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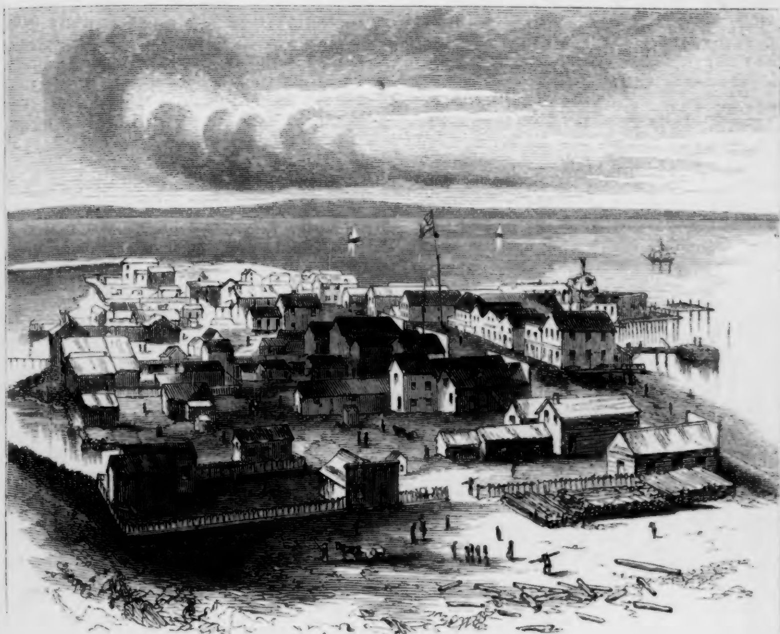
THE MEDITERRANEAN OF THE PACIFIC.



PORT TOWNSEND.

IT is only a few years ago since the "Great Northwest" indicated the States of Minnesota, Illinois, Michigan, and the States between New England and the Rocky Mountains. Since that time the cry of gold has led thousands of our population across the Rocky Mountains and the glistening peaks of the Nevada range, to the sunny slopes and verdant valleys of the Pacific. Thriving cities have arisen on the plains where roamed huge herds of buffalo. The regions where half-savage Indians reared cattle, and where the traders and trappers of the Hudson Bay held almost undisputed sway, are now organized portions of the republic, with recognized laws and promising institutions. California is now a rich and settled State of the Union, with a future the greatness of which we can only conjecture. The river banks of Idaho and Montana are dotted with camps of gold and silver miners—the hardy pioneers of a great and prosperous country. The broad prairies and the beautiful valleys of Oregon are filled with a sturdy race of agriculturists; the cars creep along the fastnesses where the Indian could scarce find a trail; and the steamers ply for nearly a thousand miles from the mouth of the Columbia—that Achilles of rivers. In Washington Territory, so long the debatable ground, and the scene of Indian massacres, the lumbermen are cutting their way into the old forests; and fleets of trading vessels are lying at anchor in its harbors. Nay, far north, beyond where the Nootka savage strings his shells, and the hardy Hydah shapes his canoe, Alaska is heard knocking at the gate of the republic, seeking entrance where so many others have entered in. "Westward

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the star of empire takes its way." Illinois is no longer in the far West. Minnesota and Nebraska are only frontier States on the way to the "true Northwest."

The railway linking the far West to the far East was opened in July last. The full significance of that important announcement can scarcely be estimated. It will change the aspect of a great and productive region. The Indian already stands aghast as he sees the line of cars—that greatest of all great "medicines"—rattling along the plains where he hunted the buffalo, and withdraws to the northward. He hears in the whistle of the engine the death-knell of all his race. The trapper hears it, and hurriedly gathers up his traps and little "fixins," and, with his squaw and half-breed brood, retreats before the surging flood of immigration. They hear, not afar off, "the rush of waves where soon shall roll a human sea"—a sea that shall sweep them before it.

These regions, of which many knew little, save by the tales that came floating back of the exploits of Jed Smith and Kit Carson, the hardy pioneers; of Skipper Gray, who first breasted the breakers on the bar of the Columbia; of Captain Bonneville, who made his way to them by land; of Sutter, who found a bank of gold in his millrace; of old Downie, ycleped "Major," who always "struck it" where he slept—these regions have all been brought near by the railway. Thousands have left their homes in the East for a month's vacation and a trip to California during the last summer. They have been to see us and gone away again, to tell of our snow-tipped mountains, and giant forests, and rocky gulches, with the glittering gold, and pleasant corn-covered valleys and vine-clad hills. To us in the West it seemed as if New York and Philadelphia and Chicago had gone out "on the tramp." In August the writer met an authoress from New York in the Willamette Valley, a professor from Iowa away up at the Cascade Falls of the Columbia, a couple of Senators from Washington staging it through an Oregon forest, the Governor of Illinois at a social gathering in Portland, dined with the Vice-President on board one of the Oregon Steamship Company's vessels, near to the 49th parallel, had a drink with an Eastern editor in one of the ice-caves of Washington Territory, and spent three of the happiest days of his existence with Seward and his party, on the pleasant waters of the Puget Sound.

And no sooner has one railway been opened than another is proposed. The engineers have already been out and made the survey. The Northern Pacific is spoken of as a rival to the Central Pacific, and the land-holders and lot-holders of the Puget Sound are discussing the location of the great terminal city. The eyes of all are turned to a spot which is destined to play no mean part in the history of our national progress and civilization. Bills may be proposed and defeated, particular schemes may be discussed and delayed; but let any one take a look at the position and contour of the northwestern corner of our country, and he will be

MAP OF PUGET SOUND.

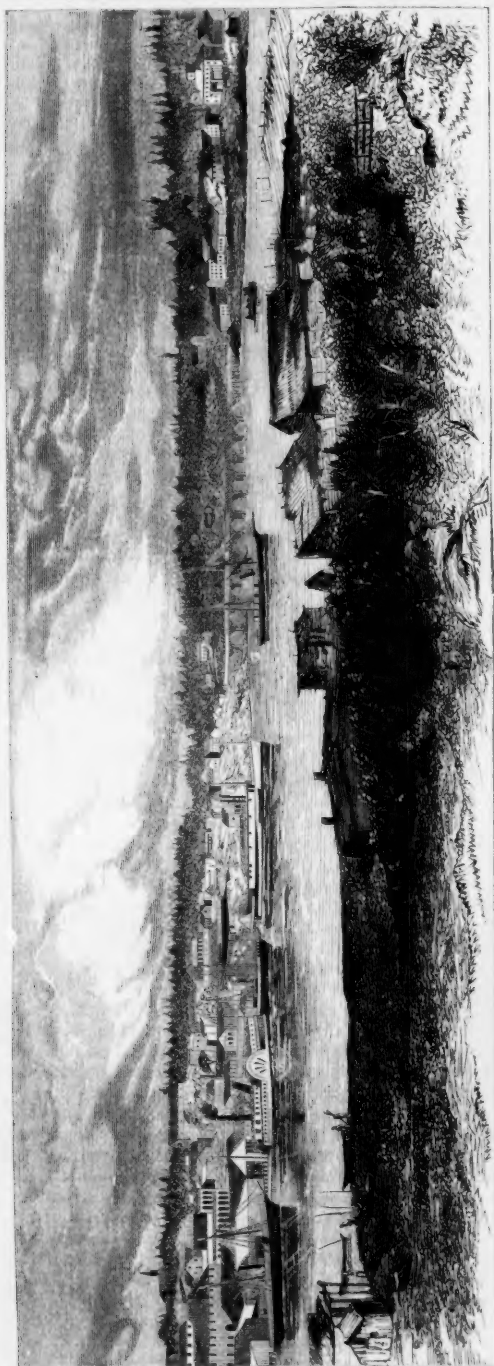
convinced of its importance, and foresee its manifest destiny. *There* is a great inland sea stretching up 200 miles from Cape Flattery, studded with fertile islands, surrounded by pine-covered heights, and nearer, by 800 miles, to China than San Francisco—and nearer, also, to New York. Instead of sage-bush desert and salt plains, there is a fertile belt, under which lies a bed of miocene coal, stretching all the way from Illinois to Washington Territory. Let any one consider the increasing commerce with China, of which we have merely tasted the first-fruits, and acquaint himself with the character of the country behind it, and he will perceive why so much attention has been directed to this part of the republic; he will be satisfied of the wisdom manifested in preserving intact the boundary line which terminates so near it, and discern a reason for the present anxiety to push through the Northern Pacific Railway.

If ocean steam is ever to become on the Pacific what it has been on the Atlantic—if our relations with Eastern Asia are ever to be what they have been with Western Europe (and why should they not?)—the Puget Sound must become one of the centres of the world's commerce. Ship-building lags in the East, through the difficulty and expense of importing lumber. The United States have never taken the proper position of a great commercial country in this industry. Survey all their coasts, and say where is its natural home. Where can safe harbors be most easily found? Where is timber the most abundant and of easiest access? The eye will at once rest upon the Puget Sound, with its endless windings and openings into the land—with its sheltering islands, and numerous natural harbors, where land, covered by the finest spars of the world, can still be had for the mere pre-emption. The writer has often passed up and down on its unruffled surface, and never did his eye sweep along its bays and pine-clad hills without his feeling something of its coming glory, and wishing to be spared for ten or twenty years to perceive the ships at anchor where now the whir of the duck alone breaks in upon the silence of the bay—to see the wretched "rancheree," where these Indians wallow in filth and lust, transformed into a smiling village —to realize that these shanties of the lumbermen and whisky saloons have become large cities. This impression was greatly confirmed last summer, when he accompanied the Hon. Mr. Seward and his family along the sound. The citizens at all the lumbering-mills and small cities gave right royal welcome to the "old man eloquent," and called for an address. He appeared to have looked through the present, and seized only upon the future. His mind was filled with *that*—the issue of what he saw; for he never addressed them as lumbermen or saw-drivers—he addressed them uniformly as ship-builders. He saw in their saw-dust streets and rude cabins the beginnings of the things that were to be. For as yet but few vessels have been built on the sound, and, at the time, there was not one on the stocks any where.

That there will be a Northern Pacific Railway terminating somewhere at or near the Puget Sound is certain. The only question is, whether it will be on American or British Territory. The English are not blind to the advantages of the northern route, and are anxious to gain them for themselves. The imperial policy is to unite the North British possessions into one confederation before the feeling of annexation becomes stronger. British Columbia, the colony on the Pacific, insists upon a railway as one of the conditions. Already a company has been formed, and application made at Ottawa for a grant of alternate sections of land along the route proposed. There can be but one northern railway: which shall it be? One that will stretch through the more fertile northern belt, leading up a population to settle on the boundaries, and consolidating American interests, or a railway supported by British capital, and managed in British interests, building up a rival domain on the continent?

On the supposition that it will be American, we give this sketch of the region around the terminal point. We do not propose to discuss the merits of rival claimants, and having neither lot nor plot in any of the proposed locations for the "big cities of the future," give the result of observations during four years' residence near this Mediterranean of the Pacific, but more particularly during a holiday trip last summer with the "Seward party."

In July last Allan Francis, Esq., United States Consul at Victoria, Vancouver Island, a beautiful little British city that looks across to the Puget Sound, gave out that "Seward will be here on his way to Alaska." We hurried up, and prepared a suit of rooms and a reception for him. British and American citizens vied with each other in doing him honor. At last the big ship made its appearance in Esquimaux Harbor, near the city, having on board the Hon. W. H. Seward, F. W. Seward, Esq., and Mrs. Seward; A. Fitch, Esq., William Von Smythe, and Judge S. C. Hastings. This harbor is reckoned the third best in the world, the first being Rio Janeiro, and the second San Francisco. To greet him there was a good Western rush. If he could have eaten a hundred dinners, or drank a thousand drinks, they were ready for him. As it was, in the evening he spoke a few words on the recent "ice purchase," which he was going up to look at and lay quietly by. Captain Blinn and a few other proprietors of the lumber-mills on the sound were in Victoria, and proposed a "trip up the sound." They chartered the steamer *Wilson G. Hunt*, and we started from Victoria on one of the loveliest July mornings. For you must understand that the climate of this region is equaled only by the richness and beauty of the scenery. From April till October there are clear skies and sunny days. The



VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

earth is preserved soft and verdant by occasional showers that fall during the night, and the heat of summer tempered by the gentle breezes that are cooled as they pass across the snowy summits of the neighboring range, and play perpetually around the brow and cheeks. The winter is mild as an Eastern spring. Snow seldom visits, and never lies long on the ground. The rose-buds may be plucked in the open air at Christmas, and geraniums gathered at the New-Year. A singularly healthy and delightful climate has been reserved for the outlying corner of our land. No sweltering heats of summer cause sleepless nights. No savage winter frosts pinch and cramp the feeble frame. Never any where have we seen children so healthy and beautiful as within the limits of Washington Territory.

This morning, on which the *Hunt* started from Victoria, was a fair specimen—rich in suffused light, a feeling of refreshing softness in the air—the waters beaming as a silver sea. In the run across the Strait of Fuca the scenery disclosed was worth a journey from Washington to behold. Behind us were the blue heights of Vancouver Island; on our left numerous green islands; and behind them the snowy ridges of the Cascade range, topped by Mount Baker rising in solitary grandeur, and spreading his white breast to the sunlight. We had some pleasure in reflecting that the Stars and Stripes now floated from his highest peak, having been placed there by three adventurous mountaineers the summer before, who ascertained his height to be 10,781 feet. But to what are we forcing our way? There rises up before us a huge wall of rock and ice—a solid, snowy ridge stretching away down to Cape Flattery. The waters seem to flow into its very base. Apparently it would take a myriad giants to force a passage for us.

We sail on, and in time discover several little harbors amidst the clefts in its huge side, and an opening at its

eastern extremity. The nearest of these harbors, called Port Discovery by Vancouver, because it was the first in these parts he entered in the *Discovery*. It is guarded by a small island, called also by him Protection Island, because of its position. Our thoughts reverted to that Sabbath morning in May, 1792, when he cast anchor there, and landed with his officers on the island, surprised and delighted with its scenery. "On landing," he wrote in his journal, "on the island, and ascending its eminence, which was nearly a perpendicular cliff, our attention was immediately called to a landscape almost as enchantingly beautiful as the most elegantly finished pleasure-grounds in Europe. There was an extensive lawn covered with luxuriant grass and diversified with an abundance of flowers. To the northwestward was a coppice of pine-trees and shrubs of various sorts that seemed as if it had been planted for the sole purpose of protecting from the northwest winds this delightful meadow, over which were promiscuously scattered a few clumps of trees that would have puzzled the most ingenious designers of pleasure-grounds to have arranged more agreeably. While we stopped to contemplate these several beauties of nature in a prospect no less pleasing than unexpected, we gathered some gooseberries and roses in a state of considerable forwardness." While the features of the scenery are still the same as when Vancouver wrote, the scene has so far changed that where there was silence is now the hum of driving machinery. Man has been here "wi' his kittle o' steam;" and when we passed, the lumber-mills of C. E. P. Wood and Co. were giving employment to 300 hands, and turning out 70,000 feet of lumber per day.

Port Discovery is one of the expectants for the big city, so we mark its position and keep it in mind. The eastern end of the Coast range runs out into a long spit termed Point Wilson. We round this, and come in sight of Port Townsend. "What flag is that?" asks one. Mr. Seward was within hearing, and sharply answered: "That flag, Sir, is the custom-house flag of the United States. This must be the port of entry." And he was right.

Port Townsend is a city of two parts, differing widely from each other. One part is on the sands, and the other on the bluff that overlooks them. We may regard these as Port Townsend the Ancient and Port Townsend the Modern. Port Townsend the Ancient may again be divided into the East and the West. The East contains the "rancheree" of the Duke of York and his vassals. The West includes the Custom-house, the Masonic Hall, the Good Templars' Hall, the hotel, several whisky saloons, and other places of business. In Port Townsend the Modern are the Marine Hospital, the school-house, the church, and neat residences of the more prominent citizens. As we approached, the big cannon which they have lately secured vigorously blazed away, and the wharf was covered with the citizens, old and young, white and red. The boys called lustily for a speech from the old man. He did not see it at first; but, with a little coaxing, at last mounted the rostrum—the deck of the steamer—and said something like this: "You have got a splendid country here. What you need is population. Now don't be foolish and send any from your gate. Take all you can get—Boston man and Irishman, white man and black man, and John Chinaman, if he will come. You have room for all. You can make something of them,

THE DUKE OF YORK.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

and they will help you to cut down the forest, and enable this to become a great and prosperous place. God bless you, my boys, and keep you all honest and loyal!"

INDIAN GIRLS AND CANOE.

Port Townsend has hitherto enjoyed no enviable notoriety for smuggling and whisky drinking through the humorous descriptions of Ross Browne, and T. Winthrop. If they were here now they would find occasion to change their opinions. No better society can be found any where than here in the Ultima Thule of Uncle Sam's dominion, and no more enterprising band of citizens.

We saw amidst the throng an old friend of theirs formerly sketched in this Magazine—the Duke of York—the chief of the Clallam Indians. The Duke appeared also to have mended his ways, and to have renounced "potlum." Not drunk, he was out with the earliest to give welcome to one of Uncle Sam's "Tyas Tayees," or big chiefs. Instead of having his feet dangling from under the "pississy" or blankets, he was rigged in veritable pants, and sported a Tyrolese hat with a red feather. "Halo tenas Tayee," (no small chief is he), and he lords it over his fishy vassals with despotic sway. No canoe can here be secured without a reference to the Duke of York and arrangement of terms with him. We present the portrait of him and family in their last stage of development. It is gratifying to know that his wives, Queen Victoria and Jenny Lind, still survive and are well. Queen Victoria does washing for the lieges, and is deemed honest and careful by her patrons. Jenny Lind, though long the court favorite, is both drunken and lazy.

CHINOOK WOMAN AND CHILD.

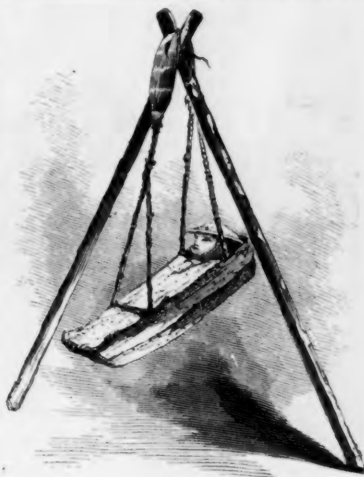
Here, as elsewhere on this coast, we perceive the last of the red man side by side with the first of the white men—the dying race and the growing race strangely intermingled. At Victoria we saw the residence of the Governor and officials on one side of the harbor, and the "rancheree" of King Frisi and the dilapidated remnant of the Songhish tribe on the other. As we look over the side of

our vessel at Port Townsend we see two Clallam girls in their Chinook canoe sitting at ease. Thus have the Duke of York and such as he sat at ease for centuries in their salmon-scented halls. In the midst of good opportunities, in one of the best fields of the world, they have lived out their time in idleness and sensuality, their industries never rising higher than skulking round the forest and shooting the elk, or sleepily dozing in their canoes, and spearing the salmon as he darted along; their pleasures never ranging beyond the hideous "potlatch," when, with wild screams and savage joy, the tribal crew mounted the roof of their "rancheree," and flung their long-stored blankets to maddened "tilicums" (companions) beneath. Their time has come, and their portion is another's. Even now they have lost the enthusiasm of the savage, without gaining the wisdom of the white man. They are letting their time-cherished customs drop as things of death. In this country of the Flatheads, where for centuries the Clallam belle has been rated according to the taper of her "caput," we find comparatively few mothers thus preparing their offspring for social position. Occasionally we see a Clallam conservative, some frowsy old crone from the Chehalis or the Querquelin, sitting with the instruments of torture applied to the hope of the family. Down at Cape Flattery, where they hunt the seal and gather the dog-fish oil, they preserve this ancient feature of their race. Our sketch shows the means applied. Some of them boast that the chignon is only an attempt on the part of other belles to copy their native graces. More than one have we seen with a piece of solid bark rolled up in their hair in imitation of the fashionable chignon.

On the whole, these dusky mothers take but little trouble with their offspring. The "tenas man" (small man), when born, is wrapped in a piece of old four-point blanket, covered over with the soft bark of the willow or dog-wood, laced up tightly in his cradle of wicker-work, and left to take care of himself. Kick or sprawl he can not, and his bawling pleases himself and hurts no one. Generally he is a contented little animal as he is tossed around in his basket, or swings from his pole or the branch of a tree in the great forest.

Port Townsend is another of the aspirants for future greatness. Its claims are: 1. Easy access from the sea. 2. The possession of a commodious and well-sheltered harbor. 3. The proposal by the Federal Government to erect fortifications around on Port Marrowstone, Port Wilson, Admiralty Head, and Port Partridge on Whidby Island.

Here we received on board an addition to our party, and steamed further up the sound between high sand-clay bluffs that rise on either side. Nine miles up we came to a city built on saw-dust foundations. Out here we name every place a city from a log shanty and an old horse upward. This city is named Port Ludlow. At the lumber-mill there are one



THE "TENAS MAN."

hundred hands employed, and they can turn out 40,000 feet of lumber per day. After other nine miles we touched at another city—the fac-simile of the former, named Port Gamble. What a pity they did not keep the old Indian name Teekalet! Here they have from 300 to 400 hands employed, and can turn out 100,000 feet in twelve hours.* The "boys" had no cannon; but they had loaded up a couple of anvils, and made them do duty instead. They also brought out their pet to show to "the Governor"—said pet being a two-year-old elk which they had caught and tamed. The pet is already a lusty animal weighing 400 pounds, and it took four men to bring him down—two at his head and two at his heels.

Near to the mills is the real Teekalet, a lodge of Indians who are fast dying out. Indeed, all the race are fast dying out except those collected on the reservations. After all the talk that has been made about the Indian policy, it is the only humane policy with these helpless creatures. It may not save them, but it protects them for a time from ills with which they are ill-fitted to cope. For instance, there are about 3000 Indians, representing twenty-five tribes, gathered on the Tulalip Reservations across the country, forty miles from this. There they are under the constraint of the Superintendent. The youths are taught to be useful by resident carpenters, blacksmiths, etc. The girls are gathered into schools, and taught the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic, as well as the common processes of the household. Some of them can even play the piano and the melodeon. Among them there labors Father Chirouse, a missionary of the Roman Catholic

* This mill, owned by Pope, Talbot, and Co., has recently been greatly enlarged. They have a fleet of twenty-two vessels in constant service.

THE "MEMOLOOSE HOUSE," OR CEMETERY.

Church, who for twenty years has been their great "Sacra Tayee," and whose influence has been powerful for good. Even there they are decreasing at the rate of ten per cent., while here they are perishing speedily by disease and drunkenness. It is all very well to say that these scattered tribes, such as the Teekalet, preserve their ancient liberty. It is no blessing to them, and they are a bane to the white settlers around. Better drive them off to the reservations. These squalid creatures have little of the spirit of the old braves. They are singularly dull and uninteresting. Few of their customs have any romance about them, and all their arts are of the rudest kind. Their highest efforts are exhibited in their ranch-poles and grave-yards—the "Memoloose," or dead-houses, as they call them. We present a sketch of one near to this.

Leaving Port Gamble, or Teekalet, as we prefer to call it, we continue a winding course for sixteen miles, and reach a beautiful settlement named Port Madison, in the forest around the mills of Meigs and Co. This is a model establishment. The men, instead of burrowing in mean shanties, with their squaws hanging around, appear to have settled down in decent homes. There are all the pleasing manifestations of family life, and by the stringent regulation of the proprietors, not a drop of liquor can be sold in the place. Consequently all the drunk and disorderlies soon clear out, and those who remain call it the mint, as they can save money. The ordinary wages are from $40 to $100 per month, with board and house rent, here and elsewhere on the sound. At Port Madison there are two hundred hands employed, and they can turn out 40,000 feet of lumber per day.

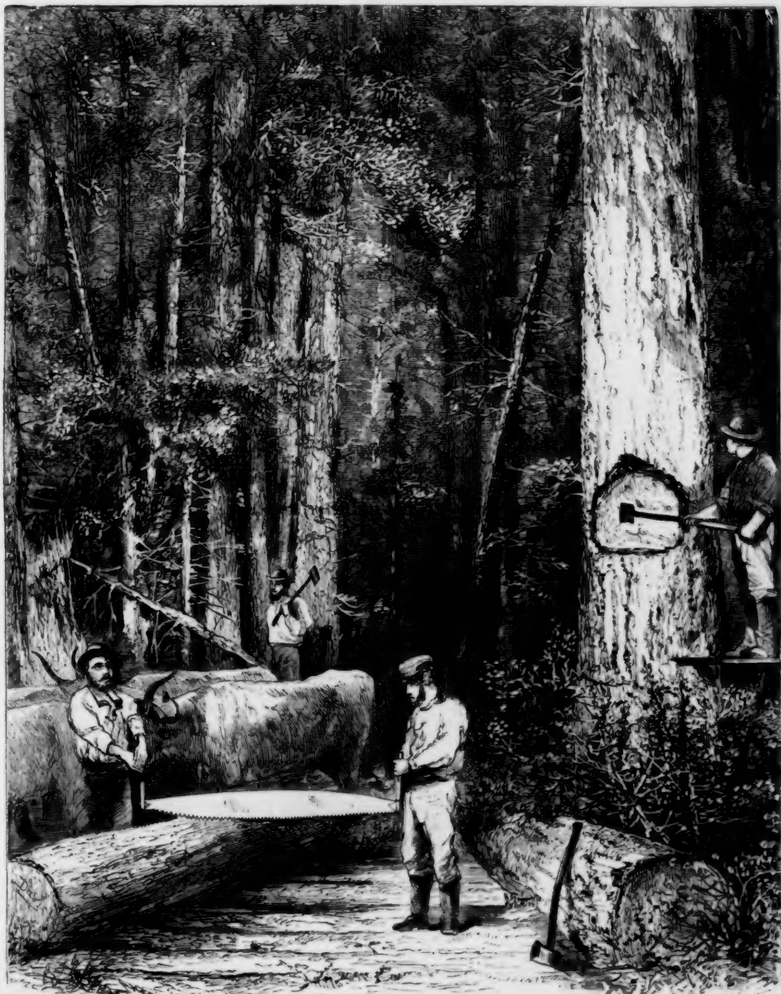
"Lumbering on the sound" is the staple employment of the floating population. There have drifted hither men of all kinds, from all parts. Some from the shores of Maine and New Brunswick, able to build a ship and sail her; and hardy wood-choppers from Canada and Nova Scotia generally make some of the mills their resting-place. The majority, however, merely seek in them the opportunity of recruiting for other schemes. "Big Larry" owns an interest in a claim in Cariboo, and winters here to prepare himself for future assessments. "Chipps" has failed in some more ambitious attempt, and settled down at a saw till he has money enough to try another. "California Peter" has been roving over the land, fluming a gulch at one time and trapping furs at another, and has turned in among "the boys;" but six months hence will turn up on board a cruiser on the coast of Mexico. In a few months the hands will be increased by an influx from Montana and the Blackfoot country, from British Columbia and the Saskatchewan. A roving, restless race, they are gathered only to be scattered. At each station there are two bands—those engaged at lumbering in the woods and those at the mills. The lumbering is usually done by contract. The leader, or "boss" of the band, makes an arrangement to deliver logs at so much per thousand feet. Forthwith he leads his men to a spot in the forest where the best logs may be found. This is not difficult to find, where the trees (the *Abies douglasii*) are from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty feet high. The giant tree having been felled, is then cut into lengths, which are hauled by oxen to the water's edge, and piled together to form a boom. In course of time a tug comes along and bears away the booms to the saw-mill, where they are soon cut up into boards, and dispatched to San Francisco, Valparaiso, Honolulu, China, and Australia. The demand for the Puget Sound lumber has been steady, and is annually increasing. Several vessels may be descried at any time in the strait, either entering for or leaving with lumber.

We now have a longer stretch to Seattle, the next stopping-place. The conversation sustained made the way seem short. Men from Washington and men of the West regaled each other with their "experiences." Judge Hastings gave stories of early California days,

and the last from Rome, which he recently visited. We had received on board, at Port Townsend, J. G. Swan, Esq., long identified with Washington Territory, and one of the best informed in regard to its history. For several years he resided on the Querquelin River, near Shoalwater Bay, and thus described

"OUR FIRST ELECTION.

"We had reached that point in the history of the Territory when we were called upon to elect our officers for the Territory and the county. This was looked upon by the boys as a farce (what did we want of laws? we were a law unto ourselves); so among other officers they elected John W. Champ justice of the peace, and Charles W. Denter constable. Now Champ was a *character* to serve as justice—sixty-five years of age, tall, wiry, and muscular, with an iron constitution that had withstood the rough and tumble of a long border life. He was fond of old rye, and was occasionally noisy and rough, though generally kindly and sensible. The constable, or 'Big Charley,' was a good-natured, lazy fellow, who had begun life as a lumberman in Maine, had then shipped on board a whaler, and like some old spar had been washed up into the bay without exactly knowing when, where, or how. Clever and handy, he yet preferred his ease and



LUMBERING IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY—PREPARING LOGS.

a bottle of whisky to any thing else. We thought justice and constable would do very well. Formerly we had been very peaceable, any little 'trouble' that arose being easily settled with a fist fight. But now that we had a Squire, every one seemed anxious to bring him some business, and it was not long before the justice held his first court.

"A man left in charge of a store was found to have stolen a small sum of money. Charley was ordered to proceed at once and arrest him. Charley started; but, afraid of resistance, did it in his own way. Walking in where the chap was sitting he asked him for a drink. Bowman said he had nothing. 'Well,' said Charley, 'old Champ has just got a demijohn of first-rate whisky. S'pose we walk down there and get some.' The other at once consented, and the pair went down to the Squire's. The boys began to collect, and at last the Squire, who had been out feeding his chickens and wetting his whistle, came in and took a seat.

"'Order in the court!' said he; then, facing the prisoner, he addressed him thus:

"'Well, this is a pretty how-d'ye-do; what have you been about, hey?'

"'What have I been about?' asked Bowman, with surprise; 'nothing in particular that I know of. Where's your whisky, Squire?'

"'Where's my whisky?' said the Squire, now getting into a rage—'where's my whisky? Don't you know you're 'rested? And do you think to throw contempt on my court by asking for whisky?'

"'I did not know I was 'rested; pray, what is the charge?'

"'Why, you big loafer,' said Champ to the constable, 'didn't you show that paper to Bowman?'

"'Yes, I did,' said Charley.

"'I never saw it,' said Bowman.

"Champ then, expressing his disgust at Charley, ordered him to arrest Bowman forthwith, which he did, and produced the paper (which after all was simply a notice to quit, supplied by the sheriff by way of a ruse).

"Bowman read it, and remarked that it was not a warrant, and then inquired of what he was accused.

"'What are you 'cused of?' said the Squire; 'why, you're 'cused of stealing money.'

"'I should like to know who accuses me, and who are the witnesses against me?'

"'See here, Bowman,' says the Squire, 'I don't want any witnesses; and as for who accuses you, why, I accuse you, and every body on the beach accuses you, and you know you are guilty as well as I do. There is no use of wasting time over the matter. I am bound to sentence you, and my sentence is, that you leave the bay in twenty-four hours, or receive fifty lashes if you are here after that time.'

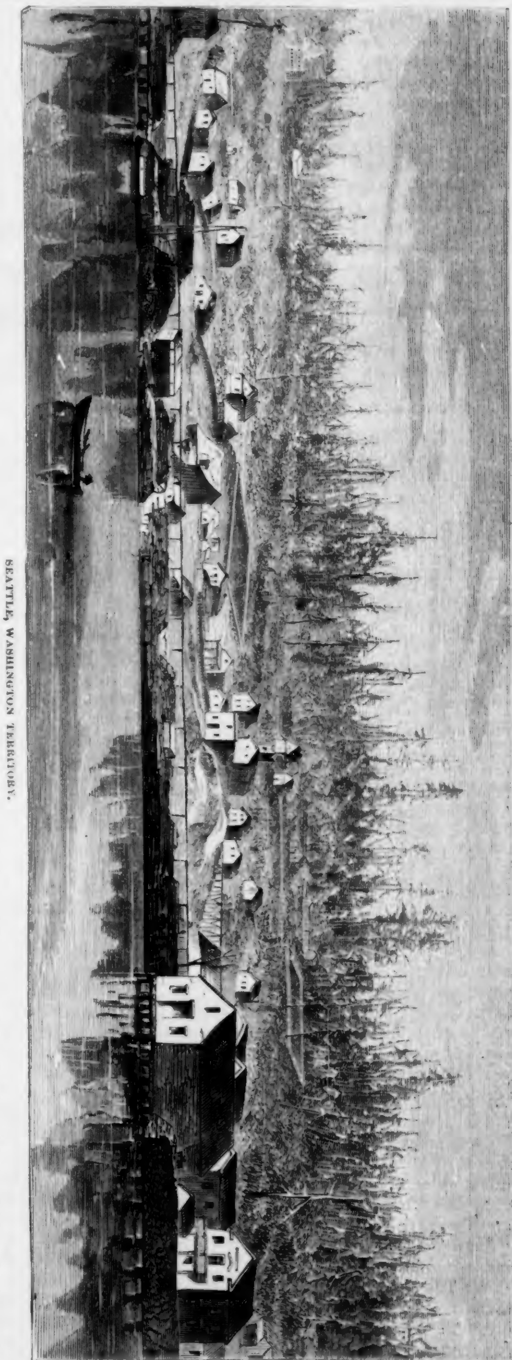
"He started for Astoria and was seen no more. The ends of justice were fully satisfied.

"Joe's case was the next. He was accused of setting a boat adrift. He protested that he was innocent. It was suggested that it might have been taken by Jake for a day's fishing, and better confine the prisoner till Jake returned. This was agreed to, but where were they to confine him? Champ's hen-house was proposed, and into it Joe was thrust. Now Champ's hen-house was no slim affair, but a solid log-house as strong as a fort. In the afternoon Jake and the boat returned, so they went to liberate Joe. But here another case was presented, for they found him very quietly engaged in sucking eggs. This new felony enraged Champ more than the other. He was for flogging him immediately, but the boys put him on board a boat going out. Thus we rid ourselves of two thieves." Mr. Swan's description is true to the life of our Territorial beginnings.

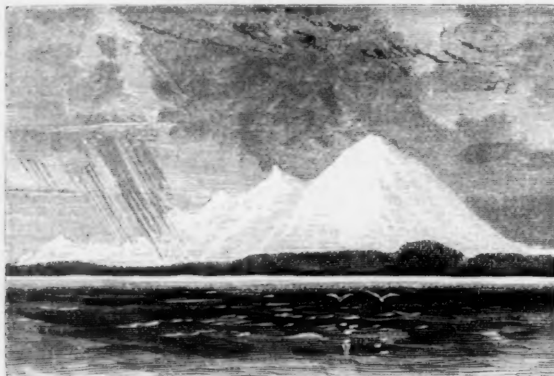
Thus pleasantly the time passed, and we reach Seattle, sixty miles from Port Townsend. Seattle, the seat of a former tribe called by that name, has been a place of some importance since 1853. It acquired additional vitality through the discovery of coal a few years ago, and still more during the last few months by the popular belief that it is *the* place—the great terminus. The lands for miles around have been bought by speculators, divided into lots, and auctioned off in Victoria, through the Willamette Valley, and even in San Francisco. Nine months ago there were not more than 500 people in it, now there are 1000. The inhabitants had scarcely got over the excitement of a visit from the directors and officials of the North Pacific Railway, accompanied by George Francis Train, who had been with them a few days before. The two combined had been evidently too much for them. Train had given a lecture. Subject—George Francis Train. He described his orphanage in the city of New Orleans, his pious education by a Puritan aunt, his labors in the house of his uncle, Enoch Train and Co., Boston; his speculation in Melbourne, by which he cleared $140,000; his wife's speculation in Omaha, which gives her half of all the lots in that city; and his palatial mansion in Rhode Island. He also spoke very freely of his election to the Presidency in 1872, and gave an invitation to come and see him at the White House. I do not know what else he can do, but assuredly he can lecture. The visit of the directors, much as the lieges were interested in the railway, was nothing to that of Train. His lecture was the theme of the day. They had just bade him good-by *en masse*, when they were called upon to welcome Seward. This they also did with a will. Having had one lecture, they were sure of another from Seward. The evening had come, and they pressed him hard to stay over. He would not do it, and got off from the speech by promising to shake hands all round. This was done in returning, and every man, woman, and child had been prepared for the ceremony. As the apparently endless circle swept past, his affability and gracefulness to each were very no-

ticeable. He told the writer afterward that he always calculated on doing this at the rate of *ten in a minute.* As it took him nearly an hour to do Seattle, he must have seen nearly the entire population.

The most prominent building in Seattle is the Territorial University, which occupies a commanding site upon the hill. Its site here was secured by the politic management of a few citizens, and the subject is rather a sore one to their brethren in some of the other towns, especially in Olympia, the capital. The University is a pretentious edifice, but boasts at present of only one professor and a limited number of pupils. They have discovered coal of good quality about ten miles from the city, near Washington Lake. It is a tertiary lignite of the miocene age. The analysis gives: carbon, 47.63; bitumen, 50.22; ash, 2.15. It is part of the great tertiary bed which extends from California northward through Oregon, Washington Territory, to the southern end of British Columbia and Vancouver Island, and which has already been wrought at Monte Diabolo in California, Coose Bay in Oregon, and Bellingham Bay in Washington Territory. The seam, which pitches at an angle of 45°, crops out in several places around Washington Lake, and is about two feet thick. A company has already made two tunnels into it—one 170 feet long, and the other about 50 feet. Certainly, if Seattle were made the terminus of the proposed railway, King County could supply plenty of good coal and fresh water; but we shall see. The harbor is not quite so large as it seems, the half of it being a mud-flat; but this could be built over, and beyond there is good anchorage. Seattle has the invariable sawdust wharf and lumber-mill of the sound cities. They can turn out at the mill 30,000 feet of lumber per day. At Freeport, on the opposite side of the harbor, there is a mill of equal capacity. Seattle has considerably exercised the



SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.



