conductors leading to the small charcoal cylinders on the termination of which the points are formed for the development of the light.

3. There must be an apparatus for moving one of the charcoal cylinders, as required, to keep the distance between the two points the same.

To accomplish this last object was for a long time a great difficulty. But without it—that is, without some method of keeping the break in the circuit always the same—the intensity of the light would, of course, constantly vary.



PRINCIPLE OF THE REGULATOR.

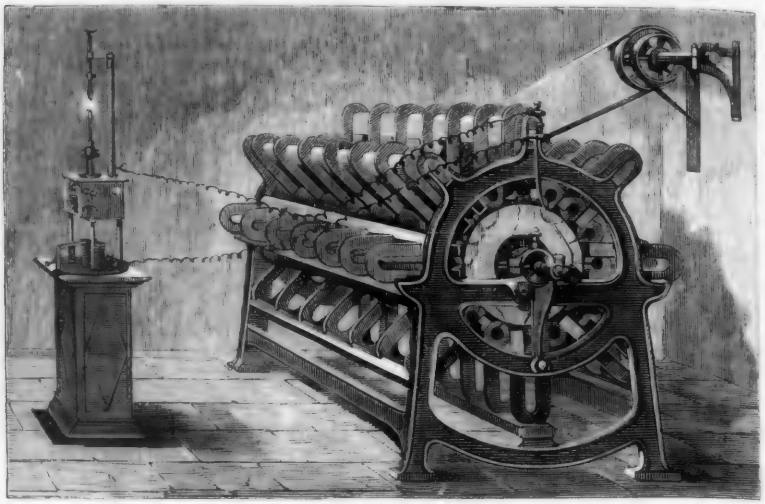
And it was necessary, moreover, that the movement should be automatic—that is, that the increasing distance between the points, as the extremities were gradually burned away, should *correct itself*—and not be dependent on a mechanism controlled by other means.

Difficult as it might seem to be to accomplish this end, the above engraving gives, in a simple form, an illustration of the possibility of doing it. The principle involved is that the nearer the charcoal points are to each other the more abundant is the flow of electricity across the interval. Now, the more abundant the flow of electricity along a conducting wire, the more powerful will be the magnetism which it will develop in an iron rod or bar which it is made to encompass. It is obvious that this gives us the power to regulate the distance between the points, by connecting one of them with an electro-magnet, and arranging the apparatus in such a manner that the narrowing of the interval shall increase the power of the electro-magnet, and thereby draw the point away, while increasing the interval shall weaken the magnet, and so allow the point to be brought up nearer by means of a counterpoise.

In the engraving we see the lower charcoal cylinder held in an iron tube, which is seen passing into an electro-magnetic coil near the base of the instrument. This tube plays freely up and down within the coil, being in equilibrium between the attractive force exerted by the coil and the weight passing over the pulley and acting as a counterpoise. The result of this arrangement is that, on an increase of the distance between the points, the magnetic force, which tends to draw the lower cylinder down, is diminished, and the counterpoise raises it up. But as soon as it approaches the upper point again, the flow of electricity is increased, the electro-magnet receives a fresh accession to its power, and the cylinder is drawn down again.

In describing this contrivance, inasmuch as we are obliged to speak of these two forces separately, and to describe the operation of each in its turn, the impression might easily be left on the mind of the reader that the result would be a series of oscillations, which would be any thing but indicative of steadiness in the light. But it is found in practice that these forces are so nicely balanced, and each follows so instantaneously in its action the least deviation in the conditions, that the result is a steadily main-

THE CHARCOAL POINTS—MAGNIFIED.



MAGNETO-ELECTRIC MACHINE.

tained equilibrium. In other words, the mechanism acts, practically, not in bringing the charcoal point back to its place when it gets out of it, but in preventing it from getting out of its place at all.

The regulators actually employed are much more complicated than this, but this illustrates the general principle of their action, in the most simple form.

The necessity for a constant regulation of the distance of the charcoal points arises from the fact that the action of the current causes a gradual consumption of the substance of the charcoal at the positive pole, occasioned partly by the combustion of it, and partly by the transmission of incandescent particles through the air to the negative pole. The engraving (p. 355) represents the appearance of the points after the process has been for some time continued. The luminous globules seen attached to the cones are the results of the fusion of earthy impurities contained in the charcoal. This gradual wasting of the points, especially of that connected with the positive pole, would gradually increase the distance between them, and so bring the process to an end, were it not for the action of the regulator.

To produce this light there must be a constant and powerful electric current, and to induce and sustain this requires the constant expenditure of *force* in some other form. In the case of an ordinary galvanic battery, the force is supplied by the consumption of the *zinc;* but, by means of a magneto-electric arrangement—that is, an arrangement for the development of electricity by means of a rapid succession of magnetic changes produced through the revolution of a series of electro-magnets within a system of permanent magnets—the force is supplied by a steam-engine, or by the muscular power of a man; that is, by the consumption of the *coal* burned to drive the engine, or of the *food* digested in vital organs to supply the strength to the man. The light can be generated only by the expenditure of an equivalent force in some other form.

The above cut represents one of the forms of the magneto-electric machine, as constructed by a French company called The Alliance—a company established for the purpose of perfecting and manufacturing apparatus and machines of this character. It is only a general idea of its form, and of the principle on which it operates, that can be communicated by an engraving.

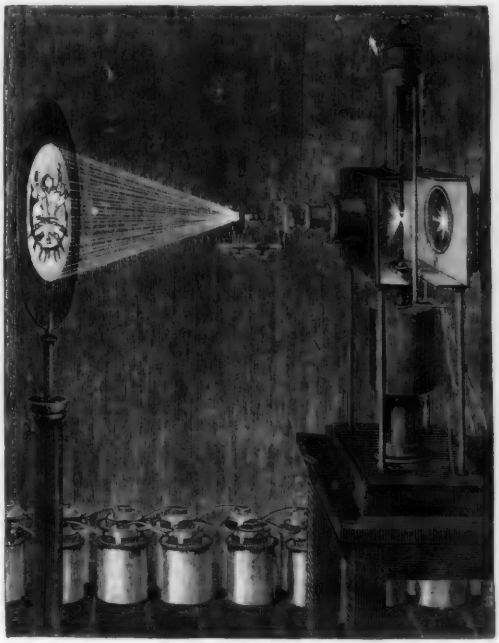
The principle on which it is constructed is this, that when a bar of iron changes its magnetic state, a current of electricity is instituted during the moment of the change, in a conducting wire passing across the bar at right angles. Thus if a short, round bar of iron is wound with an iron wire, the two ends of the wire being left free, and the coil or *bobbin*, as the French call it, thus made is brought suddenly up to any strong magnet, an electric current is for the instant induced in the wire, which may be made manifest through proper observations, by means of the two ends. If now the bobbin be as suddenly withdrawn, another current in a contrary direction will be produced in the wire.

Of course the *actual production* of this effect does not depend upon the strength of the magnet, nor upon the suddenness of the approach and withdrawal of the bobbin. These circumstances only affect the result in respect to *degree*. The magnet must be powerful and the motions rapid to make the effect manifest.

The machine, then, is simply a mechanical

arrangement for causing a great number of such coils as are above described alternately to approach to and recede from the poles of powerful magnets, in very rapid succession. The electric force is so prompt in its action that no possible rapidity of motion that can be given to the bobbins will confuse it or interfere with its sending two distinct currents through the wire in contrary directions, as the bobbins advance or recede. This is wonderful, but it is in harmony with the other wonder somewhat analogous to it, that a telegraphic message may be sent along a wire through this same agency, by means of a series of separate signals following each other in very rapid succession, without confusion, and moving at the rate of many thousands of miles in a second.

The machine illustrated in the engraving (p. 356) consists externally of eight ranges of powerful horseshoe magnets arranged around a hollow cylinder, with the poles turned toward the axis of the cylinder. There are seven of these magnets in each range, making fifty-six in all. This whole system is fixed to the frame of the engine so as to be immovable.



THE ELECTRIC MICROSCOPE.

In the centre is a revolving cylinder which nearly fills the opening left between the poles of the magnets, and upon this cylinder are fixed a set of double coils or bobbins, making one hundred and twelve in all. The ends of some of these bobbins are seen in the engraving. The precise arrangement of the mechanism connected with these coils can not be fully explained. All that it is necessary, however, for the reader to understand is that they are so placed that on causing the inner cylinder to revolve, the ends of the bars which form the cores of the bobbins are brought in rapid succession into close proximity to the poles of the magnets, alternately approaching to and receding from them with great rapidity. The consequence is that a series of electrical impulses is given in the wires coiled around the bars, each impulse being in the opposite direction from the one preceding it. These currents, almost instantaneous in respect to duration, succeed each other with inconceivable rapidity — the rapidity depending, of course, on the speed of the rotation of the cylinder bearing the bobbins.

It is necessary that the speed should be great, for as the light, at the break between the charcoal points, only shines while the current is passing, and, moreover, as it changes its action somewhat according to the direction in which the current flows, it is plain that a slow motion of the coils over the poles of the magnet would produce only a series of flashes, with perceptible intervals between them. It is found that by giving the cylinder a speed sufficient to produce about *two hundred electric impulses in a second*, the eye can no longer take cognizance of the interruptions, and the result is a uniform and continuous emission of a most intense and brilliant beam.

Such a machine may be driven by means of any convenient mechanical power. In the engraving it is represented as impelled by a pulley and band from a steam-engine in an adjoining apartment, as shown on the right. On the left is the stand containing the charcoal points, showing the light developed between them, and the apparatus for regulating the distance which separates them below.

One of the most curious and striking illustrations of the modern doctrine of the correlation of force is shown in this instrument by the fact that, although the central cylinder, bearing the bobbins, the turning of which seems to be all the work which is required to be done, is so nicely mounted, and on bearings so delicate as to call apparently for the exercise of only a very slight force to make it revolve, namely, that resulting from an almost inappreciable friction, it really requires a *two-horse power* to work the machine. The resistance comes from certain influences of the magnetic and electric agencies in their action upon each other, which influences have to be overcome by force, and this

force is precisely that represented by the light developed at the break in the circuit. The machine is thus a contrivance for converting mechanical force into electricity, and then from electricity into light.

The intense brilliancy of the electric light, and the extreme concentration of the radiant point, render it remarkably suitable for the microscope and the magic-lantern. The engraving (p. 357) represents the manner of employing it for the microscope. The electricity is produced in this case by a galvanic battery, as shown by the jars on the floor, instead of by a magneto-electric machine—that is to say, the source of the power is the consumption of *zinc*, and not the consumption of coal.

The first attempt to employ the electric light in the construction of public works was in the building of the bridge of Notre Dame, at Paris. The experiment was perfectly successful in enabling the workmen to continue their labors through the night, and in thus greatly diminishing the time required for the work. This trial was made, however, when the only mode of procuring the necessary electric power was by a battery, and the light was accordingly found to be quite expensive.

Since then the much more economical mode of employing magneto-electric machines, to be worked by mechanical power, has been discovered, and the emergencies in which this light can be advantageously used are rapidly multiplying. It has been tried in mines, in caverns, on board ships, and in light-houses, and also in the construction of such works on land and in the open air as are of an urgent character requiring night labor.

Although the electric light rivals in brilliancy that of the sun, the appearance is very different when employed for purposes of general illumination, on account of the extreme concentration of the radiant point, which makes the contrast of light and shade so sharp and decisive as to produce a very peculiar effect. The light of the sun, besides radiating in the first instance from a comparatively wide surface, is greatly diffused in passing, for so great a distance, through the earth's atmosphere. Every minute globule of water which floats in the air, every mote, every particle of dust, every microscopic insect and seed and spore, intercepts a portion of his beams, and becomes a new centre of radiation. The result is a general illumination of the whole sky, and a diffusion of the light before it reaches the abode of man, which adapts it far more perfectly to his various wants.

The electric light has already begun to be practically employed, not only for the purposes above referred to, but also for light-houses and signal lights on board ship, for both of which it is admirably adapted on account of its great penetrating power in misty and foggy states of the atmosphere. It is also found to be well fitted for the production of stage effects in operas and theatres. It is used for this purpose in Paris, and to some extent in this country. It has also been employed as a signal light from the mast-head of a ship, in one of the steamers of the French line, and has thus been displayed in New York Harbor, attracting great attention from all who beheld it. The probability is that the employment of it for these and other uses will greatly increase; and it is by no means certain that it may not in the end be found to be the most effective and economical mode of illuminating large public halls.

NIGHT-WORK BY ELECTRIC ILLUMINATION.

A VISIT TO BANGKOK.

THE KING OF SIAM PROCEEDING IN STATE TO VISIT A TEMPLE.

THE Asiatic squadron of our navy has within its limits some of the most remarkable places in the world; extending from Singapore on the south to Siberia on the north, it has the extremes of climates, and almost the extremes of peoples; for Singapore is English, and Siberia is almost savage.

Our government had sent out three gunboats to aid in the suppression of piracy in the China seas, and to one of these it was my fortune to be attached. Our station comprised the southern waters of China, and a stay of ten months in "Hong-Kong and the adjacent waters" found us quite ready for a change. We preferred to go to Japan and spend our summer there; but our wishes were as nothing, and we were sent to Siam as the bearers of a present of arms and ammunition to the Prime Minister from our Navy Department, with a letter from the Secretary of State and the other necessary accompanying documents.

Our passage of ten days had nothing of unusual interest in it; it was simply steaming slowly (for we could do no more) against the southwest monsoon, under a cloudless sky and a burning sun.

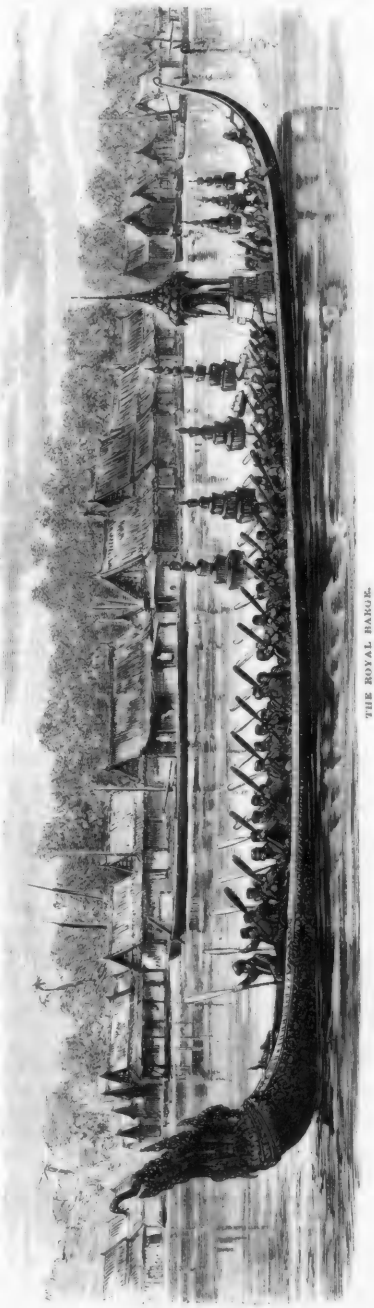
The coast of Siam, about the mouth of the river Menam, on which Bangkok is situated, at a distance of forty miles from the sea, is very low—so low, indeed, that the first trees and shrubs grow in the water, the land being visible only at low tide.

As we crossed the bar and entered the river, just before sunset, a most beautiful sight met our gaze—an island covered with a temple of unique architecture, glowing like burnished marble, and looking more like a creation of fairy-land than I supposed any thing of mortal building could look. So tortuous was the channel that we passed by three sides of this thing of beauty. I can not attempt to describe it; nothing but an engraving could do that. It seemed impossible that any Eastern people of to-day could erect such a structure; but we learned afterward that it was of brick, whitewashed. This detracted from the idea of difficulty, but it could not diminish its beauty. The banks of the river were very low; and some of the officers going to the mast-head, reported that nothing could be seen save a vast expanse of green, as far as the eye could reach. As we passed up the stream we saw oranges and bananas in profusion, with here and there a temple with its attendant out-buildings raised on piles, to be clear of any unusual rise of the river. We heard the chattering of monkeys, but could

see none, though the pilot pointed them out to us. We passed numerous boats, some ships, a few houses, and the openings of very many canals, which led to various places in the surrounding country, and which were the only lines of communication. It was dark for an hour before we reached the anchorage; and it was rather unpleasant to be going along with a strong flood-tide among fishing-boats, and possible floating houses; but our pilot knew the way; and keeping in mind the Mississippi expedient of sounding the whistle before rounding a curve, we reached the city in safety, and let go our anchor just in time to avoid swinging into a huge Chinese junk. In the morning the junk moved away from our neighborhood, evidently disliking our company.

The first thing to be done was to advise the Consul of our arrival, and request him to communicate with the Prime Minister the mission upon which we had come. Pending the Consul's appearance, a messenger from the Minister appeared in the person of his nephew, as bright and intelligent looking a young man as one would wish to see. He was neatly dressed in trowsers, jacket, and waist-scarf, but wore neither hat nor shoes. His hair was cut in the Siamese fashion—short, except for a prominence not unlike a shoe-brush, and about as long, extending from the front to the crown of the head. He inquired the reason of our coming, and was told that the Consul would communicate officially with the Prime Minister, or "Kalahome," as he is called in Siam. Whereupon he disclaimed any desire to go beyond the bounds of "red tape," and said that he had been sent merely to welcome us to the capital. The Consul (a missionary) came on board, and soon dispatched his letter, requesting an audience as early as possible. In the afternoon an answer came, appointing the next day at ten o'clock for the reception of the presents.

During the day we had something of an opportunity to look about us; we found that we were anchored some two miles from the King's palace, and about half a mile below the foreign residences. The city extends along the bank of the river, here very narrow, for several miles—ten, I should think—and by no means appears to be as populous as it really is. The river forms the principal highway, and its surface is covered thickly with boats from morning till night. Here may be seen all descriptions of water craft; from the tiny canoe, propelled by one paddle, to the royal barge with one hundred and fifty rowers; from the native sail-boat to the full-rigged foreign ship or the smoky steamer. A canal extends entirely around the city, with numerous cross canals, so that access by water to all portions is very easy. There are but few horses, and these only about the grounds of the King and nobles, and a few at the hotels; there is a road, about a mile or more in length, which the late King constructed for the benefit of the foreign residents. There are but few streets, and these very narrow; but the various palaces



THE ROYAL BARGE.

and temples generally have wide open spaces by which they are approached from the water.

There are about two hundred Europeans in the city, principally missionaries and merchants, with their families. The chief of police, the harbor-master, the pilots, several captains of vessels, and some naval officers are foreigners—chiefly English and American. A Frenchman is at the head of the army. There are very many Chinese, mainly from the district about the city of Swatow, who are by far the most industrious people in the place: they are found in all trades, and the poll-tax levied on them forms no inconsiderable portion of the royal revenue. The entire population is variously estimated at from 50,000 to half a million; from information derived from the missionaries and from some of the natives, I should conclude that it is in the neighborhood of a quarter of a million, or about one twenty-fifth of the population of the entire kingdom.

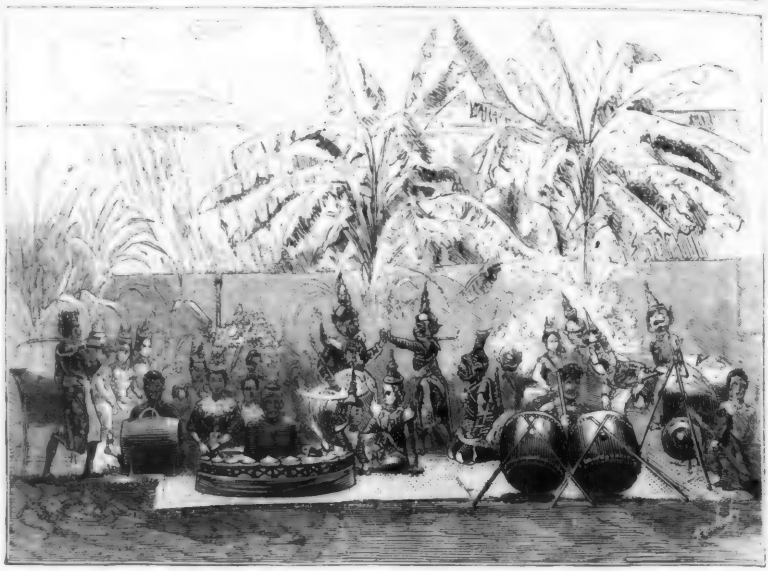
The boats used by the Europeans are of a form more convenient than any that I ever saw elsewhere; they are about twenty feet long, with a house in the centre to accommodate half a dozen people with ease. Two men standing in the bow, and two in the stern, *push* their oars in the water, the rear one managing the tiller with his feet. The speed which they manage to get with this very original method of rowing far surpasses that of the ordinary style, and the work is accomplished with much less fatigue. They will push for hours at a time, stopping only for an occasional draught of water from the river.

A large number of the people live on the water; the poorer in their boats, those of more wealth in floating houses. These curious edifices are built upon rafts of bamboos about four feet thick, and are by no means devoid of pretense to architecture. The material of which they are constructed is generally teak-wood, with thatched roofs. They usually have a veranda in front; and here are exposed for sale the wares of the occupant, or it is used as a play-ground by the children. I visited a native photographer's, and was shown over the whole house. In the veranda was a swing for the youngsters; the front room had a bare floor, with a centre-table and half a dozen chairs; several photographs adorned the walls. The bedrooms opened off this, with sliding doors, and the kitchen opened out on a back-yard of water. The river furnishes water for all purposes, and is at the same time the common sewer of the city. The houses are moored with bamboo cables to bamboo piles driven in the bed of the river, so that they can rise and fall with the tide, and yet not be carried away by it. They certainly possess one advantage, that of being easily moved; the occupant desiring to change his location has only to unmoor his cables, take advantage of the tide, and go up or down stream as he chooses. It is a novel sight to see one of these edifices come drifting down the stream at night, brilliantly illuminated, and with no noise or confusion apparent. Most of the houses are built upon piles, near the river bank, only the palaces being built of brick or stone.

KING OF SIAM.

PRIME MINISTER OF SIAM.

During the afternoon we received a present of a very large quantity of fruits, sweet-cakes, etc., from the Minister of Foreign Affairs, "by direction of his Majesty the King;" and nearly every day some such attention was paid us by some of the dignitaries of the court. During the day we were called upon by several of the



A THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE IN BANGKOK.

foreign residents; the ship was surrounded by native boats, but none of the occupants ventured on board. It was quite a sight for them, as this was the first American man-of-war that had ever ascended the river, and the ship was much larger than the English and French gun-boats that had been there.

It was too far from our anchorage to the landing for our boats' crews to pull in the burning sun and against a strong tide; so we were provided with three of the house-boats, each with an American ensign at the stern, that I have described, and as many of the officers as could be spared from duty accompanied the presents. After an hour's ride we landed (?) on the veranda of a floating house, where we were met by the Kalahome's nephew, and invited to walk in. We sat down in a room furnished in the fashions of the West, and waited a few moments while horses were procured. On going ashore I declined to ride; so the Consul walked with me while the rest rode. The boxes containing the presents were carried by a number of coolies, the rear being brought up by two of our petty officers, who kept guard over the property. Our way lay through very narrow streets, mostly on the banks of a shallow canal, and I was very glad that I had chosen to walk, for the horses were rather wild, and one of the officers had his leg badly squeezed against a wall. We found the Kalahome's palace to be situated about fifteen minutes' walk from the river, and surrounded by a high, whitewashed brick wall. The gateway was rather a grand affair of columns and arches, and gave entrance into the court-yard. The main entrance to the building was a high portico opening into a large hall paved with stone. Here we found a number of servants busily engaged in cleaning the arms with which the Kalahome had been presented at various times, and some of which were kept here. On either side the main building was a row of small edifices for business and other purposes.

We had hardly deposited the arms when the door at the head of the hall opened, and the Kalahome made his appearance. He walked up to each one of us and shook hands, bowing us toward the inner room. Here we had an opportunity of observing the manner which each class of Siamese uses toward any of higher grade. The attendants who were cleaning the arms ceased their occupations, and, with bended knees and bowed head, waited until their master had left the room. This custom is universal, the highest princes in the land yielding this obeisance to the king, the nobles yielding it to the princes, and so down through all grades. Servants act thus in presence of their masters, performing all their commands in this abject attitude, presenting a most curious sight to the eyes of foreigners.

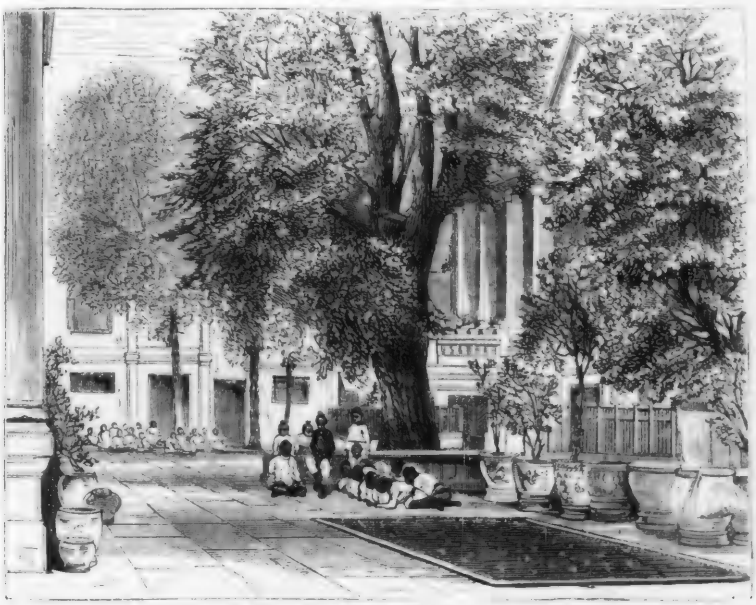
We entered the reception-room by a short flight of stone steps, and were motioned to seats about a table, at the head of which the Kalahome sat. He was dressed in a thin jacket, with a waist-cloth of silk reaching just below his knees; on his bare feet he had a pair of grass slippers. This room had a stone floor, and was furnished with chairs, sofa, and tables of European manufacture. There were many ornaments in the shape of marble vases, mirrors, and several specimens of fire-arms.

The Captain delivered the letters from the

government, together with a short address from himself, and they were translated by the Private Secretary (an Englishman). The arms were then brought in and examined, and it was not until then that the Kalahome spoke any English. He began to make some remarks about the visit of former ships to the outer anchorage at the mouth of the river, and of his visits to them; spoke of the new improvements in small-arms, and evidently understood what he was talking about. Coffee was served, and after considerable desultory conversation we came away, the Kalahome having accepted an invitation to visit the ship. We also made arrangements as to a salute, the harbor regulations forbidding it; but in consideration of our special mission the rules were relaxed. On our return to the ship we fired a salute of twenty-one guns, the Siamese flag at the fore, which was returned at once, gun for gun, from a fort on shore.

The next morning, about ten o'clock, the Kalahome came on board with his suit, among them Prince George, son of the late second King, who is the Kalahome's assistant in naval affairs. We had ascertained that he desired to see the guns worked, so gave him the salute of seventeen guns as soon as he came on board. The old gentleman evidently meant business, for he asked to have our Parrott gun exercised, and its construction explained, watching every detail with great interest; he explored the whole ship, from stem to stern, and inspected her thoroughly. He was not at all averse to the Champagne with which he was treated, and expressed himself highly pleased with his visit, particularly so with regard to the guns. He invited us to visit the new vessels that he was building, and departed in high good-humor. We were most favorably impressed with him, and the more I saw of him the more I liked him. From his position as Prime Minister he is one of the most powerful men in the kingdom; add to this that he is the head of the most powerful, wealthy, and numerous family in the country—that to his personal endeavors the King owes his seat upon the throne, that through his instrumentality the trade of Siam has increased tenfold, that the taxes have been greatly reduced, that ship-building after the models of Western nations has become a very important industry, and that he is the most far-seeing and enlightened of the nobles, and that he is gradually leading the mass of the people up to his stand-point—it may safely be said that he is the actual ruler of the kingdom, though he does not wear the crown.

In the afternoon we went to the palace to a private audience with the King, he having sent word to us that he would be pleased to have us call at three o'clock of this day. He is notoriously unpunctual; but we couldn't count upon that, so were on hand at the hour, accompanied by two of the missionaries as interpreters. We went to the landing in the same way as before, and were there met by an officer of the royal household, who desired us to wait until conveyances were provided. Soon horses were brought, and sedan-chairs, which latter were only a shade better for riding than the horses. We pursued our way through narrow streets for some dis-



COURT-YARD OF THE KING'S PALACE.

A PRINCE OF THE BLOOD.

tance until we came upon the road of which I have spoken before, which passes in front of the palace. The palace grounds are of vast extent (we were told that they contained one square mile), and are entirely surrounded by a high wall. Within the wall are not only the palace itself, but several private chapels, numerous buildings for horses (and carriages) and elephants, barracks for soldiers, and the forbidden ground devoted to the habitations of the royal ladies, with their surroundings. The gateway itself was very simple, closed with two massive doors, a sentinel on either side. We were met here by the Kalahome's nephew (to whom seemed to be assigned the duty of seeing to our wants), and desired "to wait the royal pleasure." While so doing we were regaled with quite good music from a brass band, under the leadership of a Frenchman. We were also invited to see the royal white elephant, the sacred animal of the Siamese. We found him in a building apart from the rest, his fore-legs chained to a huge post in the centre, a gilded canopy over his head, and an attendant to keep watch of him continually. This attendant fed him for our benefit, and he seemed to enjoy his food quite as much as those of his kind that we see in traveling menageries at home.

Presently a messenger informed our conductor that the King was waiting; the guards fell in, and we passed through their ranks into three distinct court-yards before arriving in that portion of the palace inhabited by the King.

This was a large edifice, with a fine flight of steps leading up to a noble portico in front of the public audience-hall. We passed along the sides of the building by a path through a well laid out and neatly decorated flower-garden, until we reached the stairs leading to the private audience-room. Our conductors had hitherto been walking, but on ascending the stairs assumed the posture of humility before described, and so crawled into the royal presence. We were ushered into a room some thirty feet square, elegantly furnished in Western style, and found the King advancing to meet us. He shook hands cordially with each one of the party, inquiring as to the rank of each, and then asked us to sit down at the centre-table, he taking the head, and we sitting at the sides in order of seniority, the Captain on the King's left. I had a fine opportunity of observing this remarkable specimen of Asiatic royalty. He was, I should

THE HEIR-APPARENT.

A SIAMESE TEMPLE.

judge, about sixty or sixty-five years old, and about as unprepossessing in appearance as can be imagined. His eyes were nearly closed, and he had a sort of sleepy look and drawling voice, which did not at all accord with the words he uttered. He was constantly chewing betel, supplied him by a servant prostrate at his side, and the juice ran down his chin, rendering his whole appearance almost repulsive. He was dressed in crimson silk, with a huge star of diamonds on his breast, but with no other ornament whatever. His conversation was addressed principally to the Captain, and during our stay of over an hour he showed himself to be possessed of an amount of information astounding in a person in his situation. After asking as to our mission, and discussing the qualities of various arms, he asked if we had seen the steamer that the Kalahome was building for his use on the occasion of the eclipse of the sun soon to take place. He then went on to speak of his calculations of the eclipse, and gave us quite a lecture on the various objects to be looked after in observing the phenomenon—all of his conversation being in well-chosen English. Several of the young princes came into the room, and seemed very much attracted by the glitter of our uniforms: one of the officers had quite a conversation with them through the eyes. Coffee was served in French china cups, inscribed, "Royal Palace of Siam," with an elephant as crest. The Crown Prince was introduced to us, a youth about fifteen years of age, and made quite a favorable impression upon us; he spoke English quite well. The King closed the audience very abruptly (as is his custom), by extending his hand to the Captain, and saying, "Good-afternoon," when we withdrew. We were then shown into the public audience-hall—a fine room, with a row of columns through the centre, and a latticed private gallery on the sides for the ladies of the harem. The throne was elevated some eight feet from the floor, carpeted with velvet, and overhung by a velvet canopy somewhat like a huge umbrella, of several stories, each one decreasing in size toward the top. There was a private entrance from behind for the use of the King alone. There were very many portraits, busts, and various other ornaments about the room; conspicuous among the portraits were those of President Jackson and Queen Victoria, with the American and English colors intertwined over them. There were busts of Napoleon and Eugénie, together with several articles of French manufacture—notably a fine clock presented by the Emperor. While we were looking about us the King came in, and calling the Captain to him, gave him a pamphlet containing information as to the Siamese custom of having two kings, written by himself, and published at the American mission press. He also called attention to

PAGODA.

a copy of Bowditch's "Epitome," which lay upon a table, and said that the Crown Prince was studying it. He declined an invitation to visit the ship on the score of ill health, but said that he would send the Crown Prince; and we came away quite well pleased with our visit.

On our way back we visited the temple of the great idol of Bangkok. An immense inclosure surrounds the temple itself, filled with houses for the priests, and with various other out-buildings, among them a beautiful library, where are contained the sacred books. The temple is about two hundred feet long by fifty broad, with a high-peaked roof about one hundred feet from the ground. It is surrounded by a colonnade, which adds materially to its beauty. The windows are simply oblong apertures, closed with heavy ebony shutters; the doors are also of massive ebony; both shutters and doors being finely inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Before reaching the building we passed through three rows of corridors, which surround the temple on all sides, and are filled with life-size gilded images of Buddha. There are in all between nine hundred and a thousand of these idols. But the chief attraction of this great edifice is the reclining image of Buddha: it is 165 feet in length, representing the god as lying on his side, his head supported by his hand. This image is built of brick, and is thickly gilded through its whole extent. The soles of the feet are sixteen feet in length and nearly four feet broad; they are inlaid with mother-of-pearl in the most exquisite manner, representing the various fruits and flowers that are fabled to have sprung in the footsteps of the god wherever he walked on earth. The arm at the elbow is about six feet thick; the head is elevated about fifty feet in the air, and is covered with gilded snail shells instead of hair—the snail being a sacred animal. The expression upon the features of the image is a remarkably successful attempt to convey the idea of perfect rest and composure, that being the Buddhist idea of the last state of man; and, indeed, this same absolute stillness is successfully depicted on the countenances of all the many idols that I saw. Even the old images of the ancient capital have it in the same degree.

The next morning was devoted to a tour among the more prominent temples with some

GATE OF TEMPLE.

of our missionary friends. The general characteristics of these edifices are similar; only in their internal adornments do they differ. The roofs are covered with colored tiles, and at the gable ends is a gilded horn. In all the temple grounds are scattered pagodas of two classes: one class of brick, whitewashed, shaped somewhat like a succession of compressed globes, and terminating in a pinnacle, making as beautiful monuments as can be found any where; the other class are square at the foot, rising gradually in terrace fashion, and terminating in four columns surmounted by a dome. Generally there is a statue of an elephant beneath this dome; but sometimes the whole edifice is entirely solid. The exterior of the pagodas of this class is covered with colored porcelain, and the effect, from a distance, is striking in the extreme: a nearer inspection, however, shows the work to be rather coarsely executed.

The largest of these pagodas is situated in the grounds of the second temple in the city (in size): it is one hundred and fifty feet square at the base, and is two hundred feet in height. There is a pair of stairs on each face, by which the ascent is made to the highest terrace, at the foot of the dome, nearly one hundred and fifty feet. This huge pile is entirely covered with colored porcelain, and has many statues of griffins, elephants, and the like scattered over it. The dome contains four colossal statues of three-headed elephants, each facing toward one of the cardinal points. The view from the top of this pagoda was beautiful in the extreme: at our feet were the spacious grounds of the temple, with its chapels, its habitations for the hundreds of priests who perform the services, and its extensive pleasure-grounds. Farther away the river spread before us its varied panorama, more easily imagined than described; as far as the eye could see over the country it was one vast plain rich in all vegetable life—on the whole, a scene never to be forgotten, and needing to be seen to be fully appreciated. In the main building of the temple itself was a huge idol representing Buddha as sitting with crossed legs. Its height from the altar was estimated at seventy-five feet; one of us stood at the knee, and his head did not reach the top of it. This was also profusely gilded; and the doors and shutters of the building were adorned more elaborately than any others that we saw. We were fortunate enough to go into a private chapel where worship was being conducted by about one hundred priests. Each was clad in yellow, with shaven head. The service appeared to consist merely of the continued repetition of a monotonous chant, the words of which meant, "Let it be so." There was no music, but all followed the leader in most admirable time, and it was pronounced by some of the musical members of the party to be superior to any operatic chorus that they had ever heard.

I never realized before what the "vain repetitions" of the Bible meant. Our time was limited, so that we visited only two of the more important of the temples, and then hastened to the ship to prepare for the reception of the Crown Prince. He made his appearance in a magnificent gilded barge, with fifty rowers, seated in a chair of state at the stern, with the gilded nine-storied umbrella over his head. His personal suit was small, but we noticed that he had the usual complement of servants, with the betel-boxes, cuspidors, pipes, etc., all of pure gold. He was received by all the officers in full dress, conducted all over the ship, and finally sat down in the cabin, evidently pleased with his visit. He was much interested in some pictures of China and Japan; and evinced such a decided admiration for a Burnside rifle that the Captain told him he might have it, and had it sent into his boat. He conversed quite fluently in English, but preferred to use an interpreter when many of us were about. On leaving we manned the yards, and saluted him with a royal salute of 21 guns, the Siamese flag at the main.

During our stay Prince George, whom I have mentioned before, came to see us several times: we found him to be a quiet, unostentatious in-

dividual, but possessing an amount of knowledge of naval and military matters which would be by no means contemptible in a person of a more enlightened race. He was very eager in the pursuit of more intelligence on these subjects, however, and was particularly pleased with a text-book on gunnery which the Captain presented to him. On his first visit he spoke at once to the Captain about a salute (to which, of course, he was entitled), and desired that it should not be fired, as he came in a private, friendly, and entirely unofficial manner; and his frequent visits were all paid in the same unambitious style. He was engaged in superintending the construction of a gun-boat for the Kalahome; the work being done by Siamese carpenters from designs by an English shipbuilder. The engines and boilers were constructed in England, and were being placed in the ship by natives under the superintendence of an English engineer. The interior arrangements of the vessel were analogous to those of our own and other vessels of war; and the whole ship was a decided credit to these people, whom we are accustomed to look upon as half-civilized.

One day the Minister of Foreign Affairs requested us to call, and came to the "court-house" to receive us, as "it was too hot to ask us to come to his palace." While waiting his arrival we had a chance to see some Siamese justice administered; there are no lawyers, so the plaintiff and defendant each pleads his own case, and a nice noisy time they had of it, too. The judge sat grave and silent, as became his office, occasionally throwing in a word or two to quiet the disturbance. The Minister at length made his appearance, accompanied by the usual array of betel-boxes, etc. He is a brother of the King—a quite good-looking specimen too, though inclined to obesity. We conversed by means of interpreters, the Prince inquiring particularly as to our ship and mission. He gave us a lunch of fruits and confections, and we soon after left. We called to see another of the King's brothers, a retired Minister; his infirmities were such that he no longer mingled in public affairs. His palace was much less of a building than the Kalahome's, and the audience-hall bore as much resemblance to a furniture auction-room as to any thing else. He is the possessor of a diploma granted by a medical college in Philadelphia, I think, and of it he is very proud.

We were the recipients of many courtesies, both from the natives and the foreigners, during our stay of ten days. To the American missionaries we were indebted for guidance to the principal sights of the city, and for many other kindnesses. We left the city with regret, wishing that our stay might be prolonged; but our time was limited, and we were obliged to go to sea, arriving in Hong-Kong ten days afterward.

Since the first part of this article was written the King with whom we had our interview has died, and the Crown Prince has ascended the throne, chiefly through the influence exerted by the Kalahome.

Prince George has been elected Second King, an institution peculiar to Siam.

Although the late King belonged to the party of progress, he was behind the Kalahome in his ideas. The young King, being more under the influence of his powerful vassal, has already inaugurated a policy which can not fail to be of benefit to his country. He has recently made treaties with Belgium and other European powers, and seems to invite foreigners to his domains. There is ample opportunity for Americans there, more than for others, for the government is already strongly prepossessed in their favor, and meets them more than half-way in their advances.

THE AUTO DA FÉ OF 1755.

THE first day of November, 1755, broke fair and bright over the sunny land of Portugal. The sun rose up from behind the Sierra in unclouded brilliancy, and shed a flood of golden light over the vine-clad hills, and the silvery waters of the Tagus danced and sparkled as they rolled lazily on to the broad bosom of the bay. The churches and palaces of Lisbon seemed roofed with gold, and soon the hovels and courts of the poor and wretched gave back a smile of joy as the bright sunshine, the common property of high and low, found its cheering way to their squalid retreats. Though the hour was early, the streets were thronged with the populace, dressed in holiday attire, and evidently in a high state of excitement. Laborers and serfs seemed to forget, on this occasion, their usual reverence and servility, for they jostled and shouldered the titled nobles who were scattered here and there among the crowd. The mitred bishop and highest functionaries of the Romish Church forced their way with difficulty through the excited throng.

This was the appointed day for the auto da fé, and streets, balconies, and windows were already alive with eager faces to witness the procession of condemned heretics. The execution was to take place at high noon, and as the fatal hour drew near the excitement became intense. The populace gave vent to their impatience by loud shouts, while all eyes were turned to the gloomy prison of the inquisition, whence the procession was to emerge. Though the proceedings of the dread tribunal, then at the height of its power in the kingdom of Portugal, were generally shrouded in secrecy, which none dared pry into or scrutinize, yet it had somehow transpired that an unusually large number of victims were this day to seal their fidelity to conscience by the baptism of fire.

At last the long-expected signal was given, and, as the deep-toned bells tolled the hour of noon, a hoarse murmur of satisfaction broke from

the anxious and inhuman crowd. The frowning portals of the prison were thrown open, and a strong guard of halberdiers opened a lane through the dense throng, and formed in close order on the right and left. Then a procession of robed priests, bearing a crucifix and chanting a *Te Deum*, issued from the doorway, followed by the victims who were doomed to be burned at the stake for daring to worship God according to His revealed will. Last of all came a group of nuns with veils over their faces and muttering *Aves*, and some of them, perhaps, prayers for the wretched beings in their front. There were a dozen or more of these unfortunates, of both sexes, and of various ranks. They were all dressed alike in the fantastic and hideous garb prescribed for such occasions.

There was a quiet composure about most of the prisoners; and some wore even a cheerful and triumphant expression of countenance. One of the party, however, seemed to attract most of the attention, and all the sympathy of the spectators. She was a young girl, scarcely sixteen years of age, whose wondrous beauty even the rude garb in which she was clad could not disguise. Her large dark eyes were raised imploringly toward heaven, and, at times, a low sob of agony would burst from her lips. She looked anxiously, now and then, into the surging crowd that inclosed the procession, as if searching for some loved and familiar form; but her gaze only encountered the strange faces of those who had come to gloat over her sufferings. And in this dark and dreadful hour had she, so young and so lovely, no friend on whom her tearful eyes might rest ere they were closed in death?

Far from the scene which we have just depicted, in the aristocratic quarter of the city, fond hearts were breaking for her sake, and crushed spirits were pouring themselves forth in prayer to the Holy Virgin that she might escape her terrible doom. Father and mother, fond brothers and sisters, had shut out the sunlight from their palatial mansion, and in darkness and despair were bewailing their utter inability to rescue their beloved Leonora. They knew, too, they would be courting a like fate were they to show even sympathy for her sufferings, and hence they had not dared to visit her since she had been condemned by the court of Inquisition.

As the procession moves on to the place of execution, just beyond the city limits, we will briefly acquaint the reader with the story of Leonora De Castro. She was the eldest daughter of Albert De Castro, one of the most accomplished noblemen of the kingdom, being a younger scion of the ducal house of Yavora. His house adjoined that occupied by Lord Effingham, the British Minister at the court of Lisbon, and though the father of Leonora was a Romanist, and Lord Effingham a zealous Protestant, they entertained a high regard for each other, and there was a frequent interchange of civilities between them. The children of the two families became very intimate, and Leonora, in particular, spent much of her time at the house of the Minister. She even obtained her father's consent to study the English language with the children of that nobleman. Now, the tutor of Lord Effingham's children was a retired curate of the Church of England, with fully as much zeal for his faith as any Jesuit.

Being much pleased with the intelligence and capacity of his new pupil, the worthy curate, little dreaming of the dreadful consequences that would result from his interference, lost no time in pointing out to poor Leonora the errors of her faith. So assiduous was he in his efforts to "snatch a brand from the burning," that in a very short time she became as anxious to investigate the real truths of the Gospel as he could wish. He supplied her with a copy of the Scriptures, in English, and bade her consult its sacred pages to learn the way, the truth, and the life.

Leonora soon became satisfied that the faith of her fathers was not the true faith, and, being of an ardent temperament, she determined no longer to yield obedience to the absurd requirements and idolatrous practices of the Church of Rome. As soon as her parents became aware of the change in her religious sentiments, they resorted to every means in their power to reclaim her, but in vain. The family confessor, becoming apprised soon after of her apostasy, tried by reason and argument to convince her that she had been misled; but, finding all his efforts to bring her again into the bosom of the Church ineffectual, he advised her father to send her at once to the Ursuline convent at St. Ubes. He did so, hoping that the society of the holy sisterhood would be able to eradicate the seeds of heresy implanted by the "arch heretic" to whose charge he had so thoughtlessly committed his daughter. In vain did the lady superior of the convent exhaust all the ingenuity of which she was capable to bring back Leonora to the faith of her fathers. Every engine at the command of the Church was brought to bear upon her in vain. Her delicate limbs were subjected to torture, but she clung unflinchingly to her new faith. The lady superior, enraged at finding all her efforts at conversion vain, denounced her to the officers of the inquisition as a dangerous and obdurate heretic. She was removed from the convent to the prison, and with undaunted resolution, and with a faith that defied both danger and death, in the very presence of the Inquisitor-General, she gloried in the sufferings she was called on to endure for the sake of Jesus.

She was condemned to be burned on the first day of November, with others who had refused to recant and stifle their consciences by again returning to the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church. In accordance with this sentence Leonora was now on her way to the plaza, where every preparation had been made for its execution.

From the moment that the cortége had started from the prison a young man of noble mien, dressed in a garb that bespoke his high rank, had been struggling to force his way through the dense mass to the side of the captives. Though no deference was shown on this occasion to persons of quality, yet the prepossessing appearance of the young grandee, and the unmistakable anguish expressed in his face, operated in his favor, and the clamorous crowd allowed him to draw near the victims. This personage, seemingly so intent on beholding the dreadful sentence carried into execution, was the young Marquis of Elvas. A short time before Leonora had placed herself under the spiritual guidance of the English curate he had made her an offer of his hand and heart. The two families had been on terms of intimacy for years, and the prospect of a matrimonial connection was highly satisfactory to all parties. The lovers were passionately attached to each other, and were looking forward to a happy consummation of their betrothal when the terrible circumstances we have detailed broke in upon their dream of bliss.

The powerful families of the Marquis and De Castro had both exerted all their influence to have the punishment of Leonora mitigated, but the stern ecclesiastics had refused the slightest relief. A petition for a respite had met with the same fate. The young nobleman in his distraction and despair had cursed the pitiless rigor of the dread tribunal, and even dared to question its authority. By this course he had drawn upon himself the secret but certain vengeance of the Church. Though aware of the close espionage to which all his words and acts were subjected, he resolved to see and, if possible, offer some words of comfort to Leonora before she reached the plaza. He would at least assure her of his sympathy and unchanged affection, and then, rushing from the fatal scene of her suffering, which for worlds he would not witness, would forever turn his back on the priest-ridden land of his fathers.

Before he could reach her side, however, the procession had reached the goal that was, as he thought, to end forever his dreams of happiness. The captives had been drawn up in a line facing the bishop, who, on this solemn occasion, officiated as the representative of the Church. According to the usual custom, each of the condemned was urged to recant, while the direst pains of hell were denounced against such as should persist to the end in their abominable heresy. The evident distress of Leonora had induced the priest to believe that she, at least, would not prove to be finally obdurate. He even held out to her hopes of a respite, and perhaps of ultimate pardon. He alluded to her tender youth, her beauty and accomplishments, and hinted at the joys that life might yet have in store for her. He spoke of the distress of her heart-broken relatives occasioned by her apostasy, and the joy with which she would fill their hearts by a recantation, even at the eleventh hour. "And now, Leonora De Castro," continued the bishop, "will you retrace your erring steps? Will you discard the heretical opinions implanted in your youthful mind by that son of Belial? Our holy Church, ever lenient to the faults of her erring children, ever disposed to deal mercifully with such as confess their sins and repent, would receive you again to her bosom. Will you come?" He paused, while every sound was hushed to hear her response. Her agitation was now gone, and in a calm, clear voice, that was audible to many an ear in that anxious throng, she replied: "I can not acknowledge the authority of the Church you represent. I believe the faith I now profess to be the true one. There is but One who can forgive sin, and in His mercy do I trust. If I am called to die for His dear sake, I will try to bear my sufferings cheerfully, knowing that 'our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'"

The astonished churchman, enraged at the unexpected reply of the fair captive, and fearing its effect on the populace, ground his teeth in fury, and ordered the fires to be lighted at once, and the prisoners to be bound to the stakes, adding, in a stern tone, to the brave young girl, "Obdurate wretch! this day shalt thy soul writhe in the fiery torments of the damned; thou shalt soon enjoy a foretaste of thy doom." Leonora, whose nerves had been greatly weakened by the long trial to which they had been subjected, shocked at the barbarity of the prelate's rude address, staggered, and would have fallen to the ground, but the young Marquis now rushed forward and caught her in his arms. "Inhuman monster," he exclaimed, addressing the bishop, "she is fitter for heaven than such as thou. If there is an angel in the presence of God, she will soon be one."

"Ha, my lord Marquis," cried the prelate, "these are bold words, but they have sealed your doom!

"Arrest the Marquis of Elvas," he said to the provost; and that officer was just stepping forward to obey the order, when a low, rumbling sound was heard, followed by a sudden shaking of the earth that cast every one prostrate on its face. An immense wave, towering in its might, came rolling on from the Tagus, and quenched the impious fires that had been kindled to consume those who trusted in Him "who heareth the young ravens when they cry." In a few seconds the shock was repeated, and cries of terror and dismay came rolling up from the doomed city, mingled with the appalling crash of falling buildings.

All was consternation and universal panic. The mad multitude so lately clamorous for the inhuman sacrifice, and who had come out from the quiet city to gloat over the sufferings of their fellow-creatures, now terror-stricken at the rebuke of their great Creator, fled aghast, pale with apprehension for the fate of dear ones who

were perhaps crushed beneath the falling domes and towers. The condemned heretics had been saved by a miracle, and perhaps the awful visitation had fallen with crushing weight on the heads of those who had been most eager for their blood. The prisoners, indeed, were forgotten in the dreadful crisis. When the crowd had dispersed the Marquis of Elvas caught up Leonora in his strong arms, and bore her, by a circuitous route, to the city, and, threading his way through the wild débris of the city, reached in safety, with his precious burden, her father's house, which had in a great measure escaped the general wreck.

Words can not express the joy with which the whole household welcomed back their darling, rescued so unexpectedly from the very jaws of a horrible death. But their feelings of unalloyed pleasure at her deliverance soon became mingled with apprehension lest the officers of the Inquisition might institute a search for the persecuted victims who had, for a time, escaped their vengeance. Preparations were commenced for immediate flight. The Marquis, whose situation was now as full of danger as even that of Leonora, was soon ready for any road, no matter where it might conduct him, so it placed him outside of his native kingdom. He had resolved to accompany Leonora, who would also be attended by a faithful servant of the family, none of her immediate relatives daring to bear her company through fear of the consequences that would attend such a step. It was determined to push rapidly across the country to the neighboring kingdom of Spain; and the Marquis felt satisfied that if they could reach the mountains in safety the danger of arrest would be slight. Should the authorities, however, be on the alert, he knew there would be great danger in attempting to leave the city.

Their situation, at best, was full of peril. Notwithstanding the terrible catastrophe that had befallen the city, and had so miraculously preserved Leonora from the stake, it was vain to suppose that the Church, foiled in its attempt at present punishment, would fail to bring the condemned to the flames if rearrested. While preparations were going forward for their flight, Lord Effingham, who still represented his government at the court of Lisbon, called to condole with his friend on the terrible calamity that had visited the city, and which he supposed must have quite overwhelmed a family so terribly afflicted by the dreadful fate of a beloved daughter. He was soon informed of the escape of Leonora, and of the hasty preparations that were making for their flight. After listening attentively to the proposed arrangement, Lord Effingham shook his head and remained silent for a few moments, and then expressed his fears lest the project would miscarry. "I feel quite certain," he said, "that by attempting to leave the city you will bring destruction upon yourselves; indeed, I am surprised that your house has not already been searched. So soon as some degree of quiet is restored, active measures will be taken to arrest the fugitives. You must not attempt to leave the city just yet. Nor will it do to remain here. You, my lord Marquis, and Leonora, must take up your abode for a short time with me. They will hardly dare to search the house over which floats the broad flag of England. And now I think of it," continued the Minister, "some members of my family and suit will soon return to England, and we can perhaps manage it so that you can leave the country in their company."

This proposal was embraced with eagerness, and our hero and heroine returned with Lord Effingham to his own residence just in time to escape the officers, who came to the house they had just left almost immediately after their departure. The father of Leonora expressed the greatest surprise at the visit of the officers, and, to carry out the deception, seemed to be plunged in the deepest sorrow, protesting to be ignorant of her escape. As no one had seen her return to her father's house or leave it, no clew was obtained to her present whereabouts. Some days were spent in quiet and security in the asylum generously furnished by the English nobleman. Leonora had ever been a favorite with the whole family, and all strove to banish from her mind every remembrance of the terrible ordeal to which she had been exposed. The bright color of youth came back to her cheeks, and the glad smile of hope lighted up her countenance. The worthy curate, whose successful effort at proselytism had been so nearly fatal, wept over his beloved pupil as one raised from the dead.

It was a glorious evening, about the middle of November, when the waters of the bay of Lisbon, lying tranquil in the declining sunlight, reflected the form of a British man-of-war that was gliding majestically over its smooth surface. It was the ship that was to convey the Minister's family to England, and which had been anxiously looked for for some days. The day after her arrival she took on board her passengers, among whom were the Marquis of Elvas and Leonora De Castro, disguised as servants. Immediately after they reached the deck the anchor was upheaved, the sails were hoisted, and, with the flag of St. George flying at her peak, the gallant ship bore away for the open sea. Just before the ship reached England the good curate, who was one of the passengers, joined together in the holy state of matrimony John, Marquis of Elvas, and the lovely Leonora De Castro.

EARLY HISTORY OF COLORADO.

NEARLY three hundred years ago the Spaniards who peopled Mexico extended their settlements far to the northward, reaching over New Mexico and Arizona and into what is now Utah and Colorado. Their chief industry was mining for gold and silver, and traces of extensive though rude works, and ruins of large towns, are found all over the region named. The earliest historians of the Great Plains and Rocky Mountains speak of the "Old Spanish Trace" (trail or road) that reached northward through the mountains to Great Salt Lake. Generations ago there were populous Spanish settlements along the Arkansas Valley in Southern Colorado, and their *acequias*—canals for conveying water—can yet be traced along the prairie bottom lands and slopes. The ruins of cities and remains of extensive water-works are yet seen in the exceedingly rich gold and silver bearing region of the Uncompahgre in Southwestern Colorado.

The Spanish, or Mexican, frontier was gradually beaten back by the savages. The territory now covered by Colorado and Arizona was entirely depopulated, and foothold was maintained in New Mexico only along the larger valleys, where population had become very dense and self-supporting. The mines were all abandoned, and the mining frontier driven back to the centre of Chihuahua and Sonora. The farthest point north where any traces of old mining operations have been found is in the mountains northwest of Boulder, not far from the base of Long's Peak. In the winter of 1859 some hunters from Denver found there a number of shafts and the remains of houses. They also brought in a portion of a large copper vessel, not unlike the body of a still. Inquiries made at the time of Arrapahoe Indians elicited a tradition that many years ago a party of Portuguese adventurers came north through Mexico and engaged in mining at the point indicated. In course of time they disappeared, and all trace of them was lost. The inference conveyed was that they were killed.

The first reliable history pertaining to the region of Colorado, to which we can now refer, is in 1805, and is in the journal of Captain Zebulon M. Pike, of the United States army. In the spring of 1804 two important expeditions were fitted out at St. Louis—the then frontier military post—for the exploration of the country west and north: that of Lewis and Clarke, who ascended the Missouri and descended the Columbia to its mouth; and Captain Pike's, for the Upper Mississippi. The latter returned in about a year, after having endured great hardships and met with many adventures, and reported that he had traced the great river to its source—an opinion that time has proved erroneous. Upon reaching St. Louis he found a new duty awaiting him: the return of some rescued Indian captives to their tribe—the "Kans;" the mediation of peace between that tribe and the "Kioways;" and a tour of observation along the Mexican border—the Arkansas River—westward to the mountains. He started late in the spring of 1805, ascended the Missouri to the Osage, and that stream as far as he could with boats. Then striking to the northwest he completed his Indian mission at their villages on the tributaries of the Kansas River. Leaving there he crossed over to the Arkansas and followed up that river to the mountains. Before reaching the present site of Puebla, Captain Pike discovered a lofty snowy mountain, and soon after passing the mouth of the Fontaine-qui-Bouille he went into camp, and, leaving most of his command, set out with eight or ten men to ascend it. He supposed it ten or fifteen miles distant, and started on foot in light marching order and with three days' rations. It was then autumn, and the mountain was covered with snow. After forty or fifty miles' travel, and much suffering from exposure and for want of water, they reached the mountain-foot and began the ascent, thinking their labor now certainly almost at an end; but after struggling for many hours through thick brush and fallen timber, the snow constantly becoming deeper, they at length reached the summit of an open ridge, from which the lofty peak seemed, says the Captain, almost as distant as when they left their camp on the Arkansas days before. Several of his men were badly frozen, and all suffering severely from hunger, that was partially allayed by finding a storm-bound poor old buffalo, which they killed. The snow was from two to three feet deep, and the Captain was obliged, very reluctantly, to give up the ascent of the mountain, and was never any nearer to it. After a rest they retraced their steps to the main camp, having probably been within twelve or fifteen miles of the summit that subsequently and very appropriately took the gallant Captain's name.

The command, about thirty men, then marched up the Arkansas and made a second dépôt camp, where is now Cañon City. The Captain had tired of land marching, and thought if he could only strike Red River he could float easily back to the Mississippi. So he turned all his attention to that search. Again leaving most of his men, he with the remainder set out, curiously enough, toward the northwest, following the route of the present road from Cañon City to the South Park. Reaching the Park he called the first considerable stream he crossed the Platte. A little further on he found another, and supposed it was the Saint Jaun—probably meaning the Spanish San Juan, which rises in Southwestern Colorado and flows into the Colorado of the West. A few miles more and he found another, which he supposed to be a branch of the Yellowstone. In this neighborhood he found signs of large numbers of men and horses, and supposed they were both Indians and Mexicans. He seems to have had some fear of a hostile meeting, and turned off square to the south. Before long he came to a

large stream, and rejoiced in the belief that it was Red River. Turning down it, he soon found himself in the midst of rugged mountains, and the river cutting its way through stupendous cañons. The mountain-sides were frozen and covered with snow, and the river with ice. More men were frost-bitten, and the horses were all disabled and abandoned but one. The party became scattered, but at last all came together again at their old camp at the Arkansas gate of the mountains; and his first dream of Red River was at an end. But the Captain was irrepressible. With such men as were able to travel, he was soon again on the march, this time all afoot, because their animals were used up. Crossing the Arkansas into Mexican territory, he moved up the Wet Mountain Valley straight toward the rugged Sangre-de-Christo range. More than once he was obliged to back out, the snow getting too deep for their strength. Frost-bitten and disabled men were left behind in improvised shelter, with such supplies as could be spared. The journey was one of most intense suffering and hardship; but at last they stood upon the summit, and looked down into the San Luis Park. The Captain rejoiced at the discovery of Red River, though he looked upon the Rio Grande del Norte. Descending, he traversed the plain, and at the confluence of two considerable branches of the stream established a fortified camp. Having completed his works so that himself and two or three men could defend themselves against the Indians, he sent the remainder back to the main camp, and to pick up stragglers.

Meantime the Mexican authorities were not ignorant of the expedition. They looked upon it with suspicion; and all the previous season a squadron of cavalry had been scouting the plains east of the mountains to cut it off, fortunately without success, and entirely unknown to Captain Pike. But a few days after he had got settled down in his new quarters, while walking out one bright winter day, he was surprised by a patrol of Mexican soldiers; and, though it was long before he fully realized the fact, he became from that time forward, for a year or more, a close prisoner. He was hurried to Santa Fé, and subsequently to El Paso, and thence to Chihuahua; his men following the same road, but never again all coming together. In course of time they were returned to the United States through Texas; but most of the Captain's notes, maps, and other valuable papers were never recovered.

While a prisoner in New Mexico, he saw an American who had in his possession lumps of gold that he had gathered in the South Park, on the head waters of the South Platte, and learned that the traces of Mexicans he had found upon the Platte, Saint Jaun, and Yellowstone—as he called them—had connection with the finding of gold in that region. This is the first authentic report of actual gold gathering in what is now Colorado. The next is in 1832 to 1836, after Bent and Vasquez and Sarpy had established their chain of trading-posts all along the foot of the mountains, on the Arkansas, six miles above where is now Puebla; on the South Platte, at the mouth of Vasquez Fork, six miles below the present site of Denver; and on the North Platte, at Fort Laramie—then Fort St. John. In trading with the Indians and Mexicans who came into Fort Vasquez, they frequently obtained lumps of coarse gold, which had doubtless been picked up in the streams and gulches of the mountains. We come down next to 1849. In that year of the great rush to California many emigrants from the Southwestern States traveled up the Arkansas, thence north along the foot of the mountains, the entire breadth of Colorado, and through the South Pass to the Pacific. They found gold in Cherry Creek, the Platte, and other streams, but kept on toward California. Among the number who made these discoveries was W. Green Russell, a Georgia miner, from the vicinity of Dahlonega. After some years in California, he returned to his old home, still with recollections of the traces of gold he had seen here, and the determination, at some favorable time, to prospect the country. In 1856 a column of troops marching between New Mexico and Utah found gold in Cherry Creek near their camp. Another command passing in 1858 did the same. In the spring of the same year W. Green Russell found himself able to undertake his long-delayed exploration. Leaving Georgia with twenty or thirty followers he reached Cherry Creek, and followed it down to where Denver now stands, in July. A party of Cherokee Indians and half-breeds from the Indian Territory, west of the State of Missouri, came out about the same time, and upon the same errand, but they made no permanent location nor lengthy stay. The Georgians found gold in small quantities all along the Platte, Vasquez Fork, Cherry Creek, and other streams and gulches on the plains, but did not penetrate the mountains at all. The deposits they found were not sufficiently rich to support a large population, nor to pay largely even a few, but they served to stimulate further search and to create an intense excitement throughout the Western States. Several hundred men from the border, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, and Missouri, crossed the plains late in the fall of 1858, and spent the winter in and about Denver. Several towns were started, and a great number of log-houses built. Little parties went back to the States, and carried with them samples of the gold found; bright, smooth scales of exceeding fineness. By spring the excitement was at fever heat, and before the snows were over long lines of tented wagons were stringing out from every starting-point along the Missouri River. Early in April the moving column reached the site of Denver, and the arrivals sometimes reached thousands per day. The mines thus far found could give work to but a few hundred, and the best of them yielded scarce more than two dollars per day. Dis-

appointment followed, and almost a panic ensued. Three-fourths of all that came went back, turning about thousands more that they met on the way. The more determined, and those who had nothing to lose and all to gain, or who left nothing behind to go back for, remained.

As soon as the snow disappeared from the lower mountain slopes the more adventurous began pushing into the mountains, cautiously feeling their way. But few of them had ever before seen mountains, and a still less number knew how to search for gold. In the latter part of April gold was found, almost simultaneously, at several points in the mountains; at Gold Hill, eight miles west of Boulder City; at Deadwood, on South Boulder Creek; at Gregory Point, near where Central City now is; and at the junction of Vasquez Fork and Cook (now Chicago) Creek, near the present beautiful town of Idaho. The first heavy rush was to the latter point, but the tide soon turned toward Gregory. For days in succession the arrivals there exceeded three thousand per day. Exceedingly rich mines were found, and gold was gathered rapidly. Other discoveries followed, and the season was a succession of excitements and "stampedes" to each new point of attraction. With the approach of winter most people left the mountains, and a large majority returned to the States. The few who remained in the mines provided themselves with provisions for the winter, and prepared for months of isolation. It was expected that snow would fall to a great depth and the cold be very severe. In this they were disappointed.

The nearest post-office in the first settlement of Denver was at Fort Laramie, two hundred and twenty miles distant, and it cost half a dollar to send or receive a letter. On the 7th of May, 1859, the first express coach arrived, and the cost for transmitting letters was reduced to twenty-five cents. It was not until the spring of 1860 that a United States mail and post-offices at Denver and Mountain City were established, nearly two years after the first settlement of the country.

TWO HEARTS.

I.

PERHAPS in the little town of Warehurst the lives of no people presented a more vivid contrast than those of the heiress Jessie Warehurst and of the young seamstress known as Emeline—for one of these lives might verily seem nothing but the black shadow cast by the other in full sunshine.

The one of these people was the child of a family that gave their name to the village a hundred years ago, and had always maintained their traditional superiority to other families in the place by means of a style of living that was little short of splendor in that secluded region, by their lofty acquaintance in the outside world, and by their constant charities—charities, however, of a kind into which money freely enters and personal contact stays without.

Jessie, the last of her name, and the inheritor of a handsome fortune, lived with her aunt and mother, the latter a gentle and placid woman, and Jessie's adoring slave, in the old and spacious mansion, the dark halls and drawing-rooms and sunny morning-parlors of which a troop of young guests kept overrunning with merriment. She was but a year or two escaped from the dominion of schools and governesses, a thraldom that had never been severe; she enjoyed every luxury that the little world of Warehurst knew about; her dress was sumptuous; the ponies of her phaeton were as fleet as Arabs; she was the pet and admiration and delight of all who knew her—the unspoiled mistress, as it seemed, of all who came within her magic sphere; her life was an unbroken scene of festivity, and she was light-hearted, innocent, and joyous with the whole inspiration of the spirit of youth. They used to say that her name was given her because she was as sweet and white and spotless as the jessamine itself; kind to all who met her, for vice instinctively kept out of her way; a sunbeam in the path of poor and rich; and utterly unsoiled by sin, so far as any creature knew.