"TACOMA," OR MOUNT RAINIER, FROM OUR CAMP 120 MILES AWAY.

land speculators in these parts. "Seattle lots" are offered for sale all the way to San Francisco at prices varying from $50 to $500. From this to Olympia, at the head of the sound, all the eligible lands have been taken up. This has been occasioned in great part by the fact that the "Snowqualmie Pass" is comparatively near—about eighty miles from Seattle. The old military road from Walla Walla (such as it was) came over the Natchez Pass further north; but it is now generally abandoned for that by the Snowqualmie. To reach the sound from the east the railway must cross the Cascade range, which is from 6000 to 10,000 feet high, and very steep. Much depends upon the pass. Although there had long been an Indian trail over the Snowqualmie, yet it was not thought much of till recently. A few years ago an enterprising band from Seattle went up and discovered that it was gentler in ascent, and the summit lower, than any of the passes previously in use. More recent explorations have established the fact that it is only 3700 feet high; and already the immigrant wagons—the prairie schooners—make their way through it in preference to the Natchez, which is 5000 feet high. The "Yakima," the long, rich valley of the Klickatats, leads up to it from Walla Walla, to which the line will probably come on the other side. This is also in favor of the Snowqualmie Pass being chosen; for it is in the region around the Cascades, and not at the Rocky Mountains, that engineering difficulties will be encountered. Great interest has thus been attached to the Snowqualmie, and the people of Seattle regard it as their hope and boast. There is an interesting waterfall 270 feet high on the river about sixty miles from town, and with great enthusiasm they treat their friends with a trip to the "Snowqualmie Falls." The trip is worth staying even a week to make.

We left Seattle late in the evening. The sound now presented the grandest of her scenery. The forests were on fire, and the flames glimmered and danced on the hills around. The clear moonlight fell upon the waters and lent an air of witchery to the picture. We had now turned the corner of the Olympic range, which rises up in bold outline behind us. An opening in the woods here reveals Mount Rainier, ninety miles off on our left. This is the queen of the Cascade range, the fairest, stateliest, and purest of all its peaks. It has no rugged shoulders like Mount Baker, but rises up in a clean-cut sugar-loaf shape to a height of 14,000 feet. In its silence and solitariness it speaks to the innermost depths of our nature. But, my reader,

> "If you would see Rainier aright,
> Go view it by the witching moonlight."

This was *our* good fortune, when all its transcendent loveliness was full disclosed. The impression created by its snowy gracefulness, its calm majesty, can never be effaced. We may wander to the farthest corner of the earth, but the *image*, the *look*, of that mountain in the moonlight will not wear away. All eyes were spell-bound by its beauty until the woods intervened and shut it out from sight.

Now another and different object becomes the centre of attraction. We are called out from the cabin to view a Western city in its infancy—the fledgeling of a summer, that is to rise and spread its wings with railway speed. It is well that the world should know the name of this future New York of the West. "Ta-cōm-ah" they call it now, though, before Governor Stevens and his "Memoloose" men came along, the Indians said Tac'-o-mah'. The Tacomites argue in this way: "It is almost certain that the railway must cross the Cascade range by the Snowqualmie Pass — now *if*," and on this hang the fortunes of the Tacomites—"if the railway come through this pass, Tacoma is the nearest point on the sea. From the pass to the water's edge there is much level prairie land; the grades would be easy on either side; the country is open, fertile, and full of coal; the line will be twelve miles shorter than the Seattle." The difficulty of ships going further up the sound is very much increased by the "Narrows" immediately beyond. The tides rush very rapidly through these, and impede the navigation. The harbor is spacious, and the anchorage, though deep, is good. The land is taken up all around. Tacoma on paper boasts of streets, and squares, and wharves, yet one sees merely a clearing in the forest—a few piles of lumber, one hotel, one store, two whisky saloons, and several un-

finished buildings. The hotel has been established by a Cariboo miner, H. N. Steele, one of the first that "struck it rich." He lost his luck there, but believes that here fortune will smile upon him, and that the "Steele Claim" in Tacomah will rival the old "Steele Claim" of Cariboo. Another enthusiast has established a saw-mill, which is driving away, and turning out plenty of lumber for the buildings that are to be.

After midnight we arrive at Steilacoom and cast anchor. The good folks have evidently given up hope of our arrival, and have all retired. Fort Steilacoom may be termed the modern ancient among the settlements. It formerly enjoyed some importance, being near to the fort of the Hudson Bay Company at Nisqually, and finally as a military post of the United States. The Hudson Bay fort at Nisqually, six miles from the city, was built by Dr. Johnil in 1846, and is still represented by a chief-trader and his staff—some old Scotchmen, a retinue of half-breeds, and an extensive vassalage of "Siwashes." It is an inclosure 240 feet square, surmounted by the ordinary bastions at the four corners, and boasts of three guns, a blacksmith's shop, a store, etc. The troops were removed from this post in 1866, and taken to Sitka, so the inhabitants are left to dream of future prosperity through the coming railway. Lots are going up.

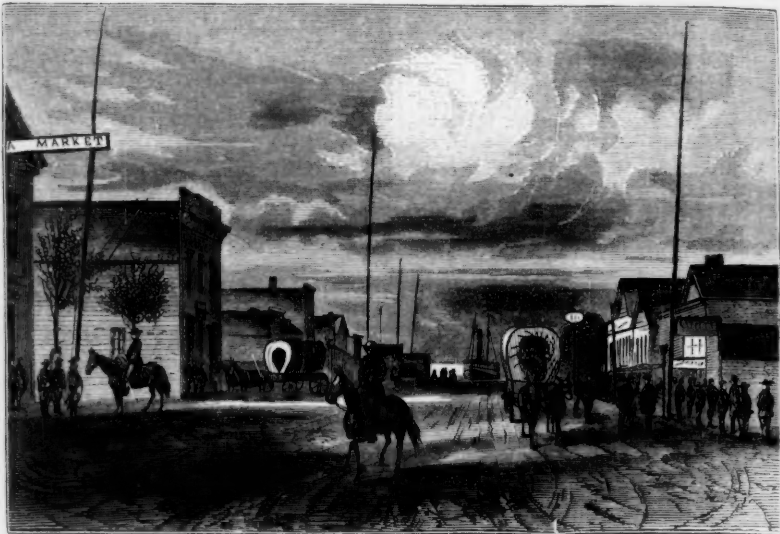
We get away in the morning before the lieges are aroused. As we near a spot half-way between Steilacoom and Olympia, we hear a voice saying, "There it is—that's the place." "What place?" we ask. "*The place*—New Jerusalem—the site of the big city." We gaze, but we can discern nothing but wood and water. "That's it," reiterate several who appear particularly interested, and forthwith the captain of the surveying vessel takes out of his pocket the neatly engrossed plan of a large city, with wharves, squares, and streets marked on it—"New Jerusalem" being printed in luminous letters over it. And this will be the place, if eloquence and interest can make it. "New Jerusalem" is the nest-egg laid by several of the government officials and other knowing ones. They will have it here if they can. The view of New Jerusalem is not, however, very interesting at present, except on the map. Not even a hunter's shanty breaks its monotony.

Before breakfast we approach Olympia. The name may seem ambitious, but it is in no way inappropriate. Nestling among the hills, it looks out upon the snowy Olympus—the highest and most beautiful peak of the Olympic range. The harbor is peculiar. The tides rise and fall twenty feet; so that every day an extensive mud-flat is disclosed. While at certain periods some of the streets are under water, at others ocean steamers can not approach within four miles of the city. Still, the Olympians are calmly confident, and look with contempt on the claims of the other bantling cities to rival it. They think in this wise: "Olympia fuit," ergo "Olympia fuerit." It *has* been the capital, the seat of government; it is the head of navigation; it is nearest to Portland, to or from which there must be a branch; it is the readiest opening to the sea; it has an extensive agricultural country behind it; therefore, "Floreat Olympia." These mud-flats where the Klootchmen gather clams shall yet be built up into spacious streets; these quiet waters in which the Clallam darts his fish-spear shall yet be covered with fleets from "Cathay, Cipango, and the Indies." If the directors can be won by beauty, they will plant here the mighty city. Already they have made the most of their site. The streets are delightfully shaded by rows of poplar and maple, and the trim dwellings look out from teeming orchards. Old Horace speaks about cutting off a pleasant half of the day in a shady place. Commend me to Olympia for this operation. Sitting in front of the "Tacomah," under the cooling shade of the trees, with a sherry-cobbler in hand, looking out upon the bay between the rising hills, one is "king o'er a' the ills o' life." Its attractions have secured better society than can be found in towns of its size any where. Houses are at a premium, and sleeping-room scarcely to be had. Blessings on thee, gem of the West! When we get old we shall seek in thee a resting-place!

If Athens had its Mars' Hill, Olympia has its equal in the shoulder that stretches two miles beyond, overlooking the extension of the bay, and filled with all goodly groves, and sheltering shady pools, where the silvery salmon grab the flies on the summer day. At the end of this shoulder the lively Tumwater leaps in with a sort of hop, skip, and jump, forming a series of three beautiful waterfalls, as a final effort before losing itself forever in the sea.

"A speech—a speech!" cries the deputation of citizens—said deputation backed by the citizens themselves. "To Tumwater!" roars Seward. A compromise was made: "Tumwater Falls first, a speech after." We made for the falls. No great roaring, brawling avalanche of waters are these. They are comely, picturesque, unique. From pool to pool they flow, their spray dancing on the sentinel pines around. The road passes down by a bridge beneath them, from which you can look up and see them all at once above you. But no time for poetry now; lunch and the speech are before us. The lunch was like other lunches—rather better; the speech an easy, kindly flow of good feeling, as from a father speaking to his children; and then the shaking of hands—hard hands and soft ones, hard ones preponderating.

When evening comes we return to the steamer, and start back. As morning breaks we are again at Port Townsend. We now sail northward, and all at once pass Muckleteo—also a candidate for future greatness—and next Whidby Island, another candidate. The harbor on the inside of the island has been strongly recommended in former surveys made by General M'Clellan and Governor Stevens for the



STREET IN OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

North Pacific Railway. It is separated from the main land—but only by the Swinomish Slough, a broad marshy tract, which settlers are now dyking and draining, and turning into fertile land—and by a narrow channel, which can be easily bridged.

The island, fifty miles in length, is fertile, and, in great part, cultivated by a hardy, happy race of Good Templars, who deserve all the good fortune that may come to them. Further on we pass Fidalgo Island, having similar claims. It is right in the teeth of vessels coming up the strait. Away on our right is Bellingham Bay, another candidate, and the last. The bay is a semicircle, six miles in length. Here there is a large coal-mine, skillfully worked, and already a small railway from the mine to the harbor. According to the Superintendent, and to others also, this railway is the extreme end of "The Great Northern." Bellingham Bay is the Liverpool of the West, and its proprietors the luckiest men of the continent. Before making up among the numerous islands, and over the line to the British possessions, let us settle the question of the city's site. We have had with us Von Smythe, one of the great engineers of the coast; at each stopping-place we have received on board interested advocates of the several sites; so surely we will be able to make it out. Port Discovery, Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Steilacoom, New Jerusalem, Olympia, Muckleteo, Whidby Island, Fidalgo Island, Bellingham Bay—which shall it be?

In scanning the line of the proposed route, we are sure of several points far eastward. It will cross the Rocky Mountains at Cadott's Pass, and run thence to Pend-O-Reille. By recent legislation in Congress, it is brought to a point on the Columbia River, where it will connect with the line of river and railway communication already established by the Oregon Steamship Company. But this can be only a temporary, not the final termination. The route by Portland is circuitous, and, what is of more importance, no harbor can be found on that part of the coast unattended by serious obstacles to navigation. The mouth of the Columbia is barred by dreadful breakers. Shoalwater Bay and Gray's Harbor can not be entered by vessels of ordinary tonnage. It is therefore a necessity that the line of railway be completed to some point on the Puget Sound, where many desirable sites and harbors are presented, combining the varied advantages of good anchorage and shelter, easy access and defense, and plenty of wood, coal, and water. Where all are so good, it may be difficult to make the best possible selection. All the places within Port Wilson—Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Steilacoom, New Jerusalem, and Olympia—will be well defended by the proposed fortifications around that point. Of these, Port Townsend and Seattle have the best anchorage—from fifteen to twenty fathoms. From the fact that there must be a branch to Portland, Olympia, at the head of this inland sea, would appear to be the nearest and most convenient dépôt; but this advantage is balanced by the consideration that it is beyond the "Narrows," which adds to the difficulty and expense of bringing vessels to its harbor. Seattle, Tacoma, and Port Townsend have an advantage in this respect. If we look at the harbors beyond Port Wilson, we see, that while Whidby Island, Fidalgo Island, and Bellingham Bay can not be so thoroughly defended, they are of

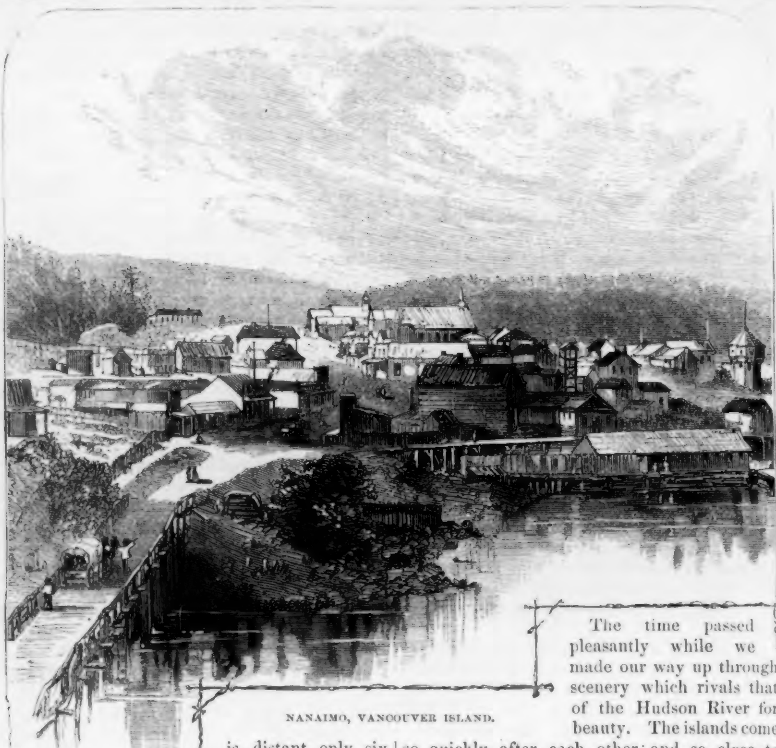
easier access from the sea. This whole matter—the selection of the city's site and railway dépôt—depends really upon the pass chosen through the Cascade range. In these northern parts the passage through the Rocky Mountains is comparatively easy to that through the range nearer the coast. This range, as stated, rises steeply to from 6000 to 10,000 feet, and is a dividing wall. It seems decided that the route will be through Cadott's Pass, in the Rocky Mountains, near the Kostanie country, close to the 49th parallel. But whither after that? This depends upon the pass up the Cascades deemed most practicable. Now there are five to choose from: 1. The Cowlitz Pass, supposed to be 5000 feet high. 2. The Snowqualmie Pass, known to be 3700 feet high. 3. The Natchez Pass, 5000 feet high. 4. Cady's Pass, 5000 feet high. 5. The Skatchet Pass, near Mount Baker, supposed to be 3000 feet high. Now, if the railway be brought direct from the Kostanie, through the Spokane country, and over the Skatchet Pass (both deemed practicable, though not thoroughly explored and surveyed), then assuredly it must terminate at or near Bellingham Bay; and if brought through the Snowqualmie Pass (the best so far as surely ascertained), Tacoma is the nearest point on the sound, distant about sixty-five miles—Seattle, about seventy-five miles, being next.

And if it be determined to put the main line to Olympia, in order to let the branch to Portland strike off there, then in course of time an extension will be made up the west side of the sound along Hood's Canal to Port Townsend or Port Discovery.

This, my reader, is all that is known about either the passes or ports, and the probabilities soon to be realities, on this Mediterranean of the Pacific. And with this we dismiss a question that is exercising all the inhabitants of the Territory, and all the land speculators on the coast. Pity to spoil such a summer day with so much that savors of dollars and cents. We leave the railway and the city to come along when and where they like best, and plunge in amidst the numerous islands before us on our way to Nanaimo, where the good ship *Active* has taken in coal, and is waiting for Seward and his party *en route* for Alaska. We are threading our way through the Western Cyclades—islands every where, and yonder San Juan itself.

What *is* the San Juan question? This, my reader, is a red flag, which, with another called "the *Alabama* claims," is shaken occasionally in the face of John Bull to rouse his choler. Serious enough, for more than once it has been nearly the occasion of war between two great countries. In 1859, General Harney, on the part of the United States, planted on the island Captain George Pickett and a company of infantry. Governor Douglas, who resided in Victoria, and represented her Britannic Majesty, dispatched the *Satellite* and the *Tribune*, with instructions to drive them from the island. The Americans in British Columbia threatened to organize as volunteers for the assistance of Captain Pickett, and to hoist the Stars and Stripes over the town of Victoria. Then there would have been war to the knife. Strange to say, just as the *Tribune* had left the harbor of Esquimaux, the commander, Captain Hornby, discovered in the Strait of Fuca the flag of Admiral Baynes, arriving to command the British fleet in the Pacific. He therefore waited for the instructions of his superior officer. The Admiral, seeing that the policy of Governor Douglas would bring about a collision which might result in war, at once countermanded the orders, stating that it was a question to be settled by the home governments.

After all—would the reader believe it?—the "San Juan Difficulty," as it is gracefully termed in these parts, has arisen from the mere scrape of a pen. Great Britain claimed Oregon north of the Columbia River; the United States claimed all south of latitude 54° 40′. In 1846 that grand compromise called the Ashburton Treaty accepted the 49th parallel as the boundary line. But this line, if drawn across, would have cut off the tail end of Vancouver Island. It was therefore stated in the treaty that, after leaving the main land, it shall go southward, *through the middle of the channel*, to the Strait of Fuca. The treaty appears to have been made under the erroneous impression that there was only one channel between the main land and Vancouver Island. At the time, the *Rosario Strait* was the best known, and the most commonly used; the Haro Strait has since been surveyed, and is the most direct and best channel. Now the island, or rather the islands, for there are thirty of them, lie between these two straits; so, *if the line passing through the middle of the channel* means the Rosario Strait, they belong to Britain; but if through the Haro Strait, they belong to the United States. *The channel?* Are we to understand the channel best known in 1845-46, while they were discussing terms, or the *main channel*, as now ascertained by survey? The mere insertion of the four letters H A R O would have prevented the "difficulty." More has been made of the question than it really deserves. San Juan, Orcas, and Lopez islands (each about ten miles long, and from one to three miles wide) are fertile; but, where land is so plentiful, we need not take their gain or loss as a matter of life and death; and we beg very respectfully to settle the whole difficulty, and submit the following proposal to all concerned: During the survey in 1858 a middle channel was discovered, called the Douglas Channel. If it were taken as the boundary, San Juan and a few islands would fall to the English; Orcas, Lopez, and all the others to the United States. San Juan is of more importance to the English than to the United States; for, though it does not command the harbor of Victoria, as was ignorantly stated by the British Foreign Secretary, yet it



NANAIMO, VANCOUVER ISLAND.

The time passed pleasantly while we made our way up through scenery which rivals that of the Hudson River for beauty. The islands come so quickly after each other, and so close to each other, that it seems as if we were sailing on some magnificent inland river. Galiano, in particular, impressed us. It rises like a high perpendicular wall, 280 feet high, its basaltic columns cut and carved in every variety of form. At 4 o'clock we reach Nanaimo, and find the *Active* in waiting. This place has acquired some importance as the head-quarters of the Vancouver Coal Company. It is a village of five hundred inhabitants, including seventy or eighty miners. Last year the Company exported 50,000 tons, and declared a dividend of fifteen per cent. It is used all over the coast for steaming and domestic purposes. An analysis gives: carbon, 63.93; hydrogen, 5.32; nitrogen, 1.02; sulphur, 2.20; oxygen, 8.70; ash, 15.83. It was discovered in early days, by an old Indian, who has since budded into wonderful respectability, and been made a "Tayee," or big chief of his tribe. It was wrought for many years by the Hudson Bay Company, who transferred it, ten years ago, to the present Company. We took a stroll round the place, visited the mine, the school for Indians, and gathered a few fossils, which are very plentiful around.

is distant only six miles from Vancouver Island, and commands the strait by which ships would pass from Victoria into British Columbia. At present the Americans have a garrison at one end, and the English at the other. There they are, ready to blow each other off at a signal from their chiefs, yet enjoying the most friendly intercourse—assisting each other to hunt the deer and fish the salmon.

"San Juan in sight, Sir," says the pilot, touching his cap to Mr. Seward; "shall I take the Haro or the Rosario channel?" "Take the English channel—I know all about our own." So we enter the Rosario Strait.

Anxious to get his opinion about the matter, I say, "What should be done with the San Juan question?" "Nothing should be done with it, Sir. Let it stand by. Our men will settle up the place, and the question will settle itself." "Cute old man!" I observe; and adjourn to the pilot-box to see how the pilot—a great brawny Kentuckian—would dispose of it. "How would you settle the San Juan question?" "That there island is ours—no doubt about it, Sir; and if the Britishers won't keep to the boundary line that they agreed on, I would just begin where we left off, and bring up the old one. 'Fifty-four forty, or fight!' Them's my terms."

In the preceding part of our journey we had seen the native tribes in their hovels near to the abodes of the white man. Although we

INDIAN SCHOOL AT NANAIMO.

had heard of the reservations, and the schools in more inland places, we had not seen the Indian under the guiding influence of the Saxon until we reached Nanaimo. The tribe is only a ragged fragment of the Cowichans, destined to fade away like all their fellows; but the camp is preserved in excellent order. Every man has his post and something to do.

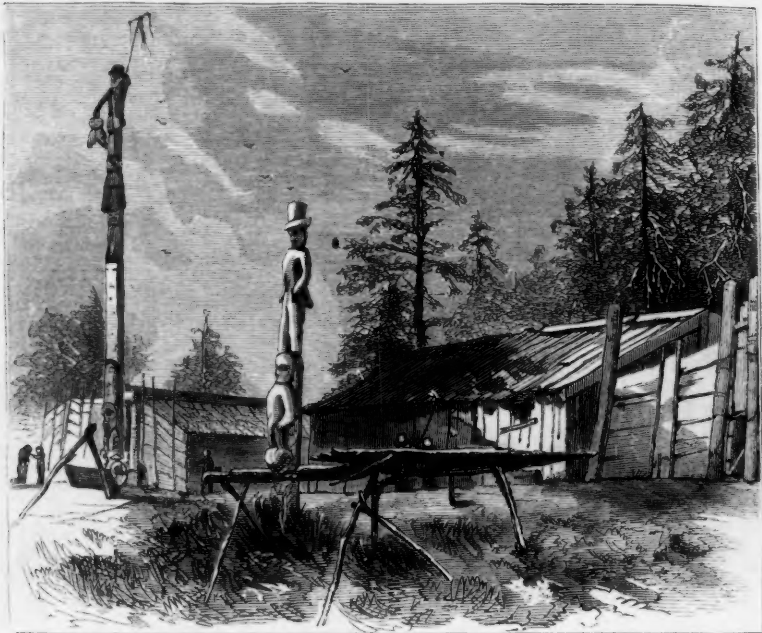
At this place we saw, over the camp of the chief, the enormous roof-trees noticed on the west coast by Vancouver with much surprise. We can not understand how they managed to hoist these huge spars into their places. Two of the largest pines are felled for the uprights, and the roof-tree is stretched on them. The chief's camp is also distinguished by the carved pole in front. This is sometimes nearly 150 feet high, and marked with many a strange device. The entrance to the "rancheree" is usually an elliptic circle burned or cut in the lower end of the pole. In the sketch given of the camp of the Cape Midge Indians—the tribe next to the Nanaimoes—these roof-trees and poles are conspicuous.

After an afternoon thus spent, we returned on board the *Wilson G. Hunt* for our last dinner in her spacious saloon. Our San Francisco friends were to return from this point, so Mr. Seward determined to make an occasion of the dinner. Traveling in the West exhilarates the spirits and sharpens the appetite, so we were thoroughly prepared. There were dispensed soups made of the clams from the shores of the Territory, where they can be raked out at any season, and of oysters from Olympia, where they can be shoveled out like potatoes from a heap; salmon, clear, bright, sparkling, which Von Smythe had engineered from their briny homes on the journey; mutton—the mutton of Vancouver Island, richest and best of all we know; venison from Juan, almost worth fighting for; peaches, luscious and fresh, from California the golden, and Champagne all the way from Auburn, the home of our gallant leader. The company, now scattered, will be ever worth remembering. The old Governor at the head; Frederick Seward at the foot, flanked by Judge Hastings, a pioneer and millionaire of California; Dr. Franklin, one of her Majesty's officers, who had fallen into the rank at Salt Lake; Consul Francis, the representative of his Majesty Uncle Sam in these parts; Dodge, Mayor of Sitka, who had come down to escort his chief to the field; Fitz, of Auburn, a friend of sixty years' standing; Von Smythe, of San Francisco; some officers of the Federal army; several ladies, blooming and beautiful; and the writer. What a "good time" we had away in this remote harbor!

"The Queen!" said the Governor, "in whose dominions we now are. Of all the queens I know, Isabella of Spain, Emma of Sandwich Islands, or her of Madagascar, the noblest and the best!"

"The President, and his representative Consul Francis."

Others followed; the "Star-spangled Banner" was not omitted; and each gave some an-



INDIAN CAMP AT CAPE MUDGE, VANCOUVER ISLAND.

ecdote of former life. The Governor's was called for.

"I remember in old times, when a Universalist preacher first came to Auburn, there was some commotion among the evangelicals. The ministers met, and agreed to preach strongly on the subject on the following Sunday. The Presbyterian, being minister of a leading denomination, prepared himself accordingly. 'My friends,' said he, 'one has entered our midst with heresy. An enemy is scattering tares, by teaching that *all will be saved.* But, my friends, we of this congregation *hope for better things.*' So," continued the Governor, "we have seen that magnificent sheet of water, the Puget Sound, we have seen the little clearings in the great forest, and I think this must be the sentiment formed by all we have seen and heard: *We hope for better things.* We feel the shadow of the great future that is coming along to our people out here."

Vale! Vale! old chief. May you live to see it! The time came for parting; and the Governor, when we last saw him, wrapped in a huge camel's-hair robe, fur gloves reaching to the elbow, surmounted by a shaggy bear-skin cap, from under which peeped and glowed an enormous Havana, was stretched at his ease on the stern of the *Active*—

ON THE WAY TO ALASKA.

A SUNSET MEMORY.

ONCE, as fell the shades of evening,
At the close of the long day,
Sat we, in the lengthening shadows,
In the old time, far away—
Sat we, till the stars came gleaming
Through the twilight soft and gray.

We had watched the golden sunset
Fading in the crimson west,
While upon the glowing hill-tops
Clouds of amber seemed to rest,
Till the twilight closed around them,
In her hazy mantle dressed.

Then I listened to the story
That his lips so fondly told;
Words of passionate devotion,
Words of love that ne'er grow cold·
Filling all my heart with lightness,
Threading all my life with gold.

Always, when the sunset glory
Trails above the western hills,
All the music of that story
Through my inmost being thrills—
Tunes my sad heart to rejoicing,
And with peace my spirit fills.

Since I first Love's nectar tasted
Years have swept to Time's abyss—
All Life's choicest hopes been wasted;
But my visions now of bliss
In that other Life are founded
On the one glad hour in this.

Years may roll and tempests gather,
Storms may cloud youth's azure sky,
Brightest locks may blanch to silver,
Frosts of Time may dim the eye,
But a pure heart's first devotion
Always lives—it can not die.

SOUTH-COAST SAUNTERINGS IN ENGLAND.

[Saunter VI.]

DANE JOHN, CANTERBURY.

CANTERBURY.—II.

WHATEVER may be thought of the cathedrals, here is the chief of them, which has, in its time, given a support and retreat, with ample resources for investigation, to some of the best scholars of our time. But it must be added that few cathedrals can show such good reasons for their existence. Under the influence of Protestantism their history has been one of gradual decline. Four hundred years ago England was divided into twenty-one sees, including the two archiepiscopal ones of Canterbury and York. At the Reformation six were added; but of these two (Bristol and Gloucester) were united, and one (Westminster) suppressed, so that the addition amounted to four. How the system had shrunk may be gathered when this number among thirty millions is compared with the forty-five archbishops and one hundred and ninety-eight bishops who supervise the religious affairs of two-thirds as many people in Italy. Under one of the English bishops there are nine hundred clergymen. Their salaries are all more than that of the President of the United States, while the mass of the clergy are wretchedly paid, some livings in Scotland amounting to but two pounds annually! The most significant thing just now is the demonstration which has recently been given of the practical inutility of the episcopal office. In 1868 four sees had been for some years practically vacant. The Bishop of Winchester, at eighty, was paralyzed; the Bishop of Salisbury was broken down in mind and body; the Bishop of Bath and Wells was the same; the Bishop of Exeter, aged ninety, had not been able to leave his house for twelve years. Yet it is shown that the diocese of either of them got along just as well as when they were in full activity. The bishops feel that this is a dangerous lesson for the clergy and laity to have learned. That they have learned it was shown when Lord Lyttleton proposed, in the House of Lords, to increase the number of bishops. It was estimated that it would cost £150,000 to establish a new see; and the bishops themselves declared that there was no hope of raising the money among the laity. The press declared that the country was too glad at the prospect of getting ecclesiastics out of the House of Lords to put new ones in. So Lord Lyttleton's bill was voted down by the Lords and laughed down outside. The tendency seems to me far more in the direction of cutting down the salaries of bishops, and virtually superseding them with a large number of superintendents of districts, somewhat resembling the presiding elders whom the Methodists find so efficient—men whose offices shall imply work rather than the dignity of peerage and palaces.

It is hardly an abrupt transition from the bishops to the tombs in Canterbury, concerning which I gathered much interesting matter from the venerable Canon. Among them is that of Henry IV. (1413), and of his second wife, Joan of Navarre, who outlived him by twenty-four years. Here he was brought from France at his dying request. The old Yorkist story, that only the coffin was entombed here—the king's body having been thrown in the sea, as a kind of Jonah, to produce a calm (which, of course, followed)—led to a curious scene here some thirty years ago. It was resolved to open the tomb. The result is given in the notes of one of the church dignitaries present on the occasion, which are so curious that I reproduce them here:

"On removing a portion of the marble pavement at the western end of the monument, it was found to have been laid on rubbish composed of lime-dust, small pieces of Caen stone, and a few flints, among which were found two or three pieces of decayed stuff, or silk (perhaps portions of the cloth of gold which covered the coffin), and also a piece of leather. When the rubbish was cleared away, we came to what appeared to be the lid of a wooden case, of very rude form and construction, which the surveyor at once pronounced to be a coffin. It lay east and west, projecting beyond the monument toward the west for about one-third of its length. Upon it, to the east, and entirely within the monument, lay a leaden coffin without any wooden case, of much smaller size and very singular shape, being formed by bending one sheet of lead over another, and soldering them at the junctions. This coffin was supposed to contain the remains of Queen Joan, and was not disturbed. Not being able to take off the lid of the large coffin, as a great portion of its length was under the tomb, and being unwilling to move the alabaster monument for the purpose of getting at it, it was decided to saw through the lid about three feet from what was supposed to be the head of the coffin. And this being done, the piece of wood was carefully removed, and found to be elm, very coarsely worked, about one inch and a half thick, and perfectly sound. Immediately under this elm board was a quantity of hay bands filling the coffin, and upon the surface of them lay a very rude small cross, formed by merely tying two twigs together, thus +. This fell to pieces on being moved. When the hay bands, which were very sound and perfect, were removed, we found a leaden case or coffin, moulded in some degree to the shape of a human figure; and it was at once evident that this had never been disturbed, but lay as it was originally deposited, though it may be difficult to conjecture why it was placed in a case so rude and unsightly, and so much too large for it that the hay bands appeared to have been used to keep it steady. In order to ascertain what was contained in this leaden case, it became necessary to saw through a portion of it; and in this manner an oval piece of the lead, about seven inches long and four inches over at the widest part of it, was carefully removed. Under this we found wrappers which seemed to be of leather, and afterward proved to have been folded five times round the body. The material was firm in its texture, very moist, of a deep brown color, and earthy smell. These wrappers were cut through and lifted off, when, to the astonishment of all present, the face of the deceased king was seen in complete preservation—the nose elevated, the cartilage even remaining, though, on the admission of the air, it sunk rapidly away, and had entirely disappeared before the examination was finished. The skin of the chin was entire, of the consistence and thickness of the upper leather of a shoe, brown and moist; the beard thick and matted, of a deep russet color. The jaws were perfect, and all the teeth in them except one fore-tooth, which had probably been lost during the king's life. The opening of the lead was not large enough to expose the whole of the features, and we did not examine the eyes or forehead. But the surveyor stated that, when he introduced his finger under the wrappers to remove them, he distinctly felt the orbits of the eyes prominent in their sockets. The flesh upon the nose was moist, clammy, and of the same brown color as every other part of the face. Having thus ascertained that the body of the king was actually deposited in the tomb, and that it had never been disturbed, the wrappers were laid again upon the face, the lead drawn back over them, the lid of the coffin put on, the rubbish filled in, and the marble pavement replaced immediately. It should be observed that about three feet from the head of the figure was a remarkable projection in the lead, as if to make room for the hands, that they might be elevated as in prayer."

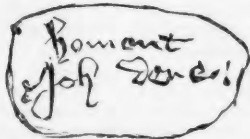
It is very remarkable that while there has never been any hesitation in England to open any distinguished tomb over which a mystery has hung—as those of Henry IV. here and William II. at Winchester—the curse of Shakspeare on any disturber of his bones has prevailed to prevent the exploration of the most mysterious grave of all. A gentleman of Stratford told me that the superstition of that neighborhood about the doggerel lines is so great that he thought even that peaceful village could get up a riot if an attempt were made to open the grave of Shakspeare.

One may think of the old memorial stones of Canterbury as boulders of history, each brought and deposited by some epochal glacier; and of all these the most interesting is that which passed by Cressy and Poitiers, by Nejara and Roncesvalles, bearing the "Prince Noir"—Edward Plantagenet—through all the zones of glory and bleakness, to the day when his body was laid here amidst a mourning never equaled in the history of England. Here lies buried England's long dream of ruling France! His effigy has the strong and handsome features of the Plantagenets. The figure lies in full armor, which still bears traces of the gilding which once made the tomb shine like gold. Above him hang his brazen gauntlets, helmet, shield and velvet coat embroidered with the arms of France and England—all now rusty, tattered, and claiming their part in the French inscription, written by the Black Prince himself, contrasting his former splendor with his form as wasted by death. The most interesting relic is the

SHIELD OF THE BLACK PRINCE.

COAT OF THE BLACK PRINCE.

empty scabbard of the sword wielded in three great battles, which Oliver Cromwell carried away. I was reminded by it of the curious circumstance of John Brown's taking away from Colonel Washington's house at Harper's Ferry a sword which there is reason to believe was the sword of George Washington.* The motto and arms of the Prince of Wales appear here in their original form—*Houmout Ich diene*, and three entirely separated ostrich feathers. It is possible that doubts about the meaning of the first word led to its being discarded; though it is nearly certain that it is *Hoch muth*—the whole motto meaning, "With high spirit, I serve." Whether derived from it or not, the words recall at once the best story about the Prince—how, after conquering the French king at Poitiers, he invited the captive to his table, and waited upon him personally. Nevertheless the abbreviation seems to me happy, and *Ich dien* the right royal motto. The Black Prince used the words as a signature, as may be seen in va-



AUTOGRAPH OF THE BLACK PRINCE.

rious documents yet preserved. He sometimes used one, sometimes three ostrich feathers. The tradition that he won this coat of arms, with his spurs, in his sixteenth year, from the King of Bohemia, at Cressy, is certainly untrue. The Bohemian king's badge was a vulture. The ostrich feathers are traceable on the plate of Philippa, 1369, and were used by all the kings after Edward II. until the seventh Henry, when

* The same which a story, regarded by Mr. Carlyle as very mythical, says was sent him by Frederick the Great, inscribed "From the oldest general to the greatest."

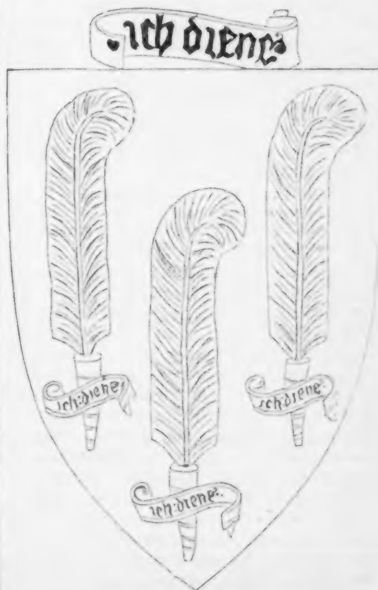
they were appropriated, with his son Arthur, to the Prince of Wales. The old explanation of them is that they signify fleetness in war, but it is more likely to have been hat-plumes. In their ancient form the feathers seem to me to bear an intentional resemblance to certain ancient broadswords, and I can not help thinking that the present fashion of binding their quills together with a fillet is an improvement.

The finest thing to be seen in the architecture external to the cathedral is an old Norman staircase, the most beautiful specimen of ancient Norman work in England.

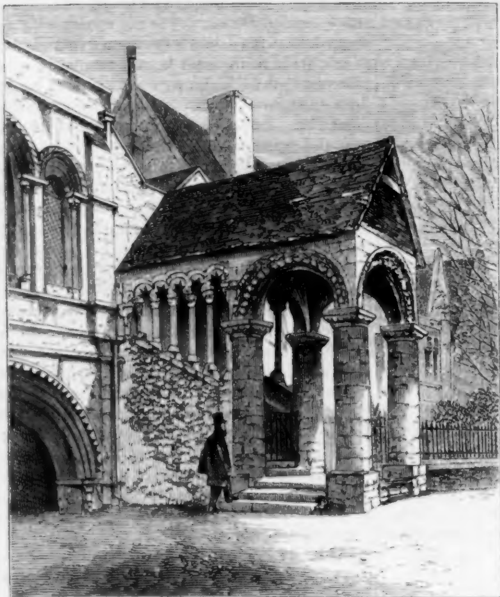
There are other old churches in the city well worth visiting. In the "Church of the Holy Cross," built in 1480, are some queer old carvings on wooden benches, one of which represents two men fighting, with a rose between them—an allusion to the famous struggle between the houses of York and Lancaster. In the church-yard of St. Alfege the tomb of Agnes Halke (1502) has these noticeable lines:

"In this church-yard, so was her chance,
First after the hallowing of the same,
Afore all others here to begin the dance,
Which to all creatures is the loth game."

Summerley, the antiquarian, refers this to the old habit of holding village dances in church-yards, still prevalent in parts of Wales. But undoubtedly the dance mentioned in the epitaph is the "dance of death," which was already a popular idea, and soon after Agnes's death employed the pencil of Holbein. It was probably based upon the Teutonic superstition of the magic pipe which made all dance who heard it—the call of Death being one that none



ARMS OF THE BLACK PRINCE.



NORMAN STAIRCASE.

could fail to heed. In St. Andrew's Church is the monument of Thomas Swift, rector (1592), ancestor of the famous Dean Swift. In St. Dunstan's Church is the vault of the Ropers, which contains the head of Sir Thomas More, who married one of that family. A gentleman who went down into the vault in 1835 saw the head in a leaden box open in front. In St. Mary's Church is the tomb of Ralph Brown, Mayor of Canterbury in 1507, who is represented kneeling at a desk, with the following inscription (which an alderman or mayor might think equivocal) underneath:

> "All ye that stand op pon mi corse
> Remember but Raff Brown I was,
> All dyr man and mayur of thys cite—
> Jesu upon mi sowll have pite."

Just beyond the ancient walls of the city, on the northeast, is to be found all that remains of the Monastery of St. Augustine—to wit, the ruin (it fell in 1822) of the tower of St. Pancras Chapel, which belonged to it. "The next thing," writes Somner, "is the chapel of St. Pancrace, built before Augustine came, and used by the king (Ethelbert), before his conversion to Christianity, for the place of his idol-worship; but after it, the first that Augustine, after he had purged it from the worship of the false, consecrated to the service of the true God, and dedicated to St. Pancrace. Wherewith the devil, all enraged, and not brooking his ejection from the place he had so long enjoyed, the first time that Augustine celebrates mass there, furiously assaults the chapel to overturn it. But having more of will than power to actuate his intended mischief, all he could do was to leave the ensigns of his malice—the print of his talons on the south porch of the walls of the chapel, where they are visible to this day." It would gladden the heart of that devil to see that chapel, so solemnly dedicated to the boy-martyr of Rome, in its present condition—all that remains of it occupied by his own friends, the swine! The spot was originally a Saxon cemetery. According to the law of the Twelve Tables it was not permitted "to bury or burn a dead body within the city." This old custom—to which we are now returning—was first, and after a long struggle, abolished by the Canterbury bishops, who desired to have grand tombs in the cathedral, where they might

> "lie through centuries
> And hear the blessed mutter of the mass."

The seal of the monastery, still preserved, represents St. Peter and St. Paul seated under canopies, and St. Augustine baptizing Ethelbert in a font like that in St. Martin's Church. It was attacked by the Danes in 1011. "When," relates Thorn, "the Danes destroyed the city of Canterbury with fire and sword, some of those sacrilegious wretches entered the monastery, not to say their prayers, but to carry away what they could lay their hands upon. One of them, more desperately wicked than the rest of his comrades, came boldly to the sepulchre of our apostle St. Augustine, where he lay entombed, and stole away the pall with which the tomb of the saint was covered, and hid it under his arm. But Divine vengeance immediately seized upon the sacrilegious person, and the pall which was hid under his arm stuck to the arm of the thief and grew to it, as if it had been new natural flesh, inasmuch as it could not be taken away by force or art until the thief himself came and discovered what he had done, and confessed his fault before the saint and the monks, and then begged their pardon. This example of Divine vengeance so affrighted the rest of the Danes that they not only offered no violence to this monastery afterward, but became the chief defenders of the same."

But the power of the saint could not prevail against Henry VIII., who seized the monastery for a palace for himself. In 1573, Queen Elizabeth kept court there. There, too, Charles I. was married to the Princess Henrietta of France. Charles II., on his passage to London after restoration, lodged there. It passed

to the Wottons, and by the marriage of one of them to Sir Edward Hales, to the latter family. In 1844, Mr. Beresford Hope, now M.P., purchased the site for £2100. The monastery was in ruins, and the place was occupied by an old court, a public house, a skittles-ground, and a brewery. Mr. Hope devoted his purchase—adding a considerable endowment—to the purpose of the great Missionary College now there. It was incorporated in 1848, by act of Parliament, as a College for Missionaries of the Church of England to the various dependencies of the British empire. The young men are admitted between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two, and study three years, at an annual charge of £35 each, which includes education and maintenance. There are forty-five dormitories, which seemed to be all filled, the furniture in them being comfortable, and the walls covered with texts in old English characters. It was easy to see by the character of the texts in any room, or perhaps the presence of a crucifix, the "wing" of the Church to which its occupant belonged. The buildings are new—the style following that of the old monastery—and very beautiful. The chapel is a gem, and represents the extreme of Low-Church plainness. The students assemble in it to hear prayers every day, and for Sunday services; and "the altar" is so little thought of that the officiating clergyman stands at either end of the room where the light happens to be best. It would be difficult to find a more exquisite retreat for study, and it is probable the teaching is very good. Dr. Reinhold Röst, of Jena, has recently been appointed Oriental lecturer and teacher of Sanscrit. But the teaching is not only linguistic or theological. What was once the crypt is now a large room where the students are carefully taught carpentering, etc., so that they may help the natives, or, on a pinch, build their own houses. Nay, more, each student is taught something of medicine, and must serve a year as an attendant in the neighboring hospital. It is to be hoped that these various accomplishments will not bring them to grief, as they did the poor missionary in New Zealand who was eaten the other day, out of sheer admiration for his talents—the belief of that region being, that he who eats a man appropriates his qualities. It certainly was pleasant to see these young gentlemen acquiring such serviceable arts on a spot once devoted to penances. On the inside facings of what may be called the cloisters, the names of the students are inscribed opposite the doors of their dormitories, as they leave, with the country whither they have gone; and under the little chapel is a crypt where tablets are raised to all graduates who have died. There is a very fine room which is at once a library, a museum, and, to some extent, a picture-gallery. In it there is the only authentic portrait of Archbishop Laud—a fat-faced fanatic he was, too—and, at the other end, the portrait of the patriarch of Hindu missions, whose face expresses the beauty of his life and of his poetry—Bishop Heber. There is a pleasant picture of Gregory the Great, admiring the fair-haired children about to be sold in the market-place at Rome—the Angli who so reminded him of Angeli that he established this English mission, which is now engaged in multiplying itself in all parts of the world. The pictures of life in foreign parts seemed to me too pleasant to be true, and I could not help thinking of the seductive illustrations in the French papers, put forth when it was desired to attract soldiers for the late invasion of Mexico. The young missionaries will find something other than picturesque converts eager for baptism. A less pleasing, but probably truer, story is presented by the collection of ugly idols and horrible weapons on the shelves of the museum, returned by missionaries from various lands. On the whole, the impression one receives from the college is pleasant. The young men I saw were fine-looking, and I can only hope they will depend for their success upon the spirit of Heber and their ability to help and heal, rather than on the English gun-boats, for whose last furious propagation of the Gospel in China England has just had to apologize.

Canterbury rejoices in a pleasant little park, which surrounds a mound called Dane John, generally regarded as the old fortress from which the Danes besieged the city. I went there to call upon the most learned antiquarian of Canterbury, Mr. John Brent, who resides where his ancestors did six hundred years ago, and, like several of them, is connected with the civic government. It used to be a place where heretics and witches were burned among appropriate barbarian remains. These have now disappeared, and the beautiful lawn, bordered with quick-thorn, is ornamented with a sun-dial on a pillar, with sculptured "Seasons"—the work of Weekes, who was a native of Canterbury—a fountain with basin covered with mermen and dolphins, and a Russian gun captured at Sebastopol. Considerable numbers of copper weapons ("celts"), and some Roman remains, have been found here. The spot has witnessed scenes as terrible as any in this part of the country; nor need one go back as far as the martyrdom of Alfege or Mildred to find them. It is odd to find in the old city records such quiet and brief mention of events which shook the kingdom: *e. g.*—"1449. Citizens take Blucherd, a hermit, and head of an insurrection. His head was placed over the Westgate." "1535. Pay 14*s.* 8*d.* for bringing a heretic from London. For a load of wood to burn him, 2*s.*; for gunpowder, 1*d.*; for a stake and staple, 3*d.*" "1550. Paid 23*s.* for the burning of Arden, and for the execution of Bradshaw." "1660. Arrival of Charles II. Several witches executed."

Through the city records we get peeps into several quaint old customs. Thus between 1273 and 1836 we find that the corporation were always assembled by the sound of a horn,

which is a plain importation from Germany, where the watchmen still use the horn in many places. Here are some curious entries: 1434. The city gives a present to the Romish cardinal, passing through on his road to France, of two dozen capons, value £1 4*s.* 8*d.* — 1445. The Queen of King Henry VI., being at her devotions at the tomb of the Martyr, is received by the bailiffs at the hall in the Blean, at Harbledown, and by them is presented with a gift of £21.—1494. The corporation presents a purse of gold to Lady Elizabeth, wife of Henry VII. —1502. Jeremy Oxenbregge, the first person who obtained the freedom of the city by apprenticeship.—1516. A payment of 4*s.* for "one gallon of ypocras," given to the Embassador who brings over the Cardinal's hat from Rome for Wolsey.—1520. Henry VIII., Charles V., and Cardinal Wolsey are entertained by the Archbishop. All the city officers have new gaberdines on the occasion. A ducking-stool* is provided. A post is set up before the Court Hall to hang up letters referring to the board and lodging of pilgrims.—1536. No person allowed to sell less than six eggs for a penny, on pain of 12*d.*—1539. The Grand Jury present W. Sandford, parson of St. Peter's, for maliciously tolling the aive-bell after even-song, with a view to set up the Pope again.—1556. The Mayor is to provide for his wife, yearly, before Christmas, one scarlet gown and bonnet of velvet, under penalty of £10.—1558. Queen Mary arrives, and is presented by the corporation with twenty angels (£10).—1564. As many of the inhabitants as the Mayor shall think fit shall keep one armed pike, to be used in time of need.—1570. Assizes held in Canterbury. The Grand Jury present that they know of no one but behaveth himself according to the Queen's proceeding in that behalf, saving that within the cathedral and cloisters, during sermon time, there are divers that walk and keep prattle and talk there to the offense of good people.

There is a little museum here whose curiosities present a singular illustration of the tendencies which the English have had, up to this generation, to explore all countries more than their own. There were hardly twenty antiquities from the locality of Canterbury, and not a great many from other parts of England, whereas the red Indian and Oriental specimens were numerous. The latter were chiefly contributed by the late "Viscount Strangford," according to their labels; though whether by the celebrated poet, diplomatist, antiquarian, and scholar—a descendant, too, of the Sidneys—who died in 1855, or by his son, who died a year ago, I could not tell. This last viscount, though a young man, was the finest English Oriental scholar. So rich and vast were his stores of information concerning Hindostan, Persia, China, and Japan, that when he died so prematurely those who knew him felt as if some ship freighted with incomparable treasures had sunk. His studies of Oriental poetry led him to take a deep interest in Walt Whitman, whose writings he conceived to resemble them; and of the many papers he wrote for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, one or two were on Whitman. I had the pleasure of conversing with him occasionally, and was struck with the fact that his recognition of the tendencies of Occidental thought was almost as acute as his knowledge of those of the East. It is probable that he was interested to add to the Canterbury collection which his father began. The most interesting British feature of the museum is a collection of ancient Saxon ornaments—highly ornamented hair-pins and rings—which testified that our barbarian foremothers were not very unlike the Girl of the Period in the present day in their love of fine things. The collection contained some sham antiques, bronzes, etc., made by Flemish and French artists to sell as works of ancient art. That trade paid the rascals so well that they took rope enough to hang themselves. There was hardly a museum in Europe which was not cheated; and the vigilance became so universal that the trade died out. But it is wonderful how much genius was employed to make these things, which are not only often intrinsically beautiful, but made to look old or broken so ingeniously that their fraudulent character could only have been discovered, one would say, by tracking their evidences. The disposition to discover false fossils, when the bone caves began to be found, became so contagious among working-men that all geological diggings have now to be carried on under the eyes of men of science, lest some fellow should for a shilling alter the cosmogonies, and bring on new battles between Faith and Science.

I found, also, in the Canterbury Museum a curious picture and account of the Biddenden Sisters, who were the most famous twins before Chang and Eng. The account relates that they were named Eliza and Mary Chulkhurst, and were born joined together by the hips and shoulders, A.D. 1100, at Biddenden, Kent County. They were called "The Biddenden Maids."

* The ducking-stool was provided exclusively for noisy or scolding women. It remained until the middle of the eighteenth century, when it was abolished, probably through the occasional drownings or deaths resulting from it. (Though I see from the Sing Sing reports that it survives in another form in New York.) It was a seat depending from a cross-tree over a pool or water-trough, into which the patient was let down thrice. Cole, the antiquary, writing in 1789, says: "In my time, when I was a boy, and lived with my grandfather in the great corner house at the bridge-foot, next to Magdalen College, Cambridge, and rebuilt since by my uncle, Joseph Cock, I remember to have seen a woman ducked for scolding. The chair hung by a pulley fastened to a beam about the middle of the bridge; and the woman having been fastened in the chair, she was let under water three times successively, and then taken out. The bridge was then of timber, before the present stone bridge of one arch was built. The ducking-stool was constantly hanging in its place, and on the back panel of it was an engraving representing devils laying hold of scolds. Some time after a new chair was erected in the place of the old one, having the same device carved on it, and well painted and ornamented."

A BIDDENDEN BISCUIT, 1773.

They lived together thirty-four years, when one of them died. The surviving sister was advised to be severed from the dead body; but she said, "As we came together, we will also go together," and so she died six hours after her sister. By their will they bequeathed to the church-wardens of the parish of Biddenden, and their successors, forever, certain pieces or parcels of land in the same parish, twenty acres in extent, for the poor. In accordance with this bequest, there are still made annually a large number of loaves of bread which are distributed on Easter-Sunday in that parish. Each of these loaves—of which I saw one in the museum—bears the print of the twin sisters.

As the time for the enthronement of the new archbishop drew near there were increased signs of the same in the streets. The clergy began to pour into our hotel with their wives and daughters. There was the evening before a number of gentlemen belonging to the city who also met there to consult concerning the arrangements and prospects of the forthcoming day. Each of them assisted his meditations with a glass of hot spirits and a pipe or cigar, "liquoring up" being a normal part of all such meetings in England. When the American clergymen came to England at the time of the formation of the Evangelical Alliance, they were, I have been told, so scandalized by the large quantities of wine provided at every dinner-table that some of them could hardly eat, and broke out with protests. How speechless must have been their horror to find the occasional decanter provided even in the vestries of churches! But the English and Scotch parson interprets the motto *in vino veritas* literally, though not often excessively, and the layman follows his example. Next day I saw several of the jolly folk who had told good stories, especially about the clergy, over their toddy, engaged in the solemn functions of the enthronement. On the morning of the great day special trains came pouring in their clerical contributions until hotels and streets were fairly filled. Our hotel at breakfast time was a sight. All Parsondom and its wife were present. And, if the truth must be told, there is hardly any class in England which could furnish the *Saturday Review* with better sitters for the Girl of the Period than that of the wives of the younger English clergy. That girl with a very low body and big chignon is almost certain to be the rector's or curate's wife. The young graduate of Oxford or Cambridge, who has been presented with a good living in some country parish or village, attracts the young daughter of the wealthy squire—or even nobleman, it may be—by his superiority, both in scholarship and family, to other young men in the neighborhood. On his part he wishes to have a merry helpmate to make him forget his cares. And the result is that any ecclesiastical occasion like this brings ladies together, as in our breakfast-room, with all the gay plumage and mirthful chatter of a flock of birds in spring. So the young clergyman who, as I happen to know, wrote those famous papers about women in the *Saturday Review* (erroneously ascribed by some to Mrs. Linton), had probably only to look around him for his originals. It will not be wondered at, therefore, that when the cathedral doors were opened the building immediately swarmed with these magnificently dressed ladies. Had it been an opera the appearance of the ladies, except for their bonnets, could hardly have been different.

The late Archbishop of Canterbury—Charles Thomas Longley—who died in the autumn of 1868, in his 75th year, was the son of the Recorder of Rochester, and had reached the summit of ecclesiastical preferment by adhering to the beaten path of service to the Church. From Westminster School to Christchurch College, Oxford; thence to the curacy of Cowley; on to the rectory of West Tytherly; thence to the head-mastership of Harrow; and next, through the Episcopal chairs of Ripon, Durham, and York, to Canterbury, where he arrives in his 68th year. He was a man of the middle path; neither High-Church nor Low-Church; without eccentricities, without immobility; of no marked ability; without notable defects; not pliant, not stubborn. He was meant to do for the Church what Palmerston, who appointed him, was doing in the government—hold all parties together, and keep off the inevitable deluge as long as possible. This

DR. LONGLEY, THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

he did: and perhaps I should award him some marked ability for his success. There never was a man whose success was more the result of the commonest faculties perfectly utilized than Lord Palmerston's; and, similarly, though Dr. Longley had only the most ordinary gifts, his complete use of them availed for his task better than genius. He was Primate of all England; Visitor of All Souls and Merton colleges, Oxford; of Harrow School, Dulwich College, King's College, London; Visitor and Elector of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury; Patron of King's College, Nova Scotia; Governor of the Charter-house; and principal trustee of the British Museum. Besides the enormous patronage implied in these offices, he owned the patronage of 177 clergymen's livings. The see of Canterbury itself brings an annual income to the archbishop of £15,000.* With all this, he died almost without enemies in any division of the Church. In one respect he made an advance step—one in which the sympathy of all parties in the Church would indeed have to go with him, but nevertheless one implying an utter absence from his heart of all those conventional ideas of archiepiscopal dignity which had for so many years rendered his office barren. Up to his time it had been the custom, not often departed from, for bishops, much more archbishops, to leave parish work to their subordinates; but three years ago Dr. Longley personally addressed the working-men assembled at the Northgate in Canterbury. In a discourse preached in the Cathedral after the Archbishop's death, Dean Alford said his congregation on that occasion little knew what it had cost the aged prelate to appear among them. "It did not consist," he said, "in the physical effort, though that was great, and certainly not in the words which came warm from his heart; but that which deserved especial honor was the breaking through the iron fetters of conventional precedent, and doing that which was not expected of an archbishop in fashionable society, but which was the chief duty of a pastor in the eyes of the Shepherd of Souls." For many generations those working-men have helped to give the archbishop his seventy-five thousand golden dollars per annum. When one looks upon the history of bishops there arises a vague impression that these shepherds have Bibles in which a certain admonition reads, "Feed on my sheep." But if it is pleasant to hear of an archbishop addressing the working-men, in the sweat of whose brows he enjoys his palace, it is a religious landmark that he could, in the year of Christ 1868, be seriously, and not at all ironically, praised for it! It is now nearly thirteen centuries since England became a Christian state—naming its first church after a saint who divided his cloak with a beggar—and with all these ages of faith thus far we have got—an archbishop is awarded "especial honor" for publicly exhorting laboring men and women! That is archiepiscopal heroism in the noon of the nineteenth century!

There was something touching in the long efforts of the old man to assuage the troubled waters of his Church to-day with the oil of a past generation. But though he could not conceive the forces at work in the Colenso or Mackonochie controversies, his eyes perceived with increasing clearness, as his end drew near, that the Church must do more for the poor; so, as nearly as an archbishop could, he washed their feet in the presence of his clergy. Nay, it is much also that he requested, when dying, that his funeral should be "without ostentation," just before he uttered his last words, which were the *Gloria in Excelsis.* On a November afternoon four bishops and many deans and noblemen gathered around his plain oak coffin in his palace at Addington. It bore only a simple cross of raised oak, and the inscription: "Charles Thomas Longley — born July 28, 1794; died October 27, 1868." There were no trappings of any kind; but there were violets, roses, and some white blossoms upon it. The coffin was borne across the lawn and through the field by his own servants to the church, the procession following on foot. They were great people following the Primate of all England to his final rest; and they followed him through heather and ferns—a little wood just tinted with the smile of autumnal change—through a wicket gate—across a park carpeted with eddying leaves—through a kitchen-garden lined with violets—across a little church-yard, into a tiny church. Few could enter to hear the burial-service read by the country rector, but a large number awaited under an old yew-tree, then followed to the grave, where he was laid by the side of his daughter, since whose death, the year before, the old man had steadily declined. There were certain touches about the scene

* The value of the principal sees in Great Britain is as follows: Canterbury, £15,000 a year; York, £10,000; London, £10,000; Durham, £8000; Winchester, £7000; Ely, £5000. These are the salaries of the bishops. The other bishoprics are worth £4500 and £5000 per annum.

whose beauty could best be seen against the back-ground furnished by the tombs of a long line of cardinals and archbishops in Canterbury Cathedral.

But who was to be the next archbishop? From the lowest hodman to the primate, nobody in England can fall at any post but enough start forward to step into his shoes. The appointment of the next archbishop rested with Mr. Disraeli; but the critical state of Church parties, added to the knowledge that Disraeli is full of surprises, led to great anxiety among Churchmen. It was hopeless for him to try and please both Low and High Church parties. As for the Broad-Church, they are confirmed optimists in such things, and will stand any thing, in their certainty that the stars in their courses are fighting for their cause. Mr. Disraeli chose the man whose appointment was most certain to be popular in London; the man to appoint whom meant an abyss never again to be bridged between him and the High-Church. Dr. Archibald Campbell Tait had, as Bishop of London, exceeded all other bishops in his unconventional and practical labors. He had visited cholera patients in hospitals with his wife; he had done much toward the raising of the million pounds in ten years to supply church accommodation to the poor, known as "the Bishop of London's Fund." No bishop had ever preached so much—and few so well—to the people. He was born in Edinburgh (1811), and went to Oxford with a good training in the Scotch schools; he had fought Dr. Newman successfully off of the position he had taken in Tract No. 90, that the Thirty-nine Articles could be honestly subscribed by Roman Catholics; he had succeeded Dr. Arnold at Rugby; had been dean of the very "Low" cathedral at Carlisle; had written articles for the *Edinburgh* and *North British Reviews;* and was altogether as objectionable a man to the Ritualists as could have been chosen. The fact that he was a Scotchman was in itself startling. This was so novel that the newspapers fished up from remote antiquity an old versified prophecy that when a Scotchman should be Archbishop of Canterbury men would burrow underground—a prophecy which the Underground Railway fulfills. Dr. Tait's preaching always drew crowds to St. Paul's, where I have several times heard him. While he was not eloquent, his sermons were always interesting and simple, and they were uttered in a good round voice which all could hear. He is a somewhat peculiar man in appearance. His hair is brown, his face fair and beardless as a boy's; and though he is somewhat wrinkled, his mouth has a youthful expression. He has an almost studied plainness —not to say bluntness—of manner, though eminently genial. In his Church politics he is a Low-Churchman, with a friendly leaning toward the Broad-Churchmen. The fact that an Archbishop of Canterbury should be personally intimate with such men as Stanley, Maurice, Alford, and Kingsley, is one too pregnant

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with significance to be overlooked by any party in the Church. The fact that the oldest and most authoritative see in England had steadily set its face toward the Broad-Church was so certain to alarm the other parties, that the liberal clergy were resolved to celebrate Dr. Tait's enthronement with an unusual strictness of observance of the ancient forms and customs, though they found the machinery therefor somewhat rusty. They succeeded so far as to bring out in very startling distinctness the distance England has traveled from the era when the throne of Canterbury meant something, and the impossibility of piecing up a *bona fide* archbishop, in the old sense, in this age.

Soon after ten o'clock the gates were opened, and we all rushed in—not in a very orderly style—to get the best seats. In a very short time there was no unoccupied seat in the vast building,* save those reserved for the clergy. I was fortunate enough to get a seat in the choir immediately opposite the throne, and within sight of the old chair of Augustine. We had nearly two hours to wait before the ceremonies should begin. And there were things enough to employ one's thoughts. Far away, stacked in a dusty corner, were old worn out pulpits and stools and benches for knees. What voices had proceeded from those desks when their crimson was yet fresh? What were the thoughts of those who listened from the now disarrayed seats, or what aspirations in the hearts of those who knelt? Their human spirits seemed to say through the silence: "A little

* The following are the dimensions of each portion of the Cathedral, with the year to which each in its present condition belongs:

	Length. Feet.	Breadth. Feet.	Height. Feet.
Nave (1420)	214	94	80
Choir (1174) including aisles	150	40	71
Transepts—(1174) eastern		154	
" (1379) western		124	
Chapter-house (1420)	92	37	52

The cloisters are 134 feet square; the central tower, 234 feet high, 34 feet diameter; the western towers, 130 feet high.

while and your voices too shall be hushed." Time

"will leave no more
Of things to come than of the things before."

The beautiful windows clothed the throng in varied and gentle hues. When Henry VIII. cleared the Cathedral of other traces of Becket he had not the heart to break the windows which represented him; but Cromwell's men had no such scruple; they smashed whatever their pikes could reach. Nevertheless, many bits of the old glass were found and pieced together as neatly as possible. There was one old window where a green devil was very conspicuous, though his long tail had been abbreviated by Puritanic violence. Near him were two saints holding up what seems at first to be a bag of money, but on closer inspection proves to be a sheet full of the heads of saints, who are being borne aloft, while beneath them yellow and blue sinners are being thrust by the green devil into a monstrous animal mouth—the mouth of hell. I found more entertainment in examining the oldest window, through which is distributed the fragments of Becket, whom I found great difficulty in putting together again. His face was discernible, but one of his legs seemed to be doing service as a horse's tail.

The waiting crowd begin to give signs of their respective sensations and objects. There is the London *Illustrated News* man making his sketches, and the reporters generally hard at their notes. Two of them are conversing about the admirable statues far away, near the roof; the statues presently move and whisper to each other, and the architectural criticisms are revised. A stranger asked his neighbor, "What are the Archbishop's opinions?" The questioned man looked astonished, as if he had been asked what was the color of a triangle. "Of course," he replied, "as an archbishop he must represent all parties." Here a third put in—"It would be rather a row, *I* think, if the Archbishop should come out with some new views. Think of Colenso being Primate of all England! By Jove, Bill, that's an idea! When they make me Archbishop of Canterbury, I shall rise up in that throne, as soon as the ceremony is over, and announce that I have come to the conclusion that there is no God, and that none but atheists shall have any of my patronage." The fellow and his comrade put their faces down, red with laughter; but I remember that their responses were particularly vigorous when the services began. The general whispering was like the gentle roar of wind through a pine forest.

At last the first faint sound of distant singing is heard. A deep breath of silence falls softly over all. From far outside the Cathedral, floating in as on sinking and falling waves, come the voices of the little boy-choristers, chanting the Gregorian chant by which Augustine and his monks first marched from the sea-shore to this spot in the far centuries back. It seemed almost a ghostly procession of ages, marching on through darkness and light, through danger and victory, the aged sinking in the rear, the young taking up the burden and the song. Nearer and nearer they come; the vague tones gather to words:

"Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.
"The Lord himself is thy keeper; the Lord is thy defense upon thy right hand;
"So that the sun shall not burn thee by day, neither the moon by night.
"The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul.
"The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth for evermore."

It were impossible to describe the effect of these notes of the yet invisible choir. The organ was yet silent, the throng breathless; only these tender voices, subtly pervading the air, sweetly blending with the hues of flaming windows, descending upon all hearts, and stirring the fountain of painless tears. Might it only never end, but go on with the blessed monotony of the sky! As it approaches, it seems to have touched the organ also, and, Memnon-like, there steal from its invisible recess responsive notes of exceeding softness. And at last the hither end of the procession enters the choir—and, alas! the spell is broken. The first thing seen is the ancient city mace, the manifest fellow, with its gilt and jewels, of that which Cromwell called a "bauble;" then the Mayor, with his huge gold chain, suggesting a cost of five hundred pounds; then legal functionaries with their gaudy crimson robes and hideous wigs and queues, just as one sees them in a masquerade; then curious officials in ermines and garter collars, glorified beadles come for the nonce out of their old wardrobes, where they have been sleeping since the last enthronement. At length flutters among the ribbons and stretchings of necks announce that one end of the Bench has been caught sight of; and sure enough there steps in the entirely magnificent Bishop of Oxford, a steeple in canonicals, whose stately ecclesiastical movement would hardly tell that he bears the name of Wilberforce. "How handsome he is!" suggests an enthusiastic lady near me. And, indeed, so far as a proud bishop can be, he is; but my own eyes find increasing pleasure in following the gray-haired line behind him—the bishops of London, Ely, Peterborough, Hereford, St. David's, and Honolulu—until they rest at last upon the best face of them all—that of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

"Dr. Tait looks very uncomfortable," was the comment of several. He did; and well he might. It were hard to imagine a severer ordeal for a plain, simple man. He has on a gown whose train stretches several yards behind him. Two young men in the finest evening dress, with rosettes stuck in their coats—looking as if they had just popped out of a ball-room—walked behind him, holding up the train. The Archbishop, generally tall and erect, is now bent; his face is pale, his step nervous; and I

felt assured that if he had obeyed his instincts he would have made the fops go about their business, and take the gown and train with them. But if that train should be omitted, some part of the cathedral estates might go with it. There are men in England who have to cut up various unseemly antics, at their silly ancestors' graves, every year, in order to hold on to their estates; and the revenues of Canterbury follow on the fulfillment of certain forms and conditions, which once seemed vital, albeit very frivolous now, if taken apart from their value in pounds.

And now the clergy file in to their seats, where they form a parterre of not unpleasing colors. They are all clothed in white, and each wears, falling on his shoulders, the hood, whose lining, denoting by its color the college where he graduated, is turned out. The Oxford M.A. hood is deep red; Cambridge is white and black; Dublin, blue; and there are many shades denoting M.A.'s, Fellows, and other university positions and degrees. Among any large number of Englishmen there will always be some odd characters. A smile passed over every face when, after all had been seated, a tall clergyman, evidently "from the country," entered in his ordinary dress and strolled up and down for some time, vainly seeking a seat. He must have been near seven feet in height, and was slender as a pole; his face was young and queer, his coat seedy, and he bore in his hand a strange portmanteau, nearly a yard long. He seemed so likely to produce a merriment like that of the dog on the Derby racecourse when all have left it, that the beadles were compelled to secure him a seat. But no sooner had his case been settled than a successor appeared in the shape of a dwarfish little vicar with a huge wife, whose antediluvian bonnet and rustic finery came near producing an explosion among her aristocratic sisters. The clergy were more generally bearded than the laymen, though it is hardly twenty-five years since a beard was regarded in England as the sign either of a fast man or a socialist.

At length all wandering thoughts are recalled: the Hallelujah Chorus breaks with its Atlantic roll over us. One could hardly help pitying the poor choristers who, for the first time in their lives, had to sing under such exciting circumstances. Their little faces were flushed, their eyes shone, and the leader of the tenors had at last to leave with his nose bleeding. When the chorus was ended Dean Alford read the morning service in a sonorous voice which all could hear, and with an expression that all could feel. When it was finished the Archbishop was led by the Dean and Vice-Dean to the throne, which consisted of a seat arranged something like a small private box at a theatre, with a roof with Gothic turrets, rising to a spire. A civil officer, an auditor, with an aggressive wig, was most prominent next to the Archbishop: he listened to the mandate for enthronement, and gave orders that it should proceed. The Archdeacon could not attend on account of extreme age, so his proxy stepped forward and repeated in a distinct voice the form of induction:

"I, Harrison, acting as proxy for James Croft, Master of Arts, Archdeacon of Canterbury, do induct, install, and enthrone you, the most reverend father in God, Archibald Campbell Tait, Doctor in Civil Law, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, into the archbishopric and archiepiscopal dignity of the see of Canterbury, into the real, actual, and corporal possession of the same, with all and singular the rights, dignities, honors, pre-eminences, and appurtenances thereof: and the Lord preserve your going out and your coming in, from this time forth for evermore. Amen."

The Archbishop, evidently affected, arose and bowed silently. Then the Benedicite was sung, and the morning service proceeded with. But Dr. Tait was as yet only Archbishop of Canterbury; to become Primate of all England he must leave that fine throne of white and red, and pass to another. This other is a cold hard stone chair, made of three or four unadorned blocks, once white, but now stained dark with age. That is the real cathedral after all; for *cathedra* means a seat. That old stone chair is the seat from which Augustine and Becket gave laws to England. There were ages when the path to it was liable to be marked by such pools of blood as once stained the floor, over which Dr. Tait now passes with no greater trouble than the train and the young men in evening dress. A number of the most venerable prelates accompanied him to this hard and dismal seat, which represented supremacy over them all; and the same form of induction was used, except that the word "metropolitical" was substituted for "archiepiscopal." Afterward he was conducted to the Dean's stall, where he remained while the Te Deum was sung, and the Dean said the "suffrages," to which the choir chanted the responses:

"O Lord, save Thy Servant our Bishop,
Ans. Who putteth his trust in Thee.
Send him help from Thy Holy Place,
Ans. And evermore mightily defend him.
Let the enemy have no advantage against him,
Ans. Nor the wicked approach to hurt him.
Be unto him, O Lord, a strong tower,
Ans. From the face of the enemy.
O Lord, hear our prayer,
Ans. And let our cry come unto Thee."

At the conclusion of the suffrages a prayer was offered up by the Dean.

The procession of dignitaries, clergymen, and officials then left the Cathedral for the Chapter-house, where the Archdeacon placed the Archbishop in the chief seat, and said:

"I, Harrison, acting as proxy for James Croft, Archdeacon of Canterbury, assign and appoint this seat to you as Lord Archbishop of Canterbury."

The Archdeacon then administered the following affirmation:

"My Lord Archbishop,—You declare that you will maintain the rights and liberties of this church, and will observe the approved customs thereof, and, as far as it concerns your Grace, will cause the same to be observed by others, so far as such customs are not repugnant to God's Word, the laws, statutes, provisions, and ordinances of the realm, or to her Majesty's prerogatives, and not otherwise."

The Archbishop having said, dryly, "I so declare," the Archdeacon said:

"I, Harrison, acting as proxy for James Croft, Archdeacon and Canon of this church, do promise to pay canonical obedience to your Grace, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, as my diocesan and archbishop."

Then the dean, the canons, the honorary canons, the six preachers, the schoolmasters, the auditor, the minor canons, the grammar master of the choristers, the surveyor, the organist, and lay clerks promised canonical obedience in like manner. After which the assembly was dismissed by the Dean; and afterward, in the audit room, an act of the proceedings was produced and signed, in the presence of, and attested by, a notary public.

When one reflects upon what that stone *cathedra* meant in times past, upon what grandeur and incense and genuflections this old building had witnessed on great occasions in the past, upon the tremendous power which once weighted the words "dignities, honors, pre-eminences" for Englishmen, it were about as hard to gather up again from these simple and almost bald forms a genuine Archbishop of Canterbury as to piece together again St. Thomas à Becket as scattered through yon Cromwell-smashed window.

Augustine's throne is now no throne at all. No layman in Great Britain would alter any transaction to the extent of sixpence in consequence of any order from it. The legal title remains; the moral title is gone. The English Church received the vast revenues in a day when it could fulfill the moral conditions they represented. Those possessions were accumulated from the hard earnings of generations of toiling men and women, who lavished them freely as a means of salvation for themselves and their children, through masses, intercessions, prayers; or to build and preserve gorgeous shrines, now vanished, at which their physical diseases, as well as their sins, might be healed. The ancient archbishop was made rich because he was a representative of God in England, on whose words eternal life and death depended. The whole was a contribution, not to Dr. Tait, but to God. By what right do men enjoy these things who despise the superstitions from which they are derived? Surely justice would devote every endowment of Catholic times to objects in which people believe now as implicitly as they once did in the shrine of Becket. To the people, now, schools, hospitals, and all institutions of charity and humanity are the only shrines at which they hope to be healed.

About the same time that Dr. Tait (and a kindlier man never sat there) entered on his throne and his £15,000 income, Catherine Spence was found starved to death in London, and by her side a tract, "On the Goodness of God!"

I left Canterbury more than ever convinced that an English cathedral can be little more than a vast pile of marl or lime in the centre of a barren field. The best feature of the case is that the ablest men in the Church recognize the fact perfectly well. At a luncheon after the enthronement, given by Dean Alford, the new Archbishop made a speech, in which he spoke with much feeling of the earnestness and life which remained in the Church of England, and the good it could still hope to achieve; but he passed over in silence the conventional tributes to "our noble cathedrals," and the like. When that was over, a considerable number of the clergy visited old St. Martin's Church. There I saw Dr. Stanley and others gazing upon the beautiful window which represented the princely saint, on his richly caparisoned steed, dividing with his sword his splendid cloak, that he might bestow the half of it on the naked beggar kneeling near his horse's head; and I fancy that it must have inspired in some of them the hope of a time when the Church of England would be great enough to give at least so much of its magnificent vesture to the intellectually, spiritually, and physically starving.

THE DAISIES.

When the good year is old,
  And somewhat weary,
Yet has enough of gold
  To keep him cheery—
When earth, clad in her best,
  Sits by her neighbor
The sun, and has a rest
  From summer labor—
When prudent skies array
  The world in hazes,
There comes the holiday
  Of all the daisies.

They are the folk that won
  September's graces,
And charmed the jovial sun
  With their bright faces.
He let them linger late;
  When they grew sober
He gave them leave to wait
  And see October;
For all the quiet land
  (Ere days were duller)
Would haste to make it grand
  With dear-bought color.

So all, in fields and towns,
  And each new-comer,
Dressed in old-fashioned gowns
  They wore in summer,
Stay yet a while, behind
  Blooms that were stronger,
And play with sun and wind
  A little longer.
Still happy, still alert,
  Still merry-hearted—
Dropped from September's skirt
  When she departed—

Till winter comes so near
  His shadow chills them,
And they lose half the cheer
  September wills them;
Till their old friend the sun
  Becomes forgetful,
And autumn has begun
  To grow regretful;
Then they make haste to hide
  Their altered faces,
And lie down side by side
  In grassy places.

AMONG THE PEACHES.

GATHERING THE FRUIT.

WHO has not heard of Delaware peaches? Ay, and tasted of their nectarine sweetness? What summer or autumn traveler, by railroad or steamboat, is not familiar with the fruit peddler's cry, "Here's your nice peaches, Delaware peaches!"