Emeline, on the other hand, had known poverty from her birth; she was but Jessie's age, yet her life had traveled a stretch of sin and wretchedness and repentance before which the other would have recoiled could she have seen so much as the first footprints and have understood their meaning, people said. She had been born in the alms-house, and knew the bitterness of such birth; ambitiously she had learned to read and to write; and as soon as it was found that she knew how to sew, and had, moreover, a certain genius of the needle, so to speak, she was kept constantly at work, leaving the place at last when still scarcely more than a child, and being bound out in the position of seamstress in a wealthy family of the city. Working there in her mistress's sewing-room, or going and coming on errands in hall or parlors, her dark young face, not without a gipsyish comeliness of its own, had been so unfortunate as to attract the gaze of a guest of the house, one who admired after his way the gloss of her black hair, the carnation of her cheek, the lustre of her eye, the curve of her lip. She gave him the whole passion of her young life and heart; he gave her, at sixteen years, ruin and betrayal and the world's scorn. Then there came a season of desperation—a season too dark for Emeline to remember. She would not remember it, and could only maintain to herself in after years that it was another person, not Emeline, who had suffered that. But out of its foulness she rose one night, when, seeing a face flash like an apparition out of the night, as Jessie Warehurst, visiting the great city, crossed the pavement from door to coach—a face all white and radiant and perfect, its golden hair a nimbus of glory round about it, its beauty

something heavenly. The face smiled on Emeline without seeing her in the shadow, a deep, sweet smile, searching as sunshine cast off from happy thoughts. It seemed to Emeline then that all was not lost while such a smile as that could be shed upon her, could be in the world, and she allowed to see it; and all at once the brilliancy of face and smile together lighted up like morning the black gulf between the two, and made it more odious and reeking to Emeline than words can say. A few weeks or a few months later, whichever it may have been, Emeline went back to Warehurst, and hired a room and put out a modest sign expressing a desire to obtain fine sewing to do; and curiosity, and remembrance of old marvels of her needle shown at the county fairs, having tempted one and another to examine her capacity, she soon had work enough and to spare, and hired a better room and enlarged her fare of crackers and cold water to a more healthy diet, and changed her tallow dip for kerosene. But she made no secret of what her way of life had been; she knew, perhaps, that rumor of it would travel on the wings of the wind; she felt that it would be worse torture to live with a sword suspended over her head than to meet and live down the open shame. But she wasted no words on the matter; and so, when they asked her where she had gone when deserting her apprenticeship, she answered, briefly, "To the bad," and was silent for the rest. Her existence was wan and overcast—laborious, solitary; there was not a soul in the world to whom she was dear, or who was dear to her, not a soul who cared whether she lived or died; and her heart, a wild and stormy heart, ached with its loneliness. The people employed her because her fingers were deft and dainty; but they spoke of her among themselves as a thing that had known shame, and might know it again; that was not to be trusted with companionship, lest the trust should be abused; a smile on her lip would have been construed a sign of levity and lapse into fresh sin—and Emeline never smiled, but lived from year to year ostracized, sad, and dark with a cloud of hovering suspicions.

Lovers came and went round Jessie—some enraptured with her loveliness, some with her temperament, some with her riches—but among them not the right one; and, smiling coldly on them all, they passed before her like ephemera. And so her years went by, till presently they were numbering twenty-two—twenty-two, which leaves an innocent and isolated country girl still very young. Emeline, also, was twenty-two; yet her years left her not young, but old, and on none of them could she look back and endure the glance, save the last four since her return to Warehurst; for the want and misery of the alms-house was sore, but sorer yet was that sudden burst of love and rapture which the shame and the desertion following made it only torment to recall; and that, in turn, was darkened by shadows rising from that abyss of horror into which it plunged her. The first bright thing in all those years on which her remembrance could dwell was Jessie Warehurst's face shining on her, as she stepped along the carpeted pavement, and let the whiteness of that smile overlay, for a moment, all her smirch and soil. Since then, four dull, monotonous years—weary return of spring, and blaze of summer, melancholy falling of the leaf, weary, dreary chill of winter—and the only happiness in them all was such time as the face of Jessie Warehurst had again illumined the way, and given her anew that thrill of hope which once had told her she was a living soul, and not mere carrion, and had made Jessie Warehurst a type to her of the spirits that stand before God. She had never spoken with her; she worshiped her as the publican and sinner worshiped, standing afar off. She was as full of thankfulness to her for rescue from that slough in which she wallowed as if Jessie had consciously put out her white hand and helped her thence; and there was no sacrifice in life or death which Emeline would not have made for her—indeed, hardly any sacrifice could there have been for her to make, since life held not a single charm for Emeline, except the trust of ending it at last. But of all this feeling on the other's part Jessie was totally unconscious, and neither she nor any other earthly being offered the girl one incentive to virtue; of herself, and simply, she had sickened of sin.

Emeline was happiest—if happiness could ever be a condition of such a darkened life as hers—when employed on sewing for the family at the Great House, as the people of the village, in a mild derision, sometimes called the Warehurst mansion. On whatever she had to do for Jessie, or her mother, or her friends—who sometimes sent their work down from town to this fabulous seamstress—she expended her whole skill and invention. The plain sewing was done with a precision which counted every thread to the stitch; tucking, and ruffling, and inserting, she combined in every sort of quaint device, till each decorated garment was as perfect in its way as a quilled daisy; and on the embroidery she lavished her hours, her eyesight, and her fancy, with flowers and ferns and vines running riot over the fine fabrics, like the wintry wraith of blossoming to come.

When, then, Emeline heard that one of the lovers had at last broken the hedge round that sleeping heart, and that Jessie was to be married, her own heart beat with a sort of pleasure; not for the young girl, her hopes, or her future—with that she felt she had nothing whatever to do, and she kept her dreams away, as if angels with flaming swords barred that Eden; her heart beat with only a poor and personal pleasure, in expectation of the sewing she would have to do in assisting to prepare the wedding garments, of the way in which she would weave petal and stem and leaf in the embroidery there, in imagining herself already tracing new complications and intricacies of lace stitch and satin stitch, in counting the errands that might take her to the Great House, and give her new guises

of that face shining out of its cloud of happiness—that face which once had been a revelation of heaven to her in hell. She did not dream of herself as unfit to work upon these garments: sorrow and grief and shame had purified those hands of hers. Humbly as she walked now, she had planted her feet on heights where martyrs had walked before her; and though she made no outward profession of religion—fearing it would be but scoffed at as hypocrisy—yet she felt forever wrapped about her, as if she might not fall away from them, the clasp of forgiving and eternal arms.

But when Emeline learned that she was to go in person to the Warehursts and remain with them all through the ordeal of the wardrobe, she could hardly believe herself. Not only to see Jessie every day, but to be herself among the influences that had made Jessie what she was, it seemed in the anticipation too much bliss for her poor cup of broken delf to hold; in the realization, perhaps, she may have found it a less intoxicating draught. The bridal dresses, she was told, were to be fitted in the city; but Emeline's own fingers were to finish them all, and the delicate under-clothing's last touches were to be given by no one but herself. An artist receiving orders to decorate a temple was never in more ecstasy at serving the ideal than Emeline.

Many a good gossip of the little burgh remonstrated with Mrs. Warehurst for her imprudence in introducing among the members of her household a person of Emeline's acknowledged antecedents, a person who made no secret of having led an evil life; and though Mrs. Warehurst responded that it would be impossible that any harm should come of it, for the seamstress would have no opportunity of communication either with Jessie or any of her friends, except she herself or her sister, a staid and starched piece of prim propriety, were present in the flesh, and that she felt it wrong not to encourage one who was trying to do right, yet the others responded in effect that, for all that, a foul heart must emit a mephitic moral atmosphere that was poisonous, and though they themselves encouraged Emeline by giving her employment in her room as convicts in their solitary cells do work, yet her presence and her touch must be only contaminating to youth and innocence; in spite of which counsels Mrs. Warehurst had her own way, possibly because her nature was superior to theirs, but still more possibly because no one else could do the things that Emeline could on work which she desired to have under her own daily inspection.

So Emeline went to the Great House, and, sitting at her work-table and her window there, she stitched and wrought the hours away from morning to night, seldom moving from her seat, seldom glancing up when addressed, only now and then satisfying her eyes with one long unheeded look at the happy Jessie, delaying over one matter or another in her flitting from room to room—only now and then, as if she feared to gaze too often lest she were dazzled with the sight.

It might have been a pathetic thing to any one who knew of the girl's life, to see her sitting there so silently, so patiently, and so contentedly, toiling to bring about a happiness in which she could have no part, the like of which she could never know—an outcast looking into heaven, but without one pang of envy or of longing for the bliss within. All that, indeed, was forever denied to her—she never gave it a thought; even when sitting there and seeing Jessie wandering through the gardens surrounded by troops of friends, beloved by a lover who was presently to give her his name before the world, watched by a mother with a tender affection following every footstep, surrounded by the sunshine of this world's favor and the halo of the next world's promises, it did not occur to Emeline that of all these things, friends, lover, good name, and home-affection, she herself was destitute—that she was deserted, desolate, and alone. She had trained herself to become as impersonal as a shadow. These were the things natural to Jessie as the perfume to a rose; hers were the things natural to her as the deadly juice to the night-shade; only sometimes as she heard the chorus of cheery laughter rising to her window from the flower-beds below, and caught glimpses of the airy draperies, bright as the flowers themselves, fluttering from alley to alley, of the sunny smiling faces, then a great hollow ache seemed to pervade her being, a sense of void and empty existence, which she did not construe into longing for any thing to love, but merely into acknowledgment that she was of a different race from these careless and innocent ones—she, born in an alms-house, bred to labor, abandoned to sin, and with but one blessing in all her life to thank Heaven for—that she had been snatched out of that sin.

Emeline, of course, asked no questions, and had heard nothing of Jessie's chosen husband. It was one of the things she took for granted, that he must be perfection, or, in the eternal fitness of things, he would not be chosen. Once, indeed, she chanced to hear his name, and started—but not because that same name had brought ill to her: many men might wear that name. The thought crossed her mind no more than any other utter impossibility that this man Devlin could be the same Devlin with whom she once had fled, or, rather, to meet whom she had fled, from white and open life into the darkness where he left her. One day, at length, she heard that he had come; and at sunset, as she folded up her fine work to take out that needing less dainty stitches, Emeline paused a moment, resting her arm on the window-sill, and leaning out to enjoy the hush, the dying color, the smell of the dewy mould, the rapture of that hour when heaven and earth are meeting, and she saw Jessie and her lover walking in the garden. A sudden pain struck Emeline like a stab as she beheld that shape—the old-

remembered guise, the gracious bending way, the turn of head, the false fair face—and with a low and smothered cry, that it was profanation for him to breathe beside her, she dropped upon the floor, and there, shortly afterward, Mrs. Warehurst found her. "I must go home!" sobbed Emeline, as they laid her on the bed. "I must go home. This is no place for me."

"My poor girl," said Mrs. Warehurst, "you have been sewing too steadily. Instead of going home, you must take a little exercise in the grounds, you must drive down to the village on the shopping errands, and have wine sent up with your dinner" (for Emeline's dinner was always sent up to her, since it would have been insulting to ask housekeeper or servants to sit at the table with such a creature as that); "but, indeed," added Mrs. Warehurst, "you must not go home; for here is the work to be done, and no one in the world but you to do it."

So all night long Emeline lay there, with remembrance of the old passion and the old misery fighting the old fight over again in her heart till the hot battle-place seemed bursting. Not the old passion, she said, since thought of the man was pain—only a remembrance of it; oh! not the old passion, but the old misery indeed, and a new one almost as keen: a misery that grew and doubled itself as she recognized it; for—was it possible—that she, a wretch, an outcast, was jealous of Jessie Warehurst? And if jealous, then it must be—could it be?—that she still loved the man. Her very soul was lacerated by all these pangs of doubt and fear and memory. It was only when the first faint purple flush of day began to filter through the deep and dewy dark, and the stillness of the prime was broken by a fluting bird's note and another, till the heavens were overflowing with tune, and morning was ushering in another joyous day for so many, another burdened and tormenting one for so many more, that Emeline imprisoned all her wild emotions beneath the strong bars of the last four years' habits again. It was true, she confessed, that she still loved Devlin. She had thought the fire burned out, and so it was; this love was but the white ashes of that old one scattered over all her life, and making the bitter lees of every cup she drank. She loved him. Helpless to serve him, there was but one thing she could do for him: suffer him, without a word, to make Jessie his own—him, of the earth earthy, to desecrate a shrine. Doubtless he was the same Devlin still; the same winning, insinuating, captivating manner; the same false, worthless heart; the same self-indulgent voluptuary, weak before temptation, cowardly before exposure. With all that, she loved him yet—loved a strange wraith in him, not him; a vacuum: an identity, not his, but that of the qualities and traits which he had not—loved what she had once believed him to be, and never could dissociate from him—loved him so that, after that first tumult, she could surrender him to another woman without a murmur (though no murmur of hers might avail to hinder)—loved him so that she could give him this girl, her ideal, to help him, to purify him, to make him worthy of heaven hereafter through having tasted something of heaven here with her; a heaven in which Emeline must be all forgotten, a wretched stain forever washed away. For it might not be that he could serve the wealthy ward of powerful friends as he had served a poor sewing-girl, nor even that he should wish it. Jessie, that winged soul, could be to him what the untaught, groveling Emeline could never dream of; and as he could love, plainly he loved her now; and she would open depths in his nature that had always slumbered darkly. This, then, was the service she could render Devlin, the sacrifice she could make for Jessie; no sacrifice, in fact, since Devlin was none of hers; but, in Emeline's bleeding heart, a willing sacrifice of more than life; and there shone on her face that day a lustre as if thrown from the wings of a dove forever flying upward into the light.

But at sunset, once more, as she saw the two walking in the garden again—arms interlaced, heads bent together, one breath, one smile, one word—fresh queries, fresh counsels, came to Emeline. So that gracious head had bent to her; so, doubtless, to others. Might Jessie be the last? Was she, after all, so sure that he loved Jessie with all the strength he had for loving? Was it just for her to keep silent, to hazard Jessie's welfare on the chance, to try the doubtful venture if there were power enough in that young girl's clean hands to hold him and help him and save him at last, when a brief word, a swiftly told story, and Mrs. Warehurst would put an end to all, nor suffer her daughter's life-long happiness to encounter the risk of wreck among such shallows and quicksands? Emeline was too weary to lie awake a second night with her trouble; it only came to her in disjointed and fearful dreams, and woke with her, and kept with her all day, and day after day. Which was her duty—to be quiet, or to tell her tale and let the responsibility leave her own shoulders for others? If she were going to tell it at all, it should be quickly—ere the preparations reached such a height that mortified pride might mildew any harvest of the truth. Which was her duty—to tell her tale and rescue Jessie from possible injury, or to hold her peace and let Devlin's good angels, if he had any, work with his wife for his salvation? Emeline could not decide—at one moment the marriage seemed a mockery and a sacrilege to Jessie, at another its prevention seemed eternal ruin to Devlin.

And thus the trouble drifted in Emeline's mind, only slowly and more slowly, and always painfully, setting toward the fact that the truth must be told, and the consequences left in the hands of God; that it would not do for Jessie that things should take their course; that she should marry Devlin at the cost of certain sorrow to herself, at the mere chance of bettering him—it was like sacrificing an angel on an

earthly altar. And yet, was sorrow the worst thing in the world? had she not heard that it was better to be plowed with a harrow than to remain a hard, unbroken clod? Was the good in this life not born of sorrow? Sorrow, of some kind, must she not know, being mortal? and was this worse than another? Might she not, marrying him, lead him upward so insensibly that she would never discern the evil in him? But, on the other hand, in the children of future years the stains of a father's nature must be brought to light; and there might be a bitterer sorrow to be borne than all the rest. Whether it were want of courage to speak with Mrs. Warehurst, want of will to do it, or want of power to arrive at a decision, Emeline still waited, and stitched, and looked about her in the intervals, taking observations from a new point of view; for suddenly some gleam of light, or else some inspiration—the shock, perhaps, felt on finding that Jessie had no instinct of truth able, like Ithuriel's spear, to detect the evil thing—had made it seem worth while to test this maiden, of whom she had imagined so much, to be sure that she was altogether lovely to the core, and not a mere outside of beauty only unflecked because no wasp had ever touched it. Before she abandoned Devlin to the lonely fate to which he had once abandoned her, she would see if Jessie were so utterly unfit for him by reason of ascribed perfection, or if she were not omnipotent enough in that perfection to encounter every chance successfully. Providence must help her to some clew to it all—and she prayed and waited.

Sometimes, when the prim and proper aunt was in the sewing-room, the young girls who visited in the house came and sat down there, and handled the pretty garments, and took a needle for a little while themselves. Emeline liked to have them; it was like being outdoors among the flowers and birds and bees when this parcel of gay, glad things laughed and chirped and chattered among the frills and laces. Emeline never remembered then that she was a young thing too; she was not, she was a mature and weary woman, and they were beings of another world than hers. They were too innocuous and merry — perhaps, indeed, too good-natured—ever to taunt Emeline, in any shadowy manner, of what was past with her, ever to worry her with questions, much as they might wonder at the silent and mysterious thing plying her needle from dawn till dark, and concerning whose history doubtless each one of them knew all that had ever been told; but many a heedless word of theirs cut Emeline to the quick. And something that pained Emeline more than any words that could be said was to catch sight of the clew to which Providence was helping her, and to find that Jessie, this radiant creature whose whiteness had once pointed a contrast with her own vileness, and ever since had done the same, whose beauty was so dazzling that it made an aureole of holiness about her to the beholder's eye, might, after all, be only like that fair-skinned fruit which is at the heart nothing but a pinch of dust. Possibly less frivolous than the others—possibly not more kind-hearted, but better bred—yet it was not good for one who had followed her with a sort of adoration to see now the trifling pleasure that she took in these wedding garments; to see that she was not entering marriage as a sacrament of great mysteries with the Creator, as a state of lofty emotion and sacred experience, but as a career of freedom and pleasure and fine clothes. A young girl, for instance, was allowed no such toilets as these the bride should wear, nor such jewels shedding light as if from inner sources of flame. She arrayed herself in them, and turned and twisted before the glass like any common school-girl, and rubbed the bloom off herself in Emeline's fancy so much that Emeline could see that it would not have been of the slightest consequence to her if she had known she did.

Yet, she was assuredly a beautiful thing, in that shimmer of satin, that frost of lace, and all the glow of the great white-hearted diamonds around her throat and in her hair, standing there and smiling at the enchanting vision in the glass that smiled back at her. So Devlin thought, most likely, at first glance, being beckoned into the room by Mrs. Warehurst, after a hasty word of preparation to the rest, and stealing up to slip an arm about her; when suddenly his eye caught that of Emeline's—Emeline stiffened, if not prepared, by Mrs. Warehurst's exclamation; but dark and pale, and her heart almost ceasing to beat—and at the sight of this death's-head at his feast, startled into gazing a moment, then he shuddered out of the room without a word; while Jessie, seeing his reflection in the glass, and forgetful of her frippery and all else, flew after him in a terror, lest sudden illness had overtaken him—leaving Emeline to regain unheeded the composure she had lost, but no one had missed.

When Emeline, in the dead of the night, thought of that scene, it argued to her that Devlin had not yet lost all sensibility—that, therefore, he was not past saving. That in Jessie, even were she stripped of all the impossible perfections with which her own diseased imagination had once gilded her, there was yet enough to lift him to a level he had never trodden—and it might be that no such sacrifice as she had dreaded was involved.

It was three weeks yet before the wedding; and the sewing was all done. That was Emeline's device; in her idolatry, when first going to the house, she determined that there should be a season, ere the wedding, when gauds and gewgaws should be out of sight and out of mind, and other better things should have their day; she had thought then that that would be a pleasant thing to Jessie; afterward she meant to have it so perforce; and she had risen in the night, unknown, and finished many a piece of work, to have her way. On the morrow now, she would go back, out of the splendor and the

bustle, to her lonely, dreary room—lonelier and drearier it seemed to her now than ever. If she were going to tell Mrs. Warehurst the secret she had to tell, she must speak to-night or else be silent for all the future: in the three weeks yet to come it was unlikely that there would ever be a better chance than at the moment when Mrs. Warehurst sent for her to the drawing-room, to pay her at her desk there, for her months of work, and take her receipt for the same.

It was a tempestuous evening, with one of the fierce and sudden September gales of the region, working havoc in the gardens, lashing the branches against the casements, and howling round the house like an army of angry spirits, before which all flesh was powerless—a shivering night that made one think of malignant things abroad and at their work.

A gay group of the girls, whose numbers were always full with fresh arrivals, was in the great front drawing-room, clustered round the hearth on which, more for cheer than warmth, a handful of pine knots had been kindled, and was now sending fitful flashes to dance about the alcoves and ceilings, and in among the heavy pieces of dark and polished furniture, a century old. They were telling each other such ghost stories as they happened to remember, or were able to invent, and had wrought their blood into a curdling condition before Devlin and Frank Warehurst, Jessie's cousin, came in from the billiard-room.

Mrs. Warehurst had sent for Emeline to come down to the back drawing-room, which was, in fact, that rather methodical lady's peculiar apartment for the transaction of any business: a silken screen—the dim lamp lighting the desk, but no more—partially obscuring them, while none of the laughing tribe in the other room gave a thought or glance in that direction as Emeline wrote her signature, and took the money which Mrs. Warehurst handed her, and was folding it up before she realized that it was five times the stipulated amount, and was a sum to be laid away for a bulwark against the want of any dark day. Then she suddenly turned with wide, wet eyes, flushed checks, and parted lips. "No, no, my child," said Mrs. Warehurst, gently; "it is quite right. I want my daughter's marriage to be an occasion for you to remember. If you put this sum at interest, some day it will buy you a little cottage. No, indeed, you must not thank me any more," as Emeline's quivering lips opened again; "you have earned it; the work could not have been bought for the sum—"

"Oh," said Emeline, "how kind you are to me! You are kind to every one! I never knew what a mother can be till I saw you with her! And she deserves it—so good—so lovely—"

"Yes," said Mrs. Warehurst, warming a little at these natural expressions of emotion from the girl whose hand her pure and haughty blood could never let her bring herself to touch; "my child is all the world to me. An only child is apt to be. See!" said she, with a sudden impulse. "Here is a handkerchief of hers, and it shall be yours for a keepsake." She paused then, regretting her words, and yet the little shred of lace and linen might be a talisman some day to keep the girl from a temptation, and she put it into her hands.

"How kind you are!" repeated Emeline, dissolving in tears; "and I must pay you so poorly." And she bent to kiss the fingers; but they had been withdrawn—for those were not the lips to press Mrs. Warehurst's white hand; and just then there came a peal on the hall bell that rang through the rooms, and rattled in the rafters, followed by a blast of the tempest, shaking the very house, and making the chimneys groan. There was a shriek, of course, from the giddy girls about the hearth in the other room, and a burst of laughter, and then listening, followed by a patter of questions and wonderment, till the door opened, and old John appeared, holding in his arms a parcel, which he set upon the table, having first spread a paper beneath, for the parcel was wet with the rain.

"Indeed, miss," said he, "when I answered that fireman's peal there was no one at the door at all, and nothing but this bundle, dripping with the wet."

"The express man," said Frank; "of course he didn't wait in the rain."

"Another wedding present, Jessie!" cried the chorus.

"I suppose so," said Jessie, eagerly. "Bring some scissors, John, please. Oh, thank you!" as the old servant, with his jack-knife, ripped up the slight covering, stretched tent-wise across an open wicker basket, and then started back in dismay to see the injury his knife might have done, while taking with him a sheet of cotton-wool, and disclosing another one beneath, where lay a little, rosy, sleeping baby.

With the cry of surprise and anger that came from Jessie Warehurst's lips—unmistakable anger, whether that of disappointment, or bewilderment, or of interpretation of the affair as an insult to her house and name—the child opened its eyes, not as some children wake, in terror and tears, but with a smile that might have melted any one's heart, and lifting both its little, dimpled, naked arms toward her. Certainly it touched Jessie, in the midst of her anger; for the water sprang to her eyes, partly in pity, and partly in a vague, wild fear. "The poor thing!" she exclaimed; "the poor thing! Deserted by its dreadful parents—a little bunch of sin. Oh, how can people be so bad!" And she hid her face in her hands to shut out the sight of it.

"What is it? Pray what is all this?" asked Mrs. Warehurst, hastening to the scene of outcries and exclamations, from which the young girls were retreating, in a huddle, to the fireplace, and Jessie with them.

"Left at the door, ma'am—a foundling," said John, respectfully. "Some love-child that

its mother seeks a good home for, and drops it on your door-stone, and pulls the bell, and runs;" adding his mite of pleading for the little object whose helplessness already touched his old affections.

Mrs. Warehurst bent over the basket—a new one, that might have been purchased at any corner store—seeking something by which to trace or identify the child, cooing and gurgling to itself, before disturbing it; but there were no words, no clothing, and absolutely nothing there, save the strip of new cloth that had covered the basket, and the cotton-wool.

"Poor little dear!" said Mrs. Warehurst, as the child grasped her finger; "I suppose it has no right in the world; a poor little wretch with shame for its birth-right"—saying, perhaps, more than she would have said just there if Emeline had not been at hand to profit by the occasion.

Jessie was trembling in every limb, as she stood holding on the mantle-shelf, by Devlin's side. "Oh, we never came so near such evil before!" she cried.

"It is nothing but the consequence of having Emeline here sewing," said the aunt, ignorant or regardless who heard her in the next room; "the people think if we forgive one, we will another."

"Oh, mamma!" cried Jessie; "it makes the house dark; it seems to fill it full of wickedness and horror. It makes me creep; it makes me feel as if there were a great crime among us! Oh, send the loathsome little thing away!"

"Certainly," said the aunt, beginning to bustle about; "no one would dream of any thing else. Certainly; we shall dispatch it to the alms-house directly!"

"Why," murmured Mrs. Warehurst, "I hardly—hardly like to do so; for—it is such a pretty baby—and it seems as though it had been sent here—"

"By sinful wretches!" exclaimed her sister.

"And I'm sure John's wife would be glad—"

"Indeed she would, ma'am," answered John.

"Mamma!" ejaculated Jessie, perfectly white and faint, and forgetting that Devlin or any others were in the room, for the instant. "You won't think of keeping it? You can't! It would drive me wild! I should feel it always like something unclean in the house—I should shudder every time I heard it cry! Every time I saw it it would make me remember all the sin and sorrow in the world—would make me feel as though I were a part of it!"

"Be quiet, Jessie," said her mother, gently. "This is nothing to excite you so—a helpless baby."

"But it turns me sick with the disgust of it! It makes me afraid! Oh, I can not endure it! Don't you see how I am shaking? I don't know why. You must send the poor miserable thing away—you must, mamma!" And she was flinging herself out of Devlin's arms, and rocking to and fro on the ottoman in the recess, in an hysteric of sobs and tears.

"Of course, of course, my child," Mrs. Warehurst hastened to say—"if you will be still—of course. John shall put the filly in at once. Never mind the storm, John; the poor-house is only a mile away; and I have no doubt they will take the proper care—" She paused in a horror of astonishment, as Devlin swiftly drew Jessie further into the shadow of the great chimney-jambs—not seeing Devlin, but only Emeline, who glided down the room, and lifted the child and threw her apron round it; while it commenced, with the strength of its six months, to jump and crow in her arms.

For, standing alone in the dim obscurity of the unlighted room, listening, wondering, while the scene went on before her, Emeline had remembered that, five minutes since, Mrs. Warehurst said her child was all the world to her: and the thought had leaped into Emeline's mind, like sudden sunshine into gloom, that this child, rejected by the rest, might possibly be all the world to her, might be something to live for, to work for, to love—to love, and to love her back again. And all at once, in a tumult of fear, lest being abandoned to the town authorities it should pass beyond her reach forever, she found herself able to enter that room where Devlin was, to pass him, to be untouched by his nearness, to forget even that that dark and slender shape trembling in the dusk was his, and that he had ever been more to her than any passing shadow. "No, Mrs. Warehurst," said Emeline, in her clear low voice. "I was a child in that alms-house myself. This one can not go there while my hands have strength to work for him. If you can not take him, I will. God made you give me, a little while ago, the means to make it easier. I can teach this little child to care for me—there is no one in all the world who does. I shall have some one to love me, some one to love me!" said Emeline, with a glowing face, as beautiful that moment as a saint's. "God gives it to me!" said she. "A sign, a seal of his forgiveness—because I have suffered so!" and loving him already she hid her face against the little child, who seized her hair in both his tiny fists and laughed and leaped in pleasure at the warmth and the caress.

No one else spoke for a moment. Jessie could hear Devlin's heart plunging with a slow heavy stroke, as he stooped over her in the dark recess; if she thought of it at all, it was only to consider it a mark of sympathy with her own distress, never to imagine the burden of remorse, the fear of detection, the agitation at confronting the ghost of an old unbridled passion, with which it labored so.

"Emeline," said Mrs. Warehurst, driven behind the breast-works of her severity perhaps by an assaulting conscience, "I can not expect you to shrink from contact with such things, as my daughter does."

"I used to think your daughter perfect too, Mrs. Warehurst," said Emeline, pausing on her way, and her back turned to all the oth-

ers. "But if she had been she would have seized the chance to save this child from the sin there is always in the world, and not have left it to such as I to do. She is so perfect to look at, I should have liked to think her too perfect to imagine evil so clearly. She did me once so great a service—so great a service—though she never knew it, that I thank her with my whole soul, and I pray that her heart may soften before little children of her own shall come to find it so hard a place!" And with her eyes open at last to see that water finds its level, and Jessie was equal to her fate, and that not a word from her concerning Devlin was needed, and scarcely any longer aware even of the presence of the man in person, while her heart was warm and bubbling with joy and thankfulness, she passed quietly from the room.

"It is only her natural instincts," said the aunt, complacently, recovering from her amazement before the door had closed behind Emeline. "How can she recoil from the neighborhood of evil the way our Jessie does?"

"It is the difference between the two hearts!" said Mrs. Warehurst.

And for my part, I think it was.

II.

And so, half a dozen years later, Jessie Devlin, sitting in sackcloth and ashes, had come to think for herself—had come to think through a process like the disintegration of a flint, were the flint but sentient, a process turning all her substance to the enrichment of the region round her: and, in coming to think that thing, perhaps the difference between the two hearts had lessened, so that any vivid emotion might make them part and parcel with each other.

There had been children born to Devlin's wife in those half-dozen years—two of them. She had not desired the first; she had not welcomed it; life was pleasant enough to Jessie in that first year of her marriage, adored and adoring, without bringing into it a burden for every moment of the day and night, a burden that must rob her of many an hour with Devlin, many a stroll and ride, of half her gayeties of opera and ball and the wonderful new city life, that must cling and never leave her thoughts elastic and free again. She did not care greatly for the child till she saw that Devlin did, and till, with the touches of its own little hands upon her breast, it groped its way into that hard heart, and began to soften it through the sunshine of its presence there; and after that she did not know how she had loved the child—selfishly, indeed, and as a part of herself, but still tenderly—till it lay dead and cold before her before half of its first year had closed. As if in answer to the yearning grief that implored for the pressure of those little arms again, her other baby came—longed for and prayed for, ere its birth, so keenly that Jessie understood what before had seemed mere jargon when one had said there was no music in the world, to any mother's ears, like that first cry with which a little being wails its way into the world.

Many a time after Jessie had laid her first-born under the sod did remembrance of that stormy September night before her bridal recur to her; and the sight of the laughing, dimpled baby that she would have sent out into the storm but for Emeline rose like an accusing angel, denouncing her merciless nature. Every day she meant to send and see about that child; but every day brought other things to fill her time and thoughts.

For they were days, by that time, that her husband did not make any brighter for Jessie—since Devlin was but fulfilling the promise of his youth—by no means curtailing his pleasures because his wife could no longer share them, but merely, being at liberty in that regard at last, changing their character to one that she could not at any time have shared. He used to say that his wife was so innocent as to be incapable of pity or forgiveness, he had discovered: so good as to be inhuman; and, for his part, he loved the society of his kind. So he sought that society, and kept it, and days and nights were often solitary and sad stretches of suffering to Jessie.

But in all her amazement and grieving over this she found a species of compensation in her child, a splendid, violet-eyed cherub, full of life and love and laughter—the image of his father, perhaps, before temptation had tainted him. She relied on him some day to bring back that father to the holiness of home, thinking, in her unsuspicion, that Devlin had always been before marriage what he seemed in that first year of it, ignorant that he was but returning to his wallow. Always with that end in view, she became wrapped in the boy, her little apostle, who had such work to do! Her very breath seemed to hang on his, she trembled or reposed as the color came or went in his cheeks; and if the possibility that she might lose him flashed across her it made the whole world seem a dark and cruel place, full of evil and oppression against which she was powerless. Often when she bent over his crib at night, and kissed the great, rosy limbs he had thrust out from his laced and silken coverlets, she thought of Emeline and the child she had taken to illuminate her wretched home with love, and desired then to see her and assist her and confess her own fault. But she had not been at home since the second year of her marriage; for the little burgh of Warehurst had now no attractions for Devlin, and Jessie would not go alone, since, in the battle waged against her, she was not willing to give her enemy the advantage of her absence from the scene. When her mother went home from her visits, though—visits growing less frequent as Jessie's need of them grew more bitter, since, for all her need, she would not expose to any the dark places of her life—she had sent Emeline sewing and gifts and good wishes; and year by year, receiving these, Emeline understood them, and felt that nature had been work-

ing with Jessie sternly but to fair ends, and found all her old idolatry returning on her.

One day this boy of Jessie's, who could toddle round alone now, ran into the dining-room where his father sat, his mother having been some time before dismissed from table, according to a foreign fashion aped by Devlin. No one ever knew all that happened there. Whether the boy teased the father or disobeyed him, whether it were in a fit that he fell, or at a blow —whatever it was, if it was the latter it was not Devlin but absinthe that struck the child—and Jessie, hearing the fall, and darting to the spot, carried out a little form that, insensible from concussion of the brain, left her arms only for the final casket. Within the twelvemonth she became a widow: her heart was as empty as her arms, and her life desolate.

"You were too good for me, Jessie," said Devlin, dying. "God would not let you be dragged down to my level; perhaps I shall be fitter in some future—" And grown to be content now with small things, the few words solaced Jessie for much she had endured, and made a long existence less dreary than it would have been without them; for they seemed to her signs of the knowledge of better things than he had followed, and she believed that God would give him to her, purified and stronger, in another world. She had rather he were dead than living the life he had been leading; she had rather her children lay beside him than grow to develop the germs that a father's sins might have implanted, that a mother's aid might have given them no strength to destroy. "I had a hard and selfish heart. I had no right to bring children into the world to inherit such an evil. I do not know how far it helped in the ruin of my husband," she said. But, for all that, the heart agonized after children and husband—no longer hard, since it could mourn so; no longer selfish, since for its own satisfaction it desired back nothing that had been taken away.

Jessie still kept her home in the city, in the lofty and spacious mansion, peopled only by ghosts, and where her silent footfalls echoed behind her, so great was the hush, for there was a sort of fascination to her in the scene of all her troubles. Troubles or not, it was there, she thought, that she had really begun to live, that she had broken through the splendid shell of her youth, and entered into the mutual life of all creation. She read the fable of Undine with a new comprehension: to her also marriage had given a soul. But the loneliness of the house was something appalling—appalling in the night when she woke out of dreams with her children's voices ringing in her ears, and found the dead, still vacancy; and she went to Warehurst one day to see if the home there could not be transferred to the city house.

But that might not be. The mother and aunt were too old for transplanting; their root was struck too deep in the ancestral place, and Jessie was to go as she had come.

She went down, one summer afternoon before departure, to see Emeline, her pretext of work in her hand. She had long since ceased to think that there was any pollution in that presence or that touch; and as she sat there explaining her wishes, one word led to another, and she had told the other of her contrition, something of her grief, much of her loneliness, all her longing. "Oh, Emeline," she said, "the child you have was sent to me! If I had only taken the trust, if I had only taken the boy and left him with my mother, I should have him now—I should not be so utterly alone to-day." As she spoke she glanced up at the open window, and there, swinging in a hammock of the wild smilax that had been strongly twined from bough to bough, the roguish face of a six-years-old boy, framed in close-curling yellow locks, and in a glory of the late afternoon sunshine, was peering in upon her—but little older than her own child would have been had he lived; and she gazed back in a long, forgetful gaze.

But as Emeline listened to those words something turned her pale and cold. What Jessie said was true, she knew; the child had been sent to her, Providence had meant it for her, but yet—

She turned and looked at him herself, and he met the glance with such a broad, true smile of honest love upon his happy face that her heart leaped now, as it always did, to see it and to feel it. Down what a depth of desolation and despair that heart dropped again with the recurring thought! "Oh, why do you come here to torture me?" she cried. And then, at Jessie's wondering look, gathering her faculties to their old self-denying pitch, and bethinking herself of all she might deprive the boy if she thought of herself, "Do you mean," said she, "that if you had him now you would bring him up as a Devlin, educated, respected, well started in the world, as your son?"

"I will educate him any way, Emeline," said Jessie, simply, with no idea of what was struggling in Emeline's heart and soul, "if you will let me—if you will give me back that little share in him."

Then Emeline looked up at her, at the sweet, pale, chastened face, with the golden hair beneath the widow's cap around it—the tremulous lips, the tearful eyes; and, with the glance, she remembered and felt anew all that that face had been to her. Was there any thing she could deny Jessie Warehurst—deny Jessie Devlin?

"He is yours—he is yours!" she whispered; "absolutely yours! Take him. Only take him at once, before I can repent, before I have time to think that all my sunshine goes with him."

"And without you?" said Jessie.

So it came to pass that shortly after Jessie's return to town the key of Emeline's rooms was surrendered, her little property disposed of, and she and her boy had disappeared from Warehurst; while a quiet, dark-eyed woman, singularly young in face for one with hair so gray as hers, moved up and down in Jessie's home on

as equal terms with Jessie as any one not the mistress of the house could be; and a healthy, happy boy romped among the rooms as unawed by all their splendor as though he had been born to them—a boy who had no mother in the world, though two guardian angels spread their wings between him and all harm. Shadows never fell into that home from the day those two people entered it. It was a perfectly harmonious place, where every thing was in tune; for though Emeline had not Jessie's accomplishments, yet the habits of the high-bred households where she had worked had formed her language and her manners, and her sorrows had matured her mind to a wisdom that supplied deficiencies. Sometimes a sort of twilight, yet not quite a shadow, spread there when the maiden aunt brought her severe austerity on a visit to the town; and, while coldly civil, contrived to express what she considered a merited contempt for the companion of her niece—a contempt which Emeline humbly received as merited indeed, but nevertheless felt thankful and relieved when its giver had departed, and the mild and gentle Mrs. Warehurst had arrived in her stead. But whether approving or disapproving, they kept the secret, and none in the little burgh knew what had become of Emeline and her boy, or ever suspected that Mrs. Devlin's adopted son had any such ignominious origin as Emeline's. A quiet and subdued happiness reigned beneath that roof. The two women, so young in years and yet so old in griefs, had each their sacred memories, unbreathed, and forever to remain unbreathed, even to each other. But a single thing occupied their hearts and thoughts in the present—a single love in which they had absolute communion; and they lived absorbed in the boy—the boy, often wild and wayward in his advancing years, with the moods of depression and fits of exuberant joyousness that a child born as he was born could hardly be without, but always controlled and led by the affection that surrounded him, and that proceeded from two hearts now grown into one.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

IX.—THE CAMPAIGN OF MORAVIA.

IT was on the 11th of November, 1741, that Frederick, elated with his conquest of Silesia, had returned to Berlin. In commencing the enterprise he had said, "Ambition, interest, and the desire to make the world speak of me, vanquished all, and war was determined on." He had, indeed, succeeded in making the "world speak" of him. He had suddenly become the most prominent man in Europe. Some extolled his exploits. Some expressed amazement at his perfidy. Many, recognizing his sagacity, and his tremendous energy, sought his alliance. Embassadors from the various courts of Europe crowded his capital. Fourteen sovereign princes, with many foreigners of the highest rank, were counted among the number. The king was in high spirits. While studiously maturing his plans for the future, he assumed the air of a thoughtless man of fashion, and dazzled the eyes and bewildered the minds of his guests with feasts and pageants.

On the 7th of January, 1742, Frederick's eldest brother, William Augustus, was married to Louisa Amelia, a younger sister of the king's neglected wife, Elizabeth. The king himself graced the festival, in gorgeous attire, and very successfully plied all his wonderful arts of fascination. "He appeared," says Bielfeld, "so young, so gay, so graceful, that I could not have refrained from loving him, even if he had been a stranger."

But, in the midst of these scenes of gayety, the king was contemplating the most complicated combinations of diplomacy. Europe was apparently thrown into a state of chaos. It was Frederick's one predominant thought to see what advantages he could secure to Prussia from the general wreck and ruin. Lord Macaulay, speaking of these scenes, says:

"The selfish rapacity of the king of Prussia gave the signal to his neighbors. His example quieted their sense of shame. The whole world sprang to arms. On the head of Frederick is all the blood which was shed in a war which raged during many years, and in every quarter of the globe—the blood of the column of Fontenoy, the blood of the brave mountaineers who were slaughtered at Culloden. The evils produced by this wickedness were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown. In order that he might rob a neighbor whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the great lakes of North America."

As we have stated, Frederick had declared that if any rumor should be spread abroad of the fact that he had entered into a secret treaty with Austria, he would deny it, and would no longer pay any regard to its stipulations. He had adopted the precaution not to affix his signature to any paper. By this ignoble stratagem he had obtained Neisse and Silesia. The rumor of the secret treaty had gone abroad. He had denied it. And now, in accordance with the principles of his peculiar code of honor, he felt himself at liberty to pursue any course which policy might dictate.

Frederick, in his *Histoire de mon Temps*, states that, in the negotiations which at this time took place in Berlin, France pressed the king to bring forward his armies into vigorous co-operation; that England exhorted him to make peace with Austria; that Spain solicited his alliance in her warfare against England; that

Denmark implored his counsel as to the course it was wise for that kingdom to pursue; that Sweden entreated his aid against Russia; that Russia besought his good offices to make peace with the court at Stockholm; and that the German empire, anxious for peace, entreated him to put an end to those troubles which were convulsing all Europe.

The probable object of the Austrian court in revealing the secret treaty of Schnellendorf was to set Frederick and France at variance. Frederick, much exasperated, not only denied the treaty, but professed increased devotion to the interests of Louis XV. The allies, consisting of France, Prussia, Bavaria, and Saxony, now combined to wrest Moravia from Maria Theresa, and annex it to Saxony. This province, governed by a marquis, was a third larger than the State of Massachusetts, and contained a population of about a million and a half. Moravia bounded Silesia on the south. Frederick made a special treaty with the king of Saxony, that the southern boundary of Silesia should be a full German mile, which was between four and five English miles, beyond the line of the river Neisse. With Frederick's usual promptitude, he insisted that commissioners should be immediately sent to put down the boundary stones. France was surprised that the king of Saxony should have consented to the surrender of so important a strip of his territory.

Frederick paid but little regard to his allies, save as he could make them subservient to the accomplishment of his purposes. He pushed his troops forward many leagues south into Moravia, and occupied the important posts of Troppau, Friedenthal, and Olmütz. These places were seized the latter part of December. The king hoped thus to be able, early in the spring, to carry the war to the gates of Vienna.

On the 18th of January, 1742, Frederick visited Dresden, to confer with Augustus III., king of Poland, who was also elector of Saxony, and whose realms were to be increased by the annexation of Moravia. His Polish majesty was a weak man, entirely devoted to pleasure. His irresolute mind, subjected to the dominant energies of the Prussian king, was as clay in the hands of the potter.

"You are now," said Frederick, "by consent of the allies, king of Moravia. Now is the time, now or never, to become so in fact. Push forward your Saxon troops. The Austrian forces are weak in that country. At Iglau, just over the border from Austria, there is a large magazine of military stores, which can easily be seized. Urge forward your troops. The French will contribute strong divisions. I will join you with twenty thousand men. We can at once take possession of Moravia, and perhaps march directly on to Vienna."

Frederick, in describing this interview, writes: "Augustus answered *yes* to every thing, with an air of being convinced, joined to a look of great *ennui*. Count Brühl,[1] whom this interview displeased, interrupted it by announcing to his majesty that the Opera was about to commence. Ten kingdoms to conquer would not have kept the king of Poland a minute longer. He went, therefore, to the Opera; and the king of Prussia obtained at once, in spite of those who opposed it, a final decision."[2]

The next morning, in the intense cold of midwinter, Frederick set out several hours before daylight for the city of Prague, which the French and Bavarians had captured on the 25th of November. Declining all polite attentions, for business was urgent, he eagerly sought M. De Séchelles, the renowned head of the commissariat department, and made arrangements with him to perform the extremely difficult task of supplying the army with food in a winter's campaign.

The next morning, at an early hour, he again dashed off to the east, toward Glatz, a hundred miles distant, where a portion of the Prussian troops were in cantonments, under the young prince Leopold. Within a week he had ridden over seven hundred miles, commencing his journey every morning as early as four o'clock, and doing a vast amount of business by the way.

It will be remembered that, in the note which M. Valori accidentally dropped, and which Frederick furtively obtained, the minister was instructed by the French court not to give up Glatz to the Prussian king, if he could possibly avoid it. But Frederick had now seized the city, and the region around, by force of arms, and held them with a gripe not to be relaxed. Glatz was a Catholic town. In the convent there was an image of the Virgin, whose tawdry robes had become threadbare and faded. The wife of the Austrian commandant had promised the Virgin a new dress if she would keep the Prussians out of the city. Frederick heard of this. As he took possession of the city, with grim humor he assured the Virgin that she should not lose in consequence of the favor she had shown the Prussians. New and costly garments were immediately provided for her at the expense of the Prussian king.

On the 26th of January, Frederick set out from Glatz, with a strong cortége, for Olmütz, far away to the southeast. This place his troops

[1] Count Brühl was, for many years, the first minister of the king. He was a weak, extravagant man, reveling in voluptuousness. His decisions could always be controlled by an ample bribe. His sole object seemed to be his own personal luxurious indulgence. "Public affairs," he said, "will carry themselves on, provided we do not trouble ourselves about them."

Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, in his letters from Dresden, writes: "Now, as every thing of every kind, from the highest affairs of the state down to operas and hunting, are all in count Brühl's immediate care, I leave you to judge how his post is executed. His expenses are immense. He keeps three hundred servants and as many horses. It is said, and I believe it, that he takes money for every thing the king disposes of in Poland, where they frequently have very great employments to bestow."

[2] *Histoire de mon Temps.*

had occupied for a month past. His route led through a chain of mountains, whose bleak and dreary defiles were clogged with drifted snow, and swept by freezing gales. It was a dreadful march, accompanied by many disasters and much suffering.

General Stille, one of the aids of Frederick on this expedition, says, that the king with his retinue, mounted and in carriages, pushed forward the first day to Landskron. "It was," he writes, "such a march as I never witnessed before. Through the ice and through the snow, which covered that dreadful chain of mountains between Böhmen and Mähren, we did not arrive till very late. Many of our carriages were broken down, and others were overturned more than once."[1]

Frederick, ever regardless of fatigue and exposure for himself, never spared his followers. It was after midnight of the 28th when the weary column, frost-bitten, hungry, and exhausted, reached Olmütz. The king was hospitably entertained in the fine palace of the Catholic bishop, "a little, gouty man," writes Stille, "about fifty-two years of age, with a countenance open and full of candor."

Orders had been issued for all the Prussian troops to be rendezvoused, by the 5th of February, at Wischau. They were then to march immediately about seventy-five miles west, to Trebitsch, which was but a few miles south of Iglau, the point of attack. Here they were to join the French and Saxon troops. The force thus concentrated would amount to twenty-four thousand Prussian troops, twenty thousand Saxons, and five thousand French horsemen. With this army—forty-nine thousand strong—Frederick was to advance, by one short day's march, upon Iglau, where the Austrian garrison amounted to but ten thousand men.

In the mean time, on the 24th of January, Charles Albert, king of Bavaria, through the intrigues of the French minister and the diplomacy of Frederick, was chosen emperor of Germany. This election Frederick regarded as a great triumph on his part. It was the signal defeat of Austria. Very few of the sons of Adam have passed a more joyless and dreary earthly pilgrimage than was the fortune of Charles Albert. At the time of his election he was forty-five years of age, of moderate stature, polished manners, and merely ordinary abilities. He was suffering from a complication of the most painful disorders. His previous life had been but a series of misfortunes, and during all the rest of his days he was assailed by the storms of adversity. In death alone he found refuge from a life almost without a joy.

Charles Albert, who took the title of "the emperor Charles VII.," was the son of Maximilian, king of Bavaria, who was ruined at Blenheim, and who, being placed under the ban of the empire, lived for many years a pensioner upon the charity of Louis XIV. Charles was then but seven years of age, a prince by birth, yet homeless, friendless, and in poverty. With varying fortunes, he subsequently married a daughter of the emperor Joseph. She was a cousin of Maria Theresa. Upon the death of his father, in 1726, Charles Albert became king of Bavaria; but he was involved in debt beyond all hope of extrication. The intrigues of Frederick placed upon his wan and wasted brow the imperial crown of Germany. The coronation festivities took place at Frankfort, with great splendor, on the 12th of February, 1742.

Wilhelmina, who was present, gives a graphic account, with her vivacious pen, of many of the scenes, both tragic and comic, which ensued.

"Of the coronation itself," she writes, "though it was truly grand, I will say nothing. The poor emperor could not enjoy it much. He was dying of gout, and other painful diseases, and could scarcely stand upon his feet. He spends most of his time in bed, courting all manner of German princes. He has managed to lead my margraf into a foolish bargain about raising men for him, which bargain I, on fairly getting sight of it, persuade my margraf to back out of; and, in the end, he does so. The emperor had fallen so ill he was considered even in danger of his life. Poor prince! What a lot he had achieved for himself!"

While these coronation splendors were transpiring, Frederick was striving, with all his characteristic enthusiasm, to push forward his Moravian campaign to a successful issue. Inspired by as tireless energies as ever roused a human heart, he was annoyed beyond measure by the want of efficient co-operation on the part of his less zealous allies. Neither the Saxons nor the French could keep pace with his impetuosity. The princes who led the Saxon troops, the petted sons of kings and nobles, were loth to abandon the luxurious indulgences to which they had been accustomed. When they arrived at a capacious castle where they found warm fires, an abundant larder, and sparkling wines, they would linger there many days, decidedly preferring those comforts to campaigning through the blinding, smothering snow-storm, and bivouacking on the bleak and icy plains, swept by the gales of a northern winter. The French were equally averse to these terrible marches, far more to be dreaded than the battle-field.

Frederick remonstrated, argued, implored; but all in vain. He was not disposed to allow considerations of humanity, regard for suffering or life, to stand in the way of his ambitious plans. For two months, from February 5, when Frederick rendezvoused the Prussians at Wischau, until April 5, he found himself, to his excessive chagrin, unable to accomplish any thing of moment, in consequence of the lukewarmness of his allies. He was annoyed almost beyond endurance. It was indeed important, in a military point of view, that there should be an immediate march upon Iglau. It was cer-

[1] *Campagnes de le Roi de Prusse*, p. 5.

THE YOUNG LORDS OF SAXONY ON A WINTER CAMPAIGN.

tain that the Austrians, forewarned, would soon remove their magazines, or destroy them. The utmost expedition was essential to the success of the enterprise.

The young officers in the Saxon army, having disposed their troops in comfortable barracks, had established their own head-quarters in the magnificent castle of Budischau, in the vicinity of Trebitsch. "Nothing like this superb mansion," writes Stille, "is to be seen except in theatres, on the drop scene of the enchanted castle." Here these young lords made themselves very comfortable. They had food in abundance, luxuriously served, with the choicest wines. Roaring fires in huge stoves converted, within the walls, winter into genial summer. Here these pleasure-loving nobles, with song, and wine, and cards, and such favorites, male and female, as they carried with them, loved to linger.

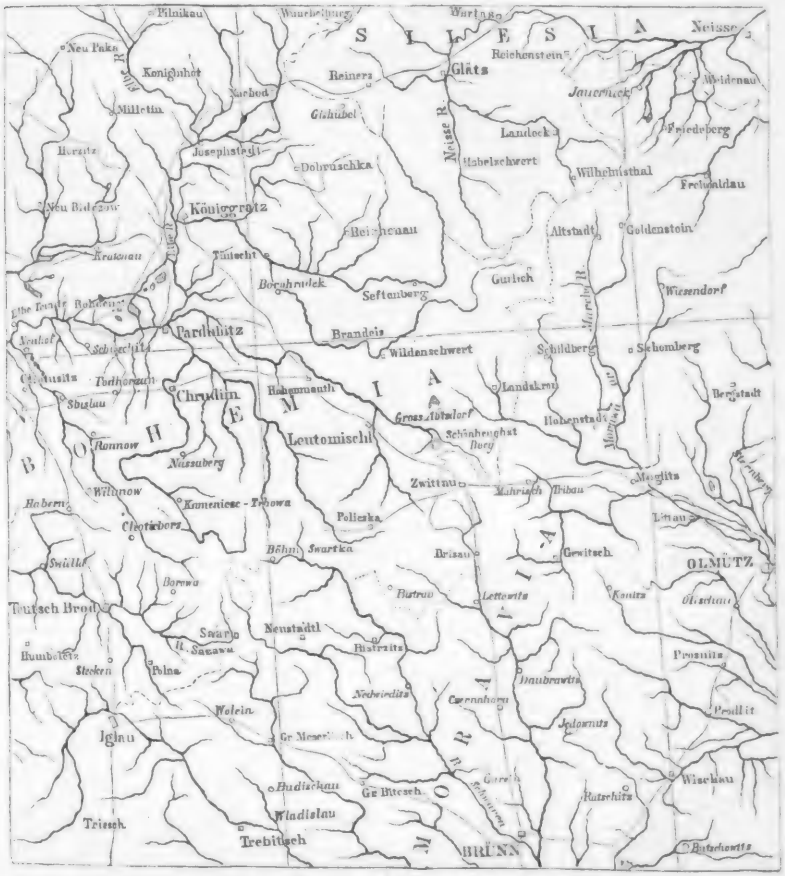
At length, however, Frederick succeeded in pushing forward a detachment of his army to seize the magazines and the post he so greatly coveted. The troops marched all night. Toward morning, almost perishing with cold, they built enormous fires. Having warmed their numbed and freezing limbs, they pressed on to Iglau, to find it abandoned by the garrison. The Austrian general Lobkowitz had carried away every thing which could be removed, and then had laid in ashes seventeen magazines filled with military and commissary stores. The king was exceedingly chagrined by this barren conquest. He was anxious to advance in all directions, to take full possession of Moravia, before the Austrians could send reinforcements to garrison its fortresses. But the Saxon lords refused to march any farther, in this severe winter campaign. Frederick complained to the Saxon king. His Polish majesty sent an angry order to his troops to go forward. Sullenly they obeyed, interposing every obstacle in their power. Some of the leaders threw up their commissions and went home. Fred-

erick, with his impetuous Prussians, and his unwilling Saxons, spread over Moravia, levying contributions and seizing the strong places.

The Saxons, much irritated, were rather more disposed to thwart his plans than to co-operate in them. The Austrian horsemen were vigilant, pouncing upon every unprotected detachment. Frederick marched for the capture of Brünn, the strongest fortress in Moravia. It had a garrison of seven thousand men, under the valiant leader Roth. To arrest the march of Frederick, and leave him shelterless on the plains, the Austrian general laid sixteen villages in ashes. The poor peasants—men, women, and children—foodless and shelterless, were thus cast loose upon the drifted fields. Who can gauge such woes?

Frederick, finding that he could not rely upon the Saxons, sent to Silesia for reinforcements of his own troops. Brünn could not be taken without siege artillery. He was capturing Moravia for the king of Poland. Frederick dispatched a courier to his Polish majesty at Dresden, requesting him immediately to forward the siege guns. The reply of the king, who was voluptuously lounging in his palaces, was, "I can not meet the expense of the carriage." Frederick contemptuously remarked, "He has just purchased a green diamond, which would have carried them thither and back again." The Prussian king sent for siege artillery of his own, drew his lines close around Brünn, and urged chevalier De Saxe, general of the Saxon horse, to co-operate with him energetically, in battering the city into a surrender. The chevalier interposed one obstacle, and another, and another. At last he replied, showing his dispatches, "I have orders to retire from this business altogether, and join the French at Prague."

Frederick declares, in his history, that never were tidings more welcome to him than these. He had embarked in the enterprise for the conquest of Moravia with the allies. He could not,



MAP ILLUSTRATING THE CAMPAIGN IN MORAVIA.

without humiliation, withdraw. But now that the ally in whose behalf he assumed to be fighting had abandoned him, he could, without dishonor, relinquish the field. Leaving the Saxons to themselves, with many bitter words of reproach, he countermanded his order for Silesian reinforcements, assembled his troops at Wischau, and then, by a rapid march through Olmütz, returned to his strong fortresses in the north.

The Saxons were compelled to a precipitate retreat. Their march was long, harassing, and full of suffering, from the severe cold of those latitudes, and from the assaults of the fierce Pandours, every where swarming around. Villages were burned, and maddened men wreaked direful vengeance on each other. Scarcely eight thousand of their number, a frost-bitten, starving, emaciate band, reached the borders of Saxony. Curses loud and deep were heaped upon the name of Frederick. His Polish majesty, though naturally good-natured, was greatly exasperated, in view of the conduct of the Prussian king in forcing the troops into the severities of such a campaign. Frederick himself was also equally indignant with Augustus for his want of co-operation. The French minister, Valori, met him on his return from these disasters. He says that his look was ferocious and dark; that his laugh was bitter and sardonic; that a vein of suppressed rage, mockery, and contempt pervaded every word he uttered.

Frederick withdrew his troops into strong cantonments, in the valley of the upper Elbe. This beautiful river takes its rise in romantic chasms, among the ridges and spurs of the Giant Mountains, on the southeastern borders of Silesia. Here the Prussian army was distributed in small towns along a line following the windings of the stream, about forty miles in length. All the troops could be concentrated in forty-eight hours. The encampments faced the south, with the Elbe behind them. At some little distance north of the river, safe from surprise, the magazines were stationed. The mountains of Bohemia rose sublimely in the distant back-ground. In a letter to M. Jordan, under date of Chrudim, May 5, 1742, Frederick expresses his views of this profitless campaign in the following terms:

"Moravia, which is a very bad country, could not be held, owing to want of provisions. The town of Brünn could not be taken, because the Saxons had no cannon. When you wish to enter a town, you must first make a hole to get in by. Besides, the country has been reduced to such a state that the enemy can not subsist in it, and you will soon see him leave it. There is your little military lesson. I would not have you at a loss what to think of our operations, or what to say, should other people talk of them in your presence."

Elsewhere, Frederick, speaking of these two winter campaigns, says: "Winter campaigns are bad, and should always be avoided, except in cases of necessity. The best army in the world is liable to be ruined by them. I myself have made more winter campaigns than any general of this age. But there were reasons. In 1740 there were hardly above two Austrian regiments in Silesia, at the death of the emperor Charles VI. Being determined to assert my right to that duchy, I had to try it at once, in winter, and carry the war, if possible, to the banks of the Neisse. Had I waited till spring, we must have begun the war between Crossen and Glogau. What was now to be gained by one march would then have cost us three or four campaigns. A sufficient reason this for campaigning in winter. If I did not succeed in the winter campaigns of 1742, a campaign which I made to deliver Moravia, then overrun by Austrians, it was because the French acted like fools, and the Saxons like traitors."[1]

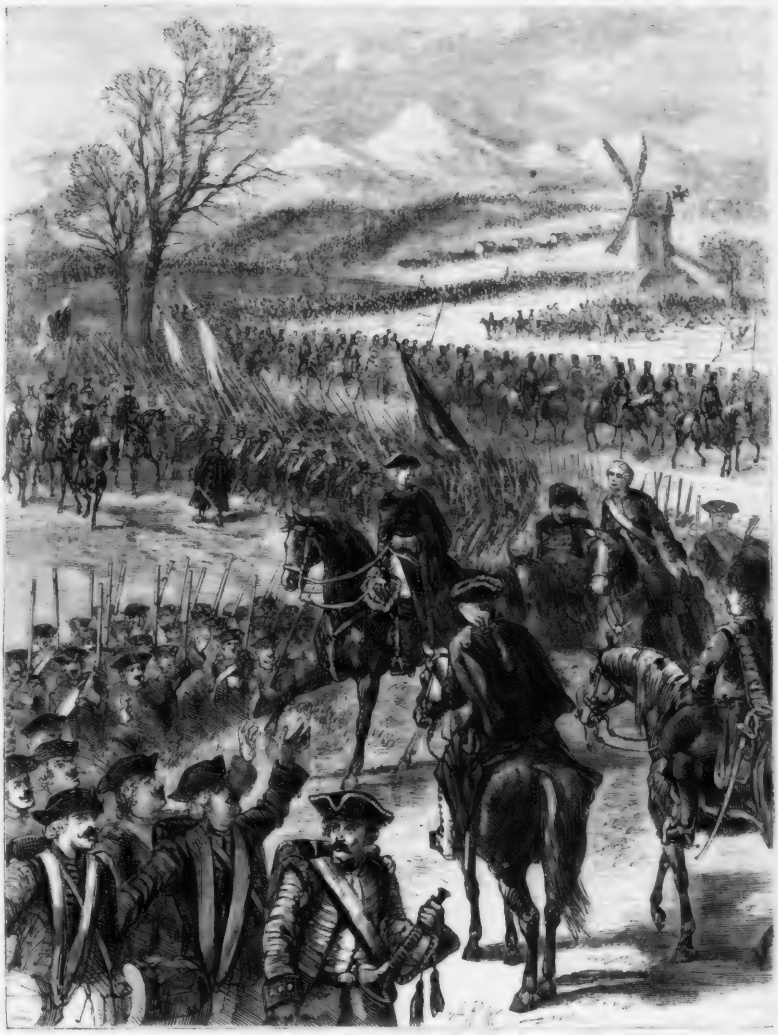
Frederick, establishing his head-quarters at Chrudim, did not suppose the Austrians would think of moving upon him until the middle of June. Not till then would the grass, in that cold region, afford forage. But Maria Theresa was inspired by energies fully equal to those of her renowned assailant. Undismayed by the powerful coalition against her, she sent prince Charles, her brother-in-law, early in May, at the head of an army thirty thousand strong, to advance by a secret, rapid, flank march, and seize the Prussian magazines beyond the Elbe.

The ever-wakeful eye of Frederick detected the movement. His beautiful encampment at Chrudim had lasted but two days. Instantly couriers were dispatched in all directions to rendezvous the Prussian troops on a vast plain in the vicinity of Chrudim. But a few hours elapsed ere every available man in the Prussian ranks was on the march. This movement rendered it necessary for prince Charles to concentrate the Austrian army also. The field upon which these hosts were gathering for battle was an undulating prairie, almost treeless, with here and there a few hamlets of clustered peasant cottages scattered around.

It was a serene, cloudless May morning when Frederick rode upon a small eminence, to view the approach of his troops, and to form them in battle-array. General Stille, who was an eye-witness of the scene, describes the spectacle as one of the most beautiful and magnificent which was ever beheld. The transparent atmosphere, the balmy air, transmitting with wonderful accuracy the most distant sounds, the smooth, wide-spreading prairie, the hamlets, to which distance lent enchantment, surmounted by the towers or spires of the churches, the winding columns of infantry and cavalry, their polished weapons flashing in the sunlight, the waving of silken and gilded banners, while bugle peals and bursts of military airs floated now faintly, and now loudly, upon the ear, the whole scene being bathed in the rays of the most brilliant of spring mornings — all together presented war in its brightest hues, divested of every thing revolting.[2]

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvii. 196.

[2] *Campaigns of the King of Prussia*, p. 57.



FREDERICK CONCENTRATING HIS ARMY AT CHRUDIM.

There were nearly thirty thousand men, infantry and cavalry, thus assembling under the banners of Frederick for battle. They were in as perfect state of drill as troops have ever attained, and were armed with the most potent implements of war which that age could furnish. The king was visibly affected by the spectacle. Whether humane considerations touched his heart, or merely poetic emotion moved him, we can not tell. But he was well aware that within a few hours not merely hundreds, but thousands, of those men, torn by shot and shell, would be prostrate in their blood upon the plain. And he could not but know that for all the carnage and the suffering he, above all others, would be responsible at the bar of God.

"The king," writes Stille, "though fatigued, would not rest satisfied with reports or distant view. Personally he made the tour of the whole camp, to see that every thing was right, and posted the pickets himself before retiring."

It was the aim of prince Charles to get between Frederick's encampment at Chrudim and his French allies, under marshal Broglio, at Prague. When discovered by Frederick, the Austrian army was on the rapid march along a line about fifteen miles nearly southwest of

Chrudim. It thus threatened to cut Frederick's communication with Prague, which was on the Moldau, about sixty miles west of the Prussian encampment. The forces now gathering for a decisive battle were nearly equal. The reader would not be interested in the description of the strategic and tactical movements of the next two days. The leaders of both parties, with great military sagacity, were accumulating and concentrating their forces for a conflict, which, under the circumstances, would doubtless prove ruinous to the one or the other. A battle upon that open plain, with equal forces, was of the nature of a duel, in which one or the other of the combatants must fall.

On the morning of the 17th of May Frederick's army was drawn out in battle-array, facing south, near the village of Chotusitz, about fifteen miles west of Chrudim. Almost within cannon-shot of him, upon the same plain, near the village of Czaslau, facing north, was the army of prince Charles. The field was like a rolling western prairie, with one or two sluggish streams running through it; and here and there marshes, which neither infantry nor cavalry could traverse. The accompanying map will give the reader an idea of the nature of the ground and the position of the hostile forces.

The sun rose clear and cloudless over the plain, soon to be crimsoned with blood and darkened by the smoke of battle. The Prussians took position in accordance with very minute directions given to the young prince Leopold by Frederick. It was manifest to the most unskilled observer that the storm of battle would rage over many miles, as the infantry charged to and fro; as squadrons of strongly mounted cavalry swept the field; as bullets, balls, and shells were hurled in all directions from the potent enginery of war.

About seven o'clock in the morning the king ascended an eminence, and carefully scanned the field, where sixty thousand men were facing each other, soon to engage in mutual slaughter. There were two spectacles which arrested his attention. The one was the pomp, and pageantry, and panoply of war, with its serried ranks, its prancing steeds, its flashing armor, its waving banners, its inspiriting bugle peals—a scene in itself beautiful and sublime in the highest conceivable degree.

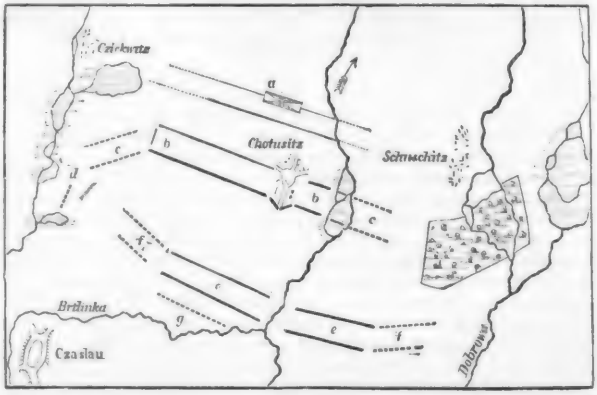
But there was another picture which met the eye of the king, very different in its aspect. We know not whether it at all touched his heart. It was that of the poor peasants, with their mothers, their wives, their children, hurrying from their hamlets in all directions, in the utmost dismay. Grandmothers tottered beneath the burden of infant children. Fathers and mothers struggled on with the household goods they were striving to rescue from impending ruin. The cry of maidens and children reached the ear as they fled from the tramp of the war-horse and the approaching carnage of the death-dealing artillery.

Frederick, having carefully scanned the Austrian lines for an instant or two, gave the signal, and all his batteries opened their thunders. Under cover of that storm of iron, several thousand of the cavalry, led by the veteran general Bredow, deployed from behind some eminences, and first at a gentle trot, and then upon the most impetuous run, with flashing sabres, hurled themselves upon the left wing of the Austrian lines. The ground was dry and sandy, and a prodigious cloud of dust enveloped them. For a moment the tornado, vital with human energies, swept on, apparently unobstructed. The first line of the Austrian horse was met, crushed, annihilated. But the second stood as the rock breasts the waves, horse against horse, rider against rider, sabre against sabre. Nothing met the eye but one vast, eddying whirlpool of dust, as if writhing in volcanic energies, while here and there the flash of fire and the gleam of steel flickered madly through it.