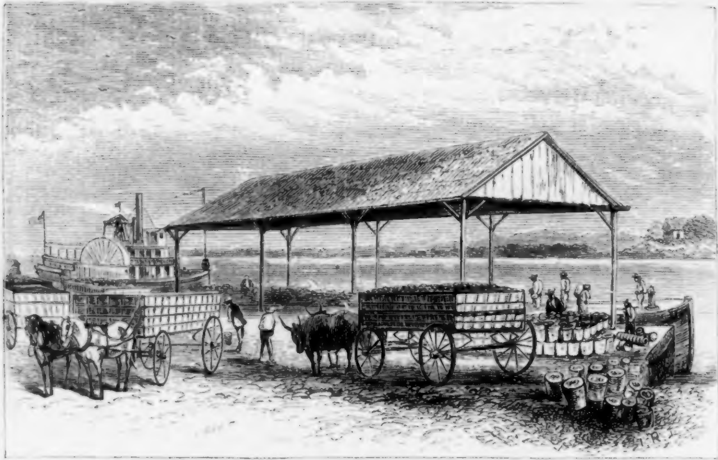
In the months of September and October, we find the beautiful fruit in almost every city, town, and village throughout our own country, and in the towns far up in Canada. In the confectionery and fruit stores of European cities this delicious fruit is offered for sale in sealed cans, almost as perfect in flavor as though just taken from the trees; and peach brandy, with its rich, fruity aroma, is now taking the place of the more expensive foreign brandies.

Peaches grow in the Middle, Western, and Southern States, but attain perfection in flavor, size, and color nowhere as in the peninsula composed of the Maryland counties on the eastern shore of the Chesapeake Bay and the State of Delaware—a tract of land in the embrace of three great bodies of salt-water, and consequently subject to peculiar climatic influences. The middle and southern portions of this peninsula constitute the great orchard of this country, and may be said to supply with peaches the principal markets of the world. By reference to the map we will see that this favored locality is in a latitude a little higher than that of the fruitful land of Persia, of which the peach is said to be a native; but the modifying influence of the Atlantic, in conjunction with the Delaware and Chesapeake bays, tempers the extremes of both heat and cold to such a degree that all semi-tropical fruits and plants flourish luxuriantly. Every breeze, from the gentle zephyr to the sea-born hurricane, is laden with saline particles that carry destruction to all the pestilent insect tribes that prey upon the fruit and the trees.

A general description of the peach region will fail to give the uninitiated a clear idea of the fruit, in its almost boundless profusion. We may see, from the highlands of the Delaware, steamer after steamer passing with their burden of peaches. Winding along the river banks, the railroad is ever noisy, during the season, with its long trains of peach cars, that keep the atmosphere redolent with fruity odors suggestive of the Edens whence they came.

This is, however, but a hint of the magnitude of the peach interest. To realize it we must see it with our own eyes, and become, as it were, a part of it. Therefore, declining to take passage in either cars or steamer, we will drive down in our own carriage, so that we may visit those interesting portions of the country remote from the highways of travel.

You are an old traveler, and therefore not unmindful of the comforts by the way. Hotels? Yes, there are comfortable hotels in the more



AT THE LANDING.

important towns throughout the district, but as we may not pass through the large towns we shall find only a few *taverns*, scattered here and there at long intervals. But we shall not want accommodations where the planters, and more important citizens, keep up the old-fashioned hospitality that opens the front-door to the respectable stranger, and makes him feel that he is welcome to the best the house affords.

We leave the city of Wilmington enveloped in the smoke of her factories and machine-shops, take a last look at the distant blue hills of the Brandywine and the Delaware highlands, marking the course of those rivers, and bowl along the charming river road to New Castle—the *old* New Castle of the original Swedish settlers, that has fallen so far short of their expectations of a great commercial centre—the metropolis of the New World. Through the old town we pass, without stopping to examine its venerable institutions, its court-house, its ancient church, its jail, with the whipping-posts lifting their cruel heads above the wall of the jail-yard, and proceed directly to Delaware City, twenty miles south of the Pennsylvania line.

Here we enter the peach region, and find a light, loamy soil, free from field-stone and gravel.

We first call at the mansion of the late Peach King, Major Philip Reybold. The good old gentleman has been gathered to his fathers, but his courteous son will welcome us, and show us the magnificent plantation of a thousand or more acres, now in the highest condition of fertility, and abounding in wealth of fruits and grains.

From the observatory on the mansion we overlook the Delaware River and the bay for many miles; see the old Fort Delaware, with its bristling guns; look across to Salem, New Jersey, and many other towns and villages along the shores. Turning from the water, we see, clustering around the mansion farm, the beautiful homes of the Major's several sons and daughters, each dwelling an architectural model, and every farm in the highest state of cultivation, symmetrically divided into fields by handsome fences, and bounded by green hedges. Orchards of different fruits cover a large proportion of the surrounding country, and a vineyard, not far away, is loaded with purple clusters.

Half a century since, this whole neighborhood was an uninclosed wilderness, deemed unfit for agricultural purposes. The Major purchased a large tract, at a price almost nominal, gathered all the laboring force he could command, broke up the ground, fertilized it by a clover sward, planted peach-trees, and cultivated them for a couple of years, when they commenced bearing their great crops.

The peaches were first sent to the Philadelphia market in sail-boats, but all the small boats that could be procured were unequal to the transportation in the second year of bearing. Steamers were chartered—others purchased; new and more distant markets were supplied, including New York, Albany, Boston, and the principal towns of New England and Canada.

Yet thousands of baskets remained unpicked in the orchards. The ruling price for the best, in the Philadelphia market, was little over a quarter of a dollar the basket. They became a drug, and at one time a cargo of eight thousand baskets could not be sold at ten cents the basket. As a measure of relief the whole were thrown into the river.

Proceeding to Middletown, we pass through a continuous orchard, or a succession of orchards that seem to be one vast whole, the trees every

CANNING-ROOM.

where bending or broken with their loads of high-colored fruit. Middletown is on the Delaware Railroad, and is the central station in New Castle County. On the track there is a train of fifteen cars waiting for the day's pickings. Each car carries about five hundred baskets; and although early in the morning, the peach teams are already coming in from all directions. This fruit is destined for the New York and Boston markets. But a small portion of the Delaware peach crop is sent to Philadelphia, or the inferior markets in the vicinity.

From Middletown to Townsend, where another peach train is waiting, the whole available country is planted with peach-trees. The ordinary farm crops appear to be neglected, while the labor is wholly devoted to gathering and marketing the fruit. In the alluvial table-lands of this neighborhood the peach-tree finds all the elements for the production of fruit. It is new soil, and the trees are exempt from disease, and from such insects as render peach growing so precarious in other sections equally favored by climate.

The orchardist is generally satisfied with a yield of three or four baskets of marketable fruit from each tree; but here the average is seven to eight baskets from mature trees, and many orchards give even more.

The vineyards of France and the orange groves of Southern Italy are associated in our minds with pictures of natural beauty of the most pleasing character, and with all the romance incident to a voluptuous climate. But neither vineyard nor orange grove can compare in grace of foliage or brilliancy of fruit with a Delaware peach orchard, its massed fruit in the last condition of maturity. And the pickers! It is contrast of gay colors that gives the dress of the European peasant its picturesque beauty. Here, in the motley crowd of peach pickers, we have all colors in dress, and every shade of complexion, from the Caucasian red and white to the African ebony. Every style of dress, from fashionable garments to the simplest coverings of nakedness. The dress most common with the men is a red flannel shirt and pantaloons tied around the waist by a twine string. A few have hats or skull-caps, and others have no head-covering but the mats of woolly hair. Shoes are luxuries reserved for full-dress occasions, or only worn on week-days when the sand-burs are so plentiful as to render bare-feet walking uncomfortable. The women are attired in short gown and petticoat, with a bandana handkerchief tied about the head.

The orchards increase in size as we proceed southward. Here they are composed of from ten thousand to one hundred thousand trees each, and cover from fifty to one thousand acres. Parties of pickers, called "gangs," are placed in different sections of the large orchards, and though completely hidden from each other by the low branches, their whereabouts may be readily ascertained by the laughter and negro melodies that are the inseparable belongings to negro parties.

By a slight detour we strike the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal, the northern outlet for the products of the Eastern Shore counties of Maryland, as well as for the farms along its course through Delaware. The plantations along the canal, and those extending several tiers back, are devoted to peaches. There is a landing on every farm, besides the public landings where the roads cross the canal. The boats that carry the fruit are drawn by four horses or mules, and have capacities for from five to seven thousand baskets.

A boat is now taking on its freight, while thirty or more wagons are waiting their turns to unload. The whole planked platform is crowded with tier upon tier of baskets and boxes, built up like a brick wall. An unmanageable ox team, whose driver is a little too anxious to await his turn, has pressed close up to the platform. A shout intended for another team starts this one, and it goes crash-

"SEE MY SMOCKSINS."

ing through the fruit, breaking and trampling the boxes and baskets. Here is confusion! A quarrel and a free fight, settled for the moment by the captain calling to them to "Quit foolin', and give a han' at the peaches."

All the pickers, except a few of the old women, come down to the landing with the last loads, to assist in the culling and putting the baskets on board the boat. The party here, consisting of over a hundred men, women, and children, are of the piebald order; but the darkey element is greatly in excess. The darkeys never weary so long as there is exciting business on hand. They are always ready for the "fun of the thing." Their ceaseless chatter, witty sallies, loud guffaws, and their more melodious camp-meeting ditties, give a liveliness to the scene quite charming to the stranger. Long before a wagon comes in sight it is heralded by the song of the driver, interlarded plentifully with "gee wo" and "haw buck" interludes.

In the crowd of barefooted darkeys there is one merry fellow who prides himself upon his "home-made smocksins," each composed of a half side of leather tied about his feet and ankles with leather thongs. He is regarded with much favor by the "cullud ladies," to whom he addresses many complimentary observations, set with high-sounding words.

About twenty-five thousand baskets are daily carried by the canal-boats in the flush of the season. In consequence of the easy motion and free ventilation the fruit may be sent from the orchards almost perfectly ripe, and consequently commands a higher price than that sent by any other conveyance. In case, however, of stormy weather, they may be so long detained on the passage as to greatly affect the value of the cargoes.

All along the tow-path, in our drive of half a dozen miles, we notice that the landings are covered with peaches and the attendant teams, with the parties waiting to put the fruit on board. This is the universal harvest, and brings money to the purse of every one willing to work, plenty to every home, and good cheer to every board. To the family of the planter it means many luxuries, in the shape of pianos, new carriages, fast horses, and, perhaps, an additional farm or two.

Kenton, in Kent County, is the next point of particular interest, as we are invited to inspect the fine orchard of Mr. Gercker in that vicinity. We drive through Smyrna, renowned for its peaches rather than its figs, Blackbird, and a number of places that have names suggestive of importance, but are, in reality, mostly cross-roads, with the never-failing blacksmith-shop, or the combined store and groggery.

We pass orchard after orchard, walled in from the road by the impenetrable osage orange hedge that here grows luxuriantly. The country is nearly level, and the roads so straight that we look before us away to where the lines of green converge to a point. A level road is monotonous, and the miles seem to stretch to greater lengths than when the country is diversi-

fied with hill and dale, and rendered lifelike and cheerful by dancing streams.

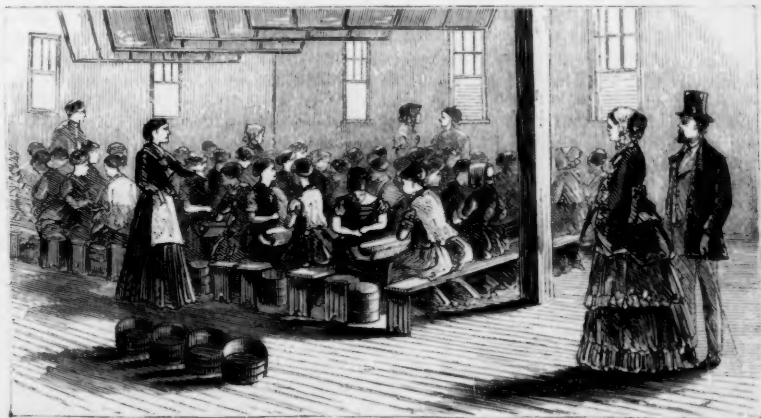
But here is "Gercker's;" and the first sight shows that it is a model peach farm. We take a bird's-eye view of the thousand acres, and note the order and neatness of the plantation, laid out in square fields of one hundred acres each. The buildings are located in the central part of the only field not planted with peach-trees. A silver thread of water winds around the southern boundary, toward which the ground inclines. All other parts appear to be as level as a floor. The Delaware Railroad is within sight, and the station whence the fruit is shipped is marked by two large white tents, used by the employés while attending to the shipment of the peaches.

The trees are planted in parallel rows about eight paces apart, and from our perch upon the top of a high gate-post we look down upon a section of the orchard in full bearing, extending from near the house to the distance of over a mile. The branches of the trees are interwoven like intricate lace-work, yet preserving the distinct outlines by the color of the fruit. Here is a row of deep red fruit nestled amidst the green foliage that discloses the beauty it seems striving to hide. There, side by side, run a couple of rows of creamy white fruit, and still another with a wealth of golden-colored specimens, all ripe and tempting. We go down into the orchards for a closer view and a taste of the lavish abundance of delicious fruit. Standing at the entrance gate we look down the green aisles, arched by the laden boughs and carpeted by fallen fruit. Is not the appetite appalled by such superfluities of the richest fruit? Such a mass of wasting sweetness as would suffice the uses of a city! Does not the eye weary of contrasts of bright colors, and appetizing suggestions indefinitely multiplied?

Passing down the rows we pluck a white peach from the tree; it is large and round, with a delicate blush just perceptible on one downy cheek. We bite into the mellow flesh, and find it a perfumed confection! Can the taste be more completely satisfied? We step across to where the trees display, as though on exhibition, specimens of monstrous size, each a "blotch of red upon a cloth of gold." We pick one of the largest from the ground; it had fallen from a topmost branch, where the sun painted it in brighter colors, and the free atmosphere invested it with all the perfect fruit essentials. The flesh is plethoric with honeyed juices more refined than the sugared specimen plucked from the tree. We realize that "the perfect fruit grows on the topmost branch;" and growing epicurean, hereafter select only such as occupy the most favorable positions on the tree. We gather a dozen such, and sit down to enjoy them at our leisure. We inquire of a sleek-looking darkey near if the fruit will make us sick. His reply is assuring. "Lord, marster, the more you eat the better; we gets fat on 'em."

Further on we meet a gang of pickers. Each gang is composed of fifteen men and a captain. No women are employed on this plantation. The average number of baskets picked to the hand is about seventy; where the women are employed they pick about fifty baskets each day.

Few of the pickers in the large orchards are residents of the neighborhood. They come down to the orchards in the beginning of the season, in parties large and small, from the unknown resorts to which the homeless congregate to pass the winter, from the back lanes of the cities, and from the hospitals and almshouses, generally presenting the lean, ragged appearance of semi-starvation. They engage to pick by the day, with board or half board considered as a part of the wages. The experienced prefer half board, which consists of a single meal—a dinner of unlimited salt pork and johnny-cake, peaches being substituted for the other meals. The healthful qualities of a



PARING-ROOM.

A PEACH BRANDY STILL.

fruit diet are evidenced in the improved physical condition of the pickers, who gain near a pound in weight each day. An excursion to the orchards, and a residence there of from four to six weeks, is, to this class of persons, equivalent to a summer at a fashionable watering-place for the *bon ton*. Each gang is followed by a wagon drawn by four horses or mules, and attended by three men, who load up the baskets and unload them at the station. The wagons carry from ninety to one hundred and ten baskets to the load, and the teams are kept on the trot. Eleven such teams are used on this plantation.

Wandering at our own sweet will through the orchard, our olfactory nerves were saluted by strong alcoholic odors, whereby we inferred the neighborhood of a peach brandy still. We found it in a secluded spot on the margin of the rivulet. Here, in the midst of great piles of peaches in all conditions, from uncolored immaturity to rottenness, was a fellow who "did not like peaches." The sour smells, the swarms of wasps and flies blackening the fermenting messes, led us to believe he spoke the truth.

The distillery is a building of modest architectural pretensions, being extemporized for the purpose from an old negro shanty. Five hundred gallons of brandy are daily manufactured, which commands ready sale at a good price.

A number of loafers are gathered about the still, presenting a scene, if picturesque, not at all ornamental nor useful. They are without business here, and hang around as though charmed by the smell of the liquor, practically caricaturing Tom Moore's beautiful story of the Peri watching for glimpses of the glory beyond the golden gates of Paradise, and listening enchanted to the heavenly music.

The great bell at the mansion announces the dinner hour, and we hasten to the main entrance to see the gangs, commanded by their captains, file past in military order. The white boarders take their places around stationary tables, while the darkeys find accommodations on boxes and baskets outside. The system of social equality is not yet in perfect working order, and, strange to say, the objection is as strong with the darkeys as with the whites.

Sambo takes his hunk of salt pork in one hand and his johnny-cake in the other, and dispatches them with as much relish as though they were dainties, enlivening the meal by spicy conversation, the jolliest of jokes, and the loudest laughter, while his white compeers get through the meal in silence. Who says Nature has been niggardly in gifts to the darkey? He is endowed with a happy disposition, a spirit of contentment, that renders his life a continual pleasure under all disadvantages of race and color.

Among the pickers are two fiddlers and a portion of a brass band. The instruments are brought out after supper on fair evenings, and the resident party is enlarged by acquisitions from the whole neighborhood. A description

will convey to the reader but an imperfect idea of one of the extemporized "balls," as they are here termed. The musicians, with six pieces, occupy seats on the dining-table. A crowd of some hundred persons of all colors gathers in the yard, and awaits the signal for the dance. At the first few notes the figures are made up with cheerful activity, and the dancing begins. The excitement grows with the exercise, the music becomes more lively, and the lithe limbs, forgetful of the day's toil, move with ease and natural grace. The dancers, hatless, coatless, barefoot, continue in silence for a time. Presently a shout is heard; another, faster! faster! The music is quickened, they leap and shout as if possessed, the spectators catch the inspiration, and rush in. The hours fly unheeded, and the revelers are startled to hear the horn sounding the hour of bedtime.

In the early morning, just as the birds in the green hedges begin to make the air vocal, we start for Dover, the State capital, and the centre of the finest peach district in the world. The air is balmy, the sky serene, and the little woman, catching inspiration from the birds, bursts forth into song, to which the darkeys on the road stop to listen so long as we are in sight. We are continually meeting darkeys on their way to the orchards. Sometimes the women carry their young babies, while other children toddle on behind. We inquired what they did with their babies while they were picking peaches. "Oh, we take the other chil'en along to nus 'em."

The rapid advance in the price of real estate has, within a few years, made many fortunes. Twenty years since the ruling price was from five to ten dollars per acre in the "forest," graded according to the value of the cord-wood and timber. It now presents no signs of its former wild appearance, but is highly improved by tillage and good inclosures. Handsome residences and tasteful grounds indicate comfort and culture, and the fields on every hand teem with luxuriant crops. The land is generally now valued at one hundred times its original cost, and the profits of a well-managed peach orchard will pay the advanced price in a few years.

The provident little woman has arranged

THE BALL AFTER SUPPER.

such toothsome fare that we prefer to lunch picnic fashion, out of doors, under the welcome shade of a way-side tree. The snowy cloth is spread by a cool spring or rivulet; Rena, our trusty little horse, released from harness to pick the herbage, never strays far away. After lunch we read or sketch, and the rustics on the road frequently stop to ask if we are peddlers!

At Dover is a large distillery and three canning establishments, capable of preparing twenty-five thousand cans of peaches a day. The canning houses of Richardson and Robins are the most complete, and are worked by steam, so far as is practicable.

In the paring-room, where two hundred hands are employed, monster fans are suspended from the ceiling and worked by steam, keeping the air always pleasantly cool. The cans are made by steam, the fruit distributed, carried to the boilers, and cooked by steam.

This firm prepares fruit and vegetables mostly for European consumption, and have more orders from abroad than they are able to fill.

From Dover the railroad carries a daily average of ten thousand baskets, while three large steamers ply between its port at Mahon and New York city during the season, and are unequal to the freight. To-day, hundreds of baskets are left on the wharf to perish, or to be sold to the distillers at a very low price. Yet the loaded wagons still come to the landing, and a mile away we see clouds of dust indicating the speed by which the driver hopes to get on board his last load.

The trees in this vicinity are large, and endure to a great age. An orchard outside the limits of the town, planted upward of half a century since, still bears fruit. We measured one patriarchal tree, bending under its load of delicious Early Yorks, that was forty-seven inches around the trunk, while its branches spread over a diameter of forty-two feet.

At some future time we will be pleased to continue our pleasant drive down through the peninsula to the ocean, and inspect the remaining sources of the great fruit supply of one hundred and fifty thousand baskets a day.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

X.—THE INVASION OF BOHEMIA, AND THE RETREAT.

THE correspondence carried on between Frederick and Voltaire, and their mutual comments, very clearly reveal the relations existing between these remarkable men. Frederick was well aware that the eloquent pen of the great dramatist and historian could give him celebrity throughout Europe. Voltaire was keenly alive to the consideration that the friendship of a monarch could secure to him position and opulence. And yet each privately spoke of the other very contemptuously, while in the correspondence which passed between them they professed for each other the highest esteem and affection. Frederick wrote from Berlin as follows to Voltaire:

"*October* 7, 1743.

"MY DEAR VOLTAIRE,—France has been considered thus far as the asylum of unfortunate monarchs. I wish that my capital should become the temple of great men. Come to it then, my dear Voltaire, and give whatever orders can tend to render a residence in it agreeable to you. My wish is to please you, and wishing this, my intention is to enter entirely into your views.

"Choose whatever apartment in our house you like. Regulate yourself all that you want, either for comfort or luxury. Make your arrangements in such a way as that you may be happy and comfortable, and leave it to me to provide for the rest. You will be always entirely free, and master to choose your own way of life. My only pretension is, to enchain you by friendship and kindness.

"You will have passports for the post-horses, and whatever else you may ask. I hope to see you on Wednesday. I shall then profit by the few moments of leisure which remain to me, to enlighten myself by the blaze of your powerful genius. I entreat you to believe I shall always be the same toward you. Adieu."

Voltaire has given a detailed account of the incidents connected with this visit to his Prussian majesty. It is a humiliating exhibition of the intrigues and insincerity which animated the prominent actors in those scenes.

"The public affairs in France," writes Voltaire, "continued in as bad a state after the death of cardinal de Fleury as during the last two years of his administration. The house of Austria rose again from its ashes. France was cruelly pressed upon by that power and by England. No other resource remained to us but the chance of regaining the king of Prussia, who, having drawn us into the war, had abandoned us as soon as it was convenient to himself so to do. It was thought advisable under these circumstances that I should be sent to that monarch to sound his intentions, and, if possible, persuade him to avert the storm which, after it had first fallen on us, would be sure, sooner or later, to fall from Vienna upon him. We also wished to secure from him the loan of a hundred thousand men, with the assurance that he could thus better secure to himself Silesia.

"The minister for foreign affairs was charged to hasten my departure. A pretext, however, was necessary. I took that of my quarrel with the bishop Mirepoix. I wrote accordingly to the king of Prussia that I could no longer en-

THE KING IN THE TOWER AT COLLIN.

dure the persecutions of this monk, and that I should take refuge under the protection of a philosophical sovereign, far from the disputes of this bigot. When I arrived at Berlin the king lodged me in his palace, as he had done in my former journeys. He then led the same sort of life which he had always done since he came to the throne. He rose at five in summer and six in winter.[1] A single servant came to light his fire, to dress and shave him. Indeed, he dressed himself almost without any assistance. His bedroom was a handsome one. A rich and highly ornamented balustrade of silver inclosed apparently a bed hung with curtains, but behind the curtains, instead of a bed, there was a library. As for the royal couch, it was a wretched truckle-bed, with a thin mattress, behind a screen, in one corner of the room. Marcus Aurelius and Julian, his favorite heroes, and the greatest men among the stoics, were not worse lodged."

The king devoted himself very energetically to business during the morning, and reviewed his troops at eleven o'clock. He dined at twelve.

"After dinner," writes Voltaire, "the king retired alone into his cabinet, and made verses till five or six o'clock. A concert commenced at seven, in which the king performed on the flute as well as the best musician. The pieces of music executed were also often of the king's composition. On the days of public ceremonies he exhibited great magnificence. It was a fine spectacle to see him at table, surrounded by twenty princes of the empire, served on the most beautiful gold plate in Europe, and attended by thirty handsome pages, and as many young heyducs, superbly dressed, and carrying great dishes of massive gold. After these banquets the court attended the opera in the great theatre, three hundred feet long. The most admirable singers, and the best dancers, were at this time in the pay of the king of Prussia."

Voltaire seems to have formed a very different estimate of his own diplomatic abilites from those expressed by the king of Prussia. Voltaire writes:

[1] Voltaire is proverbially inaccurate in details. It was the king's invariable custom to rise at *four* in summer and six in winter.

"In the midst of fêtes, operas, and suppers, my secret negotiation advanced. The king allowed me to speak to him on all subjects. I often intermingled questions respecting France and Austria, in conversations relating to the Æneid and Livy. The discussion was sometimes very animated. At length the king said to me: 'Let France declare war against England, and I will march.' This was all I desired. I returned as quickly as possible to the court of France. I gave them the same hopes which I had myself been led to entertain at Berlin, and which did not prove delusive."

The fact was, that the diplomacy of Voltaire had probably not the slightest influence in guiding the action of the king. Frederick had become alarmed in view of the signal successes of the armies of Maria Theresa, under her brother-in-law, prince Charles of Lorraine. Several Austrian generals, conspicuous among whom was marshal Traun, were developing great military ability. The armies of Austria had conquered Bohemia and Bavaria. The French troops, discomfited in many battles, had been compelled to retreat to the western banks of the Rhine, vigorously pursued by prince Charles. The impotent emperor Charles Albert, upon whom France had placed the imperial crown of Germany, was driven from his hereditary realm, and the heart-broken man, in poverty and powerlessness, was an emperor but in name. It was evident that Maria Theresa was gathering her strength to reconquer Silesia. She had issued a decree that the elector of Bavaria was not legitimately chosen emperor. It was very manifest that her rapidly increasing influence would soon enable her to dethrone the unfortunate Charles Albert, and to place the imperial crown upon the brow of her husband.

Under these circumstances it was evidently impossible for Frederick to retain Silesia, unless he could again rally France and other powers to his aid. It was always easy to rouse France against England, its hereditary foe. Thus influenced, Frederick, early in the spring of 1744, entered into a new alliance with France and the emperor Charles Albert against Maria Theresa. The two marriages which he had so adroitly consummated constrained Russia and Sweden to neutrality. While France, by the new treaty, was engaged to assail with the utmost energy, under the leadership of Louis XV. himself, the triumphant Austrian columns upon the Rhine, Frederick, at the head of one hundred thousand troops, was to drive the Austrians out of Bohemia, and reseat Charles Albert upon his hereditary throne. For this service Frederick was to receive from the Bohemian king three important principalities with their central fortresses, near upon the borders of Silesia.

The shrewd foresight of Frederick, and his rapidly developing military ability, had kept his army in the highest state of discipline, while his magazines were abundantly stored with all needful supplies. It was written at the time:

"Some countries take six months, some twelve, to get in motion for war. But in three weeks Prussia can be across the frontiers and upon the throats of its enemy. Some countries have a longer sword than Prussia. But none can unsheath it so soon."

Public opinion was then much less potent than now; still it was a power. Frederick had two objects in view in again drawing the sword. One was to maintain possession of Silesia, which was seriously menaced; the other was to enlarge his territory, and thus to strengthen his hold upon his new conquest, by adding to Prussia the three important Bohemian principalities of Königgratz, Bunzlau, and Leitmeritz. By a secret treaty he had secured the surrender of these provinces in payment for the assistance his armies might furnish the allies; but policy required that he should not avow his real motives. He therefore issued a manifesto, in which he falsely stated:

"His Prussian majesty requires nothing for himself. He has taken up arms simply and solely with the view of restoring to the empire its freedom, to the emperor his imperial crown, and to all Europe the peace which is so desirable."

Frederick published his manifesto on the 10th of August, 1744. Early in the morning of the 15th he set out from Potsdam upon this new military expedition. His two eldest brothers, Augustus William, prince of Prussia, and prince Henry, accompanied him. The army entered Bohemia in three columns, whose concentrated force amounted to nearly one hundred thousand men. Frederick in person led the first column, the old prince Leopold the second, and marshal Schwerin the third. Marching by different routes, they swept all opposition before them. On the 4th of September the combined army appeared before the walls of Prague. Here, as in every act of Frederick's life, his marvelous energy was conspicuous.

The works were pushed with the utmost vigor. On the 8th the siege cannon arrived; late in the night of Wednesday, the 9th, they were in position. Immediately they opened their rapid, well-aimed, deadly fire of solid shot and shell from three quarters—the north, the west, and the east. Frederick, watching the bombardment from an eminence, was much exposed to the return fire of the Austrians. He called upon others to take care of themselves, but seemed regardless of his own personal safety. His cousin, prince William, and a page, were both struck down at his side by a cannon-ball.

On the 16th the battered, smouldering, blood-stained city was surrendered, with its garrison of sixteen thousand men. The prisoners of war were marched off to Frederick's strong places in the north. Prague was compelled to take the oath of allegiance to the emperor, and to pay a ransom of a million of dollars. Abundant stores of provision and ammunition were

THE PANDOURS.

found in the city. It was a brilliant opening of the campaign.

The impetuous Frederick made no delay at Prague. The day after the capture, leaving five thousand men, under general Einsiedel, to garrison the city, he put his troops in motion, ascending the right bank of the Moldau. It would seem that he was about to march boldly upon Vienna. Wagons of meal, drawn by oxen, followed the army. The heavy artillery was left behind. The troops were forced along as rapidly as possible. They advanced in two columns. One was led by Frederick, and the other by young Leopold. The country through which they passed was dreary, desolate, barren in the extreme—a wild waste of precipitous rocks and bogs and tangled forest. The roads were wretched. No forage could be obtained. The starved oxen were continually dropping, exhausted, by the way; the path of the army was marked by their carcasses.

It was but sixty miles from Prague to Tabor. The march of Frederick's division led through Kunraditz, across the Sazawa River, through Bistritz and Miltchin. It was not until the ninth day of their toilsome march that the steeples of Tabor were descried, in the distant horizon, on its high, scarped rock. Here both columns united. Half of the draught cattle had perished by the way, and half of the wagons had been abandoned.

The prospects of Frederick were now gloomy. The bright morning of the campaign had darkened into a stormy day. The barren region around afforded no supplies. The inhabitants were all Catholics; they hated the heretics. Inspired by their priests, they fled from their dwellings, taking with them or destroying every thing which could aid the Prussian army. But most annoying of all, the bold, sagacious chieftain, general Bathyani, with hordes of Pandours which could not be counted—horsemen who seemed to have the vitality and endurance of centaurs—was making deadly assaults upon every exposed point.

"Such a swarm of hornets as darkens the very daylight!" writes Carlyle. "Vain to scourge them down, to burn them off by blaze of gunpowder; they fly fast, but are straightway back again. They lurk in these bushy wildernesses,

scraggy woods; no foraging possible, unless whole regiments are sent out to do it; you can not get a letter safely carried, for them."

Thus Frederick found himself in a barren, hostile country, with a starving army, incessantly assailed by a determined foe, groping his way in absolute darkness, and with the greatest difficulty communicating even with his own divisions, at the distance of but a few leagues. He knew not from what direction to anticipate attack, or how formidable might be his assailants. He knew not whether the French, on the other side of the Rhine, had abandoned him to his own resources, or were marching to his rescue. He knew that they were as supremely devoted to their own interests as he was to his, and that they would do nothing to aid him, unless by so doing they could efficiently benefit themselves.

As is usual under such circumstances, a quarrel arose among his officers. Young Leopold proposed one plan, marshal Schwerin another. They were both bold, determined men. Frederick found it difficult to keep the peace between them. It was now October. Winter, with its piercing gales and ice and snow, was fast approaching. It was necessary to seek winter-quarters. Frederick, with the main body of his army, took possession of Budweis, on the upper Moldau. A detachment was stationed at Neuhaus, about thirty miles northeast of Budweis.

It will be remembered that prince Charles was at the head of a strong Austrian army, on the western banks of the Rhine. It numbered over fifty thousand combatants. The king of France had pledged himself to press them closely, so that they could not recross the Rhine and rush into Bohemia to thwart the operations of Frederick; but, unfortunately, Louis XV. was seized with a malignant fever, which brought him near to the grave. Taking advantage of this, prince Charles, on the night of the 23d of August, crossed the Rhine with his whole army. It was bright moonlight, so that every movement was as visible as if it had been made by day. But the French officers, glad thus to be rid of the Austrian army, preferring much that Frederick should encounter it in Bohemia than that they should struggle against it on the Rhine, went quietly to their beds, even forbidding the more zealous subalterns from harassing prince Charles in his passage of the river. It was then the great object of the French to take Freyburg. The withdrawal of prince Charles, with his fifty thousand men, was a great relief to them.

While Frederick was involved in all these difficulties, he was cheered by the hope that the French would soon come to his rescue. Unutterable was his chagrin when he learned, early in October, that the French had done exactly as he would have done in their circumstances. Appalling indeed were the tidings soon brought to him, that prince Charles, with his army, had marched unmolested into Bohemia; that he had already effected a junction with general Bathyani and his countless swarm of Pandours; and, moreover, that a Saxon army, twenty thousand strong, in alliance with the queen of Hungary, was on the way to join his already overwhelming foes. It was reported, at the same time, that prince Charles was advancing upon Budweis, and that his advance-guard had been seen, but a few miles off, on the western side of the Moldau.

The exigency demanded the most decisive action. Frederick promptly gathered his army and dashed across the Moldau, resolved, with the energies of despair, to smite down the troops of prince Charles. But no foe could be found. For four days he sought for them in vain. He then learned that the Austrian army had crossed the Moldau several miles north of him, thus cutting off his communications with Prague.

Though prince Charles was nominally commander-in-chief of the Austrian forces, marshal Traun, as we have mentioned, was its military head. He was, at that time, far Frederick's superior in the art of war. Frederick had sufficient intelligence and candor to recognize that superiority. When he heard of this adroit movement of his foes, he exclaimed, "Old Traun understands his trade."

Prince Charles was now forming magazines at Beneschau, just south of the Sazawa River, about seventy miles north of Frederick's encampment at Budweis. Frederick hastily recrossed the Moldau, and, marching through Bechin, concentrated nearly all his forces at Tabor. He hoped by forced marches to take the Austrians by surprise, and capture their magazines at Beneschau. Thousands, rumor said fourteen thousand, of the wild Pandours, riding furiously, hovered around his line of march. They were in his front, on his rear, and upon his flanks. Ever refusing battle, they attacked every exposed point with the utmost ferocity. The Prussian king thus found himself cut off from Prague, with exhausted magazines, and forage impossible. He had three hundred sick in his hospitals. He could not think of abandoning them. And yet he had no means for their transportation.

The salvation of the army seemed to depend upon capturing the Austrian magazines at Beneschau. Marshal Schwerin was sent forward with all speed, at the head of a strong detachment, and was so lucky as to take Beneschau. Here he intrenched himself. Frederick, upon hearing the glad tidings, immediately started from Tabor to join him. His sick were at Fraunberg, Budweis, and Neuhaus, some dozen miles south of Tabor. Garrisons, amounting to three thousand men, had been left to protect them from the Pandours. As Frederick was about to abandon that whole region it was manifest that these garrisons could not maintain themselves. He dispatched eight messengers in succession, to summon the troops immediately to join him. The sick were to be left to their fate. It was one of the cruel necessities of

war. But not one of these messengers escaped capture by the Pandours. Frederick commenced his march without these garrisons. The three thousand fighting men, with the three hundred sick, all fell into the hands of the Pandours.

Frederick concentrated his army at Konopischt, very near Beneschau. He could bring into the field sixty thousand men. Prince Charles was at the head of seventy thousand. In vain the Prussian king strove to bring his foes to a pitched battle. Adroitly prince Charles avoided any decisive engagement. Frederick was fifty miles from Prague. The roads were quagmires. November gales swept his camp. A foe, superior in numbers, equal in bravery, surrounded him on all sides. The hostile army was led by a general whose greater military ability Frederick acknowledged.

A council of war was held. It was decided to commence an immediate and rapid retreat to Silesia. Prague, with its garrison of five thousand men, and its siege artillery, was to be abandoned to its fate. Word was sent to general Einsiedel to spike his guns, blow up his bastions, throw his ammunition into the river, and to escape, if possible, down the valley of the Moldau, to Leitmeritz.

Frederick divided his retreating army into two columns. One, led by the young Leopold, was to retire through Glatz. The other, led by Frederick, traversed a road a few leagues to the west, passing through Königgratz. It was an awful retreat for both these divisions—through snow and sleet and mud, hungry, weary, freezing, with swarms of Pandours hanging upon their rear. Thousands perished by the way. The horrors of such a retreat no pen can describe. Their very guides deserted them, and became spies, to report their movements to the foe.

On one occasion the king himself narrowly escaped being taken prisoner. One of his officers, general Trenck, gives the following graphic narrative of the incident:

"One day the king entered the town of Collin, with his horse and foot guard and the whole of the baggage. We had but four small field-pieces with us. The squadron to which I belonged was placed in the suburb. In the evening our advanced posts were driven back into the town; and the huzzas of the enemy followed them pell-mell. All the country around was covered with the light troops of the Austrians. My commandant sent me to the king to take his orders.

"After a long search, I at length found him in a tower of a church, with a telescope in his hand. Never had I seen him in so much perplexity and anxiety as at this moment. The order he gave me was: 'You must get out of this scrape as well as you can.' I had hardly got back to my post when his adjutant followed me with a new order to cross the town, and to remain on horseback with my squadron in the opposite suburb.

"We had just arrived there when it began to rain heavily, and the night became exceedingly dark. About nine o'clock one of the Austrian generals approached us with his light troops, and set fire to the houses close to which we were posted. By the blaze of the conflagration he soon discovered us, and began firing at us from the windows. The town was so full that it was impossible for us to find a place in it. Besides, the gate was barricaded, and from the top they were firing at us with our small field-pieces, which they had captured.

"In the mean time the Austrians had turned in upon us a rivulet; and by midnight we found our horses in the water up to their bellies. We were really incapable of defending ourselves."