The battle, thus commenced, continued to rage for four long hours, with all its demon energies, its blood, its wounds, its oaths, its shrieks, its death; on the right wing, on the left wing, in the centre; till some ten or twelve thousand, some accounts say more, of these poor peasant

Battle of
CHOTUSITZ,
May 17, 1742.

a. Prussian Camp.
b b. " Infantry.
c c. " Cavalry.
d. Position of Buddenbrock.
e e. Austrian Infantry.
f f. " Cavalry.
g. " Hussars.



soldiers lay prostrate upon the plain, crushed by the hoof, torn by the bullet, gashed by the sabre. Many were dead. Many were dying. Many had received wounds which would cripple them until they should totter into their graves. At the close of these four hours of almost superhuman effort, the villages all around in flames, the Austrians slowly, sullenly retired from the contest. Prince Charles, having lost nearly seven thousand men, with his remaining forces breathless, exhausted, bleeding, retired through Czaslau, and vanished over the horizon to the southwest. Frederick, with his forces almost equally breathless, exhausted, and bleeding, and counting five thousand of his soldiers strewn over the plain, in death or wounds, remained master of the field. Such was the famous battle of Chotusitz.

In the following terms, Frederick, the moment the battle was over, announced his victory, not to his wife, but to his friend Jordan:

"From the Field of Battle of Chotusitz, "*May* 17, 1742.

"Dear Jordan,—I must tell you, as gayly as I can, that we have beaten the enemy soundly, and that we are all pretty well after it. Poor Rothenburg is wounded in the breast and in the arm; but, as it is hoped, without danger. Adieu. You will be happy, I think, at the good news I send you. My compliments to Cæsarion."[1]

Frederick did not pursue the Austrians after this victory. Nine acres of ground were required to bury the dead. He rented this land from the proprietor for twenty-five years. His alienation from his allies was such that, without regard to them, he was disposed to make peace with Austria upon the best terms he could for himself. England also, alarmed in view of the increasing supremacy of France, was so anxious to detach Frederick, with his invincible troops, from the French alliance, that the British cabinet urged Maria Theresa to make any sacrifice whatever that might be necessary to secure peace with Prussia. Frederick, influenced by such considerations, buried the illustrious Austrian dead with the highest marks of military honor, and treated with marked consideration his distinguished prisoners of war.

Secret negotiations were immediately opened at Breslau, in Silesia, between England, Austria, and Prussia. Maria Theresa, harassed by the entreaties of her cabinet, and by the importunities of the British court, consented to all that Frederick demanded.

The French, who, through their shrewd embassador, kept themselves informed of all that was transpiring, were quite alarmed in view of the approaching accommodation between Prussia and Austria. It is said that Frederick, on the 6th of June, in reply to the earnest remonstrances of the French minister, marshal Belleisle, against his withdrawal from the alliance, frankly said to him:

"All that I ever wanted, more than I ever demanded, Austria now offers me. Can any one blame me that I close such an alliance as ours all along has been, when such terms are presented to me as Austria now proposes?"

On the 15th of June, Frederick gave a grand dinner to his generals at his head-quarters. In an after-dinner speech, he said to them:

"Gentlemen, I announce to you that, as I never wished to oppress the queen of Hungary, I have formed the resolution of agreeing with that princess, and accepting the proposals she has made me, in satisfaction of my rights."

Toasts were then drank with great enthusiasm to the health of "Maria Theresa, queen of Hungary," to "the queen's consort, Francis, grand duke of Lorraine:" and universal and cordial was the response of applause, when the toast was proposed "to the brave prince Charles."

The treaty of Breslau was signed on the 11th of June, and ratified at Berlin on the 28th of July. By this treaty, Silesia, Lower and Upper, was ceded to "Frederick and his heirs for evermore," while Frederick withdrew from the French alliance, and entered into friendly relations with her Hungarian majesty. Immediately after the settlement of this question, Frederick, cantoning his troops in Silesia, returned to Berlin. Elate with victory, and accompanied by a magnificent suit, the young conqueror hastened home, over green fields, and beneath a summer's sun. Keenly he enjoyed his triumph, greeted with the enthusiastic acclaim of the people in all the towns and villages through which he passed.[1] At Frankfort-on-the-Oder, where a fair was in operation, the king stopped for a few hours. Vast crowds, which had been drawn to the place by the fair, lined the highway for a long distance, on both sides, eager to see the victor who had aggrandized Prussia, by adding a large province to its realms.

"His majesty's entrance into Frankfort," writes M. Bielfeld, who accompanied him, "although very triumphant, was far from ostentatious. We passed like lightning before the eyes of the spectators, and were so covered with dust that it was difficult to distinguish the color of our coats and the features of our faces. We made some purchases at Frankfort, and the next day arrived safely in Berlin, where the king was received with the acclamations of his people."[2]

If we can rely upon the testimony of Frederick, an incident occurred at this time which showed that the French court was as intriguing

[1] *Correspondence de Frédéric II.*

[1] Huge huzzaing, herald-trumpeting, bob-major-ing, burst forth from all Prussian towns, especially from all Silesian ones, in those June days, as the drums beat homeward: elaborate illuminations in the short nights, with bonfires, with transparencies; transparency inscribed "Frederico magno (To Frederick *the Great*)," in one small instance, still of premature nature.

[2] Bielfeld, 251.

and unprincipled as was his Prussian majesty. It is quite evident that the Austrian court also was not animated by a very high sense of honor.

After the battle of Chotusitz Frederick called upon general Pallant, an Austrian officer, who was wounded and a prisoner. In the course of the conversation general Pallant stated that France was ready at any moment to betray his Prussian majesty, and that, if he would give him six days' time, he would furnish him with documentary proof. A courier was instantly dispatched to Vienna. He soon returned with a letter from cardinal Fleury, the prime minister of Louis XV., addressed to Maria Theresa, informing her that, if she would give up Bohemia to the emperor, France would *guarantee to her Silesia*. Frederick, though guilty of precisely the same treachery himself, read the document with indignation, and assumed to be as much amazed at the perfidy as he could have been had he been an honest man.

"The cardinal," he said, "takes me for a fool. He wishes to betray me. I will try and prevent him."

The French marshal, Belleisle, alarmed by the report that Frederick was entering into a treaty of peace with Austria, hastened to the Prussian camp to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the rumor. Frederick, emboldened by the document he had in his pocket, was very frank.

"I have prescribed," he said, "the conditions of peace to the queen of Hungary. She accepts them. Having, therefore, all that I want, I make peace. All the world in my situation would do the same."

"Is it possible, sire," marshal Belleisle replied, "that you can dare to abandon the best of your allies, and to deceive so illustrious a monarch as the king of France?"

"And you, sir," responded the king, with an air of great disdain, at the same time placing in his hand the cardinal's letter, "do you dare to talk to me in this manner?"

The marshal glanced his eye over the document, and retired, overwhelmed with confusion. Thus ended the alliance between Prussia and France. "Each party," writes Frederick, "wished to be more cunning than the other."[1]

In the following terms, Frederick correctly sums up the incidents of the two Silesian campaigns:

"Thus was Silesia reunited to the dominions of Prussia. Two years of war sufficed for the conquest of this important province. The treasure which the late king had left was nearly exhausted. But it is a cheap purchase, where whole provinces are bought for seven or eight millions of crowns. The union of circumstances at the moment peculiarly favored this enterprise. It was necessary for it that France should allow itself to be drawn into the war; that Russia should be attacked by Sweden; that, from timidity, the Hanoverians and Saxons should remain inactive; that the successes of the Prussians should be uninterrupted; and that the king of England, the enemy of Prussia, should become, in spite of himself, the instrument of its aggrandizement. What, however, contributed the most to this conquest was, an army which had been formed for twenty-two years, by means of a discipline admirable in itself, and superior to the troops of the rest of Europe. Generals, also, who were true patriots, wise and incorruptible ministers, and, finally, a certain good fortune which often accompanies youth, and often deserts a more advanced age."[1]

There was no end to the panegyrics which Voltaire, in his correspondence with Frederick, now lavished upon him. He greeted him with the title of Frederick the Great.

"How glorious," he exclaimed, "is my king, the youngest of kings, and the grandest! A king who carries in the one hand an all-conquering sword, but in the other a blessed olive branch, and is the arbiter of Europe for peace or war."

Frederick, having obtained all that, for the present, he could hope to obtain, deemed it for his interest to attempt to promote the peace of Europe. His realms needed consolidating, his army recruiting, his treasury replenishing. But he found it much easier to stir up the elements of strife than to allay them.

His withdrawal from the French alliance removed the menace from the English Hanoverian possession. George II. eagerly sent an army of sixty thousand men to the aid of Maria Theresa against France, and freely opened to her his purse. The French were defeated every where. They were driven from Prague, in one of the most disastrous wintry retreats of blood and misery over which the demon of war ever gloated. The powerless, penniless emperor, the creature of France, who had neither purse nor army, was driven, a fugitive and a vagabond, from his petty realm of Bavaria, and was exposed to humiliation, want, and insult.

Maria Theresa was developing character which attracted the admiration of Europe. She seriously contemplated taking command of her armies herself. She loved duke Francis, her husband, treated him very tenderly, and was anxious to confer upon him honor; but by nature vastly his superior, instinctively she assumed the command. She led; he followed. She was a magnificent rider. Her form was the perfection of grace. Her beautiful, pensive, thoughtful face was tanned by the weather. All hearts throbbed as, on a spirited charger, she sometimes swept before the ranks of the army, with her gorgeous retinue, appearing and disappearing like a meteor. She was as devout as she was brave, winning the homage of all Catholic hearts. We know not where, in the long list of sovereigns, to point to man

[1] *Histoire de mon Temps.*

[1] Bielfeld, 251.

MARIA THERESA AT THE HEAD OF HER ARMY.

or woman of more imperial energies, of more exalted worth.

The loss of Silesia she regarded as an act of pure highway robbery. It rankled in her noble heart as the great humiliation and disgrace of her reign. Frederick was to her but as a hated and successful bandit, who had wrenched from her crown one of its brightest jewels. To the last day of her life she never ceased to deplore the loss. It is said that if any stranger, obtaining an audience, was announced as from Silesia, the eyes of the queen would instantly flood with tears. But the fortunes of war had now triumphantly turned in her favor. Aided by the armies and the gold of England, she was on the high career of conquest. Her troops had overrun Bohemia and Bavaria. She was disposed to hold those territories, in compensation for Silesia, which she had lost.

In the mean time, during the two years in which Maria Theresa was making these conquests, Frederick, alarmed by the aggrandizement of Austria, and the weakening of France, while unavailingly striving to promote peace, was busily employed in the administration of his internal affairs. He encouraged letters; devoted much attention to the Academy of Arts and Sciences; reared the most beautiful

opera-house in Europe; devoted large sums to secure the finest musicians and the most exquisite ballet dancers which Europe could afford. He sought to make his capital attractive to all those throughout Europe who were inspired by a thirst for knowledge, or who were in the pursuit of pleasure.

One incident in this connection, illustrative of the man and of the times, merits brief notice. His agent at Venice reported a female dancer there of rare attainments, Señora Barberina. She was marvelously beautiful, and a perfect fairy in figure and grace, and as fascinating in her vivacity and sparkling intelligence as she was lovely in person. Frederick immediately ordered her to be engaged for his opera-house at Berlin, at a salary of nearly four thousand dollars, and sundry perquisites.

But it so happened that the beautiful dancer had in the train of her impassioned admirers a young English gentleman, a younger brother of the earl of Bute. He was opposed to Barberina's going to Prussia, and induced her to throw up the engagement. Frederick was angry, and demanded the execution of the contract. The pretty Barberina, safe in Venice, made herself merry with the complaints of the Prussian monarch. Frederick, not accustomed to be thwarted, applied to the doge and the senate of Venice to compel Barberina to fulfill her contract. They replied with great politeness, but did nothing. Barberina remained with her lover under the sunny skies of Italy, charming with her graceful pirouettes admiring audiences in the Venetian theatres.

In the mean time a Venetian embassador, on his way to one of the northern courts, passed a night at a hotel in Berlin. He was immediately arrested, with his luggage, by a royal order. A dispatch was transmitted to Venice, stating that the embassador would be held as a hostage till Barberina was sent to Prussia. "A bargain," says Frederick, in his emphatic utterance, "is a bargain. A state should have law courts to enforce contracts entered into in their territories."

The doge and senate were brought to terms. They seized the beautiful Barberina, placed her carefully in a post-chaise, and, under an escort of armed men, sent her, from stage to stage, over mountain and valley, till she arrived at Berlin. The Venetian embassador was then discharged. The young English gentleman, James Mackenzie, a grandson of the celebrated advocate, sir George Mackenzie, eagerly followed his captured inamorata, and reached Berlin two hours after Barberina. The rumor was circulated that he was about to marry her.

It is said that Frederick, determined not to lose his dancer in that manner, immediately informed the young gentleman's friends that he was about to form a *mesalliance* with an opera girl. The impassioned lover was peremptorily summoned home. Hatred for Frederick consequently rankled in young Mackenzie's heart. This hatred he communicated to his brother, lord Bute, which subsequently had no little influence in affairs of national diplomacy.

The king himself became much fascinated with the personal loveliness and the sparkling intelligence of the young dancer. He even condescended to take tea with her, in company with others. Not long after her arrival in Berlin, she made a conquest of a young gentleman of one of the first Prussian families, M. Cocceji, son of the celebrated chancellor, and was privately married to him. For a time Barberina continued upon the stage. At length, in the enjoyment of ample wealth, she purchased a splendid mansion, and, publicly announcing her marriage, retired with her husband to private life. But the mother of Cocceji, and other proud family friends, scorned the lowly alliance. A divorce was the result. Soon after Barberina was married to a nobleman of high rank, and we hear of her no more.

Though Frederick, in his private correspondence, often spoke very contemptuously of Voltaire, it would seem, if any reliance can be placed on the testimony of Voltaire himself, that Frederick sedulously courted the author, whose pen was then so potential in Europe. By express invitation, Voltaire spent a week with Frederick at Aix la Chapelle, early in September, 1742. He writes to a friend from Brussels, under date of December 10:

"I have been to see the king of Prussia. I have courageously resisted his fine proposals. He offers me a beautiful house in Berlin, a pretty estate, but I prefer my second-floor in madame Du Châtelet's here. He assures me of his favor, of the perfect freedom I should have; and I am running to Paris, to my slavery and persecution. I could fancy myself a small Athenian refusing the bounties of the king of Persia; with this difference, however, one had liberty at Athens."

Again he writes, under the same date, to the marquis D'Argenson:

"I have just been to see the king of Prussia. I have seen him as one seldom sees kings, much at my ease, in my own room, in the chimney-corner, whither the same man who has gained two battles would come and talk familiarly, as Scipio did with Terence. You will tell me I am not Terence. True; but neither is he altogether Scipio."

Again he writes, under the same date, to cardinal De Fleury, then the most prominent member of the cabinet of Louis XV.:

"MONSEIGNEUR,—I am bound to give your excellency some account of my journey to Aix la Chapelle. I could not leave Brussels until the second of this month. On the road I met a courier from the king of Prussia, coming to reiterate his master's orders on me. The king had me lodged in quarters near his own apartment. He passed, for two consecutive days, four hours at a time in my room, with all that goodness and familiarity which form, as you know, part of his character, and which does not lower the king's dignity, because one is duly

careful not to abuse it. I had abundant time to speak with a great deal of freedom on what your excellency had prescribed to me, and the king spoke to me with an equal frankness.

"First he asked me 'if it were true that the French nation were so angered against him, if the king was, and if you were.' I answered 'that there was nothing permanent.' He then condescended to speak fully upon the reasons which induced him to make peace. These reasons were so remarkable that I dare not trust them to this paper. All that I dare say is, that it seems to me easy to lead back the mind of this sovereign, whom the situation of his territories, his interest, and his taste, would appear to mark as the natural ally of France. He said, moreover, 'that he earnestly desired to see Bohemia in the emperor's hands, that he renounced all claim on Berg and Jülick, and that he thought only of keeping Silesia.' He said 'that he knew well enough that the house of Austria would one day wish to recover that fine province, but that he trusted he could keep his conquest. That he had at that time a hundred and thirty thousand soldiers perfectly prepared for war; that he would make of Neisse, Glogau, and Brieg fortresses as strong as Wesel; that he was well informed that the queen of Hungary owed eighty million German crowns ($60,000,000); that her provinces, exhausted and wide apart, would not be able to make long efforts; and that the Austrians for a long time to come could not of themselves be formidable.'"[1]

Frederick was accustomed to cover his deep designs of diplomacy by the promotion of the utmost gayety in his capital. Never did Berlin exhibit such spectacles of festivity and pleasure as during the winter of 1742 and 1743. There was a continued succession of operas, balls, fêtes, and sleigh-parties. Frederick's two younger sisters were at that time brilliant ornaments of his court. They were both remarkably beautiful and vivacious. The princess Louise Ulrique was in her twenty-third year. The following letter to Frederick, from these two princesses, will be keenly appreciated by many of our young lady readers, whose expenses have exceeded their allowance. It shows very conclusively that there may be the same pecuniary annoyances in the palaces of kings as in more humble homes.

"Berlin, *1st of March*, 1743.

"My dearest Brother,—I know not if it is not too bold to trouble your majesty on private affairs. But the great confidence my sister and I have in your kindness encourages us to lay before you a sincere avowal of our little finances, which are a good deal deranged just now. The revenues, having for two years and a half past been rather small, amounting to only four hundred crowns ($300) a year, could not be made to cover all the little expenses required in the adjustment of ladies. This circumstance, added to our card-playing, though small, which we could not dispense with, has led us into debt. Mine amounts to fifteen hundred crowns ($1125); my sister's, to eighteen hundred crowns ($1350). We have not spoken of it to the queen-mother, though we are sure she would have tried to assist us. But as that could not have been done without some inconvenience to her, and as she would have retrenched in some of her own little entertainments, I thought we should do better to apply directly to your majesty. We were persuaded you would have taken it amiss had we deprived the queen of her smallest pleasure, and especially as we consider you, my dear brother, the father of the family, and hope you will be so gracious as to help us. We shall never forget the kind acts of your majesty. We beg you to be persuaded of the perfect and tender attachment with which we are proud to be, all our lives, your majesty's most humble sisters and servants. Louise Ulrique,

"Ann Amelia.

"P.S. — I most humbly beg your majesty not to speak of this to the queen-mother, as perhaps she would not approve of the step we are now taking. Ann Amelia."[1]

About this time Frederick was somewhat alarmed by a statement issued by the court of Austria, that the emperor, Charles Albert, was no legitimate emperor at all; that the election was not valid; and that Austria, which had the emperor's kingdom of Bavaria by the throat, insisted upon compensation for the Silesia she had lost. It was evident that Maria Theresa, whose armies were every where successful, was determined that her husband, duke Francis,

[1] It would seem that Voltaire was sent to Frederick as the secret agent and spy of the French minister. "Voltaire," writes Macaulay, "was received with every mark of respect and friendship. The negotiation was of an extraordinary description. Nothing can be conceived more whimsical than the conferences which took place between the first literary man and the first practical man of the age, whom a strange weakness had induced to change their parts. The great poet would talk of nothing but treaties and guarantees; and the king of nothing but metaphors and rhymes. On one occasion, Voltaire put into his majesty's hand a paper on the state of Europe, and received it back with verses scrawled on the margin. In secret they both laughed at each other. Voltaire did not spare the king's poems, and the king has left on record his opinion of Voltaire's diplomacy, saying, "He had no credentials, and the whole mission was a mere farce."

As a specimen of the character of the document above alluded to, we give the following. Voltaire, in what he deemed a very important state paper, had remarked:

"The partisans of Austria burn with the desire to open the campaign in Silesia again. Have you, in that case, any ally but France? And however potent you are, is an ally useless to you?"

The king scribbled on the margin

"Mon ami,
Don't you see
We will receive them
A la Barbari!"

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, XXVII., i. 387.

should be decorated with the imperial crown. It now seemed probable that she would be able to accomplish her design. Frederick was alarmed, and deemed it necessary to strengthen himself by matrimonial alliances.

The heir to the Russian throne was an orphan boy, Peter Federowitz. The Russian court was looking around to obtain for him a suitable wife. Frederick's commandant at Stettin, a man of renowned lineage, had a beautiful daughter of fourteen. She was a buxom girl, full of life as she frolicked upon the ramparts of the fortress with her young companions. Frederick succeeded in obtaining her betrothal to the young prince of Russia. She was solemnly transferred from the Protestant to the Greek religion; her name was changed to Catherine; and she was eventually married, greatly to the satisfaction of Frederick, to the young Russian czar.

Adolph Frederick was the heir to the throne of Sweden. Successful diplomacy brought a magnificent embassy from Stockholm to Berlin, to demand princess Ulrique as the bride of Sweden's future king. The course of love, whether true or false, certainly did in this case run smooth. The marriage ceremony was attended in Berlin with such splendor as the Prussian capital had never witnessed before. The beautiful Ulrique was very much beloved. She was married by proxy, her brother Augustus William standing in the place of the bridegroom.

All eyes were dimmed with tears as, after a week of brilliant festivities, she prepared for her departure. The carriages were at the door to convey her, with her accompanying suit of lords and ladies, to Stralsund, where the Swedish Senate and nobles were to receive her. The princess entered the royal apartment to take leave of her friends, dressed in a rose-colored riding-habit, trimmed with silver. The vest which encircled her slender waist was of sea-green, with lappets and collar of the same. She wore a small English bonnet of black velvet with a white plume. Her flowing hair hung in ringlets over her shoulders, bound with rose-colored ribbon.

The king, who was devotedly attached to his sister, and who was very fond, on all occasions, of composing rhymes which he called poetry, wrote a very tender ode, bidding her adieu. It commenced with the words:

> "Partez, ma Sœur, partez;
> La Suède vous attend, la Suède
> vous désire."
>
> Go, my Sister, go;
> Sweden waits you, Sweden
> wishes you.

"His majesty gave it to her at the moment when she was about to take leave of the two queens. The princess threw her eyes on it and fell into a faint. The king had almost done the like. His tears flowed abundantly. The princes and princesses were overcome with sorrow. At last Gotter judged it time to put an end to this tragic scene. He entered the hall almost like Boreas in the ballet of "The Rose"—that is to say, with a crash. He made one or two whirlwinds, clove the press, and snatched away the princess from the arms of the queen-mother, took her in his own, and whisked her out of the hall. All the world followed. The carriages were waiting in the court; and the princess in a moment found herself in hers.

"I was in such a state I know not how we got down stairs. I remember only that it was in a concert of lamentable sobbings. Madame, the marchioness of Schwedt, who had been named to attend the princess to Stralsund, on the Swedish frontier, this high lady, and the two dames D'Atours, who were for Sweden itself, having sprung into the same carriage, the door of it was shut with a slam, the postillions cracked, the carriage shot away, and disappeared from our eyes. In a moment the king and court lost sight of the beloved Ulrique forever."[1]

Frederick was far from being an amiable man. He would often cruelly banter his companions, knowing that it was impossible for them to indulge in any retort. Baron Pöllnitz was a very weak old man, who had several times changed his religion to subserve his private interests. He had been rather a petted courtier during three reigns. Now in extreme old age, and weary of the world, he wished to renounce Protestantism, and to enter the cloisters of the convent in preparation for death. He applied to the king for permission to do so. Frederick furnished him with the following sarcastic parting testimony. It was widely circulated through many of the journals of that day, exciting peals of laughter as a capital royal joke:

"Whereas the baron De Pöllnitz, born of honest parents, so far as we know, having served our grandfather as gentleman of the chamber, madame D'Orleans in the same rank, the king of Spain as colonel, the deceased emperor Charles VI. as captain of horse, the pope as chamberlain, the duke of Brunswick as chamberlain, the duke of Weimar as ensign, our father as chamberlain, and, in fine, *us* as grand master of ceremonies, has, notwithstanding such accumulation of honors, become disgusted with the world, and requests of us a parting testimony;

"We, remembering his important services to our house, in diverting for nine years long the late king our father, and doing the honors of our court through the now reign, can not refuse such request. We do hereby certify that the said baron Pöllnitz has never assassinated, robbed on the highway, poisoned, forcibly cut purses, or done other atrocity or legal crime at our court; but that he has always maintained gentlemanly behavior, making not more than honest use of the industry and talents he has been endowed with at birth; imitating the ob-

[1] Letters of Bielfeld, i. 188.

ject of the drama—that is, correcting mankind by gentle quizzing—following in the matter of sobriety Boerhaave's counsels, pushing Christian charity so far as often to make the rich understand that it is more blessed to give than to receive; possessing perfectly the anecdotes of our various mansions, especially of our worn-out furnitures, rendering himself by his merits necessary to those who know him, and, with a very bad head, having a very good heart.

"Our anger the said baron Pöllnitz never kindled but once.[1] But as the loveliest countries have their barren spots, the most beautiful forms their imperfections, pictures by the greatest masters their faults, we are willing to cover with the veil of oblivion those of the said baron. We do hereby grant him, with regret, the leave of absence he requires, and abolish his office altogether, that it may be blotted from the memory of man, not judging that any one, after the said baron, can be worthy to fill it.

"FREDERICK.

"POTSDAM, *April* 1, 1744."

No man of kindly sympathies could have thus wantonly wounded the feelings of a poor old man who had, according to his capacity, served himself, his father, and his grandfather, and who was just dropping into the grave. A generous heart would have forgotten the foibles, and, remembering only the virtues, would have spoken words of cheer to the world-weary heart, seeking a sad refuge in the glooms of the cloister. It must be confessed that Frederick often manifested one of the worst traits in human nature. He took pleasure in inflicting pain upon others.

THE OLD LOVE AGAIN.

By ANNIE THOMAS.

CHAPTER IV.

"THE WOMAN WHO HESITATES?"

THAT letter of Gerald Barrington's was only one of the many mistakes the man had been in the habit of making all his life. When Miss Delany had gone out of his path at the great gates of the Vicarage grounds, he ought to have bowed his head and accepted her exit as final, and his wife's presence as inevitable, and so a thing to be borne philosophically. Instead of doing this, however, he must needs write to the one and remonstrate with the other—wronging them both a little by the tone he took.

Ardleigh End was some little distance from the Vicarage entrance. On ordinary occasions Mrs. Barrington would have deemed it too far to walk. But she was spared all sense of fatigue this day by her strong sense of wifely injury.

She maintained a blighting silence for a minute or two after Miss Delany left them—and, be it remembered, a minute or two is a very long time when two angry people are walking together in a country lane. In any amusing street—that is, in any street that is well supplied with shops—a savage wife can get over the time with an apparently unconcerned air. But between Ardleigh Vicarage and Ardleigh End there was nothing to be bought. At last she spoke; and though she was a boisterous, underbred woman, who had never touched his heart or his taste, there was something pathetic in her eyes and her voice and her manner. He could not help acknowledging this to himself.

"I believe I suffered more than either of you did, Gerald, just now, when came upon you in that wood."

"A self-sought punishment. How could you bring yourself to wrong yourself and me by coming 'upon us,' as you term it, in that way?" he said, coldly.

"Why didn't you say outright you knew her? Why didn't she say it? Why did you both try to deceive me, Gerald?"

"Be careful what you say."

"You can't wonder at my speaking the truth, however careless I may be of my own comfort in doing it. You think I am always to be without feeling because I have had to bear coldness from your grand friends. You forget that I am your lawful wife, it seems to me."

"Would to Heaven I could forget it!"

"Oh, Gerald, those are cruel words!"

"And your words were cruel, when the way you became my lawful wife is considered. Was I not put by you and yours in a position that no honorable man could extricate himself from honorably? You were cruel to me, Harriet. Have I ever reproached you with it?"

"Not in words, certainly," she said, drying the tears that had sprung into her eyes.

"No, not in words, nor in act either. I have given you every comfort and luxury that money can command. You married for them, and you have had them."

"I wanted something more, Gerald—I did, indeed; frivolous as you think me, and empty-headed, I would give all the comforts and luxuries for your love and respect."

"Such an appeal from you to me degrades us both still more than we are already degraded," he said, coldly. "When you forgot your maiden modesty, and forced yourself upon an unwilling man, you could not have cared for his love or respect."

"But, as a wife who has always done her duty, I have a right to your confidence," she said, recovering her spirit and her color. "And I ask you now what I have done that both Miss

[1] In Pöllnitz's memoirs and letters he repeated the rumor that the great elector's second wife, an ancestress of Frederick, had attempted to poison her stepson.

Delany and you should stoop—yes, stoop—to deceive me? I ask you, too, which of us looked the guilty, faulty, 'unmaidenly' woman when I came upon you just now? I ask you—"

"You have asked too many questions already, Harriet," he interrupted; and by this time they had come into the Ardleigh End grounds, and he was able to turn away to the stables.

He sauntered about among his horses for some little time, and then he went in and rang for some luncheon to be brought to him in his own study. Mrs. Barrington was not gifted with reticence. He knew, from fatal experience, that she would go on, before the servants, reproaching and recriminating and reviling; and he shrank from public mention being made of Miss Delany's name.

At last he decided that it was simply his duty as a man, simply what was due from him as a courteous gentleman, that he should write to Nina, and apologize to her for "any thing that might have transpired that morning to annoy or wound her." He would cast no more open blame upon his wife than was conveyed in those quoted words. If he never saw Nina again, she should not have such a painful last impression of him as she must have now.

Accordingly, he wrote a few discreet, blameless words to Miss Delany, and then, before he signed his name, he paused. There was something else he longed to say, but he hesitated much about saying it. At last he scribbled it down hastily, signed, sealed, and sent the letter, and then tried to think that he had acted wisely.

The last few words were an urgent request that she would see him "once more—when, and where, and how she pleased—but once more, alone, he prayed her to see him."

Until dinner-time that day Nina Delany sat by herself and debated as to the advisability of doing as he, the only man she had ever loved in all her life, requested her to do. By dinner-time she had advanced a stage, and had begun to question concerning the possibility of doing so. "Shall I attempt it?" had been her first question to herself. "Shall I succeed in doing it without compromising him at all?" was all she asked herself now.

Miss Delany quite made up her mind to consult Mrs. Eldon on the subject. "Gertrude is very sensible and very kind-hearted," she said to herself; "it will be better for me to take her advice." But when she went down to dinner, it seemed to her that it would be a very hard thing to open her heart to her friend. Gertrude evidently thought that there had been want of wisdom shown by Miss Delany in the Barrington affair. "How you can give a second thought to a man who was found to be worthless once, and who has consoled himself with such a commonplace woman, I can't imagine," Mrs. Eldon said, speaking with that little air of astonishment and suppressed censure which is so very hard to endure.

"Perhaps not; but then you see, Gertrude, you never gave your first love-thoughts to Gerald Barrington," Miss Delany replied; and at the same moment she resolved that Gertrude was not a fit and proper person in whom to confide this further difficulty of hers.

"And really, Nina, to be quite outspoken and just, I can't wonder at Mrs. Barrington being less than civil when she came upon you this morning."

"Came upon us! What a phrase to use!"

"Well, when she met you; there had been secrecy observed against her," Mrs. Eldon said, patting her own hand rather vehemently with a paper-knife. This conversation took place when the two ladies were alone in the drawing-room, after dinner, and were, therefore, unfettered in the expression of their thoughts by Mr. Eldon's presence.

"There has been no secrecy observed against her. I can not feel that it was due to her for me to analyze, in her presence, the likelihood of the Gerald Barrington whom she married being the same Gerald Barrington I was once going to marry; I can not feel that I owed it to her to rake over the ashes of that past to which he belongs." Miss Delany said these words warmly; and simultaneously with her warm speech was born the resolve to write and appoint a last meeting with Gerald Barrington that same night.

"Then he ought to have told her," Mrs. Eldon persisted; "yes, Nina, indeed he ought to have done so. You would agree with me if you gave yourself time to think. She's neither a nice, nor a lady-like, nor a particularly good woman, I should think, but, for all that, she is his wife."

This last assertion was unanswerable, and the former part of the speech was unflattering in its air of reprobation and resolution. Miss Delany therefore said nothing, but sat looking out through the open window, away into the deepening shadows that were hanging over the wood where she had been strolling with Gerald Barrington in the morning. "He shall always be my very dear friend, though he can never be more now," she thought; "no one shall teach me to shun him—no one shall guide my hand, and cause it to stab him any more;" and in her heart, as she said this, she forgave him freely all that "unworthiness" of which he had been accused, and of which she had once believed him capable.

The next morning she walked down into the village and posted a note to him. "In common courtesy, I must grant your request," she wrote, and then she had hesitated a good deal as to where she would say she would see him. "It's Gertrude's fault that I don't say here," she said to herself, as her pen halted. Then, after the pause of a few moments, she went on quickly and firmly, "I can not invite you here, as would be seemly; but I will meet you on the platform of the Sedgwick Station, at twelve o'clock to-morrow."

CHAPTER V.

AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT.

THE Sedgwick platform was a very natural place for Miss Delany to be on at the hour of twelve. Sedgwick itself—an aspiring country town—was broad awake and in full dress by that time, as the numerous country ladies who thronged its clean streets, and gazed admiringly into its shop windows, could testify. Miss Delany had selected her hour advisedly. She knew that there would be so many people upon the platform then that the presence and the meeting of Mr. Barrington and herself would be in nowise remarkable.

The girl was sorely harassed in her own mind about this which she was doing, though she told herself over and over again that she was quite right in doing it. There was a loyalty to the man whom she had marred to be observed, as well as toward the woman he had married. There should be nothing light, frivolous, and volatile about the tone of their talk. "It shall be like a funeral service—as solemn and as sad," she said to herself; and, indeed, she looked upon it as the funeral service to be read over the ashes of the past.

So she ordained; but alas! she could not act thus, in spite of so ordaining. She was too unlike a mourner come to bury forever solemnly the ashes of the past, as she stepped out of the carriage on to the platform—far too unlike a mourner in her bright summer dress and brighter beauty for Gerald Barrington to be penitential about her and the past. While as for her, he looked far too heartily rejoiced to see her for any woman to strike the right key-note of sadness which was to pervade the whole melody of the meeting.

There were dozens of people upon the platform. The majority of them were ladies, the wives of priests and deacons and squires and farmers from the neighboring villages. They were nearly all of them intent, wholly and solely intent it appeared, upon getting away from the platform, and up into the Sedgwick streets and shops, as soon as possible. Still for all this a few of them had time to bow to Mr. Barrington, and glance suspiciously at his companion, as they hurried along to the wicket of exit.

"Where shall we go?" Mr. Barrington said, as they gave up their tickets and got out into the road. Eager as he had been to see her, delighted as he was to see her, still he was beginning to feel, and to feel keenly, the awkwardness of their position.

"I have shopping to do," Nina said, hurriedly; "we had better walk up to the shops at once."

"And meet all those women again?" he said, complainingly.

"I care very little whether I meet 'those women' again or not," Miss Delany said, haughtily; but though she spoke haughtily, she paused in her path to the town, and evidently expected him to propose another.

"Of course it's a matter of very minor importance whether we see them again or not," he said, with affected carelessness and real confusion; "still I thought it would be better to have a few quiet words than a disjointed conversation subject to continual interruptions from passing acquaintances."

"I will walk whichever way you like for half an hour," she said then, though her reason told her that she was unwise in not going into the watchful, gossiping little town at once. So then they turned and sauntered along an unfrequented lane for half an hour, and then retraced their steps into Sedgwick, and had the pleasure of seeing themselves curiously surveyed from every shop door and window as they passed.

And all this for what? for what, indeed? Just for the sake of testing the vague expectation each had that the other had something to say which would make their past relations pleasanter to look upon. A vague expectation which was not realized, for they spent the solitary walk in saying little things which had a deep meaning to the utterer and none at all to the hearer, and in trying to counteract the impropriety of having met at all by rendering the meeting unsatisfactory by an air of too late prudence and caution.

As for what they said, every word of it might have been written down and read by Mrs. Barrington without causing her one jealous pang. Nina began by saying that the road was very dusty, but that, for her part, she preferred dust to mud, and, indeed, preferred every attribute of summer to any one of winter. When Gerald had assented to this harmless proposition the ball of conversation ceased to roll for several yards. The solitude they had sought so rashly and eagerly was too much for them, in fact. At last Miss Delany tried again.

"I think you will find the Eldons a great acquisition to your society," she said; "indeed, they are both so absolutely charming by nature and habit, and from cultivation and custom, that they would be an acquisition to any society."

"I am not sure that I shall stay at Ardleigh End. I hate the place now."

She did not ask him why he hated it now; but she blushed with a consciousness she hated herself for betraying; and the folly she had been guilty of in coming here at all was more vividly before her than ever.

"Where do you think of going when you leave Ardleigh End?" she said.

"Where? Out of the world soon, I hope," he said, deplorably.

"But as you can't go out of the world till your appointed time, where do you think of living in the interim?"

She said this spiritedly, meaning to rouse him; for it struck her that there was something pusillanimous in his last words.

"Abroad, I suppose. Situated as I am, I shall meet with fewer mortifications abroad."

And to that she could say nothing; for now

THE PRIVATE ROOM.

she dared not sympathize with him about the mortifications he was subjected to on account of his wife.

"I am longing to go abroad too," she said, after a pause. "And if papa hadn't married, he meant to take me to Spain this summer. But Lady Delany shrinks from the idea of Spanish travel, or, indeed, of any travel that is not perfectly easy and unadventurous and luxurious."

"I was surprised to hear of Sir Arthur marrying again."

"Were you? Well, I must say I was always fully prepared for any eccentricity on papa's part."

"Is your new step-mother congenial to you?"

"My new step-mother is—my step-mother; and I have no doubt that she is quite as congenial to me as I am to her. She's very young and pretty, and I am in her way—and she shows that I am in her way. But you must not imagine from that statement that she either beats me or starves me," she added, laughing.

Then the half hour was up, and they left off sauntering, and hastily retraced their steps into Sedgwick.

It was past one when they entered the little town, and during the whole hour that they had been together not a word had been said between them that would not just as satisfactorily have been left unsaid. Their being together had been such a poor pleasure that the proceeding was already robbed of all its criminality in Nina's eyes; while as for Gerald Barrington, by reason of being baffled, he was feeling more infatuated, more in love, more hopeless and miserable than ever.

Moreover, now that it had come to the point, he felt the full awkwardness of meeting a lot of people whom he knew, in the street, after that hour's solitary stroll with Nina. "Why didn't I do as she wished, and come here straight from the station?" he thought, self-reproachfully. "If I hear her gabbled about, it will be all up with my peace of mind."

"I must do my shopping now," Nina said. "I want to go to a glass shop and a bookseller's."

"You must have luncheon. We may as well go and have it before your shopping," he said.

"I don't care for luncheon," Nina replied. But, in truth, she was very hungry, and she only said she did not care for luncheon because she did not know where it would be well for her to go, and what it would be well for her to do.

"Here; we can go to this confectioner's," Mr. Barrington said, pausing at the door of a pastry-cook's shop. But even as he spoke there was borne out upon the air such an odor of rancid butter, greasy pastry, strong soup, and burned sugar that Nina revolted and refused to enter.

"No—that's impossible," Gerald Barrington said, hastily; "there are dead flies about on every thing. But you must have some luncheon; you're looking pale and worn out. Come on; I know another place." And he led her on to the corner of the High Street, and pulled up at the entrance of a comfortable inn.

"But this is an—an hotel," Nina said, hesitatingly.

"I needn't assure you that it is a thoroughly respectable one, Miss Delany," he said, ushering her in. And then he called for a private room, and Nina, with burning cheeks, walked in and took possession of it.

He ordered luncheon, and, there being the customary delay, in about a quarter of an hour he went out to hurry it. Presently Nina, anxiously listening to every sound, heard his voice in the passage.

"Yes, I came in by the twelve o'clock train. I fancied I saw you on the platform, Mrs. Simcox, but I was not quite sure."

"That was not Mrs. Barrington with you, was it?" a shrill female voice, pitched in a high key, replied.

"No. I came alone."

"But you were not alone. I said to Mrs. Verney, 'Look! that is not Mrs. Barrington—that lady standing by Mr. Barrington?' But before Mrs. Verney could look you had passed out of sight."

"Really, there were so many ladies standing near me on the platform that I am at a loss to identify the one you mean," Mr. Barrington said, good-humoredly. And Nina, who heard him say it, almost groaned as she muttered to herself, "He has to prevaricate, in order to shield me."

"I am worn out with the heat, and the fatigue of going from shop to shop," Mrs. Simcox then said, in a dilapidated tone. "You would scarcely believe what I have to do, Mr. Barrington, when I come into Sedgwick. Fortunately for you, you don't know what providing for a large family means."

Miss Delany heard Mrs. Simcox utter this sentence, and experienced intense relief from so hearing. Poor Nina thought that the excellent lady with the inquiring mind was ceasing from her quest of the "something" which Mr. Barrington was concealing from her. Alas! Mrs. Simcox was only the more surely on the track.

"I mustn't keep you standing any longer," Gerald Barrington said, courteously.

"I shall be glad to go and sit down while I'm waiting for the train," Mrs. Simcox said, piteously. "I came here for some luncheon, but I can't get a room; has any one got that room you came out of?"

"Yes," Gerald said, boldly; "it is already taken."

"And have you failed in getting a private room—not that it matters for a gentleman?"

"Yes, I have a room," Gerald said, getting himself into a deplorable difficulty through speaking the truth.

"Then let me—I'm an old woman, and it doesn't matter, you know—join you, Mr. Barrington. I'm sure your wife would be the first to advise me to do it; where have you ordered luncheon?"

A waiter coming up at the moment, with a tray full of viands in his hands, heard the interrogation, threw the door of the room in which Nina was sitting open, and stepped back, in order to let Mrs. Simcox walk in. Mrs. Simcox was in the room before Gerald could remonstrate. And Miss Delany was surveying the intruder with flashing eyes and flushing cheeks, but with a confused, agitated air, withal, that looked like guilt.

"I *beg* your pardon Mr. Barrington," Mrs. Simcox said, with offensive emphasis, looking quickly from Nina to Gerald. "I wouldn't on any account—exceedingly awkward, I am sure." And the lady turned in the midst of her condemnatory, affectedly apologetic mutterings to leave the room.

"You need not apologize to me," Mr. Barrington said, boldly. Then he remembered that the fine-eared waiter was present, and that if he said the room was not his (Gerald's), but Miss Delany's, that the truth would be questioned and canvassed in the hotel kitchen, bar, and stable-yard. So he paused, and Mrs. Simcox took advantage to bustle, with awfully significant haste, out of the room. Then the waiter withdrew—merely to the other side of the door—when something interested him at the hinges, and Miss Delany spoke:

"The first links of a chain of unpleasantness formed by my own folly; that woman will see that I suffer for my indiscretion."

"Don't speak so bitterly," he said, imploringly. "In blaming yourself you blame me so heavily. Who could have foreseen this? and, after all, it is nothing."

"No: nothing," she said, shaking her head slowly, and looking at him. "But it's just one of the nothings that bud into such mischief and misery. It's all nothing. We came here for nothing definitely; we have said and done nothing satisfactory; and now—well, it's no use moralizing." She rose up hastily, drew near to the table, and commenced eating her luncheon; but he saw that her eyes were full of tears, and that her hand trembled.

While he sat gazing at her, dejectedly, she lifted her eyes to his face, and, seeing the pain depicted there, she pitied him more than herself, and so said.

"Whatever comes of this outbreak of mistaken judgment on our—on my part, Mr. Barrington, you shall find that I have a heart for any fate, and that I don't much care for misrepresentation; still, if I may venture to advise you—" She paused; and he said, quickly:

"Do! Whatever you suggest I will do only too gladly."

"Then, I say, tell your wife, as soon as you get home, that you met me here, and that you looked after my comfort. The simple truth often takes the sting out of the most subtle mischief-making. Promise me you will tell her."

He had promised her that whatever she suggested he would do gladly; but this suggestion of hers was, as it happened, just the very one that was peculiarly unpalatable to him. He

would willingly do any thing save tell his wife that Nina, in order to oblige him, had been guilty of an error of judgment. Accordingly, he hesitated to give the promise she asked for; and, at length, gave it conditionally.

"I will tell her, if I think it necessary," he said. And it was borne in upon Nina that there was an element of weakness in the nature of this old love of hers. She was stung suddenly by a feeling that she had loved something less than herself—always an unpleasant conviction.

The time came for them to walk down to the station to catch the train that should carry them back to Ardleigh, and they walked down and caught the train, and were carried back to Ardleigh; still without saying one word that they might not just as easily and properly have said before a concourse of people; still without arriving at any thing like a satisfactory conclusion concerning the mystery of that parting in the past which they had come out avowedly to solve. When they took leave of each other at Ardleigh, Nina looked weak, weary, and worn-out, and disgusted with herself and every one else; and she felt as she looked.

It was late in the afternoon when Miss Delany reached the Vicarage. Mr. and Mrs. Eldon were out riding, but they had left word that, if she liked to go and meet them, they were gone to Cranborough, and on the Cranborough road she would surely find them. A horse was standing in the stable ready to be saddled for her use. "Cranborough! I don't know which is the Cranborough road," she said to the servant who gave her the message. "What is Cranborough—a village or a town?"

"It's Mrs. Simcox's place, please, Miss," the servant answered, promptly. "Mrs. Simcox is a widow lady, and Cranborough is a most beautiful place, Miss, if you haven't chanced to see it."

Miss Delany hadn't chanced to see it—did not care to chance to see either it or its owner, at the mention of whose name her heart sickened with a dread that she scarcely dared to own.

"The saddle needn't be put on," she said; "I'm tired. Bring a cup of tea to my room, and then let me be undisturbed until it's time to dress for dinner."

She went up stairs and threw herself upon her bed, and wrestled with a devil of unjust indignation. The Eldons would see that prying, intrusive, narrow-minded, inquisitive Mrs. Simcox, and would hear her garbled account of the meeting at Sedgwick, and Gertrude would be influenced by it, and would hold her (Nina) to blame! It was altogether unfair and uncalled for. "I should be wanting in what is due to myself if I pandered to a taste for idle gossip by offering up a confession to Mrs. Eldon as soon as she comes home," Miss Delany thought, hotly. "I have done nothing that I would not do again to-morrow" (this was untrue). "If Gertrude is capable of listening to any thing against an old friend of her husband's that is uttered by a recent acquaintance, she does not deserve that I should confide in her in the smallest degree." So, for a while, the devil of unjust indignation had it all his own way with Miss Delany.

She was still hot, weary, wrathful, and exhausted when the maid came to tell her that it was time to dress for dinner. "Missus was home, and nearly ready," she added; so she could stay and help Miss Delany, if Miss Delany required her services. So Nina's toilet was soon made, and then she went down to face the Eldons.

Mrs. Eldon was very much engaged with a spray of luxuriant rebellious roses that had crept in at the open window as Nina entered the room. Frank, who was standing near his wife, ceased speaking, and turned and smiled at Miss Delany as she came near to them; but his smile was less free and unrestrained than usual, and Nina felt the change keenly.

"Have you had a pleasant ride, Gertrude? I was too tired to come and meet you," she said, as unconcernedly as she could.

"The ride was not unpleasant," Mrs. Eldon answered. "Oh, dinner! I'm so glad," and Nina felt that she had been maligned by Mrs. Simcox.

CHAPTER VI.

AN EXPLANATION.

THERE was a something, distinctly, there was a something; but what that something which had risen up between them was, Nina was far too indignant with Fate and her friends to inquire. What if she had untowardly gone out in the heat of the day, and wearied herself by buying things which she did not want, and rekindling the nearly burned-out embers of that faintly flickering romance which had sparkled up again at sight of Gerald Barrington? What if she had done these things? Was Gertrude, safe, sound, newly married Gertrude, to be her (Nina's) judge and executioner? "She has neither the moral, nor the mental, nor the social right to assume that she knows better than I do what is proper and discreet," Nina said to herself, as she sat out the sad, stiff, slow dinner in silence. "And she shall not be able to meanly avail herself of her hostess-ship much longer," the girl went on thinking, irritating her soul against her friends by the thought, and spoiling her appetite.

That dull, dreary dinner came to an end at last, and then, contrary to his usual custom when they were alone, the vicar of Ardleigh allowed the two ladies to go away into the drawing-room by themselves. "While Gertrude maintains her 'dignified reserve,' as I have no doubt she calls it to herself, I shall follow her example," Miss Delany thought. So the aspect of affairs promised ill for a social evening; and the promise was not belied by the performance,

though Mrs. Eldon speedily showed that she had no intention of maintaining reserve of any kind.

Nina had settled herself down before a frame, and was apparently intently occupied in counting stitches in a most elaborate and difficult bit of scroll wool-work, when Mrs. Eldon broke the almost oppressive silence:

"You will be surprised to hear, Nina, that I have had a letter from Lady Delany to-day."

"No; I'm not surprised. Lady Delany is in the habit of doing uncalled-for and out-of-the-way things. Her doing one more does not startle me." But, though Miss Delany said this, it was evident that she was both surprised and startled, and a little curious too.

"There is nothing uncalled for or out of the way in a mother writing to the mistress of a house in which her daughter is staying."

"Certainly not, in a 'mother' doing it; but please don't degrade that relationship by trying to make out that it exists between Lady Delany and me. Angry as you are with me about something, Gertrude, don't be so unjust, so foolishly unjust as that."

Miss Delany had lost her temper, and given out the challenge to open combat in this speech. The definite accusation that would wring from Nina a definite defiance would surely be made now.

"I am not 'angry.' I have no right to be that," pretty Mrs. Eldon said, blushing a good deal; "but I do feel that you have treated me as a half foe instead of a whole friend. Lady Delany, in her letter to-day, tells me of something you have never even hinted at—your engagement to a Mr. Manners. She—"

"Tells you an untruth," Nina said, speaking with that air of calm deliberation which betrays so surely excitement and wrath.

"Do you mean to say that there is nothing?"

"Nothing where?"

"Nina, what is this between Mr. Manners and you?"

"More than a hundred miles at present," Nina said, laughing. "That is to say, if he is where I believe him to be—in London."

"And you are not engaged to him?"

"Decidedly not," Nina said, with her eyes flashing; "does Lady Delany dare to say that I am."

"Well!" Mrs. Eldon paused, pondered, then went on with a shade of hesitation in her face and voice and manner. "She does not make use of the word 'engaged;' but she says she 'hopes you have told me of the understanding which exists between Mr. Manners and yourself, as she thinks any concealment on such a subject tends to evil;' what could I suppose after reading that, but that you were engaged to him?"

Miss Delany made no answer for a minute, at least. She sat leaning forward on the work-stand, her chin resting on her hand, her eyes fixed on Mrs. Eldon's face. At last she said:

"And what brought this letter and this caution, just *now*, Gertrude?"

"No word or hint of mine, I assure you," Mrs. Eldon said, warmly.

"She was prompted to the interference by her own nasty, malicious little mind, then," Nina said, quietly.

"And by a half truth which has reached your father," Mrs. Eldon said, deprecatingly. "Sir Arthur has heard that Mr. Gerald Barrington is living in our neighborhood, and he has not heard that he is married. I believe it is by your father's desire that Lady Delany wrote, to caution me not to aid in throwing you together. You see it is all well meant; and now, Nina, may I say a word or two more?"

"Yes."

"You will not be offended?"

"I don't promise you that," Nina said, shaking her head. "If nothing is said to offend me, I will not be offended; but I'm not a patient Griselda—I'll not bear unjust rebuke, or aspersion, or suspicion."

"Now I'm afraid to speak."

"Then you must feel that what you were going to say was unjust; and therefore it is better left unsaid," Miss Delany remarked, coolly.

"No; I will risk your wrath, and say it: because I feel it to be the reverse of unjust or unkind. Tell me about Mr. Manners—do, Nina."

"He is a very nice fellow—a friend of papa's, which is saying little for him—a friend of mine, which is saying a great deal for him."

"And is he not more than a friend?"

Nina dabbed at the pattern before her with the point of her needle as she answered:

"No; nothing more. Is not being 'a friend,' being owned and valued as a friend, a great thing in this hollow, pleasant, deceitful world?"

"And he is not to be more than a friend, even in time? You can't care for him—love him, I mean: won't you tell me, Nina?"

"I have never even told you that he wanted me to try," Nina said, frowning a little. "He would be grateful to Lady Delany, if he knew she made him the theme of her fluent pen and wild speculations."

"Then you mean me to understand that it's all a fable about there being even an understanding between you," Mrs. Eldon said, in a disappointed tone; and then Nina colored and looked confused, and Mrs. Eldon shrewdly divined that there was something, after all.

By-and-by, when the daylight died and the moon got up, they sauntered out into the garden, and there, in the sweet soft light, and amidst the tender silence that hung over every thing, Nina relaxed a little from her reserve.

"I always feel that John Manners would make me happier than any other man in the world, if he did marry me," she began, abruptly; and Mrs. Eldon encouraged this phase of feeling by taking Nina's arm and pressing it within her own affectionately.

"Why don't you marry him then, dear?" she asked.

"I said if he married me—not at all implying that it was optional with me whether he did so or not," Nina said, quickly. "He's such a good fellow, Gertrude—such a determined, clever, good fellow; his wife, whoever she may be, will have reason to be proud of him—and will be proud of him." She spoke very seriously now—almost as if she reverenced her subject.

"And has he what even the most determined, the cleverest, and best of men can't do without?" Gertrude asked. "Has he money enough to marry on without coming down a round of the social ladder?"

"Yes, I believe so," Nina said, carelessly. "He's just the sort of man that one feels at first sight never has had to, and never will have to, shift and shuffle, and study ways and means."

"And have you known him long?"

"Only about two years; and, to make a clean breast of it, Gertrude, in a month from this time I have to give him my definite answer as to whether I will be that proud and happy woman, his wife, or not."

"I fervently hope your answer will be Yes," Mrs. Eldon said, warmly. "Dear Nina, it's late, but thank you for having given me your confidence; thank you for having given me the right to say, 'Consult your honor and safety and happiness by marrying the man who loves you, and whom you respect so warmly and truly.'"

"Ah!" Nina said, sorrowfully, "obligations are hard to endure; and I should feel under a heavy one to the man who gave me his heart and had to take what I render just as freely to Church and State, my 'respect,' in return. No; time was, time is; but I need not say No for a month." And when her willful friend said that, Mrs. Eldon grew severe in her soul again, and approached what had been her real object throughout the conversation.

"Nina, I can't help feeling sure that you are going to throw away the substance for a shadow—for worse than a shadow, for a snare and a delusion; what good can come of the renewal of your intercourse with Gerald Barrington—a man with a great, hale, hearty, healthy wife, who I really believe to be too good for him—who, at any rate, is far too good for him ever to get freed from her by a divorce?"

"Really there is something absurd in your reprobating my weakness and Mrs. Barrington's strength in the same breath," Miss Delany said. "As to the renewal of my intercourse with Mr. Barrington, it was accidental, and it will be brief; he has nothing whatever to do with the No that will be spoken."

"Was your meeting with him to-day at Sedgwick accidental?"

"I suppose you heard of it from an obtrusive woman, whose want of breeding put us all in a false position, for which I refuse to be considered accountable," Nina said, quickly. "I foresaw all this—this pettiness, as soon as I heard you were gone to Cranborough—at least as soon as I heard who lived at Cranborough; still, you ought to know me well enough to feel quite sure that I should not have done what I have done without good cause. Mr. Barrington had a right to demand that I should listen to him. I thought to save you all anxiety and responsibility by listening to him in Sedgwick."

"It did look so like an assignation," Mrs. Eldon urged.

"Well, you may say the same of every meeting by appointment. Assignation is an ugly word, though. After all, he might have shouted out all he had to say to me in the open market-place."

"You actually appear to regret that."

"Of course I regret that," Nina said, boldly. "I went hoping to hear some words from him that should make me think the man I did love so much less weak than I have thought him since I have seen his wife; instead of that, as I say, the words I did hear every one might have heard—he had nothing to say for himself to me."

"You could not have listened to words framed for your ears only from a married man."

"Yes, I could," Nina said; "I went to hear them—I wanted to hear them."

"It is well for you that you did not hear them—well for you both that he was too weak a sinner to speak them," Mrs. Eldon said, with the scorching warmth that the subject is apt to engender in the minds and mouths of young wives; "now, at any rate, if any thing uncharitable is said about you, in consequence of your rashness, you will have the satisfaction of feeling that it is partly undeserved."

"There will be no satisfaction to me in that; it's not my vocation to be a martyr. Let us go in, Gertrude; the longer we speak of this, the farther we get away from each other's meaning and motives." Then they went into the lamplighted room together; and Frank Eldon, who was sitting there, saw at a glance that matters were very wrong indeed with them.

The subject was discussed once more that night—this second time between Mr. and Mrs. Eldon.

"She never attempted to conceal it, or to excuse herself," Mrs. Eldon began, angrily.

"My dear Gertrude, according to my idea, she would not have improved the case by evasion or falsehood."

"But it would only have been natural for her to show a little shame or contrition, after having been guilty of such folly; now, wouldn't it, Frank—wouldn't it have been natural?"

"Not at all natural for Nina."

"You ought not to vindicate her, Frank; I am very, very fond of her, and entirely fascinated by her; but I'm not blinded by her into believing that she is justified in striving to render that wretched man more disgusted than he is already with his wretched wife." Then Mrs. Eldon would not say any thing more on the

subject, for her husband would not treat it quite as she desired, and Nina deserved.

But other people said a great deal about it in a short time. That ill-advised walk, before going up from the station into gaping Sedgwick, was fruitful in strengthening evil report. Mrs. Simcox, who disliked Mrs. Barrington as a woman and a neighbor, was a violent partisan of the mistress of Ardleigh End as a wife. "It was audacious, and indecent, the way in which that Miss Delany went flaunting about Sedgwick, after being found by me in that very queer position—in a private room in an hotel, with a married man!" Mrs. Simcox would say this to every one she saw, and then compress her always compressed lips, and declare that she would say no more; but that, still, she must say, if she were in Mrs. Barrington's place, she should let Mrs. Eldon know what was thought of her friend by all right-minded people! For a clergyman to countenance such goings on was scandalous; and how could Mr. Eldon think that people would attend, etc., etc.

And all this because Mrs. Eldon was too loyal to publicly blame and censure Nina. In private, as has been seen, she was capable of rebuking the wrong, and pointing out the right; but she would not join the herd in throwing stones and mud at Miss Delany. So, as was natural, some of the freely cast stones and mud fell upon her, the blameless one, and the neighborhood shook its head, and said that, "really, it behooved a woman situated as Mrs. Eldon was to be very circumspect."

"People seem to fight shy of you here, Gertrude," Miss Delany said, one morning, abruptly throwing down a local paper, in which she had been reading an account of a series of festivities which had taken place at the neighboring seat of some county magnate. "Frank and you ought to have been at Balderton; all the neighboring clergy seem to have been given a taste of the dear delights of worldliness and sin, by being present at some private theatricals there."

"Oh, I don't know," Mrs. Eldon said, speaking with some embarrassment; "we don't go in for visiting, you see."

"But you don't go in for not visiting? No, Gertrude, I'm not blind, or stupid, or ill-natured, or indifferent to the comforts of my friends, though I have seemed to be all these things lately. The fact is, it was useless talking about the unpleasantness until I could relieve you from it; people don't like my presence in your house, and so they try to punish you for it."

"I hope that you are not forced to say this from any thing in my manner, Nina."

"Indeed not; you have behaved—well, just as Frank's wife ought to have behaved, and that's the highest commendation I can give any one; for if I could be in love with a human being just now it's your husband; but I can't be; I'm out of love with humanity altogether, its representatives in Ardleigh have been so hard upon me. But this is what I have to tell you: my father has written to ask me to go to them again, to go at once and stay with them in town till the third week in August, and then to accompany them to a place he has hired near Boulogne—a dull hole, I fancy it to be, in which Lady Delany would never consent to bury herself but for a purpose."

"What do you think that purpose is?" Mrs. Eldon asked.

"To make me fully appreciate the blessings and advantages which might be mine if I married Mr. Manners," Nina said, carelessly. "Don't mistake me though: don't imagine for an instant that I think him capable of being a party to such a scheme. However, to save trouble, I have agreed to it; and so I'm going, Gertrude, and you won't be tabooed any more." She got up and went over and put her hands on Gertrude's shoulders as she spoke; and as she stood so looking down her beauty was so great that Mrs. Eldon felt that it would be well to be tabooed by any neighborhood to any extent for Nina Delany.

"My dear Nina, granted that it is as you say, and that foolish people act foolishly, stay with us while you can be happy; honestly, I was angry with you just at first when you—when I thought it would have been just as well if you hadn't gone to Sedgwick," Mrs. Eldon said, deprecatingly; "but now other people have proved themselves so egregiously wrong in their conclusions and deductions about you that I can't consent to consider your mite of share of wrong in the matter at all."

"'Two wrongs don't make a right,' to be strikingly original," Nina said, sadly; "honestly (as you spoke), I own to feeling that I was weak, weak, weak as the weakest of my sex in going there that day to meet Gerald Barrington, in half feeling, half affecting to feel, and wholly showing that I had an interest in him still. Well, I suppose I looked my last at him that day, and I shall think my last of him when I leave here the day after to-morrow."

"You have quite resolved upon going, then?" Mrs. Eldon said.

"Yes, I have made up my mind to go; after all, as I have said before, Lady Delany is no greater bore to me than I must be to her."

"And you won't let yourself be coerced by circumstances and dullness into marrying? Do promise me that, Nina. It would be dreadful, both for you and the unfortunate man, if you were," Mrs. Eldon said, sympathetically.

"No," Nina said, decidedly; "I like the man I could marry too well to do him such an unkindness—I shall remain as I am. I have outlived my romance, and I can find no good substitute for it: I am only like many others."

BY-PATHS TO PROSPERITY.

THERE are two ways of making money. They differ *in toto*. The one is better exemplified in this country than any where else in the world, and may be called the grand style. The other is less represented here than in older countries, and seems petty by contrast as well as in actual fact. In the first method the amount of business and the variety of undertakings are accounted as evidence and means of success; in the second, prosperity is dependent upon the development of a single form of industry. In the grand style, much of the business must be done simply for the sake of reputation. Lines of unprofitable goods must be kept in store, large transactions must be made, and extensive operations must be conducted in order to keep custom, or as a mode of advertising display; although an immediate loss thereby is probable, and ultimate gain is problematical. The large houses in New York, who unhesitatingly sell at certain seasons heavy amounts of goods, of produce, or of stocks, are not always in immediate want of cash; they hope on the one hand to damage their rivals, and on the other to secure new customers.

These processes attract particular attention when practiced by dry-goods houses, but they are confined to no one form of trade. They have become a feature in all departments of commerce and manufacture; and it seems to many of our citizens, as they express themselves, that "the business of this country is falling into the hands of a few." The dream, the ambition of a New York business man is to be at the head of a "big house," to "swing a heavy line," to control a "market;" and a similar infatuation is noticeable in other cities.

Every one of these large fortunes acquired in trade at the present day, upon this system, is of necessity built upon the ruins of a number of less fortunate undertakings. Every year it requires a longer purse and a more unscrupulous pertinacity to obtain a foothold in business, and compete with those who already possess such formidable advantages.

It is, therefore, interesting, if not profitable, to consider the other mode of making money. True, it is not so much in accordance with our national tendencies, nor does it hold out flattering hopes of the great prizes in the lottery. Simultaneously with the accumulation of large fortunes, and the control of widely extended interests by a small number of individuals, there has been the growth of fair competency slowly attained by men who have devoted themselves to single and peculiar lines of business. This class embraces many foreigners and adopted citizens. They have the advantage of economical habits, and live strictly within their means, having narrow notions in regard to display either in their trade affairs or their mode of living. Between the rich old houses, who grind him with the weight of their wealth and power, and the "skinners," who are contented to make transactions at an insignificant profit, the tendency of an average American, who feels his capacity for doing a variety of work, or for conducting almost any business that may afford opportunity, is to fritter away his exertions upon too many different undertakings, and to verify the proverb that "a rolling stone gathers no moss;" or to freight his vessel too heavily, and extend his sails too widely, so that he is the first to founder in a financial storm.

The subdivision of mere labor has been carried to a much greater extent in English factories than here, and, although it results in work that is in some respects more perfect, it seems sometimes to stultify the workingman. Our Commissioners of Emigration mention, as an instance of the difficulty of procuring for immigrants employment of the kind to which they have been accustomed, that a woman past middle age arrived in their charge, who, from childhood, had been constantly employed in sorting files, and had no knowledge whatever that fitted her for any other occupation. But if a manufacturing establishment be devoted to a single purpose, the perfection of its work thence resulting will ultimately enable it to distance competition. Although we are assured that, so far as poetical products are concerned,

> "The man who means success should soar above
> A soldier's feather or a lady's glove,"

it is yet a prosaic fact that two of the most noted French manufacturers are exclusively engaged in making those trifles. Nor is there of necessity a connection between a petty business and a narrow mind. The Fabers, who represent a family and a lifetime devoted to wooden lead-pencils, are alike distinguished for the excellence of their products and their hearts, having liberally provided homes and education for their work-people; nor is there any evidence that the European manufacturer who has acquired a million of dollars in making dolls' eyes is himself peculiarly wanting in breadth of view.

The extraordinary number of patented articles in this country furnishes numerous instances where men, by devoting themselves to the business which a single one of these inventions may originate, have met with singular success. The sewing-machine may properly head such a list. For, although vast manufacturing industries are founded upon the improved varieties of its mechanism, the original invention, patented by Elias Howe, Jun., in 1846, was a practical machine; and the business which originated with it enabled the patentee not only to meet the heavy expenses of a score of legal contests respecting the validity of his title, but also to carry on his own manufacture, and accumulate the substantial rewards of industry. The washing-machines and wringers of recent invention, especially the latter contrivance, have become the basis of extended and exceedingly profitable business. In an enumeration of instances of American manufactures which com-

pete successfully with Birmingham goods in British markets, an extract from an English Parliamentary report was recently read before our House of Representatives, exhibiting in the strong light of facts the success of our industries in particular lines. Thus, American axes have no equal in the world; horse-nails, "beautifully made by machinery in the United States," supersede all others; and American pumps not only take the place of foreign articles, but one of them is recorded as *the* pump that found water for the Abyssinian expedition.

But in the line of what are sometimes designated as Yankee notions, fortune seems to follow small manufactures with peculiar favor. A small garden roller made a handsome competence for the owner of the patent; certain petroleum lamps supplanted the English manufacture in the East India markets. There was a churn, operated by means of gearing, that connected it with weights suspended outside the building, patent rights for which, for three States only, were sold for $12,000. Patent rights, in fact, are sometimes more profitable to sellers than buyers, and there is a famous instance in the case of the sorghum manufacturing patents, said to have been disposed of for $200,000 to parties who never succeeded in bringing their costly purchase into practical use.

Locks, bolts, catches, and latches, if their histories were written, would show a large proportion of successes. An instance is mentioned where a window-catch yielded a profit of $50,000. A padlock to fasten dog-collars fixed the foundations of a small fortune. Of toys, the "return-ball" is most frequently alluded to, on account of its extreme simplicity and the suddenness with which it found popular favor. There was a fortnight during which it was a feature on the stock exchange. Prominent operators varied the excitement of calling stocks by slinging red balls at each others' faces, not always controlling the missile sufficiently to make it return before striking the object of such demonstrations, who perhaps assisted the sport by an endeavor to catch the ball before it was pulled back to its owner. The stock-brokers of New York are among the best customers for ingenious mechanical toys. An air-pistol which exploded a piece of paper with a loud report found ready sale in Wall and Broad streets. The jumping-jack contrivance, by which a small wooden figure of a darkey danced "break-downs" with unlimited suppleness, had a long run of custom among them; and the various improvements upon it, which have all been of great profit to their inventors, met attention and investigation from men accustomed to manipulate puppets and pull wires where the success or failure of the merest trick might involve large amounts of money.

The sugar-dealers, among others, once took a fancy to purchase ingenious fly-traps, and assisted in securing a satisfactory business to an individual who at that time made these contrivances a specialty. Although his shop contained nothing but fly-traps, it was a veritable curiosity-shop, and the diversity and intricacy of these contrivances gave interest to the eloquence with which the proprietor was wont to expound their separate merits.

There are instances of ingenious devices being extensively used for purposes entirely foreign to the intention of their inventors. Thus the spring clothes-pins, of which there are two or three varieties, attained considerable sale for use as letter-clips, and to secure papers. A peculiarly shaped knife, originally made to be sold as an "eraser," to scrape ink from writing-paper, found a more extended demand as an instrument for trimming toe corns and finger nails.

In certain trades long apprenticeship is required to confer by practice the requisite taste and skill. But when there is added to the necessity for experience and practice to insure good handiwork the restriction of a small demand for the product of such labor, the craft can comprise but few members, and it may become a monopoly. A branch of the industry over which Saint Crispin presides has recently come into existence, to meet the separate requirements of a class itself widely removed from saintly patronage. There is now in almost every important city in this country a "theatrical bootmaker;" and if the statements that have appeared are reliable, the price obtained for the adjuncts to the elegance of "the buskined stage" is about five times that of the ordinary calf-skin foot-coverings.

The addition of genius to the dexterity which is acquired by training may in some occupations convert the artisan into the artist, and by the perfection of handiwork secure the meed of fame. Of these, type-cutting and hand-printing, in the early days of those arts, tapestry-work and line-engraving, present familiar examples, and the names of John Baskerville, William Caxton, the Gobelin family, and Albert Durer are not likely soon to be forgotten.

There is an artist in New York who has developed a peculiar skill in the rare art of cutting cameos. Do you wish the stone to represent your own lineaments or those of your most loved one? is there a scene, a device, an emblem that is dear to your memory? name your desire, and he will reproduce the likeness in high or low relief, perpetual, in stone. From the actual sitter, from the bust, the photograph, the painting, or perhaps even the pencil-sketch with a few words of description, this man of genius can construct the counterfeit presentment. He, and the admirable artist who has recently furnished the public with silhouettes of marvelous delicacy and singular beauty of outline—the original cuttings of black paper being now copied as engravings and popularized through the agency of the printing-press—are probably not much troubled by competition.

The manufacture of artificial noses is a unique business in which rivalry is not apt to be excessive; and should we pity the person who makes this his specialty at a season when his trade is dull, we must yet hesitate to accord him such sympathy as to wish him an increase of customers. A certain studio in the fifth story of a building in Broadway used to be better known to the "fancy" than any other rooms in the city where the painter's skill may give to fancy shape. The artist who occupied those premises rarely had in daylight an idle hour: sitters thronged upon him, and waited for their turn with their faces in their handkerchiefs, their hats drawn down over their eyes, or, if of the gentler sex—and there were many such—closely veiled. His especial skill and constant occupation was in painting to a natural tint the human countenance, when its divinity was obscured by bruises or by a "black eye."

Of a humbler grade is the "artist" who confines his efforts to repairing the injuries and fractures of meerschaum pipes. There are professional destroyers of vermin who contract by the month or quarter to remove rats, mice, and roaches from hotels, restaurants, etc. Some of these hunters of small deer also furnish live rats in large numbers within twenty-four hours from order, for the exhibitions of dog-pits. They do not keep the rats on hand, but catch them as required. It is generally believed, and is perhaps true, that they use some bait or attractive scent in trapping the vermin. Such is not, however, the explanation as the writer heard it from the lips of one of the most skilled in this vocation.

"I never use bait or drugs. I have studied the animal." Here he drew himself up in the consciousness of superior knowledge, and proceeded with a lofty air. "No man that understands the rat needs such things; nor are fancy rat-traps of any account. Look at a rat's nest! It is hid behind a wall. It is near a chimney or a heat flue, so that it is kept warm. It is lined with soft stuff—rags, hair, lint, torn paper. Would you catch rats? Make a nest for them. Use a box having a sliding door to a small aperture. Put rags in the box, or saw-dust, or both, and leave it in the warmest part of a room that the rats frequent, covered with an old carpet, the aperture left open. No one must disturb the room; the longer things are thus left the better. There will be a time when you can walk in quietly, drop the sliding door, and carry off the box under your arm with every rat inside that was in the building."

"At what hour of the day or night do you find all the rats in?" we inquired.

"You would not ask the question if you had studied the rat," was the somewhat evasive reply.

About once a week a man puts his head into our office, and says "Wanchewredinkmister?" and, not receiving any reply, departs. Some months elapsed before we succeeded in discovering the intent of his inquiry. He is presumably a German, and vends carmine writing fluid to those who apprehend and affirmatively answer his question, "Want you red ink, mister?" A man well known in engraving establishments seems to make his rounds about once a month. The whole point of his existence is to sell diamond points for engravers' use—one lasting the best part of a lifetime. An industrious individual makes barrel-bungs for a living. A Boston gentleman feathered his own nest by producing wooden nest-eggs. A new commercial business is confined to furnishing oil to be used only on sewing-machines. In Paris an "International Exhibition of Fans" is announced. In New York there is a house exclusively engaged in the manufacture and sale of church furniture. In Boston there is a shop devoted to the sale of glass chimneys for kerosene lamps.

With patience, success in a retail business devoted to a single article is almost certain in a large city. Thus, let a man sell nothing but dolls' heads, keeping his prices well down, and remaining in the same store for years, and although, perhaps, for a long while unnoticed, and strongly tempted to expand his business into a toy-shop or a variety store, if persistent in the one idea, he will eventually attract an exclusive trade, and draw customers for dolls' heads from distant quarters; for it is alike the observation of buyers and sellers that the best place to buy an article is that where only that article is dealt in. But if the dealer in the case supposed were to include the bodies, the garments, and the furniture of dolls, he might procure a larger business in the first few years, but with no such prospect of ultimate increase or permanency.

The specialties of scientific knowledge give occupation to men possessed of thorough knowledge of peculiar departments. To enumerate these special callings is but to give the designations appropriate to the divisions of science. The professions are similarly pursued in individual lines; and we have patent lawyers and divorce lawyers, cancer doctors, and chiropodists. Of the last there was one who went traveling from house to house, before the days when citizens hired a "corn-doctor" by the year to operate monthly, whose reputation was founded upon an alleged capacity for extracting the roots of corns. After nicely trimming the afflicted feet, he would affect to pull out the said roots with tweezers. He bored a small hole in the corn, and his legerdemain was very neat: but a gentleman on whom he operated kept a "root," and examined it under a microscope. It was a piece of a fish-bone.

With special reference to human frailty, there is a business reduced to a system in Paris, employing a number of discreet deputies, who go around to liquor shops and places of public resort at night, and accompany, or otherwise assist to their homes, for a consideration, inebri-

ated gentlemen, who would otherwise fall into the hands of the police. In that city there is also, at almost every alternate street corner, that most valuable of messengers, the *commissionnaire*. Licensed, and amenable to strictly enforced penalties if he overcharges, defaults, or even blunders, he is yet your servant for the occasion, capable, for a reasonable compensation per hour, of the greatest variety of service. He can procure for you a ball-ticket; order your dinner, and summon your company; ascertain the whereabouts of a book in the public libraries or the shops; perhaps even collect a bill, or prepare the preliminaries of an *affaire du cœur*. He is frequently employed by a jealous husband or wife to follow, and report upon the movements of the suspected party; and occasionally the same agent is hired by both the partners in a domestic infelicity.

A business has grown into formidable dimensions within a few years in London which it is impossible to regard with complacency. The nearest approach to it in this country is the Association for the Suppression of Gambling, which, with a worthier motive, adopts somewhat similar means. "Private Inquiry" offices are an invention to the credit of which England is perfectly welcome; and we devoutly hope that nobody on this side of the water will either copy or infringe upon their peculiarities. Employing great numbers of young men and women apparently engaged in other pursuits, as house-servants, clerks, etc., to collect and communicate to a central office all the gossip, scandal, and personalities that they can pick up and acquire in the families or firms where they have such opportunities, these establishments obtain information in vast quantities, which is carefully recorded and tabulated. This information, these family secrets obtained by infamous bribery and espionage, are for sale. To these offices a husband or wife proceeds in search of evidence when thinking of applying for a divorce. Thither, also, go morbid wretches in search of food for jealousy; partners who doubt each other; employers who suspect their agents. And so widely spread are the ramifications by which this institution has penetrated the privacy of British households, that it is said that an applicant rarely calls at an office without finding that there are at least some details already "booked" respecting the object of his inquiries. But no profit which may accrue to employers or employed can compensate for the utter loss of self-respect involved in such an occupation.

When in literature the subdivisions of industry are placed upon a mere trading basis, singular effects follow. Experience in a restricted avocation results in peculiar skill, and the work of the expert in some branch of literary pursuit is not apt to want dexterity or finish. Yet, whenever the produce of one man's brains is sold to be fathered as another's, whatever benefit each may receive pecuniarily, morally both must be injured. Although for years it has been customary to sell sermons in England, and the practice is alluded to by the poet Cowper, we can not admire it. More recently their newspapers advertise to furnish either sermons or the mere skeletons of sermons, with illustrations, on subjects selected by the purchaser, or from a general assortment; to be sent by mail on receipt of price.

Lecturers also can be similarly supplied with "original MS. lectures." Some of the subjects are thus enumerated in an advertisement: "Coincidences. Freemasonry — its history, secret rites, and mysteries. Superstitions. Social and Humorous Sketches. Swiss History. Inventors and their Opponents." There is in England a class of reporters who do not themselves write any thing for the journals, and are not known as connected with them; they simply collect incidents for others who write descriptive reports.

The French capital is famous for providing literary wares adapted to all exigencies. At the time of the *Exposition Universelle*, there were scribes to be found who could produce light or solid essays upon any topic, division, or article illustrated or exhibited therein, in any language required. One of these literary hacks furnished the complete and exhaustive report upon industries represented in the Exhibition which a commissioner from a foreign nation presented to his government as the result of his own investigation. And this elaborate report, upon which the commissioner was generally complimented, was not only written in his native tongue, but was also an accurate imitation of his usual handwriting. Perhaps it is not too much to say that the Pascal-Newton forgeries may be accounted the ripe fruit of so dangerous a vocation.

Edgar A. Poe, the poet, had acquired a facility in imitating handwriting which he once turned to account as a practical joke. A lady in Washington left with him her book of autographs, containing those of a large number of celebrated individuals, with the request that he would add his own. The autographs in the book were scattered through it without any arrangement. Poe kept the book a few weeks, and when he returned it there appeared a duplicate of each autograph upon the page opposite or nearest adjoining. Neither the owner of the book, nor any one else, was able afterward to decide which were the genuine autographs, and which Poe's fac-similes.

The recent evidence made public in Philadelphia, respecting the operations of a dealer in medical diplomas, has revealed a danger that may require special legislation. It seems that he furnished the degree of M.D. to any person who chose to pay for it, and that the sheepskins were genuine issues of collegiate institutions, that shared the profits of the sales with this unscrupulous broker. But dealing in diplomas is not confined to this country, though it appears to be conducted abroad with some reference to the mental acquirements of the pur-

chaser. The following advertisement is from a recent London newspaper:

"Degrees. M.A., Ph.D., etc., *in absentiâ*. Qualified gentlemen, desirous of proceeding to the following honorary degrees, B.A., M.A., Ph.D., Ph.B., LL.B., LL.D., D.D., M.D., receive official instruction and advice without charge, by writing to LL.D., 10 St. Paul's Road, Canonbury, London. N.B. The degrees and diplomas are guaranteed *bona fide*, and they are issued by colleges and universities empowered by charter to grant the same. Only the application of authors and other decidedly qualified candidates will be replied to. Unqualified men and busy-bodies need not trouble themselves to write, and their personal applications will not be attended to."

One of the most extreme instances of concentration upon a single literary pursuit is that related of a German professor of philology, who had spent the whole of a long and laborious life in the study of the Greek article. In his last hours he called his son to his bedside, and said, "Take warning by my fault. Don't attempt too much. I see now that I ought to have confined myself to the dative case."

PLAYED TO THE END.

ONE of the prettiest rooms in one of the prettiest houses in all Fifth Avenue, and, to complete the picture, a lovely woman in a toilet that was a poem, and an attitude which would have served as a study for Meditation, or a new Clytie, or any thing graceful and beautiful that you please.

Certainly that place and that presence were about the last in which one would have expected to find a skeleton intruding itself, noting into the bargain that there was no vulgar closet where it could hide, according to the agreeable habit of its kind. But the skeleton was there, nevertheless; a fine, bony one, admirably articulated, and as lively as if he were galvanized at least twice in the course of every twenty-four hours.

I doubt if he even missed the closet in which an ordinary skeleton is supposed from preference to take lodgings when it is his mission to haunt some luckless bit of mortality; perhaps, as a skeleton accustomed to luxurious quarters in a fashionable part of the town, he would have despised any such confined place. At all events, he made himself entirely at home in the shadowy, perfumed boudoir, sat on the top of the mosaic table, grinned out of the niche where the marble boy reclined, hovered inside the silken window-curtains, tip-toed along the little recess filled with blue and gold editions of the poets and French novelists, showed his ribs and joints in the bay-window where the rare exotics blushed at their own loveliness, and was altogether so agile and disagreeable that he might have taken charge of the whole avenue and had plenty of time on his hands, instead of centring his vigilance on one pretty woman.

He was out in great spirits this morning; one never would have dreamed that he had been awake and up the whole night through, dancing, grinning, mowing, and displaying a skill in tormenting which only a thorough-bred skeleton, educated among the very first families, could possibly show. A blood relation could not have been more persistent in his attentions and scrutiny. A sister-in-law, or an old maid aunt, or any other of the tribe yeleped kindred, whom one is cruelly forbidden by law to put to death, would have been almost preferable as a companion. It was a wonder he was not a little stiff in the knees just now, for he had not only been up all night, but once early in the evening he showed himself in the opera box without so much as a sheet to cover his hideousness, and even then was not content to go home like a Christian and wait till his prey returned. He appeared at the ball—the finest of the season—skipped about among the dancers, and made himself so odious to one pair of eyes that the possessor of them wished the floor might give way or the ceiling come down, or any other unpleasant and unexpected catastrophe occur which would effectually flatten him.

He went away from the ball—probably blasé in regard to amusements, as a modern skeleton ought to be—but he did not lose himself on the road. He was safe in the boudoir when its pretty owner returned—safe, and lively as a bill-collector or a jealous husband, or any other of the monsters with a genius for rendering life insupportable. And here he was now—poking a bone in the chocolate, and spoiling it as completely as the harpies did the feast prepared by the wandering Trojans; bending over the flowers, and withering them by the chill of his presence; and, worst of all, tossing about a vellum and silver port-folio, and holding up the cards and billets and love-letters, one after one, and making each a new mockery or pain by some insulting gesture or impromptu dance that had a language plainer than any words.

I think no woman ever lived who could less easily endure the slightest semblance of authority and control than Violet Livingston, and to be haunted and tyrannized over in this ruthless manner was a realization of purgatory which few people are called upon to suffer in this world. The handsomest widow that Murray Hill could boast; witty as the best style of modern novel; a genius in dress that Eugénie might have envied; mistress of a house, carriage, diamonds; and only twenty-five—certainly, the last person among one's acquaintance whom one would expect to set up a private skeleton. The ghost of a pretty girlish romance, just enough to give an excuse for poetical regrets and a becoming pensiveness, one might have looked for; but there was something anomalous and disgusting in the idea of her being subjected to the espionage of that osseous monster, and his gymnastic tricks, which he performed as easily as if his creaking joints had been steel springs.

Presently there was a tap at the door—the skeleton hid himself in the dressing-room, but peeped out to watch who came and what might be said—the pretty widow saw him plainly enough still. She turned her back on him resolutely, and requested the tapper to appear. It was only the elderly female relative who lived with her, in accordance with the necessity there is for a pretty widow having a Colley; and old Miss Berners made a very good one—she never gave tongue unless she was bidden. "And how did you sleep, my dear? And are you tired? And how charmingly you look this morning!"

And Violet would have liked to fling a slipper at her, or call her bad names, or throw her down and jump on her. Not because the antique servant of Diana had done any thing wrong, but just from sheer nervousness and exasperation with the world in general. However, she was too well-bred, like the rest of us, to follow her inclinations. She answered sweetly, and invented a commission at once which would take the virgin out of the house and out of the way, after she had asked questions enough to make Violet's head buzz.

When she had gone, back came the skeleton and grinned at her, as if to say, "You're mighty clever, but you can't get rid of me—you can't get rid of me;" and, without the slightest warning, the pretty widow threw up her hands and went off in a burst of hysterical sobs that might have touched the heart of a Borgia, but did not soften her tyrant in the least.

Then another tap at the door, and Violet composed herself as quickly as a conjuror performs one of his mysterious feats. Once more she bade the tapper come in. This time it was her maid, with a card that had a coronet on it. The young widow shook out her gray and garnet plumage before the mirror, noticed the skeleton leaning over her shoulder as she did so, and prepared to go down stairs to greet the Baron Rothmille.

But she was not to go yet. The adorner of beauty had a note in her hand, as well as the card, and presented it, while the skeleton pirouetted in delight. Violet glanced at the billet, made a gesture as if about to tear it, opened and read the few lines instead, and straightway turned so white that the maid cried out in alarm. This brought the widow back to sense, and the color into her cheeks. She recommended the Frenchwoman to leave the room more sharply than she often spoke to any dependent, and Mademoiselle flounced off in a rage such as only a Parisian seraph could get up at short notice.

Violet read her note again, and it was difficult to decide whether fear or anger was the predominant emotion in her mind.

"Will come this morning—Boodle stocks an utter failure." "Oh, the wretch! That was what he meant last night! If I could kill him—I would myself, only I'm such a coward!"

She did not shriek this, nor mutter it. I believe people only do such things on the stage or in novels. But she thought it, and a whole volume of bitter, crazy, wicked thoughts, in the short space she stood tearing the billet, as she would have torn Cloudy Forester's heart, if he had owned one, and she could have got at it. All the while the skeleton grinned and danced before her, and looked at least twenty feet high; he had a pleasant faculty of growing at will a good deal more rapidly than Jack's famous bean-stalk.

Then Violet saw the coroneted card on the table, and remembered the Baron. She put by her histrionics, or, rather, she began doing high comedy instead of melodrama, and swept down stairs. By the time she reached the reception-room she looked her part to perfection.

The Baron was waiting for her with any amount of smiles, and small talk in such doubtful English as he was master of, and French when that failed, somewhat less elegant than Violet's own. He had German blood in his veins; and she spoke the language with an ease which nobody born outside of Paris, except an American woman, can ever hope to acquire.

"A thousand pardons, Baron! I have kept you waiting shamefully—but I wasn't blacking my eyebrows."

The Baron got off a rather long speech about the delight any man must feel at waiting in the charmed atmosphere of that house; but the speech halted a little, owing to the German phlegm, of which he could not rid himself.

"That's very pretty, Baron," returned the widow; "but I dare say you are cross all the same."

"Yes," said the Baron, curling his mustache, "because a billet-doux came in when I did."

"A tender epistle from my dress-maker," answered Violet, with the most natural laugh. "She disappointed me about my toilet for last night, and throws herself on what she calls my angelic clemency—I wish she may find it."

"Are you always hard-hearted when people do that?" inquired the Baron, in a very meaning tone.

Straightway she knew what had brought him! He meant to be tender! He was about to give her an opportunity to make every marriageable female on Murray Hill expire of envy. A thousand reflections came in a flash. The chance of wearing a title, a reception at court—for the Baron's position was good beyond a doubt—dinners at the Tuileries, visits at Compeigne, new dresses without stint, ease, splendor, a whirl of pleasure, friendship with Eugénie, successful rivalry of Madame Metternich—no end of delightful things! And the impossibility of snatching at the future thus opened, bound hand and foot, the lines in Cloudesley Forester's note swimming before her eyes—great Heavens! the skeleton, too, crept in while she reflected, and stood grinning behind the Baron's chair.

Time—she must have time! Queen Elizabeth at the last pinch had not greater need of it, and, more fortunate than the vestal monarch,

Violet held the matter somewhat in her own hands. The Baron was a person of importance, of course, and nearly as stupid as Death, but easier to circumvent and put off.

She rattled on in the most bewitching and bewildering way; she dazzled the Baron's eyes with her smiles; she confused and fluttered him strangely; and all the while she was praying that the door-bell might ring, somebody come in—any body, from the bishop to the devil! But, praying or talking, she was haunted by visions of a Parisian heaven, Cloudy's letter, and the grinning face of the skeleton, all mixed up in the most sickening and incongruous fashion. And the Baron growing more tender, more hopelessly imbecile every instant, as a man with matrimonial proposals on his lips is doomed to do; her crazy thoughts coming swifter, the skeleton jumping higher, and she so mad with pain and rage that she had much ado not to make a tragic end to the comedy by dancing at the Baron, choking him black in the face, beating her brains out against the wall, and singing for a dust-brush and pan to clear up the litter! The Baron was drawing his chair nearer; his face lost the last gleam of reason—it was coming! She must take leave of her senses now. She would not refuse; she dared not say yes; the skeleton warned her not. No way of averting the finale; the man was utterly dazed, and bent on speaking! She saw Paris and the court and that odious Metternich away off on the other side of the gulf which blackened between her and that fruition of worldly hope, and knew that she could never reach them. The Baron's mouth opened, but the door opened at the same instant. She was saved; she came near springing to her feet, and shouting the word at the top of her voice. Saved by her spinster relation, two old tabby cats of her friends, and Helen Morgan from across the street. Helen had seen the Baron enter, and followed as quickly as she could get into her newest walking dress, for fear of the consequences if the foreign bird of price was exposed to the solitary effects of the widow's fascinations.

It was dear and love, and billing and cooing without stint. The old maid's jaws creaked ominously in their longing to make the kisses bites. Helen Morgan did astonishment, and Violet looked "lies, lies," sweetly in her face, and kissed her again. Finally, stunned by the noise, the Baron went off in a huff—if a Baron may be supposed to indulge in a state of feeling so vulgar.

More chatter—more laughing—jests in regard to the Baron from the spinsters, pointed by bitter-sweet innuendoes from Helen Morgan. The virgin relative looking remorse for having intruded so inopportunely—every thing under heaven that was tiresome and irritating. Violet rang the bell for luncheon; she would have been glad to ring for an ogre to eat them; but there was none at her beck, unless it might be Cloudy Forester, and he meant to eat her—indeed, he might come and attempt it before she could get the gorgons away.

The meal was seasoned with the newest scandal. The spinsters would have made respectable vultures, beaks and all; but Helen Morgan was a regular hyena—I mean an irregular one—with a morbid love of feeding on human reputations instead of human flesh.

Violet laughed and joined in the talk; but it all sounded very far off. There was nothing real, nothing tangible, but the skeleton—he was in the dining-room first of any body, and never left his stand by the side-board. Sometimes she lost the thread of the discourse completely, and had to strain every faculty to catch it again. After one of those lapses, she heard her venerable relative exclaim:

"It isn't possible! Back, after all these years—why, I thought he was dead! Did you ever hear the like, Violet?"

"Never," said Violet, and had not the least idea what or who was meant.

"She is proof against surprise," said one of the spinsters, with a giggle that she had kept by her so many years it had turned into a croak. "Yet, I remember—oh, well, that's all over!"

Violet took refuge in a smile—she felt that it must be the very essence of imbecility.

"Yes, yes," chorused the other tabby cat. "I remember too."

"Try these pickles," exclaimed the virgin relative, violently, afraid that Violet might be annoyed.

"What do you all mean?" groaned Helen Morgan, conscious that there was a secret withheld from her. "Who is Fred Townley? Seems to me I remember the name."

Violet felt herself collapsing into a state of coma. That name to come up now! Why, she had not heard it pronounced in seven years.

"Mrs. Livingston does not speak," said the first tabby.

"Yet, Violet Berners knew him, I think," croaked the second.

"Suppose we go up stairs, if every body has done luncheon," interposed the virgin relative, glancing at her cousin.

"Wait a moment, Elizabeth dear," spoke Violet, and gave no sign of the new blow. "Is Mr. Townley back, Miss Everett?"

"Yes, indeed," spoke both tabbies at once, each trying to drown the other's voice. "And rich as Crœsus—been in Australia—found dozens of gold mines."

"How glad I am!" interrupted Violet, in her most drawling society voice, the while she saw the skeleton loom taller than ever. "Who is he, Helen? An old, old friend of mine—ages ago—while you were in pinafores! Dear me! people used to say we flirted dreadfully, didn't they, Miss Everett? I had forgotten all about it, to be sure."

She led the way back to the reception-room, and on the road Miss Everett whispered to the eager Helen, just in time to save her from dying of curiosity:

"People said they were engaged. She broke it off, because they were both poor, when old Livingston popped. Oh, she treated him dreadfully. She never had any more heart than a stone."

Helen felt that the story was not worth hearing, after all; only another proof of the widow's conquering powers. No man any where that did not come under her spells. Miss Morgan would have liked to bite her, then and there. As that was impossible, she waltzed up to Violet, and said, with a rather overdone childishness:

"I remember all about it now! I was a child at the time; but I used to hear mamma and the older girls talk—little pitchers have large ears."

Violet took the close of the remark in a literal sense, in the most delicious way. She looked straight at Miss Morgan's auricular appendages, which were large, and glanced at her form, which was slight.

"Yes," she said, in pleasant assent; and Helen Morgan wished that she and the widow were two cats, with no fence between them.

"Suppose I tell the Baron?" she exclaimed, roguishly.

Violet drew her down and arranged the bird on her bonnet.

"Suppose I tell your step-mother you went masked to the Liederkranz ball?" whispered she.

The little wasp could not even buzz! Any female insect with a sting was liable to get itself sadly mutilated if it meddled with Violet Livingston. She despised her sex too deeply to get much in earnest, though; she had done that for seven long, weary years, beginning by contempt for herself when she allowed the family council to sell her for old Livingston's money-bags.

Seven years ago—oh, a whole life!—she had been engaged to Fred Townley—though that was a secret. He was poor, and the relatives broke off the affair, in a truly religious spirit, for her own good. They told her lies, always in the same proper spirit, when they found that she was likely to prove rebellious. They made her believe Fred repented, and yearned after the shekels of a certain hideous heiress. Fred's mother helped—likewise animated by an heroic sense of duty—and, on her side, assured Fred that Violet wanted a pretext to escape. Of course the pair quarreled. Off flew Fred, nobody knew where; and Violet buried her romance, and married old Livingston. She lived it all over in the few seconds of quiet she obtained after her last scratch to Helen Morgan. Now he was back, he was nothing to her—she said over and over—not even a ghost. It was not his fault that she lost her faith in humanity—she learned that years ago—but she would not tell him so. Elizabeth Berners had let out the whole story since they two lived together. Violet knew what her relations and Fred's sanctimonious old mother had done to part herself and her lover; but the knowledge came much too late. She had wasted her dream—lost her youth! Fred Townley was nothing to the woman she had become; and he might as well go on hating the girl she had been to the end of the chapter; only it was like having a phantom come up out of the past, and she wanted none. It was enough to be dogged and persecuted by a tame skeleton, without having any other horror thrust into her life.

But her guests were leaving; she must return to her part. More talk, more noise—certainly they never would get off.

"Dear Mrs. Livingston, don't be vexed with me—I only wanted to tease," whispered Helen Morgan, effectually subdued by Violet's whisper.

"My dear child, as if I ever took the trouble!" returned she, rather too carelessly to be agreeable. "I'll chaperon you to Mrs. Rossmore's reception to-morrow, if you like."

Tangible proofs of forgiveness like that Miss Morgan could appreciate. It was always pleasant to go out under the widow's wing; one was sure of plenty of masculine support; for Violet had a legion at her beck nearly as large as the Emperor Napoleon's standing army.

The two departed, and Miss Elizabeth followed in their wake. She was a conscientious soul—interested in hospitals, great at begging for charities, had any quantity of poor people whom she helped and harassed—in short, went about doing good till every body hated her in the most approved style.

"I am going out too," Violet said; "tell Martin so, if any body comes." She got up to her room, and locked the door. Mademoiselle had asked the day to herself, and was gone; so there was no one to reveal her whereabouts. In consequence, when Miss Elizabeth went down stairs, and Martin let her out, she said:

"Mrs. Livingston has gone already."

She meant to ask a question, but Martin took it for assertion; so when, shortly after, the door-bell rang, and a handsome, wicked-looking man demanded the pretty mistress of the mansion, Martin answered truthfully enough:

"She is out, Sir—she and Miss Berners both."

Cloudesley Forester went down the steps, and got into his brougham and drove away, cursing the widow, and vowing that she should pay dear for this bit of insolence. Violet peeped out from behind the curtains and saw him, and congratulated herself even on this brief respite; then up skipped the skeleton, and asked her what she expected to gain thereby—she was only a fool for her pains.

If Cloudy had written the truth, she had nothing to hope or gain in any quarter—she was ruined. That was bad enough, in all conscience; but there was worse than money losses behind: she was in Cloudy Forester's power, and he meant to make love to her. She had known for days that if this last speculation proved a failure, and she could not relieve herself from her pecuniary obligations to him, he

intended this; and it was the crowning degradation which made life utterly unendurable. And just now, when she dared not accept it, the chance of becoming a baroness—Fred Townley back, besides! She certainly must go mad! Hours and hours before it would be time to dress and go out for the evening; if she could only obtain temporary forgetfulness—get away from herself even for a while! She found a bottle of laudanum that mademoiselle had brought up to use for a sprained wrist; she drank of it as carelessly as if it had been water. Luckily, not being accustomed to the taste, she could not swallow much, after all, so ran no risk. She went to bed, and fell into a sleep so deep that it brought no dreams.

When she woke it was long after dark; mademoiselle was back—dinner over. Miss Berners thought she needed rest, and would not allow her to be disturbed.

"Who would have dreamed Elizabeth could develop sense at this late day?" quoth Violet, ungratefully. She was shivering and unsteady from the effects of the narcotic. "Bring me some black coffee, Pauline, and I'll dress."

The powerful stimulant made her alive again, to her very finger tips. An hour later she joined Miss Berners down stairs; and the virgin fairly squeaked with surprise. In all her experience of Violet she had never seen her so beautiful as to-night.

"Never mind admiring me," said the widow; "there's the carriage. Two parties and a ball! I wish I was a caterpillar under a green gooseberry bush! Come along, Elizabeth."

"Such spirits!" tittered the virgin; and Violet longed to make her a martyr as well.

She was gorgeous, and her dress perfection—fresh from Paris, and the bill with it. That was paid; so were not scores and scores beside; and, in consequence, the door-bell sounded at all hours like the shriek of a fiend.

At the second reception she met the Baron; and the Baron forgot his huff, and worshiped.

"Those dreadful women!" she said, softly; "they sent you away. Do you hate me outright?"

The Baron was so agitated that he could only sputter. Violet took him off with her in triumph to the ball; and appearing late, on his arm, drove every female creature on promotion out of her senses at once.

But they were avenged presently, though they did not know it. The first waltz with the Baron was over; he was just begging her to go into the conservatory for a breath of air, when up came Cloudy Forester, handsomer, wickeder, more insolent-looking than ever, and dared to say:

"You promised me this galop, Mrs. Livingston;" and hurried her away almost before she could whisper an apologetic word to the Baron.

He dared to do this, when she had never danced with him or promised to in her whole life. Oh, his letter must be all true! She ought to have taken a larger dose of laudanum. There was no other escape from her troubles. She let him whirl her half a dozen times up and down the room, then she could bear no more.

"I must sit down," she said. "I got your note, Mr. Forester."

"But you would not see me," returned he.

"The letter was enough for one day! Did you mean what you wrote?"

"Every word! I am so sorry—"

"Never mind! How much have I lost?"

"You don't mean to talk business here?"

"I mean you to answer me."

He made some figures on a card and showed them to her. She only bowed, smiling still. The world had come to an end; at least the world she had shone in. She must go down, down from her dazzling eminence. She might be a governess, a sewing woman—or she might starve. She could only hold her own in this sphere for a little while; not for a day if Cloudy Forester got angry with her; and there was only one means of preventing that—let him be tender. No, not if she died in the streets! People called her a reckless flirt; but life could not bring her to a pass when she would tolerate this man's presence in other than the merest show of acquaintance—not while there was any laudanum left in mademoiselle's bottle, she thought.

Then, standing there opposite him, with the crowd floating before her eyes, the music sounding in her ears, her quick fancy conjured up a vision of herself found cold and white on her bed—mademoiselle shrieking—Elizabeth in hysterics—friends pouring in to look at her and ferret out the truth. Perhaps this was her last night of triumph; at least she would make it memorable. Never, in all the years which had made her beauty and wit famous, had she been so dazzling as this evening; and every where she moved she felt Cloudy Forester's eyes on her, and shivered under the last words he had whispered:

"I shall come to-morrow."

Dancing, jesting, coquetting—the Baron quite imbecile with adoration—a score of men ready to fall at her feet—troops of women wishing their eyes were basilisks, to strike her dead—she growing more insane each instant—that odd feeling, that this was the culmination of her success, waxing each instant stronger. Then, in a pause of the dance, as her adorers gathered about her, a new-comer appeared at her side. She looked up, and saw Fred Townley, so little changed by these years of separation that it might have been yesterday they parted. Straightway the one beautiful dream of her life mocked her with its loss, and her heart cried out as it had done in the first weeks, while her grief was fresh and real.

"Do I need to be introduced to you?" he asked, quietly.

"Unless you feel the necessity on your own account," she answered, holding out her hand. "I am very, very glad to see you."

He had wanted to meet her, to assure him-

self that it was true he had entirely recovered from his old disappointment; that even anger had died out, and he felt nothing but indifference toward this woman who had desolated his youth. But, behold, at the touch of her slender fingers, the sound of her marvelous voice, the glance and smile, he heard his heart flutter till he mentally cursed himself for a triple idiot, and tried to believe it was only the power of memory which moved him.

Whatever it was, he could not shake off the spell. Presently he forgot that he wanted to do so. Violet talked, and made him talk—not ordinary ball-room nonsense—getting out on the dangerous ground of the past. She did not mean to do it, but she was born a flirt, and could not resist using her power; and after a little she grew so much interested that she might as well have been in earnest.

Of course this was the work of a brief space—up came more men.

"Please ask me to dance," Violet said, with her softest laugh, "else one of those wretches will carry me off before you have finished; and I want to hear how it ended."

Something he was relating connected with his Australian experience; but they both forgot it in the pleasure of whirling away to the measure of the waltz which used to be their favorite in the old days. Cloudy Forester watched and glared; but for a time Violet forgot even him. The Baron watched and glared, as well as his watery blue eyes would permit. He began to think he had not made his august intentions plain enough to the widow. She could not know the honor in store for her, or she would give him an opportunity to speak.

The waltz came to an end. Violet caught sight of Forester and the Baron, and her senses returned. Fred saw the change in her face, and once more felt vexed with himself for having been momentarily softened. He said something as sharp as politeness would allow, and she relapsed into the fine lady at once. He went away, and she was glad. This sort of thing must not be repeated. She recollected the skeleton awaiting her at home, and knew that she should die if Fred Townley, of all men, ever suspected its existence.

Cloudy Forester was waiting for her—so was the Baron—so were a dozen men. Her head was whirling, the room was unsteady as a ship at sea; but all the while dancing, talking, conciliating Cloudy, or keeping the Baron up to concert pitch, without an opportunity to free his mind, her restless thoughts never ceased to torment her. This was her final triumph—to-morrow the deluge! If it were not for that—if she had been less mad—what chances of life would be open before her!

Perhaps a happiness like the girlish dream, for Fred Townley had not turned to marble—she saw that. Or if no such sweet romance were possible, at least the Baron and Paris were in her reach. But, with all his devotion, the Baron was practical; he would want time to be certain that the fortune of which she had the credit was secure—and that fortune was a wreck. There had never been any where near the amount supposed, and for several years she had spent more money than any woman ever heard of, unless it might be Eugénie.

She knew nothing about business, she took money right and left, not her dividends, but the principal, and sped along in her mad chase. Finally she had arrived at mortgages and unpleasant straits of all sorts. A few months before, she had become infected with the mania for stock-jobbing. Ever so many women made delightful sums by getting friendly Bulls or Bears to take them "flyers"—why, with good luck she might free herself from her embarrassments. In an evil hour she allowed Cloudy Forester to be the means whereby she was to work these wonders.

In spite of his doubtful reputation—no, of a reputation unfortunately not in the least doubtful—Cloudy maintained a certain position in society. So many men were deep in his Wall Street schemes that they dared not allow their wives and daughters to give him the cold shoulder. As long as his lucky star was up—his schemes successful—he must be tolerated. Though six months ago his wife left him and buried herself in the country, the world insisted on believing it her fault—she had been a stupid, nagging woman, and very likely was to blame for half his follies.

Violet had always detested the man, and it could have surprised nobody so much as it did her, to find herself mixed up in his projects and gradually falling into his power. But he had been at hand at the moment when she was most worried—had taken a "flyer" for her just as a joke, and it brought in such a golden harvest that she went crazy, as people always do. She had not stopped to think, she rushed on, and he helped her. When it was too late to retreat, there came losses. Cloudy encouraged her—she was not to be troubled—no need to advance more money yet—he should get hers back quadrupled. She had waited and waited, and now the end had come! Not only the risk of pecuniary ruin, but her secrets in Forester's hands, and he, during the past fortnight, showing plainly enough for her quick wit to understand what use he meant to make of her position.

The night culminated and waned. Violet was enduring the tortures of the damned, but they were better than home and the society of the skeleton. She lingered still, and her eyes waxed brighter, her reckless tongue more unmanageable, and men worshiped and women reviled, and she grew so mad that she longed to shriek her story out in full hearing of the crowd, and make a tragedy of herself on the spot.

Fred Townley was going—she saw him looking darkly at her—she could not let him go in that way. She brought him to her side by a gesture with her fan.

"I wanted to say good-night," she said,

softly. "Don't come near me any more—it makes my heart ache for an old friend to see me as I am. Ah, Fred! Fate has been hard on me—good-by!"

It was partly earnest, partly acting; she would have been mortally afraid to have him in love with her again, but she could not bear to think her power was wholly lost, and the old dream looked so beautiful! He went away puzzled by his own emotions—cursing himself for an ass—but not able to forget the mournful eyes raised beseechingly to his, the timid, fleeting smile that for an instant had made her so like the Violet Berners of former days.

The lights in the ball-room were out—the Baron was safe in his bed, dreaming of the pretty widow and her half million of dollars, which would make so charming a fortune joined with his income of fifty thousand francs. Fred Townley was rushing up and down his rooms in the same hotel, smoking his biggest meerschaum, vowing that on the morrow he would quit New York forever and not see that woman's face again, yet conscious that he could not go till he had looked once more in her eyes. Cloudy Forester had gone to finish his night at a gaming-table; always, during the intervals of thought given by the card-dealing, swearing to himself that he would reach the goal he had tried so hard during the past weeks to attain. With each and all, the thought of that beautiful woman was persistent and engrossing; and she was at home—if they could have seen her then! She was shut in her apartments—the communicating doors of the whole suit thrown open to give her space for the weary march she kept up the whole night through. The skeleton marched by her side, not to be tired out or shaken off—gibing, muttering, pointing to the laudanum bottle—whispering a thousand mocking recommendations—reminding her over and over that the world had come to an end—that she had better kill herself and be done—better be found cold and stiff, and leave at least a mystery, than to drag out a few more days or weeks of suspense and have the final blow fall.

No way out—nothing left—neither money nor friends—even her good name attacked. She knew well enough that when the pack of hounds once opened mouth there would be no limit to their ferocity. She must share the fate of any dethroned idol—nothing too bad to be said or believed: "*Perle avant de tomber, fange après sa chute!*"

Morning—noon—the new day had come! Mademoiselle, tired of waiting, managed to upset a chair in the dressing-room, and so waked her up to meet it. Then a visit from the virgin Elizabeth; half an hour to herself, more purgatorial than Pauline's chatter or Miss Berners's commonplaces; then the announcement she expected—Cloudy Forester was waiting to see her.

It was a relief that the moment for action had come. She was actress enough to rise to the excitement of her part. She had dressed herself admirably for the scene—I can not describe how; a marvelous blue and white combination of silk and soft cashmere that floated and fell in graceful folds such as no other woman's dress ever would assume. It gave her an indescribable look of purity and distance from ordinary mortals, which would have made it difficult for the most hardened men to hold very base thoughts in her presence. I don't suppose Cloudy Forester was that—bad enough in all conscience—but I never saw any body so wicked that I did not hear of somebody worse. However, Cloudy had gone raving with this new fancy that he called love—was such to him—and he would not have been awed by the devil, or, what is more to the purpose, by an angel.

"How good of you to be punctual," said she, with her most unconcerned smile; "and admire the business habits I am acquiring; I have not made you wait."

"I am sure I should be repaid if you had," returned he, and overdid the matter, as he always would an attempt at gallantry, and so made it unpleasant. "I never saw you look so charming in my life."

"But we are not in a ball-room now," said she, laughing; "we are down in Wall Street, and Wall Street knows nothing about pretty speeches."

"How nicely you put me on the footing you might a business agent," said he, flushing angrily, though making an effort to control his impossible temper. "I was not aware that I occupied that precise position toward you or any body."

"Not toward me, certainly," she replied, apparently undisturbed. "You have been a very patient, kind friend, and allowed me to bother you dreadfully."

"You never could do that—where business is concerned."

She altogether ignored the speech and its double meaning. She was busy fastening a little bunch of scarlet flowers in her belt.

"Yes, dreadfully," she went on, in a voice that never quavered, though there was a mortal chill at her heart, and she was growing horribly afraid. "But it's all over; I retire from the Stock Exchange. I'm quite satisfied with my little lesson."

He admired her pluck hugely, for he knew exactly the position in which she was placed; but his admiration only made the hot passion in his heart more violent.

"It never answers to get discouraged," he said; "one never knows when matters may take a turn."

"Mine did that weeks and weeks ago—only they took a wrong turn," retorted she: and, self-controlled as she was, she could not help saying it bitterly.

"I hope you do not blame—"

"Any body, but luck or circumstances—or whatever god may be worshiped or rebelled against in Wall Street," she interrupted, laughing again.

"I want you to let me talk frankly about the bad luck, and tell you what I think the wisest and best thing to be done," he said, gravely.

A gleam of hope sprang up in her heart. Perhaps she had wronged him; he might prove less ungenerous and mean than she had expected.

"Tell me," she said, turning her beautiful face toward him with a new brightness in her eyes, and a soft tinge of color in her cheeks. "You know I am any thing but a business woman."

"For that very reason I don't wish you to trouble yourself about what has happened," he answered, slowly.

"What nonsense!" she exclaimed, impatiently. "I owe you thousands of dollars; of course you want them paid, and I want to pay them. I have been an idiot, and must suffer the penalty."

He tried to look grave as ever, but she saw a sudden triumph shining in his eyes. She knew that, whether she succeeded or not in freeing herself, she should have to listen to the insulting secret which he had made visible in his face for weeks; and it was the first time in her life that any man had dared bring such trouble near her. A shiver of sickening fright, fierce anger, a fiery pang of shame and remorse, shot through her soul in the brief instant of silence that followed her words. Then he spoke so rapidly that there would have been no opportunity to interrupt him, even if she could have got back her breath and strength.

"You need not think of that, or be troubled," he said. "There is not the slightest occasion. What loss there is nobody knows or needs to know. It is a matter entirely between you and me."

If he had struck her in the face it would have hurt less than his words; but she could not articulate a syllable. Besides, there was no escape; she had got to hear him through; she who, in spite of her untold flirtations, had always been able to boast to herself that no man had ever ventured upon so much as a look beyond the rôle she laid down for him.

But the skeleton had not grinned at her for weeks without reason in his malice, and she had come upon the most bitter humiliation of her life. Another instant, and Cloudy Forester was holding her hands fast, and pouring out the story of his love and suffering in high-flown words that might have been effective with a young girl, but which reminded her so much of a scene in some French play that, angry and frightened as she was, they made her long to laugh.

She allowed him to finish; by that time she was too angry to care or think of the consequences of offending him, desirous only of punishing his insolence in the most effectual manner. She knew very well that open expressions of wrath would only give him courage—that tears would be considered a theatrical display. She drew her hands away from him, as he half knelt before her, and said, in the quietest, most delightfully insolent voice:

"Perhaps you will have the goodness to get up now. This little stage business was thrown in, I suppose. Well, a bit of practice never comes amiss."

He was on his feet before she concluded her sentence. She saw a legion of devils looking at her from his handsome, wicked eyes; but she would not have taken back her words if she could. She knew he would have liked to make his nervously working fingers meet about her throat and choke her until she was black in the face; but he mastered his anger, and, still clinging to the theatricals that he had so often found effective, he burst into an eloquent tirade against her cruelty, and renewed protestations of his earnest devotion.

"When did you hear from Mrs. Forester?" she asked, quietly, when he paused.

He kept himself from uttering bad words. In the midst of her trouble, Violet enjoyed the difficulty he had. After a little he said, reproachfully:

"From any body else the question would be an insult; from you it is cruel."

"It occurred to me that you had forgotten there was such a person," returned she, coolly. "Suppose we go back to the business in hand."

"You shall not put me off in this way," he said, in a tone that was fierce in spite of his efforts to subdue it. "I will not be trifled with—"

"And I!" she interrupted, too angry now to remember any prudence. "You dare to come to me with words of love on your lips—you, a married man! You venture to insult and outrage me because you believe me helpless. But there, tragedy would be wasted! Mr. Forester, I am in a hurry to go out."

"I am the same as free," he exclaimed. "The divorce will be arranged in a few weeks. I ask you to be my wife. Violet, no man will ever love you as I do—"

She was standing before him, white as death, her eyes blazing with a light which, callous as he was, he found it hard to meet. But she controlled herself, made a gesture with her hand as if dismissing some importunate servant, and said:

"That will do. Allow me to bid you good-morning; we will settle our business by letter."

He was furious now, and uttered menaces which roused her temper to a pitch nearly equal to his. Then he dared again to plead his love, and at last she cried:

"Either leave this house, or I will ring and have you put out."

With a man who had only the thinnest possible varnish of gentlemanly breeding over the animal coarseness of his nature, of course after such words a terrible scene was unavoidable. He absolutely threatened her with exposure—a suit to recover his money—and, to add to her anger and fright, showed her that something she had put in his hands by way of security

only made her position worse. It was a claim on property already mortgaged to its full value, which, in her delightful ignorance of business, he had induced her to make use of. But she bore even that gallantly.

"No matter what comes," she exclaimed, "at least I shall be free from your society. Any thing would be better than meeting you, and being forced to treat you civilly."

He left her. It was almost the first time in his life that Cloudy Forester had failed in a scheme on which his heart was set, and he vowed to revenge himself at any cost.

Violet remained in the reception-room—not thinking, scarcely feeling—dazed and stunned by the blow which had fallen at last. The world had come to an end! She caught herself repeating the words again and again, and laughed aloud at her own idiocy. What was to follow? She asked herself that; but she could not think, she was too tired. Ruin—disgrace—she knew that both hovered near; but it was no matter—oh, nothing was any matter!

People were coming in—a whole army, she thought—and wondered in a feeble way if the story was already known, and they had come to stare at and revile her. Then she managed to recover an outward show of civility, saw that it was only the old maid and her spinster relative, and got rid of them soon on some pretext. She would have liked to give orders that nobody else should be admitted; but no, let whoever would come—perhaps it was the last time. So the Baron was next, and the Baron offered his title for her acceptance, and proposed uniting their fortunes, besides telling, in very pretty French, that his whole heart was offered too.

"My dear Baron," said she, laughing anew, "I should like it of all things! Unfortunately, it is out of the question. I have lost all my money."

He could not believe his ears at first; when he did, he vowed that it was of no consequence, and for the moment he thought so. But his German phlegm came to his aid, and he was greatly relieved when she persisted in her refusal. He departed in his turn; but as he was a gentleman, in spite of his dullness, of course her confession remained a profound secret.

Violet sat there and wondered whether it was real, or if she had dreamed it all, and could not decide. Then Helen Morgan and one of her companion gigglers appeared, along with a youth who seemed bent on giving himself an indigestion by devouring his seal ring. While the girls tittered and the youth nibbled, and Violet shut her lips tight to keep from astonishing them by dreadful words, Fred Townley found his way in, and Violet knew that she must go mad, but she did not.

Fred had tried to harden his heart during his sleepless night by the recollection of her falsehood, yet he could not resist coming to look at her once more; and when he left the house he hated and despised himself, because he knew that the old spell was still strong upon him.

When he was gone Helen Morgan told Violet that he was engaged to some girl in Washington, and was to be married shortly. Violet was left to herself, and could shed a few tears for the first time in weeks. Not over her present trouble—not over the knowledge that Fred Townley had found happiness apart from her—just over the beautiful dream of her girlhood that had been so ruthlessly murdered by such cruel hands.

Two days passed—they were like a horrible nightmare to Violet. There was not a moment unoccupied. It was near Lent, and all the amusement possible was crowded into these last weeks. She went from breakfast to concert, from there to dinner, parties and balls after, and in looks and spirits she surpassed herself.

Cloudy Forester haunted her like a ghost, but would not speak; he knew that this dread in which she lived was the most horrible revenge he could take. Fred Townley watched her afar off; the spinster Elizabeth watched her too, but did not dream what was amiss. She formed her own theory—being a woman, she must have one—and, dating the change in Violet from the time of Townley's arrival, believed that she had found a clew.

So the third day at a reception she waylaid Fred and told him a long story; he did not astonish propriety by hugging her on the spot, but he came near it.

And Violet, unable to endure her torture longer, had at this time walked straight up to Cloudy Forester and taken his arm.

"I want to speak to you, and I will," she said, recklessly. He bowed, and the sneer on his face showed how thoroughly he enjoyed his triumph. They went into the conservatory; he stood nonchalantly smelling of the flowers.

"This mustn't go on," she said, hoarsely. "Whatever you mean to do, do it at once; I'll not live like this."

"My dear friend," returned he, fastening a rose-bud in his button-hole, "don't be in such haste to be sued; matters may right themselves yet."

"I want my freedom!" she exclaimed; "let me have it at any cost."

"Think of the paragraphs in the Sunday papers," sneered he. "I am sure you have adulation enough; you don't want notoriety."

In that instant Violet comprehended how it was that women went mad and committed the deeds of which she had shuddered to read. If she could have laid hold of any weapon with death in it, Cloudy Forester would never have tormented any other unfortunate.

"I tell you this shall end," she said, quietly enough—people don't do theatre at a moment like this. "I am desperate now."

"My dear creature," returned he, "let me

settle your difficulties. I'll advance you any amount of money you may need."

"Don't you speak one insulting word more," she said, with a composure at which she could even then marvel, "or, at any cost to myself, I'll tell my story out for the whole world to hear; at least some man would show humanity enough to kill you before my face."

He looked at her and knew that she meant the words, insane as they were. He could not answer, for Fred Townley was close beside them: Forester was certain by his look that he had caught her last words.

"Mrs. Livingston will excuse you," said Fred.

"She can say so," retorted Forester.

"She does," exclaimed Violet, roused to a sense of what might happen between the two men. "Mr. Forester, please call my carriage. Mr. Townley, I must beg you to find my aunt and say that I wish to go home."

She took Forester's arm and walked toward the drawing-room; both men obeyed her.

Every thing else was a confused dream until she found herself seated in her carriage, and the virgin Elizabeth silent as usual by her side.

The dinner hour passed; night came. Violet was dressed to go out, and sitting in her library waiting for Elizabeth. She knew that some horrible news was close at hand. She could not even tremble or be afraid. She was cold and dead; even the capability of suffering acutely was gone.

The door opened, she did not lift her head from its resting-place on the table.

"I am ready, Elizabeth," she said, dreamily. "I think I died hours ago, but don't tell any body."

"Violet!"

She looked up on that utterance of her name and saw Fred Townley.

"I thought it was Elizabeth. I had forgotten you were to call for us," said she.

He stared at her in alarm. It was not, however, that her brain was disordered; she only thought there must have been an arrangement for him to come, and that she had forgotten it.

"I have had no opportunity to congratulate you," she went on. "I think you might have told me; we were old friends. I hope you'll be happy. Don't ever tell her about me, Fred."

Miss Elizabeth had made him acquainted with Helen Morgan's romance, so he understood this speech.

"I have to congratulate you too," he answered.

"If I am really dead," she could not help muttering.

"But I have to scold you first," he continued, cheerfully, afraid that she was ill, and wanting to break his news as gently as possible.

"You used to scold me, and I liked it," she answered, still with the feeling that the whole scene was one of her odd dreams. "What have I been doing?"

"When fate brought an old friend near you ought to have trusted him," he said, "and so spared yourself the trouble and danger of these past weeks."

"So you know," she said, slowly. "Is it in the papers? Don't you blame me, Fred! We sha'n't see each other any more. There'll be enough to speak harshly of me."

He took a paper out of his pocket and showed her Forester's signature on it.

"That is his receipt," he said; "the whole matter is settled. I have been to your lawyer also. I think I told a fib—he thought you sent me. I know all about your affairs. You are by no means ruined, if you will let matters be sensibly managed."

"I'll go away," she said; "let them take every thing! I can live. Elizabeth must stay with her brother."

"Violet! Do try to understand—"

"Yes, I do! I want to thank you, you know! So you paid Forester? Thank you, Fred. I'm not even ashamed that you know. I think I'll not go to the ball—I wonder if I could have some water—"

She leaned back in her chair and fainted away. When she came to her senses Fred Townley was dancing about like a mad hare. Her dress was wet with the water he had thrown over her. Somehow, the first thing she remembered was the story of his engagement.

"I want to hear her name," she said. "Let me write and tell her how good you have been to me."

Fred Townley was kneeling at her feet, pouring out the old story of his love, and crying:

"Only own that you care for me, Violet! Blot out these years—come back to the old dream! I love you better than in the dear old days—trust me. Violet, come!"

She could neither expostulate, nor think of her unworthiness to be so loved and trusted. She went straight into his open arms, and the dull world faded, and left them alone in their regained Eden.

Society was charmed with the news of the engagement the next day, and Cloudy Forester was a fortnight in his room with a blackened eye—no, a pair of them—he said from a fall down stairs; and it was true that he had had one.

The skeleton betook himself to his grave. Violet Livingston recovered from a brief illness to realize that she had expiated her follies by the suffering of the past months, and that a new effort at life was mercifully granted her.

AMERICAN ARTISTS IN ITALY.

NOT the least of the impressions of an American traveler in Europe comes from the mark made by his own country and countrymen there. He finds every where the stamp of America, as decidedly, if not always as definitely, as in the Five-twenty bonds that he sees in the windows of the bankers of the great cities. The American is regarded as belonging to a nation of his own, and as having a character of his own; and "America and the Americans" means as much in the great centres of European travel as "England and the English." I did not find the prevailing caricature of my countrymen that I expected; and although in certain dainty social circles there was a disposition to make light of our travelers for their loud talk and laugh, and their vulgar dash and extravagance, the common people, and also the quiet intellectual class, seemed to look upon our countrymen as a well-educated, independent, unpretending, kindly, and plucky set, who liked to see and have the best things, and pay fairly, but not foolishly, for them. Our people certainly are not behind the Europeans in susceptibility to what is beautiful; and I am sure that they are more familiar with the grand scenery and fine galleries of Europe than with the haunts of dissipation or the castles of indolence. As yet this susceptibility is deficient in culture, and we abound more in amateurs than in artists; yet of these we have furnished a good share; and the American who goes to see the old art of Italy is sure to find his own countrymen hard at work studying its secret and catching its inspiration.

I made a little tour among the studios of our countrymen at Florence, and was surprised and delighted with the result. I went chiefly among the sculptors, and found enough among them to prove that genius is no mere tradition of the age of the Medici, and that invention is alive now as then. Sometimes a man is nearer his readers by not being ashamed of his ignorance; and I am willing to stand upon a par with my readers by honestly confessing that I am no expert in Art criticism; and I looked at pictures and statues with a child's curiosity, and write about them very much as other novices would do in my place. The first visit was to Gould's studio, near the Porta Romana. He is from Boston, and has in his eye and build the sensitiveness and strength of the old Puritan stock. He is young, yet he has done good things; and his "Cleopatra," in her dreamy ease, his "West Wind," in her airy movement, his head of "Christ," in its godly sanctity and blessed humanity, and his head of "Satan," in its blasted cunning and infernal pride, show a scope of invention and skill that give him a good name among the new claimants to the honors of the chisel. His head of "Christ" struck me as his best work, and, so far as expression is concerned, it satisfied me more than the "Christ" of Tenerani at Rome, who is set by Romans at the head of their living sculptors, while the Roman sculptor has a stronger hand, and gives more of the antique grandeur to his work.

I next went to Powers's studio, and was glad to find him so handsomely established in his new villa. It is interesting to know that artists can earn money, and how much they can buy for it abroad. Powers has a fine piece of ground of over an acre, I think, with a nice house of brick and stone, with large studios adjacent, and the whole inclosed with an iron fence—in fact, an ample and beautiful estate, that should satisfy any man of taste. The cost of the whole was only 80,000 francs, or $16,000 in gold. I could not but think how little that sum would do toward giving one of our artists a similar villa within a mile of the heart of one of our best American cities. Before he had begun to build his house he would find that his grounds and his fence had taken up about the whole of his money. I believe that the stairs and floors of the house are of brick and stone, and that it is thus, after a fashion, fire-proof. It is well for an artist to have a firm pedestal to build his creations upon; and I do not believe that poverty and anxiety are the only or the essential inspirations of genius. A young man may need the spur of want to make him work; but when habits of thought and labor are established, there is a certain power as well as peace in the assurance that the artist is not out of doors, but has at once in his home a retreat from trouble and a fortress of strength. Poverty may compel him to work enough to keep the pot boiling from day to day; but if he would do great works through months and years, he must borrow some patron's house, and means to keep him, if he has none of his own.

Powers is in every respect a remarkably well-balanced man, and in his looks, his ideas, and habits, as well as in his works, he is a man of the *golden mean*. There is nothing *too much* in his make or manner. He is a good specimen of a well-formed man, and his own statue would make a good sign for the front of his studio, or frontispiece for a photograph album of his works. The fact that so many persons see no genius in his designs comes from this absence of excess, and this perfect balance of proportions and features. He does not seek startling effects or strike out into salient points. His "Greek Slave" and his "Eve" soothe and charm you by their exquisite harmony, instead of surprising you by any bold strokes. I saw with astonishment Bernini's "Daphne" at the Villa Borghese in Rome, with its amazing rendering of the process of transforming the beautiful nymph into the laurel-tree. It was clear to me that Powers was not Bernini, and the two were the antipodes of art. How Powers would handle that same subject I can not say; but I am quite sure that the nymph would have been presented by him as sweetly blooming into a fair laurel, and not as if changed by a ruthless force into that rugged wood. His busts partake of the character of his original creations, and are more

memorable for harmony and repose than for flashing expression or striking attitude. It is praise enough of him to give him this credit and to call him the sculptor of the *golden mean*, alike because he seeks the medium path and turns all his work into gold. His second "Eve" may be a step in the other direction, and there is certainly a dramatic purpose in the attitude of the woman toward the serpent, and in her look of mingled penitence and triumph; yet loveliness predominates over the whole, and Eve's victory does not much disturb her Eden tranquillity.

Powers is full of work, and his studio is one of the resorts of our countrymen. He has quite a gallery of American heads, and he has lately added the most remarkable of them all in his bust of Longfellow, which gives our poet, with his fine beard, an antique grandeur. It would be a relief to see one feature of his studio disappear—I mean the shelf of busts marked "Delinquent," whether by having the delinquents pay their arrears or by the sculptor forgiving the debt, or at least keeping it out of sight.

Near to the house of Powers we find the house of the sculptor Ball, who welcomed us graciously to his studio with its rich treasures. He has some memorable new works, such as his noble statue of John A. Andrew, his group of "Faith and the Angel of Death," being a most lovely monument for Mount Auburn, and a figure of Eve just awake to the wonders of creation. There is no more pleasing sculptor than Ball among our Americans, and he has, with a good deal of vigor, a certain freshness of feeling and tenderness of sentiment that give him a ready place in the affections. How far he is master of the anatomy of the human figure I am not able fully to judge; but the impression made upon the eye is favorable to the correctness as well as the beauty of his designs.

Pierre Connelly is quite an artist by himself, and a poet in his sculpture, perhaps too much so to meet the stern conditions of the marble in which his fancies must speak. His heads of some of Shakspeare's heroines are exquisite, and show his poetry without overtasking the chisel to give them expression, while the groups of "St. Martin and the Beggar," and of "Death and Honor," are subjects better suited for the painter, especially the latter of these, which never should have been attempted in clay, even if it was worth attempting at all, which I must doubt. He has most enthusiastic admirers in Florence, and some of these rank him above Powers in genius, or at least in originality.

Hart is a kind of monastic artist, a philosopher and poet as well as a sculptor, who thinks even more than he works, and who seems to concentrate the thought of years upon a few tasks. He has a charming little design of a child with a morning-glory, which sets childhood before us in the glee of dawn and with heart all alive to the joy of nature. His great work is what he calls "Woman's Victory," an admirable figure of a beautiful woman, who holds an arrow aloft, and looks down upon love at her feet as if to say, "If I am to be won it must be by one who can rise to my standard of faith and purity, and not by my being dragged down to the earth." It is a noble work, and one that tells its story in marble for the mind of our time on the great question of woman's destiny. Hart is something of a mechanic, too, and he has invented a machine for copying form, as the pentagraph copies drawing, and which allows the operator to copy any figure that he will. This machine may fitly be called the morphegraph or form writer, and is likely to be useful in various ways.

Larkin Meade is doing the largest piece of work among our Florentine sculptors, and his group of "Isabella and Columbus" was nearly completed in October. It is a very effective composition, and presents our great navigator as receiving his commission from the Queen, who is seated in royal state. The details are carefully studied, and the whole work is a chapter of history as well as a study in art. It is intended for the house of one of our merchant princes in Connecticut, and will reward many a pilgrim for a journey thither. Meade's statue of Abraham Lincoln, for the Springfield monument, was not completed; yet what I saw of it was very promising, and looked as if it might fulfill the two difficult conditions of combining gentle humanity with rugged, and perhaps ungainly, simplicity. The artist has shown much force in the accessories of the monument, and it remains to be seen how far the result will be an harmonious composition, and not a collection of fragments. His works impressed me far more than when I saw them some years ago, and gave me the idea of strength, and not chiefly of ingenuity. He has evidently gained much by treating historical instead of fanciful subjects, and has risen from pretty conceits to high design.

The Florentine artists seem to have a wholesome neighborly feeling with each other, and with the society and culture of the city. They find there a good deal of sympathy in the generous thought of the best people, and they can visit and worship to their mind in a pretty large circle of friends. It struck me that their social life was more domestic and elevating than that of their brother artists of Rome, who live more by themselves, and for the most part aside from the society, and especially from the religion, of the city. Florence is in many respects very English, and full of mental and religious liberty, while Rome is intensely Roman, and the native society has little or nothing to do with foreigners who are non-conformists. At Florence our artists have so many houses of their own that they have much of the home feeling and character, while at Rome all live in hired lodgings, and seem to have something of the tone of hotel life. They make up for the deficiency of home accommodations at

Rome, however, in a measure, by the attractions of the American Club at the Palace Gregori; and while it was hard to keep warm in the great hotels and houses, there was always a good fire blazing there, and a genial company, mostly of our artists, around the blaze. American travelers will find it well to win a place there by due election, and at the moderate cost of fifty francs a month for the full range of those spacious apartments, with their ample supply of books, newspapers, and creature comforts.

I looked in upon Randolph Rogers first of all at Rome, and was startled at the extent of the work going on there. In several large rooms workmen were busy upon statues and pedestals, and two stately monuments were developing their proportions—one a Lincoln monument for Philadelphia, the other a State monument for Michigan. Rogers seems to me to have the boldest, strongest hand of any American sculptor, and to do things upon a grander scale. He is himself full of muscle and animal spirit, and there is a dash of vigorous life in all his statues that makes him an especial favorite with American committees. His statue of Lincoln is full of power, combining strength with dignity, while his colossal figure of Michigan has memorable grandeur with its unquestionable grace. It may be this sculptor's danger that he is tempted to sacrifice delicacy to force, and to be content with being large instead of great; but he certainly has his share of gentle sentiment as well as fine thought, and his statues of Nydia, the blind girl of Pompeii, and of Isaac, and his bass-relief life of Columbus, on the bronze doors of our Capitol, illustrate characteristics that he will do well carefully to cherish in these days of his prosperous name, instead of dismissing them as dreams of his youth.

Mozier, whose studio is next door, if I remember rightly, is in quite a different vein, and deals chiefly with subjects of feeling, such as the Prodigal Son, the Wept of the Wish-ton-wish, Rizpah, etc. He designs somewhat in the tone of Thomson's "Seasons;" and there is a tranquil beauty over his works that makes them such favorites in so many American homes. He studies faithfully, and is content with completing one statue each year. He is one of the American fathers at Rome, is interested in social and public affairs, and is a conspicuous figure at the American Club, where he occupied the chair at the pleasant social reunion of Americans on Thanksgiving evening, November 18, 1869.

Ives has his well-known statue of Pandora in sight, and the model of his admirable colossal statue of Bishop Brownell. He has done nothing better than his charming design of a playful child, "Sans Souci."

Haseltine is a sculptor of much versatility and most fertile brain and ready hand, perhaps too eager to press his fancies into marble embodiment; yet evidently encouraged by ready patrons, and abounding in home affections and patriotic sentiments, such as win favor with our people. His statue of "America Victorious" is full of spirit, with perhaps overmuch of symbolism in its details, while his groups of "Love" and "Youth" are poems as well as statues, and perhaps more so. He is quite unique among American artists in his tendency to work in couplets, and to set off joy and grief, love and hate, good and evil, against each other in contrasted groups. He is making good with his chisel the patriotism which he proved by his sword as officer in our army; and he is a fine specimen of a true American gentleman, who does not forget country and friends in the luxury of his Roman home.

Rinehart, in the Via Sistina, is a close student and indefatigable worker, and his studio is full of the fruits of his thought and toil. "Latona," "Hero," "Woman of Samaria," "Thetis," "Penserosa," "Endymion," "Antigone," prove the compass and power of his art, as his execution of the designs of Crawford for the bronze gates at our Capitol proved the fidelity of his hand and eye. He was at work on a statue of Clytie when I visited him, and was modeling the arm from that of a woman before him, who was one of the six different living models that he employed in completing this figure, which promised great excellence. He is a Southerner, who submits with good grace to the results of the war, and wishes well to our flag with a characteristic honesty which makes him apparently a favorite with his brother artists.

Franklin Simmons, who is sometimes known as the Maine Sculptor, is, in his way, unique, and with as accurate an eye and touch as any other. He has an ideal power that in no other man is more closely united with faithful and exact detail. His statue of Roger Williams for our Capitol is a master-piece of invention and work; and the leading sculptors of Rome concurred in naming it one of the very best works that had been done there. As there is no portrait of Williams, the sculptor was compelled to think out the Rhode Island reformer into form, and the result has been most happy in its combination of Miltonic intelligence and dignity with rugged simplicity. In portraits, Simmons is remarkable; and no man in Florence or Rome puts more of a man's life into the marble bust than he.

Enough has, perhaps, been said, in a general way and often, of our lady sculptors at Rome, with Miss Hosmer at their head; and they deserve an article by themselves, if the writer would fairly present their designs and works, and illustrate their success in leading a life of social satisfaction and professional profit in that peculiar city. Miss Hosmer is in herself a fact of the new womanhood of our time; and whether seen in her palace-like studio, the most spacious and elegant of any that I saw in Rome, or in her drives along the Piazza or the Pincian Hill in her handsome coupé, generally with no more exacting company than a beautiful hound, she gives you the impression that the coming woman

is on the way, and men must have something more than their sex to boast of if they would keep the track of honor and wealth to themselves.