Just at that time, when all hope seemed lost, it so happened that a cannon-ball crushed the foot of the Austrian commander. This disaster, together with the darkness and the torrents of rain, caused the fire of the enemy to cease. The next morning some Prussian reinforcements came to the rescue of the king, and he escaped.

It was on the night of the 25th of November, cold and dreary, that general Einsiedel commenced his retreat from Prague. He pushed his wagon trains out before him, and followed with his horse and foot. The Austrians were on the alert. Their light horsemen came clattering into the city ere the rear-guard had left. The Catholic populace of the city, being in sympathy with the Austrians, immediately joined the Pandours in a fierce attack upon the Prussians. The retreating columns were torn by a terrific fire from the windows of the houses, from bridges, from boats, from every point whence a bullet could reach them. But the well-drilled Prussians met the shock with the stern composure of machines, leaving their path strewn with the dying and the dead.

The heroic general Einsiedel struggled along through the snow, and over the pathless hills, pursued and pelted every hour by the indomitable foe. He was often compelled to abandon baggage wagons and ambulances containing the sick, while the wounded and the exhausted sank freezing by the way. At one time he was so crowded by the enemy that he was compelled to continue his march through the long hours of a wintry night, by the light of pitch-pine torches. After this awful retreat of twenty days, an emaciate, ragged, frost-bitten band crossed the frontier into Silesia, near Friedland. They were soon united with the other columns of the discomfited and almost ruined army.

It will generally be admitted by military men that Frederick did not display much ability of generalship in this campaign. He was fearless, indomitable in energy, and tireless in the endurance of fatigue. But in generalship he was entirely eclipsed by his formidable rival. Indeed, Frederick could not be blind to this, and he had sufficient candor to confess it. Subsequently, giving an account of these transactions in his "Works," he writes:

"No general has committed more faults than did the king in this campaign. The conduct of marshal Traun is a model of perfection, which every soldier who loves his business ought to study, and try to imitate if he have the talent. The king has himself admitted that he himself regarded this campaign as his school in the art of war, and marshal Traun as his teacher."

He then adds the philosophical reflection: "Bad is often better for princes than good. Instead of intoxicating them with presumption, it renders them circumspect and modest."[1]

Frederick, leaving his army safe for a short time, quartered, as he supposed, for the winter, in his strong fortresses of Silesia, returned hastily to Berlin. It was necessary for him to make immediate preparation for another campaign. "From December 13, 1744," writes Carlyle, "when he hastened home to Berlin, under such aspects, to June 4, 1745, when aspects suddenly changed, are probably the worst six months Frederick had yet had in the world."[2]

His wintry ride, a defeated monarch leaving a shattered army behind him, must have been dark and dreary. He had already exhausted nearly all the resources which his father, Frederick William, had accumulated. His army was demoralized, weakened, and his *materiel* of war greatly impaired. His subjects were already heavily taxed. Though practicing the most rigid economy, with his eye upon every expenditure, his disastrous Bohemian campaign had cost him three hundred and fifty thousand dollars a month. The least sum with which he could commence a new campaign for the protection of Silesia was four million five hundred thousand dollars. He had already melted up the sumptuous plate, and the massive silver balustrades and balconies where his father had deposited so much solid treasure.

"It was in these hours of apparently insurmountable difficulty that the marvelous administrative genius of Frederick was displayed. No modern reader can imagine the difficulties of Frederick at this time as they already lay disclosed, and kept gradually disclosing themselves, for months coming; nor will ever know what perspicacity, what patience of scanning, sharpness of discernment, dexterity of management, were required at Frederick's hands; and under what imminency of peril too—victorious deliverance or ruin and annihilation, wavering fearfully in the balance, for him more than once, or rather all along."[3]

To add to the embarrassments of Frederick, the king of Poland, entirely under the control of his minister Brühl, who hated Frederick, entered into an alliance with Maria Theresa, and engaged to furnish her with thirty thousand troops, who were to be supported by the sea powers England and Holland, who were also in close alliance with Austria.

Maria Theresa, greatly elated by her success in driving the Prussians out of Bohemia, resolved immediately, notwithstanding the severity of the season, to push her armies through the "Giant Mountains" for the reconquering of Silesia. She ordered her generals to press on with the utmost energy and overrun the whole country. At the same time she issued a manifesto, declaring that the treaty of Breslau was a treaty no longer—that the Silesians were absolved from all oaths of allegiance to the king of Prussia, and that they were to hold themselves in readiness to take the oath anew to the queen of Hungary.

On the 18th of December a strong Austrian army entered Silesia and took possession of the country of Glatz. The Prussian troops were withdrawn in good order to their strong fortresses on the Oder. The old prince Leopold, the cast iron man, called the old Dessauer, the most inflexible of mortals, was left in command of the Prussian troops. He was, however, quite seriously alienated from Frederick. A veteran soldier, having spent his lifetime on fields of blood, and having served the monarchs of Prussia when Frederick was but a child, and who had been the military instructor of the young prince, he deemed himself entitled to consideration which an inexperienced officer might not command. In one of the marches to which we have referred, Leopold ventured to take a route different from that which Frederick had prescribed to him. In the following terms the Prussian king reprimanded him for his disobedience.

"I am greatly surprised that your excellency does not more accurately follow my orders. If you were more skillful than Cæsar, and did not with strict fidelity obey my directions, all else were of no help to me. I hope this notice, once for all, will be enough, and that in future you will give no cause for complaint."

Prince Leopold was keenly wounded by this reproof. Though he uttered not a word in self-defense, he was ever after, in the presence of his majesty, very silent, distant, and reserved. Though scrupulously faithful in every duty, he compelled the king to feel that an impassable wall of separation had risen up between them. He was seeking for an honorable pretext to withdraw from his majesty's service.

Frederick had hardly reached Berlin ere he was astonished to learn, from dispatches from the old Dessauer, that the Austrians, not content with driving him out of Bohemia, had actually invaded Silesia. Amazed, or affecting amazement, at such audacity, he sent reiterated and impatient orders to his veteran general to fall immediately upon the insolent foe and crush him.

"Hurl them out," he wrote. "Gather twenty, thirty thousand men, if need be. Let there

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[1] "In his retreat Frederick is reported to have lost above thirty thousand men, together with most of his heavy baggage and artillery, and many wagons laden with provisions and plunder."—Tower's *Life and Reign of Frederick*, vol. i. p. 209.

[2] Carlyle, vol. iv. p. 50.

[3] *Id.*, iv. 76.

be no delay. I will as soon be pitched out of Brandenburg as out of Silesia."

But it was much easier for Frederick to issue these orders than for Leopold to execute them. As Leopold could not, in a day, gather sufficient force to warrant an attack upon the Austrians, the king was greatly irritated, and allowed himself to write to Leopold in a strain of which he must afterward have been much ashamed. On the 19th he addressed a note to the veteran officer couched in the following terms:

"On the 21st I leave Berlin, and mean to be at Neisse on the 24th at least. Your excellency will, in the mean time, make out the order of battle for the regiments which have come in. For I will, on the 25th, without delay, cross the Neisse, and attack those people, cost what it may, and chase them out of Silesia, and follow them as far as possible. You will, therefore, take measure and provide every thing, that the project may be executed the moment I arrive."

In this fiery humor the king leaped upon his horse and galloped to Schweidnitz. Here he met the old Dessauer. He must have been not a little mortified to learn that his veteran general was right, and he utterly in the wrong. Prince Charles had returned home. Marshal Traun was in command of the Austrians. He had a compact army of 20,000 men, flushed with victory and surrounded by countless thousands of Pandours, who veiled every movement from view. He had established himself in an impregnable position on the south side of the Neisse, where he could not be assailed, with any prospect of success, by the force which Leopold could then summon to his aid.

Frederick was silenced, humiliated. He returned to Berlin, having accomplished nothing, and having lost four days in his fruitless adventure. Leopold was left to accumulate his resources as rapidly as he could, and to attack the Austrians at his discretion.

Prince Charles had married the only sister of Maria Theresa. She was young, beautiful, and amiable. While the prince was conducting his arduous campaign on the Moldau, his wife, grief-stricken, consigned her new-born babe to the tomb. The little stranger, born in the absence of his father, had but opened his eyes upon this sad world when he closed them forever. The princess sank rapidly into a decline.

Charles, feeling keenly the bereavement, and alarmed for the health of his wife, whom he loved most tenderly, hastened to his home in Brussels. The prince and princess were vice-regents, or "joint governors" of the Netherlands. The decline of the princess was very rapid. On the 16th of December the young prince, with flooded eyes, a broken-hearted man, followed the remains of his beloved companion to their burial. Charles never recovered from the blow. He had been the happiest of husbands. He sank into a state of deep despondency, and could never be induced to wed again. Though in April he resumed, for a time, the command of the army, his energies were wilted, his spirit saddened, and he soon passed into oblivion. This is but one among the countless millions of the unwritten tragedies of human life.

On the 9th of January Leopold, having gathered a well-furnished army of 25,000 men, crossed the Neisse to attack marshal Traun. The marshal did not deem it prudent to hazard a battle. Large bodies of troops were soon to be sent to reinforce him. He therefore retired by night toward the south, breaking the bridges behind him. Though Silesia was thus delivered from the main body of the Austrian army, the fleet-footed Pandours remained, scouring the country on their shaggy horses, plundering and destroying. The energetic, tireless old Dessauer could seldom get a shot at them. But they harassed his army, keeping the troops constantly on the march amidst the storms and the freezing cold.

"The old serene highness himself, face the color of gunpowder, and bluer in the winter frost, went rushing far and wide in an open vehicle which he called his 'cart,' pushing out his detachments; supervising every thing; wheeling hither and thither as needful; sweeping out the Pandour world, and keeping it out; not much fighting needed, but 'a great deal of marching,' murmurs Frederick, 'which in winter is as bad, and wears down the force of battalions.'"[1]

We seldom hear from Frederick any recognition of God. But on this occasion, perhaps out of regard to the feelings of his subjects, he ordered the *Te Deum* to be sung in the churches of Berlin, "For the deliverance of Silesia from invasion."

On the 20th of January, 1745, Charles Albert, the unhappy and ever-unfortunate emperor of Germany, died at Munich in the forty-eighth year of his age. Tortured by a complication of the most painful disorders, he had seldom, for weary years, enjoyed an hour of freedom from acute pain. An incessant series of disasters crushed all his hopes. He was inextricably involved in debt. Triumphant foes drove him from his realms. He wandered a fugitive in foreign courts, exposed to humiliation and the most cutting indignities. Thus the victim of bodily and mental anguish, it is said that one day some new tidings of disaster prostrated him upon the bed of death. He was patient and mild, but the saddest of mortals. Gladly he sought refuge in the tomb from the storms of his drear and joyless life. An eye-witness writes, "Charles Albert's pious and affectionate demeanor drew tears from all eyes. The manner in which he took leave of his empress would have melted a heart of stone."

"The death of the emperor," says Frederick, "was the only event wanting to complete the confusion and embroilment which already ex-

[1] Carlyle, vol. iv. p. 54.

PRINCE LEOPOLD INSPECTING THE ARMY IN HIS "CART."

isted in the political relations of the European powers."

Maximilian Joseph, son of the emperor, was at the time of his father's death but seventeen years of age. He was titular elector of Bavaria. But Austrian armies had overrun the electorate, and he was a fugitive from his dominions. At the entreaty of his mother he entered into a treaty of alliance with the queen of Hungary. She agreed to restore to him his realms, and to recognize his mother as empress dowager. He, on the other hand, agreed to support the Pragmatic Sanction, and to give his vote for the grand duke Francis as emperor of Germany.

Thus Bavaria turned against Frederick. It was manifest to all that Maria Theresa, aided by the alliances into which she had entered, and sustained by the gold which the English cabinet so generously lavished upon her, would be able to place the imperial crown upon her husband's brow. It was equally evident that the sceptre of power, of which that crown was the emblem, would be entirely in her own hands.

Frederick had now France only for an ally. But France was seeking her own private interests on the Rhine, as Frederick was aiming at the aggrandizement of Prussia on his Austrian frontiers. Neither party was disposed to make any sacrifice for the benefit of the other. Frederick, thus thrown mainly upon his own resources, with an impoverished treasury, and a weakened and baffled army, made indirect application to both England and Austria for peace. But both of these courts, flushed with success, were indisposed to listen to any terms which Frederick would propose.

There was nothing left for his Prussian majesty but to abandon Silesia, and retire within his own original borders, defeated and humiliated, the object of the contempt and ridicule of Europe; or to press forward in the conflict, summoning to his aid all the energies of despair.

Old prince Leopold of Dessau, whom he had left in command of the army in Silesia, was one of the most extraordinary men of any age. He invented the iron ramrod, and also all modern military tactics. "The soldiery of every civilized country still receives from this man, on the parade-fields and battle-fields, its word of command. Out of his rough head proceeded the essential of all that the innumerable drill-sergeants in various languages repeat and enforce."[1]

Dessau was a little independent principality embracing a few square miles, about eighty miles southwest of Prussia. The prince had a Lilliputian army, and a revenue of about fifty thousand dollars. Leopold's mother was the sister of the great elector of Brandenburg's first wife. The little principality was thus, by matrimonial alliance as well as location, in affinity with Prussia.

Leopold, in early youth, fell deeply in love with a beautiful young lady, Mademoiselle Fos. She was the daughter of an apothecary. His

[1] CARLYLE, vol. i. p. 302.

aristocratic friends were shocked at the idea of so unequal a marriage. The sturdy will of Leopold was unyielding. They sent him away under a French tutor, to take the grand tour of Europe. After an absence of fourteen months he returned. The first thing he did was to call upon Mademoiselle Fos. After that, he called upon his widowed mother. It was in vain to resist the will of such a man. In 1698 he married her, and soon, by his splendid military services, so ennobled his bride that all were ready to do her homage. For half a century she was his loved and honored spouse, attending him in all his campaigns.

With a tender heart, Leopold was one of the most stern and rugged of men. Spending his whole life amidst the storms of battle, he seemed ever insensible to fatigue, and regardless of all physical comforts. And yet there was a vein of truly feminine gentleness and tenderness in his heart, which made him one of the most loving of husbands and fathers.

His young daughter Louisa, bride of Victor Leopold, reigning prince of Anhalt-Bernburg, lay dying of a decline. A few days before her death she said, "I wish I could see my father at the head of his regiment, once again, before I die." The remark was reported to Leopold. He was then with his regiment at Halle, thirty miles distant. Immediately the troops were called out, and marched at rapid pace to Bernburg. With banners flying, music playing, and all customary display of military pomp, they entered the court-yard of the palace. The dying daughter, pale and emaciate, sat at the window. The war-worn father rose in his stirrups to salute his child, and then put his regiment through all its most interesting manœuvrings. The soldiers were then marched to the orphan-house, where the common men were treated with bread and beer; all the officers dining at the prince's table. "All the officers except Leopold alone, who stole away out of the crowd, sat himself upon the Saale bridge, and wept into the river."

Leopold was now seventy years of age. On the 5th of February his much-loved wife died at Dessau. Leopold, infirm in health, and broken with grief, entreated the king to allow him to go home. He could not, of course, be immediately spared.

On the 15th of March Frederick left Berlin for Silesia. Stopping to examine some of his works at Glogau and Breslau, he reached Neisse on the 23d. On the 29th he dismissed the old Dessauer, with many expressions of kindness and sympathy, to go home to recover his health.

"Old Leopold is hardly at home at Dessau," writes Carlyle "when the new Pandour tempests, tides of ravaging war, again come beating against the Giant Mountains, pouring through all passes, huge influx of wild riding hordes, each with some support of Austrian grenadiers, cannoniers, threatening to submerge Silesia. Precursors, Frederick need not doubt, of a strenuous, regular attempt that way. Hungarian majesty's fixed intention, hope, and determination is, to expel him straightway from Silesia."[1]

The latter part of April prince Charles had gathered a large force of Austrian regulars at Olmütz, with the manifest intention of again invading Silesia. The king of Poland had entered into cordial alliance with Austria, and was sending a large army of Saxon troops to co-operate in the enterprise. Frederick's indignation was great, and his peril still greater. Encamped in the valley of the Neisse, assailed on every side, and menaced with still more formidable foes, he dispatched orders to the old Dessauer immediately to establish an army of observation (thirty thousand strong) upon the frontiers of Saxony. He was to be prepared instantly, upon the Saxon troops leaving Saxony, to ravage the country with the most merciless plunderings of war.

The queen of Hungary had purchased the co-operation of the Polish king by offering to surrender to him a generous portion of Silesia, after the province should have been reconquered. Indeed, there was great cause of apprehension that the allied army would make a rush upon Berlin itself. The aspect of his Prussian majesty's affairs was now gloomy in the extreme.

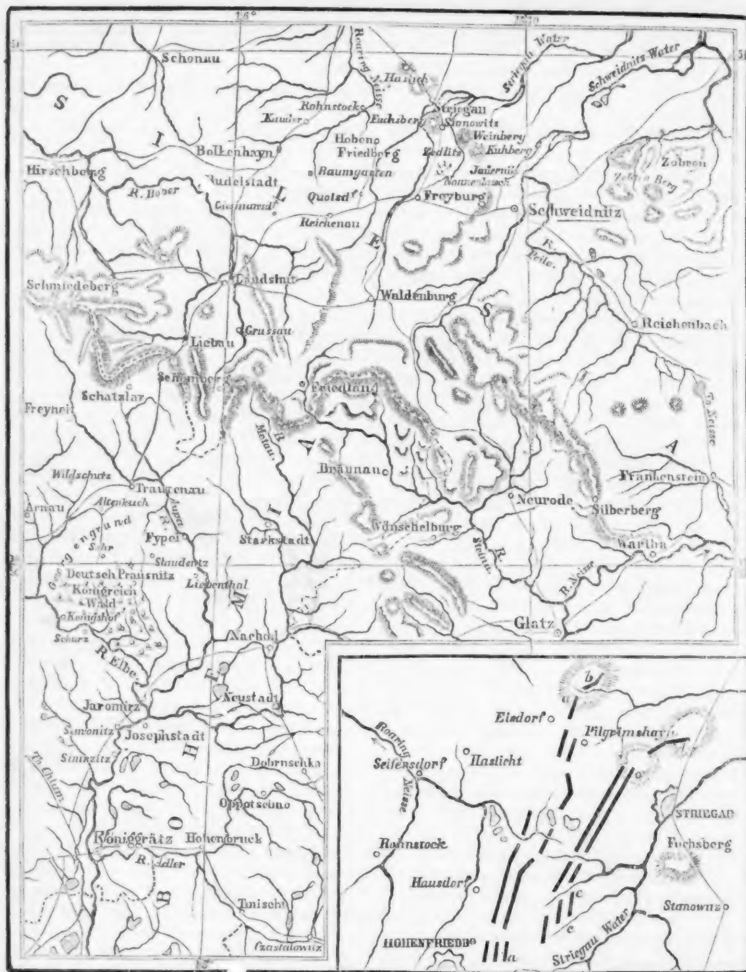
Frederick wrote to his minister Podewils in Berlin, under date of Neisse, March 29, 1745, as follows: "We find ourselves in a great crisis. If we don't by mediation of England get peace, our enemies from different sides will come plunging in against me. Peace I can not force them to. But if we must have war, we will either beat them, or none of us will ever see Berlin again."

On the 17th of April again he wrote, still from Neisse: "I toil day and night to improve our situation. The soldiers will do their duty. There is none among us who will not rather have his back-bone broken than give up one foot-breadth of ground. They must either grant us a good peace, or we will surpass ourselves by miracles of daring, and force the enemy to accept it from us."

On the 20th of April he wrote: "Our situation is disagreeable; but my determination is taken. If we needs must fight, we will do it like men driven desperate. Never was there a greater peril than that I am now in. Time, at its own pleasure, will untie this knot, or destiny, if there is one, determine the event. The game I play is so high, one can not contemplate the issue with cold blood. Pray for the return of my good luck."

The alarm in Berlin was very great. The citizens were awake to the consciousness that there was danger; that the city itself would be assaulted. Great was the consternation in the capital when minute directions came from Frederick respecting the course to be pursued in the

[1] CARLYLE, vol. iv. p. 80.



BATTLE OF HOHENFRIEDBERG, JUNE 4, 1745.

a. a. Austrian Army. b. Prince Weissenfels. c. c. Prussian Army. d. Dumoulin. e. Gessler's Dragoons.

event of such a calamity, and the places of refuge to which the royal family should retreat.

On the 26th of April Frederick again wrote to M. Podewils: "I can understand how you are getting uneasy at Berlin. I have the most to lose of you all; but I am quiet and prepared for events. If the Saxons take part in the invasion of Silesia, and we beat them, I am determined to plunge into Saxony. For great maladies there need great remedies. Either I will maintain my all or else lose my all. To me remains only to possess myself in patience. If all alliances, resources, and negotiations fail, and all conjunctures go against me, I prefer to perish with honor rather than lead an inglorious life, deprived of all dignity. My ambition whispers me that I have done more than another to the building up of my house, and have played a distinguished part among the crowned heads of Europe. To maintain myself there has become, as it were, a personal duty, which I will fulfill at the expense of my happiness and my life. I have no choice left. I will maintain my power, or it may go to ruin, and the Prussian name be buried under it. If the enemy attempt any thing upon us, we will either beat them or will all be hewed to pieces for the sake of our country and the renown of Brandenburg. No other counsel can I listen to. Perform faithfully the given work on your

side, as I on mine. For the rest, let what you call Providence decide as it likes. I prepare myself for every event. Fortune may be kind or be unkind, it shall neither dishearten me nor uplift me. If I am to perish, let it be with honor, and sword in hand."

Frederick was, with great energy, gathering all his resources for a decisive conflict in his fortresses along the banks of the Neisse. By almost superhuman exertions he had collected an army there of about seventy thousand men. The united army of Austria and Saxony marching upon him amounted to one hundred thousand regulars, together with uncounted swarms of Pandours sweeping around him in all directions, interrupting his communications and cutting off his supplies.

The mountain range upon the south, which separated Silesia from the realms of the queen of Hungary, was three or four hundred miles long, with some twenty defiles, practicable for the passage of troops. The French minister Valori urged Frederick to guard these passes. This was impossible; and the self-confidence of the Prussian king is revealed in his reply: "My friend, if you wish to catch the mouse, you must not shut the trap, but leave it open."

The latter part of May, Frederick, in his headquarters at Frankenstein, learned that an Austrian army under prince Charles, and a Saxon army under the duke of Weisenfels, in columns, by strict count seventy-five thousand strong, had defiled through the passes of the Giant Mountains, and entered Silesia near Landshut. Day after day he ascended an eminence, and, with his glass, anxiously scanned the horizon, to detect signs of the approach of the foe. On Thursday morning, June 3, an immense cloud of dust in the distance indicated that the decisive hour was at hand.

As this magnificent army entered upon the smooth and beautiful fields of Southern Silesia they shook out their banners, and with peals of music gave expression to their confidence of victory. The Austrian officers pitched their tents on a hill near Hohenfriedberg, where they feasted and drank their wine while, during the long and beautiful June afternoon, they watched the onward sweep of their glittering host. "The Austrian and Saxon army," writes an eye-witness, "streamed out all the afternoon, each regiment or division taking the place appointed it; all the afternoon, till late in the night, submerging the country as in a deluge."

Far away in the east, the Austrian officers discerned a Prussian column of observation, consisting of about twelve thousand horse and foot, wending along from hollow to height, their polished weapons flashing back the rays of the afternoon sun. Frederick, carefully examining the ground, immediately made arrangements to bring forward his troops under curtain of the night for a decisive battle. His orderlies were silently dispatched in all directions. At eight o'clock the whole army was in motion. His troops were so concentrated that the farthest divisions had a march of only nine miles. Silently, not a word being spoken, not a pipe being lighted, and all the baggage being left behind, they crossed the bridge of the Striegau River, and, deploying to the right and the left, took position in front of the slumbering allied troops.

With the first dawn of the morning the two armies, in close contact, rushed furiously upon each other. There were seventy thousand on the one side, seventy-five thousand on the other. They faced each other in lines over an undulating plain nearly ten miles in extent. It is in vain to attempt to give the reader an adequate idea of the terrible battle which ensued. With musketry, artillery, gleaming sabres, and rushing horsemen, the infuriate hosts dashed upon each other. For fifteen hours the blood-red surges of battle swept to and fro over the plain. At length prince Charles, having lost nine thousand in dead and wounded, seven thousand prisoners, sixteen thousand in all, sixty-six cannon, seventy-three flags and standards, beat a retreat. Rapidly his bleeding and exhausted troops marched back through Hohenfriedberg, entered the mountain defiles, and sought refuge, a thoroughly beaten army, among the fortresses of Bohemia. Frederick remained the undisputed victor of the field. Five thousand of his brave soldiers lay dead or wounded upon the plain. Even his stoical heart was moved by the greatness of the victory. As he first caught sight of M. Valori after the battle he threw his arms around him, exclaiming, "My friend, God has helped me wonderfully this day."

"There was, after all," says Valori, "at times a kind of devout feeling in this prince, who possessed such a combination of qualities, good and bad, that I know not which preponderates."

The Prussian army was so exhausted by its midnight march and its long day of battle that his majesty did not deem it wise to attempt to pursue the retreating foe. For this he has been severely, we think unjustly, censured by some military men. He immediately, that evening, wrote to his mother, saying, "So decisive a defeat has not been since Blenheim," and assuring her that the two princes, her sons, who had accompanied him to the battle, were safe. Such was the battle of Hohenfriedberg, once of world-wide renown, now almost forgotten.

UP AND DOWN.

IT was high noon of a warm, balmy spring day, and Boston Common was full of fresh young life and verdure. The beautiful trees which adorn this fair spot of earth had just been crowned with their new leafy honors, and were beginning to cast a thin, misty, dream-like shadow over the tender green of the young grass, which rolled its soft, velvety mantle over bank and level; the newly expanded leaves and buds gave out a sweet, spicy odor, and the soft air was fragrant with that fresh, moist, earthy

smell which is so welcome in the days of early spring, and so suggestive of the coming glories of the vegetable kingdom that it seems ever to remind one of the first days of earth's creation, when Adam and Eve, sinless and happy, walked lovingly and admiringly, hand in hand, through a pure world, all light and joy and beauty, unconscious that there could ever come a time of sin, decay, winter, woe, and death!

The brimming little pond (which, tiny as it is, has a hold upon the affections of the Bostonians powerful as the clasp of infant weakness upon a giant's strength) was flashing and sparkling in its blue, diamond brightness; for the sunny sky which smiled down upon it was cloudless and blue. A cluster of "Boston boys," frank and manly, were now hovering around its dimpling surface, with laugh and shout, launching their trim, white-sailed boats; and then, while the fairy skiffs held their somewhat uncertain course over the water, just rippled by the soft breeze, the miniature ship-owners would run round to the other side, to be in readiness to receive them, long before they neared their doubtful port. Ah! well would it be for older merchants if they could do so too! For then the enterprise and sagacity which plan the voyage would not so often be frustrated by the stupidity, obstinacy, or dishonesty of some agent "on the other side of the water."

Upon the upper, or Beacon-street mall—which seemed, for the time, almost given up to their exclusive use—were multitudes of younger children, sent out for health and recreation in the sweet open air. Richly dressed little ones, arrived at the dignity of locomotion, were trundling hoops, or running races, or s͵orting like summer butterflies on the edge of the new grass; while their rosy-cheeked Irish nurses, in shining hair, huge barrel hoops, and sun-shades, followed them, or, seated on the benches, gossiping with others of their class and country, affected to be still zealously watching their little charges.

Solemn-looking babies, half crushed under the weighty magnificence of white satin hats and drooping feathers, drawn forth in fair array of pomp and circumstance, sat in state, holding on with both dimpled hands to the sides of their baby-carriages, or lolled idly among their downy cushions and gorgeous Afghans, in drowsy abstraction or listless indifference; while a class still younger—an "infantry up in arms"—enveloped in their elongated and embroidered robes, with dainty caps, and delicate laces, and satin rosettes, were carried backward through the world, glaring and staring over the broad shoulders of their nurses with round, shining, unspeculating eyes, in which the light of thought, feeling, and observation had never yet been kindled.

Along Beacon Street, down Park Street, through Tremont Street, passed a continuous throng of richly dressed and beautiful women; for it had been a week of storm and chill, and the "east wind," that scourge and terror of Bostonians, had ruled with no very "brief authority;" and numbers, who had been pining in restless inactivity within doors, now availed themselves of the balmy spring day for a health-restoring walk or drive.

Invalids were sunning themselves on the broad gravel-walks, slowly pacing to and fro, with feeble steps and languid air; loungers and pleasure-seekers were idling on the way, curiously scanning, criticising, or admiring the female passers; and business men were hurrying by, exchanging rapid or silent greetings.

Belonging to this latter class were two young men who, standing where they met, stopped to exchange a few salutations, and then, imperceptibly, fell into more earnest conversation.

You may see with a glance that one is a Bostonian, the other is from New York; for while the difference would be difficult to explain, yet French and English are not more distinctly different.

They are gentlemen, both, and both have that air of refinement and polish which only society can give, and which would indicate a life of leisure beyond the need of business drudgery. Yet, listen to their conversation—the oft-repeated words, "stock, shares, dividends, investment, coupons, dollars," betray the merchant and the money-maker. Ah! will the blessed time ever come when the American merchant will have reached the ultimate goal of his ambition, and sit calmly down to enjoy the wealth which he has toiled to make? Or is the love of money of necessity so insatiable that it must ever outrun its successes, and grow with the very accomplishment of its own desires?

But as the gentlemen stand, still deep in conversation, a handsome carriage is driven down Park Street, and, as it turns into Tremont Street, the more stylish-looking man of the two smiles and bows familiarly.

Ah! a quick eye has caught the movement. The coach is checked, and a sweet, childish voice calls out:

"Papa! papa! May I—may I come to you?"

The gentleman smiled, and nodded in assent; and the servant, dismounting, opened the carriage door, and lifted out a fairy little creature of six years old, dressed with extreme richness, but with exquisite good taste—nothing overdone, nothing wanting.

The man placed the child upon the sidewalk surrounding the Common, and returned to the carriage. And the little thing, first gracefully kissing her dimpled white hand to her mother in the departing carriage, entered the inclosure, and advanced with a bright smile and eager steps toward her father, who held out his hand to receive her.

"Your daughter, I presume, Mr. Forrester?" questioned his companion.

"Yes," said the father, proudly. "My only child, Miss Lilian Forrester. Look up, my dear Lily, and speak to this gentleman. This is

Mr. Cabot, Lily, one of my friends. Speak to him, my little daughter." And as the fond father spoke he raised the child's hat, and displayed a face of sweet childish loveliness. A fair, fresh complexion, of true Saxon clearness and brilliancy, where the pure white and red were blended together as finely as on the petals of a flower; soft, dovelike eyes, bright and blue as the spring heavens above them; and long, dropping ringlets of soft, shining, golden hair.

The gentleman thus introduced looked upon the beautiful little girl in evident admiration. "She is very like her mother," he said, while an expressive look conveyed to the father the admiration he was too prudent to clothe in words.

"I used to know your mamma, Miss Lily, when she was a little girl, not a great deal older than you are now. Will you shake hands with me for her sake?"

The little hand, small and delicate as a white rose leaf, was at once confidingly laid in his extended palm.

"Thank you," said the gentleman, kindly, as he held the little hand in his. "I think I should like to keep this in trust for my little Arthur. When you meet him, Miss Lily, will you give it to him?"

"No!" said Miss Lily, very decidedly; "I don't like boy babies at all."

"Oh! but my son Arthur is not a baby, I assure you," said Mr. Cabot, laughing. "He is quite a young gentleman. Let me see—he has arrived at the mature and venerable age of ten years. Nay, I am not sure that he is not eleven. Why, bless your heart, he skates and takes a newspaper! What more could you ask? Will not that do?"

But Miss Lily did not commit herself by any reply.

"Why did not you stay with mamma, Lily?" inquired her father. "I thought you were going out for a drive this morning."

"Yes; but mamma had visits to pay, and I was tired," said the little girl, with a wearied air. "And, besides, I wanted to walk with you. You will take me for a walk, papa, won't you?"

"Oh yes! by-and-by, Birdie; but not just yet," said Mr. Forrester, smoothing the golden curls caressingly. "You see that I am engaged just now, and you must wait a while." And lifting her up on to a bench, he passed his arm around her waist, and resumed the conversation with his friend which her arrival had interrupted.

For a few moments Miss Lily rested patiently within her father's fondly encircling arm, watching with interest the passers-by; then she began to grow restless, and manifested her impatience by various little lady-like but unmistakable signs of weariness.

"Papa!" she said at length, "may I get down, please, and walk about alone?"

"No, no, Lily! I am afraid I should lose you, among all these people; and I can not afford to do that."

Another interval, and then she spoke again:

"Papa! if you please, may I just go to that pond, and see what the little children are doing there?"

"Why, Miss Lily!" said Mr. Cabot, "I am surprised at you! Do you not see that they are all little boys? I thought you did not like boy babies!"

Miss Lilian pouted and blushed, and then remarked that she did not want to see the boys; it was only the little boats she wanted to see.

"In a few moments, little daughter," said her father.

Presently came the notes of street music, borne on the soft air, and the child could endure the restraint no longer.

"Papa! papa!" she said, while her little sandaled feet were keeping time to the distant music. "Papa—dear papa! have not you most done talking? There is the most lovely music! Oh, do please be quick, papa!"

"Do not let me detain you from your walk any longer," said Mr. Cabot, laughing. "'Music has charms,' we know. I will call and see you. You are at the Tremont House, I believe?"

"For a day or two longer—yes," said Mr. Forrester; "but we are here only for a very limited time, and shall leave Boston on Friday. I must be in New York by the 22d. But if you call on me before I leave town, I shall be happy to see you, and we will talk over this matter again. The speculation strikes me favorably. It certainly seems feasible, and I think it might prove a good investment;" and then, bidding his friend good-morning, the New York merchant took the eager hand of his little daughter, and walked down the Mall in the direction of the music.

They soon came up with the itinerants, whose distant melody had attracted the notice of little Lilian; and, as the instrument was of a sweeter tone than common, and the air, which was then a popular one, was played with more taste and judgment than usual, little Lily, who really loved music, begged her father to allow her to stop and listen to it—a request with which he readily complied. And as they drew nearer, the little group which had gathered about the music made way for them, until they could see the performers—a dark, foreign-looking, middle-aged man, who was playing, and a sadly wearied-looking little girl, a few years older than Lily, brown and sun-burnt, who, dressed in a tawdry pink silk frock, trimmed with beads and spangles, and with a crushed wreath of roses on her disheveled hair, was dancing, not ungracefully, to the familiar tune.

When the dance was ended, the child ran around the circle of spectators, much as a little monkey might have done, and, holding out her bare and dusky little hand, collected eagerly the small coin scantily bestowed upon her.

Mr. Forrester, having tossed the little girl a

quarter of a dollar, was about to resume his walk with his child. But at this moment the musician rang a small hand-bell as the signal for another dance, and commenced playing the "Cracovienne."

"Oh, I can not, I can not!" cried the poor overheated and weary child, flinging herself down at the foot of the tree, beneath whose shade Mr. Forrester and Lily were standing. "Oh! I am *so* hot—and *so* tired—and my head aches—and my feet are *so* lame!" and as she spoke she held up her poor little swollen and blistered foot.

"Oh, papa! she is so tired, and so lame," said little Lilian, with impulsive kindness, "May I help her, papa—may I?" And before her father could even comprehend the question, or conjecture the purpose, Lily had thrown off her hat, sprung into the circle, and nodding to the man to go on, she began the fancy dance, which was perfectly familiar to her.

Inspired alike by the music and the glorious weather, wholly unabashed by the many strange eyes bent upon her (or, rather, so entirely absorbed in pity for the poor crouching and astonished child, whose substitute she had so suddenly become, as to be wholly unconscious of the observation she had attracted), Lilian danced on in perfect time to the music—her sweet, innocent face glowing with exercise, and radiant with the loving impulse of her warm young heart.

Her beauty and grace, together with the unusual circumstance of a child so richly and fashionably dressed dancing in the open air, at noonday, to a common street musician, had gradually attracted an audience of a higher class than had witnessed the performances of her dusky little predecessor; and when, having finished the dance, Lily quietly picked up her broad hat, with its floating ribbons, and with a sweet gravity on her young face, held it first to her father, with the words, "A little money, please, dear papa!" Mr. Forrester could not resist the wish to aid her sweet, impulsive charity, and as the golden coin he tossed her fell into the soft blue satin lining of the hat, his example was readily followed by those around him, who seemed to comprehend the whole affair at a glance. Dainty white fingers, and delicate kid-covered palms shed their glittering tribute, until the frail hat, and the tiny hands which held it, bent beneath their burden.

Springing with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks to the still crouching child, whose wide and glittering eyes had followed her motions with a sort of sullen, jealous wonderment, Lily poured into her bespangled lap the shining treasure she had won for her, with the simple words, "Now, little girl, you can go home and rest." And then, without waiting for one word of thanks from the evidently amazed little foreigner, she replaced her hat, quietly slipped her hand into her father's, and resumed her walk as if nothing unusual had occurred.

"That was a nice little girl, papa; only so very tired."

"Yes, my darling," said the father, who had not the heart to blame what he could not quite approve, "I dare say she was; and it was very kind in you to wish to help her, my dear Lily; but I rather doubt if mamma would quite like to have you dance in the street without your hat. What do you think?"

"Oh! indeed I did not think of that," said Lily. "I suppose she would not. I will not do it again. But the poor little girl has to do it, and she was so very tired. Did I do wrong to help her? Oh, I am sorry if you think I did what mamma would not like."

"No, no, Lily! not wrong, certainly," said the father, who instinctively shrunk from teaching lessons of worldly wisdom to his pure and warm-hearted child; "it was not wrong, Lily; only—you know—you understand—I would rather not have you do it again."

More than a dozen years had passed since that bright and beautiful spring day. It was night, and one of the largest and most splendid opera-houses in Europe was crowded with an assemblage of rank, beauty, and fashion.

It was a benefit night, and the young beneficiary was a star which had suddenly shot up into the very zenith of theatrical and musical popularity.

This renowned personage was the Signorina L——, a young Italian girl, said to be of noble birth, whose wonderful musical talents had led her to the rank of prima donna; while her inimitable grace as a tragedienne, aided by her dark but splendid beauty, won her the admiration of hundreds who were incapable of a full appreciation of her rare musical powers.