Story's statues took me quite by surprise, and I had no idea of his having such great and versatile genius. He is known here in America most by his portrait statues, which are not his best works. Critics are sometimes hard upon him for showing more of the man of letters than the sculptor in his designs, and making them more literary than sculpturesque; and there is probably some truth in the statement. Yet it is by no means to his discredit. Is it not clear that our nineteenth century must make its own mark in sculpture as well as in painting, architecture, music, and the drama, and that the thoughtful, interior spirit of our age must record itself in marble and brass as well as in colors and tones? I do not profess to be able to criticise thoroughly Story's knowledge of anatomy and the fidelity of his designs, but he surely gives marvelous life to his figures, and his ideal studies walk forth in realistic form and action. I may as well frankly own that I saw no modern sculpture that so instructed and delighted me as his. He seemed to me to put our best New England thought into marble; and to be doing for our new intellectual Puritanism in sculpture what Channing, Emerson, Parker, Lowell, Longfellow, Bryant, and others have been doing in words. He is modeling nature and history from within outward, and proving that marble, as well as canvas and paper and voice, can speak from within outward, and record its protest against all mere formalism, whether of the bigot's symbol or the pedant's rule. He is by eminence our spiritualist in art, as Simart is sometimes called the spiritualist of French sculpture, on account of the intellectual expression in such master-pieces of his as his "Minerva," his figures of "Poetry," "Philosophy," "Agriculture," "Justice," "Painting," "Sculpture," "Architecture," his "Orestes," his colossal "Napoleon," and his "Virgin and Christ." Story's "Saul," "Cleopatra," "Delilah," "Sappho," and "African Sybil" are all grand spiritual studies, and are as much born out of his thought as any poem is born out of the poet's soul. Yet he has much to do to fulfill his mission; and he has not yet reached what Simart so well calls the true aim of modern sculpture, "to make the Christian sentiment live under the beautiful form of antiquity." His study of history has great defects, and he lacks the true conception of the highest spiritual life, in common with the whole transcendental school to which he belongs. He is too intensely subjective, and his muse is rather seeker than apostle, and rather looking after the divine life than calmly rejoicing in its exalted peace. His "African Sybil" is to me his most inspired work, and she speaks out of that eloquent marble the prophecy of the redemption of her race which sober history is now fulfilling; yet even she does not tell the great secret of Africa's uprising, and her face glows more with the aspiration of the human soul than with the inspiration of the Divine Spirit. The statues of Saul and Delilah are remarkable statues of Hebrew history. Saul is king in his madness and in his health, and his melancholy and his joy come from his sense of unseen powers. The artist tells us at once his struggle and his triumph, and the gleam of light on the moody monarch's face shows from what a depth of gloom he was called by the music of the shepherd boy. Delilah is wholly an original study of the subject; and the wanton girl, instead of gloating over the purse of gold in her hand, holds it in contempt and hate, with a look that seems to say, "I would give that money and all the gold on earth, and this whole crew of savage Philistines, if I could only save that young hero from their clutches, and have him in my arms again."

Story has had a remarkably varied, yet uniformly successful life, and when I saw him at his work in Rome many scenes of his previous career came to mind. I remember him as a playful boy about his father's house and the streets of Cambridge, with his down-turned collar, merry eye, and, if I mistake not, with clustering curls of hair; then a college youth taking his part at foot-ball on the Delta, and on the platform at exhibition with an original poem, I think. Then he was law student and lawyer and maker of law books, with a word of poetry now and then in the magazines and at the Phi Beta Kappa anniversary. Then he astonished the public more than his friends by dabbling in clay with the moulding-stick; and he is now one of the most pronounced facts of that old Rome whose rubbish he has so celebrated by his pen. He looks well and strong, with a touch of a soldier's toughness in his make, as if he kept muscle as well as mind in full play. He talks well, and said more that is worth remembering for original thought than any man that I met at Rome. They scold about him a good deal there, and accuse him of turning the cold shoulder toward Americans and currying favor with the English, especially with the aristocratic class. He did not seem to me to be of that temper, but rather to be a lover of culture wherever he finds it; and it was this, and not time-serving, that led him to have Browning spend part of the summer with him. If there is any coldness between him and Americans, it is probably as much their fault as his, and they prefer less intellectual work and less exacting society than his, while perhaps he makes too much a luxury of his gifts, and does not wholly keep up his republican loyalty.

It seemed to me that Dr. Stone has done some excellent work quite in a unique way, and his series of bronze vases, that represent the course of ages in cycles of heroes and sages, is an original and valuable contribution to American art. The vase that presents the masters of Greek genius as preparing the way for Christ is a noble composition, and would grace any gallery or palace in the Old World or the New. His head of Harvey and his statue

of Hamilton are good specimens of what he can do with portraits in marble.

I saw less of the painters than the sculptors in Rome, yet enough of them to know that they represent American art well, if not as conspicuously as sculpture is represented. There is a reason for their limited number and power in the fact that the painter needs comparatively little foreign help in his work, and can set up his easel and find subjects every where, while the sculptor must have his models, his marble, and his marble-cutters, which are found so much more readily and cheaply abroad. Buchanan Read has most charming studies in his room, and his "Star of Bethlehem" was coveted by all beholders, and there was eager competition as to who should carry away the prize. His "Will-o'-the-Wisp" and "Aurora" were in the same poetical vein, and proved that the poet can help out the painter by putting something of the life of the pen into the dash of the brush. Freeman is the patriarch of our painters at Rome, and remembers the day when Crawford, Terry, and himself were the only representatives of American art there. He has many careful and interesting studies. He was busy with a sad face from a model whose special value was in the look of grief that seemed to come from a tried life, and to show that we can put into picture as well as song what we learn by suffering. He had some good studies of children and birds, with a rich collection of works of former years that he is having copied into a photographic album for friends, a worthy exhibition of his faithful labors for so many years. Inman's fine studio had some new designs of flower pieces, and some most valuable studies from the haunts and shrines of St. Francis of Assisi, which he had taken from careful sketches made on the spot, and which were most instructive contributions to Church history as well as specimens of art. C. C. Coleman was busy with some very elaborate studies of Italian scenery and architecture, and his picture of an interior of a chapel at Perugia was the most careful work that I saw on any artist's easel. William Haseltine had not fully begun to work, but had just made his arrangements for his winter campaign, in which he will be sure to add to his well-won honors by land and sea.

So I have glanced at our artists at Florence and Rome in a very hasty manner, yet with enough thought and good-will to call attention to them and their good works. They certainly do us much credit, alike by their industry, their talent, and sometimes by their genius. They work hard, and I was much impressed by the time and labor that they give every day to their tasks. They stimulate each other to fidelity, and the art circle is so large and so sympathetic as to create a public opinion and habit in favor of industry. The artists have, indeed, their play days and pastimes, as we must all have them; and they are perhaps more given to easy manners and free conversation in their seasons of recreation than other men of equal culture. May it not be that we all like to throw up our especial work when we play; and if school-boys jump and scream after school, and clergymen sometimes smoke and laugh when they are dismissed from church restraint, may it not be that artists who are busy all day with trying to make things appear well, and literally doing their prettiest, may be moved in quite the other direction when they play, and may delight in putting things out of joint, and setting them upside down and topsy-turvy? It seemed to me that the artists of Rome tended in their fun to a very inartistic view of things, and that they might have more wisdom and refinement with quite as much sociality and humor.

Their models seem to occupy much of their thought, and be the butt of much of their remark. Yet I was led to think that the relation between them is free from the evils that one tends most to suspect, and that the artist keeps toward his models purely the professional relation. I was led to believe that a woman can be a professional model without losing character or reputation, and that the whole spirit and rule of the art profession are fixed and severe in this respect. The models are certainly a remarkable feature of Rome, and the steps of the Pincian Hill are often a living picture with picturesque faces, forms, and costumes. These Italians seem to tumble into the picturesque; and men, women, and children, who are any thing but clean, or, on a near view, attractive, are quite charming at a distance. It is really wonderful to see how they are made up for the effect. That little boy has his shoes tied round and across his legs up to his knees with an amount of string that would almost fly a kite; and that girl with ruddy brunette cheeks wears her head-dress and skirt with a queenly art quite in contrast with the coarseness of the material, and quite fascinates you as she walks along the Piazza di Spagna. The Italians are the most graceful people that I have seen; and they seem to be so by not minding how they look, and especially by being wholly unconscious of ever being ridiculous. They not only let the world alone, and take things very easy, but they *let themselves alone*, and so are very natural, free, and easy. I saw a fellow on Sunday afternoon, in a very conspicuous rig, march by our hotel blowing a bagpipe, with most sonorous blast, in what would be with us a most absurd way; but he had not the least idea of being laughed at, and he actually won my admiration for his sublime simplicity and repose. Again, a little fellow, not much above my knee, brought me a cup of coffee in a sculptor's studio with a wonderful grace; and when he received his two soldi in addition to the price, he said, "Grazia, Signor," and "Addio," with princely dignity; and marched off with his little tray as if the cup held the priceless pearl of Cleopatra. An old man came in to see if he was wanted as a model, perhaps for some antique head; and he was an odd combination of

gravity and fancy in air and dress; yet he kept his dignity perfectly, so that you could not laugh at his odd hat and strange belt if you would. Here is a lesson for us, who are thinking of ourselves so much that we are likely to lose the ease we covet by being uneasy lest we shall not win it. We are much like the boy whose new coat takes all his thought; and we Americans wear our new coat less gracefully than the Italian wears his threadbare garment.

How far American art is telling our characteristic ideas to the mind of Europe it is not easy to say, sure as we may be that it has made its decided mark, and that our sculptors and our landscape painters are equal to any in the world. I visited the studio of Tenerani at Rome, and saw his two master-pieces, the "Angel of the Resurrection" and the "Psyche," yet did not find in them the expression that Crawford and Story have in their best works; and he seemed to me a copyist of the old classic forms, rather than a master of our present inward life. He has died since I left Rome, and his good works live after him—and many of them there are, alike in palaces, museums, and churches. He was the last of the Romans in the strength of his art, and the leading Roman sculptors who survive him, Giacometti, Benzoni, and Rinaldi, will do well to rise above their delicacy, if not their prettiness, into something of his majesty.

One is much struck with the new connections of our American history with American art, and the number and magnitude of the works that are making the marble of Carrara speak of our times and our men. The largest groups that I saw in progress were monuments of our war for the life of our nation, and at Florence and Rome more is doing to perpetuate the name of Abraham Lincoln than that of any of the Napoleons or the Cæsars. It is evident that our people have heart and money enough for art whenever it touches their actual life, and that not merely public-spirited individuals, but neighborhoods, towns, and cities, can order first-class works from the sculptor as soon as there is any thing that they really wish to have ever before their eyes in stone. The trouble with most of what we are doing and loving is that it is not of such a nature as to be easily brought within the conditions of sculpture or painting. War and royalty are easily carved and painted in a few conspicuous characters or representatives; but peace and popular government and the people are too general, and perhaps prosaic, to be as good material for art. The Colosseum took its name from the colossal statue of Nero near its gate, and republics do not care to have a Nero, or to spend money to magnify his pride. That building was the Flavian Amphitheatre for keeping alive the passion for war. We have no such buildings, but our favorite arena is the school and the play-ground. There is some comfort in knowing that, if the Colosseum goes far beyond any of our structures in size and strength, we can beat old Rome and new in the number, if not in the magnitude, of our arenas; and if our school-houses were brought together in one grand circle they would girdle the eternal city with a mighty bulwark of intelligence, and represent more millions of bright and aspiring children than ever bowed there to the sway of the Cæsars or the popes. When those children are duly schooled in knowledge and trained in virtue there will be no want of artists or subjects for art in America. I said this in substance at Rome, at the social festival of Americans on last Thanksgiving-night, and I now write it here with not diminished faith. Shame on the American who gives his hand or voice against those schools, and who will help to act over here the sad old story of ignorance and servility which has for ages been repeated from the hills of Rome!

AS EASY AS LYING.

FROM my youth upward I always had an extreme reverence for truth, with a corresponding contempt for falsehood. This admiration for truth was not an innate virtue, but was one carefully inculcated by my respected father, who, as soon as my understanding was ripe enough to grasp his meaning, constantly repeated this celebrated maxim: "Tell the truth and shame the devil." I am not sure that the mere reiteration of these words would have had the desired effect upon my infantile mind had not any slight divergence on my part from the principles they are supposed to teach been invariably followed by severe flagellation.

As I grew older, and thought more, two things about this maxim and its enunciator occupied much of my meditations: Firstly, why telling the truth *should* shame the devil (a point upon which even now I have arrived at no satisfactory conclusion); and secondly, why, when such admirable precept was always on my father's lips, he did not enforce it by example; for he certainly was the greatest—well, exaggerator, to put it respectfully—it was ever my fate to encounter. Be this as it may, I grew up the very embodiment of truth; and never did any, even the slightest, deviation from its path sully my lips or my thoughts until after I was engaged to be married. Circumstances which I shall relate then hurried me into a very whirlwind of falsehood, the result of which was nearly to destroy my fair name, and all my hopes of happiness.

I resided in the country town of X——, where my father, and my grandfather, and Heaven knows how many generations of my ancestors, had resided before me; in truth, in a true spirit of conservatism, I continued to reside there simply because they had, not from any particular advantages held out by the place itself; and I became, at the age of twenty-four, matrimonially contracted to the sister of my college chum, Charles Darley. To enter into a description of the charms of my intended would be foreign to my story. Be kind enough to take it for granted that she was perfection in

every particular, but one—she told fibs; and on this point we had many disputes—she, as a general rule, acknowledging her fault, and promising better behavior for the future.

One day, after some graver peccadillo than usual of this description, I read Annie a long and severe lecture on her evil propensity. I pointed out, first, its immorality, then its meanness, its uselessness, as being invariably discovered. There was nothing clever in it; for any body, however weak his intellectual powers, could tell a lie with the greatest ease. "Dean Swift," said I, waxing oratorical, "has himself made many caustic remarks on the futility of falsehood. Did he not say that, considering how easy lying was, it was a wonder people did not do it better?"

"Yes," said Annie; "but how can he judge of the fibs (I don't like the word lies—it is harsh) which have never been detected?"

Strange this hadn't struck me before; and was rather a poser. While pausing to recover from its effects, Miss Annie arose, and thus held forth:

"Now just listen to me a few moments. I utterly and totally deny the justice of any of your strictures upon white lies. The practice is neither mean nor useless. Mean! How many friends do we save from pain, danger, or mortification by a harmless fib? Useless! Why, what a world to live in this would be if our thoughts were always freely expressed, uncloaked by what you are pleased to call lying, but what is generally termed *courtesy!* And as to its being easy, just you try it—just you see whether you can, at a moment's notice, forge a fib so probable as to be accepted as truth, and be devoid of disproval hereafter; so naturally spoken as to raise no suspicion, and yet of such a nature as to screen you from any difficulty into which the outspoken truth would have led you; and lastly—this is the most important of all—implicate nobody but yourself. I say just try it."

So saying, she left the room. I sat speechless. Lying recommended to me as an amiable virtue! It took me some time to recover. At last I rose and walked home, revolving what she had said in my mind. "Not easy to tell a fib!" thought I. Rubbish! Nothing so easy. I'll prove it by taking her advice. So I resolved to tell an untruth, just to prove the soundness of my principles. What should be the subject of it? It then struck me that the proper and fairest way to test the matter was to wait until the occasion presented itself, and invent the story on the spur of the moment. To give some color to my lie, I staid away from Annie one whole evening, and went, not without trepidation, to call on her on the ensuing morning. I was not a little bothered to find Charlie with his sister, as well as one or two other people of my acquaintance. (There was no mamma in the case, for Darley and his sister were orphans.)

"Why, where were you last night?" chanted a general chorus.

"I—why, I—I went out for a ride!"

"A ride!" sung out Charley. "Why, I thought you were no equestrian. Which way did you go?"

I hadn't bargained for this sort of thing. I found myself under the necessity of backing up my miserable attempt at falsehood by other fibs. I felt half inclined to draw back; but no. I wanted to read Annie a lesson; so I floundered on.

"Where did I go? Why, let me see. I went—"

"Why, surely," said Annie, "you didn't ride with your eyes shut; although from what you have told me of your horsemanship, I shouldn't wonder if you had."

This taunt aroused me. "I rode into Mr. Ford's park."

"No, did you?" said one of my friends present. "I walked that way myself yesterday evening. Strange I didn't see you. I entered by the gate nearest to the town."

"Oh, that accounts for it," answered I, boldly. "I rode on and entered by the southern gate."

"The deuce you did!" said Charley. "Why, man, it has been nailed up for the last seven months: but I suppose you *mean* the gate near the house."

"Ah, just so," acquiesced I, for fear of again putting my foot in it.

"Well, I declare," said Annie, "I am astonished. Whose horse did you ride?"

"Whose horse? Oh, Gardiner's."

"What, the white mare?" asked Charley, with a strange grin.

"Yes," returned I, rushing desperately on my fate, "the white mare."

Master Charley looked at me for a few moments in a way I didn't much like, and then left the room, whistling melodiously. Delighted at his departure, I attempted to turn the conversation into other channels, but in vain. I had set the ball rolling, and nothing could now curb the curiosity of my friends.

"About what time did you start?" asked one.

"Just at dusk," answered I, as I thought, with deep diplomacy, for this would account for no one having seen me in the streets and recognized me.

"At dusk!" exclaimed Annie. "What an extraordinary creature you are! You have never ridden at all within the memory of any body here; and when you do go, you choose a horse known to be restive, and set out at dusk along a lonesome road. Was the old misanthrope's house looking as dull and gloomy as ever?"

"The—eh? oh yes! certainly; very dark—quite doleful; but, pray let us change the subject. Surely it is nothing so strange for a man living in a country town to take an evening ride?"

"No," answered one of my friends (confound him!); "but when one goes at dusk in the direction of a house known to be almost the prison of a very pretty girl—well, if you were

not engaged, I should say it was decidedly suspicious."

I saw Annie change color; and, though I felt that my experiment had plunged me into unforeseen difficulties, I was determined to carry the thing through; but I didn't see my way as clearly as I could have wished. While trying to talk indifferently on other subjects, the door burst open, and in rushed Charley, holding a printed notice in his hand, and apparently intensely amused at something or other.

"Well," said he, "you certainly are a most wonderful fellow when you *do* once get on horseback. Just listen to this:

"NOTICE.

"If the individual on a white horse, who last night, after issuing from Mr. Ford's park gate, feloniously leaped over the fence of the undersigned, and after prowling near the house, the alarm having been given, made his escape through the flower-garden, doing damage to a large amount, does not wish to figure in a case of justifiable homicide, let him in future keep on the high-road, and a decent distance from the residence of WILLIAM TRELAWNEY."

"Oh, Frank!" exclaimed Annie, clasping her hands, "what have you done?"

"Done! why, who says it was I?"

"Not you!" said Charley. "Did you not say you rode out yesterday evening on a white horse?"

"I did."

"Did you not say you entered Ford's park by the gate near the house?"

"I certainly said so."

"Well, if you entered by that gate at dusk, you must have also made your exit by it, for all the others are locked after sunset invariably."

"Yes," added Annie, "and you evidently *did* go near Trelawney's house, by your confusion when asked about it. I believe that there is more in this escapade than appears on the surface."

"Why, you surely don't doubt me?"

"I don't go quite so far as that, but the whole affair is an excessively strange one. When asked where you were yesterday evening, I remember you hesitated, as though trying to do violence to your truthful principles" (this was rather too bad), "and though you *did speak the truth*, you did it reluctantly."

At this moment the servant ushered in a Mr. Morton, a lawyer of the town with whom I was acquainted. I saluted him, and wondered what could have brought him away from his business at such an unusual hour. I did not long remain in ignorance.

"While I congratulate you, Mr. Charlton, upon the reputation you have so suddenly acquired as an equestrian, my pleasure in doing so is somewhat lessened by being engaged by Mr. Trelawney to claim on his behalf a considerable sum of money as compensation for the damage you, in your rather eccentric course, did last night to his flower-garden—"

"But—" interrupted I.

"Listen to the end, if you please," said the long-winded old lawyer. "While my client is, on the one hand, determined to have recourse to the utmost rigor of the law to punish you as a trespasser, should you refuse to meet him in his view of compensation, he is not, on the other hand, averse to a compromise, provided it be immediate."

"I refuse to do any thing of the kind. Let him prove that I was the trespasser, and the law will give him his rights; but I rather fancy he will find it difficult to do that."

"Not at all," said Morton; "and it is for this reason that I advise your accepting his conditions. It appears that the old gentleman, whose jealous guardianship of his daughter is doubtless known to you, was going his evening rounds when you leaped over the fence. Startled at such an extraordinary apparition, he allowed you to approach the house without giving the alarm. It was too dark to recognize the face of the rider, but he described the animal to me as all white. Knowing of only one horse of the kind, I went with him to Gardiner, to whom it belongs, to seek information."

"Ah!" said I, jubilant, seeing a way out of all my troubles; for, of course, the stable-man would *know* that I was not the man. "And what did he hear from Gardiner?"

"Unfortunately Gardiner had been out on the previous evening, and could tell us nothing. The stable-boy, however, who prepared the horse, described a gentleman of your size and general appearance, rendering the matter more positive by describing the gray great-coat which I knew you to possess. On our return through the stables we found your ride of last night a topic of general conversation. Trelawney therefore pressed me to call on you at once. I did so, and discovered that you had already come here. I then took the liberty of asking your housekeeper to show me your gray coat. The old lady did so, and I found it torn in two places, apparently by brambles, and the skirts bespattered with mould. After transacting some business of importance I came here to see you—a liberty which I know, Madam, you will pardon" (this to Annie)—"so as to settle this disagreeable affair as soon as possible." Here was a pretty kettle of fish! Was I dreaming? Had I been out for a ride without knowing it? Of course it struck me more than once to deny the whole affair, and relate how I was only joking when I said I had been out riding; but I had been alone the whole previous evening. I hadn't seen or spoken to a soul. How to prove an alibi?—for it was necessary with this evidence against me, combined with my own confession. I hadn't much time for meditation; for no sooner had Morton finished than Annie rose and had her say.

"Well, I think the evidence is pretty conclusive; in fact, you have attempted no denial. I should advise you to settle this claim at once, and in future to avoid excursions, which, believe me, do not reflect too creditably upon your reputation." This, with a toss of the head, an exit, and a bang of the door.

I saw only one way out of my difficulties; this was to pay the compensation required by the abominable old Trelawney. And, after allowing the excitement which had been raised by the affair to subside, explain all the circumstances, and show my friends that I had been *amusing* myself (God save the mark!) at their expense. I therefore accompanied the lawyer to his office, and paid into his hands what he considered a fair amount for the damage I was supposed to have done. I own I was puzzled. I certainly had *not* been out for a ride; but *somebody* had; *somebody* must have used my coat; *somebody* must have galloped over Trelawney's garden—perhaps made love to his daughter—and I, miserable victim, paid the damages. I returned home, worried to death. Here was the whole town discussing my disdeeds—misdeeds that I had confessed, that I had paid a certain sum of money to hush up, and which I was perfectly certain I had had no hand in. How I cursed the moment when I had determined to tell a lie! Annie was right about the difficulties surrounding a fib; however, as far as detection was concerned, I was safe enough from *that;* but the consequences! Friend after friend dropped in to hear the details of the affair, and I soon discovered that the prevailing impression on the public mind was, that I had tried to steal an interview with Trelawney's daughter!

Horrified at this slur upon my character, I hurried off to Gardiner's, to try and obtain some clew to the real culprit. What was my disgust at being presented with a bill for the use of a white mare three and a half hours! Nature could bear this no longer. "My good man," said I, as calmly as I could, "I do assure you that it was not I who rode your horse."

"Sir!" said the stable-man, astounded. "Not you? Why, the whole town is ringing with it. You are joking, Mr. Charlton. Why, surely you paid Mr. Trelawney for the damage the horse did; and now you be a-going to refuse payment for the horse, saying as how it warn't you! Oh, Mr. Charlton, you so truthful too" (the deuce take the fellow!); "you must be dreaming."

In truth I thought so myself; either that or mad. I paid the money—what else could I do?—and then determined to walk out to the scene of my supposed transgressions and study the locality. Being already steeped in falsehood, and having paid the expenses of the expedition, I thought I might as well carry it with a high hand, and so I went to look around me and be prepared to answer all the questions which for the next ten days would doubtless shower upon me.

I arrived about sunset, and commenced my observations. Trelawney's house was situated exactly opposite the park gate, some way back from the road, and almost hidden from sight by immensely high fences. Ye gods! thought I; and am I supposed to have jumped over these? I wonder who the fellow was! what a rider he must be, to be sure! I then approached the fences, and separating the interlacing branches scanned the inclosure. I didn't look long, for I perceived a young lady walking near, in any thing but that mood which Shakspeare describes as

"Maiden meditation, fancy free."

I no sooner caught sight of her than I cautiously withdrew, fearing that if she were to perceive me she might raise an alarm, and really place me in the predicament which every body supposed me to have been in on the previous evening. As I turned round, to my intense disconcertion and confusion I saw two ladies issue from the park gate, whom I immediately recognized as Annie and Aunt Julia. Now I had a wholesome dread of Aunt Julia; conscious of an uninterrupted rectitude of conduct during her whole life, she had not the slightest leniency for the errors of others, and though my presence there was innocent enough in fact, to their minds it must have been suspicious. I determined now to tell the truth, the whole truth, etc., etc.

"Why," said Annie, stopping short, "what are you doing here *again?*"

"Studying the locality."

"Upon my word you take this remarkably coolly; you first of all commit a gross outrage upon propriety, leaving out of the question the want of respect shown to me, and then follow it up by deliberately insulting me. 'Studying the locality,' indeed! and pray, if I may ask, with what object?"

"Yes, Sir," said my aunt, in her turn taking up the cudgels; "has not your extremely eccentric and extraordinary breach of all laws, human and divine" (good Lord! how some people will exaggerate!), "satisfied you—have you not dragged the name which you bear, stainless until now, sufficiently in the mud? Has not—"

"Really, my dear aunt, I do *not* think your violent reproaches are justified by the facts. As to breaking all laws, human and divine, even were I guilty of the slight misdemeanors attributed to me—"

"Which are 'attributed' to you!" broke in Annie. "Did you ride out here or not? Did you confess to have jumped Trelawney's hedge, Heaven knows for what purpose, except, perhaps" (here she began to sob), "perhaps—"

"To make love to his daughter," added my aunt, sternly. "I can not doubt it, let us leave him, my dear; he is beneath your contempt."

"Stay, Annie; my dear aunt, one word. This story of the ride—this trespass on Trelawney's ground—I give you my word that as far as it implicates me there is not one word of truth in it. I never rode out here. I never was on horseback in my life, I do assure you."

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Charlton," said Annie, "that you were not speaking the truth, when you spoke of this excursion only this morning?"

"I confess to my shame that, for the first time in my life, I descended to falsehood."

"With what motive?"

"Merely to prove to you that telling fibs was easy, and that the merit you attached to the faculty was fictitious; but I yield the point now; in fact, I am inclined to agree with you."

"But if this be true—the stable-boy's description—your coat too—and then here again, 'studying the locality'—what for? what is the locality to you? No, no; I must be on my guard. If you spoke falsely then, you may be doing so now; and if you spoke the truth then, you *must* now be deceiving me. I have a right to demand clear and ample proof that what you now state is true; and until then it is, perhaps, as well that we should not meet. Good-evening. Come, aunt."

Aunt Julia examined me through her eye-glass, as though I were some peculiar animal unknown to her zoology, and passed on, leaving me, as may be imagined, in a nice, comfortable, I may say, elysian state of mind. As soon as they were out of sight I strolled back into the town, reflecting upon what had taken place.

Now the thing was becoming serious. I must take some action in the matter. So thinking as I went, I resolved upon seeking out Charley, making to him a full confession, and enlisting his services to discover the real culprit.

I found Master Charley in my housekeeper's room, indulging in a *tête-à-tête* with the worthy old dame's grand-daughter, learning crochet, seated on a stool.

"Halloa, my friend!" said he, on perceiving me, "here I am installed, you see, the charming Rose teaching me to read love in her eyes!"

"Lor, Mr. Charles! How can you say such things? I was teaching him crochet, Sir," she said. "I must either stay with him or be kissed before I went, and so—"

"You staid!" said Charley, laughing; "and now that you are going, here's the kiss."

But the young lady was too sharp for him, and all he got for his motion was the door in his face.

"Charley," said I, "can you be serious a moment?"

"Well, I'll try, if it is to oblige you, old fellow. What's up?"

"What's up? Nothing is up! Every thing is down; my hopes are down; my spirits are down."

"Then send for some wine, and when that is down I shall be as grave as a judge."

"Yes, but not as sober. So just 'lend me your ears' a minute." It is needless to recapitulate all that the reader already knows. I told him every thing—how I had determined to try the experiment of lying; that I had left the subject until the last moment; that some extraordinary coincidence had, by the aid of my falsehood, identified me with the trespasser in Trelawney's grounds, etc., etc.

Charley's astonishment knew no bounds, and found vent in such exclamations as, "Lord bless me!" "You don't say so!" "Extraordinary, indeed!" "Wonderful!" "I never heard the like!" and at last, bursting into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, he threw himself into an easy-chair and rolled with the emotion. I bore it patiently for some time. At last, however, I exclaimed, "Really, Charley, I see nothing to laugh at; your sister is very angry, and, as to my aunt, I fear I have lost her good-will forever, though that is of less consequence; and I think, instead of rolling about there in that idiotic way, you might suggest some plan of tracing out the abominable villain who has taken so much pains to cast a slur upon my name."

At this he only laughed the more. Seeing, however, that I was becoming very angry, he gasped out:

"One moment—one moment—I shall recover. Ha! ha!" (Another burst of laughter.)

I turned to leave the room, disgusted, but he caught hold of me, saying:

"Stay, my dear Frank. This rascal, this villain, this 'abominable' villain, who has so terribly misused you, was—"

"Who?"

"I—I—myself! Ha! ha!" *ad libitum.*

"You?" said I, in amazement.

"Never a soul else. Just listen. On the memorable evening I came here to ask the loan of your coat, as the weather was chilly, and I wanted particularly to see Fanny Trelawney. I could find you nowhere. I suppose you had hidden yourself to meditate on your lie that was to be. I therefore took your coat, hired Gardiner's mare, and was the real trespasser on Trelawney's premises. When, on the ensuing day, you said you had been for a ride, I knew you were fibbing, for I was perfectly aware you had a wholesome horror of mounting a horse. I led you on, till I managed to implicate you in the affair of the evening before, and then stole out and replaced your coat. Really, you behaved most handsomely about those damages. Ha! ha!"

"Oh, laugh away, confound you! But then that idiot of a stable-boy—"

"Idiot? On the contrary, a deuced clever fellow. I knew there would be trouble about my escapade; so on my return I tipped him handsomely to put any questioners on a false scent, and I think he succeeded admirably."

"This may be a joke to you, Charley, but it's death to me. A pretty mess you have got me into!"

"Got you into! I like that. Got yourself into, you mean. If you hadn't taken an insane notion into your head that you could tell fibs, the affair would never have happened. Let this be a warning to you never to swerve from the paths of truth."

"You are a pretty fellow to lecture me about 'the paths of truth!'" answered I; "though I certainly shall take your advice; but I don't let you out of my sight, my friend, until you have explained matters to Annie."

That this explanation took place, and was satisfactory, I can offer no better proof than that Charley's sister is now Mrs. Charlton.

My aunt Julia, however, would listen to nothing. One way or the other I had, in her opinion, disgraced myself; and the only mention made of me in her will was that she had originally intended to make me her sole heir, but could not leave the wealth acquired by honest industry (this referred to the savings of many years) to one who did not speak the truth.

"Take warning by me, good people,"

and always

"*Tell the truth and shame the devil.*"

TWO POETS.

I.

He said: "The poet's soul of more hath need
Than meets him in this common life of ours:
Fair shapes and symbols must his fancy feed,
And give suggestion to his waking powers.
And that he may, from things external, win
The deeper sight that is to genius kin,
The beautiful must all around him lie,
And train to finer senses ear and eye."

Rose on his wearied vision, dull and mean,
The level sweep of the low prairie sea;
Tideless and shoreless stretched its billows green,
And mocked him with their still monotony.
"Ah! if some dryad-haunted wood," he said,
"Some noble summit, here might lift its head,
Some minster vast, some crumbling, moss-grown pile,
The heart to dreams of some grand Past beguile—

"Then might I show indeed the gift I hold;
Might songs create whose tones should swell as far
As theirs whose lyrics charmed an Age of Gold
With music that the centuries could not mar.
Shall I these low-hung vapors still endure,
And on these plains Bœotian rest obscure?
Or seek the air that fans the sacred fire—
The distant heights to which my thoughts aspire?"

He left his home, to seek on every shore
The scenes that had inspired those singers old—
The magic of their influence to implore.
But sky nor strand to him its secret told;
Yet every wave of island-studded sea,
And every temple dear to minstrelsy,
Nay, every tree and flower, cried out some name
That love of them had lifted up to fame.

He walked the Attic hills, but dared not praise
The violet mists that o'er Hymettus hung;
By elder voices awed, whose grander lays,
Close as the hues that made their beauty, clung.
Wood, fount, and stream, what could he learn from these
They had not taught their own Euripides?
To him should speech of Homer's vales be plain
Whom his own broad savannas wooed in vain?

The Sphinx, too, chilled him with the silent scorn
Looking from her unfathomable eyes:
"To *thee*," she cried, "of whom, one little morn,
The shadow swift across my desert flies—
Who never drank the charmed lotus wine,
Nor reverent bowed at Isis' awful shrine—
To thee shall I reveal the spell, in vain
By patient sages sought through years of pain?"

The old Italian cities felt his tread,
By ruined watch-tower and by buried town;
By rugged palace, and by fortress dread,
Whose every stone some legend bore as crown;
In halls where still looked down from tapestry
The triple lily and the golden bee.
But when their tale he would have heard and sung,
It came to him in Dante's native tongue.

He sought, in old cathedrals, to retrace
  The rapturous visions given to poets there
In times when spire and arch and angel-face
  And every sculptured flower had been a prayer.
In vain: their ecstasy he could not feel;
The glittering altars moved him not to kneel;
His age through other channels would express
Its aspirations after holiness.

For, while the chanting monks their chorals sang,
  He heard a peal of bells across the sea,
And all his better self to meet it sprang—
  "Lift up the poor, and let the oppressed go free!"
How swiftly, through the incense-burdened air,
His soul went upward with his nation's prayer!
A gleam of sudden hope came back again
To quicken lifeless heart and sluggish pen.

He wrote of many a lovely lake and bay;
  Of olive groves and cities strange and quaint;
Romance enriched with many a pleasing lay
  Of ancient knight and medieval saint.
Still through his heart some sense of failure thrilled—
This was not all his early genius willed.
At last, with scanty sheaves, as gleaners come,
He turned his restless footsteps toward his home.

II.

"The cloud-capped mountains and the sea," he said,
  "Have had their bards, whom they inspired and taught;
Perchance their grandeur had my spirit led
  To higher strains, with nobler meanings fraught.
But thou, O ever-green and ever-blooming sod!
Thou art, even as the hills, a thought of God:
Teach all thy varied language unto me:
From thee I sprang—my fame must spring from thee!"

He learned its every aspect: morning dim,
  With all her cloudy tents encamping there;
And noon, with fiery splendors, seemed to him
  To lend an equal charm that made it fair;
Till far the horizon flamed with Tyrian dyes,
And overhead the deep and solemn eyes
Of bending constellations came to brood
O'er its far-spreading world of solitude.

To him its untamed winds their vigor brought—
  A sense of growing freedom and of power;
Its wreathing mists his finest fancies wrought,
  Feeding his soul not less than blade and flower:
And not a little bird could sway and swing
On some tall, wind-swept sheath, and joyous sing,
But had some note for him, some tender wiles,
That won for his poor copy tears and smiles.

And when some gorgeous blossom from its green—
  Lily or orchid—sprang, unnamed and wild,
Magnificent as some barbaric queen,
  Dazzling the eyes that on her beauty smiled,
He felt a joy akin to theirs who near
The beckoning shore of some new hemisphere:
For never bard, with tuneful voice or pen,
Had praised its perfect loveliness till then.

And soon the prairie loved him—filled his song
  With long-unuttered dreams of her great heart;
And cried: "My poet, do me not the wrong
  To think I can no deeper tones impart
Than those my careless flowers and grasses teach!
I have a thought as worthy noble speech
As any mountain trumpet ever blew
To Greek immortals when the world was new.

"I sweep from northern frost to southern sea,
And through my broad domain no barriers stand
To fence from each my cities, mingling free,
Whom my great river binds with silver band.
No mountain-locked Arcadia here can keep
Her festal days, while Sparta's children weep—
From Minnesota to Louisiane
One wave must murmur tones American.

"Therefore in me shall broader thought find room,
Far-reaching sympathies, and tolerance rare;
All genial impulse come to fuller bloom
In my indulgent soil, my generous air.
Here hall and cot shall share my equal sun;
A nobler type of nations be begun;
And petty interests, bound to state and clan,
Shall widen into one—the weal of man.

"Grand were those lays of early poets born;
The embattled steep, the castle, and the tower,
Heroes that looked on weaker hearts with scorn,
Were theirs to sing; theirs was the Age of Power.
But I, who welcome millions to my breast—
Who give the hungry food, the homeless rest—
Can teach thy lyre a song all songs above:
Mine is the newer day—the Age of Love."

This strain he sang through many changing keys;
Through him the Plain's unfettered spirit spoke,
Till, swelling upward on the southern breeze,
The call to battle on its silence broke,
When War's swift summons spread its fierce alarms
Through all its golden harvest-fields and farms,
And o'er its green phalanxes, prostrate bent,
The blue-robed legions, lightly marching, went.

Ah! then he thought no more of theme nor rhyme;
The very echoes taught an utterance grand—
The indignation, sacred and sublime,
Of men who rose to save a father-land:
The glorious youth who laid their youth aside,
And at the stormy front as veterans died;
The tender mothers who found strength to say
The words that parted them and Joy for aye;

And they that, languishing in mortal pain,
In lonely wards saw day's last sun grow dim,
Or their life's star in hopeless prisons wane,
Not less heroic seemed nor fair to him,
Than Greek to Greek opposed, or Trojan lord,
Or Roman falling on a stainless sword:
Their lives no duller shone, their deeds not less,
That his own time they would illume and bless.

He did not need to search the mouldy Past
For names of shadowy heroes long approved;
Sweet eyes where Roland's fate no gloom had cast—
That Bayard's story had but little moved—
Grew dim o'er lines that praised, with mournful pride,
Him who at Bethel or Atlanta died;
And full hearts blessed him in whose verse were read
The shining acts of the beloved dead.

So in his country's love he grew; his life
Ennobling hers, from her received its crown.
To thoughts with which her myriad homes were rife
He gave a voice and answer; his renown—
The deep, spontaneous homage of her heart—
Was of her greatness evermore a part;
And those bright blooms that first he gave to fame
For evermore went murmuring his name.

CHARLES LANDOR.

ONLY CLODHOPPERS.

"I WISH you wouldn't call the child 'Li,'" said my mother; "it jars upon every nerve in my body. She was christened Lily."

"Lily!" mimicked my father, and laughed uproariously; "a nice-looking lily she is!"

My poor mother made no reply; she could not refuse to acknowledge that the name was entirely unsuited to the gaunt, gawky girl of fifteen that buttered her father's bread with a hand almost as brown and brawny as his own.

"Not but that she suits me well enough," added my father, as he noted a hot flush leap into my face. "I'd rather have you as you are, my girl, than any lily of them all. You know they toil not, neither do they spin, and that kind of thing wouldn't suit a poor farmer like me."

My father patted me upon the shoulder as he went out into the field, but the riotous blood lingered in my face, and while washing the greasy dishes and pans that accumulate so rapidly in a farm kitchen, I declared to myself that the lilies had a good time of it, and no wonder they were so pretty; they had nothing to do, and were arrayed gloriously every day. I decided that nothing could be more unjust than the way things were parceled out in this world, and slammed every individual plate, and rattled every pan, until mother called out that I was "driving her crazy."

Then father came in again; he looked tired and discouraged, and went with a weary step into the sitting-room, where mother lay upon the lounge, and Patience Clark, the dress-maker, droned on incessantly with the small news of the village.

"It's no use talkin'," said father, "I can't manage that team and plow the field alone; it's as much as a man can do to keep the plow in the ground with those stones and stubbles, let alone guidin' that skittish mare."

"Farmin's poor work nowadays, Mr. Ware," said Patience Clark.

"It never was any thing else that I can remember," said my mother.

And my father, heaving a huge sigh, murmured under his breath, "Job's comforters," and came out into the kitchen again.

"Li," he said, "I wish you were a boy."

"For the hundredth time, father."

"And yet I wouldn't change you for a rude lad of your age; but there's that pesky five-acre lot!" Then he sighed again.

"Father," said I, flinging down the dish-towel, "I can drive the horses, and you shall plow; wait a minute, and I'll get my sun-bonnet."

Father laughed at the idea, then he refused outright; but seeing me tie my sun-bonnet and let down my sleeves, a ray of hope lighted up his face; then he said, "What will your mother say?"

"She won't know any thing about it, and Martha 'll be through with her washing and can finish up the dishes." I started out to the field, and father followed me to the furrow, where the skittish mare was quietly chewing a bit of loose harness. I picked up the reins and father the plow-handle, and away we went cheerily. The mare was used to my voice, and was gentle as a kitten. I was thinking what a nice breeze there was, and how pretty the apple-blossoms looked, when suddenly a voice called to us from the fence:

"Hallo, Mr. Ware! That's tough work for a girl."

My father stopped the horses with a jerk.

"I suppose 'tis," he said; "but this pesky field, John, is so *mortal* full of stones and stubbles, and the critter knows Li's voice; but run in the house, Li—"

"No, no, father, I ain't a bit tired" (with an indignant look at John Bates).

"Let me try a hand at the plow, Mr. Ware, and do you drive a bit."

"Well, if you will, John," said my father, resigning his plow, and taking the reins from my hand. "Run in the house, Li, and rest." I ran in the house, and this is the way I rested: I finished washing and wiping the dishes, folded down the clothes, mopped up the kitchen, helped to milk six cows, made biscuit for tea, set the table, cleared every thing away again, and helped Martha get things ready for an early breakfast, so that we could commence ironing early in the morning. I murmured to myself, "Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?" and entered the sitting-room just in time to hear Patience Clark say, "She was so glad Lily was a girl; that boys were worked to death upon a farm."

"Dear, dear!" sighed my mother, "it's impossible to make Lily look graceful; but do slope the shoulders a little more, Miss Clark."

"If I do they'll pucker and bag," replied the dress-maker, "for she's as square as square can be."

"She's like her father," said my mother. And finding they were not ready to try on my dress, I went out in the porch, where father was smoking his pipe.

"Softly!" he said. "Look, Li, at that fellow on the clothes-line!" At that moment a flood of music poured from the throat of a belated blackbird that rocked to and fro upon the rope before us; a robin was cheated into taking up the refrain, and the frogs commenced to thud, the moon climbed up in the wan sky, and father and I sat there silently for hours. At last he said, as we went into the house, "It's a pretty place, Li; we must take care of the farm." And on his death-bed, four years later, his last words were, "Take care of the farm, Li."

But how was a girl of nineteen to take care of a farm, an invalid mother, and a lame brother? The place was in wretchedly poor condition; and my father had literally lost his strength and broken his heart in striving to clear off the mortgage. The dear old farm was

a ruin, in fact: and I used to think sometimes the very outside loveliness of it was a bitter mockery. Why were the tangled flowers so beautiful, and the gnarled old trees so fancifully fair? The ground was one mass of stones, and the trees bore the knottiest fruit that ever was seen; and, toil as you might, it seemed impossible to get a living and pay the interest money, let alone the principal. Then the parting with father was a bitter wrench. I felt as if there wasn't much left to live for, until the night of the funeral, when little Dolph stole into my bed, poor little lambkin! Adolphus was a foolish name for him, too; but as I hugged my little brother in my arms, and quieted his wild sobbing, I vowed to myself that it was better, after all, I was not a lily; and that I would take care of mother and Dolph and the farm somehow.

When Patience Clark was making up the mourning I heard her say something to mother about "book-learnin'" and "rooms in the village;" and I knew the meaning of it when mother stopped crying after supper, and grew quite cheerful over her cup of tea.

"Lily," she said, in her languid way, "my poor child, I trust there are happier days in store for us. Thanks to the education which I insisted upon your having, you may be able to take the place of Miss Gibbons at the village school. We will sell this wretched place, dear, and get rooms at the village."

My heart came up in my throat.

"Oh, mother!" I said; "father told me to take care of the farm; and I should die cooped up in that hot room with a lot of dirty children!"

My mother set down her cup of tea, went and lay upon the lounge, and commenced crying again.

"You'd rather be among cows and pigs than among your fellow-creatures!" she said. "You're like your father; and he never had any more sentiment or feeling about him than a—a—cabbage!" Father wasn't cold in his grave! I flung myself out of the room, and walked up to Patience Clark, as she was wiping her hands on the rolling towel in the kitchen.

"Listen here," I said, setting my teeth hard; "don't put any more nonsense in mother's head, if you please!"

"Gracious powers! how you frightened me, Lily! I almost jumped out of my skin!" And she went into the sitting-room with rather a crestfallen air.

But mother always had her way; and I think we should have fallen into the groove Patience Clark had suggested but for a timely codicil that was found to father's will. It left the place to Dolph, with only a life interest to mother, and five hundred dollars to me. The money was left with Lawyer Williams, at Wimbleton: and he rode down the week after father died, and gave it into my hands. "I do not think you will spend it in furbelows," he said; and there was something about him that inspired confidence. I was forlornly destitute of friends, and completely governed by impulse. I told him all my projects about the farm; and he listened to me with as much gravity as if I were consulting him upon a matter of law. When I had finished, he looked kindly upon my flushed and tear-stained face, and bade me be of good cheer, and not to mind about the mortgage—he would take care I was not troubled about that—and advised me to use my ready money in improving the place, suggesting the improvements in a way that led me to think agriculture was a part of law. Father died in midwinter: and when the spring came the place was busy with the hum of labor. The barn-yard was drained, a great muck-heap made from the refuse of the stalls, six poor cows sold for two good ones—and on the fifteenth of June, when I was twenty years old, the place was blooming like a rose. Had it not been for John Bates, my nearest neighbor, I should not have got along so well.

We went shares with the five-acre lot, John Bates and I, and on this very fifteenth of June the plants were brought down, and every hand about the place busied in setting them out. When we were putting in the last row, Dolph came running out to the field, and said that I was to come in directly, for Lawyer Williams was there, and Miss Gibbons, and they were to stay to tea, as it was my birthday. I started to my feet, and pushed back my sun-bonnet, and there, within a rod or two of us, was the prettiest creature that ever the eye rested upon. I thought, as I always did, when I saw her, that her name—Grace—was as suited to her as mine was unsuited to me, and I did not blame John for staring at her, open-mouthed, as she walked back with me to the house.

"You'll stay too, John?" I said to my fellow-workman. He nodded cheerfully. What an honest, bright, winsome face he had!

But never before had I felt that sudden pang of discontent and envy. It was because I was tired as a girl could be, and felt begrimed with heat and dirt, and I did not blame mother for looking upon me with a sort of disgust, and bidding me go to my room and dress immediately.

The perfume of clean linen mingled with that of the June roses in my room. There was my pretty muslin dress. But I fidgeted before the glass, and tugged at my hair, pulling it out in huge tangles; but, tug as I might, I could not change its sombre brown to a ruddy gold—and a frown between the eyes is no beautifier. I declared inwardly I never would linger so long again over my dirty fields, nor toil so fiercely for what seemed to me then a wretched reward.

This discontent was, however, of short duration. Honest toil brings an even temper, and adds hugely to the cheerfulness of one's nature by promoting a good digestion. Then, when I had put a ribbon about my neck, and smoothed the ugly wrinkle from my brow, I saw in the glass a rather comely face, after all, with nice brown eyes like my father's.

I looked out of the window at my field, and John was putting in the very last plant. Tears of remorse sprang to my eyes. How could I have called it a dirty field, and unprofitable labor? Could any thing be prettier than the rich dark mould, and the rows of tender green? No, not even eyes of heavenly blue, and hair of ruddiest gold! There was something positively beautiful to me about that cabbage-field, and I gazed upon it lovingly from my window, going over again in my mind the profit we hoped to gain from it, John Bates and I. So many thousand cabbages at so much a head. I think there is nothing nicer in the way of building castles than an agricultural one, one takes such a tangible delight in watching the structure grow day by day; then, even if it tumbles down ingloriously, are the delights of anticipation to be reckoned as nothing?

I will not say that my step was light when I went down stairs; but my heart was at ease, and I made some of the lightest and flakiest of French biscuits for tea. Then I went into mother's room to get down the china. Lawyer Williams and Miss Gibbons were sauntering about the garden, and mother looked upon them with a frown.

"You don't think it possible, Lily," she said, "that old fool is caught by her pretty face?"

"I shouldn't wonder, mother," I replied; "it is such a very pretty face."

"And to think of your coming into the parlor with that old sun-bonnet hanging from your head, and your face in a blaze with heat! Why didn't you slip up stairs quietly?"

"It's the fault of the house, mother. I'm too substantial a figure to slip through stones and mortar. You know one has to pass through that way."

"Yes, yes," sighed my poor mother; "it's such a miserably built old barn—not a convenience about it. But who, in the name of goodness, is coming this way? Why, truly it *is* that John Bates, with his hair all wet and curled, his face shining with soap-suds, and one of those queer linen coats on. What does he want, Lily?"

"He wants his supper, I suppose," I said, boldly, although I quaked inwardly.

"And is he to get it here?" she cried, raising her voice, and a flame of anger darting into her eyes. "Because if he is, please to send in my tea by Martha. I can not, in my state of health, eat with a man fresh from the fields. I endured it long enough with your poor father."

I whispered a kind of prayer in her ear, but she turned such an indignant look upon me that I retreated to the kitchen, and the currant jam wasn't redder than my face when I found John Bates standing in the doorway whistling. I knew he must have heard every word that mother said. And why did she object to him so bitterly? He was surely as good as any of us, with honesty of purpose and manly worth written upon every line of his countenance. There was a flush upon his cheek, and a latent fire in his eye. I thought he was offended, and I could not say a word; but presently he turned to me with his cheery smile, and said, "Have you any message for Wimbleton, Miss Lily? I'm going down to see about those oxen."

"N-now?" I stammered. Then, as he stepped off the sill, I added, "You'll have supper first, John?"

"I think not, Miss Lily," he replied; "it's a nice ride by daylight, and I don't remember ever seeing things look so fresh and green. There's such a lot of wild roses down that way. I've often thought, Miss Lily, Rose would have been a prettier and better name for you—there's such a bloom and sweetness about a rose; and I never did care for lilies myself," he added, with an involuntary glance at the loiterers in the garden.

"A cabbage rose, John?" I said, laughingly.

"A bramble rose, Lily," he replied, coming close to me and lowering his voice; "such as grew in the garden of Eden." Then he went away without even a biscuit, and out of sheer gratitude I stood looking after him, until the voice of Patience Clark, at my elbow, made me start.

"Good gracious, Lily! why, I thought it was Martha! You'll spile that young man, sure as this world—he'll be as set up as—as—" she added, somewhat at a loss for a comparison—"as a peacock." So Patience Clark took the place at the table that should have been poor John's, and mother was scarcely able to eat a mouthful after all. The summer flitted by; the golden-rods and chrysanthemums were all in bloom. There never was a castle so substantial as the one I built about the cabbages. I have always thought a host of fairies guarded them and tilled them at night; while all about us there was rot and mildew, and the cabbages would neither head nor prosper, our field throve amazingly; and when all was done, and they were gathered and sold, I had a nice little sum to pay upon the mortgage.

One day in October I went down to Wimbleton, but Mr. Williams had been called to meet a client some distance in the country.

"Tell him Miss Ware called," I said to the boy; and that night Mr. Williams rode up to the farm. Mother had grown weaker of late, and went to bed early, and Dolph and I sat croning over our books in the parlor, when a knock at the door startled us. I do not know why my heart beat so wildly, nor why I called to Dolph to run to the door. It was only Mr. Williams, and we sat down comfortably to chat together. I told him of my intention to pay him a little on the mortgage, and spoke glowingly of my cabbage-fields; he seemed to waive the matter aside, and turning to Dolph, asked, in quite a grave and formal manner, the lad's permission to see me alone. Dolph gathered up his books and went out of the room.

"A fine boy!" cried Mr. Williams; "and not so lame, I think, as he gets stronger."

Then I launched into a panegyric upon Dolph

that lasted half an hour, and still Mr. Williams listened gravely; but when I paused a little, and felt like apologizing for my sisterly warmth, he approached the table near which I was sitting, and laying his hand upon mine, he said:

"I have come here to-night, Miss Ware, to speak to you upon a subject that has lain near my heart for a long time—since I paid into your hands a certain sum of money, and became impressed with the rare dignity of your character, and your nobleness of heart. Can I hope you will not meet with disfavor the affection of one so much older than yourself? Will you be my wife?"

I did not speak for a time, and when I found my voice I could say nothing but that I was very, very grateful, but could not leave the farm.

"Well, but, Miss Lily, if that is your only objection, perhaps there might be a compromise arranged. You know I have already a hold upon the farm. Can we not fit it up for a country seat? You shall have the planning of the improvements," he added, cheerfully; "and your brother, when he is old enough, shall study law."

"Oh, Mr. Williams!" I cried, in affright, "do not speak loud, I beg of you! if my mother, if Dolph, should hear you, they would make me consent, and—and—" here I broke down, and fell into a passion of weeping.

"What is this, Lily, my child?" he said, his face lighting up with a kindly feeling that became it well. "Is there any other reason for your repugnance? Speak frankly, Lily, and let me be your friend, if nothing more."

"I shall be so glad to have you for a friend," I said, reaching out my hands to him; "but I'm so sorry, for Dolph and mother, that I can't be more to you."

"Well, Dolph shall study law, in any case, my dear—"

"And don't tell my mother!" I said.

"No, indeed," he replied, smiling; and bidding me a kindly good-by, he went away. When I heard the door close I laid my head upon the table, only wanting to be alone and think; but suddenly a cold hand was placed upon my shoulder, shaking me with spasmodic energy. I looked up: there stood my mother, her face pale and wild, her great hollow eyes seeking and searching my face.

"Tell me," she gasped; "is it all right—are you—to be—his wife?"

"Oh, mother!"

"Speak!" she cried; "you have not dared refuse him?"

I buried my head in my hands upon the table, and fairly trembled as I murmured "yes."

"The richest man in Wimbleton!" cried my mother, beside herself with rage and disappointment—"a gentleman! And you, selfish, ungrateful wretch that you are—you will see me die in this place when you have it in your power to give me life and happiness. Listen to me, Lily," she cried, coming nearer to me and looking upon me with savage earnestness; "I will go to my bed and never leave it, I will neither eat nor drink, if you refuse this man."

"But I have refused him, mother!"

"Then call him back again, say that you did not know your mind; he will think it a girlish freak, and be all the fonder of you. Oh, Lily," she cried, sinking on her knees at my feet, "do not throw away your life as I did mine, and regret it ever afterward; do not bury yourself with a clodhopper on a farm, and wear your life out in useless remorse, for I will die, I tell you. Oh, say that you will marry him, that I shall live once more in luxury and ease. I will never get up till you grant my prayer!"

"I will, mother, I will!"

"God bless you, dear!" said my poor mother, and I helped her to bed. How could my mother bid God to bless me? I went to my room, but not to bed. I walked to and fro, thinking, thinking; but think as I might, the clodhopper and the farm resolved themselves into the garden of Eden, a tender manly Adam, and I, the Eve to my husband of all that was desirable in sweetness and bloom; and the days seemed to lengthen themselves before me into a paradise of honest toil and happy pleasure, while that other choice of luxury and ease pictured itself gloomily before me. I remembered well the great dreary house in Wimbleton, the mould-smelling, chintz-covered furniture, the stone-paved yard; I saw myself clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day; and yet, and yet—alas, that women should be so different and fate so adverse! But there was my mother; she had resolved to die if I refused, and she always would have her way. In the early dawn I went down among the sweet-brier that grew about my father's grave; he was only a clodhopper himself, and could understand my sorrow. Dolph had grown fond lately of wearing fine clothes and spending his time in study; then he was delicate—a little lame. Well, it was all over. I went down to Wimbleton that very day and told Mr. Williams all that had happened.

"If you'll kindly forget what occurred last night, I will do my best to please you," I said, as if applying for a situation.

"My dear Lily," he said, "although I seem old to you I have kept a young, warm heart, and I do not know whether to laugh or cry about you."

"Oh, do not laugh, Sir," I said.

"And I will not cry," he replied. "Well, it is settled, then; do you go home, my dear, and I will come up and see you in the course of a week. May God bless you, darling!" He laid his hand caressingly upon my head, and somehow I liked his blessing.

As I rode home I let the reins fall upon my pony's neck, and strove to think that, in making mother and Dolph happy, I should gain contentment for myself; but the day seemed gray and dead, and it was so strange when I reached

the lane that John Bates should be waiting there with such a bright, hopeful smile upon his winsome face.

"Come, Lily," he said, "let the boy take the pony in, and do you come with me a bit—I've something to say to you."

We walked a long way, I think, without uttering a word; then he turned suddenly and spoke:

"You know well what I wanted to say to you, Lily, my darling, my sweet wild rose; I loved you when you were a child, and I helped plow the five-acre lot with your father; and since we've planted it in those dear old cabbages, you have grown unspeakably dear to me. Say, my fellow-worker, my dearest and best, shall we be partners for life?"

"How can you be so cruel?" I cried; "you know my mother would never hear to such a thing!"

"Cruel!" he repeated; "your mother! You don't mean to say you are not to be my wife? Lily, you love me?"

"Oh, John," I said, and clung trembling to his arm.

"Speak, Lily," he said; and I told him all.

"I can not let her die, John," I cried, "I can not let her die."

"There, let us speak no more for a time. I can yet be strong, and hold you for my friend. May I not, Lily?"

"Until death," I whispered, and said no more. We were walking up the woodland path, the wind whistling through the great gaunt trees, and the ground inches deep in fallen leaves; the night was growing wild and chill, and great black clouds hovered in the cold sky. We had scarcely reached home when a tempest of storm swept over the country.

At last I went to bed. "Dolph, dear Dolph," I said, creeping up to his warm little body, "love me, dear, won't you? I am so lonely, Dolph, so lonely and sad!"

"Don't crowd so, sis," said the little fellow, rubbing his eyes; "I say, I'm getting too big to sleep with you, I think."

My poor mother grew weaker day by day; and, strive as she might, she was unable to leave her bed, save for an hour or two in the middle of the day; but the news of my engagement had been industriously spread, and my mother received the villagers' congratulations with haughty satisfaction. There was also a very perceptible change in the relations that had existed between mother and the dress-maker; but Patience Clark insisted upon her old freedom of speech.

"I'm powerful glad," she said, one day, "that Lily's set herself in a butter-tub. I was afraid there one time she'd throw herself away."

"Are you speaking of my daughter?" said my mother.

"Why, of course. Who should I be speakin' about, I'd like to know?"

"Please to speak respectfully, then," said my mother; "and don't cut those ruffles straight. I see by the fashion-plates they're all made bias."

I thought Patience Clark would have burst with indignation. She looked at my mother, and her pale blue eyes grew almost bloodshot.

"Highty, tighty!" she cried at last; "cut them for yourself!" And she threw scissors and silk on the floor. "And I'll have you to know, Miss Ware, I am as good as you any day in the week, and a deal better on Sundays; and I'll talk as I please, and work as I please, and I'll not be ordered about by any body, let alone a skeleton like you!"

She flounced out of the house, leaving my poor mother disconsolate with her flounces and furbelows.

No dress-maker could be found for a week: and whether it was that the excitement of preparing the wedding-finery had kept her up, or the scorn of the dress-maker had preyed upon her mind—whatever might have been the cause, at the end of a fortnight my poor mother died.

"Oh, mother," I cried, reproachfully, "you promised to live!"

"Haven't I tried hard enough?" she said, catching my hands in hers. "Remember your promise, Lily. You won't break it because I'm not here?"

"No, no," I said. And she replied, quickly:

"It 'll be a comfort to me to know you and Dolph are gentlefolks. As for me, I never did have things as I wanted them." Then she turned her face to the wall. What difference could it make in heaven, pray? Are they not all gentlefolks there?

The night after the funeral Dolph went home with Mr. Williams, and I was alone walking to and fro in the parlor. Suddenly the door opened, and in walked John Bates, looking thin and gaunt as a spectre.

"Tell me," he said, walking over to me, and looking at me with great wistfulness in his eyes, "did she relent when she was dying? Did she leave happiness to you and to me?"

"No, no, John; I promised her again when she was dying. I promised, and I must obey."

I held up my hands to keep him off, but he caught me in his arms and kissed me savagely.

"Good-by," he said.

"Oh, why good-by? Where are you going, John?"

"I don't know," he said; "to the devil, I think." And kissing me again, he went away.

I sat with my head in my hands for an hour. I never stirred when I heard the tramp of a horse and a knock at the door, nor raised my head when Mr. Williams entered.

"My poor darling," he said, and endeavored to take my hand. I drew it away rudely.

"You can not surely," I said, raising my head, "speak of love to me now, or think of marriage so soon after my mother's death?"

"I do not think of marriage at all, my dear," he replied. "That is all over now between you and me, Lily," he said, suddenly, taking my

hands in his. "Do you love another as I would fain you had loved me? Answer frankly, dear, and do not fear. I am too fond of you to cause you useless pain."

A thrill shot through my heart. Then I remembered my promise to the dying, and grew cold with fear and dread.

"Oh, I must marry you, Sir," I said, and told him all.

"Well, my dear," he said, "mine was a foolish dream at the best, and I will endeavor to make up to you for the sorrow I have unwittingly caused. You shall let the poor rich man go, and marry the rich poor man."

"Oh no, Sir," I said; "I dare not."

"But then, if not your true love, who will you marry?"

"You, Mr. Williams."

"I will not have you. Come, if you persist, I will e'en run away to be rid of you. I will sail for Europe in a week."

"But my mother."

"You have done all that a daughter could. I say I will not marry you, but I will strive and make you and Dolph gentlefolks."

Then the warm, happy tears drenched his hands. I threw my arms about his neck. "My dear, dear friend!" I said.

He grew a little pale, and kissing my brow, he went away.

Now, John's strip of land joined mine, and I could see the glimmer of light from his kitchen window. I ran out the door, and across the cabbage-field, my feet sinking in the damp earth, my shoes filling with dirt and stones. At last I reached the kitchen door. For a moment my heart failed me. John had no one but his old blind father; but I was afraid some of the workmen might be about. I opened the door softly. Old Mr. Bates sat fast asleep in his chair, and John sat gazing into the smouldering embers on the hearth.

I stole up behind him; but he divined that I was there, and starting up, he met me halfway.

"I was afraid you were gone, John," I said, with a great sob in my voice.

"Gone?" he echoed.

"Yes, gone somewhere; but I—don't choke me, John."

"Speak, then, quickly! My God! what brought you here?"

"Why, Mr. Williams says he won't marry me; that nothing can induce him to; that he'll run away to Europe first. Will you, John?"

"What's the matter, my lad?" said Mr. Bates, awaking. "You'll break my heart, as well as your own, if you go on in that way."

"It's with happiness, father, this time; and here's Lily, mine at last!"

"God bless her!" said Mr. Bates. And He has blessed me. Dolph has become a great swell; but all Mr. Williams could do, he couldn't make gentlefolks out of John and me. Although he gave us the finest place in the county for a wedding gift, and suggested a fancy farm of fruit, and all that, John and I prefer to raise cabbages. You see we are only clodhoppers.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

A LETTER TO THE CHRISTIAN WOMEN OF AMERICA.

Part I.

THE natural position of woman is clearly, to a limited degree, a subordinate one. Such it has always been throughout the world, in all ages, and in many widely different conditions of society. There are three conclusive reasons why we should expect it to continue so for the future.

First. Woman in natural physical strength is so greatly inferior to man that she is entirely in his power, quite incapable of self-defense, trusting to his generosity for protection. In savage life this great superiority of physical strength makes man the absolute master, woman the abject slave. And, although every successive step in civilization lessens the distance between the sexes, and renders the situation of woman safer and easier, still, in no state of society, however highly cultivated, has perfect equality yet existed. This difference in physical strength must, in itself, always prevent such perfect equality, since woman is compelled every day of her life to appeal to man for protection, and for support.

Secondly. Woman is also, though in a very much less degree, inferior to man in intellect. The difference in this particular may very probably be only a consequence of greater physical strength, giving greater power of endurance and increase of force to the intellectual faculty connected with it. In many cases, as between the best individual minds of both sexes, the difference is no doubt very slight. There have been women of a very high order of genius; there have been very many women of great talent; and, as regards what is commonly called cleverness, a general quickness and clearness of mind within limited bounds, the number of clever women may possibly have been even larger than that of clever men. But, taking the one infallible rule for our guide, judging of the tree by its fruits, we are met by the fact that the greatest achievements of the race in every field of intellectual culture have been the work of

[NOTE.—We have printed this Letter, which will be continued in our next Number, not as an expression of our own views, but simply as the plea of an earnest and thoughtful Christian woman addressed to her fellow-countrywomen.—EDITOR OF HARPER.]

man. It is true that the advantages of intellectual education have been, until recently, very generally on the side of man; had those advantages been always equal, women would no doubt have had much more of success to record. But this same fact of inferiority of education becomes in itself one proof of the existence of a certain degree of mental inequality. What has been the cause of this inferiority of education? Why has not woman educated herself in past ages, as man has done? Is it the opposition of man, and the power which physical strength gives him, which have been the impediments? Had these been the only obstacles, and had that general and entire equality of intellect existed between the sexes, which we find proclaimed to-day by some writers, and by many talkers, the genius of women would have opened a road through these and all other difficulties much more frequently than it has yet done. At this very hour, instead of defending the intellect of women, just half our writing and talking would be required to defend the intellect of men. But, so long as woman, as a sex, has not provided for herself the same advanced intellectual education to the same extent as men, and so long as inferiority of intellect in man has never yet in thousands of years been gravely discussed, while the inferiority of intellect in woman has been during the same period generally admitted, we are compelled to believe there is some foundation for this last opinion. The extent of this difference, the interval that exists between the sexes, the precise degree of inferiority on the part of women, will probably never be satisfactorily proved.

Believing then in the greater physical powers of man, and in his superiority, to a limited extent, in intellect also, as two sufficient reasons for the natural subordination of woman as a sex, we have yet a *third* reason for this subordination. Christianity can be proved to be the safest and highest ally of man's nature, physical, moral, and intellectual, that the world has yet known. It protects his physical nature at every point by plain, stringent rules of general temperance and moderation. To his moral nature it gives the pervading strength of healthful purity. To his intellectual nature, while on one hand it enjoins full development and vigorous action, holding out to the spirit the highest conceivable aspirations, on the other it teaches the invaluable lessons of a wise humility. This grand and holy religion, whose whole action is healthful, whose restraints are all blessings—this gracious religion, whose chief precepts are the love of God and the love of man—this same Christianity confirms the subordinate position of woman, by allotting to man the headship in plain language and by positive precept. No system of philosophy has ever yet worked out in behalf of woman the practical results for good which Christianity has conferred on her. Christianity has raised woman from slavery and made her the thoughtful companion of man; it finds her the mere toy, or the victim of his passions, and it places her by his side, his truest friend, his most faithful counselor, his helpmeet in every worthy and honorable task. It protects her far more effectually than any other system. It cultivates, strengthens, elevates, purifies all her highest endowments, and holds out to her aspirations the most sublime for that future state of existence, where precious rewards are promised to every faithful discharge of duty, even the most humble. But, while conferring on her these priceless blessings, it also enjoins the submission of the wife to the husband, and allots a subordinate position to the whole sex while here on earth. No woman calling herself a Christian, acknowledging her duties as such, can, therefore, consistently deny the obligation of a limited subordination laid upon her by her Lord and His Church.

From these three chief considerations—the great inferiority of physical strength, a very much less and undefined degree of inferiority in intellect, and the salutary teachings of the Christian faith—it follows that, to a limited degree, varying with circumstances, and always to be marked out by sound reason and good feeling, the subordination of woman, as a sex, is inevitable.

This subordination once established, a difference of position, and a consequent difference of duties, follow as a matter of course. There must, of necessity, in such a state of things, be certain duties inalienably connected with the position of man, others inalienably connected with the position of woman. For the one to assume the duties of the other becomes, first, an act of desertion, next, an act of usurpation. For the man to discharge worthily the duties of his own position becomes his highest merit. For the woman to discharge worthily the duties of her own position becomes her highest merit. To be noble the man must be manly. To be noble the woman must be womanly. Independently of the virtues required equally of both sexes, such as truth, uprightness, candor, fidelity, honor, we look in man for somewhat more of wisdom, of vigor, of courage, from natural endowment, combined with enlarged action and experience. In woman we look more especially for greater purity, modesty, patience, grace, sweetness, tenderness, refinement, as the consequences of a finer organization, in a protected and sheltered position. That state of society will always be the most rational, the soundest, the happiest, where each sex conscientiously discharges its own duties, without intruding on those of the other.

It is true that the world has often seen individual women called by the manifest will of Providence to positions of the highest authority, to the thrones of rulers and sovereigns. And many of these women have discharged those duties with great intellectual ability and great success. It is rather the fashion now among literary men to depreciate Queen Elizabeth and her government. But it is clear that,

whatever may have been her errors—and no doubt they were grave—she still appears in the roll of history as one of the best sovereigns not only of her own house, but of all the dynasties of England. Certainly she was in every way a better and a more successful ruler than her own father or her own brother-in-law, and better also than the Stuarts who filled her throne at a later day. Catherine of Russia, though most unworthy as a woman, had a force of intellectual ability quite beyond dispute, and which made itself felt in every department of her government. Isabella I. of Spain gave proof of legislative and executive ability of the very highest order; she was not only one of the purest and noblest, but also, considering the age to which she belonged, and the obstacles in her way, one of the most skillful sovereigns the world has ever seen. Her nature was full of clear intelligence, with the highest moral and physical courage. She was in every way a better ruler than her own husband, to whom she proved nevertheless an admirable wife, acting independently only where clear principle was at stake. The two great errors of her reign, the introduction of the Inquisition and the banishment of the Jews, must be charged to the confessor rather than to the Queen, and these were errors in which her husband was as closely involved as herself. On the other hand, some of the best reforms of her reign originated in her own mind, and were practically carried out under her own close personal supervision. Many other skillful female rulers might be named. And it is not only in civilized life and in Christendom that woman has shown herself wise in governing; even among the wildest savage tribes they have appeared, occasionally, as leaders and rulers. This is a singular fact. It may be proved from the history of this continent, and not only from the early records of Mexico and Cuba and Hayti, but also from the reports of the earliest navigators on our own coast, who here and there make mention incidentally of this or that female chief or sachem. But a fact far more impressive and truly elevating to the sex also appears on authority entirely indisputable. While women are enjoined by the Word of God to refrain from public teaching in the Church, there have been individual women included among the Prophets, speaking under the direct influence of the Most Holy Spirit of God, the highest dignity to which human nature can attain. But all these individual cases, whether political or religious, have been exceptional. The lesson to be learned from them is plain. We gather naturally from these facts, what may be learned also from other sources, that, while the positions of the two sexes are as such distinct, the one a degree superior, the other a degree inferior, the difference between them is limited—it is not impassable in individual cases. The two make up but one species, one body politic and religious. There are many senses besides marriage in which the two are one. It is the right hand and the left, both belonging to one body, moved by common feeling, guided by common reason. The left hand may at times be required to do the work of the right, the right to act as the left. Even in this world there are occasions when the last are first, the first last, without disturbing the general order of things. These exceptional cases temper the general rule, but they can not abrogate that rule as regards the entire sex. Man learns from them not to exaggerate his superiority—a lesson very often needed. And woman learns from them to connect self-respect and dignity with true humility, and never, under any circumstances, to sink into the mere tool and toy of man—a lesson equally important.

Such until the present day has been the general teaching and practice of Christendom, where, under a mild form, and to a limited point, the subordination of woman has been a fact clearly established. But this teaching we are now called upon to forget, this practice we are required to abandon. We have arrived at the days foretold by the Prophet, when "knowledge shall be increased, and many shall run to and fro." The intellectual progress of the race during the last half century has indeed been great. But admiration is not the only feeling of the thoughtful mind when observing this striking advance in intellectual acquirement. We see that man has not yet fully mastered the knowledge he has acquired. He runs to and fro. He rushes from one extreme to the other. How many chapters of modern history, both political and religious, are full of the records of this mental vacillation of our race, of this illogical and absurd tendency to pass from one extreme to the point farthest from it!

An adventurous party among us, weary of the old paths, is now eagerly proclaiming theories and doctrines entirely novel on this important subject. The *Emancipation of Woman* is the name chosen by its advocates for this movement. They reject the idea of all subordination, even in the mildest form, with utter scorn. They claim for woman absolute social and political equality with man. And they seek to secure these points by conferring on the whole sex the right of the elective franchise, female suffrage being the first step in the unwieldy revolutions they aim at bringing about. These views are no longer confined to a small sect. They challenge our attention at every turn. We meet them in society; we read them in the public prints; we hear of them in grave legislative assemblies, in the Congress of the Republic, in the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain. The time has come when it is necessary that all sensible and conscientious men and women should make up their minds clearly on a subject bearing upon the future condition of the entire race.

There is generally more than one influence at work in all public movements of importance. The motive power in such cases is very seldom

simple. So it has been with the question of female suffrage. The abuses inflicted on woman by legislation, the want of sufficient protection for her interests when confided to man, are generally asserted by the advocates of female suffrage as the chief motives for a change in the laws which withhold from her the power of voting. But it is also considered by the friends of the new movement that to withhold the suffrage from half the race is an inconsistency in American politics; that suffrage is an inalienable right, universal in its application; that women are consequently deprived of a great natural right when denied the power of voting. A third reason is also given for this proposed change in our political constitution. It is asserted that the entire sex would be greatly elevated in intellectual and moral dignity by such a course; and that the effect on the whole race would therefore be most advantageous, as the increased influence of woman in public affairs would purify politics, and elevate the whole tone of political life. Here we have the reason for this movement as advanced by its advocates. These are the points on which they lay the most stress:

First. The abuse of legislative power in man, by oppressing the sex.

Secondly. The inalienable natural right of woman to vote; and imperatively so in a country where universal suffrage is a great political principle.

Thirdly. The elevation of the sex, and the purification of politics through their influence.

Let us consider each of these points separately.

First. The abuse of legislative power by man in the oppression of woman.

In some countries of Europe much of wrong is still done to woman, at the present day, by old laws owing their existence to a past state of things, and which have not yet been repealed or modified to suit existing circumstances. But we are writing now to American women, and, instead of the evils existing in the other hemisphere, we are looking at a very different state of society. Let us confine ourselves, therefore, to the subject as it affects ourselves.

To go into all the details which might be drawn together from the statute books of the different States of the Union bearing on this point, and to do them full justice, would require volumes. Such a course is not necessary. The question can be decided with truth and justice on general principles — on generally admitted facts. We admit, then, that in some States — perhaps in all — there may be laws in which the natural and acquired rights of woman have not been fairly considered; that in some cases she has needed more legal protection and more privileges than she has yet received. But while this admission is made, attention is at the same time demanded for a fact inseparably connected with it; namely, the marked and generous liberality which American men have thus far shown in the considerate care and protection they have, as a general rule, given to the interests of women. In no country, whether of ancient or modern times, have women had less to complain of in their treatment by man than in America. This is no rhetorical declamation; it is the simple statement of an undeniable fact. It is a matter of social history. Since the days of early colonial life to the present hour — or, in other words, during the last two hundred and fifty years — such has been the general course of things in this country. The hardest tasks have been taken by man, and a generous tenderness has been shown to women in many of the details of social life, pervading all classes of society, to a degree beyond what is customary even in the most civilized countries of Europe. Taking these two facts together — that certain abuses still exist, that certain laws and regulations need changing, and that, as a general rule, American women have thus far been treated by their countrymen with especial consideration, in a legal and in a social sense — the inference becomes perfectly plain. A formidable and very dangerous social revolution is not needed to correct remaining abuses. Any revolution aiming at upsetting the existing relations of the sexes — relations going back to the earliest records and traditions of the race — can not be called less than formidable and dangerous. Let women make full use of the influences already at their command, and all really needed changes may be effected by means both sure and safe — means already thoroughly tried. Let them use all the good sense, all the information, all the eloquence, and, if they please, all the wit, at their command when talking over these abuses in society. Let them state their views, their needs, their demands, in conscientiously written papers. Let them appeal for aid to the best, the wisest, the most respected men of the country, and the result is certain. Choose any one real, existing abuse as a test of the honesty and the liberality of American men toward the women of the country, and we all know beforehand what shall be the result.* If husbands, fathers, brothers, are ready any day to shed their heart's blood for our personal defense in

* There is an injustice in the present law of guardianship in the State of New York, which may be named as one of those abuses which need reformation. A woman can not now, in the State of New York, appoint a guardian for her child, even though its father be dead. The authority for appointing a guardian otherwise than by the courts is derived from the Revised Statutes, p. 1, title 3, chapter 8, part 2, and that passage gives the power to the father only. The mother is not named. It has been decided in the courts that a mother can not make this appointment — 12 Howard's Practical Reports, 532. This is certainly very unjust and very unwise. But let any dozen women of respectability take the matter in hand, and, by the means already at their command, from their own chimney-corners, they can readily procure the insertion of the needful clause. And so with any other real abuse. Men are now ready to listen, and ready to act, when additional legislation is prudently and sensibly asked for by their wives and mothers. How they may act when women stand before them, armed *cap-à-pie*, and prepared to demand legislation at the point of the bayonet, can not yet be known.

the hour of peril, we may feel perfectly assured that they will also protect us, when appealed to, by legislation. When they lay down their arms and refuse to fight for us, it will then be time to ask them to give up legislation also. But until that evil hour arrives let men make the laws, and let women be content to fill worthily, to the very best of their abilities, the noble position which the Heavenly Father has already marked out for them. There is work to be done in that position reaching much higher, going much farther, and penetrating far deeper, than any mere temporary legislation can do. Of that work we shall speak more fully a moment later.

Secondly. The inalienable natural right of woman to vote; and imperatively so in a country where universal suffrage is a great political principle.

This second proposition of the advocates of female suffrage is of a general character. It does not point to particular abuses, it claims the right of woman to vote as one which she should demand, whether practically needed or not. It is asserted that to disqualify half the race from voting is an abuse entirely inconsistent with the first principles of American politics. The answer to this is plain. The elective franchise is not an end: it is only a means. A good government is indeed an inalienable right. Just so far as the elective franchise will conduce to this great end, to that point it becomes also a right, but no farther. A male suffrage wisely free, including all capable of justly appreciating its importance, and honestly discharging its responsibilities, becomes a great advantage to a nation. But universal suffrage, pushed to its extreme limits, including all men, all women, all minors beyond the years of childhood, would inevitably be fraught with evil. There have been limits to the suffrage of the freest nations. Such limits have been found necessary by all past political experience. In this country, at the present hour, there are restrictions upon the suffrage in every State. Those restrictions vary in character. They are either national, relating to color, political, mental, educational, connected with a property qualification, connected with sex, connected with minority of years, or they are moral in their nature.* This restriction connected with sex is, in fact, but one of many other restrictions, considered more or less necessary even in a democracy. Manhood suffrage is a very favorite term of the day. But, taken in the plain meaning of those words, such fullness of suffrage has at the present hour no actual existence in any independent nation, or in any extensive province. It does not exist, as we have just seen, even among the men of America. And, owing to the conditions of human life, we may well believe that unrestricted fullness of manhood suffrage never can exist in any great nation for any length of time. In those States of the American Union which approach nearest to a practical manhood suffrage, unnaturalized foreigners, minors, and certain classes of criminals, are excluded from voting. And why so? What is the cause of this exclusion? Here are men by tens of thousands—men of widely different classes and conditions—peremptorily deprived of a privilege asserted to be a positive inalienable right universal in its application. There is manifestly some reason for this apparently contradictory state of things. We know that reason to be the good of society. It is for the good of society that the suffrage is withheld from those classes of men. A certain fitness for the right use of the suffrage is therefore deemed necessary before granting it. A criminal, an unnaturalized foreigner, a minor, have not that fitness; consequently the suffrage is withheld from them. The worthy use of the vote is, then, a qualification not yet entirely overlooked by our legislators. The State has had, thus far, no scruples in withholding the suffrage even from men, whenever it has believed that the grant would prove injurious to the nation.

Here we have the whole question clearly defined. The good of society is the true object of all human government. To this principle suffrage itself is subordinate. It can never be more than a means looking to the attainment of good government, and not necessarily its corner-stone. Just so far is it wise and right. Move one step beyond that point, and instead of a benefit the suffrage may become a cruel injury. The governing power of our own country—the most free of all great nations—practically proclaims that it has no right to bestow the suffrage wherever its effects are likely to become injurious to the whole nation, by allotting different restrictions to the suffrage in every State of the Union. The right of suffrage is, therefore, most clearly not an absolutely inalienable right universal in its application. It has its limits. These limits are marked out by plain justice and common-sense. Women have thus far been excluded from the suffrage precisely on the same principles—from the conviction that to grant them this particular privilege would, in different ways, and especially by withdrawing them from higher and more urgent duties, and allotting to them other duties for which they are not so well fitted, become injurious to the nation, and, we add, ultimately injurious to themselves, also, as part of the nation. If it can be proved that this conviction is sound and just, founded on truth, the assumed inalienable right of suffrage, of which we have been hearing so much lately, vanishes into the "baseless fabric of a vision." If the right were indeed inalienable, it should be granted, without regard to consequences, as an act of abstract justice. But, happily for us,

* In connection with this point of moral qualification we venture to ask a question. Why not enlarge the criminal classes from whom the suffrage is now withheld? Why not exclude every man convicted of any degrading legal crime, even petty larceny? And why not exclude from the suffrage all habitual drunkards judicially so declared? These are changes which would do vastly more of good than admitting women to vote.

none but the very wildest theorists are prepared to take this view of the question of suffrage. The advocates of female suffrage must, therefore, abandon the claim of inalienable right. Such a claim can not logically be maintained for one moment in the face of existing facts. We proceed to the third point.

Thirdly. The elevation of the entire sex, the general purification of politics through the influence of woman, and the consequent advance of the whole race. Such, we are told, must be the inevitable results of what is called the emancipation of woman, the entire independence of woman through the suffrage.

Here we find ourselves in a peculiar position. While considering the previous points of this question we have been guided by positive facts, clearly indisputable in their character. Actual, practical experience, with the manifold teachings at her command, has come to our aid. But we are now called upon, by the advocates of this novel doctrine, to change our course entirely. We are under orders to sail out into unknown seas, beneath skies unfamiliar, with small light from the stars, without chart, without pilot, the port to which we are bound being one as yet unvisited by mortal man—or woman! Heavy mist, and dark cloud, and threatening storm appear to us brooding over that doubtful sea. But something of prophetic vision is required of us. We are told that all perils which seem to threaten the first stages of our course are entirely illusive—that they will vanish as we approach—that we shall soon arrive in halcyon waters, and regions where wisdom, peace, and purity reign supreme. If we cautiously inquire after some assurance of such results, we are told that to those sailing under the flag of progress triumph is inevitable, failure is impossible; and that many of the direst evils hitherto known on earth must vanish at the touch of the talisman in the hand of woman—and that talisman is the vote.

Now, to speak frankly—and being as yet untrammeled by political aspirations, we fearlessly do so—as regards this flag of progress, we know it to be a very popular bit of bunting; but to the eye of common-sense it is grievously lacking in consistency. The flag of our country means something positive. We all love it; we all honor it. It represents to us the grand ideas by which the nation lives. It is the symbol of constitutional government, of law and order, of union, of a liberty which is not license. It is to us the symbol of all that may be great and good and noble in the Christian republic. But this vaunted flag of progress, so alluring to many restless minds, is vague in its colors, unstable, too often illusive, in web and woof. Many of its most prominent standard-bearers are clad in the motley garb of theorists. Their flag may be seen wandering to and fro, hither and thither, up and down, swayed by every breath of popular caprice; so it move to the mere cry of "Progress!" its followers are content. To-day, in the hands of the skeptical philosopher, it assaults the heavens. To-morrow it may float over the mire of Mormonism, or depths still more vile. It was under the flag of progress that, in the legislative halls of France, the name of the Holy Lord God of Hosts, "who inhabiteth eternity," was legally blasphemed. It was under the flag of progress that, on the 10th of November, 1793, Thérèse Momoro, Goddess of Reason, and wife of the printer Momoro, was borne in triumph, by throngs of worshipers, through the streets of Paris, and enthroned in the house of God.

Beyond all doubt, there is now, as there ever has been, an onward progress toward truth on earth. But that true progress is seldom rapid, excepting perhaps in the final stages of some particular movement. It is, indeed, often so slow, so gradual, as to be imperceptible at the moment to common observation. It is often silent, wonderful, mysterious, sublime. It is the grand movement toward the Divine Will, working out all things for eventual good. In looking back, there are for every generation way-marks by which the course of that progress may be traced. In looking forward no mortal eye can foresee its immediate course. The ultimate end we know, but the next step we can not foretell. The mere temporary cry of progress from human lips has often been raised in direct opposition to the true course of that grand, mysterious movement. It is like the roar of the rapids in the midst of the majestic stream, which, in the end, shall yield their own foaming waters to the calm current moving onward to the sea. We ask, then, for something higher, safer, more sure, to guide us than the mere popular cry of "Progress!" We dare not blindly follow that cry, nor yield thoughtless allegiance to every flag it upholds.

Then, again, as regards that talisman, the vote, we have but one answer to make. We do not believe in magic. We have a very firm and unchangeable faith in free institutions, founded on just principles. We entirely believe that a republican form of government in a Christian country may be the highest, the noblest, and the happiest that the world has yet seen. Still, we do not believe in magic. And we do not believe in idolatry. We Americans are just as much given to idolatry as any other people. Our idols may differ from those of other nations; but they are, none the less, still idols. And it strikes the writer that the ballot-box is rapidly becoming an object of idolatry with us. Is it not so? From the vote alone we expect all things good. From the vote alone we expect protection against all things evil. Of the vote Americans can never have too much—of the vote they can never have enough. The vote is expected by its very touch, suddenly and instantaneously, to produce miraculous changes; it is expected to make the foolish wise, the ignorant knowing, the weak strong, the fraudulent honest. It is expected to turn dross to gold. It is held to be the great

educator, not only as regards races, and under the influence of time, which is in a measure true, but as regards individuals and classes of men, and that in the twinkling of an eye, with magical rapidity. Were this theory practically sound, the vote would really prove a talisman. In that case we should give ourselves no rest until the vote were instantly placed in the hands of every Chinaman landing in California, and of every Indian roving over the plains. But, in opposition to this theory, what is the testimony of positive facts known to us all? Are all voters wise? Are all voters honest? Are all voters enlightened? Are all voters true to their high responsibilities? Are all voters faithful servants of their country? Is it entirely true that the vote has necessarily and really these inherent magical powers of rapid education for individuals and for classes of men, fitting them, in default of other qualifications, for the high responsibilities of suffrage? Alas! we know only too well that when a man is not already honest and just and wise and enlightened, the vote he holds can not make him so. We know that if he is dishonest, he will sell his vote; if he is dull and ignorant, he is misled, for selfish purposes of their own, by designing men. As regards man, at least, the vote can be too easily proved to be no talisman. It is very clear that for man the ballot-box needs to be closely guarded on one side by common-sense, on the other by honesty. A man must be endowed with a certain amount of education and of principle, before he receives the vote, to fit him for a worthy use of it. And if the vote be really no infallible talisman for man, why should we expect it to work magical wonders in the hands of woman?

But let us drop the play of metaphor, appropriate though it be when facing the visions of political theorists. Let us look earnestly and clearly at the positive facts before us. We are gravely told that to grant the suffrage to woman would be a step inevitably beneficial and elevating to the whole sex, and, through their influence, to the entire race, and that, on this ground alone, the proposed change in the constitution should be made. Here, so far at least as the concluding proposition goes, we must all agree. If it can be clearly proved that this particular change in our institutions is one so fraught with blessings, we are bound to make it at every cost. The true elevation of the whole race: that is what we are all longing for, praying for. And is it indeed true that this grand work can effectually be brought about by the one step we are now urged to take? What says actual experience on this point? The whole history of mankind shows clearly that, as yet, no one legislative act has ever accomplished half of what is claimed by the advocates of woman's suffrage as the inevitable result of the change they propose. No one legislative act has ever been so widely comprehensive in its results for good as they declare that this act shall be. No one legislative act has ever raised the entire race even within sight of the point of elevation predicted by the champions of what is called the emancipation of woman. Hear them speak for themselves: "It is hardly possible, with our present experience, to raise our imaginations to the conception of so great a change for the better as would be made by its removal"—the removal of the principle of the subordination of the wife to the husband, and the establishment of the entire independence of women, to be obtained by female suffrage. These are not the words of some excited woman making a speech at a public meeting. The quotation is from the writings of Mr. Stuart Mill. The subordination of the wife to the husband is declared by Mr. Mill to be "the citadel of the enemy." Storm the citadel, proclaim the entire independence of the wife, and our feeble imaginations, we are told, are utterly incapable of conceiving the glorious future of the race consequent upon this one step. This is a very daring assertion. It is so bold, indeed, as to require something of positive proof ere we can yield to it our implicit belief. The citadel we are urged to storm was built by the hand of God. The flag waving over that citadel is the flag of the Cross. When the Creator made one entire sex so much more feeble in physical powers than the other, a degree of subordination on the part of the weaker sex became inevitable, unless it were counteracted by increase of mental ability, strengthened by special precept. But the mental ability, so far as there is a difference, and the precept, are both on the side of the stronger sex. The whole past history of the race coincides so clearly with these facts that we should suppose that even those who are little under the influence of Christian faith might pause ere they attacked that citadel. Common-sense might teach them something of caution, something of humility, when running counter to the whole past experience of the race. As for those who have a living belief in the doctrines of Christianity, when they find that revealed religion, from the first of the Prophets to the last of the Apostles, allots a subordinate position to the wife, they are compelled to believe Moses and St. Paul in the right, and the philosophers of the present day, whether male or female, in the wrong. To speak frankly, the excessive boldness of these new theories, the incalculable and inconceivable benefits promised us from this revolution from the natural condition of things in Christendom—and throughout the world indeed—would lead us to suspicion. Guides who appeal to the imagination when discussing practical questions are not generally considered the safest. And the champions of female suffrage are necessarily compelled to take this course. They have no positive foundation to rest on. Mr. Stuart Mill has said in Parliament, in connection with this subject, that "the tyranny of established custom has entirely passed away." Nothing can be more true than this assertion. As a rule, the past is now looked upon with doubt,

with suspicion, often with a certain sort of contempt, very far from being always consistent with sound reason. The tyranny of the present day—and it may be just as much a tyranny as the other—is radically opposite in character. It is the tyranny of novelty to which we are most exposed at present. The dangers lie chiefly in that direction. There will be little to fear from the old until the hour of reaction arrives, as it inevitably must, if the human mind be strained too far in a new direction. At present the more startling an assertion, the farther it wanders from all past experience, the greater are its chances of attracting attention, of gaining adherents, of achieving at least a partial and temporary success. In the age and in the country which has seen the development of Mormonism as a successful religious, social, and political system, nothing should surprise us. Such is the restlessness of human nature that it will often, from mere weak hankering after change, hug to its bosom the wildest theories, and yield them a temporary allegiance.

Let us suppose that to-day the proposed revolution were effected; all women, without restriction, even the most vile, would be summoned to vote in accordance with their favorite theory of inalienable right. That class of women, and other degraded classes of the ignorant and unprincipled, will always be ready to sell their votes many times over—to either party, to both parties, to the highest bidder, in short. They will sell their vote much more readily than the lowest classes of men now do. They will hold it with greater levity. They will trifle with it. They will sell their vote any day for a yard of ribbon or a tinsel brooch—unless they are offered two yards of ribbon or two brooches. They will vote over again every hour of every election day, by cunning disguises and trickery. And thus, so far as women are concerned, the most degraded element in society will, in fact, represent the whole sex. Nay, they will probably not unfrequently command the elections, as three colored women are said once to have done in New Jersey. A hundred honest and intelligent women can have but one vote each, and at least fifty of these will generally stay at home. If, which God forbid, it actually comes to female voting, a very small proportion of the sex will, at common elections, appear at the polls. Avocations more urgent, more natural to them, and in which they are more deeply interested, will keep them away. The degraded women will be there by the scores, as tools of men, enjoying both the importance of the hour, the fun, and *the pay*. Fifty women, known to be thieves and prostitutes, will hold, at a moderate calculation, say two hundred votes. And, as women form the majority of the resident population in some States, that wretched element of society will, in fact, govern those States, or those who bribe them will do so. Massachusetts, very favorable to female suffrage now, will probably come round to the opinion of New Jersey in former days. Great will be the consumption of cheap ribbons, and laces, and artificial flowers, and feathers, and tinsel jewelry, in every town and village about election time, after emancipation is achieved. We are compelled to believe so, judging from our knowledge of human nature, and of the use already made of bribery at many elections. The demagogues will be more powerful than ever. Their work will be made easy for them. It seems, indeed, probable that under the new era our great elections shall become a sort of grand national gift concerns, of which the most active demagogues of all parties will be the managers. Not that women are more mercenary, or more unprincipled than men. God forbid! That would be saying too much. We entirely believe the reverse to be true. But the great mass of women can never be made to take a deep, a sincere, a discriminating, a lasting interest in the thousand political questions ever arising to be settled by the vote. They very soon weary of such questions. On great occasions they can work themselves up to a state of frenzied excitement over some one political question. At such times they can parade a degree of unreasoning prejudice, of passionate hatred, of blind fury, even beyond what man can boast of. But, in their natural condition, in everyday life, they do not take instinctively to politics as men do. Men are born politicians; just as they are born masons, and carpenters, and soldiers, and sailors. Not so women. Their thoughts and feelings are given to other matters. The current of their chosen avocations runs in another channel than that of politics—a channel generally quite out of sight of politics; it is an effort for them to turn from one to the other. With men, on the contrary, politics, either directly or indirectly, are closely, palpably, inevitably blended with their regular work in life. They give their attention unconsciously, spontaneously, to politics. Look at a family of children, half boys, half girls; the boys take instinctively to whips and guns and balls and bats and horses, to fighting and wrestling and riding; the girls fondle their dolls, beg for a needle and thread, play at housekeeping, at giving tea-parties, at nursing the sick baby, at teaching school. That difference lasts through life. Give your son, as he grows up, a gun and a vote; he will delight in both. Give your daughter, as she grows up, a gun and a vote, and, unless she be an exceptional woman, she will make a really good use of neither. Your son may be dull; but he will make a good soldier, and a very tolerable voter. Your daughter may be very clever; but she would certainly run away on the battle-field, and very probably draw a caricature on the election ticket. There is the making of an admirable wife and mother, and a valuable member of society, in that clever young woman. She is highly intelligent, thoroughly well educated, reads Greek and Latin, and has a wider range of knowledge and thought than ninety-nine in a hundred of the voters in the same district; but there is nothing of the

politician in her nature. She would rather any day read a fine poem than the best political speech of the hour. What she does know of politics reaches her through that dull but worthy brother of hers. It is only occasionally that we meet women with an inherent bias for politics; and those are not, as a rule, the highest type of the sex—it is only occasionally that they are so. The interest most women feel in politics is secondary, factitious, engrafted on them by the men nearest to them. Women are not abortive men; they are a distinct creation. The eye and the ear, though both belonging to the same body, are each, in a certain sense, a distinct creation. A body endowed with four ears might hear remarkably well; but without eyes it would be of little use in the world. A body with four eyes would have a fourfold power of vision, and would consequently become nearly as sharp-sighted as a spider; but without hearing its powers of sight would avail little. In both cases, half the functions of the human being, whether physical or mental, would be very imperfectly performed. Thus it is with men and women; each has a distinct position to fill in the great social body, and is especially qualified for it. These distinct positions are each highly important. And it is reasonable to believe that, by filling their own peculiar position thoroughly well, women can best serve their Creator, their fellow-creatures, and themselves. No doubt you may, if you choose, by especial education from childhood upward, make your girls very respectable politicians, as much so as the majority of your sons. But in that case you must give up your womanly daughters—you must be content with manly daughters. This essential difference between the sexes is a very striking fact; yet the advocates of female suffrage constantly lose sight of it; they talk and write as if it had no existence. It is not lack of intellect on the part of women, but difference of intellect, or rather a difference of organization and affinities giving a different bias to the intellect, which is the cause of their distinct mental character as a sex. And, owing to this essential difference, the great majority of women are naturally disinclined to politics, and partially unfitted for action in that field.

ANTEROS.

By the Author of "Guy Livingstone," "Sword and Gown," "Sans Merci," "Breaking a Butterfly," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

HESLINGFORD could hardly pretend to the dignity of a manufacturing town; yet a fair stroke of trade was done there, chiefly in the coarser cloth and linen stuffs; and if the air for leagues around was not poisoned with the reek of her furnaces, even on a breezy summer day her brows were seldom clear of smoke; and a utilitarian's ears would have been gladdened by the concert of her steam-mills. It was a big straggling place, closely packed in the centre, but opening toward the outskirts into many rows and terraces of desirable tenements, and beyond these again scores of detached or semi-detached villas encroached on the green fields year by year.

The gray minster had more than a local renown; and besides this, immediately around and near the market-place there were a few gables and porches that stray archæologists had thought worth photographing; but even in this quarter the aspect of things was rather old-fashioned than ancient, and the most imposing of the private dwellings were only primly respectable.

Unless special business or pleasure had brought you there, you would perhaps have passed on a hundred times without pausing before a certain tall square mansion—built of red, or rather russet brick, with stone casings to the narrow windows—that filled up a goodly portion of a short street leading out of a principal thoroughfare. There was no pretense of an approach or court-yard before it. The house stood out bluffly in the same line with its humbler fellows, dwarfing them by contrast, like a grenadier shifted into the ranks of a light company. A row of iron railings, inclosing about a fathom's width of gravel, was all that divided the walls from the pavement. If you had bestowed a second glance on this building you would probably have guessed that, though Breckonstone was scrupulously neat and clean, and the minutest breaches of time or weather had been carefully repaired, many years have passed since its first courses were laid; and, furthermore, that the tenant was a person influential by wealth or otherwise. No graven door-plate was needed to tell you that it must needs belong to the chief banker or lawyer of the place; if by any absurd incongruity an utterly idle man came to dwell there, one might fancy him, by the pure force of circumstances, impelled to dabble with paper or parchment.

But, like other eminent respectabilities, the staid old mansion kept for its intimates a very different face from that which it turned toward the profane; not that—even to these—it could ever seem rollicking or jovial; but under this second aspect decorum was tempered with cheerfulness, and dignity ceased to be austere. It was a grateful surprise to a stranger when, after passing through the stiff formal doorway, he caught a glimpse of greenery at the further end of the long cool corridor paved with black

and white marble, that ran through the house from east to west; and traversing this, found himself in a fair garden, the boundary-walls whereof were scarcely to be discerned for ivy and embowering trees. A few flower-beds, richly rather than gaudily colored, glistened in the midst of sward fresher and smoother than the show-lawn at Templestowe; and the most venerable manor in all Loamshire, which boasted not a few of such, could show nothing to compare with those twin cedars—so lowly with their trailing branches, so haughty with their soaring spires. Moreover, the dull uniformity of the street façade was broken by bow-windows on the ground-floor, deep as oriels, and by casements above of diverse shapes and sizes.

Building land in the heart of such a thriving and increasing town as Heslingford was a very mine of profit; and if the value of property is to be estimated by the capital lying dormant there, the maintaining of that modest *plaisance* was a costlier whim than the preserving of a deer-park farther afield.

Since a Corbett came to dwell here, four generations ago, the family—prospering steadily as a rule—had known, like their neighbors, seasons of trouble and strait; but they had never once been tempted to diminish, by a cubit's breadth, this plot kept for their delight.

They were rather notable people, these Corbetts. The founder of the line appeared in Heslingford as chief clerk in a bank already of some standing there. He was London-bred, and of his antecedents little or nothing was known; but his aptitude for business and industry were such that none were surprised when, after twenty years' hard work, he was received as a partner. Before John Corbett died, in a good old age, he had managed, in his placid, pertinacious way, to engross a large proportion of the authority, if not of the profits, of the concern; and his descendants had followed in his footsteps, gradually extruding the original elements, so that for some time past the Co. following their name had become a polite fiction. The cautious methodical spirit of their ancestor had long survived him. There is no doubt that the Corbetts might have waxed much wealthier if they would have embarked in thoroughly justifiable speculation; but they had preferred to increase their pile slowly and surely, avoiding all risks not necessarily incidental to the finance trade. And those cadets who, in default of finding room in the bank, sought fortune in the law, the army, or the Church, showed themselves not less careful than their seniors in no wise to impair the family credit. Yet though "safe," they were not hard men; and cases might have been quoted where, to assist an honest farmer or deserving tradesman, the banker had furnished from his own private resources the aid which he was bound professionally to deny. Precise they might be, but scarcely precisians; their religion was of the steady church-going order, with no tinge of fanaticism; and there was nothing of the mawworm or mere money-grubber in their blood. They entered into sport and pleasure at proper seasons not a whit more sadly than their fellows, subscribing to the Loamshire hounds just as regularly as to the Heslingford charities. Furthermore, they had always shown a proneness to intermarry with the squirearchy; and at the present time of speaking their personal interests were certainly more closely allied with the county than with the town.

Arthur Corbett's grandfather had purchased a moderate estate, with a good house upon it, a dozen miles or so from Heslingford; and here resided Jacob, his father. Still nominally the head of the firm, but suffering from ill health, he meddled very little with the management, only occasionally sitting in the bank-parlor to satisfy his own conscience, or the fancy of certain ancient customers, who liked maundering over their business, and usually made it an excuse for a heavy luncheon and a lengthened prose. So on the said Arthur's shoulders rested all the real burden of responsibility; and they carried it exceeding lightly.

In business hours the junior partner showed himself to the full as shrewd and painstaking as his predecessors; but when he closed his desk he seemed to lock up all his cares in it, and came forth the most hilarious and convivial of creatures. It was quite wonderful what a large cantel of his time he contrived to allot to amusements, without in any wise neglecting duty. He was a good second-rate shot, and a fair, though by no means "bruising," rider to hounds. In any scheme of public or private diversion, from a festival down to a picnic, Arthur Corbett's name was safe to be prominent; and his "little dinners" were renowned throughout Loamshire. He was a Benedict of some ten years' standing now; and around his table there have grown up a very bower of olive branches, But there was much of the school-boy about him still; and with his round musical laugh ringing in your ears, you would have found it hard to believe in either his family or his financial dignities. He had never given his wife a single grave uneasiness, or society a single occasion for scandal; but—sooth to speak—he was an incorrigible philanderer, and was as variable in his devotion as in the fashion of his garments; the which is a wide expression, for he was choice and costly in his attire, erring rather on the side of gorgeousness. Also he affected, not unsuccessfully, the dragoon swagger; and was far prouder of his commission in the yeomanry than of his deputy lieutenancy. Could he have had his will, he would have invented for that corps such a uniform as would have cast into shade the splendors of the Chevalier Guard. "The sweetest temper in the world," said his numerous admirers; and so perhaps it was, though it had very seldom been tried. Not only had he passed through no furnace of adversity, but the flame of a taper

burning awry had never scorched the butterfly wings he fluttered so gayly. His mother—dead now some years—his sisters, and his wife, had all in their turn worshiped and cosseted him; and his father, in masculine fashion, had spoiled him no less consistently. That their prince could do no wrong was the prime article of the family creed; and had he been more faulty and negligent in his domestic relations he would still have remained their sole standard of excellence. However, no shortcomings in this respect could fairly be charged against Arthur Corbett. The inner fount of his affections seemed always brimming over; and he was content that his kinsfolk, no less than his friends, should drink freely of the abundance thereof. Endowed with such a character, and ample means withal for developing his genial tendencies, he could not be otherwise than popular—amazingly popular. Perhaps, though they liked him well, men hardly believed in him as implicitly as women did. But if *le bel Arthur* had been aware of this, it would not have greatly troubled him: he would have been content that things should be so.

Look narrowly at him, and you will see that the *physique* is a very fair reflex of the *morale* of the man.

An undeniably handsome face, if something soft and sensuous, and becomingly framed in crisp waves of pale golden hair. A figure almost commanding in its proportions, with only a promise of portliness as yet, though the outlines are already rounded. You would say, perhaps, that the figure wants setting up, and the face wants fining down; and both would remind you of the Bacchate ideal—the presentment, not of the Indian god, bearded, grave, and serene, but of the Theban reveler, made twice immortal by Praxiteles.

His air and manner are pervaded by a self-satisfaction bordering on self-sufficiency; and to this, at the present moment, is added the beatitude of one who has thoroughly enjoyed a savory meal. It is only a conjugal *tête-à-tête*, but his evening attire is elaborate, and jewels sparkle on breast and wrists and on the plump white fingers toying with the curls of the pretty child nestling at his knee.

Emma Corbett by no means emulates her husband's splendor. Her dress is plain, almost to homeliness, and not adapted to set off even the modest *uxoriam pulchritudinem* of which she can boast. The cares of maternity and housekeeping have told on her face not a little already; but she has a pleasant, honest smile, and a pleasant voice withal, though not a musical one.

"So you have actually seen this famous bride. And how were you so lucky?"

Arthur stretches out his length of limb, and yawns luxuriously.

"I saw her very much; and this is how it happened. Lord Atherstone came to see me at the bank this afternoon; and when we had finished our business he asked me if I would like to be presented to my lady, who was sitting in the carriage. Of course, I was only too happy."

"And what did you think of her?"

"I—decidedly admire her."

Mark the importance of his manner; it is as though he said, "I am aware that my verdict is too valuable to be lightly given, *cependant je me risque.*"

Emma Corbett smiles good-naturedly.

"How very glad she would be if she knew that! But it don't exactly describe her, you see."

"Well, she's tall—very tall, so far as I could judge, as she leaned back half buried in furs; and rather dark than fair, with plenty of coloring, though not in the least coarse; and coloring all in the right place too, in spite of the north wind; and her eyes—brown I think they are—are simply superb."

"And does she seem pleasant?"

Arthur pauses a second or two, as if trying to recollect.

"I fancy she might be—very pleasant, if she chose to take the trouble; but there's a cool, languid way about her, and perhaps she would not always choose. I don't dislike that; it's rather good style than otherwise."

"And does Lord Atherstone seem very fond of her?"

"What a thoroughly wifely question! Yes; he appears very fond of her, and proud into the bargain. If she had been a pearl of great price, he could not have wrapped her up more tenderly. I never thought till to-day that it was possible his face could thaw."

"There's an end to most frosts, I suppose," Mrs. Corbett replies. "You make me more curious than ever to see the last new thing in brides. I don't implicitly believe in all your swans, you know."

Corbett laughs lazily.

"Well, you needn't pine much longer; next week won't be a bit too soon to call. I'll drive you over myself, if you like. And now—Meta shall have the story I promised her, if she was good."

CHAPTER XVII.

From very old time it has been proverbial how ill they fare who, trusting in their own strength, presume to walk in independence, if not in defiance, of the deities. They need not fall as fell Capaneus, nor need any great wind from the wilderness smite the four corners of the house where the criminals are feasting; but the punishment, we are bound to believe, sooner or later, is sure. And why should not the same hold good with those who, either by choice or heedlessness, wander on aloof from their fellow-men, till at length they find themselves out in the desert, standing quite alone? The frail hand that, before it was stiffened, was strong to

indite many wise and tender words, was seldom better used than when it wrote of

"The bond which is not loosed by any:
And thou and I this law must keep—
If not in love, in sorrow, then—
Though smiling not like other men,
Still, like them we must weep."

It was in the first bitterness of enmity against his kind that Timon

"Made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Which once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge should cover."

If he had lived longer—long enough for Apemantus's curse to take effect—it may be he would have grown aweary of his cave, and have hankered for the fair city whose very hum and bustle sounded sociable, though in the crowd mingled so many harlots, traitors, and parasites.

Without being sentimental or sensitive, a man may find it somewhat galling to realize that the great joy or the great sorrow that has befallen him does not appear to interest his neighbors in the faintest degree; and the lack of sympathy in the first case is almost as vexatious as in the last.

The causes of Lord Atherstone's unpopularity in his county have been noted above, and how, if not actually sought, it was thoroughly earned. Possibly since then he had seen the error of his ways; but it is not probable that till now he had ever repented of them. It happened to him as it has happened to many other stark soldiers: while they had only their own safety to think of their harness was well able to protect them; but in striving to buckler another they perforce left their side unguarded, and the quarrel came home. Soon after her marriage he had said to Marian Ashleigh, "The Loamshire folks and I understand one another pretty well by this time. I can't alter my habits, even to suit such an occasion as this." Soon after his own he would have altered some of those same habits very readily, and began to wish that the said "understanding" was not so perfect. Among his bitterest enemies of either sex, social, political, or personal, not one had been found bold enough to put any overt slight, much less insult, on Ralph Atherstone; but somehow by tacit consent he had been edged gradually aside, till the place that by all rights he ought to have filled knew him no more. He was seldom solicited now to add his name to the stewards' list on the occasion of any public festival; private invitations were just as rare; and all the visiting-cards left at Templestowe were intended for the Ashleighs. The few men with whom Ralph was on familiar speaking terms were hunting acquaintances, and their conversation was usually confined to the simple interchange of ideas on the subject of weather, crops, and scent, that forms the staple of covert-side talk. The Baron hitherto had been perfectly content to be allowed to gang his ain gate; but it was different now.

The bridal *retraite* was past, and yet the Loamshire matronhood seemed by no means eager to welcome, or even to recognize, the last recruit to their ranks.

The Rev. Hubert Ashleigh (the same who had acted as Philip's guardian) called as soon as he decorously could, bringing his wife with him. He was a very correct and sensible divine—a trifle time-serving, some people thought, and rather too apt to "be all things to all men;" but, even where the course was badly buoyed, he had a rare knack of so steering and trimming his sails as to strike the middle course, that is generally the shortest, as well as the safest in the end. He was chatty and cordial enough when "he'd just dropped in to lunch without ceremony, because he was sure to catch his cousins at home at that hour;" but—dining that same evening at his archdeacon's, with a clerical party—he contrived to make it fully understood that a sense of family duty, rather than personal inclination, had brought him thus early to Templestowe; neither did he intimate that it was absolutely incumbent on his brethren to follow his example.

Besides the Corbetts, some half-dozen squires and rectors, dwelling in the immediate neighborhood, called or left cards; but none of these last carried very great weight in the county, and their civilities only brought out in stronger relief the general remissness—a remissness that could not be quite accounted for by weather wild and wet enough to make a merciful man loth to take his horses far from their stable.

It was not the weather, you may be well assured, that induced Lord Atherstone to give his hunters a holiday—for since his marriage he had not shown at the covert-side. It was his fancy not to go out till Lena could decorously accompany him. She had not had much cross-country practice; but Ralph soon discovered that she had exceptionally good hands, a firm seat, and wonderful nerve. So, during their retirement, whenever there was a lull in the wind and rain, he gave her an hour's schooling on a couple of his horses that, for a wonder, had mouths and manners, and only required a little steadying to make them thoroughly safe conveyances.

They did not pass irksomely those quiet days. Lena was not a bit of a philosopher, and not a bit too proud or too wise to relish keenly the good things of this world, whereof she had as yet had but scanty share. It was pleasant enough to open her eyes on tapestry still rich and warm in color, though a century had passed since it left the loom, and on soft silken hangings, merging into cloudy lace, instead of on white draperies, bare gray walls, and a scant-carpeted floor; pleasant to be tended by the most skillful of *camëristes*, instead of being dependent on the second services of Mrs. Shafton's ancient maid, sometimes grudgingly, if not grumblingly, rendered—for the good Julie's temper, naturally subacid, had been nipped and soured on the northern fells, and she deemed in *ce sacré pays*

a *Parisienne* fully worthy of her hire without working double tithes; pleasant, within doors, to be surrounded by manifold devices of comfort and luxury, after being used to faded, scanty furniture, and all the small domestic shifts of "poor gentility;" pleasant to look forth on a wide rolling park, studded with timber majestic even in leaflessness, instead of on a miserable strip of yellow pasture-ground, fringed with stunted firs that would scarcely shelter a Highland steer; pleasant, too, when the weather was too wild to go farther afield, to stroll through the stables, where the worth of a fair estate was represented by the tenants of the deep boxes and wide stalls, and to watch the light of the swinging lamps reflected on hides glistening with the last polish of the "rubber," and to contrast all this with the ruinous, draughty out-building, where, since Miles ceased to reside at Blytheswold, stood only a couple of hill ponies, with their shaggy coats all staring; pleasantest of all, to feel that she had only to speak a wish to find it carried out to the letter, quickly and cheerfully—for both the Upper and Lower Chamber in the household at Templestowe had passed a vote of confidence in their new mistress, and were, in truth, disposed to rejoice in their emancipation from the somewhat strict rule of Marian Ashleigh.

Of the infinite tenderness toward his wife underlying Ralph's *brusquerie* she, at least, never doubted; but he was none of the foolish fond old men who cloy their "pets" with sugar-plums, and wax querulous if the darling at last turns her head away from the *bonbonnière*. After all, the *reality* in the rare softening and lightening of his hard, dark face was worth a dozen demonstrations. Before she had been a week at Templestowe Lena discovered that the household, in so far as her master was concerned, was ruled by fear much more than by love. Lord Atherstone never rated his servants, but that they stood in awe of his glance, to say nothing of his frown, was very perceptible. Seeing all this, Lena felt a sort of satisfaction in the consciousness that *she* was never likely to be afraid of him.

Nevertheless, not once since their marriage had it ever entered into her head to call her husband by his Christian name. The address affected by Marian Ashleigh seemed to Lena just the right compromise; and so Ralph was "Monseigneur" still.

Watching the pair you would perhaps have decided that the change in their estate had affected the bridegroom less than the bride; and yet the truth was far otherwise. Of the fierce delights of battle, and of "the hunter's sullen joy," the Baron had had his fill; but the fruits that men gather only under their own vine and their own fig-tree were as new and strange to him as cates would be to a Polynesian.

Albeit little prone to misgivings, there were moments when he felt almost afraid of his great happiness; and yet he did not fully realize it then, nor ever—till it stood out in relief against the darkness of the after-time.

Is it not so with all of us? I think the keenest pang that comes with the memory of the *temps felice* past and gone is the consciousness of how imperfectly we appreciated it while it endured. I am speaking now of the quiet and, so to speak, domestic bliss, not of the perilous ecstasies snatched between storm-gusts. No doubt we thought it pleasant at the time, while sitting dreamily over the fire, to have soft, bright hair always within reach of our caress, and to find in earnest eyes always a sympathy with our joys and sorrows, ay, though the first were no greater than having held our own in

"The glory of the gallop forty minutes over grass;"

and the last no heavier than an error at whist suitably punished. But *how* pleasant it was we never knew till over all this there came a change.

Till our nerve or our purse fail we shall probably persist in pursuing: but, saving our dear friend, Harry Copeland, who has an eye to a deal, not a living soul will care whether the good horse Esca, whose price lies heavy on our conscience, makes the very utmost of a lucky start, or after a mile of deep going comes back to the rack, and we frequent the board of green cloth more regularly than before: but while sorting our cards it may occur to us that, besides our saturnine partner and the rash outsider who has backed the deal against the science, none will rejoice over the rubber pulled out of the fire.

It does not much matter of course, only sometimes, as we jog homeward through the twilight, or issue forth into the gray morning, we shall find ourselves wondering how in the old time we could ever have been tempted to leave, were it but for an hour, that cozy ingle-nook and that gentle company. The hearth to which we are returning is cold and lonely, or there gather round it faces—familiar, perchance, and not unkindly—but which can no more fill up a certain void than time can bridge eternity. The soft bright hair has lost its sheen, if it has not moulded into dust; and if, in the visions of the night, we stretch forth our hand to caress it, when once awake we laugh the folly to scorn; for to satisfy that longing we should need to delve two fathom deep into the soil of God's Acre, and lift the lid of a coffin. And the earnest eyes—if it were possible—would they still care to sympathize with our confessions, light or grave?

Over such a doubt wiser brains than yours and mine, my brother, have wearied themselves in vain; when it is fully solved, there will be few secrets left to be unraveled, and there will abide unbroken but one of the Seven Seals.

HEARTACHE.

THE still skies hear a moaning
Among celestial airs;
Low at the Throne are drooping
The winds that carry prayers.
The Face that is the light of heaven
Grows sad with pitying;
For a heartache, a heartache,
Is such a common thing!

Where flesh to flesh complaineth,
Griefs are a clamorous host;
Where silence lieth deepest,
The heavens listen most.
In unsuspected ministry
Stoops many an angel-wing;
For a heartache, a heartache,
Is such a common thing!

A costly thing to carry,
Of all things, is a heart:
I never knew I had it
Until I felt it smart.
The wandering pain is quick to come,
To come again and cling:
Oh, a heartache, a heartache,
Is such a common thing!

A heart is that which opens
To trouble's thousand ways;
An unseen arrow wounds it,
To halt through all its days.
An evil-eye may scatter blight,
A flitting mite may sting—
No wonder that a heartache
Is such a common thing!

I've heard of some that carry
A heart secure from harm,
But nothing wholly human
Had ever such a charm:
For joy, I know, hath still unrest,
And love still fluttering—
All the world round, a heartache
Is such a common thing!

Full-throated are the singers
That dwell in deepest shade;
It's less of joy than sorrow
Our precious songs are made.
There's never silence in the breast
That hath so sweet a spring—
Oh, a heartache, a heartache,
Is such a common thing!

Entreat who will of Pity—
Friend, let not you and I!
There is not heart's-ease growing
Enough for all who sigh.
Oh, never mind us, merry world!
We too will dance and sing;
For a heartache, a heartache,
Is but a common thing!

One certain cure for heartache
My sister Sorrow told:
"There's naught so quickly healing
As is the church-yard mould."
How well it is the very one
That Time is sure to bring:
Since a heartache, a heartache,
Is such a common thing!

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE death of Dickens was a shock, but probably not altogether a surprise, to those who knew him most intimately. It was the peculiarity of his temperament that he seemed always to be under full headway. Whatever he did with his hands or his head he did with his heart also. There are people who never seem to get so far as to be wholly alive. They are like fires that never quite burn, but smoke and smoulder away; or candles that feebly flicker, but never spring into a clear, bright flame. Others burn and blaze warmly and cheerfully from the first, and therefore are sooner exhausted. The very intensity of Dickens's nature should have announced the probability of a comparatively brief career. How busy he was in many ways all the world knows. But how equally devoted in many other ways of private beneficence only those know who came nearest to him.

Even those who did not personally know him well, of whom the Easy Chair is one, may recall many a pleasant instance of his heartiness and profuse humor. One bright June day in London, several years ago, there was a little dinner at Cattermole's, the artist, at which Dickens had promised to be present. The company assembled, and every thing went pleasantly until the dinner hour arrived. There was then some pause of expectation, for Mr. Dickens had not come. Conversation became a little more difficult; and as the conviction gradually seized the party that perhaps he would not come at all, there was a very obvious disappointment. When it was impossible to wait longer the dinner was served, and the guests descended to the dining-room; but it was curious to remark the blight that had overspread the feast. There was the usual gay murmur of a dinner all around the table, but it seemed as if every body were secretly looking for something or somebody else. Suddenly, when the business was well advanced, there was a loud ring at the door, which every body heard, and the cloud instantly lifted. "There's Dickens!" said several of the guests, with an air of delight and relief; and those who did not say it looked it. The next moment a noise was heard in the hall above, merry voices, pleasant laughter; and then there seemed to be a charge of school-boys or light cavalry down the stairs, and Dickens and his friend John Forster burst into the dining-room, each loudly excusing himself, and accusing the other as having caused the delay.

Dickens seated himself by the mistress of the house, and instantly, as it were, took up the conversation, and carried it along with little sallies of fun; and his "carrying on" with the waiter when he wanted a piece of bread was like a rollicking scene from "Pickwick." It was the over-

flow of the highest animal spirits, and was as electrical in his manner as it is in his books. He felt entirely at home; and the feeling that the solemn English waiter would be confounded by such antics—which, however, did not in the least turn him into ridicule—was part of the humor. Dickens made a mock apology for his delay, founded upon a promise to attend a picnic in the earlier part of the day given by the manager of the Opera, at which Grisi and the other singers, with the dancers, had been present. He sketched them all with a word and a smile. They were all vividly before the company. He took the dinner guests also, as it were, to the picnic. "But oh! the eating!" exclaimed he. "Dear Madame, do you know the eating at an operatic picnic — I mean, of course," he added, with a solemn sly twinkle in the eye, "when the ladies of the ballet attend?" It was sheer extravaganza; and however foolish and flat it seems in the tame telling, it was delightful and memorable. After dinner, when the ladies went up stairs and the children peeped in, Dickens beckoned to them; and seating one on each knee, took a slate and pencil, and drew the most grotesque figures as illustrations of the most absurd story; then sent the young folks away as merry as the elders.

What he did at that table he did in the world. He told the most delightful stories, he made the most harmless fun; and all his story-telling and fun-making were morally healthful. He was a great civilizing and Christianizing power during thirty years. He was one of the men of the most unquestionable genius and positive influence that have appeared in English literature, and meanwhile it was almost as good as his own fun to hear the comments that were made upon the man and upon his works. Sir Piercie Shafton, especially, was obliged to use his pouncet-box whenever the name of Dickens was mentioned. "Such a snob, Sir; really no gentleman at all, I assure you." There were those who thought him a caricaturist—a writer of mere extravaganzas, no artist; a kind of newspaper reporter on the great scale. That last criticism Dickens himself would undoubtedly have accepted. For the business of the great novelist is to report human life and character as they daily appear; but his genius makes his reports the best of literature. As for caricature, every genius must follow its own law. Miss Austen finished each of her exquisite miniatures of character with an airy-fine delicacy. They are exact and natural and agreeable, but never typical. They have not named and classified human nature for us. The work is so elaborate and smooth that you may bring your eye close to the surface and yet you do not see the stroke. But however broad and coarse the touch of Dickens may seem, the effect is wholly lifelike, and the proof is the universal acceptance of the type. Common conversation and current literature reflect the humor and the wisdom of this genius as the streams and lakes reflect the bright sky.

In the Sistine Chapel at Rome, if you go close to the huge fresco of the "Last Judgment," you are lost in amazement that such a mass of heavy color should be called the greatest picture in the world. But if you will step to the other end of the chapel and look at it, you will acknowledge that there is no greater. So Dickens's power is felt at a distance, so to speak. His fidelity is approved by the general effect he produces. It is often said, for instance, that he could not truly describe what is called "society;" and that in this respect one chapter of Thackeray is worth all that Dickens ever wrote. But is not the difference merely that Dickens offers the plump, incarnate fact, while Thackeray delineates it in detail? There are plenty of Lady Kews, for instance, upon the larger or smaller scale, in every highly artificial society, and there is perhaps no Mrs. Merdle to be seen any where. Therefore we say Thackeray, in the "Newcomes," really holds "the mirror up to nature;" while Dickens, in "Little Dorrit," creates a monster and labels it nature. Now the impression produced by Thackeray is, that the tendency of what is called "society" is to harden the heart and produce a wholly artificial and repulsive life. He shows us, further, how it is done; and he shows it so skillfully that those who are familiar with the sphere and influence that he describes accept it as masterly. But is not the pleasure confined to them? They follow with delight the amusing fidelity of the work; but that is a purely artistic pleasure, which is not shared by the great multitude of readers. Dickens, on the other hand, presents an unshaded Mrs. Merdle as the representative, the type, of the demoralization and utter artificiality wrought by society. It is recognized and accepted every where. That is what "the million" feel about "society." The book speaks for them and to them. The habitué of society knows that there is no Mrs. Merdle, but he does not reach the next corner upon his promenade without meeting a suggestion of her.

This same characteristic is shown in the delightful Dick Swiveller or Micawber. Nobody ever saw Micawber, but every body knows him perfectly well; and this makes Dickens what is called the story-teller for the million. His spirit is sympathetic with man, not with classes or characters only. In Thackeray there is no technical "low life." He takes us into the kitchen indeed, but that is only the down-stairs parlor. So Scott's sympathy with lords and ladies is never hidden, and Edie Ochiltree is one of the figures of a feudal society. But Dickens deals with general, common humanity. His range is wider, if in particular points his insight is not so deep, nor his grasp so firm. It seems worth while to say so now, not to insist upon comparisons, which at such a height of genius as that of Scott and Thackeray and Dickens are useless, and which seem ungenerous, but because there has been a disposition to be unjust to the real qualities of Dickens. A year ago there was a very ingenious and brilliant depreciation of him in one of the English magazines; and Mr. Justin M'Carthy was, he said, surprised to find that in this country Mr. Dickens was praised as he was not at home.

It is the fortune of such a man, however, to be criticised as an artist while he is felt as a power. But let us discriminate. If an extravaganza quickens the charitable heart of a whole people, as Thackeray declared that Dickens's Christmas tales had quickened that of England, he is surely a great human benefactor, whether he be a great artist or not. A recent writer in the *Penn*

Monthly Magazine, at Philadelphia, declares that Dickens

"reproduces the husk and outer shell of the men and women he has met. . . . He is generally a reformer and a disciple of Brougham. . . . He will never again stir the blood of England and America by the gall of his pen, nor terrify venerable and respectable 'barnacles' by his weekly numbers, as Anthony Trollope portrays him in that cleverest of counter-caricatures, 'The Warden.'

'Untimely lags the veteran on the stage;'

and as work after work comes from his pen, the new public look on in stupid wonder, as it Addison were arisen from the dead to continue the *Spectator*. Grotesque wit, clever caricatures, keen mimicry, are here as of old, but the life is not here. The generation has passed out of living sympathy with the writer, and we only regard him with a faint antiquarian interest. It has been stirred by new thoughts which he has not felt; it is agitated by contending purposes and desires which find no reflection in his breast. Let him read us 'Copperfield' and 'Paul Dombey' if he will; but as for his 'Great Expectations,' 'Mutual Friend,' and 'Edwin Drood'—faugh! they are a weariness to the flesh."

Just as these words were published Dickens died; and the feeling with which the news of his death was received is perhaps the most conclusive reply to the general assertion of the article.

For although it is undoubtedly true that so many of Dickens's stories are batteries opened upon actual wrongs, it is not easy to see that they are therefore ruined as stories, or are doomed to the decay that is said to overtake all art that aims at a moral. The question of the direct morality of art is rather a large one. But it is hard to see why "Macbeth" is not a great poem because it is a very plain sermon upon ambition, or "Othello" a true work of art because it shows the deplorable consequences of jealousy. That "Little Dorrit" is not one of the most delightful sketches of character in our literature because it exposes the miseries of a debtors' prison, or that "Nicholas Nickleby" is not a marvelous picture of certain conditions of English life because it crucifies the head demons of boarding-schools, would be extremely difficult to establish.

It is true that the fashion of story-tellers passes away. Every history of literature is a body of dismal proof of that truth. But the influence and the admiration of great genius do not pass away. The mere novelist, the delineator of the temporary forms of society and of persons as affected by them, will gradually become curious as he becomes obsolete. But the story-teller who deals with human nature itself, and who paints human character, which does not lose its freshness with the lapse of time, although he may direct his force at a particular and even transitory object, is not the prey of a changing fashion nor of a whimsical taste. "Don Quixote" is a story with a purpose, but it is told by a great genius, and therefore it is dear to every generation of men. It is a permanent contribution to the realm of imaginative creations, like the dramas of Shakespeare or the tales of Chaucer. And every story-teller, in the degree of his genius, has the same hold of the world. Sterne was not a lovable man. He had no especial humanity. Certainly there was no lofty and generous purpose in "Tristram Shandy." But My Uncle Toby is one of the beautiful figures that the imagination of the English-speaking race will not lose. Sterne will not fade from the common knowledge like Mrs. Behn, or any other story-teller who is already forgotten. It is a great mistake in those who read Scott's novels thirty years ago to suppose that they are not read now. So our children will read Dickens. And the blithe story-teller who has made this generation rejoice, who has touched with so masterly a hand the deepest springs of generous emotion and of high resolve—who, far more than any other, has been the literary minister of that sentiment of humanity which is the spirit of the age, will not fade from the English heart like a fashion, but will rather be, like Chaucer, one of the darlings of its permanent affection.

When it is said that Dickens was the people's story-teller, how much is said! The word people describes a universal range of sympathy. It signifies no class, but means all classes. It includes, as the old alliterative phrase was, the peer and the peasant. And how immense the service to the general faith in each other which we all really wish to cherish, is that of a man who shows, as Dickens did, that the greatest and most universal popularity, the favor of the most ignorant and of the most educated, may be won without pandering to a single mean impulse, without the least ridicule of noble and generous emotion, without any touch of baseness! What work is so truly lofty as that which, while morally cheering and strengthening all men, also inspires and justifies a deeper mutual confidence? This is the service of Dickens. If he was not a great artist, so be it. If he was a caricaturist, so be it. If he was not a gentleman, again so be it. But he was the most popular author of a time when reading was universal, and popular without a hint of impurity. He was more widely loved than any author has ever been in his time; and he left no man living whose death would be so sore and personal a grief to the English-speaking race as his has been.

Farewell, kind master! generous heart! How many and many in America or in England, gathering roses in that solemn week of June, did not wish that they could lay them upon his grave! For even so, sweet and perennial as June roses, full of all summer warmth and beauty, shall be the memory of the man whose tender touch still makes, and will yet make, summer in a thousand, thousand lives.

Philomusicus came to town in the heated term of June to do honor to the memory of Beethoven. Since the previous December his mind had been fixed upon the great festival. If he thought of a certain other similar undertaking, in a certain other city, in a certain other last year, for instance, he smiled at praiseworthy provincial efforts, and hoped that in the interests of high art the provinces would repair piously to behold the metropolitan magnificence of commemoration. He had heard, indeed, of the universal preparation in the provincial neighborhood in the previous year. He had himself found in small towns and villages, dependent, as it were, upon the provincial centre, a hum and interest of activity, a vigorous rehearsing and practicing, a constant, deepening pride and enthusiasm, which certainly promised fine results. But he had also seen that the Music Hall was loftily doubtful, if not scornful. There were rumors of anvils and bells and artillery, and, in its severe judgment, triviality upon a great scale threatened the very citadel of classicism in music. Then he remembered the stories of the

event: a triumph wholly out of rule, a success banged and roared and rung out, as it were, but an undeniable triumph, an immense success—for the provinces, thought Philomusicus; but let the metropolis speak!

So, when Fahrenheit marked ninety degrees, Philomusicus, who had retired to the country in May, returned to town to join in the mammoth memorial festival in honor of Beethoven. He chose the day upon which the "Elijah" of Mendelssohn was to be performed; and he observed that permission had been generously given to a famous society of prominent singers to assist in swelling the mighty chorus. Arriving in town, very warm, very moist, very dusty, and not in a strictly pious and reverential frame, Philomusicus bestirred himself to reach the temple of concord.

"Where is the Coliseum?" demanded he at the office of the hotel at which he had alighted.

"In Rome, Sir," answered the affable and gentlemanly and evidently highly accomplished clerk.

"Pshaw! I mean the Rink."

"What Rink, Sir? Skating is out of season," smiled the gentleman in duck, profusely perspiring.

"Where the unmentionable is this great concert?"

"Ah! yes, Sir! Somewhere out toward Harlem."

"How do you get there?"

"Cars, I suppose, Sir."

"What cars?"

"Second or Third Avenue cars, Sir."

"Why don't they say so, then?"

"I'm not on the committee, Sir."

"What time does the music begin?"

"Don't know!" getting very crisp.

"Why don't they advertise?" fiercely.

"Don't know!"

"Who the unmentionable does know?"

Philomusicus shot out this question very savagely, and turned away. He had written for a ticket and paid four dollars for it, and in the burning day the temple of concord was becoming very visionary. He began to feel as if he had secured a front seat at Tadmoor in the desert, with the mercury at invisible altitudes. He went to the door, and gazed with an air of injury up and down the street. "Shine yer boots, Sir?" said a rude boy, whom nothing but the severity of early moral training prevented Philomusicus from riding upon his boot over the curbstone. Then he set forth to find a car. He took the Third Avenue at a venture. It was packed with passengers, and he clung desperately and in great peril to the hand-rail. Every body was very hot, very uncomfortable, very disagreeable. Every body was evidently on the way to honor the memory of Beethoven, so that there was no prospect of any body leaving the car and relieving every body else. The journey was interminable.

"And how are we ever to get back again?" asked Philomusicus of a neighbor, who had evidently lunched upon the cheese of Gruyere.

"Mein Gott! verstand nichts," responded the neighbor, with the best feeling in the world.

Philomusicus took out the advertisement which he had cut from a newspaper, and which he knew by heart. It was a whole column of capitals, but it had no mention of any hour nor of any means of conveyance.

"Was ist das?" asked the Gruyere neighbor.

"*Das!*" replied Philomusicus, energetically, and indignant with a man who said "das" when he meant "that"—"*Das* is the programme: and I should like to know, if ten thousand people assemble at the concert, how they are ever to get back to town again, hey? What's to bring 'em? These cars?" And he sneered dreadfully.

"Mein Gott! Mein Gott! verstand nichts," replied the gentleman from Gruyere, evidently full of sympathy, and pitying his own inability to convey intelligible comfort to his neighbor.

Philomusicus stood uncomfortably upon the step of the car until it came near the temple, the Coliseum, the Rink, and reached a seat, and was thankful that, after much tribulation, he was now about to offer respectful homage to the memory of the illustrious master by listening reverently to the performance of the noble oratorio of "Elijah." He dismissed the awful doubt of how to get back again, and abandoned himself to blissful expectations, such as only lovers of music know.

But the Easy Chair will not prolong the melancholy story. Philomusicus was treated to anvils and bells and resounding cannon, but the "Elijah" was not sung. How he returned to the city he has never been able clearly to describe.

"My dear Columbio," he said to a friend, "it was monstrous! I was taken I know not how many miles, in the suffocating heat, reeking with the stench of Gruyere cheese, to be robbed. I was swindled out of my money. I bought a ticket for which they promised to give me the 'Elijah,' and they offered me the 'Quadrilles of all Nations,' or something in red shirts with hammers. They did not even give me a chance to take my money back. But I say nothing of that. I suppose they were sure that when they had taken a man out to Harlem, and provided no means of return but a horse-car with eight thousand other people for fellow-passengers, his powers of resistance, and even of remonstrance, would be gone. My Gruyere friend was quite right. When I think of the great Metropolitan Beethoven Centennial, 'Mein Gott! Mein Gott! Verstand nichts!'"

"Philomusicus," replied Columbio, "I understand it all. I paid I know not how much money for seats to hear the 'Messiah,' and circumstances did not authorize the managers to produce it. But the same circumstances authorized them to keep my money; and when I spoke with the ticket-seller, he said that he had turned over the money, but would sell my tickets for what he could get. It was courteous, but it was not the contract."