Her unsullied reputation, defying alike the adulation of rank and wealth and the vitiated atmosphere of the green-room, had inspired general respect, and had thrown around her private character a dignity and perfect respectability not often accorded to, or even claimed by, females of her then somewhat doubtful avocation. She had just appeared in one of her most celebrated *rôles*, in which she had carried her audience along with her, sustaining the intense interest to the very last. But it was over now, the last note was ended, and there was —silence; but a silence which seemed even yet to be palpably throbbing with the last vibrations of that glorious voice.

Silence—through all that crowded and brilliant assembly. Silence—breathless silence, even in the gorgeous dress-circle, with its iris hues and sparkling radiance, where proud and graceful heads, as by common consent, were bent toward her like a wind-tossed prairie of living flowers!

And she stood in silence before them. The young prima donna, the spell of whose beauty and genius thus held them bound and mute, stood in silence before that myriad gaze, unawed, unmoved, unshaken; still keeping unchanged her Pythoness attitude, her wild, statue-like arms upraised, her resplendent eyes all ablaze

with passion, her superb figure towering in scorn and wrath, her pale, finely cut features stony and rigid, as if she were in very deed the embodiment of the fierce passion she typified.

For one moment; and then there was a rustling of silken robes, a light stir of glittering fans and wavy feathers, and a changing light in the many-hued audience, as if a soft wind had swept over that sea of flowers; and, low at first, but gradually swelling upward, came a heart-felt burst of emotion; louder, deeper, and more and more vehement, until the crowded house seemed literally to rock with the thunders of applause.

She heard it, she felt it, for a warm glow stole into the marble cheeks; the white, rigid lips relaxed, and trembled to a smile; the fierce eyes sunk softening beneath their long-fringed lashes; the imperious attitude grew into womanly gentleness; the wild, uptossed arms drooped into meekness across her bosom; and then, gathering her velvet robes about her, she bent to the audience in one long, low, graceful obeisance, and fled from the stage—fled as if for shelter from the tempest of applause which threatened literally "to bring down the house."

Then louder and louder rolled the whirlwind of enthusiastic voices; but the fair prima donna heeded them not. Passing at once into her private room, unmoved by the tumultuous "bravos" and "encores;" deaf alike to the compliments and the entreaties of the stage-manager that she would return to the stage, if only for one moment, to acknowledge her triumph, and satisfy the demands of an audience so *recherché*, so *distingué*—the very *élite*—she went quietly forward and met her own attendants, who were always in waiting for her—a tall, powerful, but quiet-looking man, old enough to be her father, whose swarthy complexion and gleaming black eyes denoted his Italian birth, and a middle-aged woman, whose high cheek-bones, high shoulders, high hips, and high voice, spoke the French servant, half dressing-maid, half bonne.

As the young prima donna approached them, Luigi took from the arm of the Frenchwoman a cloak, lined and trimmed with costly fur, and carefully wrapping it around the fair Italian's shoulders, he led the way to a private door, where her carriage was in waiting; and helping his young mistress and Gabrielle into the coach, he mounted outside, and gave the order, "Home!"

We will leave the stage-manager bowing his perfumed ambrosial curls, and warmly gesticulating to an excited audience, with his white, jeweled fingers pressed upon that particular portion of his comely person which is considered (according to the laws of theatrical usage) to denote the locale of a heart full to overflowing; and while he assures his distinguished auditory that the "prima donna is unfortunately unable to comply with their most flattering request, that she is obliged to leave—has, in fact, already left the house"—we will follow the young Italian to her lodgings; where, preceded by one of the English waiters of the hotel, and followed by her own two attendants, she mounted the lofty staircase, and walked slowly and gracefully through the long corridor toward her own suit of apartments; her eyes bent thoughtfully upon the bouquet of magnificent roses she had brought with her from the opera-house, and humming, half audibly, and quite unconsciously, the music of one of her favorite operas.

Suddenly the light step was arrested, the murmured music ceased, and the signorina stood with head thrown back and hand upraised, as if to command silence. Instantly the little cortége stood still.

"What was it?" she said, turning to her attendants; "that noise—what was it?"

"Niente, signorina!" answered the Italian Luigi, with a deprecatory shrug of his shoulders.

"Nothing, my lady," said the English waiter.

"Ce n'est rein, n'importe, mademoiselle," said the French Gabrielle.

"It was something: I heard it," said the prima donna, her fine, pale features growing paler with excitement. "Listen!"

There was another pause, unbroken by a sound, while the young Italian still maintained her attitude of fixed and painful attention; and then again Luigi declared his conviction that it was "Niente." The Englishman suggested it was but the creaking of a door-hinge; and Gabrielle intimated her opinion that it was only "une bouffée de vent," and that it was too cold for mam'selle to be standing thus in the corridor—would mam'selle please to proceed to her own apartments?

But mademoiselle did not please; she silenced them all with one wave of that imperious hand.

"It was not a puff of wind—it was not the creaking of a door. I heard it; it was a woman's voice; a cry of distress; a long, low wail of pitiful anguish. It curdled my very blood. I must know what it was—tell me who occupies that chamber," she said, addressing the English waiter. But the man thus questioned either was or affected to be profoundly ignorant upon the subject; and again the signorina's two attendants urged her to proceed; but she heeded them as little as the "deaf adder" heeds the voice of its victim.

"Go! call up your master; bid him come to me at once!" she said, turning to the English servant, with white lips and flashing eyes, which would be obeyed, and brooked no delay; and in a few moments the head of the establishment was bowing obsequiously before her (for the prima donna was a celebrity that brought honor to his house, and was lavish to a fault with the wealth which flowed in upon her like a spring-tide).

"Who occupies this room?—this one?" she asked him, abruptly, indicating as she spoke, with a quick sweep of her hand, the door of the chamber near which they were standing.

"It is at your service, madam," said the proprietor, bowing low.

"Who occupies it?" was the earnestly reiterated question.

"No one after to-night, madam. I will place it at your disposal to-morrow."

"I ask who occupies it now?" said the prima donna, with an earnestness which could not be mistaken, and a directness which would not be evaded.

"Only a young American girl," said the proprietor, with a gesture of contempt. "But she will leave the room immediately, and I will have the honor to arrange it for madam early to-morrow."

"I do not need the room; but this person—an American—a young girl, did you say?" asked the prima donna, earnestly. "And she is in distress?"

"I dare say; I should think so," said the master of the establishment; and he added something in an under-tone, which the fair Italian did not quite comprehend; only she noticed that the two words "American" and "cheats" were in rather close and disagreeable juxtaposition.

"Silence!" she said, in a tone of command, and with a gesture which would have done credit to a Siddons.

"I know the Americans, and you do not! The Americans are no cheats! the Americans are my friends—I love them all; I owe all I am and all I have to an American; I honor them. Tell me the history of this young girl."

With views of the American character considerably modified (at least in expression) by the timely discovery of this amiable weakness on the part of his distinguished inmate, the master of the hotel gave the required information. The father of the young girl was an American, who had been traveling with this his only child; he was said to be immensely rich; he came to him with the reputation of being a millionaire at the very least; engaged his best rooms regardless of terms; paid like a prince; lived in luxury there for a week or two; then there came letters—a great crash in New York (the time of the money panic), his house had gone down with the rest—a total wreck! nothing saved! they were ruined—they were beggars!

The sudden shock threw the father into a brain-fever; he died; the daughter had no friends, no money; she was unable to pay up his bill; she was a beggar! Madam must see his house was no home for beggars; she must go; she should leave the room the next morning; he had lost enough by them already; the law ought to protect him from such imposition!

"La povertà non vuol léggi," murmured the young Italian, bitterly; then she added in English, "I must see this young person; show me into her room."

"The room is in disorder now, madam," said the proprietor. "I have had much of the furniture removed; but to-morrow, if you please."

"Now!" said the prima donna, advancing. "To-night!"

"My lady!" remonstrated the Englishman.

"Signorina!" expostulated the Italian Luigi.

"Mademoiselle!" pleaded the French Gabrielle.

Carelessly putting them all aside with one wave of her hand, the prima donna approached the door, while her two attendants exchanged anxious glances.

"Parbleu! aussitôt dit, aussitôt fait," whispered Gabrielle.

"Parole assai; che sarà sarà!" murmured Luigi.

The signorina knocked with a light but determined hand. No answer.

"It is a friend; will you not admit me?" she said, in those clear, golden tones which a delighted public coined into actual gold for her. Still no answer.

The prima donna turned to Luigi. "Open the door for me—I would enter."

"Signorina!" said the more cautious and worldly-wise attendant. "Signorina, in un—"

How Luigi would have terminated his sentence must remain forever a mere matter of conjecture, for, glancing as he spoke at the face of his resolute mistress, he probably read something in her set mouth and flashing eyes which reminded him that delays were dangerous, and hastily substituting the words, "In un batter d'occhio, signorina!" which was as far as possible from his original intention, he flung open the door.

The room thus suddenly displayed was, as the Englishman had asserted, one of the best in the house; it was high and spacious, but being nearly divested of furniture, its very size and loftiness added to its bare and desolate aspect.

It was wholly unlighted, save where the radiance of the full moon, streaming in at the curtainless window, traced a clear outline of the casement upon the bare, uncarpeted floor.

Within this radiant portion of the room, as if some mysterious and undefinable influence drew her near the only visible thing that looked lovingly and pityingly upon her, crouched the desolate American girl, her crossed arms resting upon a chair, her head bent down upon them, and her face wholly concealed, while her disordered hair, all unbound and gleaming in the spectral moonlight, fell rippling in loose golden waves to the floor.

Stepping hastily to the side of the kneeling girl, the signorina laid her hand lightly upon her shoulder, and said, in the softest tones of that wonderfully flexible voice, and in her low, sweet, Italianized English:

"It is a friend—listen! I would speak with you." But there was no motion, no answer. The signorina drew back in sudden terror.

"It is death!" she said, with white, quivering lips. "She has perished here alone, and of want!" and she looked shudderingly round the desolate room.

"Non! non! mademoiselle," said the more practical Gabrielle, who, as lady's-maid, had had experience in such cases.

"Cette n'est pas la mort; elle s'évanouit. Help thou me, Luigi; doucement, doucement!" And between them they raised the poor girl, and bore her tenderly out into the lighted corridor.

"Béllo! béllo! oh, signorina! che béllo!" said Luigi, admiringly, as, the long golden ringlets streaming in a shower over his arm, the gas-light revealed the pale marble face, with its pure, statue-like features.

The prima donna stooped, looked for one moment full and fixedly into that deathlike countenance, and then, with a cry of joy almost fierce in its expression, she snatched the furred mantle from her own shoulders, and wrapped it with tender care around the unconscious form which Luigi supported.

"Bear the young lady into my apartment at once—quick!" she said.

In vain were the "parbleu!" of Gabrielle, or the "basta!" of Luigi.

"Am I to be obeyed or not?" she asked. Luigi glanced at her face, met the quick, impatient gaze of her flashing eyes, and with an obedient "Ora e sempre, signorina!" he lifted his pale burden and walked onward.

"It is my sister," said the prima donna, turning back in explanation to the wondering proprietor. The Englishman glanced from the proud, dark, haughty beauty of the young Italian, with her Juno figure, her meteor eyes, and midnight hair, to the pale, pure, finely grained complexion, willowy form, and long golden tresses of the unconscious American, and an incredulous smile half curled his lip; but his interest was concerned, and if the signorina had asserted that the pale stranger maiden and herself were twin brothers, he would not have ventured to contradict her, or openly avow his doubt; and when the Italian, added, briefly, "Let all the young lady's things be conveyed into my apartments, and call me a physician immediately, and I will be answerable for the amount of your bill," he felt that he had reaped the reward of his forbearance, the smile changed its expression, he bowed with obsequious gratitude, and in ten minutes the poor desolate girl, who half an hour before had not one friend in that wide city, was the unconscious object of the tenderest care and the most watchful medical skill.

Gabrielle was right; it was not death, but a deathly swoon. Probably the girl had fainted at the very moment when there broke from her pale lips the wild wail of desolate anguish which had so fortunately found its way at once to the ear and to the heart of the pitying Italian.

A long illness was the consequence of the sad events which had so tried the feelings of the young American, and during two or three weeks she lay unconscious, while her Italian benefactress watched over her in devoted and unwearied love, aided by Gabrielle, whose heart had gradually melted, and warmed to the beautiful and helpless sufferer.

But youth and a good constitution, aided by skill and kindness, triumphed at length; and the delighted prima donna had the pleasure of seeing the object of her compassionate devotion rapidly recruiting in health and strength; and she hung over her with sweet and joyful caresses.

"You have told me that we have met before," said the invalid one day, languidly stretching out her thin, trembling, white hand, in answer to the affectionate inquiries of the young Italian; "but I can not recall our meeting; tell me, if you please, where and how we met."

"Not yet, caro," said the Italian girl, smiling. "You are not strong enough to talk or be talked to yet. Wait a little longer, and you shall know all about it; but not yet. You must trust to me a little longer."

In the mean time the signorina, now that her fair patient's improvement had released her from her anxious attendance in the sick-room, held long and confidential interviews with her man of business, and one fine day she entered her apartment with some papers in her hand.

"Are you quite well enough, do you think, to talk a little upon business now, caro?" she said, caressingly lifting the heavy waves of golden hair, and fondly pressing her lips to the fair, pure brow beneath.

"Quite, quite well enough, dear friend. I am impatient to talk to you," said the sick girl. "I have much that ought to be said, much that you ought to know. I—"

"Stop, stop," said the signorina, smiling kindly into the sweet, earnest blue eyes; "it is I who am to talk, and you, dearest, may do the listening. First, then, I believe that you have friends in America. Is it not so?"

"I had many," said the young stranger, sadly; "but having lost every thing else, I dare not count upon having them still."

"Adversity is the fire which tries the mixed metal," said the Italian, curtly. "Let the dross go; the pure gold will remain to you purer than before; have faith in this. You would wish to return to your country—to your friends?"

"Wish!" said the poor girl, her soft eyes filling with tears. "Yes; but what are my wishes worth now? I am penniless."

"Not so!" said the Italian, quickly. "In this libretto you will find there is provision for your future wants. Nay, start not, caro, nor blush. It was but a debt fairly due to you, which circumstances have enabled me to recover just when you most needed it. I do not ask you to remain with me and unite your fate with mine"—but as she spoke her rich voice trembled, and her dark eyes grew humid and shone luminous through tears—"for I know that your heart is pining for your home and your early friends; and, more than that, I know that our lives are unfitted to run on side by side. My career would be as painfully irksome to you as

the repose of yours would be monotonous to me. The quiet you would covet would be stagnation to me. I should die deprived of the excitement which is my daily life. I do not ask you to sympathize with me in this—you can not; but I ask you to remember it has been my life from childhood; the shrinking delicacy of character which I can admire in you was crushed out of me as a little child; and I have lived ever before the public eye, sustained by the breath of the popular admiration, from which you, my gentle one, would shrink in dismay. Yet hear me;" and as she spoke she drew up her glorious figure to its full height, and raising her head proudly, she fixed her clear, luminous, truthful eyes full on the face of her young companion.

"Hear me! In all that relates to pure womanly virtue, true womanly honor, my life has been as unsullied as your own! There is no stain upon the hand I offer you in friendship, no taint of dishonor in the wealth I have conveyed to you; you believe this?" she said, still keeping her searching glance full upon the face of the listening American.

"I do—I do," said her companion, fondly clasping in her thin white fingers the hand held out to her so proudly.

"I thank you," said the Italian, tenderly; "and I believe you! Your generous faith in me you shall never have cause to repent. But listen farther—your passage home I have engaged; in one week more you will leave for America, your glorious fatherland, the birthplace and the home of freedom! And if there the breath of fame should ever chance to waft my name to your ear, you will remember that I was not forgetful or ungrateful!"

"Ungrateful!" said the wondering girl. "What claim have I upon your gratitude—I, the object of your generous charity? You have spoken thus before; this debt, too; what was it? Tell me then, dear friend; where have we met before, and when?"

"Look!" said the prima donna; and springing up, and humming the formerly popular tune of the "Cracovienne," she danced that once familiar but now half-forgotten fancy dance, while the sweet blue eyes of the American girl opened wide in bewildered recollections.

Gradually it came back to her, like portions of a recovered dream: Boston—the Mall—the street musician—the little, tired, bespangled child—the very feeling of the air on that sweet spring day, so long ago—the smell of the leaves, the warmth of the sun; and, as the Italian at the close of the dance flung herself down, and crouching, held out her hand as did the over-wearied child, Lilian Forrester burst into tears of surprise and awakened memory.

"Yes, caro," said the prima donna, again springing up, and approaching the weeping American, "I was that little, miserable, motherless, neglected child; your bounty gave my poor but talented father the means of beginning my musical education, and it was by your childish hand that I was led into the path which has brought me to distinction and opulence! You will not pain me by refusing to share a portion of the wealth which, but for you, I should never have won. You were generous as a child, surely you will not be less generous as a woman! Years have passed over me, and I am so changed that I have almost lost my own identity; but your face, though unseen from that day, was never forgotten; your childish image haunted me. We met, and I knew you instantly. Surely it was God's own providence which brought me to you in your hour of need, as you had come to me in mine! And now when He thus sends back to you, by my hands, the bread which you in your sweet young charity cast upon the waters, will you turn away and perish in your proud hunger? They call me proud and cold, caro; and so I am, for the blood and the pride of the old nobility are both in my veins, and the two generations of poverty through which they descended to me have weakened neither. Yet see, dearest, I am kneeling before you—do not, oh, do not deprive me of the sweetest pleasure my wealth has ever brought me!"

Who could resist those tender, pleading words, rendered doubly tender by the sweet intonations of that matchless voice, and heightened by all the charm and witchery of her rare and exquisite grace of manner? Certainly not the poor lonely girl whose life she had just saved—who, having been engulfed and swept away by that mighty flood-tide of commercial ruin, had been snatched from the seething waters on the very brink of doom, and restored to life and hope by her generous compassion. Ah, no! she could only throw herself into those fondly extended arms and weep out her full heart's gratitude and love.

In a week more the two young beings, whose life paths, so widely different in their commencement, had yet met and crossed each other at such strange angles, stood together upon the deck of one of our ocean steamers.

"Adieu! caro," said the Italian, as she returned the clinging embrace of her friend; "we shall meet again somewhere, I am sure of it. And see, dearest! this is my parting gift, my 'buona-mano;' take it; it is for you. And now, caro! adieu until we meet again—if not on earth, then surely—" And with an attitude more expressive than words, she raised her hand slowly and pointed heavenward.

The "buona-mano," as the signorina termed it, was a transfer into safe hands of a handsome competency for life in trust for Lilian Forrester; and when, a few years later, Lily became the wife of Arthur Cabot, if she did not bring him the dower of a millionaire's daughter, still, thanks to the prima donna, she was not a portionless bride.

A DAY AMONG THE QUAKERS.

ALONG a portion of Lake Erie's southern shore, where an enchanting variety of cedar groves, rocky bluffs, a shell-dotted beach, and houses rich in architectural beauty offer a long succession of enjoyment to both the heart and eyes of a tourist, there rises above all else a land light-house, founded upon a rock and built of purest granite. Near by, it looks a tower of strength; afar off, it seems like a huge white finger pointing upward; yet, near or far, it stands out from amidst all surroundings with a distinctness, or an individuality, that makes it a nucleus around which all other associations of the shore scenery gather. The following, in bold relief, from the adventures of a few weeks' summer wandering, is a single episode, *whose details I give with careful truthfulness:*

The time was July, 1868; the day, a Sabbath; and the place, an out-of-the-way settlement in Central Ohio.

Grace Newton, whom Ruth Clifford and I were visiting, had told us of a little colony of Quakers, not very far off—anti-progressive ones—who held on tenaciously to the faith of their fathers, and had no companionship with the villagers who worshiped once a month in the Methodist chapel, "down the road;" and when she proposed to have Dick harnessed in the spring wagon, and drive us to Oakhill Meeting-house, four miles distant, we offered no opposition. The wagon had no top. The sun's rays were almost scorching. A portable seat, in the middle of the wagon, accommodated Ruth and me, under shelter of an umbrella, while Grace, in her character of Jehu, occupied a low-backed chair in front.

That ride was guiltless of any monotony. Bouncing, jolting, half shaken to pieces, now down in a rut, then heaved over a stump, now plashing through a stream which ran across the road, then rolling through a foot in depth of soft clay, down a steep hill, with a cry from Grace, "Hold my chair, girls, or I'll slide out!" Thence up one, with another call, "Push me front, girls, or I'll slide back!" And every few minutes, as the low-hanging tree boughs brushed against us, dodging our heads to escape the fate of Absalom, we might well be thankful when the last long graveled hill was ascended, and the low, weather-beaten, board meeting-house stood before us. Its surroundings reminded me of a Southern camp-meeting; for every tree near by sheltered a carriage of some kind, while a corral of horses switched off flies in a long shed, built for their accommodation.

"How long has meeting set, boys?" asked Grace of two little urchins, who were slyly creeping around a rock with their Sunday hats full of dead-ripe blackberries.

"Jes half 'n hour," said one.

"Then we will disturb the preacher," said Ruth.

"Blissful ignorance!" exclaimed Grace. "It is easy to see you were never in a Quaker meeting. Follow me, doing just as I do."

The interior of the building was separated in half by a partition containing numerous holes a foot square, which divided the sexes. The pews were elevated like those in a theatre, the very young people being packed near the ceiling, and the elders occupying those nearest the floor. It may seem strange that Ruth and I had never seen Quakers at worship; but this was really our first opportunity; nor had we any but the crudest idea of their formula. Nothing human could have looked more sanctimonious than the brethren and sisters, each with folded hands and downcast eyes, as they sat in a silence so profound I grew nervous with hearing my own heart beat.

"For what are they waiting, Grace? I can not endure this another quarter of an hour," I said.

"Oh, do be still!" she replied, in the faintest of whispers. "They are waiting on the Spirit; it will soon move some one, I hope."

Waiting on the Spirit! Why, its presence was visible to me wherever I looked through the opened door. A voice from out the ripening grain seemed crying, "Lo! 'tis here." The birds that soared toward the sun half warbled, "There, up there." The soft wind caught the sweet refrain, and murmured, "Every where." Only man was silent.

The church took its name from a gigantic oak which stood just in front of the door, stretching out its "hundred arms so strong" so near at some points that the leaves lay against the whitewashed boards. Its trunk was hollow, and an old ram, panting from the excessive heat, had thrust his head and shoulders in it for relief in the cool darkness. I studied the hind-quarters of this venerable mutton until I had counted every knot upon its woolly back; then, by way of diversion, again sought the faces of the elderly sisterhood. Than some few, nothing in the ripe maturity of modest womanhood was lovelier. With downcast eyes, hands folded quietly in their laps, and scarcely any perceptible heavings of the motherly bosoms beneath their spotlessly white neckerchiefs, they looked, each one, an impersonation of that peace which "passeth understanding;" but statues were scarcely quieter. Presently I espied a middle-aged man, whose broad brim covered his eyebrows, move his hands once or twice, as though washing them in an invisible basin; then he crossed and uncrossed his feet, sighed heavily three times with inspiration deep enough to fill the lungs of a blacksmith's bellows, finally rose, opened his mouth, and spoke. Written words can not describe his nasal intonations, nor the peculiar inflections of his unpleasant voice. His theme was the uselessness of mere learning as a means of spiritual advancement—and his abuse of the rules of rhetoric and grammar the strongest argument in proof of the sincerity of his belief. How he sweated as his excitement increased! How he sawed the air with

his long arms, and see-sawed from heel-tip to toe! "Yes, my brethren—ah—and you, my sisters—ah—labor not for the meat which perishes—ah—take no scrip in your hand—ah—nor money in your purse—ah (ironically speaking—ah)—and then may be, like St. Paul—ah—you'll be gifted with an un—n—n—n—atural eloquence."

Such was the peroration of his half hour's discourse, when he resumed his seat under a silence which would have been most flattering to the orator of any but a Quaker meeting. Whose voice would be the next to arouse the attention of that waiting and undemonstrative audience? The query was answered by the old ram, who, walking straight up to the front-door, put his head in it, made a brief but deliberate survey of the congregation, and then, uttering a loud, prolonged baa-a, returned to the shelter of the oak. Oh, the laughs that were choked back, and the rosy lips that were bitten into a deeper carmine the few next minutes! But the elder who had spoken suddenly ended the restraint by shaking hands with the neighbor next him, which was the signal for the universal hand-shaking that closes every meeting. It may have been an outside show—I know not; but, the show, as such, was the most suggestive of that Christian fellowship which should unite those who cherish the same faith I ever saw.

"How is thee, Grace Norton?"

The voice was that of the elder who had spoken in the meeting.

"I am well. This is my friend Ruth Clifford, Nathaniel Grubb, of whose coming I told thee. How is Aunt Betsey?"

"She took cold last Lord's-day when it rained on us. If this was not another Lord's-day, I would like to tell thee what she says about that honey thee is wanting to buy. Thee can have six pounds of it at forty cents a pound, and that is dead cheap."

"Ah, Friend Grubb!" I thought, "'ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law.'" I turned to watch the approach of a fair old lady in drab silk bonnet and spectacles, who was nearing us with a face radiant in kindness. Ruth, who also saw her, with her usual impulsiveness, sprang forward and grasped her extended hand.

"Are you not Aunt Phœbe Haddam?" she said. "You must excuse my boldness, but my friend Grace Norton has written to me so often of your kindness to her, when she was sick and a stranger, I felt I would know you if I ever saw your face."

"Thee is right. That is my name; but thee overrates a simple act of duty, my child."

They were acquainted already, which resulted in an invitation to us three to come home and dine with her, adding, "I know father will be glad to converse with thee."

Grace and Ruth eagerly accepted it, allowing me, at my request, to return to Snowden with a Quaker family and be entertained by little Gay, the daughter of Grace.

What Ruth saw and heard, and what I missed in not sharing her eventful visit, I will tell as it was told to me. Grace and she followed in the spring wagon close behind the barouche which contained Aunt Phœbe, her daughter Rebecca, and son Simon, who was driving. The distance was two miles, through a long strip of woodland and most delicious shade.

"These Haddams are the most interesting Quakers I know," said Grace; "but the folks around here think Uncle Samuel, the husband, a little queer, and not quite sound of mind. He rarely goes from home now, having a disease in his eyes which makes him almost blind—but you must not allow me to prejudice you against him, for his character is irreproachable. Indeed, I know very little of him but from hearsay."

This explanation, kindly as it was given, dampened Ruth's ardor, and made her rather shrink from the visit now so near. They entered a lane, and soon reined up before a small white cottage, whose yard was encircled by a thick hedge of Osage orange. Not another house was any where visible. The spot could scarcely have been more isolated had it been in the centre of the Great Sahara, but there the resemblance ended, for whatever of beauty there is in undulating hills covered with verdure, patches of woods, running water, and browsing kine, were there in profusion.

"Don't wait here in the sun, Ruth; just follow the path to the house," said Aunt Phœbe.

Grace stopped to help Simon tie up "old Dick," and Ruth walked on up an avenue of blooming hollyhocks to where a door stood wide open. How white was the sanded sill, and how neat the home-made rug which lay just at the entrance! Seeing no one, she stepped in, when suddenly from an arm-chair there arose a tall, slender old man, who confronted her. His appearance was remarkable. His dress was of fine white linen, without spot or color, except that of the narrow black ribbon knotted under his broad, unstarched shirt-collar. His thin hair was white and fine as spun glass, and his face—the skin of which was fair as a girl's—of most benignant and intellectual expression. His eyes alone were not visible, being protected by large green goggles. Ruth stood an instant motionless. Such a vision of majestic old age, in such a place, she had never dreamed of seeing.

"Thy footsteps are those of a stranger. Enter. Thou art welcome," was his salutation.

Ruth advanced, laying her hand in his large, soft palm, with a few simple words of greeting.

"Thy hand is that of a gentlewoman, and thy voice is low and pleasant. Who art thou?" said he.

"My name is Ruth Clifford. I have come from the capital of Pennsylvania to visit my friend Grace Norton. I accompanied her to

meeting this morning, and was invited home to dinner by Aunt Phœbe Haddam."

"Thou hast come, then, from the great world of which I know so little. God—ever blessed be His holy name—has seen fit to take away my sight; but I have witnessed the coming of the Lord, and mine eyes have seen the salvation of His people, so I am content," and clasping his hands, his lips moved as if in prayer.

Ruth's emotions were those of awe, reverence, and admiration commingled. She recalled Grace's language, that Uncle Samuel—for of course this was he—was "a little queer," and wondered whether he might not only be that, to some minds, incomprehensible thing—a religious enthusiast. His articulation was very distinct, every word having a purity of finish which would have been marked in the diction of a professed elocutionist. How much more astonishing, then, from the lips of this unassuming, humble Quaker farmer, who had doubtless never been beyond the limits of his native State.

Before he again spoke, his old wife, with her daughter and Grace, came in.

"Now, dear, thee must feel at home," said Aunt Phœbe, taking Ruth's hat. "We are plain people; but thee and Grace are truly welcome. Has thee felt lonely this morning, father?" she asked, pushing aside a stray lock of his silvery hair with which a breeze was toying. "Did thy poor eyes pain thee much?"

His smile was perfect, as he replied:

"Oh no, mother; I forgot my eyes. *His* words came to me very clear: 'For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.' I thank thee for bringing the young woman home. I will enjoy her speech."

"I am the one to feel grateful, Sir. May I call you Uncle Samuel?"

"Yes, if it pleaseth thee."

"Well, Uncle Samuel, I have traveled over several thousand miles since I left home, but never before got into a place like this. Every thing charms me, and I am glad of the privilege to just sit still and hear you talk."

"Hush, hush! Thou must not flatter!" Yet the old man's tones expressed pleasure withal, for Ruth's were full of earnestness.

Aunt Phœbe's kind heart was gratified.

"I see thee can entertain each other," she said, "so I will get the dinner."

Rebekah and Grace went to assist her, and Ruth and the old man were left alone.

He broke the silence first, saying:

"Hast thou seen General Grant, and dost thou think him a good man? I have longed to hear his voice, and daily pray to God that he will strengthen his hands, and make him worthy of the great work to which he is called."

Ruth said she knew him only through his works, but felt that he, perhaps more than any living American, would perfect the grand schemes left unfinished by the death of Lincoln.

At that name the old man's face lighted up with a beauty almost angelic. Turning toward Ruth, who sat near his chair, and laying his hand lightly on hers, he said, eagerly:

"Hast thou seen Mr. Lincoln?"

"Yes, Sir," replied Ruth. "Once, when living, I stood so near him that every line of his face was as visible to me as yours now. It was the last time he ever addressed an audience as Abraham Lincoln, the citizen; for a few days afterward he was inaugurated President of these United States. Once again I stood very near him; but it was to look upon his coffined form lying in state in our Capitol. Did *you* ever see him?"

"Ah! yes, yes; and a sadder face than his was *then* I never looked upon."

Ruth's face was luminant with curiosity.

"Why, Uncle Samuel! Where was he? What were the circumstances? Do tell me!"

"Perhaps thou wilt not sympathize with me. I rarely speak of these things save among my own people. In what light dost thou view the colored race?"

Now the freeing of the slaves and the education of the freedmen had long been among Ruth's hobbies; so when called upon to "rehearse the articles of her belief," she did it so promptly and forcibly that no one could doubt her philanthropy nor ardent desire for justice to that long-suffering and terribly wronged people.

Uncle Samuel was now in his element. Cut off by old age, blindness, and his isolated home from the busy world, only echoes of the mighty questions which were agitating the greatest minds of our country had reached him; and to have unexpectedly a companion, young, full of ardor and enthusiasm, dropping down, as it were, upon his very hearth-stone, was a pleasure such as rarely occurred in his quiet life.

"Now tell me, Uncle Samuel. When and where did *you* meet Mr. Lincoln?"

"I scarcely ever speak of it now, my child," he said, folding his thin hands, his face becoming sweetly grave and his words falling very slowly.

"My quiet life has known few storms. I have loved God as my first, best, and dearest friend, and he has ever dealt most tenderly with me. I always abhorred slavery. During the first years of the great rebellion, when I read and heard what was the condition of the poor enslaved negroes, I tried to think it was a cunning device of bad men to create greater enmity between the North and South; but when I read Mr. Lincoln's speeches I thought so good a man as I believed him to be could not lie, and then I resolved to go and see for myself. At one of our First-day meetings I spoke my intention to the brethren, but although feeling as I did upon the subject, they said it was rash for me to expose my life, for I could do

no good by such means. Nevertheless I went, traveling on horseback through most of the Southern States. My life was often in great danger, but there was an invisible arm ever between me and the actual foe, and after some weeks I returned, saying the half had not been told me of the sufferings of those poor, *poor*, despised, yet God-trusting and God-fearing, people."

Here his voice expressed a fullness of pity which could come from no source but the depths of a loving and large heart.

"That summer (it was in '62) I plowed and reaped and gathered in my little harvest as usual. Day by day I prayed at home and in the field that God would show his delivering power as he had to the children of Israel; but nothing seemed to come in answer.

"Now and then, during the beginning of the war, news reached us of a battle having been fought by our men, and a victory gained, but still the poor colored people were not let go. Then one night I had a singular dream, and I said, 'Yea, Lord! thy servant heareth.' I soon made ready and said to mother:

"'Wilt thou go with me to Washington to see the President?'

"'Where thou goest, I will go,' she answered.

"My good friends called me insane. Some said this trip was even more foolish than the last; that I knew no one in Washington, and would never gain access to the great President.

"The good Lord knew I did not mean to be fool-hardy, but I had that on my mind which I was to tell him, and I had faith to believe that He who feeds the sparrows would watch over me.

"Art thou tired, child?"

"No, no, Sir. Please go on."

"We left here on a pleasant September morning—the first time that mother had been from home thirty miles in fifty years, and now hundreds lay before us. Before we went out of the door we prayed that God would guide our wanderings, or, if He saw best, direct us back again. Every one looked at and spoke to us kindly on our journey from near Cincinnati to Harrisburg, and, when we got out there to change cars and rest a while, we felt that so far the Lord had prospered us. It was remarkable that a man who was at the dépôt (and a pleasant manner he had, too) said:

"'Friend, do you stop here?'

"I answered, 'Yes. We are weary, and will rest to-night.'

"'Come home with me, then,' he said. 'My wife was born a Quaker, and will be glad to entertain you.'

"We went. His home was beautiful. The Lord had abundantly blessed him, and that night I was calm and happy. We got to Washington the next evening. It was early candle-light, and there was so much confusion mother clung to my arm, exclaiming:

"'Oh, Samuel, we ought not to have come here. It is like Babel.'

"'Have faith, mother,' I said. 'The Lord will send help if we are doing right;' and we walked away from the cars.

"Under a gas-post a man was standing, reading a small letter. I stepped before him and said:

"'Good friend, wilt thou tell us where to find President Lincoln?'

"He looked us all over before he spoke. We were neat and clean. Soon his face got bright and smiling, and he asked us a few plain questions. I told him we were Friends from Ohio, who had come all these miles to say a few words to Mr. Lincoln.

"He bade us come with him, and, taking us to a great house called Willard's Hotel, put us in a little room away off from the noise.

"'Stay here,' said he, 'and I will see when the President can admit you.'

"He staid a long time. Meanwhile a young man brought us a nice supper, which was very kind and thoughtful in him, and when the gentleman came back he handed me a slip of paper which read: 'Admit the bearer to the chamber of the President at nine o'clock to-morrow morning.'

"My heart was so full of gratitude I could not speak my thankfulness. That night was as peaceful as those in our little home in the meadow.

"The next morning the kind gentleman came and conducted us to the house in which the President was. Every body whom we met seemed to know our new friend, and touched their hats to him. I was glad so many people seemed to like him. At the door he left us, promising to return in an hour. The room in which we were now shown was full of persons, all waiting to see Mr. Lincoln. Mother said, 'Ah, Samuel! we will not get near him to-day. See these anxious faces who came before us.'

"'As God wills,' said I.

"It was a sad place we were in. There were soldiers' wives and mothers sitting about, and not a soul from which joy and pleasure did not seem to have fled. Some were even weeping, and I thought what a fearfully solemn thing it was to hold much power. They found in some way that I would soon see the President; then how they begged me to intercede for them with him! One poor mother whose only boy was dying with home-sickness—" here Uncle Samuel's voice got husky with the sad memory, and tears fell from his sightless eyes upon his withered hands.

Ruth reverently brushed them off, and in a few minutes he proceeded:

"When the summons came for us to enter (it was in advance of the rest) my knees smote together, and for an instant I tottered. 'Keep heart, Samuel,' said mother, and we went forward. I fear thou wilt think me vain if I tell what followed."

"No fear, Sir. Please proceed."

"It seemed so wonderful; for a minute I could not realize that such humble people as

we were should be there in the actual presence of the greatest man in the world. Then he received us so kindly. I can not express his manner. He shook hands with us, and placed his chair between us. Oh, how I honored the good man! But I said:

"'Mr. Lincoln, wilt thou pardon me that I do not remove my hat?' He smiled, and his face all lit up as he replied:

"'Certainly; I understand about it.'

"The dear, *dear* man," and again Uncle Samuel stopped, as though to revel in the memory of that interview.

"What then, Sir?" Ruth was impatient.

The answer came with a solemnity indescribable.

"*Of that half-hour's conversation it does not become me to speak; I will think of it through eternity.* At last we had to go. He took a hand of each of us in his, and said, looking straight in our eyes, 'Father, mother, I thank you for this visit; God bless you!'

"Was there ever greater condescension than that? At the last moment I asked him if he would object to just writing a line, certifying that we had fulfilled our mission, so we could show it in council. He sat down at his table—Wilt thou open the upper drawer of that old secretary and hand me a little tin box therein?"

Ruth obeyed, placing in his now trembling fingers a small square box, bright as silver. Taking from it a folded paper he bade Ruth read. The words were *literally* as follows:

"I take pleasure in asserting that I have had a pleasant and profitable intercourse with Friend Samuel Haddam and his wife, Phœbe Haddam. May the Lord comfort them as they have comforted me.

"Abraham Lincoln.

"*September* 20, 1862."

"Oh, Uncle Samuel!" exclaimed Ruth. "I can scarcely realize it, that I should, away out here in this *almost* backwoods, read words traced by our beloved Mr. Lincoln's own hands. How very singular!"

"Not more than the whole event was to us, dear child, from first to last. The following Monday, the preliminary Proclamation of Emancipation was issued. Thank God! Thank God!"