The chorus from the provinces is understood to have gone home in disgust. Philomusicus went home in the same frame of mind; nor has he since been able to escape the conviction, that instead of an honor to the great composer, the centennial festival was rather a disgrace to the great city—if not, after all, a mere private speculation.

It is no wonder that Mr. Disraeli writes novels, for his life is like a novel. He has strictly followed Sir Philip Sidney's advice, to look into his own heart and write. Indeed, the most rapid sketch of his own career would seem like the

outline of one of his own stories. He wrote the "Wondrous Tale of Alroy;" but the Wondrous Tale of Disraeli is as striking.

The first scene presents us the brilliant son of a family of Spanish Jews, who fled from the Inquisition to Venice, and who, glorying in their race, took the name of Disraeli. The young man's grandfather came to England a hundred and twenty years ago, was rich, and died at ninety years of age. His father devoted himself with ardor and success to literature, living at his ease: and his son Benjamin, born to comfort, handsome, clever, charming, and ambitious, was early a favorite in society. He traveled in Europe, and studied in Germany, and at twenty-one wrote, in a very short time, and published in the same year with Scott's "Woodstock," the sparkling story of "Vivian Grey," full of satire and wit and sentiment and coxcombry—"serving up" some of the chief notabilities of the time, and plainly the work of a youth who felt his power, and had set his heart upon all the political prizes of his country, which are the most precious and dazzling to the mass of his countrymen, because the renown is immediate and the success tangible. In "Vivian Grey" the youth's poetic imagination idealized to Englishmen the ordinary facts of English life, and gave them a fine Oriental color and flavor; but the keynote of the author's whole career was in it, with a kind of secret, cynical disdain of the aims and the prizes that he desired and extolled.

Young Mr. Disraeli was immediately one of the most famous and popular authors in England. D'Orsay drew a portrait of him, the cynosure of golden youth. Willis describes him, a little later, lounging at Lady Blessington's like a young emir of the Lebanon. His book was translated into all languages, and the author presently crossed to the Continent, and made a long tour in the East. While still absent he sent to England two other romances, "The Young Duke" and "Contarini Fleming," full of the same spirit and tastes and charm as the earlier story. "Contarini Fleming," indeed, is a delightful romance. It is like a characteristic poem of Byron's told in equal prose. That the aim of the young Mr. Disraeli was a political career had been evident from the first, and when he returned he tried to get into Parliament, but failed. Upon the hustings he was charged with friendship for O'Connell. He warmly denied the charge, calling O'Connell "a bloody traitor." The Agitator, who acknowledged no master before the people, retorted: "For aught I know, the present Disraeli is the true heir-at-law of the impenitent thief who died on the cross." So the Hebrew and Roman flints struck fire.

But the prince of golden youth, Disraeli the younger, as he was fond of calling himself, still brilliantly writing tales, letters, and pamphlets, did not enter Parliament until the first year of Victoria; and, upon his entrance, the famous, witty, haughty, self-possessed author failed grotesquely, failed absurdly, as an orator. The House of Commons was not merely indifferent—did not only read and sleep and slip out to dine while he was speaking—but it roared at him and laughed him to scorn. It was a test of the young man's quality. Instead of sinking into his seat, abashed, mortified, confounded, silenced, with his political career ruined, he shook his fist defiantly at the House, and thundered out: "I am not surprised. I have tried many things, and in each I have at last succeeded. I sit down now, but one day you shall hear me." The House halloed, and Disraeli the younger took his seat, undaunted. He knew his future subject, if it did not recognize its future master; and he kept his word.

For three years he sat silent, but he still wrote, and doubtless studied hard; and the stories of "Coningsby" and "Sybil" were even more popular than the earlier tales. They were political, and the characters were familiar figures in England thinly veiled. They, too, had the earlier charm of touching the traditional forms of British Toryism with a romantic light. But there was the same alien under-tone, a kind of persiflage so subtile as to be Mephistophelian, or perhaps even, unconsciously, the protest of a superior intelligence against its own aims and absorptions. The talent of Disraeli the younger created a fanciful, foolish party known as Young England. Its doctrine was very much that of Carlyle's Niagara, namely, that the nobility alone could be expected to produce a millennium in the United Kingdom. Lord John Manners wrote some doggerel about it. He was willing that laws and learning and art and science should die, "but spare, oh, spare our old nobility!" The aristocratic youths of this party were what might be called ritualistic Tories; and the dark-eyed Disraeli the younger was naturally one of their leaders, as his political novels shadowed forth their tenets. The world of the stories was May-fair. The moral seemed to be: "Use the world as you best can. Strike for the great prizes, and remember that in England the great prizes are political. Get success, whatever you lose. Put your lances in rest, gentlemen, and follow me!" And away swept the bold leader, a magnificent Murat, charging right and left; and always in the thickest of the fray there were his nodding plumes and golden trappings and gorgeous costume; and always also the careless, half-cynical smile at the mêlée.

> "From underneath his helmet flow'd
> His coal-black curls as on he rode,
> As he rode down to Camelot.
> From the bank and from the river
> He flashed into the crystal mirror,
> 'Tirra lirra,' by the river
> Sang Sir Lancelot."

But of the steady, old, evangelical Tories Sir Robert Peel was still the chief. Yet the crown hurt him. It sat ill upon him. He was too wise. In a certain sense he was too truly an Englishman to be a Tory, for Toryism depends much upon the imagination. When the Corn Law debate began Sir Robert felt instinctively what his course ought to be, and knew that it could not be that of his party. Therefore, the man who represented the common-sense of the most common-sensible of nations, and who had the same kind of supreme talent, without genius, in politics that the Duke of Wellington had in war, ceased to be the true Tory leader, and was succeeded by the most imaginative politician in England, the most un-English of Englishmen. But meanwhile Sir Robert, the great Commoner, the Prime Minister, the master of the House, the typical Englishman, feared no onsets like those of the young Hebrew, who a few years before was overwhelmed by an

uproar of ridicule, but who now came down to the Commons crammed with all the blue-books in the kingdom, and dazzled the eyes of the country as he marshaled his serried ranks of statistics, and pierced the grave Minister with his agile and scathing and scornful wit, like the jeweled Saladin, with his sharp and flashing cimeter, nimbly carving and careering around Cœur de Lion. Disraeli the younger had disappeared, and Benjamin Disraeli, Esq., the only man of whom Sir Robert Peel was afraid, was a man of as fair a future as any in England.

After Sir Robert was dethroned, but not disgraced, the Easy Chair was planted one summer morning upon the deck of a steamer going to Hamburg, and asked its fellow-passenger John Bull why Disraeli's party had not put him in office. Mr. Bull replied, with emphasis: "No Jew novelist will ever enter the British Cabinet;" and the worthy gentleman paused suddenly, as if mentally crossing himself at the mere thought of such sacrilege. But within two years of that morning there was a stately procession in the streets of London. The windows and sidewalks were crowded with people staring at the handsome equipages, the liveried footmen, the superb toilets. In one of the fine coaches, clad in official robes, and looking out at the carriage windows, with black eyes overhung by clustering curls, was the Hebrew gentleman who had written novels and been laughed down in the House of Commons. The state carriage, with outriders and gay liveries, drove to Buckingham Palace. Perhaps the gentleman inside remembered certain scenes in certain popular political novels. It was Vivian Grey holding trumps. It was the Right Honorable Benjamin Disraeli going to kiss hands as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

From that time he has been the actual and efficient leader of the Tory party. The Earl of Derby was its titular chief, and when he took office Mr. Disraeli was always his lieutenant. After the Earl's last retirement, the Queen summoned the author of the wondrous tale of "Alroy" to form a Cabinet. He who had been so fond of describing dukes and other noblemen now made them. The descendant of the Jewish refugees from ecclesiastical ferocity now nominated bishops. The author of Vivian Grey and of all the political stories was now, by his own skill and resolution, the chief figure in the life he had loved to portray. He who had opposed Sir Robert Peel now measured swords with Sir Robert's most illustrious disciple, Mr. Gladstone. His audacity even outdared the Liberal leader, and for a day he crowned himself with Gladstone's laurels. At last, inevitably, he yielded to the man who represented the tendency of English political development; but, in retiring, the laureate of the aristocracy refused to be made a viscount.

And now at sixty-five Disraeli the younger writes, with a difference, the novel that he wrote at twenty-one. It is all perfume, mother-of-pearl, and gold spangles; all satire, rhetoric, and romance, but it lacks the exuberance of wit, the delicacy, the pathos, the purple light of youth, that make "Vivian Grey" memorable. It has the old familiar air of the world and of high society. Nobody has less than a million a year; and the only embarrassment is to decide in which of the most stately and ancient and picturesque of castles to pass a week in summer. It describes a country in which artists entertain their friends in Turkish pavilions, and refresh them from gold plate, own islands in the Mediterranean, to which they sail in their yachts, and marry the daughter of the Constantinopolitan Cantacuzene. It is a book which constantly implies that the author believes his readers to be of those who delight in the *Court Circular*, and who find sweet consolation in learning that yesterday Prince Bulbo took pony exercise, and that in the afternoon Princess Hunkamunka walked upon "the slopes."

Meanwhile the real significance of "Lothair" is not that a retired English prime minister writes a novel. Far from that. You may think the story foolish or delightful, and its author a genius or a charlatan. But its motto might well be Hamlet's father's: "Remember me!" For he has remembered. The Roman Church drove his ancestors from Spain. With defiant pride they chose a name that marked them Jews of Jews. And now their descendant, having won every prize in the most powerful of Protestant states, turns in the fullness of his renown upon his old enemy, and haughtily cries to Rome, "You drove me and mine from moribund, miserable Spain! Begone from England!" "Lothair" is the Jew turning Rome out of England. The author skillfully hints and sketches—for nothing more is artistically possible in a novel—the various methods, intrigues, blandishments, appeals, arguments, coercions, cajoleries, and falsehoods by which the Roman Church is believed to entice or entangle, to terrify or subdue, its converts.

He offers, indeed, no argument which would deter any young English nobleman, even were he so very sentimental as Lothair, from going over to Rome; but he very plainly insinuates that those who manage conversions to Rome have the most mercenary motives in view, and are wholly unscrupulous as to means. The heroine of the tale, Mrs. Colonel Campian, the Italian wife of an American, of the Southern States, who, having lost every thing in the rebellion, has become the spouse of the Pythoness of Roman republicanism—Mrs. Campian, who lives in delicious ease in England, and falls disguised as a soldier in Garibaldi's assault upon Rome, is one of the personages who must not be looked for beyond the perfumed page of Disraeli. The hero is in love with Mrs. Campian, the Italian free-thinker and red republican; with the Lady Corisande, the fair daughter of a proud English ducal house, and devoted to the Low English Church; and with Clare Arundel, the loveliest and choicest of Roman Catholic maids in Britain. Not to speak lightly, the hero is and is not in love with all of them at once. He is a kind of "little joker" of a lover. But as there may be those who have not read the story, the Easy Chair will not tell whom the much-wandering Lothair marries at last. Let them be assured that here is a novel as different as possible from the stern actual story of everyday life to which we are accustomed. It is a kind of fairy tale. Even its approaches to reality are so remote as to be glimmering and soothing. It is an aromatic reverie in a boudoir.

But if, upon the publication of this story, *Blackwood*, the mossy warder of ancient Toryism, turns and rends the most brilliant and able of living English Tories, in an article which restores the

old lustre to its pages, it is simply because the feeling of Mr. Bull upon the Hamburg steamer has been always the latent feeling of his party. It could not refuse to follow its only capable and audacious leader, but it inly chafed, and felt with scorn that an outcast had come to the throne. The cardinals of the blue blood were kneeling and kissing the foot of a pope who was born a muleteer. That is merely to say that Disraeli, in all these forty-five astonishing and picturesque years, has not inspired confidence. In the midst of his most dazzling political triumphs, as in the best of his books, there was always the same feeling that he wore a mask. The same distrust stole in and asked, "Does he really believe what he says? Has he any principles? Is he a Tory from conviction, or a soldier of fortune, with his sword at the service of the longest purse? The cynic strain, the exquisitely airy persiflage of the stories—what do they mean? Was that the courtly smile of Mephistopheles? Is the man mocking us?"

Yes, it is impossible not to feel that the son of the ancient race has repaid this distrust with superb disdain. His genius is alien in England. He is essentially lonely in the country which he has ruled, and all whose prizes that he sought he has seized. His is the air of a man who has solved "the Arian mystery," and who can show the proudest aristocracy and the most finished civilization a splendor and an antiquity which dwarf and deride them. He feels that the Hebraic tradition is the foundation of Christian development. He sees all Christendom named from the incarnation in the elder race. He finds the genius of that race unworn and conspicuously efficient in the life of to-day. He muses, like his Tancred and Contarini Fleming, until the busy West dissolves, and the East seems to him the sole fount of art and wisdom and progress and repose, and all else a garish modern hubbub.

He sees, and finds, and feels all this—or he seems to. He is a consummate artist in politics and literature, and therefore in many ways inscrutable. It is true that his Toryism is suspected; but it would be very remarkable if he were not a Tory. He abandoned the traditionary policy of his party—but it was to save his party. The English Liberals did not, and do not, trust him. Why should they? In this very book he flouts and insults them. And if the Tories suspect that he is satirizing them—is it their fault?

"'Tirra lirra,' by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot."

THE Easy Chair receives with pleasure the protest of its correspondent, and heartily agrees that the editorial responsibility implies and demands the utmost patience and consideration for Scriptor. But is not gentle toleration of bores, whether of pen or tongue, a virtue which entitles to the Seventh Heaven?

THE FIERY PARTICLE.

A WORD TO MR. EASY CHAIR.

CHIVALROUS courtesy is not extinct. A fashion (an unsightly one) to pretend that it has passed away with other Old-World traditions prevails. But, positively, the quaint, picturesque old creature survives. This conviction induces me, Carolus Cambrensis, a Contributor, to entertain the preposterous hope that Mr. Easy Chair will allow me a footing on his hearth-rug, or that vacant chair opposite to his own, that I may join issue with him in a courteous passage of arms, on equal terms. The tilting-ground is to be found in the May number of *Harper's Magazine*, and is entitled "A word to Contributors."

Impregnable as Cader Idris* are the foundations of the Easy Chair; incontestable the dictum of him who sitteth thereon. Granted: Scriptor is inexperienced, faulty, feeble, puerile. Scriptor attributes the inaccessible configuration of Olympian summits to divine antagonism, in short, to "personal feeling." Scriptor, like all little people with little to lose, waxes apprehensive of the loss of his MS. He chafes his fretful soul at the sublime repose of Olympus; he adjures Jove to "go to the ant;" reminds the Thunderer that "the early bird catches the worm." Scriptor believes that the gods have violated the Constitution, conspired against him in the Star-Chamber, and denounced him without benefit of clergy, trial by jury, *habeas corpus*, or any other of those ingenious resources devised for their protection by an ill-used race.

Sad, though true! And absurd enough, till we look closely into the case of Scriptor. He is very young. Δεινον το τεκειν, O Zeus! Lingering throes of parturition still communicate a sympathetic quiver to that flaccid brain. Yet, O mighty parent of Pallas, these mortal failings do but obscure† the light of a divine intelligence, small though it be. The mind, "that very fiery particle," sometimes *will* "let itself be snuffed out by an article," just and not ungentle though that article may be. "Parce, precor, precor, non sum qualis eram." Scriptor, the parent of an article, an ode, a narrative, "declined, not being available," is less even, less in self-control, endurance, dignity, than poor little Scriptor when his brain labored with that pigmy offspring. He is puzzled, hurt, humiliated, spurned. Perchance with the poet's far-reaching eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, he sees Ganymede by the chair of Jupiter, or descries Vulcan limping along some starry space, and compares ages with that one, legs with this, to his own credit. On a sudden the poor worm discloses "venom of the folded snake." Jove, invulnerable, commiserates this peevish transformation, and suffers the poor morsel of animated earth to return in peace to its pristine nature and habit, when, perchance, it yet may burrow into some delicate bulb, and suck thereout no small advantage.

Metaphors, like worms,‡ Mr. Easy Chair, are obscure in their origin, progress, and applicability to any useful end, except the bill of the aforesaid early bird and the prehension of a fish. Nor will I, for many more golden minutes, obscure the seat of this opposing chair. But again I crave your clemency, your patience. If the seed decay not, how shall it germinate? If puerile Scriptor do not experience the decomposition of vernal vanity, of delusive hopes, and self-conceit, how shall the living Author arise? Is it not even within the limits of the possible that the fretful puerilities of Scriptor, hurrying his imaginary Pegasus along the Olympic course, have raised a cloud of dust as high as the front of Jove himself, and so with human folly obscured for a moment godlike wisdom?

Do not reject my plea with a dictum that the Author, poet-like, is born, not made. One I remember who now is great, then small, callidâ juventâ. He then held that baleful theory as an article of faith. Separating himself from his fellow-men by long hair and Byronic collars ("Oxford gills" were then "your only wear"), he declared himself to be a born Artist, Author, Word-painter. Weaving for himself a *nom de plume* out of the several letters of the words SAGITTÆ SUNT FIT, he signed himself "Tafis Rinnon Tuc," and became a thorn in the flesh to buffet editors. Of course there existed a dark "conspiracy to keep him out." His luck, his "*very* extraordinary luck" was that "nothing he ever wrote was accepted." The luckless years waxed and waned. So did the inconstant moons. The rains of deferred hope, disappointment, and vexation fell. They fell pretty heavily. Thought and feeling, drop-

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* *Cader Idris*, the chair (or throne) of Idris.

† To illustrate the value of a scrap of immortality apparently buried in ephemeral matter, I may quote a saying of Professor Sedgewick, that his introductory essay to the study of the Paleozoic Rocks, when introduced to Europe between the tremendous preface of one German professor and the no less portentous appendix of another, was "*like a grain of wheat between two millstones.*" Now the essay is a classic. Its prodigious foster-parents are lining ancient trunks.

‡ A critic might object to this similitude as inapt. To such a one I would suggest his reading the word "metaphor" for "worm" in Doctor Johnson's definition of the piscatorial pursuit. The general tendency to play "the early bird" with other authors' metaphors is too obvious to require notice.

ping like autumn leaves from the trees of knowledge and experience, formed a vegetable mould about and above him. Tafis R. Tuc sank in the soddened mass, vanished, decayed. After a while a bright young author germinated, bearing indications of leaf and bud.

An editor, somewhat dazed and weary of the glorious summer made by writers high in the popular zenith, sought the cool forest glade, and found this resurrection. Of Tafis R. Tuc's very extraordinary luck, of his hair, his collars, of those buried years, of those dreary rains, of all that vegetable mould, of the born artist's death and decomposition he knew nothing, but guessed much. He found a young sapling, vigorous and sprouting. He transplanted it with care to his well-tended shrubbery. He guarded and fostered its growth. And now, Mr. Easy Chair, multitudes find shelter beneath its spreading branches from the noontide glare of public life; find repose from the din of commerce and of politics; find a shadow of cool reasoning played about by leafy smiles and whispers) from polemic heat. And all these happy loiterers combine to extol the wisdom of Jupiter, who discovered in its tender infancy this glorious tree, and rescued it from the thousand mischances which beset a sapling in that struggle for light and air and life which is common alike to the children of the forest and the sons of men.

Mr. Fitz Hugh Ludlow, well known to the readers of this Magazine, in which many of his most brilliant papers have appeared, sends to the Easy Chair the following letter:

New York, *June* 15, 1870.

Dear Easy Chair,—To-day sailing for Europe, an invalid, with all the uncertainties of return which attend such a one, may I ask to say through you a word or two, in parting, to the class of our suffering fellow men and women for whom, as you know, I have spent a large part of my life—all that part, indeed, which is usually the leisure of a laborious profession?

In the book published two years since by the Messrs. Harper, under title of "The Opium Habit," whose earlier chapters were edited by, and the two closing ones original with me, I gave to the public as condensed a statement as my limits made imperative of the course of treatment which many years' medical and scientific study, together with an experience among opium-eaters scarcely to be surpassed in extent, had taught me was the safest, quickest, least painful, exit from a hell over whose interior penetralia at least Humanity had for years concurred to write, with a sigh, "Lasciate ogni speranza." There I showed the possibility of a release, and, so far as could be done in such broad touches, sketched the means. There I promised a salvation I had repeatedly seen effected, and accumulated all the incentives and encouragements to seek it which I knew; but with these I was obliged to preach a Spartan—say rather a Christian—courage such as few women and fewer men can summon to their aid in the protracted agonies of the contest by which the opium-eater must win his freedom, even under the many palliating and relieving circumstances which I there revealed. I had not then found what I confess has been one of my life's ruling passions—a very *agony of seeking* to find—any means of bringing the habituated opium-eater out of his horrible bondage, without, or comparatively without, pain. Thus far I had failed in my wrestling interrogations of Nature for the antidote, the substitute, the agent, whatever it might be, by which opium might be so gradually replaced and eradicated as to present the slave, some bright celestial morning, with his manumission, before he could feel the blows which struck the shackles from his feet.

I ask you, dear Easy Chair, to rejoice with me that, in all probability, that wonderful discovery has now been made; that henceforth the salvation of the opium-eater, like that from any other chronic disease, may be accomplished in such a way that the cure brings not an increase but a relief of the original suffering; that the process of giving to him his new self may now be not a terrible volcanic throe that tears soul and body to pieces, but a gentle, painless change, like those milder forces of nature shown in the progress of the seasons, the unbinding of the frost, the return of the sun and gentle rains. A year ago I was almost in despair of such a blessing; but I must believe—must declare—what my eyes have looked upon.

I have had under my care a patient who had been an habitual user of opium for years—whose daily rations of morphia had now reached the terrible amount of thirty grains (a case quite astounding to minds not experienced among opium-eaters, but having numerous parallels in my acquaintance)—who abandoned the drug at once in its every form, and never touched it again from that moment (four months ago) to the present time. I have seen him going on with his daily avocations, suffering no pain which required him to lie down for a single day, feeling no temptation to seek opiates, although he constantly carried about his old morphia powders on his person, and had made the un-Spartan resolve to resume his relief if the new experiment for a moment failed. He was expecting anguish all the time for his first month of trial; but it never came, has not come, and is most unlikely to come now that, after all these months, his digestion has regained its vigor, his step its elasticity, his eyes and cheeks the freshness of health. Besides this case I have seen numerous others, when their various complications are considered, no less remarkable, and from many more have had letters, all joyfully unanimous in the testimony that their exit was painlessly accomplished, and that the opium-craving was not only appeased, but quite eradicated, by the process of cure. I have been compelled to confess that the life-long object of my search seemed most marvelously accomplished.

Were I staying in this country, instead of going abroad as my last chance for life and health, I would joyfully continue to answer the correspondence which floods me on this subject from all parts of the Union, and, at any expense to myself, make known this salvation to the most sorrowful sufferers of this world. Were this an article, instead of a communication receiving your hospitality, dear Easy Chair, and were *Harper's* a technical magazine, in which I could develop the process of substitution and elimination by which this marvelous blessing is accomplished, I would now speak more at length. It is now sufficient to say that the discovery is one which ranks in importance to human weal and woe with vaccination, chlorotorm, or any grandest achievement of beneficent science which marks an age. The many who can bear me witness how willingly I have responded to all inquiries for help to the opium-eater, by visit or letter, will be glad to know that during my absence such inquirers may apply to my noble-hearted and philanthropic friend, Mr. Henry Read, of Lowell, Massachusetts, who possesses all my information on the subject, and has kindly consented to let me roll off upon his shoulders the loving but heavy burden of answering such questions as might, if I staid here, be addressed to me.

By letting me say these parting words from your kindly elevation, my dear Easy Chair, you will bless thousands of sorrowful souls, and send one away to Europe far less sorrowful, because most hopeful, for them.

Your friend,

Fitz Hugh Ludlow.

Editor's Literary Record.

NOVELS.

Auerbach has been called the Charles Dickens of Germany, though with the least possible justification, since between the vivid painting from nature of the English master and the abstruse metaphysics, scarcely concealed beneath the thin guise of a romance, of the German, there is the least possible similitude. With more accuracy Spielhagen might be described as the Walter Scott of Germany. He is a more dramatic writer but a less profound thinker than Auerbach. His characterization is not less clear and distinct; his incidents and groupings are more effective. Auerbach often drags, Spielhagen rarely. One must study Auerbach; he may read Spielhagen. In his last novel, *Hammer and Anvil* (Leypoldt and Holt), the drama trenches on the melodrama; yet, though it approximates dangerously the edge of the sublime, it never degenerates into the ridiculous. Professor Lederer,

the wild Zehren, his brother the superintendent, the gruff-voiced, tender-hearted warden Sussmilch, the grim-faced, sooty-handed, warm-hearted Klaus, and George Hartwig himself, the subject of the autobiography, are all drawn with a master's hand. The old ruined castle, the wild life among the smugglers, the chase, the treachery, the capture, the escape, and the conflagration, are all wrought up with a power which insensibly reminds the reader of Walter Scott; with a descriptive power less vivid, indeed, but with a subtle penetrating analysis of motive and feeling superior to that of the great Scotch romancer. And the transition from the wild life of the woods to the quiet life of the prison renders each epoch in the story more effective by reason of the contrast between them. But Spielhagen's romance is better than his philosophy; his arrow is better feathered than aimed. He is the apostle of the idea of liberty, but of liberty in its most absolute and unlimited sense—of liberty as that word is interpreted by a German radical. So long as he confines himself to inculcating, as in "The Hohensteins," political freedom, he carries with him our sympathies, though not always our judgment, nor are we at all satisfied that the House of Hohenstein fairly represents the aristocracy of Germany, or Wolfgang and Peter the common people. But when he comes to teach—as he does, impliedly, in "Problematic Characters" and its sequel—that marriage is also despotism, and that one should be free to follow the course of his unchecked passions; or, as he does in "Hammer and Anvil," that the inmates of the prisons are unfortunate rather than guilty persons, and throws a halo of glory around the wild life of smuggling and freebooting, he writes more of a declaration of independence than we are prepared to assent to. It is true that the wild Zehren is killed, his daughter elopes, his castle is burned to the ground, and young George Hartwig escapes capture only to surrender himself to the authorities; but, despite this series of misfortunes, the sympathies of the reader are enlisted for the runaway boy, and against his stupid dolt of a teacher and his inflexible old Roman of a father; and the moral influence of a story depends not upon the fate which overtakes its characters, but upon the sympathies which are awakened in the reader's breast by the story of their lives. We should abhor Bill Sykes if he had escaped, and Old Fagin if he had been acquitted on the ground of "moral insanity," just as much as we do now; while the pitiful fate of the betrayed Malte von Zehren enlists our sympathies for one whose crimes we forget in the story of his misfortunes. Old novel-readers will find much entertainment and no harm from "Hammer and Anvil," but it is not a book for boys—a verdict from which we are not swerved by some admirable passages of genuine Christian philosophy.

As we took up CHARLES READE'S last novel, *Put Yourself in his Place*, as a companion to an otherwise solitary dinner, the friendly waiter who attended us remarked, by way of opening a conversation, "That novel's all the rage, Sir; all the gentlemens and ladies has it, Sir;" and so, in fact, we found on looking round the steamboat on which we were traveling. Nor, on opening the book, were we surprised to find it popular. It is never easy, having taken up any one of Charles Reade's novels, to lay it down unfinished, though you often chide yourself for submitting to its singular fascination. This you may read without self-condemnation. There is a purpose in it, a strike against "strikes," though the purpose serves the novel, not the novel the purpose. It is sensational, of course; every thing Charles Reade writes is so. The incidents are quite impossible; but the heroism is not the mock-heroic. In this it differs from "Foul Play," as in its touches of genuine and pure sentiment it differs from "Griffith Gaunt." We laid the book down with the conviction that, though it could not rank by the side of "Edwin Drood," or even "Lothair," it deserved its popularity—was, at all events, the best product thus far of Charles Reade's pen. Harper and Brothers issue it in three editions, all fully illustrated.

Only a Girl (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) is an old story newly told. It is a book in every respect the opposite of the sensational—depends wholly for its interest on delicacies of color and drawing that can not be represented by any *critique*, nor even by any extracts that are not voluminous. It is from the German of WILHELMINA VON HILLERN, and is full of German quaintnesses, without being obscured by German mysticism.—In the *Vicar of Bullhampton* (Harper and Brothers) Mr. TROLLOPE'S invariable heroine plays off one lover against another in the usual Trollope style, through three hundred pages of what is called romance, probably for the all-sufficient reason that it contains neither history nor philosophy nor poetry enough to give it a right of classification any where else.—The opening pages of *Breezie Langton* (D. Appleton and Co.) are so full of slang, both masculine and feminine, that we were unable to penetrate further than the fourth chapter.—D. Appleton and Co., who publish the last three mentioned books, continue their edition of GRACE AGUILAR'S works, by the publication of *Woman's Friendship*, and *Home Scenes and Heart Studies*, the latter a collection of short stories good for Sunday reading, a kind of literature which is not too common.—We have three historical novels: *Antonia*, by GEORGE SAND (Roberts and Brothers), a tale of the last days of Louis XVI., in which history is quite subordinate to romance, and romance is the instrument of inculcating a semi-socialistic philosophy; the *Caged Lion*, by Miss C. M. YONGE (D. Appleton and Co.), a story of the times of James I. of Scotland, woven of double sets of threads, half romance, half history, with a charmingly frank and simple confession in the preface, which enables the reader to unravel the whole pattern, and say with precision what is real and what is imaginary; and Miss MUHLBACH'S *Queen Hortense* (D. Appleton and Co.), which is, after all, only a history with a little imaginative filling in, but certainly not enough to make the drafts on the imagination very severe. Historical novels, as Miss Muhlbach writes them, are a novelty in literature, being, in fact, novels without imagination, and history without facts.—Almost simultaneously with the publication of Miss Muhlbach's novel, "Queen Hortense," the Harpers issue, as an addition to their "Red Histories," the romantic story of the same queen, from the pen of JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.—*Driven to Sea* (H. B. Fuller), neither a novel nor a juvenile, but half-way between the two, is neither very fresh in design, nor very striking in execution, nor

very healthful in its influence on the "boys of the period," who do not need to be taught that it is a glorious thing to get up a rebellion against home authority, and run away when it gets too strong for them.

RELIGIOUS AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

PROFESSOR COCKER'S work on *Christianity and Greek Philosophy* (Harper and Brothers), somewhat inadequately described by him as a treatise on the "relations between spontaneous and reflective thought in Greece and the positive teaching of Christ and his Apostles," is the work of an original and independent, but not audacious thinker, and is written in a style whose clearness of expression almost rivals that of Sir William Hamilton. The ordinary estimates of Grecian religious philosophy are of two very opposite extremes: that of the half heathen scholars who attribute all that is admirable in Christianity to Greece; and that of the over-religious dogmatists who imagine that they honor the teachings of the Bible by endeavoring to demonstrate that no people ever possessed any glimmer of light or truth except such as they derived from its pages. We are assured, on the one hand, that the fatherhood of God which Christ revealed he borrowed from the philosophy of heathenism; and, on the other, that such notions of a God as the poor heathen Greeks possessed they obtained alone by traditions handed down to them from Hebrew sources. Professor Cocker holds a middle ground between these two views of the origin of religious truth—a ground which he expresses in the following thesis: "The universal phenomenon of religion has originated in the *a priori* apperceptions of reason and the natural instinctive feelings of the heart, which, from age to age, have been vitalized, unfolded, and perfected by supernatural communication and testamentary revelations." This thesis may perhaps be regarded as the text of his book, which is by no means devoted to a study of Greek religion, but which also compares with it the various theories of the origin of religious belief as exhibited by modern authors: and in the comparison discusses at considerable length some of the chief religious problems of the present day. His work will probably find its principal readers among scholars; and it is written, certainly, alone for those who are accustomed to think while they read, and to read for the purpose of stimulating thought. Nevertheless it does not assume, but affords a knowledge of Greek philosophy, and, apart from its value as a contribution to theology, will prove useful as a reminder to scholars and a compendium to others of so much of Greek philosophy as bears upon the doctrines of the Christian religion. The author gives evidence of that kind of learning which comes from long familiarity with a subject, and which no process of "cramming" can supply; of a learning, too, which, like that of Sir William Hamilton, is thoroughly digested, and quickens instead of impedes his own independent thought-power. We welcome his work as a valuable and permanent addition to American philosophical thought.

From the political discussions of the daily press, always partisan and often personal—from the debates of astute senators rarely able to rise above a discussion of party platforms, and avowedly more anxious to secure or to retain the supremacy of their party than to ascertain sound political principles or to administer the affairs of government upon them—it is refreshing to turn to such a book as *The Nation*, by E. MULFORD (Hurd and Houghton), which resolutely leaves unmentioned the transitory political issues of the day for a thorough, a clear, and a comprehensive discussion of the great principles which underlie—or, rather, which should underlie—all national life. What is a nation, what its true origin, what the source of its authority, what the relation of the people to the territory they occupy, what the basis of individual rights, what the ground of national sovereignty—these are some of the problems to which the author has brought a rare combination of talents, wide and varied reading, a strong and acute mind, a clear but condensed style, and a warmth of earnest patriotism foreign to most treatises on political science. The nation, according to Mr. Mulford, is neither a necessary evil, nor an historical accident, nor a jural society, nor an economic society, but a conscious moral organism; its origin is not in the might of the strongest, nor in the social instincts of humanity, nor in an imaginary social compact, nor in the false motto *Vox populi vox Dei*, but in the ordination of God, who, from the beginning, has set men not only in families but in governments; the right of property rests neither on immemorial possession nor on the acquisitions of labor, but on the fact that it is an endowment of God for the better fulfillment of the individual mission, for which purpose alone one has any real right to hold any property. Such are some of the positions which the author maintains with vigor—positions which may serve to illustrate at once the thoroughness of his treatment and the religiousness of his spirit. Avowedly a birth of the civil war, his book deserves, far above any thing in our literature, to be accepted as the expression of the American idea of nationality, and to be made the text-book of instruction in the fundamental principles of political science in our institutions of learning. Its appearance is the first and strongest indication that we have seen, though by no means the only one, of a tendency toward a reaction from the dominion of trading politicians, and a restoration of something like statesmanship founded on principle. A striking illustration of the author's independence of all partisan relations is afforded by his twelfth chapter, in which he maintains, on the one hand, that the right of suffrage is a natural right, inherent in every member of the nation who is a person (impliedly male or female), irrespective of property or literary qualifications; and that, on the other hand, while "the Republic is indeed to welcome the stricken and oppressed for conscience sake out of every land, and is to be as the city whose gates are open by night and by day, and not the least among its titles is that of the home of the pilgrim," yet to "admit to immediate representation whoever may come to its shores, who have no consciousness of the aim and destination of the nation, and no participation in its political spirit," is "no more just than to refer the decision as to the direction of a house or the disposal of an inheritance to some transient guest who may come to lodge overnight or take shelter in a storm." Mr. Mulford's analogy is at fault as regards our adopted citizens, who come not to lodge over-

night, but to become members of the household; but we admire the intellectual independence of the man who wields so keen a sword with a double edge that strikes against all parties with impartiality and with neither fear nor favor, except the fear of being false to his own principles and his own convictions.

We have now, in *The Forty Days after Our Lord's Resurrection*, the sixth and closing volume of Dr. HANNA'S "Life of Our Lord" (Robert Carter and Brothers). The life of Christ has been made the text for so much irreverent criticism, and for so much of irrelevant dogmatizing—it has been so customarily written with a controversial purpose, and so rarely by an unprejudiced pen, that we gladly welcome such a work as this for the spirit which imbues it. We are not surprised, comparing it with the absurd romancing of Renan, and the laborious mysticism of Lange, and the ecclesiasticism and wordy devotion of Ellicott, that it has received the highest encomiums from the English press. And yet, despite its charmingly simple, though never brilliant style—despite its tender and reverentially affectionate tone—despite its freedom from all parade and pedantry of learning, and its rigid excision of all critical discussion—despite, too, some very pleasant and, on the whole, profitable homilies, in which the author never hesitates to indulge on occasion—we have laid down with disappointment the work which we took up with great expectations.

A true life of Christ must throw some light on either His inner or His outer life—that is, it must either give some new and fresh conception of His character and His teaching, as did the author of "Ecce Homo," or it must interpret both, by giving the reader a picture of the manners and customs of the age in which Christ lived, as Mr. Abbott has done in his "Jesus of Nazareth." A critical defense of Christianity, like Neander's work, is not a true life, though it may be in form a chronological narrative; neither is a series of homilies, however admirable, though they may be based on a harmony of the Gospels. Dr. Hanna has not, we think, written either the inner or the outer life of Christ. He throws very little light on the latter. We turn to the account of the trial. There is little or no information concerning the forms of Jewish procedure. We turn to the story of the marriage in Cana. There is no graphic portraiture of the Jewish wedding ceremony. There is very little of history in the narrative which is not to be found in the Gospels themselves—almost nothing which is not to be found in the ordinary commentaries. Nor is there any remarkable subtilty of insight displayed in his interpretation of doctrine and his reading of character. There is but a very slight attempt to portray in any fullness the experience of either the temptation or the agony in the garden. The characterization of Judas is borrowed almost directly from the commentary of Dr. Adam Clarke, and is, if possible, less true to nature and the facts of history than even the common and superficial estimate of the traitor's singularly contradictory and enigmatical conduct; and as little attempt is made to measure the almost equally enigmatical character of Pilate as is made by the evangelists themselves. In fact, the title of Dr. Hanna's work is misleading. It is not a life of Christ. It was not written as a book, but was originally composed and delivered as a course of lectures to the author's congregation. As a history, it is entitled to no very high rank. As a series of practical discourses on the life of Christ, it affords an admirable illustration of homiletical preaching.

President M'COSH, in his text-book of logic, *The Laws of Discursive Thought* (Robert Carter and Brothers), has undertaken to fulfill the wish he expressed in 1868 for an "improved logic, founded on that of Aristotle, of the scholastics, and the various technical works of the seventeenth century, embracing all that is valuable in the Kantian and Hamiltonian reformation, but with a freshness and adaptation to the thought of the age, like the 'Logic' of Whately." The task of mediating between the old and the new peculiarly fits both his learning and his general tendencies of thought. Nothing delights him so well as to construct one perfect fabric out of the materials of two imperfect ones; or to defeat an enemy, not by destroying utterly his stores and magazines, but by stealing away what is really valuable in them and filling therewith the vacant chambers of his own citadel. This habit of thought brings some personal disadvantages. He who learns from the enemy exposes himself to being called a traitor by the warriors of his party. Instead of seeing both sides lay down their arms and flock to his standard, he is likely to find himself between two fires. But by this method only can any branch of philosophy become complete and symmetrical. Nearly half the book is devoted to "The Notion." From the thorough investigation of this preliminary part of logic arise most of the peculiarities as well as the chief value of the treatise. Sometimes there is confusion of thought, but in general the author is very clear, and some of his distinctions and suggestions are valuable additions to the science of which he writes. He is occasionally drawn too far one side by extraneous metaphysics. Wide awake to the questions of the hour, as witness the implied plea for civil service reform, he somewhat too abundantly improves the opportunities which such a work affords for ethical and theological suggestions, though in the main to a wholesome purpose. His book abounds with practical illustrations, which relieve the subject from its proverbial dryness, though they do not always throw any light upon the topic under discussion; and a certain lack of orderly arrangement leaves upon our mind the suspicion that while the idea of the book is the result of long investigation in a favorite field, its execution has been the work either of impatient haste or of odd moments snatched from more engrossing cares.

TRAVELS.

DR. SPEER'S work, *The Oldest and the Newest Empire: China and the United States* (S. S. Scranton and Co., Hartford), can hardly be called a book of travels, though it is written by one who, as a missionary of the Presbyterian Church both to China and to the Chinese in California, has had peculiar personal facilities for studying his theme, and has improved them. It is, however, in no sense a record of personal experiences, but a clear, comprehensive, and systematic treatise concerning a people whose influence on the destinies of this continent promises to be vastly

greater than that of the African himself. Dr. Speer gives, first, an account of China and Chinese life: next, a history of China from the patriarchal age to the present day; next, some chapters devoted to an account of the character of the Chinese as immigrants and laborers, with a somewhat too eulogistic description of their government; and, finally, a discussion of certain aspects of the Chinese question, and a prophecy of the Chinese future. There are few writers who have had better facilities for studying the character and institutions of the Chinese than Dr. Speer. His work may be regarded as an authority. In style it is rather bald and encyclopedic, but in real information it is both rich and reliable. To steer between wholesale condemnation and wholesale eulogy of John Chinaman seems just now a pretty difficult matter—a literary navigation which, on the whole, Dr. Speer has succeeded in accomplishing. He has fallen, however, into the common error of measuring the government of the Celestial Empire by its paper constitution. Is the municipal character of New York city to be judged by a perusal of its charter? It is far from being practically true that "the people are not subjects to be ruled by fear, but children to be inspired and controlled by affection and gratitude." This pleasant paternal fiction is, indeed, the "theory of imperial power" in China, as it is in Europe. But there is, perhaps, no despotism in any civilized country administered more remorselessly, no country where there are so many petty and irresponsible tyrants. As little is it true that "the foundation of all preferment is planted upon education;" quite as little as that, in America, it is founded upon virtue and recognized capacity. A government nominally of schoolmasters and pedagogues, its offices are really farmed out to the highest bidder. The competitive examination is one of purses. And as there is no government more locally despotic, so there are few or none, except, perhaps, that of Russia, more personally corrupt. To sell justice is at least regarded as disreputable in America. In China, on the contrary, public opinion only condemns that mandarin who does not adhere to his bargain. In short, a nation without faith in God or hope in a future is a nation without a conscience; and the intelligence of China is atheistic. If, however, Dr. Speer falls into the charitable error of a too lenient judgment, it is a kindly one, and nations, as well as individuals, can better afford to think too well than too ill of their neighbors. We cordially recommend his treatise as of real value to all students of the Chinese problem.

A thoroughly genial, kindly, pleasant, readable book is HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S *Spain and Portugal*, the fourth volume in Hurd and Houghton's very neat and tasteful edition of his works. There is just that flavor of romance and chivalry in Spanish history and Spanish character to awaken the quiet enthusiasm of this kindliest of writers, just that poetic element in his character which seizes and portrays the bright side of that land of chivalry and dreams. That he hardly sees its darker side, or, seeing, passes it by in silence, is little ground of criticism. One would hardly go to Hans Christian Andersen to get a complete analysis of the most contradictory character in history, as the character of the Spaniard is. And one could, perhaps, find nowhere in literature so appreciatingly portrayed that side of it which we practical Americans rarely perceive, which, indeed, we are hardly capable of appreciating, except as it is interpreted to us.

HEPWORTH DIXON is not altogether a trustworthy writer, and, on any disputed point in history or geography, there are a good many writers whose testimony we would rather take than his. But there are not a great many tourists, if there are any, who write a more genial and entertaining book of travels; and there is nothing of that kind of literature more agreeable for summer reading than Hepworth Dixon's *Free Russia* (Harper and Brothers). Professional bookmaker as he is, he has at least the conscience to visit the lands he writes about. His visits are flying visits. He sees the surface of things; and neither has the intellect nor the time to study deeply the social problems on which he sometimes writes fluently, but never profoundly. If any one, therefore, takes up a work from his pen under the expectation of finding in it what one poor misguided critic seems to have anticipated, a more careful study of Russian civilization than in a parliamentary blue-book, which it is safe to say no other American reader but the critic has read or will care to read, he will be, like the critic, disappointed. But if he fancies a summer trip of three months through Russia—if he wants to see what can be seen by a keen pair of eyes from railroad cars and steamboat decks and hotel windows, and in convents and churches, and on farms and in villages, by such a tourist—he will have to go far to find a more genial, agreeable, entertaining traveling companion than Hepworth Dixon. The reader who wants to *study* Russia will have to look to some other teacher. The man who wants to read an entertaining book about Russia, with the assurance that he will get quite as good and true an idea of Russian life as he could get by a three months' personal visit, can find no better book than this gossipy series of sketches of travel; as entertaining as a story, and as trust-worthy as most books of travel.

We have already given our readers, in the June number of the Magazine, a fuller account of the *Rob Roy on the Jordan* (Harper and Brothers), and a better idea of the most fascinating book of travels of the season, than we can do in a brief *critique* here. It is enough to say that it is a book of wild and singular adventure. Through countries where men travel only in caravans and companies, and then not too safely, Mr. MACGREGOR goes alone. Through waters which no boat ever touched before Mr. Macgregor takes his inseparable *compagnon de voyage*, his pet canoe. He plunges through boiling torrents choked with stones and fallen trees. He watches on the Ateibeh Marsh and the Hijaneh Lake against wild-boars, one crunch of whose jaws would have finished both the sailor and his fragile boat. He defies the Arabs, who chase him more than once in vain, and escapes them by an ingenious stratagem when made a prisoner. To-day he runs a blockade of Arab swimmers; to-morrow he runs through a group of buffaloes; one day finds him navigating in gorges where a single misjudgment would dash his boat in a hundred pieces on the rocks through which the angry torrent hastens toward its outlet; another sees him entangled

amidst an almost impenetrable net-work of papyrus; now he courts the dangers of a morass whose solitude has terrors even for the invincible Arab; now he confronts the greater dangers of an Arab mob. His courage is dauntless, his love of adventure a passion, and his book, or books (for this is his fourth, but, in all respects, most remarkable tour), constitute a novelty in the literature of travel.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Professor March's *Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon Language* (Harper and Brothers) is a valuable addition to the science of philology. In it he illustrates the forms of the Anglo-Saxon by those of the Sanscrit, Greek, Latin, Gothic, Old Saxon, Old Friesic, Old Norse, and Old High German. Beyond all question the terse forms of the Anglo-Saxon element afford the most potent words and phrases for popular address. In the increasing demand for compression in speech and article the sonorous eloquence of a Pitt would find far smaller audiences than in his own day. We should be glad to see other colleges following the example of Lafayette, which has endowed a professorship of the English Language, and other professors following the example of Professor March, who, in teaching the English language, exhibits it in its root forms. Mr. March's book has rendered comparatively simple what was before really an impossibility—the study of the most important element in our native tongue. In its department his treatise is not only without a peer; it is without a competitor.

Dante Gabriel Rosetti is, as his name indicates, an Italian by descent, though an Englishman by birth. He is known chiefly to the English public by his brush, and yet even as an artist he has painted only for the select few. In the pre-Raphaelite movement he took an active, though not a prominent part, and outside of artistic circles is less known than either of his companions, Millais and Holman Hunt. In literature he has hitherto been chiefly known by a book of translations, and some fugitive pieces. For a long time he has promised what at length he has issued, a volume of *Poems*, republished in this country by Roberts Brothers. They are, in a word, Italian love-songs in English verse. As such we can neither award them a warm welcome nor accord them a high place. That both are given to him we do not wonder, for Rosetti is emphatically a "poet of the period." His very vices enhance his popularity. The sensualism of Lord Byron no longer finds purchasers in open market. Rosetti, who is at once the poet of passion and of mysticism, veils the one beneath the other, and so adds to the dangerous incitements of his verse by the seeming purity of his diction. As there are pictures more shameful by far than the nude statues of the ancients, so there are veiled hints and suggestions of passion more dangerous than open sensuality. Rosetti, as the poet of passion, possesses power; but power unconsciously used to debase the imagination, not to purify it; not always, but so far thus used as to flavor the whole book. There are some beautiful verses, some touching and tender ones, some pure and true; but, even in his best, the ardency of love—and he sings of little else—burns into a flame of passion dangerously hot, and the more dangerous from the dramatic power with which he portrays it.

It is now considerably over thirty years since Mr. Jacob Abbott first appeared before the American public in what have proved the most popular religious works of the century, the "Young Christian Series." At that time the use of fiction in any form for a religious purpose was looked on with disfavor, and his first preface contained a sentence forestalling criticism by a quotation of the example of the Master. The philosophy which underlaid the "Young Christian Series," and which has underlaid every thing else Mr. Abbott has ever written, was this, that for moral influence sympathy was far more important than instruction, and that a right depicting of a noble life or a noble deed was more influential than either exhortation or doctrine. This theory, which pervades not only the "Rollo Books," and the "Franconia Stories," and the "Harper's Story Books," and the various other series of juveniles which have made Mr. Abbott's name a household word in America, but which also interprets the meaning of the "Red Histories," which are truly "philosophy teaching by example," receives a new and in some respect more striking illustration in the *Juno Series* (Dodd and Mead), two volumes of which come before us in a style which does credit to the young and enterprising house, who, if this be a fair sample of their work, promise to raise the standard of Sunday-school literature very much above its present low level. The object of these books is to show how parents and teachers may by gentle measures obtain a sympathetic influence over the hardest and most rebellious natures; and the books will be a boon particularly to the parents who are perplexed and worried by children that they can do nothing with; and no less a boon to the children, if the example of Juno is fairly appreciated and honestly followed by their elders.

It is about ten years since a young man, visiting by chance the home of Washington Irving, and writing a very lively and genial description of his visit, found greatness thrust upon him by the fact that almost simultaneously with the publication of his article came the news of the genial old man's death—that man whose nature fitted so well the name of his home—Sunnyside. This was Mr. Theodore Tilton's first considerable appearance before the public, since which time he has steadily and industriously, but certainly with fleet feet, climbed the literary ladder, till he now stands among the leading editors in the United States, more admired and more hated, more followed and more abused, than perhaps any other writer for the American press, except Horace Greeley and Henry Ward Beecher. Most men find the editorial charge of one successful newspaper enough for their energies and ambitions. Nothing less than two suffices for Mr. Tilton's. Every morning from eight till eleven he is to be found in the editorial rooms of the Brooklyn *Union* driving a busy pen, and between whiles discoursing with and dismissing visitors with brisk but easy editorial urbanity. An hour or more for a late breakfast or an early dinner, or rather that un-English meal which the French call *déjeuner*, and he is to be found again driving his pen as busily as before at home, or quite as often in the editorial sanctum of the New York *Independent*, which never misses from one to three

columns of his personal work, and which every week receives something of his personal supervision. We are glad to receive some permanent record of this busy man's editorial work in this series of winged editorials caught in their flight and caged in a book which their author and editor calls *Sanctum and Sanctorum* (Sheldon and Co.). That Mr. Tilton is a sharp and trenchant writer all the world, *i. e.*, all the American world, knows. That he has covered so wide a range of subjects, and proved himself capable of treating so happily, if not always profoundly, so many varied themes—art, literature, biography, politics, and theology—we had not realized till we sat down to glance over these reminiscences of his work during the last ten years.

When a wife, drawing aside the veil which hides the inner life of most men from public gaze, suffers the outer world to enter the private *sanctum* of a great writer, as Mrs. HAWTHORNE has done by the publication of *Hawthorne's Notes* (Fields, Osgood, and Co.), that all the world may see the unfinished thoughts and suggestive jottings of one who never wrote for the public eye except with punctilious care, it would be but a sorry return to criticise what was not written and is not offered for criticism. This fragmentary collection of observations and hints, jotted down by Mr. Hawthorne during his four years' residence in England, is a delightful book for a half hour of summer desultory reading, when, in truth, you want not really to read, but rather to chat with your author on all sorts of themes, as chance may suggest them.—The same sort of quiet summer reading is furnished by Sir HUMPHREY DAVY'S *Salmonia* and his *Consolations in Travel*, first published in 1830, and now republished by Roberts Brothers. The first of these books, on trout fishing, is very like in style and spirit to Izaak Walton's incomparable work, which, doubtless, suggested it; the second is a curious combination of philosophy and fancy, in which, however, it must be confessed the scientist has got the better of the poet, and the imagination goes so heavily freighted with facts and philosophies as never to soar very high.

Editor's Scientific Record.

UNBOLTED FLOUR.

FEW of our readers are aware of the extent to which meal loses its nutritive qualities by the ordinary processes employed to render it white and light. With every increasing degree of fineness or whiteness something more is lost, until what are called the best family flours consist of little more than pure starch. After the removal of the thin outer husk of the grain (amounting to about five per cent.), which resembles fine straw, and is of no value for food, what is left is in exactly the proper proportion for nutriment. If, however, as is frequently the case, twenty per cent. of the hull is taken away, instead of eighty per cent. of nutriment left, we actually have not more than sixty or seventy.

GOMA OIL.

The Japanese colony, at Placerville, California, has lately engaged in the cultivation of an oil-plant, of the nettle family, called goma. The seeds of this plant are said to be so rich in oil that one hundred and thirty-six pounds of oil can be obtained from the product of an acre. The plant itself needs a great deal of moisture, which is to be supplied by means of irrigation. The young shoots form an excellent salad; the flowers are much sought after by bees; and the stems furnish a large amount of fibre. It is asserted that this goma oil, well prepared, is equal to the best olive oil, and does not become rancid so quickly, replacing the olive oil in all its technical applications. The price is expected to be considerably less than that of olive oil.

SAFETY PETROLEUM LAMP.

A new lamp for burning petroleum has recently been introduced in Germany, which is said to have many important peculiarities. The essential feature of the lamp consists in a reservoir of water in the upper portion nearest the flame, so that the body of the oil is not exposed to the danger of being heated by proximity to the burning wick. The petroleum is in a reservoir below, and the pressure of the water forces it, drop by drop, up through a tube to the wick, supplying it exactly in proportion to the rapidity of combustion. The arrangement of the lamp is such that, if overturned by any accident, the water overflows the burning wick and puts out the flame immediately. It is claimed that when filled with two pounds of petroleum, and having a wick three-fourths of an inch in width, it will burn from sixty to eighty hours; consequently, needing to be filled only once in from ten to fourteen days. Another alleged advantage is that the wick can be turned down very low without emitting any of that offensive smell which always characterizes the ordinary petroleum lamps under similar circumstances.

PLESIOSAURUS IN AUSTRALIA.

Many of our readers are familiar with the peculiarities of the *Plesiosaurus* and *Ichthyosaurus*, gigantic fossil lizards, which characterized the Jura formation of Europe, and of which allies have lately been detected in the strata of our own country. According to a recent announcement, we are informed that one of these genera, *Plesiosaurus* was not long since found in New Zealand; but it occurs in the tertiary rocks of that continent, and not in a much older formation, as in Europe. The significance of this fact is one that will present itself to every geologist, as bearing upon the comparative age of Australia and other parts of the globe, and tending to prove the much later date of the emergence of Australia above the level of the sea. For the benefit of those to whom the name of this fossil may not convey a very definite idea, we may state, in popular phrase, that the *Plesiosaurus* united the head of a lizard with teeth like a crocodile, a neck of enormous length (far exceeding that of the swan in its proportions), the body of an ordinary mammal, the ribs of a chameleon, and the swimming paddles of a cetacean.

It also had a bony ring around the eyes. It probably swam like the swan, with the neck bent in an S shape, and lived, as is well known, upon fishes.

As the *Ichthyosaurus*, a very differently shaped animal, is generally found associated in England with the *Plesiosaurus*, it will be interesting to learn whether it also occurs in the same connection in New Zealand.

EASY METHOD OF BREAKING LARGE MASSES OF CAST IRON.

The following method is given for breaking up large masses of cast iron, as, for instance, those of two feet in diameter. A hole is to be bored into the mass about one inch in diameter and three or four inches deep, which is then filled with water, and a wrought iron plug inserted. If now the heavy hammer of a pile-driver is allowed to fall upon the plug, the water has no time to escape, and the mass is split asunder.

TEST FOR PURITY OF WATER.

A glass tube of about a yard in length, closed at the end by a cork, and resting upon a white dish of porcelain, is recommended for determining the purity of water, as the slightest tint is seen against the white ground, and the different shades indicate different ingredients. A green tinge is produced by minute algæ; a white opacity often by fungoid growths, iron salts by a peculiar ochry color. The apparatus is termed the chromiometer.

SONOROUS CHARCOAL.

By immersing charcoal in sulphuret of carbon, or carburetted gases of any kind, it is converted into a new form of carbon, which has the property of excessive metallic resonance, resembling the most sonorous metals, such as steel, silver, aluminium, etc., in giving a perfectly pure, melodious tone. The same substance constitutes a great improvement over the ordinary pencils used with the electric light, becoming heated and gradually incandescent throughout the entire mass, like the metals, and cooling like them when the heat is withdrawn. It is stated also, in this same connection, that when the vapor of methylated alcohol is passed over this carbon, heated to a red heat in a porcelain tube, the vapor becomes decomposed, and the walls of the tube are lined with a curious form of carbon, consisting of filaments about one-fourth of an inch in length, constituting a species of silky, mossy coke, of a silver-white color.

ARTIFICIAL GOLD.

This material is manufactured largely in the United States, into imitation jewelry and other articles, scarcely distinguishable from gold, except by the inferior gravity; and it is a matter of surprise to almost any one to learn that it does not contain a single grain of the precious metal. It is made by taking 100 parts of pure copper, 17 of pure tin, 6 of magnesia, 9 of tartar of commerce, 3.6 of sal ammoniac, and 1.6 of unslacked lime. The copper is first melted, and the other substances (excepting the tin) added, a little at a time, and the whole well stirred for half an hour, so as to produce a perfect mixture, when the tin is thrown in and stirred round until melted. The crucible is then covered, and the fusion kept up for twenty-five minutes, and the scum taken off, when the substance is ready for use. It is malleable and ductile, and can be worked in any form, even into leaves like gold.

IMPARTING AN ARTIFICIAL FLAVOR TO FRUIT.

The French are in the habit of imparting an artificial flavor and fragrance to apples and pears by the following process: The fruit is plucked before being quite ripe, and is pricked all over with a fine needle; after which it is placed in a vessel, with essence of any kind desired. The exhalations of the latter are absorbed in a few seconds by the fruit, and the operation is repeated several times, until the fruit is ripe, when it will be found to have acquired the desired taste.

METHYLATED ETHER AS AN INTOXICANT.

It is stated that methylated ether is used very largely as an intoxicant, in the place of alcohol, in the counties of Londonderry, Antrim, and Tyrone, Ireland. The quantity taken at one time is from two to four drachms to the dose, which is repeated twice, thrice, or even four or five times daily. This practice is said to have affected the inland revenue to such an extent as to have diminished it nearly $30,000 per annum. The attention of the insurance companies has been directed to the subject, as much risk of fire is incurred by the keeping of so inflammable a substance among persons ignorant of its properties.

CHANGE OF HABIT IN SWALLOWS.

It is stated by M. Pouchet that the window swallows in France have entirely changed their method of building their nests within the last forty years. Formerly the nest was in the form of a section of a sphere, with a circular entrance, concealed in a corner of a window. At the present time the nest is oblong and open at the top. Formerly the young could only re-enter the nest one by one; now they can all go in together.

HARD WATER FOR DRINKING PURPOSES.

Dr. Letheby, in an article on the water supply of London, states that water of moderate hardness, like that used in London, Paris, Vienna, and some other European cities, is always to be preferred to that which is entirely soft, as being best suited for domestic purposes, on account of being brighter to the eye and more agreeable to the taste. He also makes the singular announcement that the French authorities are so well satisfied of the superiority of hard water that they pass by that of the sandy plains, near Paris, and go far away to the chalk hills of Champagne, where they find water even harder than that of London; giving as a reason for the preference that more of the conscripts from the soft-water districts are rejected, on account of the want of strength of muscle, than from the hard-water districts, from which they conclude that the calcareous matter is favorable to the formation of the tissues.

Dr. Letheby further states that the mortality in England is greater, on an average, in places where soft water is used, other circumstances being equal, than where the water is hard; and it is suggested that the sparkling hard waters of the limestone districts are relished, not only be-

cause they are pleasant to the eye, but on account of some hygienic properties in the excess of carbonic acid they contain, and possibly because the percentage of lime acts medicinally upon the system. The Doctor concludes by expressing his preference for the very slightly hard water of London over a softer quality, although reprehending the use of water containing an excess of mineral matters.

SIGNIFICANCE OF WIDE DISTRIBUTION OF SPECIES.

Much diversity of opinion has been manifested among naturalists in regard to the significance of the simultaneous occurrence of forms of animals and plants, apparently identical, in two or more regions supposed to have no connection with each other; one party maintaining the identity of such objects, no matter what the extent of their distribution, providing no differences can be appreciated; the other insisting that the mere fact of such separation, without intermediate connection, is of itself sufficient to warrant their being considered as distinct species. The general feeling, however, at the present day, tends toward the identification of specimens, from widely remote localities, as being of the same species when no positive differences are appreciable; and even if some differences can be proved to exist, to ascribe them rather to the influence of physical causes in modifying one primitive species than to allow us to consider them as distinct. In many cases, too, the evidences of probable geological action has been invoked to show, for instance, why the fishes and some other marine animals of the western coast of Central America are, to a certain extent, identical with those of the eastern, by the fact that during the tertiary period North and South America were separated by water, bearing an archipelago of islands on its surface.

Dr. Carpenter has lately called attention to the fact that shells, recently collected by Mr. M'Andrew at the head of the Red Sea, are for the most part identical with species from the shores of Japan, and that other Japanese shells were the same as those of Teneriffe. Still other parallel instances were drawn between shells of the Mediterranean and of the North Pacific; and these identifications seem to point toward important connections by water, at a former period, very different from those existing at the present day. The fact, also, of the occurrence of species, as pleistocene fossils on the Atlantic slope of Central America, identical with living shells from the waters of the Pacific coast, has a further bearing upon the same question.

DREDGINGS OF THE "PORCUPINE."

We have already referred to the results of the dredging expedition of the British ship *Porcupine* during the past summer, especially those made at the maximum depth reached, of about twenty-four hundred fathoms. The scientific world is looking forward with great interest to the publication of the report of this exploration, which we are now promised in a reasonably short time. Meanwhile various articles have appeared from Dr. Carpenter and Dr. Jeffreys, giving some general statements of the observations. From a lecture given by the former gentleman, we learn that these observations show conclusively that, contrary to a time-honored opinion, there is probably no depth at which animal life ceases to exist on the ocean bed; and that especially, as suggested by Professor Agassiz, wherever a rocky bottom occurs, there we shall find animal life in great profusion, while on the softer ooze it exists also, but perhaps in a lesser degree of development in point of number of individuals and of variety.

Another conclusion arrived at by the naturalists of the *Porcupine* is, that temperature exerts a much greater influence than pressure on the distribution of animal life, and that the same forms may occur through an enormous vertical range, so that the question no longer need be asked as to the depth at which a particular species is dredged, but what is the temperature of the water in which it occurs. It is found that when, as in certain cases, cold areas and hot occur side by side, at the same depth, the species are very distinct, but that the differences are more in the crustacea, echinoderms, sponges, and foraminifera, than in the mollusks, a large proportion of which are common to both areas. The fact that many of these forms of animal life exist in abundance on a sea bottom the temperature of which is at least two degrees below the freezing-point of fresh water, is one of striking interest, and equally so is the precise limitation of the globigerine mud and the vitreous sponges to the warm area.

Another fact developed by the surveys to which we have already called attention is the number of cases in which forms both generic and specific, heretofore known only as tertiary or cretaceous fossils, were brought up in a living state; and the inference is drawn that many more such species remain to be discovered. According to Professor Agassiz, while one plateau shows a preponderance of tertiary forms, a deeper one will lead us among those more cretaceous in character. All the observations made by this expedition, and those of the United States Coast Survey, tend to show that the cretaceous formation, so well known in its exhibition on the different parts of the earth's surface, is still in progress of deposition at the bottom of the ocean.

The hint of an improvement of the dredge during this expedition may not be without its importance to the marine zoologists in our own country; namely, that by attaching to its circumference a number of hempen tangles, the sea bed is swept as well as scraped; and many species, especially those having spines or prickles, are brought up entangled in the threads, that are not taken inside of the dredge at all.

EXTRACTION OF VEGETABLE ALKALOIDS.

It is well known to perfumers that ether and sulphide of carbon will take up the perfume of certain flowers, such as the jasmine, heliotrope, etc.; and that after evaporation of the solvent an extract is obtained which possesses all the odor of the original plant. This discovery, ascribed to Dr. Millon, has been applied to very general use for the purpose referred to, and its employment has lately been suggested for obtaining, in an isolated form, more convenient than otherwise, the medicinal principles of certain plants. The experiment has been tried with alleged success in the cases of digitaline, belladona, stramonia, aconite, and other substances.

LOCUSTS IN A TELESCOPIC FIELD.

Among the phenomena noticed during the recent total eclipse of the sun in the United States, by one or more observers, was the occurrence of small particles crossing the field of view of the telescope, and in a determinate direction, and supposed by some to indicate the passage of a stream of meteoric bodies. As bearing possibly upon this appearance, it may be stated that during the observations of the eclipse of October 17 and 18, 1869, in India, Lieutenant Herschell, of the British service, had his attention attracted to certain shadows traversing the disk of the sun, which became bright streaks when they had passed beyond it. The meteoric hypothesis suggested itself to him, and he proceeded to investigate the subject more carefully, when he ultimately discovered that the whole was due to a flight of locusts, in vast numbers, and at a distance inappreciable to the naked eye. Should any such phenomena be observed hereafter it would be well to bear in mind the propriety of examining, as Lieutenant Herschell did, whether the objects seen require the same focus as the sun, as, if this were the case, their presence within the earth's atmosphere would be, of course, impossible.

FOSSIL BIRDS.

American geologists have been aware of the researches of Professor Marsh among the remains of fossil birds in the United States; in this following the example of Professor Alfred Milne Edwards, of Paris, in regard to the species of France. A paper recently published by Professor Marsh describes various species of extinct birds, among them five belonging to the cretaceous, a formation which in Europe has furnished only one or two. Now that attention has been called to this subject, it is probable that numerous species will hereafter be brought to light: so that we may before long have materials at our command for a work equal in extent to that in the course of publication by Professor Edwards.

VARIEGATED LEAVES.

Among favorite objects of cultivation in greenhouses and ornamental gardens, of late years, are plants having variegated leaves; and no effort has been spared to secure the greatest possible variety. Any plant may, it is said, be variegated by innoculating into it the sap of one already variegated by means of ingrafting. The cause of this phenomenon, according to Mr. Morren, consists in the existence of minute corpuscles which have no green color like the ordinary corpuscles, presenting an analogy to albinism in the animal kingdom.

AFRICAN METEORITE.

It is stated that about the 25th of December last an immense globe of fire, measuring a yard in diameter, fell to the earth in the vicinity of Fezzan, and in striking emitted a shower of sparks, which exploded like the firing of pistols, exhaling a peculiar odor. This aerolite fell but a short distance from a crowd of Arabs, who were so much terrified that they immediately discharged their guns against the incomprehensible monster. The authorities of the country, on hearing of the facts, immediately sent orders to their representatives at Fezzan to gather up the fragments and send them to Tripoli. This, it is now said, has been done, and the weight of the meteorite given at over three thousand pounds, although the statement requires confirmation.

CHLOROPHYL GRAINS.

We have already referred to the influence of solar light in causing the grains of chlorophyl to change their position in the cells of certain plants. This phenomenon, according to Rose, is not caused by the influence of the light upon the corpuscles themselves, but results from its acting upon the material surrounding the corpuscles in such a manner as to induce the motion in the corpuscles.

DELAUNAY'S TABLES OF THE MOON.

The present head of the French Observatory, M. Delaunay, was occupied for many years in the preparation of a new series of the tables of the moon, so much used in determining longitudes; and we are now informed that the Bureau of Longitudes has received a grant from the government of $2400 a year for five years to meet the expense of publication. These tables, it is expected, will supplement and improve upon those made by Hansen, and published in 1857 at the expense of the English government.

FOSSIL BIRDS OF FRANCE.