It is impossible to depict the devout fervor of the old patriarch's thanksgiving.

"We found our friend," he continued, "waiting for us. When we showed him the testimonial, he nodded his head in affirmation, and said,

"It is well."

"We soon left Washington, for our work was done, and I was satisfied *now* to go home again. Our good friend escorted us to the omnibus which took us to the cars, having treated us throughout with a hospitality I can never forget. May God care for him as he did for us."

"Did you learn his name, Sir?"

"He is high in the estimation of men, and his name is Salmon P. Chase."

The dinner in that peaceful Quaker house was like all else about it—real and informal. Simon proved himself worthy of his noble parentage, and Rebecca, who was engaged in teaching a Freedman's school, some miles from home, was as companionable as earnest in her philanthropic work. Uncle Samuel was happy. He had revived once more *the event* of his life, and electric currents of an awakened vitality were flashing through his sluggish veins. He sought to amuse Ruth, by having Simon open a cupboard and place in her hands, one by one, curious fossils, shells, minerals, and other articles of *vertu*, the gleanings of his leisure hours. His knowledge of geology was astonishing, and in each mineral he read a record of God's unerring wisdom.

But evening was approaching, and old Dick having been reharnessed, the parting from so much that was endearing had to come. Ruth felt it was no mere hand-shake of courtesy which grasped her so firmly, when Aunt Phœbe, in her motherly way, thanked her for the pleasure their visit had afforded them. The last "good-by" was for Uncle Samuel. As Ruth approached the venerable saint he arose.

"My child! I thank thee for thy sympathy, which will ever be to me a sweet memory. We will not meet again here; I am very near home, and only wait my Father's summons. Live near to Christ. There alone is the Way, the Truth, and the Life." Then laying his hand upon her head, he added: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; The Lord make His face to shine upon thee and be gracious to thee: The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace forever. Amen." And stooping, he kissed her forehead.

"I can not possibly describe to you the grand simplicity of that pure old man," added Ruth, when her recital was ended. "I have quoted our conversation, word for word; but could no more give you his pathetic tones than I could arrange in bars and notes the song of a lark. God alone knows to what extent Mr. Lincoln was influenced by that half-hour's conversation to the performance of that great deed which set a nation free; but I can not help feeling I have read a page in that wonderful man's history which would have been sealed to me but for my unexpected meeting with that precious old Quaker."

THE MESSAGE.

Oh, bear a message, gentle wind—
  And linger not upon thy way—
  To one who longs for me to-day;
Her ear, by city noise undinned,

Will hear thy gentle whisper, hear
  And understand thy fairy tone,
  Which speaks of one who sits alone,
Whom thoughts of her alone can cheer.

I will not give thee words to bear;
  In passing thou hast read my heart;
  Bear that to her, who has the art
To spell the utterance of the air.

SE-QUO-YAH.

IN the year 1768 a German peddler, named George Gist, left the settlement of Ebenezer, on the lower Savannah, and entered the Cherokee Nation by the northern mountains of Georgia. He had two pack-horses laden with the petty merchandise known to the Indian trade. At that time Captain Stewart was the British Superintendent of the Indians in that region. Besides his other duties, he claimed the right to regulate and license such traffic. It was an old bone of contention. A few years before, the Governor and Council of the colony of Georgia claimed the sole power of such privilege and jurisdiction. Still earlier, the colonial authorities of South Carolina assumed it. Traders from Virginia, even, found it necessary to go round by Carolina and Georgia, and to procure licenses. Augusta was the great centre of this commerce, which in those days was more extensive than would be now believed. Flat-boats, barges, and pirogues floated the bales of pelts to tide-water. Above Augusta, trains of pack-horses, sometimes numbering one hundred, gathered in the furs, and carried goods to and from remote regions. The trader immediately in connection with the Indian hunter expected to make one thousand per cent. The wholesale dealer made several hundred. The governors, councilors, and superintendents made all they could. It could scarcely be called legitimate commerce. It was a grab game.

Our Dutch friend Gist was, correctly speaking, a contrabandist. He had too little influence or money to procure a license, and too much enterprise to refrain because he lacked it. He belonged to a class more numerous than respectable, although it would be a good deal to say that there was any virtue in yielding to these petty exactions. It was a mere question of confiscation, or robbery, without redress, by the Indians. He risked it. With traders, at that time, it was customary to take an Indian wife. She was expected to furnish the eatables, as well as cook them. By the law of many Indian tribes property and the control of the family go with the mother. The husband never belongs to the same family connection, rarely to the same community or town even, and often not even to the tribe. He is a sort of barnacle, taken in on his wife's account. To the adventurer, like a trader, this adoption gave a sort of legal status or protection. Gist either understood this before he started on his enterprise, or learned it very speedily after. Of the Cherokee tongue he knew positively nothing. He had a smattering of very broken English. Somehow or other he managed to induce a Cherokee girl to become his wife.

This woman belonged to a family long respectable in the Cherokee Nation. It is customary for those ignorant of the Indian social polity to speak of all prominent Indians as "chiefs." Her family had no pretension to chieftaincy, but was prominent and influential; some of her brothers were afterward members of the Council. She could not speak English; but, in common with many Cherokees of even that early date, had a small proportion of English blood in her veins. The Cherokee woman, married or single, owns her property, consisting chiefly of cattle, in her own right. A wealthy Cherokee or Creek, when a son or daughter is born to him, marks so many young cattle in a new brand, and these become, with their increase, the child's property. Whether her cattle constituted any portion of the temptation, I can not say. At any rate, the girl, who had much of the beauty of her race, became the wife of the German peddler.

Of George Gist's married life we have little recorded. It was of very short duration. He converted his merchandise into furs, and did not make more than one or two trips. With him it had merely been cheap protection and board. We might denounce him as a low adventurer if we did not remember that he was the father of one of the most remarkable men who ever appeared on the continent. Long before that son was born he gathered together his effects, went the way of all peddlers, and never was heard of more.

He left behind him in the Cherokee Nation a woman of no common energy, who through a long life was true to him she still believed to be her husband. The deserted mother called her babe "Se-quo-yah," in the poetical language of her race. His fellow-clansmen as he grew up gave him, as an English one, the name of his father, or something sounding like it. No truer mother ever lived and cared for her child. She reared him with the most watchful tenderness. With her own hands she cleared a little field and cultivated it, and carried her babe while she drove up her cows and milked them.

His early boyhood was laid in the troublous times of the war of the Revolution, yet its havoc cast no deeper shadows in the widow's cabin.

As he grew older he showed a different temper from most Indian children. He lived alone with his mother, and had no old man to teach him the use of the bow, or indoctrinate him in the religion and morals of an ancient but perishing people. He would wander alone in the forest, and showed an early mechanical genius in carving with his knife many objects from pieces of wood. He employed his boyish leisure in building houses in the forest. As he grew older these mechanical pursuits took a more useful shape. The average native American is taught as a question of self-respect to despise female pursuits. To be made a "woman" is the greatest degradation of a warrior.

Se-quo-yah first exercised his genius in making an improved kind of wooden milk-pans and skimmers for his mother. Then he built her a milk-house, with all suitable conveniences, on one of those grand springs that gurgle from the mountains of the old Cherokee Nation. As a climax, he even helped her to milk her cows; and he cleared additions to her fields, and work-

ed on them with her. She contrived to get a petty stock of goods, and traded with her countrymen. She taught Se-quo-yah to be a good judge of furs. He would go on expeditions with the hunters, and would select such skins as he wanted for his mother before they returned. In his boyish days the buffalo still lingered in the valleys of the Ohio and Tennessee. On the one side the French sought them. On the other were the English and Spaniards. These he visited with small pack-horse trains for his mother.

For the first hundred years the European colonies were of traders rather than agriculturists. Besides the fur trade, rearing horses and cattle occupied their attention. The Indians east of the Mississippi, and lying between the Appallachian Mountains and the Gulf, had been agriculturists and fishermen. Buccaneers, pirates, and even the regular navies or merchant ships of Europe, drove the natives from the haunted coast. As they fell back, fur traders and merchants followed them with professions of regard and extortionate prices. Articles of European manufacture—knives, hatchets, needles, bright cloths, paints, guns, powder—could only be bought with furs. The Indian mother sighed in her hut for the beautiful things brought by the Europeans. The warrior of the Southwest saw with terror the conquering Iroquois, armed with the dreaded fire-arms of the stranger. When the bow was laid aside, or handed to the boys of the tribe, the warriors became the abject slaves of traders. Guns meant gunpowder and lead. These could only come from the white man. His avarice guarded the steps alike to bear-meat and beaver-skins. Thus the Indian became a wandering hunter, helpless and dependent. These hunters traveled great distances, sometimes with a pack on their backs weighing from thirty to fifty pounds. Until the middle of the eighteenth century horses had not become very common among them, and the old Indian used to laugh at the white man, so lazy that he could not walk. A consuming fire was preying on the vitals of an ancient simple people. Unscrupulous traders, who boasted that they made a thousand per cent., held them in the most abject thrall. It has been carefully computed that these hunters worked, on an average, for ten cents a day. The power of their old village chiefs grew weaker. No longer the old men taught the boys their traditions, morals, or religion. They had ceased to be pagans, without becoming Christians.

The wearied hunter had fire-water given him as an excitement to drown the cares common to white and red. Slowly the polity, customs, industries, morals, religion, and character of the red race were consumed in this terrible furnace of avarice. The foundations of our early aristocracies were laid. Byrd, in his "History of the Dividing Line," tells us that a school of seventy-seven Indian children existed in 1720, and that they could all read and write English; but adds, that the jealousy of traders and land speculators, who feared it would interfere with their business, caused it to be closed. Alas! this people had encountered the iron nerve of Christianity, without reaping the fruit of its intelligence or mercy.

Silver, although occasionally found among the North American Indians, was very rare previous to the European conquest. Afterward, among the commodities offered, were the broad silver pieces of the Spaniards, and the old French and English silver coins. With the most mobile spirit the Indian at once took them. He used them as he used his shell-beads, for money and ornament. Native artificers were common in all the tribes. The silver was beaten into rings, and broad ornamented silver bands for the head. Handsome breast-plates were made of it; necklaces, bells for the ankles, and rings for the toes.

It is not wonderful that Se-quo-yah's mechanical genius led him into the highest branch of art known to his people, and that he became their greatest silversmith. His articles of silver-ware excelled all similar manufactures among his countrymen.

He next conceived the idea of becoming a blacksmith. He visited the shops of white men from time to time. He never asked to be taught the trade. He had eyes in his head, and hands; and when he bought the necessary material and went to work, it is characteristic that his first performance was to make his bellows and his tools; and those who afterward saw them told me they were very well made.

Se-quo-yah was now in comparatively easy circumstances. Besides his cattle, his store, and his farm, he was a blacksmith and a silversmith. In spite of all that has been alleged about Indian stupidity and barbarity, his countrymen were proud of him. He was in danger of shipwrecking on that fatal sunken reef to American character, popularity. Hospitality is the ornament, and has been the ruin, of the aborigine. His home, his store, or his shop, became the resort of his countrymen; there they smoked and talked, and learned to drink together. Among the Cherokees those who have are expected to be liberal to those who have not; and whatever weaknesses he might possess, niggardliness or meanness was not among them.

After he had grown to man's estate he learned to draw. His sketches, at first rude, at last acquired considerable merit. He had been taught no rules of perspective; but while his perspective differed from that of a European, he did not ignore it, like the Chinese. He had now a very comfortable hewed-log residence, well furnished with such articles as were common with the better class of white settlers at that time, many of them, however, made by himself.

Before he reached his thirty-fifth year he became addicted to convivial habits to an extent that injured his business, and began to cripple his resources. Unlike most of his race, how-

ever, he did not become wildly excited when under the influence of liquor.

Se-quo-yah, who never saw his father, and never could utter a word of the German tongue, still carried, deep in his nature, an odd compound of Indian and German transcendentalism; essentially Indian in opinion and prejudice, but German in instinct and thought. A little liquor only mellowed him—it thawed away the last remnant of Indian reticence. He talked with his associates upon all the knotty questions of law, art, and religion. Indian Theism and Pantheism were measured against the Gospel as taught by the land-seeking, fur-buying adventurers. A good class of missionaries had, indeed, entered the Cherokee Nation; but the shrewd Se-quo-yah, and the disciples this stoic taught among his mountains, had just sense enough to weigh the good and the bad together, and strike an impartial balance as the footing up for this new proselyting race.

It has been erroneously alleged that Se-quo-yah was a believer in, or practiced, the old Indian religious rites. Christianity had, indeed, done little more for him than to unsettle the pagan idea, but it had done that.

It was some years after Se-quo-yah had learned to present the bottle to his friends before he degenerated into a toper. His natural industry shielded him, and would have saved him altogether but for the vicious hospitality by which he was surrounded.

With the acuteness that came of his foreign stock, he learned to buy his liquor by the keg. This species of economy is as dangerous to the red as to the white race. The auditors who flocked to see and hear him were not likely to diminish while the philosopher furnished both the dogmas and the whisky. Long and deep debauches were often the consequence. Still it was not in the nature of George Gist to be a wild, shouting drunkard. His mild, philosophic face was kindled to deeper thought and warmer enthusiasm as they talked about the problem of their race. All the great social questions were closely analyzed by men who were fast becoming insensible to them. When he was too far gone to play the mild, sedate philosopher, he began that monotonous singing whose music carried him back to the days when the shadow of the white man never darkened the forests, and the Indian canoe alone rippled the tranquil waters.

Should this man be thus lost? He was aroused to his danger by the relative to whom he owed so much. His temper was eminently philosophic. He was, as he proved, capable of great effort and great endurance. By an effort which few red or white men can or do make, he shook off the habit, and his old nerve and old prosperity came back to him. It was during the first few years of this century that he applied to Charles Hicks, a half-breed, afterward principal chief of the nation, to write his English name. Hicks, although educated after a fashion, made a mistake in a very natural way. The real name of Se-quo-yah's father was George *Gist*. It is now written by the family, as it has long been pronounced in the tribe, when his English name is used—"Guest." Hicks, remembering a word that sounded like it, wrote it—George Guess. It was a "rough guess," but answered the purpose. The silversmith was as ignorant of English as he was of any written language. Being a fine workman, he made a steel die, a fac-simile of the name written by Hicks. With this he put his "trade mark" on his silver-ware, and it is borne to this day on many of these ancient pieces in the Cherokee nation.

Between 1809 and 1821, which latter was his fifty-second year, the great work of his life was accomplished. The die, which was cut before the former date, probably turned his active mind in the proper direction. Schools and missions were being established. The power by which the white man could talk on paper had been carefully noted and wondered at by many savages, and was far too important a matter to have been overlooked by such a man as Se-quo-yah. The rude hieroglyphics or pictoriographs of the Indians were essentially different from all written language. These were rude representations of events, the symbols being chiefly the totemic devices of the tribes. A few general signs for war, death, travel, or other common incidents, and strokes for numerals, represented days or events as they were perpendicular or horizontal. Even the wampum belts were little more than helps to memory, for while they undoubtedly tied up the knots for years, like the ancient inhabitants of China and Japan, still the meagre record could only be read by the initiated, for the Indians only intrusted their history and religion to their best and ablest men.

The general theory with many Indians was, that the written speech of the white man was one of the mysterious gifts of the Great Spirit. Se-quo-yah boldly avowed it to be a mere ingenious contrivance that the red man could master, if he would try.

Repeated discussion on this point at length fully turned his thoughts in this new channel. He seems to have disdained the acquirement of the English language. Perhaps he suspected first what he was bound to know before he completed his task, that the Cherokee language has certain necessities and peculiarities of its own. It is almost impossible to write Indian words and names correctly in English. The English alphabet has not capacity for its expression. If ten white men sat down to write the word an Indian uttered, the probabilities are that one half of them would write them differently from the other half. It is this which has led to such endless confusion in Indian dictionaries. For instance, we write the word for the tribe Cherokee, and the letter *r*, or its sound, is scarcely used in their language. To-day a Cherokee always pronounces it Chalaque, the pronunciation being between that and Shal-

SE-QUO-YAH.

akke. On these peculiarities it is not the purpose of this article to enter, but hasten to George Gist, brooding over a written language for his people.

His first essay was natural enough. He tried to invent symbols to represent words. These he sometimes cut out of bark with his knife, but generally wrote, or rather drew. With these symbols he would carry on a conversation with a person in another apartment. As may be supposed, his symbols multiplied fearfully and wonderfully. The Indian languages are rich in their creative power. By using pieces of well-known words that contain the prominent idea, double or compound words are freely made. This has been called by writers treating this subject, the polysynthetic. It is, in fact, a jumbling of sentences into words, by abbreviation, the omitted parts of words being implied or understood. There is one important fact which I will merely note here that is generally overlooked. These compounded words, to a large extent, represent the intrusive or European idea. The names the Indians gave many of the European things were mere *definitions*. Such as "Big Knives," etc. Occasionally they made a dash at the French or English sounds, as in the word "Yengees" for English, which has finally been corrupted in our language to Yankees.

Of course an attempt at fixed symbols for words was an unhappy experiment in a language one prominent element of which is, the facility of making words out of pieces of words, or compounded words. Besides this difficulty, no language can be taught successfully by means

of a dictionary, until the human memory acquires more power. Three years of hopeless struggle with the mighty débris of his symbols left him, although in the main reticent, a mighty man of words. But his labors were not lost. Through that heroic, unaided struggle he gained the first true glimpses into the elements of language. It is a startling fact, that an uneducated man, of a race we are pleased to call barbarians, attained in a few years, without books or tutors, what was developed through several ages of Phœnician, Egyptian, and Greek wisdom.

Se-quo-yah discovered that the language possessed certain musical sounds, such as we call vowels, and dividing sounds, styled by us consonants. In determining his vowels he varied during the progress of his discoveries, but finally settled on the six—*a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, and a guttural vowel sounding like *u* in *ung*.

These had long and short sounds, with the exception of the guttural. He next considered his consonant, or dividing sounds, and estimated the number of combinations of these that would give all the sounds required to make words in their language. He first adopted fifteen for the dividing sounds, but settled on twelve primary, the *g* and *k* being one, and sounding more like *k* than *g*, and *d* like *t*. These may be represented in English as *g*, *h*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *qu*, *t*, *dl* or *tl*, *ts*, *w*, *y*, *z*.

It will be seen that if these twelve be multiplied by the six vowels, the number of possible combinations or syllables would be seventy-two, and by adding the vowel sounds, which may be syllables, the number would be seventy-eight. However, the guttural *v*, or sound of *u* in *ung*, does not appear as among the combinations, which make seventy-seven.

Still his work was not complete. The hissing sound of *s* entered into the ramifications of so many sounds, as in *sta*, *stu*, *spa*, *spe*, that it would have required a large addition to his alphabet to meet this demand. This he simplified by using a distinct character for the *s* (*oo*), to be used in such combinations. To provide for the varying sound *g*, *k*, he added a symbol which has been written in English *ka*. As the syllable *na* is liable to be aspirated, he added symbols written *nah*, and *kna*. To have distinct representatives for the combinations rising out of the different sounds of *d* and *t*, he added symbols for *ta*, *te*, *ti*, and another for *dla*, thus *tla*. These completed the eighty-five characters of his alphabet, which was thus an alphabet of syllables, and not of letters.

It was a subject of astonishment to scientific men that a language so copious only embraced eighty-five syllables. This is chiefly accounted for by the fact that every Cherokee syllable ends in a vocal or nasal sound, and that there are no double consonants but those provided for the *tl* or *dl*, and *ts*, and combinations of the hissing *s*, with a few consonants.

The fact is, that many of our combinations of consonants in the English written language are artificial, and worse than worthless. To indicate by a familiar illustration the syllabic character of the alphabet of Se-quo-yah, I will take the name of William H. Seward, which was appended to the Emancipation Proclamation of Mr. Lincoln, printed in Cherokee. It was written thus: "*O* [wi] *P* [li] 4 [se] *G* [wa] 6 [te]," and might be anglicized Wili Sewate. As has been observed, there is no *r* in the Cherokee language, written or spoken, and as for the middle initial of Mr. Seward's name, H., there being, of course, no initial in a syllabic alphabet, the translator, who probably did not know what it stood for, was compelled to omit it. It was in the year 1821 that the American Cadmus completed his alphabet.

As will be observed by examining the alphabet, which is on the table in the engraving, he used many of the letters of the English alphabet, also numerals. The fact was, that he came across an old English spelling-book during his labors, and borrowed a great many of the symbols. Some he reversed, or placed upside down; others he modified, or added to. He had no idea of either their meaning or sound, in English, which is abundantly evident from the use he made of them. As was eminently fitting, the first scholar taught in the language was the daughter of Se-quo-yah. She, like all the other Cherokees who tried it, learned it immediately. Having completed it without the white man's hints or aid, he visited the agent, Colonel Lowry, a gentleman of some intelligence, who only lived three miles from him, and informed that gentleman of his invention. It is not wonderful that the agent was skeptical, and suggested that the whole was a mere act of memory, and that the symbols bore no relation to the language, or its necessities. Like all other benefactors of the race, he had to encounter a little of the ridicule of those who, being too ignorant to comprehend, maintain their credit by sneering. The rapid progress of the language among the people settled the matter, however. The astonishing rapidity with which it is acquired has always been a wonder, and was the first thing about it that struck the writer of this article. In my own observation, Indian children will take one or two, at times several, years to master the English printed and written language, but in a few days can read and write in Cherokee. They do the latter, in fact, as soon as they learn to shape letters. As soon as they master the alphabet they have got rid of all the perplexing questions in orthography that puzzle the brains of our children. It is not too much to say that a child will learn in a month, by the same effort, as thoroughly, in the language of Se-quo-yah, that which in ours consumes the time of our children for at least two years.

There has been a great clamor for a universal language. We once had it, in our learned world, in the Latin, in which books were locked up for the scholars and dead to the world. Language is the handmaiden of

thought, and to be useful must be obedient to its changes as well as its elemental characteristics. For the English of three hundred years ago we need a glossary, and to carry down his immortal thoughts in their pristine vigor, must have, every two hundred years, a Johnson to modernize a Shakspeare. To probe the causes of the change of language, to ascertain why even a *written* language is mutable, to pick up this garment of thought and run its threads back through all their vagaries to their origin and points of divergence, is one of the grand tasks for the intellectual historian. He, indeed, must give us the history of ideas, of which all art, including language, is but the fructification. To say, therefore, that the alphabet of Se-quo-yah is better adapted for his language than our alphabet is for the English, would be to pay it a very wretched compliment.

George Gist received all honor from his countrymen. A short time after his invention written communication was opened up by means of it with that portion of the Cherokee Nation then in their new home west of the Arkansas. Zealous in his work, he traveled many hundred miles to teach it to them; and it is no reproach to their intellect to say that they received it readily.

It has been said the Indians are besotted against all improvements. The cordiality with which this was received is worthy of attention.

In 1823 the General Council of the Cherokee Nation voted a large silver medal to George Gist as a mark of distinction for his discovery. On one side were two pipes, the ancient symbol of Indian religion and law; on the other a man's head. The medal had the following inscription in English, also in Cherokee in his own alphabet:

> "Presented to George Gist, by the General Council of the Cherokee Nation, for his ingenuity in the invention of the Cherokee alphabet."

John Ross, acting as principal chief of the Cherokee Nation, sent it West to Se-quo-yah, together with an elaborate address, the latter being at that time in the new nation.

In 1828 Gist went to Washington city as a delegate from the Western Cherokees. He was then in his fifty-ninth year. At that time the portrait was taken, an engraving from which we present to our readers. He is represented with a table containing his alphabet. The missionaries were not slow to employ it. It was arranged with the Cherokee, and English sounds and definitions. Rev. S. A. Worcester endeavored to get the outlines of its grammar, and both he and Mr. Boudinot prepared vocabularies of it, as did many others. In this way, by having more and better observers, we know more of this language than many others, and affinities have been traced between it and some others, supposed to be radically different, which would have appeared in the case of some others, had they been as fully or correctly written.

Besides the Scriptures, a very considerable number of books were printed in it, and parts of several different newspapers existing from time to time; also almanacs, songs, and psalms.

During the closing portion of his life, the home of Se-quo-yah was near Brainerd, a mission station in the new nation. Like his countrymen, he was driven an exile from his old home, from his fields, work-shops, and orchards by the clear streams flowing from the mountains of Georgia. Is it wonderful if such treatment should throw a sadder tinge on a disposition otherwise mild, hopeful, and philosophic?

One of his sons is a very fair artist, using promiscuously pencil, pen, chalk, or charcoal. He served, as a private soldier, in the Union army in the late war, and there, in his quarters, made many sketches. His power of caricaturing was very considerable. If a humorous picture of some officer who had rendered himself obnoxious was found, chalked in unmistakable but grotesque lineaments, on the commissary door, it was said, "It must have been by the son of Se-quo-yah."

In his mature years, at Brainerd, although approaching seventy, the nerve or fire of the old man was not dead. Some narrow-minded ecclesiastics, because Gist would not go through the routine of a Christian profession after the fashion they prescribed, have not scrupled to intimate that he was a pagan, and grieved that the Bible was printed in the language he gave. This arose simply from not comprehending him. They persisted in considering him an ignorant savage, while he comprehended himself and measured them.

In his old days a new and deeper ambition seized him. He was not in the habit of asking advice or assistance in his projects. In his journey to the West, as well as to Washington, he had an opportunity of examining different languages, of which, as far as lay in his power, he carefully availed himself. His health had been somewhat affected by rheumatism, one of the few inheritances he got from the old fur peddler of Ebenezer; but the strong spirit was slow to break.

He formed a theory of certain relations in the language of the Indian tribes, and conceived the idea of writing a book on the points of similarity and divergence. Books were, to a great extent, closed to him; but as of old, when he began his career as a blacksmith by making his bellows, so he now fell back on his own resources. This brave Indian philosopher of ours was not the man to be stopped by obstacles. He procured some articles for the Indian trade he had learned in his boyhood, and putting these and his provisions and camping equipage in an ox-cart, he took a Cherokee boy with him as driver and companion, and started out among the wild Indians of the plain and mountain, on a philological crusade such as the world never saw.

One of the most remarkable features of his experience was the uniform peace and kindness with which his brethren of the prairie re-

ceived him. They furnished him means, too, to prosecute his inquiries in each tribe or clan. That they should be more sullen and reticent to white men is not wonderful when we reflect that they have a suspicion that all these pretended inquirers in science or religion have a lurking eye to real estate. Several journeys were made. The task was so vast it might have discouraged him. He started on his longest and his last journey. There was among the Cherokees a tradition that part of their nation was somewhere in New Mexico, separated from them before the advent of the whites. Se-quo-yah knew this, and expected in his rambles to meet them. He had camped on the spurs of the Rocky Mountains; he had threaded the valleys of New Mexico; looked at the adobe villages of the Pueblos, and among the race, neither Indian nor Spaniard, with swarthy face and unkempt hair. He had occasion to moralize over those who had voluntarily become the slaves of others even meaner than themselves, who spoke a jargon neither Indian nor Spanish. Catholics in name, who ate red pepper pies, gambled like the fashionable frequenters of Baden, and swore like troopers.

It was late in the year 1842 that the wanderer, sick of a fever, worn and weary, halted his ox-cart near San Fernandino, in Northern Mexico. Fate had willed that his work should die with him. But little of his labor was saved, and that not enough to aid any one to develop his idea. Bad nursing, exposure, and lack of proper medical attendance finished the work. He sleeps, not far from the Rio Grande, the greatest of his race.

At one time Congress contemplated having his remains removed and a monument erected over them; it was postponed, however.

The Legislature of the Little Cherokee Nation every year includes in its general appropriations a pension of three hundred dollars to his widow—the only literary pension paid in the United States.

THE OLD LOVE AGAIN.

By ANNIE THOMAS.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW NINA SAID "NO."

SIR ARTHUR and Lady Delany were in a bankrupt brother baronet's house in Eccleston Square for the season, which was nearly over now. A house of an august exterior as to frontage and door-step, but young as aristocratic houses go, and thin as regarded its walls.

In this house Nina found them domiciled when she went up to them from Ardleigh Vicarage. The house was gaudily furnished wherever it was liable to public inspection, but it was meagerly, not to say miserably, wanting in that portion of it which was ceded to Nina. The first night of Nina's return home Lady Delany had delicately alluded to this fact.

"Your room is not very comfortable, but it is only for a short time, Nina," she had said; and Nina had replied:

"My room is very uncomfortable, but, as you have put me there, don't trouble yourself to apologize about it;" which remark repeated, made things pleasant for Lady Delany with Sir Arthur, when he remonstrated about his only daughter being put up in an attic.

"My dear, I spoke to her about it, and she begged me not to trouble about it at all. You see, I don't like to be without a good spare room or two, in case of emergency." And so Sir Arthur was satisfied.

It was but for a short time that Nina had to endure this minor evil. At the end of a fortnight they moved away to the secluded, half-ruined, ill-furnished château which Sir Arthur Delany had taken near Pont de Brigne. But during that fortnight strange and agitating tidings were sent to Nina from Ardleigh. A hurried letter from Mrs. Eldon one day told of Mrs. Barrington's having given birth prematurely to a son. The following morning's post brought the news of the unfortunate woman's death, from some untoward neglect in the attendance that was being given to her.

"It is all very distressing," Mrs. Eldon wrote; "still, dear Nina, I must remind you, in case you should be tempted or driven into thinking of doing any thing rash, that Mr. Barrington is free." Nina did remember it, and did think about it very much, as she crossed from Folkestone to Boulogne one rough morning, and felt herself to be at the point of death very often through much tossing. But it faded away from her memory a good deal when they got to their new home, and she was subjected to the combined influences of change of air, scene, food, and society.

The house Sir Arthur Delany had taken was a grim mansion in the midst of once beautiful but now grass-grown and dilapidated grounds, in which terraces, and avenues, and weird pools, and balconies, and steps that led to nowhere, and giant *tazzas* that held nothing now, were scattered in ghastly profusion. Ages ago, when Louis the Fourteenth was reigning, together with powder, and puff, and patch, and hoop, and fantasy generally, this old place must have been in high meretricious esteem. It was devised and made for the use and abuse of pretty creatures in blue and pink silks and satins, with unnaturally whitened hair and blackened faces. Modern ideas, and the times and the drapery of four years ago, were all out of place there. But somehow the very incongruity grew pleasing to Nina, who fashioned out

many a tale to fit the silent, black pool, over which elms and willows drooped, as, day after day, she wandered along its border alone, and laughed to herself over the means Lady Delany had taken to force her (Nina) into marriage.

Pont de Brigne was so pretty in its seclusion, its stagnation almost, in this late autumn weather! Not a breath ever reached it, save on Sundays, from the busy town, Boulogne, only three miles away. As the life in it went on now, so, to all appearance, it must have gone on for many generations. A lovely, lazy river wound its shining course through meadows and gardens where, on old time-embrowned walls, big pears ripened and grew fat, and fell down upon beds of flowers and onions—for the useful and beautiful were in close communion. The only noisy things in the village were the plashing mill-wheel and one screaming swan, that floated by day on the bosom of the silent pool, and dozed by night upon its banks. This swan was Nina's sole companion down in the solitude by the black water—her sole companion for a week or two.

At the expiration of that time Mr. Manners came to join their quiet party; came without knowing that Nina was one of them again, and staid with a fresh, fond pleasure when he found that she was there.

His was rather an awkward position, too, when all the circumstances of his case are considered. Six months ago he had asked her to be his wife, and she had refused his request. Then he had asked her to take time to reconsider her determination, to withdraw her definite refusal, and to nullify it by saying "yes," or repeat it by saying "no," at the expiration of a certain time. That time had expired now, and still she had sent him no word as to her sentiment. And now, while he was half hopeful, half fearful, while he thought her far away in English Ardleigh, he came upon her suddenly and unexpectedly in French Pont de Brigne.

It was all owing to Lady Delany's diplomatic talents that the meeting was managed. Nina was very much in her young ladyship's way; not that Nina interfered with one of Lady Delany's pursuits, or curtailed one of Lady Delany's pleasures. Still Lady Delany wanted to get rid of her, "in case," as she phrased it, "we should ever get so tired of one another that we should take to quarreling; being younger than Nina, you know she may get jealous of me, if years roll on and she finds herself still single and slighted." So, in order to avoid this unpleasant contingency, she favored Mr. Manners's suit, and furthered his wooing both with zeal and discretion.

He walked in upon them early one morning, having crossed the night before; and as soon as he saw her, he read in Nina's face that she had not been prepared for his appearance. Still he gathered hope as he looked; there was no displeasure mixed with the surprise she could not quite conceal.

Indeed, it would have been hard for Nina, who was beginning to find it dull in this meagerly furnished house, where she had neither society nor books, to look or feel displeased at the advent of a man who came fresh from the world of both. This latter-day lover of hers was different in all respects from the idol of her youth. He was about thirty-six or seven at this time, and he had lived an active, thoughtful life in a city where activity and thoughtfulness leave their traces on heart and brain—ay, and on hair too. He was a little bald just above his forehead, and he was more than a little gray. Still his face was unfurrowed, and his eyes were clear and bright, and his figure was only well-filled out; he was not "stout" yet. He spoke cleverly and curtly about all the topics of the day, rarely, if ever, using an unnecessary word, and never by any chance allowing feeling or prejudice to influence judgment. Altogether, he offered as marked a contrast to unstable Gerald Barrington mentally as he did physically—and physically Gerald Barrington had the best of it.

About twelve o'clock Lady Delany suggested that they should all walk out and show him the place. Nina acquiesced in the plan readily enough. She knew it was part of it that she should be left alone with Mr. Manners, and she was willing that it should be so; willing to get the explanation over as soon as possible. So, when Lady Delany made some transparent excuse for leaving them, Nina felt glad that her hour had come.

"I saw by your face that you had no share in the 'general wish' for my presence which Lady Delany expressed when she invited me here," he said, as Nina took him down some terrace steps, and proposed that they should plant on a broken wall by the dark pool, under a weeping-willow.

"No, I knew nothing of the invitation; I dare say if I had known that it was to be expressed I should have shared in the general wish."

"Even though you would have felt sure that the expression would justify me in reminding you that you are my debtor—you owe me an answer."

She could not doubt as she heard the touching, deepening, quiet tone, and saw the wistful eagerness in his face, that the man, composed as he was, had staked much of his happiness on her possible answer. She could have made it without any hesitation, she felt sure, if only she had not just heard that Gerald Barrington was free. For after that concession of hers—that indiscreet concession which she had made to his wish that she should meet him, and hear what he had to say for himself—what might not Gerald Barrington expect? "I owe him something too," she thought, sorely, as she reflected on how she had incurred the debt. "It would seem heartless to grasp now at what would prevent my ever paying the debt; besides, this wish to marry Mr. Manners is not born of love."

UNDER A WEEPING-WILLOW.

Still, if it was not "born of love," it was very hard to kill it, and to say "no," as she believed herself in honor bound to say, and did say.

"I ought to have given it long ago," she said, in reply to his statement that she owed him an answer. "It is only because I have been feeling all the importance to my own happiness of giving great thought to my answer that I have been so slow and so full of hesitation. Mr. Manners, I must say as I said before—it can't be as you do me the honor to wish it to be. I must stay as I am—I must, indeed; don't cease to be my friend; don't leave us now, and leave us disliking me."

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. MANNERS BESPEAKS NINA'S INTEREST.

MR. MANNERS did not take offense and his departure after that second refusal from Nina. He was much too calmly sensible and thoroughly well disposed toward the young lady to do any thing of that sort. He thoroughly and sympathetically understood all the difficulties and disagreeables of Nina's position; and he knew well that if he went away hurriedly Lady Delany would know that all hopes of the marriage were over, and that Nina would suffer for that knowledge. So he staid on even longer

than he had intended staying when he did not know that Nina was there, and came imperceptibly to be regarded and treated as one of the family by them all.

The long autumn days would have been long indeed, and the dreary evenings in the meagerly furnished saloon would have been dreary indeed to Nina, if it had not been for his presence. The long walks through the rather flat surrounding country, and the long hours' fishing in the pretty winding river, would have been robbed of half their quiet charm if she had not had his companionship. More than ever she regretted, as he became more and more essential to her comfort daily, that she had compromised herself by giving Gerald Barrington that meeting at Sedgwick. Not that she had compromised herself in the eyes of the world—that she refused to consider she had done; but that she had given him such a tacit reassurance as should justify him in thinking that the old deep interest in him might be regenerated.

It came about very gradually, so gradually that somehow it seemed quite a natural thing, when one day, as they were walking together, Mr. Manners broached the subject of Gerald Barrington. "You have seen him again this summer," he said; and Nina asked, quickly:

"How do you know I ever saw him at all—how do you know any thing about him?"

"Oh! a man is sure to hear of such things in connection with the woman he loves," Mr. Manners said, quietly. This was the first time he had spoken of his feelings concerning her since he asked for her definite answer down by the black pool.

"Yes," then she said, laughing confusedly; "I saw him again this summer, and saw his wife too."

"She is dead now?"

"She is," Miss Delany said, briefly.

"And when a time of conventional mourning has expired he will seek you again," he went on; and Nina shook her head and said she had "no right to think that."

"He is sure to do it," Mr. Manners repeated. "I wish I could feel equally sure that you would never listen to his proposals again. This I say quite without any regard to my own feelings toward you, which nothing can alter; but out of a conviction I have that he would not make you happy."

"One never can be sure of being happy with any person. You do not know Mr. Barrington. Why do you say such things of him?"

"Not out of empty jealousy. As far as I am concerned myself, it would be a bitter trial to me to see you married to any man—even to the man I thought most highly of; but that would be a suffering that I would willingly endure today, even to see you safe from Mr. Barrington."

"You have heard something against him," Nina said. "What is it? Not that I am likely to see him again."

"Oh yes, you are; of course you will see him again. There is nothing to prevent such a catastrophe now; and I should not regret the probability if I did not think him a dangerously weak, unstable man—one who is utterly unfit to direct you. I have never heard any thing against him, save that he married in intemperate anger against you, and then had not sufficient self-respect to behave with consideration toward his wife. Probably you regard this latter as a venial error; but I don't."

Nina walked on in silence, and presently Mr. Manners resumed:

"I have ventured to say this to you to-day because I may never have another opportunity. I am going to leave to-morrow."

"Where are you going?" Nina asked, with a half-offended air.

"To Paris."

"Oh! to Paris. We are not gay enough for you, naturally."

"Would you like to hear my real reason for leaving?"