A recent examination of the remains of birds in the tertiary deposits of Bourbonnais in France has shown, in a more striking manner than had previously been appreciated, the tropical character of the country during the period of that formation. These remains belong to genera totally distinct from those inhabiting France at the present day, resembling in many respects those of the tropical portions of modern Africa. The most remarkable of these fossils consist of species of parrots, of trogons, of swifts (such as those that construct the edible birds'-nests of the East), of the sand grouse, the marabout stork, and the secretary vulture, or serpent-bird. This serpent-bird, as is well known to ornithologists, is a species belonging to the rapacious order, but characterized by the extreme length of the legs; in this respect resembling the herons and storks, and constructed in all its details with special reference to attacking poisonous serpents and destroying them. The part played by the single living species, in this respect, is very important, and the discovery of a second miocene species would also indicate the existence at that period of poisonous reptiles in an abundance at present unknown in any part of Europe. The occurrence of flamingoes, of the ibis, and of pelicans, in the same formations had previously been established by M. Edwards; but these forms are less indicative of the peculiar paleontological conditions referred to than those first mentioned.

ANIMAL SUBSTANCES OF THE MATERIA MEDICA.

A late writer, in discussing articles of the modern materia medica derived especially from the animal kingdom, enumerates, among others, the sponge, the use of which is mainly confined to cleaning purposes, or in the application of substances to interior cavities; the red coral, which, however, has lately disappeared from the shelves

of the druggists; various forms of insects, first among them the Spanish fly and the cochineal insect; leeches, used in great quantity; the isinglass of fish; the oil from the liver of the cod and of some other species; the albumen of birds' eggs, used especially as an antidote to corrosive sublimate; the spermaceti of the whale, which furnishes stearine and other preparations; the ambergris of this same whale, due to the concretions formed in its intestines around the remains of cuttle-fish; the oil of the dugong, a marine mammal; the musk of the musk-deer; the civet of the civet-cat; the castoreum of the beaver; and the hyraceum of the Cape cony. In addition to these, the druggists of earlier days used frequently dried snakes and lizards; the calcular concretions from the stomach of a crawfish; calculi of the ibex and of the goat; the scales of the crocodile, and many other substances.

ASPARAGUS SEEDS AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR COFFEE.

The extensive use of coffee and the expense of the better qualities, as also the occasional difficulty of obtaining all the varieties, owing to the interruption of commerce by war, etc., has induced the employment of a great many substitutes, such as roasted turnips, chiccory roots, burned corn, pease, and other substances. But these, apart from giving a color resembling that of coffee and occasionally an odor similar to it, have no relationship to the original material, owing to the entire absence of the principle of coffee itself—the caffein. A German author, having found that asparagus seed contains caffein in very large proportion, now presents it to the public as the true substitute for coffee. He prepares it by crushing the red berries in a mortar, and allowing the mass to ferment for some days in a tub, and afterward turning out the solid portion upon a sieve with holes a little larger than the asparagus seeds. These seeds, after passing through the sieve, are again washed and dried. They have a dark brown appearance, and are horny externally like coffee, having a greenish tint inside and a peculiar aroma, similar to that of coffee, a fatty oil, and a nitrogenous alkaloid. On being roasted these seeds give out an aroma astonishingly like that of coffee; and when ground and prepared, the result can scarcely be distinguished from that of coffee of the finest quality.

USE OF CHARCOAL IN FATTENING TURKEYS.

Four turkeys were cooped up and fed with meal, boiled potatoes, and oats; four others of the same brood were treated in a similar manner in another pen, but with a pint daily of finely pulverized charcoal added to the food, and an abundant supply of the lumps of the coal. All eight were killed the same day, and those fed with charcoal were found to weigh about a pound and a half each more than the others, and to be of much better quality.

DECAY OF STONE BUILDINGS IN CITIES.

It has frequently been observed that the surfaces of various kinds of stones, especially the limestones, when used for building purposes in cities, in a short time become dimmed and discolored, and at no distant period show unmistakable signs of decay. This is more especially the case where coal is used in the largest quantity; and a careful examination has shown that it is due mainly to the quantity of sulphuric acid liberated by the combustion of this substance, amounting to seventy pounds or more for each ton of even the purest quality. This acid forms sulphates, and it is on magnesian limestones, or dolomites, that the effects are most marked, the resulting sulphate of magnesia being very evident in the scrapings of the surface. The carved portions of the stone, and those which arrest the dirt and dust, suffer most, from holding longer in contact with the stone the acidulated moisture of the air. The resulting disintegration of the stone is also facilitated by the crystallization of the sulphates within its pores.

A careful consideration of the chemical processes involved has led to the use of certain substances for the purpose of preventing the combination mentioned, and, as it would seem, with much success. An aqueous solution of superphosphate of lime was applied to the surface of the cleaned stone, either by brushing or immersion, and produced an insoluble exterior. The cost of the material is but trifling, a gallon of the solution furnishing two coats to about three hundred square feet of Caen or Portland stone. It should not contain any appreciable quantity of sulphuric acid. For treatment of dolomites or magnesian limestones baryta is added to the hardening salt, for the purpose of destroying any sulphate of magnesia already formed, giving rise to the very insoluble sulphate of baryta. When the superphosphate of lime is applied to the fresh surface of limestone, it has been found to add nearly fifty per cent. to the strength; at least, this was the case with the cubes of stone on which the experiment was conducted.

SINKING OF THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

It is stated by a recent French writer that the islands of Jersey and Guernsey, in the English Channel, have sunk about forty-three feet in the past five hundred years.

PREPARATION OF CARBONIC ACID.

Carbonic acid, now extensively used for various purposes, besides the preparation of soda-water, is made cheaply on a large scale by the following process: A number of retorts are placed in a furnace, precisely as for the production of coal gas, and filled with a mixture of sulphate of lime or plaster of Paris and charcoal, the latter in a quantity sufficient to absorb all the oxygen of the sulphate of lime. The plaster of Paris is converted into sulphide of calcium, and carbonic acid gas escapes, and after purification by passing through water, is conducted into gasometers. A current of air passed over the hot sulphide of calcium reconverts it into sulphate of lime, and the process may thus be repeated indefinitely.

A HARMLESS GREEN FOR PICKLES, ETC.

We extract from a German journal the following recipe for a beautiful green color, to be used for sweetmeats, candies, and pickles, which, it is asserted, is entirely destitute of any poisonous qualities. It is made by dissolving five grains of saffron in a quarter of an ounce of distilled water, and in another vessel dissolving four grains of indigo carmine in half an ounce of distilled

water. After shaking each up thoroughly they are allowed to stand for twenty-four hours, and on being mixed together at the expiration of that time, a fine green solution is obtained, capable of coloring five pounds of sugar.

APPLICATIONS OF INFUSORIAL EARTH.

Infusorial earth (of which immense quantities exist in Maryland, Virginia, and elsewhere) is now used for many purposes in the arts, in addition to its furnishing an interesting field of investigation to the microscopist and naturalist. Sculptors' models, made of the usual clay, mixed with this earth, do not crack or spring, either in drying or baking. Added to sealing-wax it prevents the too rapid dropping when melted, and does not affect the color. The substances usually employed for the purpose, gypsum and barytes, are open to many objections that do not apply to this earth. It is used to great advantage in polishing metals, and is an excellent article for cleaning glass, either windows or mirrors. For this latter purpose it is mixed with water and smeared over the surface, and afterward rubbed off with a piece of chamois leather. It is said to be superior to all other substances as a moulding sand, taking the finest and most delicate impressions. United with nitro-glycerine, it forms the new blasting powder, dynamite, so much safer than the explosive liquid in use.

ORNITHOPSIS—A FOSSIL LINK BETWEEN BIRDS AND REPTILES.

Among other interesting novelties recently brought to our notice by the paleontologists is a pterodactyl-like animal from the Wealden of England, and named *Ornithopsis* by Mr. Seeley, of Cambridge. According to this gentleman the animal in question belongs to a new order, intermediate between birds and the ordinary pterodactyl reptiles, and of gigantic dimensions. The reconstruction is based upon two large vertebræ, from which it is inferred that the animal was at least ten to twelve feet high, possibly several times that size, with a long neck, arranged like that of a bird. The vertebræ are constructed on the lightest and airiest pattern, and the pneumatic foramina are of enormous dimensions. It is probable that when further details of the entire skeleton of this genus are obtained it will be found that it does much toward bridging the gap between the known species of birds and reptiles, which most naturalists now consider so closely related.

POISONOUS NATURE OF PHENYL SUBSTANCES.

In consequence of the many inquiries on the subject, a recent writer gives the following statement of the nature of the poisonous effects of various chemical productions of the phenyl group: First, carbolic, or phenic acid acts upon the skin, turning it white, and producing inflammation and swelling. Second, phenol acts slightly at a low temperature, but more quickly and actively as the temperature increases. Third, pure rosolic acid and pure coralline are not poisonous, and produce no effect upon the skin. In an impure condition both substances may, however, act like poisons. Fourth, rosolic acid may act upon the skin, either by means of a percentage of sulphuric acid, or of rosol, according to the mode of its preparation. Fifth, coralline prepared by means of impure rosolic acid and a superabundance of ammonia is poisonous when introduced into the animal economy, acting by means of the aniline combined in it. It has, however, no effect upon the skin. Sixth, when coralline acts at all upon the skin it is in consequence of containing phenol. Seventh, the impure and injurious rosolic acid can be purified by means of benzole.

EXTINCTION OF SMALL BIRDS IN NEW ZEALAND.

A curious cause is assigned for the gradual reduction in the number of the small native birds of New Zealand. Many are destroyed by cats, which, after having been introduced into the country, have run wild and become formidable beasts of prey. The European honey-bee is, however, to be looked upon as the principal culprit. A considerable proportion of the birds live upon the honey of the native flowers, which they obtain by protruding their long, fringed tongues into the corolla of the blossom. The bee, introduced some time ago into that country, has become very abundant, and of course feeds at the same time with the birds, and resents their intrusion by stinging the extended tongue whenever an opportunity presents itself, causing more or less distress, and very frequently death. This curious fact was first noticed by the aborigines, and has been verified, it is said, by accurate observers among the European colonists.

ANCIENT SHELL-HEAPS IN WALES.

Among objects of great interest to the ethnologist are the heaps of refuse shells found at various points along the sea-coast and interior waters of various countries, especially as the period of the formation usually dates back to a remote antiquity, far beyond the earliest historical records. Attention was first called to these shell-heaps on the coast of Denmark, where they received the name of kjoekken'modding; and a thorough exploration of them was made in that country by a commission of scientific men appointed for the purpose. They found evidence of very great antiquity in them, and considered them to be the offal of ancient villages, discovering in them, besides the shells themselves—always of the edible species abounding in the vicinity—bones of vertebrata, implements of stone or bone, fragments of pottery, etc. Many speculations have been entered into in regard to the date of these heaps, which, since their discovery in Denmark, have been detected in almost all other parts of the world; and although an absolute date could not be established for any of them, those of the country in question are supposed to precede the period of the lake dwellings of Switzerland, and probably to possess an antiquity of not less than three thousand years. A recent examination of heaps of this character in Wales developed the existence of the shells of the limpet, the purpura, and littorina, mixed with which were the bones of the ancient horned sheep, the short-horned cow, the horse, and the dog. From various circumstances connected with this heap, and some considerations in regard to geological and other changes on the coast, it was concluded that the probable period of its construction is to be found in the seventh and eighth centuries—an antiquity thus consid-

erably less than that ascribed to the kjoekken'-modding of Denmark.

These heaps are more abundant, perhaps, in North America than in any other part of the world, having been found along our entire coast, from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Florida, and throughout many points of the interior, as well as on the coast of the Pacific. The examination of a considerable number of these has furnished no positive data as to their antiquity; but from the universal absence of articles of European origin in them, except as introduced at a subsequent period, we are entitled to consider them as antedating the settlement of the country by the whites. How far beyond this period they originated it is impossible now to tell; although, perhaps, when more extended researches have been made and compared together, some clew may present itself to such skillful ethnologists as Professor Wyman, Dr. Rau, Mr. George Gibbs, and others.

PHOSPHATE BEDS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

Much interest has been excited within a few years past by the discovery of extensive beds of phosphate of lime at the mouth of the Ashley and Cooper rivers, near Charleston, these covering from three to four hundred square miles to a depth of from six inches to three feet, and resting immediately above a deposit of eocene marl. The phosphate consists mainly of nodules formed around eocene shells as a nucleus, and furnishing about sixty per cent. of phosphate of lime. Among the nodules in question are found sharks' teeth and eocene shells like those of the marl beneath, and, according to Professor Shaler, resembling the species found at Gay Head, on Martha's Vineyard. In the upper layer of this bed occur bones of the mastodon, of extinct horses and sheep, and bits of pottery. Although some geologists consider these as belonging to the same period as that of the phosphate beds themselves, in Professor Shaler's opinion they were introduced at a later period by the agency of water. Professor Shaler thinks that these beds were formed, after their upheaval, from the marls beneath them: that the drainage of surface water charged with carbonic acid acted upon the upper layer of the marl and removed the carbonate of lime, leaving the phosphate to accumulate in the nodules around the shells. He does not pretend to account for the original appearance of the phosphoric acid, which he thinks too great in quantity to have been derived from the bones of vertebrate animals. He suggests, however, that it might have been derived from seaweeds, some kinds of which are known to contain it in appreciable quantity, and possibly from some pteropod mollusks. Professor Shaler looks upon the phosphate beds in question as in the main much like that of the sea bottom off the southern coast, the recent dredgings and soundings from which have been found to contain an appreciable percentage of phosphoric acid.

GUARANA—A NEW STIMULANT.

Attention has been called of late years to the virtues of a drug known as guarana, which is used in Brazil as a stimulant and a remedy in many forms of nervous affection. It is said to be prepared from the seeds of a sapindaceous plant known as *Paullinia sorbilis*, which ripen in October or November, and are then removed from their capsules and dried in the sun. Afterward they are placed in stone mortars over a charcoal fire, first slightly roasted, and then rubbed to a fine powder, which is moistened with water or exposed to the dew by night, and assumes the consistency of a paste. This is worked up into cylinders or balls, weighing from twelve to sixteen ounces, then dried in the sun or the smoke of the hut until they become dry and of a stony hardness, requiring the blow of an axe or hammer to break them. For use this preparation is rubbed on a grater or file, so as to be reduced to a powder, and then mixed with sugar and steeped in water.

A chemical examination of the substance proves its value as a drink, since it embraces the same principle as coffee or tea, and, in fact, contains four or five per cent. of the alkaloid caffein, a proportion vastly greater than that of the coffee bean, which has but two per cent. of the same ingredient, or of tea, which has from six-tenths of one per cent. to two per cent. of the same. It is not at all improbable that in time this substance will come much more generally into use, especially for travelers, and for regions where transportation is expensive, and where concentration is an object, since so much larger a percentage of an important stimulant can be obtained by its use in a given weight than in any other way. It is said that at the present time about 6,000,000 pounds are prepared annually in Brazil, nearly the whole of which is used in that country. The plant from which it is derived is very abundant; and should a demand arise for it, it can be furnished in almost any reasonable quantity.

FOSSIL FEATHER.

The discovery of a fossil feather has recently been announced by Professor Marsh. It was obtained by Dr. Hayden during his geological explorations in Wyoming Territory during the past year, and is stated to be the first specimen of the kind on record. Whether it belonged to a true bird, or to some link between the bird and reptile, like the *Archæopteryx*, has not yet been determined; and additional collections from the same region will be looked forward to with much interest, as possibly likely to embrace such portions of the skeleton of the animal as may serve to settle its true character.

OZONE.

The result of some recent investigations upon ozone by Mr. Houzeau may be expressed in the following summary. As now understood by most authors, ozone is simply an allotropic condition of oxygen, but of considerably greater density, the ratio between the two being as 1.65 to 1. At the same meteorological station the chemical activity of the air due to the presence of ozone varies from one day to the next. In three meteorological stations, as at Paris, Rouen, and an adjacent locality, observations made at the same time of day, and with the same tests, showed very different indications as to the manifestations of ozone, from which it is inferred that locality exercises a very decided influence upon the chemical properties of the atmosphere. The seasons exercise the greatest influence upon the manifestations of atmospheric ozone, this being most decided in the spring and summer, and

comparatively feeble in autumn and winter, the greatest percentage being attained in the month of May. This result is established by eight years' successive observations. There is an intimate relation between the appearance of ozone, or its increased manifestation, and the great perturbations of the atmosphere, such as water-spouts, hurricanes, tempests, etc. The influence of the grander movements of the atmosphere upon the production or transportation of ozone extends sometimes to very great distances, even into regions where the existence of the substance is otherwise scarcely perceptible, showing that these commotions, which so frequently involve ruin and devastation, so far as the material works of humanity are concerned, nevertheless fulfill an important part in the economy of nature, as modifying and improving the condition of the atmosphere.

CHANGE OF CLIMATE OF FRANCE.

It is asserted by a French meteorologist, who has made careful investigations of the subject, that the climate of France, instead of becoming milder since the Middle Ages, has actually become more severe. This conclusion is based upon the record of observations in regard to the growth of the vine, the migration of storks, the period of spring vegetation, etc., and would seem to indicate a chronological coincidence, if not a relationship of cause and effect, between the variations of climate and the precession of the equinoxes.

FREEZING OF PLANTS.

Mr. Prillieux has shown that when plants are frozen icicles are developed in their interior, forming small columns perpendicular to the surface, and often penetrating the epidermis, being derived from the liquid contents of the cells. The cells themselves remain unaffected, so that there is no destruction, but simply a separation of the organs; and consequently the asserted death of the plant by freezing does not really take place to any considerable extent.

PRESERVATION OF LIME JUICE.

The virtues of lime or lemon juice as an antagonist to scurvy on ship-board are well known and officially recognized by the passage of laws in most nations requiring a certain proportion to each person on board as part of the ship-stores—this in Great Britain, for foreign-bound craft, amounting to one ounce a day per head, after the vessel shall have been ten days at sea. Much attention has therefore been directed toward securing so important an article from adulteration, as well as against its spoiling on the voyage, or while in store. The foreign substances fraudulently added are water, tartaric acid, bitartrate of potash, common salt, vinegar, and sometimes even sulphuric acid. Occasionally it is a solution of citric acid in water. These ingredients, if not all positively injurious, are yet without the desired medicinal effect, even the citric acid wanting the bicitrate of ethyl, one of the important constituents of the natural juice.

Various methods have been adopted for preserving the juice, one being the addition, as authorized by law, of not more than fifteen per cent. of proof spirit—an expensive, and not always satisfactory remedy. Quite lately, however, a Mr. Rose has suggested an application which promises to be of very great practical importance. This consists in the use of a small quantity of sulphurous acid, or rather, about two per cent. of bisulphite of lime—a well-known antiseptic. The contents of vessels closely sealed up after the addition of this substance seem to experience no change whatever—the oxygen developed in the liquid, and which would otherwise produce fermentation, being taken up as formed by the sulphurous acid of the lime, and gradually converted into sulphuric acid, which, combining with the lime of the salt and that existing naturally in the juice, forms sulphate of lime, which is precipitated to the bottom as an inert substance. One advantage of the use of bisulphite of lime over spirits as a preservative of lime juice, besides the greater cheapness, is the fact that, in its importation from foreign countries, no question can arise as to the duty chargeable on its alcoholic admixture.

CONDUCTIBILITY OF BODIES FOR HEAT AND FOR ELECTRICITY.

According to Von Lenz, the conductibility of different bodies for heat and electricity is proportional, one to the other, with the same temperature—the influence of temperature upon conductibility for heat and conductibility for electricity being the same.

CRUISE OF THE "PORCUPINE" IN 1870.

Our readers will doubtless remember the accounts, published in previous pages, of the very striking and important results obtained by the scientific corps on board the British steamer *Porcupine*, in the explorations of last summer made with reference to the fauna and temperature of the deep seas, a depth of 15,000 feet having been successfully explored. We are now informed that these experiments are to be repeated during the present summer, from the same vessel, which has been placed at the command of the Royal Society. It is understood that the first cruise will be along the Bay of Biscay and the coasts of Spain and Portugal, to the Straits of Gibraltar. In the beginning of August Dr. Carpenter will proceed into the Mediterranean, and endeavor to trace the direction of the currents at the straits. A photometric apparatus has been contrived by Mr. Siemens, for the purpose of ascertaining the depth to which solar light penetrates the sea; and other questions of considerable interest are to be investigated by the gentlemen of the expedition.

An improved method of registering the deep-sea temperature will probably be made use of during this new expedition, the results of which will tend to rectify and correct any errors of the previous season, thermometers having been prepared by inclosing the full bulb in glass, the space between the case and the bulb being nearly filled with alcohol. The effect of this arrangement is to prevent action in the way of compression upon the bulb at great depths, and thus avoid the erroneous indications that would result therefrom. Experiments have been made by Mr. Casella with this new form of apparatus under hydraulic pressure, and an equivalent to the greatest depth of the *Porcupine's* work of last season produced no perceptible effect upon the thermometer.

Editor's Historical Record.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 30th of June.—In the Senate, May 28, Mr. Sumner reported the Cyrus W. Field bill to aid in establishing interoceanic telegraph communication between California, the Sandwich Islands, Japan, and China; the line to be completed in five years. Among the incorporators are Peter Cooper, Professor Morse, Wilson G. Hunt, and Moses Taylor.

On May 31, a bill was introduced into the Senate by Mr. Chandler for the encouragement of ship-building. It provides for the refunding, by the government, to builders of iron vessels of duties paid on materials used in their construction; also, for the American registration of vessels purchased abroad for three years after the passage of the bill. The same day, in the House, Mr. Lynch's bill for the revival of American commerce was virtually defeated for this session, it being recommitted with its amendments.

The Senate in executive session, June 1, rejected, by a vote of 20 to 19, the reciprocity treaty negotiated with the Sandwich Islands at San Francisco, May, 1867. The treaty was to have continued in force for seven years from its negotiation.

The income tax was debated in the House on June 2. The next day amendments were adopted reducing the tax to 3 per cent., increasing the exemption to $2000, limiting the allowance for house-rent to $500, and prohibiting the publication of the income returns.—In the Senate, on the 24th, the income tax was utterly abolished by a vote of 34 to 23.

A Naturalization bill was reported by the House Judiciary Committee on the 9th. It reduces the period of residence to three years, and provides for proceedings for naturalization to be taken in the United States courts. The bill was recommitted on the 10th, and again presented on the 13th, when it was passed. As amended, it leaves the naturalization system in the State courts, but gives the Federal courts jurisdiction over all parties charged with fraud.

The Senate amendment to the Appropriation bill, placing female clerks in the departments, as regards pay, on the same footing with male clerks, was adopted June 11.

In the Senate, a bill fixing the apportionment for the next Congress, and increasing the number of Representatives to 300, was passed June 13.

The bill to provide a national currency of bank-notes, and to equalize the distribution of circulating notes, was debated in the House June 8. Pending the discussion, a motion to adjourn was carried, which had the effect to place the bill at the bottom of the list on the Speaker's table. The bill was, however, subsequently recovered from this position and passed. But a Conference Committee had to be appointed, which, on the 27th, presented its report in the House. The bill reported by the Conference Committee is essentially the same as the one originally presented, and of which we have given a synopsis in a previous Record. The bill was rejected on the 29th.

In the Senate, on the 16th, the House bill creating a Department of Justice, with the Attorney-General at its head, was passed.

The bill abolishing the franking privilege, which several weeks before had passed the House almost unanimously, was rejected by the Senate, June 21—yeas 26, nays 28.

In the House, June 24, the Georgia bill was adopted. It declares the State entitled to representation, a legal Legislature having ratified the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments.

On June 13 President Grant, anticipating the action of the House on Mr. Banks's resolutions, transmitted to Congress a special message on the Cuban question. After alluding to the statement made in his annual message at the beginning of the session, the President says:

"During the six months which have passed since the date of the message, the condition of the insurgents has not improved; and the insurrection itself, although not subdued, exhibits no signs of advance, but seems to be confined to an irregular system of hostilities, carried on by small and ill-armed bands of men, roaming without concentration through the wood and the sparsely populated regions of the island, attacking from ambush convoys and small bands of troops, burning plantations and the estates of those not sympathizing with their cause. But, if the insurrection has not gained ground, it is equally true that Spain has not suppressed it. Climate, disease, and the occasional bullet, have worked destruction among the soldiers of Spain; and although the Spanish authorities have possession of every sea-port and every town on the island, they have not been able to subdue the hostile feeling which has driven a considerable number of the native inhabitants of the island to armed resistance against Spain, and still leads them to endure the dangers and privations of a roaming life of a guerrilla. On either side the contest has been conducted, and is still carried on, with a lamentable disregard of human life, and of the usages and practices which modern civilization has prescribed in mitigation of the necessary horrors of war. The torch of Spaniard and Cuban are alike busy in carrying devastation over fertile regions. Murderous and revengeful decrees are issued and executed by both parties. Count Valmaseda and Colonel Bolt, on the part of Spain, have each startled humanity and aroused the indignation of the civilized world by the execution each of a score of prisoners at a time; while General Quesada, the Cuban chief, coolly, and with apparent unconsciousness of aught else than a proper act, has admitted the slaughter, by his own deliberate order, in one day, of upward of 650 prisoners of war. A summary trial, with few, if any, escapes from conviction, followed by immediate execution, is the fate of those arrested on either side on suspicion of infidelity to the cause of the party making the arrest. Whatever may be the sympathies of the people or of the government of the United States for the cause or objects for which a part of the people of Cuba are understood to have put themselves in armed resistance to the government of Spain, there can be no just sympathy in a conflict carried on by both parties alike in such barbarous violation of the rules of civilized nations, and with such continued outrage upon the plainest principles of humanity."

In regard to outrages perpetrated upon American citizens, he says:

"We can not discriminate, in our censure of their mode of conducting their contest, between the Spaniards and the Cubans. Each commits the same atrocities, and outrages alike the established rules of war. The properties of many of our citizens have been destroyed or embargoed. The lives of several have been sacrificed, and the liberty of others has been restrained In every case that has come to the knowledge of the government an early and earnest demand for reparation and indemnity has been made; and most emphatic remonstrance has been presented against the manner in which the strife is conducted, and against the reckless disregard of human life, the wanton destruction of material wealth, and the cruel disregard of the established rules of civilized warfare. I have, since the beginning of the present session of Congress, communicated to the House of Representatives, upon their

request, an account of the steps which I had taken in the hope of bringing this sad conflict to an end, and for securing to the people of Cuba the blessings and the right of independent self-government. The efforts then made failed, but not without an assurance from Spain that the good offices of this government might still avail for the objects to which they had been addressed."

In regard to neutrality, and the recognition of belligerent rights, he says:

"The duty of opposition to filibustering has been admitted by every President. Washington encountered the efforts of Genet and the French revolutionists; John Adams the project of Mieranda; Jefferson the schemes of Aaron Burr; Madison, and subsequent Presidents, had to deal with the question of foreign enlistment or equipment in the United States; and since the days of John Quincy Adams it has been one of the constant cares of the government in the United States to prevent piratical expeditions against the feeble South American republics from leaving our shores. In no country are men wanting for any enterprise that holds out promise of adventure and gain. In the early days of our national existence, the whole continent of America, outside of the United States and all its islands, were colonial dependencies upon European powers. The revolutions which, from 1810, spread almost simultaneously throughout the Spanish American continental colonies, resulted in the establishment of new states, like ourselves, of European origin, and interested in excluding European politics and the question of dynasty and of balances of power from further influence in the New World. The American policy of neutrality, important before, became doubly so from the fact that it became applicable to the new republics as well as to the mother country. It then devolved upon us to determine the great international question, at what time and under what circumstances to recognize a new power as entitled to a place among the family of nations, as well as the preliminary question of the attitude to be observed by this government toward the insurrectionary party pending the contest. Mr. Monroe concisely expressed the rule which has controlled the action of this government with reference to a revolting country, pending its struggle, by saying:

"'As soon as the movement assumed such a steady and consistent form as to make the success of the provinces probable, the rights to which they were entitled by the laws of nations as equal parties to a civil war were extended to them.'

* * * * * * *

"The question of belligerency is one of fact, not to be decided by sympathies for, or prejudice against, either party. The relations between the combatants in their present state must amount, in fact, to war in the sense of international law. Fighting, though fierce and protracted, does not alone constitute war. There must be military forces acting in accordance with the rules of war, flags of truce, cartels, exchange of prisoners, etc., etc. And to justify a recognition of belligerency there must be above all a *de facto* political organization of the insurgents, sufficient in character and resources to constitute, if left to itself, a state among nations, capable of discharging the duties of a state, and of meeting the just responsibilities it may incur as such toward other powers in the discharge of its national duties. Applying the best information which I have been able to gather—whether from official or unofficial sources, including the very exaggerated statements which each party gives to all that may prejudice the opposite or give credit to its own side of the question—I am unable to see in the present condition of the contest in Cuba those elements which are requisite to constitute war in the sense of international law. The insurgents hold no town or city, have no established seat of government; they have no prize courts, no organization for the receiving or collecting of revenue; no sea-port to which a prize may be carried, or through which access can be had by a foreign power to the limited interior territory and mountain fastnesses which they occupy. The existence of a legislature representing any popular constituency is more than doubtful. In the uncertainty that hangs around the entire insurrection there is no probable evidence of an election of any delegated authority, or of any government outside the limits of the camps occupied from day to day by the moving companies of insurgent troops. There is no commerce, no trade—either internal or foreign—no manufactures. The late commander-in-chief of the insurgents, having recently come to the United States, publicly declared that 'all commercial intercourse or trade with the exterior world has been utterly cut off;' and he further added, 'to-day we have not ten thousand arms in Cuba.' It is a well-established principle of public law that a recognition by a foreign state of belligerent rights of insurgents under circumstances such as now exist in Cuba, if not justified by necessity, is a gratuitous demonstration of moral support to the rebellion."

On the 14th the joint resolutions which had been reported by the majority of the Committee on Foreign Affairs were considered. These resolutions authorized and instructed the President to maintain a strictly impartial neutrality, and requested him to remonstrate against the barbarous manner in which the war in Cuba has been conducted. On the 16th a substitute offered by Mr. Bingham was adopted, 103 to 86, authorizing the President to remonstrate against the barbarous manner in which the contest is being conducted, "and, if he shall deem it expedient, to solicit the co-operation of other governments in such measures as he may deem necessary to secure from both contending parties an observance of the laws of war recognized by all civilized nations." Every Democrat, save one, voted in the negative.

As a preparation for the ensuing political campaign, an address to the people of the United States was signed and issued by the Democratic members of Congress, assembled in caucus for that purpose on the evening of June 23. It is an appeal to the people to elect members of the next Congress who shall favor a constitutional, economical, and honest government, and oppose a continuance of revolutionary, extravagant, wasteful, and partisan rule.

The State election in Oregon, June 6, for a Congressman, State officers, and members of the Legislature, resulted in a Democratic victory. This result insures the election of a Democratic Senator in place of Hon. G. H. Williams, whose term expires in 1871.

The Ohio Democratic State Convention met in Columbus June 1, and nominated a ticket for State officers, to be chosen in the October election, headed with the name of William Heisly, of Cleveland, for Secretary of State. The platform adopted denounces the present odious tariff, calls for the repeal of the income tax and other oppressive taxes, deplores the profligacy of Grant's administration, declares against land monopolies and the national bank system, calls for the taxing of the bonds, and condemns the truckling of the administration to Great Britain and Spain.

The Vermont Constitutional Convention, June 11, rejected the proposition for female suffrage. Only one member voted in its favor, against 231.

The President accepted the resignation of Attorney-General Hoar June 15, and the next day nominated Amos T. Ackerman, of Georgia, as his successor. The nomination was confirmed by the Senate June 23.

United States Senators whose terms will begin March 4, 1871, were elected in two States June 14. Senator Henry B. Anthony was re-elected from Rhode Island, and Senator Aaron H. Cragin from New Hampshire. Four Senators of the same class have already been chosen: Stevenson, of Kentucky; Morrill, of Maine; Cooper, of Tennessee; and Alcorn, of Mississippi.

On the 1st of June a delegation of Indians, the principal men of which were Red Cloud, Spotted Tail, and Swift Bear, waited on Commissioner Parker, at Washington, to confer with him in regard to Indian affairs in the Territories

of the Northwest. Red Cloud is the chief of the Sioux Nation. Spotted Tail complained that the government had not fulfilled its treaty obligations. The object of the delegation was to procure redress and protection. While these strange visitors were being entertained at Washington their brethren in the West were threatening war in the vicinity of Fort Buford, Dakota Territory.

The Cuban privateer *Hornet*, seized by the government at Wilmington, North Carolina, last fall, has been released to the original purchaser from the United States, Mr. Fernando Macia, who gave bonds amounting to $50,000 that she shall not engage in hostilities against Spain, or otherwise violate the neutrality laws of the United States.

William Gilmore Simms, the Southern novelist, died in Charleston, South Carolina, June 11, aged 64 years.

EUROPE.

In the British House of Lords, on the 17th, the High Court of Justice bill, by which important reforms are introduced into the superior courts of law and equity in England, was passed. In the same House the Irish Land bill passed to a second reading. On the 24th an amendment to the Education bill, favoring purely secular education, was rejected by the House of Commons, 60 to 421.

Sir Charles Mordaunt, of England, has been defeated in his suit for a divorce from his wife, the decision against him resting on the ground that, owing to the continued insanity of Lady Mordaunt, she was in no condition to make legal reply. The case may be reopened whenever it shall appear that her recovery is hopeless.—Mr. Shirley Brooks, the novelist, succeeds Mark Lemon as editor of *Punch*.

Charles Dickens died at Gadshill, near Rochester, in Kent, England, on the 9th of June. The day before his death he was dining with his sister-in-law, Miss Hogarth, who, observing an unusual appearance in his face, became alarmed; but he said it was only a toothache, and that he should be better presently. He then asked that the window might be shut, and almost immediately relapsed into unconsciousness, from which state he never recovered before death. Mr. Dickens was 58 years old when he died. The remains of the deceased were, on the morning of the 14th, conveyed to Westminster Abbey, where they were received by Dean Stanley and other officials, and placed in the Poet's Corner, at the foot of Handel, and at the head of Sheridan, with Macaulay and Cumberland on either side. The usual flowers were strewn upon the bier, Dean Stanley read the burial-service, the coffin was deposited in its final resting-place, and the funeral of Dickens was ended. Upon the coffin-plate were inscribed the words:

Charles Dickens,
Born February 7, 1812,
Died June 9, 1870.

On Sunday, the 19th, Dean Stanley preached a commemorative funeral discourse.

The Right Honorable George Frederick William Villiers, Earl of Clarendon, the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, died June 26, aged 70 years.

At the beginning of the month the Spanish Cortes entered upon a discussion to determine the future ruler of Spain. On the 4th a proposition was made that no candidate for king should be considered fairly elected unless he should receive a majority equal to one-half of the full number of deputies in the Cortes. It was voted to consider this proposition, 106 to 98. The proposition was carried on the 8th, 138 to 124. The successful candidate must therefore receive 179 votes.—A telegram from Madrid, dated June 5, states that Espartero had written a letter declining to become a candidate for the throne.—Isabella II. has signed her formal abdication of the throne in favor of her son, the Prince of Asturias.—Previous to the adjournment of the Cortes, June 22, a bill was passed by that body differing from Señor Moret's project in several particulars. All slaves over 60, instead of 65, years of age, are immediately liberated. Children under 14 years of age are to go with their mothers. Married couples shall not be separated, and punishment by the lash is absolutely prohibited.

A terrible conflagration broke out in Constantinople June 5, in the course of which over 7000 buildings were consumed. A number of families perished, being unable to escape from the network of flames in which they were immersed. A Turkish paper says that 2000 lives were lost. The residences of the American and British ministers, and the consulates of several nations, together with theatres, mosques, churches, and stores, were destroyed.

The French Chamber of Accusation of the High Court of Justice in France, on June 4, returned indictments against seventy-eight persons for conspiracy against the life of the Emperor and kindred crimes. The trials were to commence at Blois June 30.

A telegram from Vienna, dated June 5, announced that the Austrian Emperor had promulgated a decree inviting the world to a universal exposition to be held in that capital in 1873.

The Œcumenical Council has been during the month of June principally occupied with the discussion of the infallibility dogma. Seventy-two fathers—fifteen of them French prelates—signified their intention to speak against it. Bishop Dupanloup, in the course of the debate, made a very forcible speech against the dogma.

CUBA.

Oscar Cespedes, the young son of President Cespedes, who had been captured by the Spaniards, was, on May 29, executed at Puerto Principe.—A telegram from Havana, dated June 5, announced the capture by the Spaniards of the filibustering expedition which had sailed from New York in the *George B. Upton* to the aid of the Cuban insurgents. The *Upton* landed the men, arms, etc., at Punta Brava, a few miles east of Nuevitas. The Americans left in charge of the stores were attacked by the Spaniards and dispersed, losing ten killed, including Captain Harrison. Two were drowned, and three taken prisoners. A steam launch, six tons of gunpowder, 2000 rifles, 100,000 cartridges, and a large quantity of medicines, fell into the hands of the Spaniards. The prisoners were summarily executed. The *Upton*, on the 12th, in a second expedition, succeeded in landing men and military stores; but late advices from Havana announce the capture of the expedition, with its materials of war.

Editor's Drawer.

FROM every quarter of the country, and from many parts foreign, come monthly to the Drawer some hundreds of communications, containing things pleasant and witty jotted down for the delectation of our readers. Before us, for example, are letters from Marysville, California; Middlebury College, Vermont; Annapolis, Maryland; Chillicothe, Ohio; Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands; Buffalo, New York; Northfield, Minnesota; Austin, Texas; Lindsay, Canada West; Galveston, Texas; North Branch, Michigan; Oregon City, Oregon; St. Louis, Missouri; Jordan, New York; Washington, District of Columbia; Waterbury, Vermont; New Orleans, Louisiana; Sandusky, Ohio; Ottumwa, Iowa; Dale City, Iowa; Saco, Maine; Oskaloosa, Iowa; Thorndike, Massachusetts; Portland, Oregon; Chicago, Illinois; Ravenna, Ohio; St. Mary's Mission, Kansas; Fort Wayne, Indiana; Oakland, California; Piqua, Ohio; Moberly, Missouri; Petaluma, California; Bourbon, Indiana; Fort Klamath, Oregon; South Bend, Indiana, etc., etc.

The briefer pleasantries, and occasionally others, that are not exactly adapted to the Drawer, find their way to appropriate columns in *Harper's Weekly* or in *Harper's Bazar*. Scarce a letter comes bearing these funniments that does not contain a few introductory words expressing the delight which is felt in reading the Drawer, and the fine moral and physical results produced by its honest, hearty, laughter-provoking "quiddets and quillets."

So, brethren, continue to send on your anecdotes, and thus administer to "the general joy of the whole company."

WE copy from a Number of Buckingham's *Boston Weekly Magazine*, published in February, 1805, the following epitaph, which, now that slavery is abolished, has an interest that it scarcely had when originally cut upon the stone:

EPITAPH
Upon an African, inscribed upon a Grave Stone in a Grave Yard in Concord, Mass.

GOD
Wills us free;
Man
Wills us slaves,
I will as God wills,
God's will be done.

Here lies the body of JOHN JACK,
A native of Africa, who died March, 1773,
Aged about *sixty* years.

Tho' *born* in a land of *slavery*,
He was born *free*;
Tho' he lived in a land of *liberty*,
He lived a *slave*.

Till by his honest, tho' stolen labours,
He acquired the *source* of *slavery*,
Which gave him his *freedom*.

Tho' not long before
Death, the grand Tyrant,
Gave him his final emancipation,
And set him on a footing with kings.

Tho' a *slave* to vice,
He *practised* those virtues,
Without which, *Kings* are but *Slaves*.

OUR eldest, a little fellow six years of age, is critical in the matter of "trotting buggies" and horse-flesh. His father's residence is suburban, and beyond it lies the cemetery, "Forest Home;" the funeral trains passing to and fro being distinctly visible from the house. One day, after watching a funeral procession pass, Master Frank, lifting his little face, preternaturally grave, solemnly announced:

"Aunty Bell, I allus know when any body is dead."

"How do you know that, Frank?"

"'Cause, whenever I see a buggy with a door behind, then I allus knows it's a funeral."

ALAS that there should be so many poor souls who in this world and that which is to come look forward to nothing that is substantially comfortable and satisfying! Here, for instance, is a veritable descendant of Saint Martha, who came into a neighbor's house in Buffalo a few days since, downcast, wearying with many cares and cumbered with much serving: "So much to do! cleaning, working, cooking, washing, sewing, and every thing else! No rest! never was, never will be, for me!"

"Oh yes," said the good woman she addressed, "there will be a rest one day for us all—a long rest."

"Not for me! not for me!" was the reply. "Whenever I *do* die, there will be certain to be resurrection *the very next day!* It would be just my luck!"

Poor old dear! Too bad!

A CORRESPONDENT in Idaho incloses to the Drawer copies of some of the old district laws of that region. From the early settlement of the Pike's Peak region, in '58 and '59, until the autumn of '62, it was divided into mining districts, each district electing its own officers and enacting and enforcing its own laws. A few of these are as follows:

LOWER UNION DISTRICT.—Passed June 8, 1860.—*Sec. 8*: If any person or persons shall be guilty of stealing, the injured party may take sufficient property of defendant to satisfy all damage, and the defendant shall be banished from the district, and, failing to leave the district immediately on notice, shall receive not less than five, nor more than twenty-nine lashes. And in case the value of the property stolen be over $100, he shall be hanged by the neck until he is dead. The injured party may proceed to retake his property and remunerate himself.

Revision of March, 1861, *Sec. 9.—Resolved:* That any person who shall be tried for stealing before the Miners' Court, if found guilty, shall receive not less than twenty, nor more than one hundred lashes. And for stealing a yoke of oxen, horse, mule, or pony, he shall be hung by the neck until he is dead; and in all cases the party having had property stolen shall be made good by the party guilty of stealing, if in his power. The president will in all cases appoint the person to whip, and the whipped person shall be banished from the mountains forever, and not complying within two hours, the whipping to be repeated.

Resolved: That no lawyer shall be permitted to practice law in any court in this district, under penalty of not more than fifty, nor less than twenty lashes, and be banished from the district.

BANNER DISTRICT, March 8, 1861.—No lawyer or pettifogger shall be allowed to plead in any court in this district.

TRAIL CREEK DISTRICT, Aug. 20, 1860.—No lawyer, attorney, counselor, *or* pettifogger shall be allowed to plead in any case or before any judge or jury in this district.

That seems to be more comprehensive and

specific. But what an absurd prejudice against lawyers!

The crime of perjury seems to have been regarded as a venial offense compared with the irregular appropriation of a mule. Thus:

> Any person convicted of perjury shall receive twenty-five lashes on the bare back, and the sheriff shall perform said duty.

This is somewhat in the style of the rhymed advice of the noble Bushrod to his son, G. Washington:

> "'Tis better to tell ten thousand lies
> Than cut down one appuel tree."

It is a curious fact that the Territorial Legislature, at its first session, ratified and confirmed all the old district laws. It is also curious, in reference to the summary code quoted above, that very few persons, perhaps not one, is known to have suffered its penalties.

A North Carolina friend notes down the following, that occurred at "our mess" during 1864: Our "contraband," Jim, is a genuine descendant of Africa in color, somewhat Christianized and ambitious, but a favorite waiter. We had been discussing the proposed celebration of the emancipation proclamation by the "John Brown," "Lincoln," and other leagues, when I asked Jim to which he belonged, how large it was, etc. He replied, "Oh, I's member of de Linkum League. Dar's a right smart lot of dem, too."

"Well," said I, "Cæsar [another contraband] came around yesterday with the subscription paper, and I felt interested to know how you are all progressing."

"D'yer see," replied Jim, "dey hel' a meetin' las' night round yer t' Dick's, an' Cæsar p'inted de kermittee of de hul ter git de money, 'cause ter night dey's gwine to *buy der laws!*"

Evidently James had got confused about the passage of by-laws and the raising of money.

A lady teacher, who writes from "Near Dixie," sends the following highly intellectual essay by one of her pupils:

Dogs.—Dogs aire very usefull things thaire aire several diferent sorts of Dogs thaire is the Newfound Land Blud Hown and the Pinter which is a very scillful dog in catching birds sum dogs aire very good for watchdogs while others are good for nuth in but to liabout and doo nuthing sum of them bite those aire the best of all those are the best watch dog of all Ow how plesent it would be to be at home an see Bruther an his pet dogs to see them play an scip a bout the yarde I am fare from home an cant see Bruther and his pet dogs but of all the dogs the Rat Tairerier is the best of all a dog bite is very danjerous sum foalkes have bin bit by them it makes sum foalkes sic that has bin bit I can just remember when a dog bit Pap it has bin a bout fore yeares ago The end.

The player-folk may be interested in a paragraph in Hawthorne's recently published "English Note Books," which states that at a dinner-party which he attended (1855) at Mr. William Brown's, M.P. for Liverpool, a gentleman remarked that the Duke of Somerset, who was then nearly fourscore, told him that the father of John and Charles Kemble had made all possible research into the events of Shakspeare's life, and that he had reason to believe that Shakspeare attended a certain revel at Stratford, and, indulging too much in the conviviality of the occasion, he tumbled into a ditch on his way home, and died there! The Kemble patriarch was an aged man when he communicated this to the Duke, and their ages, linked to each other, would extend back a good way. Kemble is said to have learned it from the traditions of Stratford.

An anecdote in a former Number of the Drawer, attributing to an Indiana lawyer the miss-spelling of f r o a d, reminds us of the individual who was always charged with that little error. But he, by-the-way, was an Illinois lawyer, and, at the time of the "froad," prosecuting attorney of the —— circuit. Ben F—— was well known throughout Northern Illinois, and though his early education was defective, few shrewder or more dangerous antagonists could be found at the bar of that region. While acting as prosecuting attorney in the Circuit Court of P—— County, Ben had procured the indictment of an old scamp for theft. The amount charged to have been stolen was five dollars, and at that time the penalty for stealing that sum, or upward, was imprisonment at hard labor in the penitentiary. For stealing less than five dollars the lighter punishment was confinement in the county jail and no labor. The evidence showed the stealing of a five-dollar bill of the State Bank of Illinois, and as every thing required for conviction was clearly proved, the effort of the prisoner's counsel was solely directed to proving that the bill was not at par—was not worth five dollars in coin. On this point several business men swore that the bill was not worth its face in gold, but all agreed that in ordinary transactions it would pass for five dollars. Upon this testimony the defense was energetic and protracted. Two young men talked three hours and nearly exhausted themselves. Ben took it very patiently. When the end of the defense came, and the counsel for the defense sat down perspiring, and with evident hope, from the look of the jury, that their point was gained, Ben arose quietly, and in his nasal, snuffling tones said: "Gentlemen, I hope the learned counsel won't get offended if I don't talk but just one minute. All I've got to say is just this: the prisoner don't pretend to deny that he stole our money, and all he asks of you is just to give him the privilege of stealing on't at a discount!" The jury sent the fellow to the penitentiary without leaving their box.

Old "Daddy" Mingo Pinckney was one of the colored deacons of the May River Baptist Church, near Bluffton, South Carolina. One sultry Sunday in August, the church being crowded to hear a thrilling preacher, the intense heat of the weather proved too strong for Mingo's strict religious principles, and he fell without a groan into the arms of Morpheus. The preacher was thundering away from the text, "Plow up your fallow ground, and sow good seed." For some length of time the happy deacon merely nodded an unconscious assent to whatever the pulpit said, but at last, suddenly springing out of his sleep, he yelled out before the frightened assembly, "Look yeah, mass' preacher! You white

bucra always da holler out to we cullud folks. 'Plow up! hoe up! plant up!' as if liberty was all a cuss and a delusion! Now I tell you not a nigger in dis church shall hit a lick on de Lord's day!" That ended that.

MEDICAL certificates of physical disability are so frequently introduced into courts by lawyers that it may be pardonable to reproduce the following, written by an army surgeon during our late unpleasantness:

"*Major William Watson:*

"DEAR SIR,—Private Wilkins a member of your regiment is very unwell. He has been Sick for four weeks or more, and is stil in bed, and I do Honestly believe that his life will bee endangered for I have been his attending Physician. Verry resp,

"FELIX JONES M.D"

THE "glorious uncertainty of the law" is an old proverb. I recently had a new rendering from ex-United States Senator Nesmith, of Oregon, who said, speaking of the Supreme Court of the United States, "They have the last *guess* at the case."

A CITY correspondent contributes this to our juvenalia:

My little boy, six years old, and my little girl, eight, were looking at the clouds one beautiful summer evening, watching their fantastic shapes, when the boy exclaimed, "Oh, Minnie! I see a dog in the sky!" "Well, Willie," replied the sister, "it must be a sky-terrier!"

A YOUNG Minnesotian was recently made the proud father of a bouncing, handsome baby boy. The little fellow's tongue was slightly tied, and needed a little cutting. The fond "pap" remarked, "If it had been a girl I wouldn't have had it cut, *in these times!*"

A GENIAL rector of a village parish in Minnesota found it difficult to get his salary promptly. Latterly it was much behind. Going to one of his delinquent parishioners in the hardware trade, he looked over all his stock of cork-screws *very* fastidiously, seeking a large one of peculiar strength and size. To the inquiry, "What do *you* want of such a thing, any how?" the answer came, "My dear Sir, I want a cork-screw that can draw my salary!"

The payments are coming more promptly.

IN one of the towns of Michigan resides a legal gentleman of fine abilities, an eloquent talker, a thorough lawyer, and good fellow generally; but he tippleth too frequently, and this habit has retarded his advancement. His party had frequently promised him position, but the poor man's failing had as frequently rendered it inexpedient just at that time. Finally the time came when the Congressional nomination was within his grasp. He had a wife. She, too, wished to go to Washington. Other representatives took their spouses to the capital. She mentioned that fact to Robert.

"You expect to go, dear, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And do as other Congressmen do?"

"Yes," gruffly.

"Well, as other Congressmen take their wives, you ll take me?"

"I don't care; you may go."

"But, dear, you know I've never been there, nor never been out much. How do you think I'll appear among other great men's wives?"

"'Pear well enough! 'pear well enough!" replied Robert, beginning to get a little riled. "All great men have confounded fools for wives."

Unfortunately for Robert, the people did not see in Robert the representative the exigencies of the time demanded, and elected the other man. But what an atrocious sentiment Robert uttered!

AN editorial friend in Indiana mentions the following: Peter J. Sullivan, Esq., late Minister to Bogota, was recently employed to defend a rascal before the Police Court in Cincinnati. The prosecution was very bitter. After the city attorney had closed, Mr. Sullivan rose and said: "May it plaze the Coort, I have but one word to say in reply to the gintleman, and that is, that when his Maker sent him into the world he indorsed him 'widout racoorse.'"

Peter J. S. gained his suit.

A FRIEND in Wooster, Ohio, sends the following amusing instance of the simplicity of the African lad, as evinced in his first efforts to attain a knowledge of the English vocabulary. The boy, some seven or eight years old, Dan by name, was set to learn words in an old spelling-book that had been tossed about the house. He soon became interested in watching a race between a small boy and Time, as represented by an engraving in the book, and every spare moment of the day that he could find was devoted to the contemplation of the (to him) exciting chase. Night finally compelled the young African to lay aside the book which his race at the present day manifest so much pleasure in studying, and to retreat to his pallet, where, no doubt, he dreamed of "dat big fellow wid de mowin' scyve," as he called him, in pursuit of the poor frightened boy. Dan was up with the lark next morning, and the first thing he did was to get the Speller and look for his heroes of the race. He gazed intently for an instant at the picture, and then, with a wild scream of delight, exclaimed, as he danced all about the old kitchen, "He ain't cotched 'im yit! he ain't cotched 'im yit!—*Golly!* he ain't cotched 'im yit!"

WE are desirous of aiding a young gentleman who wishes employment in the tobacco way, and therefore append a letter from him, in which he very perspicuously sets forth his want:

"MARSLON, OHIO, *Sep* 17, 69

"SAR,—I vors in formt a few days sens that you vors in net of hans. i am a topaknest, haf resitet in Canton duren the Somar bott mi boss has ron outt Of stok ant dos notheng at the bisnas, ant I am dneng notheng at presant. ef you haf a set for me rit to me son ant a plith yours. I vork on inesheng,

"Yours re Spektfoul, HANS SOHLEIBER."

IT is only in entirely new and free countries that the half-and-half style of justice is seen at its best. The best specimens originate in California, of which Yuba contributes this:

A fellow named Donks was lately tried there for entering a miner's tent and stealing a bag of gold dust valued at $84. The testimony showed that he had been once employed there, and knew

exactly where the owner kept his dust; that on the night specified he cut a slit in the tent, reached in, took the bag, and then ran off. Jim Buller, the principal witness, testified that he saw the hole cut, saw the man reach in, and heard him run away. "I rushed after him at once," continued the witness, "but when I cotched him I didn't find Bill's bag, but it was found afterward where he had throwed it."

"How far did he get when he took the dust?" inquired the counsel.

"Well, he was stoopin' over half-way in, I should say," replied the witness.

"May it please your Honor," interposed the counsel, "the indictment isn't sustained, and I shall demand an acquittal on direction of the Court. The prisoner is on trial for entering a dwelling in the night time with intent to steal. The testimony is clear that he made an opening through which he protruded himself about half-way, and stretched out his arms and committed the theft. But the indictment charges that he actually entered the tent, or dwelling. Now, your Honor, can a man enter a house when only one half of his body is in, and the other half out?"

"I shall leave the whole matter to the jury. They must judge of the law and the fact as proved," replied the judge.

The jury brought in a verdict of "Guilty as to one half of his body, and not guilty as to the other half."

The judge sentenced the guilty part to two years' imprisonment, leaving it to the prisoner's option to have the innocent part cut off, or take it along with him.

Our recent anecdote in reference to the member of a New England State Legislature, who wanted to know if he "drew boots and shoes," reminds an Ohio correspondent, who mentions the case of a gentleman elected to the Legislature of that State who promptly reported to the Court of Common Pleas of his county, and asked to be *sworn in and give bond* for the faithful performance of his duty. The same member reported a bill to compel farmers to cut down and destroy the *elders* in their fence-corners, upon which an unconverted member proposed to amend by inserting the word "Presbyterian" before the word "elders."—"Progress," etc.

To understand fully the following it is well enough to know that in Vermont, as in some other States, the office of assistant judge is sometimes filled by men of limited capacity and less legal attainments, the duties of the office being nominal. Some years since the Orleans County Court had closed a long and laborious session, presided over by Judge Poland, a gentleman of the highest legal attainments, and at the present writing a member of Congress from that State. On the trial of a lengthy and intricate case one of the side-judges was heard to remark to a friend, "The Chief Justice agrees with me in my opinion of the law in this case, and will charge the jury just as I should." Judge P. heard the remark and smiled.

This reminds the Drawer of a remark made recently by a couple of lawyers as to the various points to be made in a certain case where the result was quite doubtful, and where great importance was attached to the rulings of the Court. "At all events," said the younger and more enthusiastic lawyer, "we have *justice* on our side." To which the older and warier counsel replied, "Quite true, but what we want is the *Chief Justice* on our side."

We give the following story from "where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound save its own dashing," *verbatim et literatim*:

"Mr Drawr—In this neighbourhood we have an old Yanky that hunts partly for a living he was in the Store at this place a few days ago telling about his Killing a Bear it Seems he was in the woods Some distance from home and Killed a deer between Sundown and dark feeling tiard he concluded to hang his deer up in a tree and come after it in the morning but when he Got back in the morning there had been a bear there a eat most of the deer and the Ballance he buried and when the yanky went Slashing around the bush awhile he come to an Open Space there he meets Mr. Bear, the Bear Gave two or three leaps towards him which brought the bear and yankey with in a few feet of each other, then the Bear Reared up Ready to Grab the yankey—the yankey Girked his Gun from his Shoulder and by a lucky Shot drove a Bullet through the Bears Brane—One of the men that was listening to the old Yankeys adventure asked him what his thoughts was Just as the Bear reared up Ready to Grab him he Said he thought old Mr. Bear you are in a bout as tight a place as you was ever in *if you only knowed it*."

The Drawer, in recent numbers, has given two or three specimens of original American preaching that might, perhaps, be open to the charge of being jocose. As an offset, we quote from a work published in England a few years since on "Post-Medieval Preachers," "many of whom did not make long extracts, but with one light sweep brushed up a whole bright string of sparkling Scripture instances." As an illustration, we quote the following beautiful passage from a sermon on the text:

"*Many are called, but few are chosen.*"

"Noah preached to the Old World for a hundred years the coming in of the flood; and how many were saved when the world was destroyed? Eight souls, and among them was the reprobate Ham. Many were called, but only *eight were chosen*.

"When God would rain fire and brimstone on the cities of the plain were ten saved? No, only four; and of these four one looked back. Many were called, but *three were chosen*.

"Six hundred thousand men, besides women and children, went through the Red Sea; the host of Pharaoh and the Egyptians went in after them, and of them not one reached the farther shore. And of these Israelites, who passed through the sea out of Egypt, how many entered the promised land? Two only—Caleb and Joshua. Many—six hundred thousand—were called; few, even *two were chosen*.

"How many multitudes teemed in Jericho? and of them how many escaped when Joshua encamped against the city? The walls fell, men and women perished. One house alone escaped, known by the scarlet thread, type of the blood of Jesus, and that was the house of a harlot.

"Gideon went against the Midianites with thirty-two thousand men. The host of the Midianites was without number, as the sand of the sea-side for multitude. How many of these thirty-two thousand men did God suffer Gideon to lead into victory? Three hundred only. Many, even thirty-two thousand men, were called; *three hundred chosen*.

"Of the tribes of Israel *twelve men only were chosen;* and of these twelve one was a traitor, one doubtful, one denied his Master, all forsook Him.

"How *many rulers* were there among the Jews when Christ came? but *one only went to Him*, and *he by night!*

"How *many rich men* were there when our blessed Lord walked the earth? but *one only ministered* unto Him, and he only in His burial.

"How *many peasants* were there in the country when Christ went to die? but *one only was deemed worthy to bear His cross*, and he bore it by constraint.

"How *many thieves* were then in Judea when Christ was there? but *one only entered Paradise*, and he was converted in his last hour.

"How *many centurions* were there scattered over the province? and *one only* saw and believed, and he by cruelly piercing the Saviour's side. Truly, '*Many are called, but few are chosen.*'"

That was not an inapt reply of the country clergyman who, on being asked if he studied the *fathers* before he began to write his sermons, said, "No, I rather study the *mothers;* for they have the greater need of comfort and encouragement."

"Names are things," was the trisyllabic remark of a celebrated British statesman. Even so in Maryland. Lawyer —— was a candidate for the Legislature. On an election tour through the northern portion of Harford County he stopped at the house of an old farmer, who asked him what he was. The lawyer, not knowing the farmer's politics, and wishing to be on the safe side, answered, after a moment's hesitation, that he was a "Democratic Republican." "A what?" "A Democratic Republican," repeated the legal gentleman. "Well, Sir," said the man of the soil, slowly, "I am very fond of turkey, *very;* but I *don't* like turkey-buzzard."

An Alabama friend sends the following "recommend" of a steamboat, by an indignant passenger:

Steamboat Spink.—Persons having business up the river will do well to patronize this fine, staunch steamboat. I only had to pay four dollars (!) to go up to Peters's Ferry, 12 miles. The South lost an immense sight of stock during the war, but the *hogs* are not all dead yet. D. S. M——.

We have an army reminiscence showing what odd conceits arise under circumstances of the gravest character. During the "disturbance" divine service was one evening held in front of the row of tents constituting a hospital ward. The chaplain, before giving out the hymn, stated that an eminent clergyman, while on his death-bed, called his wife to his bedside and asked her to sing to him that grand old hymn commencing,

"Rock of ages,
Cleft for me,"

and that as she sang its closing line he gently closed his eyes in death.

The hymn was then given out; but singers were scarce, and after three or four break-downs one verse was gotten through with.

One of the Eleventh Massachusetts lay close to the end of one of the tents, with a fractured thigh. He had been greatly interested in the introductory remarks to the hymn, and when they finished the attempt at singing he turned his head to his comrade in the next bed, and, with sadness of tone, said, "Well, I don't wonder he died, if his wife sung it in that style."

This from a clerical friend at the "Hub." At a dinner-party recently given in that city one gentleman was late. The host said, "When the reverend gentleman comes in and is seated I will ask him a question, and his answer will be, as it invariably is, 'I make a distinction, Sir.'" The gentleman came in and was seated. The host said, "Your Reverence, is it ever lawful or expedient to baptize a child in soup?" "I make a distinction, Sir," was the reply. "If you mean soup in general, I should say, decidedly not! *decidedly* not!! but if you mean *this* soup in particular, I should say that it would make but little difference."

It seems to us that the following, from a country journal, is about the thing for an obituary:

"On the morning of the 14th of April, 1857, the angel of death entered the dwelling of H. J. C——, of J——, Maine, and bore away upon his pinions the happy spirit of N. C——, aged 29 years. Brother C—— was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church of —— some five years previous to his death. Was a good Christian, a young man of amiable cast of mind, easy and happy in his addresses. The lustre of his character gave happiness in conversation, and commanded respect from distant acquaintance. His disease was pulmonary consumption. His sufferings were severe, which were borne with Christian patience; was happy even to the last; and while standing in the midst of the waters of death, 'shouted victory.' Our deceased brother was a temperance and a Republican Christian, and leaves a large circle of friends, and one, to whom he was engaged, dearer than all the rest, to mourn his loss.

James Hartford,
"Pastor of the M. E. Church of Dixmont Circuit."

Doubtless one of the best-known men in England is Mr. Vernon Harcourt, whose contributions to the London *Times*, over the signature of "Historicus," are notably able and brilliant; but, like many very clever writers, "Historicus" is not a very clever or companionable talker. There is a little story about him to the effect that four gentlemen were discussing the subject of bores, each declaring that he knew the most disagreeable man in the world, and, the dispute growing animated, it was agreed that the four bores should be brought together at dinner. Accordingly the day was appointed, and each gentleman agreed to bring his bore to the Star and Garter at Richmond, where covers were to be laid for eight. The hour arrived, and three carriages drove up to the door of the famous inn, each with but one occupant. Three of the four gentlemen had been disappointed in their man, through a previous engagement. At length the fourth carriage came, and out of it stepped Mr. Vernon Harcourt. "Hang the fellow!" said the other three in chorus, as the fourth gentleman followed, "he has brought *my* bore!"

The Hon. Thomas W. Thomas, of Georgia, Judge of the Superior Court (now dead), was an eccentric genius, who told many stories of himself, and had more told of him. His favorite method of getting rid of worthless characters from the town where he lived was to get them into mock duels, and, if they stood fire, to let

the opponent fall as if dead, and alarm the shootist by the terrors of the law. One summer a fellow was served in this way, and the last seen of him was at Craft's Ferry, on the Savannah River, saying, "For the Lord's sake, let me over—I've just killed a man in a duel, and all of his kin are after me!" And once over, he was seen no more. A few weeks later it was desirable to get rid of a drunken tailor, and the field of honor was again tried. This time the fellow coolly tried his pistol-barrel with a twig, and said, "Thar ain't no ball in here, and *I come to kill meat, I did.* Put in one." And it cost Thomas five dollars in corn-whisky to get the duel out of the tailor's head.

We have been waiting for some time for Mr. Bonner or Mr. Wilkes to reproduce an old-time Bowery lyric, which, in its closing line, shows what can be got out of "that noble animal, the hoss:"

"I seen her on the sidewalk,
When I run with No. 9;
My eyes spontaneous sought out hern,
And hern was fixed on mine.
She waved her pocket-handkerchief
As we went rushin' by—
No boss that ever killed in York
Was happier than I.
I felt that I had done it;
And what had won her smile?—
'Twas them embroidered braces
And that 'ere immortal tile.

"I sought her at Wauxhall,
Afore that place was shet—
Oh! that happy, happy evenin',
I recollex it yet.
I gin her cords of pea-nuts,
And a apple and a 'wet'—
Oh! that happy, happy evenin',
I recollex it yet.

"I took her out to Harlem,
On the road we cut a swell,
And the nag we had afore us
Went twelve mile afore he fell.
And though ven he struck the pavement
The 'Crab' began to fail,
I got another mile out
By twisting of his tail!"

An elderly lady writes to us that, in a village of Western New York, in the year 1823, there was a youth who sadly wished to learn to dance, but had no fiddle to dance to. Nor did he know any tune but sacred ones. One day as she (then a young girl) was passing the barn she heard his voice, and looked in at the half-open door. Jeremiah was standing before a sheaf of wheat for a partner, and singing in a loud key:

"Lord, in the morning *Thou shalt, Thou shalt,*
Lord, in the morning *Thou shalt h-e-a-r-e!*"

and at the prolonged *hear* danced "hands around and down the middle."

Of course he learned to dance, and had a live partner to a fiddle at last.

In Tamaqua, the "Mountain City" of Pennsylvania, has resided for many years an old colored individual, by occupation a barber, who was one day complaining of his sufferings from dyspepsia, and attributed his ailment to the fact of having no teeth, by which he was unable properly to masticate his food.

"Well, Simon," said a by-stander, "why don't you get a set of false teeth? They wouldn't cost you much."

"False teef!" exclaimed Simon; "oh no, Sah! no you don't! I'se had jest all de teef I want in *my* mouf! I'se suffered more wid de toofache den I ever did wid de 'spepsy, an' I was glad enuf for to git shet of my teef! You don't git no mo' teef into *my* mouf—*no*, Sah!"

We notice in the English journals that Sir David Baxter has recently presented to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland the sea-chest and drinking-cup which belonged to Alexander Selkirk (Robinson Crusoe), and were in his use during his sojourn on the island of Juan.

With these treasures, it seems to us that it would not be inappropriate to file a copy of Phœbe Cary's conundrum: Why was Robinson Crusoe's man Friday like a rooster?—Because he scratched for himself and crew so (Crusoe)!

By no means let it be supposed that the custom of making bridal presents is an institution of modern date, or that it is confined mainly to those possessed of wealth. A legal friend in the interior of Pennsylvania communicates to the Drawer a curious form of wedding invitation, composed by an affianced pair in Wales, in which the style of entertainment they propose to give is not only set forth, but whatever wedding presents their friends might "grant, out of their charitable hearts," would be "accepted with congratulation and most lovely acknowledgment:"

Carmarthenshire, *Sept.* 3, 1835.

We take the convenience to inform you that we confederate to such a design as to enter under the sanction of Matrimony on the 9th day of October next; and as we feel our hearts inclining to regard the ancient custom of our ancestors, we intend to make a Wedding Feast the same day, at our habitation, called *Ynywynfach*, in the parish of Llangathen; at which place we hereby most humbly invite your pleasing and most comfortable fellowship. And whatever kindness your charitable hearts should then grant will be accepted with congratulation and most lovely acknowledgment, carefully recorded, and returned with preparedness and joy, whenever a similar occasion overtakes you, by Your affectionate servants,

Stephen Stephens.
Mary Rees.

P.S.—The young couple, with the young man's father and mother (Thomas and Mary Stephens), and his brother (John Stephens), desire that all debts of the above nature due to them should be returned to the young man on the said day, and will be thankful together for all additional favors.

Gold Wedding Rings Sold by
T. and H. Williams, Printers, Llandeilo.

Reconstruction has done much for our Southern countries. Verily is the bottom rail on top! "Here in Galveston," writes an old correspondent of the Drawer, "the metropolis of Texas, we are served with negro juries, negro constables, negro policemen, negro justices, and negro legislators. The country progresses, however, as the people raise cotton and sugar, and talk 'craps' instead of politics. In one of our reconstructed justices' courts a jury was recently impanneled to try a case of abusive and insulting language, in which a negro had only called a white man a —— white, etc., etc. [language fit for a police report, but not for the Editor's Drawer]. The following is a *verbatim et literatim* copy of the verdict:

"'Wy de jury findet noht gilte.
"'Thomas M'Donald, Foreman.'"

That Fifteenth Amendment citizen received his early education in a German family, and his master lost $1500 by the result of the war.