"Yes."

"It is this: Your father asked me this morning if you and I had made it all right; and I was obliged to tell him that you had very decidedly made it all wrong. He then seemed to think that it was better I should go. It rests with you to indorse or reverse his opinion by giving me your own."

"I suppose he is right," Nina said, in a low voice, feeling that she would give much to feel free to reverse the decree.

It was not pleasant at dull little Pont de Brigne after Mr. Manners left. Lady Delany, who had borne the solitude while there seemed to be a probability of her point being carried, sulked now that the probability had vanished. Heavy rain set in. Sir Arthur was seized with a mild attack of rheumatic gout, and, sadder than all else, there came mournful tidings from Ardleigh Vicarage. Poor Frank Eldon had caught typhus fever in one of his visits to a sick parishioner, and, after struggling vainly against it for a few days, had died, leaving Gertrude desolate indeed.

"As soon as I can think and act," the poor young widow wrote soon after her husband's funeral, "I shall leave this place, where I have known my greatest happiness and greatest misery, and go back to my own friends. When I am settled you must come and stay with me; but it would break my heart to see you here where I last saw you with my own dear Frank." This was in October, just as the Delanys were about to migrate farther south for the restoration of Sir Arthur's health; and from that time until their return to London, after Christmas, they heard nothing more from Ardleigh or Gertrude.

When they re-entered London one January night, Nina felt sure that now it must all soon culminate. Before long she would be called upon, and compelled to decide her own fate. Gerald Barrington would hear of their being home, and he would come and claim that which

she had given him a right to claim. As she thought this she regretted more bitterly than ever those hours at Sedgwick, which had been so sadly misspent in strengthening his belief in her unchanged love for him. But it was worse than idle to indulge in these regrets now. He would surely come, and she would surely have to marry him, and make the best of her mistake. While, as for John Manners, she did hope fervently that he would never marry a woman "who was not worthy of him," and she took some comfort from the thought then occurring to her that he was very unlikely to find such a one.

The crisis Nina had half expected and half dreaded did not come just yet. She was not put to the test of seeing Gerald Barrington, or, indeed, of hearing any thing about him. Mr. Manners came on the old familiar footing of intimate friend; but he never mentioned Mr. Barrington or his own former hopes and wishes. Nina could not help feeling disappointed and neglected. "They neither of them want me now," she thought, bitterly, as she remembered how eager each of these men had been for her in days gone by.

She could not help speculating curiously, sometimes, about Gerald Barrington and what had become of him. Was he at Ardleigh End still? There was no one of whom she could ask this question, for the widow Gertrude Eldon had left Ardleigh just before the Delanys came back to England. Moreover, if Mrs. Eldon had still been resident in the place, Nina would have hesitated about asking any question relative to Gerald Barrington, of a lady who had thought so little—not to say so ill of him as Mrs. Eldon thought. "I shall see her in time, when the sharp edge of her grief has worn off," Nina thought; "and then, in speaking of poor Frank's parish, she will be unable to avoid mentioning that one parishioner." Then Nina would sighingly wish that his poor wife had lived—that she (Nina) had never seen him as a married man—that, in fact, a goodly portion of the past could be erased altogether.

In the middle of the winter season a new element was introduced into her life. John Manners's mother came to live in town, bringing with her a pretty young niece, whom she had almost adopted. As a friend, John Manners asked Nina to see a good deal of his fair young cousin, Edith Graves. "I think you are the best companion a young girl could have," he said to her, frankly. And Nina told herself that if he had the faintest tinge of love remaining for her, he could not judge her so dispassionately and kindly, after her having refused him twice. "He is quite cured," she thought, bitterly; "he will fall back on that blue-eyed nonentity as contentedly as if I had never existed for him." And thinking this, she did begin to long for some sign from Gerald Barrington. A couple of defections in one year is surely too much for any woman to bear placidly.

CHAPTER IX.

TWO MEETINGS.

WHEN Mrs. Manners left her country home, for the sake of giving pretty Edith Graves a sight of life as it is lived in London, the good old lady made a considerable sacrifice. She had a deep-rooted dislike to small rooms, neighbors, smoke, German bands, tan-yards, and other minor evils to which flesh is heir in London. Nevertheless, she hurled herself into the midst of the possibility of all these things for the sake of the girl whom she loved as a daughter already, and whom she hoped to see bud into that relationship in law.

"You ought not to keep Edith mewed up all her life among the butter-cups and daisies, mother," John Manners had said on the occasion of his last Christmas visit to his mother's house. And on that hint Mrs. Manners spoke, begging him to find her a comfortable habitation in one of the least offensive suburbs of the great city, wherein, she never doubted, wary women were always lurking about seeking to devour him, and where Edith's sweet presence might prove a foil to their meretricious attractions.

So it came to pass that a house was taken for Mrs. Manners in the Victoria Road, Kensington, and that when midwinter was past she came there to dwell with Edith; and when she had been settled there a reasonable time Lady and Miss Delany came to call upon her.

Now the mother had never heard of these friends of her son's; and when she saw them an idea came into her head that they were among the dangerous ones of the earth, from whom Edith's pure little presence might preserve him. They knew too much about John altogether to be pleasant to her. So she made herself rigid at them, and counseled Edith not "to want to go gadding about with them;" and intensely aggravated her son by saying, "One couldn't wonder at a girl situated as Miss Delany was hunting after a husband."

And little pale, brown-haired, blue-eyed Edith, whose mouth and mind and hands were all small to match—little gristle-boned Edith—lashed out her little weapon of flagellation upon Miss Delany, and said, "Miss Delany seemed so lazy, never seemed to care to read any thing good, or to work any thing useful;" which accusation was true in a measure, for poor Nina was out of gear in these days, and found herself incapable of settling to any thing.

But as time wore on, and the lassitude which is nearly every one's portion in the English spring assailed the denizens of the little house in the Victoria Road, and as they found that acquaintances are not speedily picked up or friendships formed in exclusive suburbs, Mrs. Manners and Edith both came to regard Nina as rather a welcome presence. Perhaps this change in their sentiments was due to the fact of John's having always discreetly refrained from expressing pleasure when she did come or pain when she staid away. He was, in fact, apparently

utterly indifferent to her, and this indifference militated hugely in her favor with the women of his own house. So the year and the change rolled on slowly and surely together, and spring was merging into summer, and the bedding-out plants were arranged for the season in ribbon borders in Kensington Gardens, and London was getting very full again; and all this time Nina heard nothing of Gertrude Eldon or (which was far more annoying and puzzling to her) of Gerald Barrington.

The bright-faced beauty had almost resigned herself to the painful probability of being an old maid, for, as it would have been her will and pleasure now to marry John Manners, and as it was clearly (to her mind) her honorable duty to marry Gerald Barrington if he ever asked her again, it was out of the question that she should give her hand to any other man. She was growing resigned, though not reconciled, to the prospect—to the prospect of that fate for herself, and also to the prospect of the far fairer fate which seemed to be looming before Edith Graves, when the whole of her future was rudely broken up and disturbed.

One June day she was sitting in Mrs. Manners's little drawing-room bay-window waiting for Edith, who was up stairs preparing for a walk in Kensington Gardens. Nina was there in obedience to a request of John's, that she would get his mother and Edith out to hear the band that afternoon, and he had added weight to this request by promising to join them at the lower end of the "Row," if they would walk so far. While she was waiting her gaze wandered idly over to the opposite house, which had been unoccupied for a long time. She saw that the shutters were open, that delicate pale green French chintz curtains were shrouding the windows, that bronze railings had been put up to form little window-gardens, and brightly flowering plants were already blooming there. In fact, that there was a general air of refined occupation about the house.

"Oh yes," Mrs. Manners said in answer to some question Nina asked presently; "it is taken, but I don't know who by. I haven't heard her name, but I've seen her passing in and out while the house was preparing. Ah! they're a precious lot about here, I feel pretty sure. Ladies living alone with golden hair and little broughams I never feel sure of."

"Has this one golden hair and a little brougham?" Nina asked, laughing.

"She has the golden hair, but not the little brougham yet," the old lady said, sententiously. "She is a most lovely woman, I must say —in deep mourning; there she is at the window."

Nina looked across hastily, and then started to her feet, crying out, "I know her—it's Mrs. Eldon!" and then, without further explanation, she ran out, and across the road, and knocked eagerly for admission to the presence of her old friend.

There was a great scene of gentle recrimination and involved explanation when they met. Gertrude had not written because at first she had been broken-hearted, and latterly too busy. She had staid a long time at Ardleigh, for the present vicar was an unmarried man who didn't want the house, and was just as well satisfied to remain in lodgings, while it had suited her convenience to stay at the Vicarage. Then she had gone back to her father's house. But her mother was dead, and it was unpleasant, after being the mistress of a house of her own, to submit to the household authority of a younger sister. So she had resolved upon taking a small house in an accessible part of London, and she had succeeded in getting this, and wasn't it charming?

It was very charming, small, but exquisite. Brilliant, as women's rooms ought to be, with plate-glass and delicate-hued chintzes and flowers. A perfect little temple of refinement and beauty it appeared, and Gertrude was a mistress worthy of it. In her deep mourning—deep, though she wore no widow's cap—she seemed of a fairer beauty than ever. And her youth asserted itself so, in spite of the traces of mental suffering and heart-sickness that were still upon her face.

And at last she asked:

"And what of you, Nina, since we drifted away from each other? I have always been half expecting, wholly hoping, that I should hear of your marriage. Am I to hear of it now?"

Nina blushed an angry blush, and shook her head.

"Let us speak of something else," she said.

"Mr. Manners was with you when you wrote to me from Pont de Brigne," Mrs. Eldon persisted.

"He is with us constantly now; but I might as well hope to—I mean *wish* to—marry a star as to marry him." Then, for a moment, she longed and feared to hear something of Gerald Barrington. But the word was not spoken, and she fancied that Gertrude had forgotten him and his folly, and her (Nina's) share in it.

They talked then idly for a time of what had happened, and what might happen; but it was all spoken in a vague and undefined way that left Nina with a feeling of uncertainty upon her as to what Mrs. Eldon wished to do, and thought of doing. "It's a dear little house, isn't it?" she had said to Nina when the latter had made the tour of dining-room and double drawing-room, and bed and dressing room, and had duly admired the arrangement of them all.

"Yes," Nina said, "it is a dear little house, and I think a particularly nice neighborhood to settle down in. I think you very wise to have come here, instead of burying yourself in the country."

"I dare say I shall like the country again," Mrs. Eldon said. "I did enjoy it thoroughly while I was happy, you know."

"Like it again! Why, you don't think of

moving, do you, after so completely establishing yourself here?" Nina asked, in some surprise.

"Oh! one never knows how soon changes may take place," Mrs. Eldon said, drooping her head, and half averting her face from Nina's inspection. And then she inquired who Nina's friends over the way were; and when she heard that they were "the Mannerses," she put on that look of quizzical interrogation which is so specially hard to bear when the interrogated one has nothing to tell.

"Then I shall see Mr. Manners at last," Mrs. Eldon said.

"Probably you will if you watch for his coming and going."

"But you will introduce him to me."

"Indeed, I am not on such terms as to promise to introduce him to any one specially," Nina said, in an agony.

"Do you remember how I urged you to do as he wanted you to do when you were staying with me at Ardleigh?" Mrs. Eldon asked.

"Yes, I do," Nina answered; "and I was infatuated then and disregarded your advice. Well, I'm not going to complain now, but I will tell you, for your satisfaction, that you were very right in saying that I was throwing away the worthy substance for an unworthy shadow. I was an unaccountable goose, all things considered." Then she remembered that Mrs. Manners and Miss Graves were waiting for her, and went away quickly before Gertrude could reply to her half confession.

The last strains of the band were borne to them upon the still hot air long before they reached the spot where John had appointed to meet them. "Of course he will have given us up and gone back to town long before this," his mother said, testily—for Edith was looking very pretty, and Mrs. Manners had hoped her son would have been impressed with that prettiness. Now the old lady felt that all her own trouble and Edith's toilet had been thrown away.

"I am sorry that I should have caused the delay," Nina said, apologetically; "but Mrs. Eldon and I have not met since her husband's death. I was bewildered at sight of her."

"Humph!" Mrs. Manners said. "Her husband's death? How long ago is that, may I ask?"

"He died in the autumn of last year."

"A gentleman calls at the house very often," Edith struck in; and Mrs. Manners shook her head, and remarked that in her day widows conducted themselves as such, and wore caps, and didn't advertise the fact of being solitary, idle, and well off, by perpetually attending to rare flowers outside their windows.

They did not meet Mr. Manners. Evidently he had given them up, as evidently he did not care to see her, Nina thought. As for his mother and cousin, they were openly aggrieved, not at his not being there then, but at Nina's having prevented their being on the spot before. Altogether Miss Delany was not sorry to part with them, and to make the best of her way back to Eccleston Square.

She was walking slowly along on the left-hand side of the Row, carelessly watching the rapidly increasing throng of equestrians who had come in for the afternoon ride, when her attention was caught by a gentleman who was coming slowly toward her, close inside the railings. Almost before she had time to realize who it was, she found herself bowing to Gerald Barrington, who had raised his hat and passed on without pausing, or giving the slightest indication of a desire to pause.

It was coming upon her, then, this crisis in her fate, which she had half dreaded, half expected, for so long a time. The old love was to the fore again, and he would soon find her out and test her truth, and—he must not find her false.

Her knees trembled under her now as she walked on, feeling that he would surely overtake her presently, when he had recovered the senses which must have been slightly scattered at sight of her. He would overtake her again presently; and she was very glad, after all, that she was so faultlessly dressed this day, though the dress had been designed to please the eyes of John Manners, and not of this old love of hers, who had been so strangely fettered, and was now so strangely free.

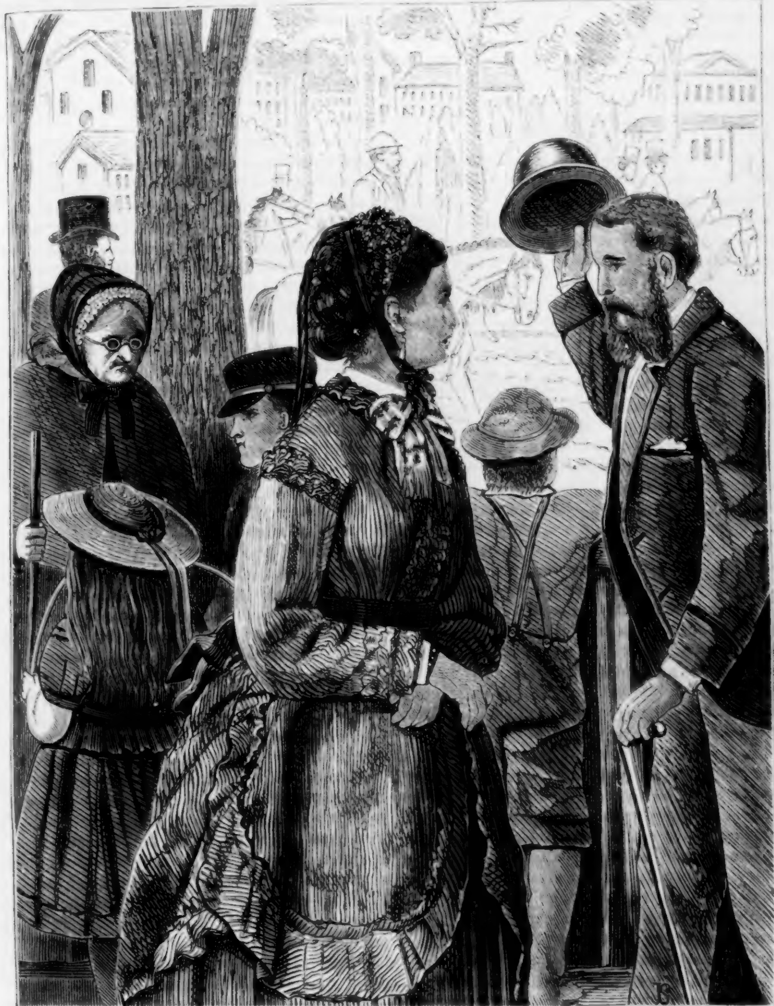
She went on and on—now faster, now slower—now with a feeling of thanksgiving that no one knew and could remark upon her—now with a self-consciousness that she was concentrating the attention of riding and sauntering London upon herself; and still, through all these phases of feeling, she walked on undisturbed, for that rider did not draw rein by her side. At length she found herself up close to the entrance by Apsley House, and there she did pause for a moment and look round.

There was nothing to be seen of Gerald Barrington, and with her heart strangely agitated, but still a little lighter, she went out through the gateway, and got herself home.

She was going to a party that night—a charade party that was to merge into a dance—and she was going under her step-mother's auspices. Lady Delany was always good enough to avow herself to be "in despair" about Nina in these days. But this night she was in very well-developed and special despair. "Nina looks positively old," Lady Delany said mournfully to her husband. "She has got a set, serious expression on that is absolutely ruinous to her face; and what will become of my child if Nina stays home, costing so much?" Then, finding her husband grossly insensible to his eldest daughter's appearance and his youngest daughter's prospects, Lady Delany tried the effect of her eloquence on Nina herself.

"At least, take a little eau-de-Cologne for your eyes," she said; but Nina preferred going with her eyes dark with thought to brightening them with spurious art.

When the charades were over, and other girls were standing about after the manner of



THE MEETING.

their age and sex—standing about in accessible places, hopeful of the right men asking them for the first waltz—Nina got herself into a small ante-room where was peace and quiet, and a comfortable divan. The lamps burned low in this temple of flirtation, thanks to the humanity of the hostess, and Nina leaned there for a while, fancying herself to be quite unobserved. Presently the seat by her side was taken by Mr. Manners. "I did not expect to meet you here," she said; and then he apologized for not waiting for them at their trysting-place in the park: and she told him of her meeting with Mrs. Eldon.

"Life is so full of upsetting encounters," she said, trying to smile.

"It's not an upsetting encounter with me to-night, is it?" he asked, laughing. "You're looking terribly depressed, or is it merely the dim religious light that gives you that appearance?"

"I am depressed. You would pass your evening more as you came to pass it if you went and danced."

"But not so pleasantly as if I stay here with you." Then he put his arm along on the back of the sofa just behind her shoulders, and Nina felt many shades less desolate, and a

strong conviction that he was going to say something important.

"Another old friend of yours is in town, too, Nina. Am I telling you news, or did you know it already?"

IN WALL STREET.

I WELL recollect the day I first arrived in New York. I came in the Camden and Amboy boat, and landed early in the morning. My worldly effects were packed—mother did it—in a long hand-bag made of bright Venetian stair-carpet. I remember I also had a blue cotton umbrella, quite new, with a yellow brass tip. Passengers coming from the boat with me regarded me with interest, and I was modestly pleased with this silent recognition of a promising young man entering upon the scene of his future fortunes. I could not help observing, too, that the hackmen paused a moment in their vociferations as I passed. They knew better than to offer the extortionate luxury of a ride to a sturdy fellow who was bound to make his own way. These were my emotions. Of course I knew very well that the best men in New York come from the country, and I was one of them. I supposed that the reason I was regarded with distinction was my manly and business-like appearance; but now I think of it, I should say that it was only the colors; for I remember that a suspicious-looking urchin offered on the pier to carry my things for me, and indeed undertook to take them from me; and when I resisted he forbore, and raised a great laugh by saying, "Well, go it, Rainbow!"

A few years' experience of city life modified my ideas, and my appearance too, doubtless; but after all, on the day I entered Wall Street in search of a situation in a bank, I felt more trepidation than in my first arrival, or in all my intermediate vicissitudes. That day stands out in my memory, with a few others I shall speak of, like two or three bright nickel cents in a tray of old coppers. It was a very hot day, fifteen years ago. On account of adverse circumstances I considered myself as rather "under the weather;" and I approached the great Rhino Bank, where I had some reason to believe that I should be at once engaged to fill a vacant situation, with the anticipation that I was reaching a haven of rest—that I was to land on the *terra firma* of a good salary in a hard-money business, after I had been battling with the waves and tides of desultory and temporary vocations.

I had a wholesome awe of a bank. In my estimation the president was the incarnation of cash. The directors were doubtless all philosophic and learned political economists, wielding the laws of trade so adroitly as to turn every thing into gold for their stockholders' benefit. I thought the business was the embodiment of all that was right, correct, unquestionable; that the most honest men, the most intuitive financiers, the most infallible accountants, composed its officers and clerks; that the ledgers were spotless and pure, guiltless of scratch or erasure; and as to mistakes, if one of the clerks should make one, he would cut his throat right away from ear to ear, as the only way of avoiding the consciousness of an unutterable disgrace.

But this was before I had been *inside* the bank counters. I had watched the tellers and clerks as I had entered a bank on dealers' errands. I had seen them through their respective wickets, wrapped in dignity and surrounded with wealth. I had enjoyed the distinction of a customary nod from the receiving teller, and had been on speaking acquaintance with the book-keeper A to I. The bank clerk naturally considers himself at the head of all clerkdom. Have you not observed with what hauteur he exchanges recognition with an acquaintance outside the railing who daringly ventures to attract his attention? Well, I had been such an acquaintance, recognized to the envy of others; and now I expected to get within the rail, and stand among the perfected few who dispense money for the outside world.

Crude and silly as this feeling was, there is some foundation for it in fact; but I did not then know how exaggerated it is. I had not then seen how diverse the characters of the men who came together every morning to make up the *personnel* of the bank; how surely there will be found among men of integrity and fidelity others of assurance and an overbearing demeanor, which enables them for a time to conceal the want of those qualities. I had not seen from how many different associations, and with how many different purposes or no purposes, these men came together for the day, held to the same scene of labor for a quarter or a third of their time by a common paymaster, to separate again and scatter to their own likings after a few hours. I had not seen how the keen ambition of one plays upon the good-nature, the indolence, or the blunder of another; how vicious associations outside the bank occasionally reach in, and claim for their own one who had not before shown the evil side of his character to his employers; and how steady-going old stagers drudge on with the routine of their work, while others come and go. The force and decision evolved by the intensity of competing labor within a large bank make the ordinary chances and changes "as good as a play" to witness. Every thing is done with a snap. If a man is discharged, he is shot out into the street like a load of coal. He doesn't have a month to think about it. If a man wishes to leave, there are five or six pushing for his stool, and it is touch and go.

The banking-room in which I was engaged was not in the modern style. A long, narrow, dingy entry led from the street back to a rear building, whose windows were shut in on every side by gloomy brick walls. The air was close, and savored both of soiled money and of subterranean odors from the regions beneath, which

light and winds never penetrated. The counters and desks were in old mahogany, presenting an eminently respectable appearance outside. Inside were homely dusty cupboards, dead papers, empty ink-bottles, old ledgers, pieces of carpet, ink-spots, and spittoons.

Catching a glimpse of these things, with which I afterward became so familiar, I passed into the directors' room, and was ushered into the presence of the president.

Let me give you the portrait of this singular man. President Borrowbie was a portly person of fine presence. His hair, long and silken, was growing gray. On his smooth face the absence of whiskers was set off by the profusion of his shaggy eyebrows, which gave a fierce shade to his soft, mild eyes. He was supposed to be president by virtue of a large family interest in the stock, not because he was like any other bank president I have seen. His manner possessed all the vigor of a sharp, brusque spirit, but was modulated into courteousness by a native grace, and by a benevolent disposition. All his relations with Wall Street were of a time gone by, and he was then beginning to feel antiquated, which resulted in his taking a great interest in young men. He prided himself on his knowledge of character; and though he sat as handsome, and almost as silent, as a ship's figure-head, at all ordinary business, judiciously yielding to younger men, he came out strong whenever a new clerk was to be employed or a new depositor was introduced.

His conversation with me I shall never forget—it was so characteristic of him. After making some commonplace inquiries as to my capacities and references, he said:

"Well, young man, please be seated. I want to ask you some questions. I do this with all the young men who apply, though not many of them tell me the truth. They generally say what they think will please me. You can do just as you like."

To this I made no reply, because I did not know what to say. He looked at me quizzically, and seemed to enjoy my embarrassment. I next observed him looking into my hat. I wondered what there was in it to attract his attention. I afterward learned that it was one way he had of forming an idea of the cast of character by comparing the diameters of the head.

"Can you do work in a hurry?" said he.

"I have not been accustomed to," replied I, cautiously.

"Hm! Wall Street is a driving place."

As this was not a question, I made no reply.

"Can you make good excuses?"

I began to think it was not strange that some people answered his questions as they thought would best please him. For myself I could not tell for the life of me which answer would please him.

"Good excuses?" I began, inquiringly.

"Yes; when you make a blunder can you get well out of it?"

I reflected that if I should claim the virtue, it would not speak well for my accuracy; and if I should disclaim it, it would not speak well for my shrewdness.

So I laughed at this ingenious dilemma, and said, "Well, really, Sir, I should think the best way of getting well out of blunders in Wall Street to be not to make any. That's *my* ambition."

He looked at me as if I had uttered a very Utopian sentiment; but I felt the elation of having succeeded in saying that which pleased him, notwithstanding his worrying.

"Are you quick at figures?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir."

"Tell me the error in that," and he handed me a sheet. "Take your time," he added, as if it were a sort of crucial test of accuracy.

Between the desire to prove myself quick at figures and the ambition to make no blunders, I found my thoughts wandering; I went astray on the column, felt he was looking at me, blushed, began again, and finally returned him the paper, saying I thought there was no mistake.

"Well," said he, quietly. "You *think* there is none; perhaps there is not. I will get somebody else to look over it who will *know*."

I felt as if I could have sunk through the floor.

"And now," said he, turning the conversation, "about your references."

Here for a moment I hoped to make up my lost ground; but I was disappointed.

"We don't care any thing about those," said he. "Connections, and all that, are very good in some places; but they don't count for much in Wall Street. A recommendation from Boston or Philadelphia is only a stamp on a foreign coin. What we want is the bullion, and we'll put *our own* stamp on it here. Do you see? What we want is the pure metal. We know it when we see it; and we have our own dies to give it currency."

He looked at me in his kindly and quizzical way, and I felt great doubts whether I was bullion or brass. After my weak answer as to the account, I was inclined to think it must be the latter.

At this juncture the cashier came in, and I at once saw that the question of my engagement practically depended on him, though he was guided more than he would acknowledge by the president's opinion. After some further conversation I was set at work.

I went out of the president's presence impressed more deeply than ever with the necessity of the utmost accuracy, celerity, and certainty in banking business; and I entered on my duties with a most intense ambition.

Although the clerks laughed among themselves at the old gentleman's notions, the bank under his administration certainly had a smaller proportion of unfortunate employés than any other institution I have known.

In the intervals of the first few days' work the clerks asked me what the president said to

me. "Did he tell you his teller story?" asked one.

"No," interposed the note teller; "he never tells that story except to a new teller." This book-keeper was one of the queerest specimens of humanity you would meet in a long journey. He would look up at you with a cynical squint of his eye, as if he were mentally taking your average value, and then give you a short, crusty answer.

"What is his teller's story?"

"When the bank was first started the paying teller overpaid a man five hundred dollars on a large check, and the man came back in the afternoon to return the money. The teller was not aware of his mistake, and Borrowbie overheard the conversation, and came out to see what was going on. He interposed, and made the depositor take back the money which he had given to the teller, saying, 'If you have five hundred too much, Sir, you must have got it somewhere else.'

"'No; I am sure it must have been here that I received it.'

"'Impossible, Sir; impossible! We have made no mistake. You will find it came from somewhere else. We can not take it.'"

"The depositor went to his counting-house, and in the course of the next few days advertised the accuracy and honesty of the new bank to a good deal more than the value of five hundred dollars.

"Borrowbie called the teller to his own desk, drew his own check for $500, and handed it to him, saying, 'There, young man, that will square your account. Now remember! *This* bank makes *no mistakes*, young man. *This* bank NEVER *makes a mistake.*'

"That's the way he puts it to the tellers," said the book-keeper. "He says 'twas the making of the bank."

"Not exactly honest," said I, timidly.

"Well, the question is, whether you're guilty of deception in making a man a present of a thing by denying that it belongs to you. If you've given it to him, it don't."

I was not then so adept in the casuistry of banking, and did not see through the fallacy.

"He hasn't had to draw his check often for that purpose, has he?"

"What, for *these* tellers?" said the book-keeper, with a roguish sneer. "I can't say how often they make mistakes; but this I can tell you, they never thank any body for rectifying an overpayment. It makes 'em cross all day."

At this sally at the proverbial unthankfulness of bank clerks when mistakes made to their own disadvantage are corrected by others, the book-keeper plunged into his ledger.

President Borrowbie was very methodical, precise, and punctual. I well remember the first time he ever missed an appointment. It was considered a sign of his decadence. The attorney of the bank, a pert fellow, came in one afternoon to call him to attend a reference or trial in a lawsuit. He found him reading a newspaper. "I declare," said he, "I forgot all about it."

"Why, Sir," said the attorney, with the gratification a small man sometimes shows when he finds a great man napping, "I thought you never forgot any thing."

"Young man!" said the president, "I have forgotten *more things than you ever knew.*"

THE RUNNER.

My first regular employment in the bank was that of runner. The runner's business is to present drafts, for acceptance and collection, to merchants and other men of business in all parts of the city. He has to travel the city through; from egg-cellars in the Erie Buildings to the sail-lofts in the fifth story in South Street—from a ship-chandler in Burling Slip to a Senator at the Astor House. He has to collect school-bills, rents, dividends, coupons, calls for installments on railroad stock, etc. So behold me at work—and irksome work it was!

The runner must get through his day's route and be back to the bank in double quick time, so as to make his returns to the tellers, who may be waiting for his items to close up their day's work. Consequently he has sometimes to stretch his legs in order to return in good season. That summer I thought I should give out. The weather was very hot, and, after having gone rapidly through my route and returned to the bank, I would go home, drop on a lounge, and not be able to get up again for the rest of the day, so exhausted did I feel. However, in a few months I conquered this, and became somewhat hardened to the work. After that I got on better. Let me attempt to describe a day's experience:

After entering the drafts (to be presented to firms and individuals for acceptance or payment) and the notes (to be presented at the different banks for certification as to genuineness) in a book for that purpose, and then arranging them for greater convenience in passing over the route (which is through the lower part of the city, and then up town as far as the drafts lay, and then back to the bank), I started out.

Passing from the bank around into Broad Street, I would leave a draft for acceptance, say at No. 30. Then, calling at 13 New Street, a draft would have to be presented for payment. Probably there would be two or three persons before me, so I would have to wait patiently until I could be waited on. Then on to 57 Broadway, to get a draft which had been left the previous day for acceptance. As like as not the person who had charge of it is out, or the draft has not been attended to, and then I have to wait until it is attended to; or, if I know the parties, trust to their promise that it will be sent up to the bank before 3 o'clock, as after that time non-accepted or unpaid drafts must go to protest. The next place is 20 Beaver Street. Here the parties are out; so I must

leave a notice for them to come up to the bank and pay it, say at 2 o'clock, at which time I expect to be back. Then on to No. 29 Whitehall Street. Here I leave a notice of a protest of a note (left for collection) not paid. The next place in order may be No. 18 South Street, a flour house, for a sight draft to be paid. Thence into Front Street, and call at one of the provision dealers, with a draft for acceptance. Sometimes the parties are obliging, and knowing that the draft is correct, accept it at once, and save me the trouble of calling next day. Sometimes the draft, if drawn at two or three days' sight, will be accepted, and dated by mistake the day after it has been left. This must be attended to, for if not seen to in time it will have to be taken back to be corrected. From this place I pass on to Wall Street, and get a sight draft paid by one of the auction houses. Then to Water Street, to leave a time draft for acceptance on one of the large hat manufactories. Then up Burling Slip to Pearl Street, to get a note certified at the Seventh Ward Bank, and to the Fulton Bank for a like purpose. Here the teller gives it back to me with the answer, "No funds." Sometimes it will be handed back with the answer, "No account," or that he has just certified a check to take it up with. From there it is likely I will have to go away up to the head of Cherry Street, to one of the iron foundries, with a draft for acceptance. Thence my route will take me to the ship-yards up town to collect a sight draft. Probably I shall have to hunt all over the yard before I find the proprietor, and then as like as not he will give it back, saying, "I sha'n't pay it." I now jump into a stage and ride across to the Bowery, corner of Grand Street, to have a note certified there.

By this time it is 1 o'clock, and I begin to be impatient to get back, as it is becoming late, and I am still some distance up town. By the time I get over to Broadway I have become quite short and crusty, and don't stand on much ceremony. I dash into a place and out again as fast as possible, taking advantage, whenever I can, of a ride by stage or car to get ahead. So I pass down town in a zigzag course, down one street and through another, and so around to Wall Street again, and am back as near 2 o'clock as possible.

This lasted for some years. Sometimes I would become tired out, and resolve to leave. Then I would recover from the fatigue, gird up my loins, and at it again.

The runner has not only to be careful out of doors, to get along with the customers so as to give no offense, but he must take care inside to keep on good terms with the tellers, that there shall be no blow-ups between them. It is in the power of the teller to be very annoying, if he is so inclined.

Outdoors, the runner must also, in order to expedite his business, be acquainted with the short turns, the ins and outs of the streets, etc.

At the times of which I am now writing, there was, in the lower part of Wall Street, the private banking house of an English firm, where they did every thing in true, bluff, dogged English style. I went there one day to get a draft cashed; it was near the end of a long day's running, and, as I was pressed for time, I watched the teller as he counted over gold pieces for a hundred and fifty dollars, to see that he counted them right, and then I dropped them into my pocket without a second counting, and rushed on. When I got back to the bank my funds were five dollars short. I was in a cold perspiration at the discovery; no counting or figuring would bring me out right. Here was a blunder, and my proud ambition was broken. I conjectured that the mistake was at B. and Co.'s, and I made excuse to leave the bank and run down there; but the hour of three had struck, and their door was closed, and rattling at it for admission brought no answer. I went back in a condition of despair. It was only five dollars, but it was a blunder. And to me who had then only sixty-three cents available means, five dollars looked like a small fortune. Being both proud and verdant, I was at my wits' end. As I walked hopeless into the bank, I saw a glimpse of President Borrowbie alone in the directors' room. The thought struck me, and I marched in without a moment's consideration, and pulling out my watch—a silver relic of time gone by—said to him: "Sir, I am afraid I have made a mistake; and if I have, I've no excuse. Will you be so good as to take my watch, and let me have five dollars until Saturday?"

Not a muscle of his face moved as he looked at me, and I looked at him watch in hand. I have often laughed since at the ridiculousness of my position, thus endeavoring to get my week's wages discounted in the directors' room on what was not very good security for ten shillings.

The good old man seemed to comprehend the situation. Without a word he took the watch, put it in a little drawer and turned the key, and then laid a half eagle on the desk before me. I went out in silence, and made my returns to the teller, where I was scolded for delay. That night I did not sleep much, though I felt a sort of exultation in having squeezed through. Among my first errands in the morning I went to B. and Co.'s.

"Do you remember," I said to the teller, "paying me a hundred and fifty in gold yesterday—"

"Here's your five dollars," he burst out, tossing it out, without allowing me to finish my sentence. "Now be off; you kept us here all night trying to find your mistake."

I seized it, too glad to retort, and disappeared. The first opportunity of finding the president alone the same day, I tendered him the identical gold piece. I said: "The man who made the mistake has rectified it, and I thank you, Sir."

He looked around to see that no one saw the

transaction, produced my watch, and took the money.

I remember that, as I turned to go out, he said I might shut the door; and, thinking he wished to speak with me, I closed it and returned toward him.

"You may shut it *from the other side*, Mr. Tillmann, if you please," said the courtly old gentleman. It was his polite way of piercing me with the conviction that such assistance would not be open to me a second time. I could have worshiped the old man for his goodness.

INSIDE.

Inside the bank the clerks were of a great number of nationalities—"braw Scots fra abune Abairdeen," American, and Irish; and among others a bluff Manxman, a subject of "his Majesty the King in Man."

There were the usual number of petty jealousies, and attempts to rule or ride one over the other, and as usual the weakest had to go to the wall.

What would the teller care for the comfort or convenience of the runner? This or that thing must be done by 3 o'clock, at any cost; for *he* was in a hurry to get away. The very next day, likely, the same thing was not of as much consequence—so arbitrary and overbearing does a person in such a situation become.

After getting in and making his returns to the tellers, the runner would have to enter notes that had been left during his absence, in the collection pass-books, and then prove the third or note teller's book.

If he was quite smart and wished to push ahead, he would count money for the second or third teller, or enter the deposits, or do some other work by which to ingratiate himself in the good opinion of those above him.

One of the smartest clerks was the general book-keeper. He would fly around the bank, picking up an item here, another one there, as he went around, apparently hardly doing any thing at all; then, summing these figures up, he would have his proof all correct.

He was very rapid in his movements, and would dart around and around the room again before he settled at the place he aimed at.

One of those who had to take his place temporarily complained that he "didn't see how the 'gen. book.' could make out his proof with a figure here and another there—hardly any thing at all—on a sheet of paper!"

Too many bank clerks have not enough to do, while others have too much put upon them. Some, who are "smart," soon get through their work; and others, who are "shirks," are much engaged in helping their superiors, to procure favor with them, leaving their own duty to take care of itself until it is thrust by those superiors on the less ambitious and more assiduous subordinates. There are always some fags upon whom neglected work falls.

Others lay their plans to rise by prying out the weak points of a superior. Woe to the unhappy fellow clerk who stands in the way of such a one! Our friend is bound to "rise" or be promoted by some means—good or bad; and if the person in his way "gives place" to his lordship, well and good; if not, he had better go at once, unless it should happen, as it sometimes does, that he is the hardest one of the two; then, indeed, ensues a crafty struggle for "getting ahead."

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war."

One thinks nothing of dogging the other's steps; listening to his talk while pretending to get an item to post; prying into his desk, *to get a pen or rubber;* looking to see if his ledgers are kept added up, or any other trick by which he may expect to catch his rival tripping. If our friend should succeed in his labor of love, he walks rough-shod over the one above him.

After a while I obtained the place of assistant to one of the book-keepers.

Here the duties are not so laborious, but more irksome. The checks for the day, of the accounts in the ledger, have to be entered in a book prepared for the purpose, and then proved, to see if the morning exchanges are right, and likewise the afternoon checks for the same purpose. Then the dealers' books had to be balanced; and sometimes there were very many checks. Then, if there was a difference, it might be some time before it could be found. One or two cents sometimes consumed hours of hard work in looking up. After that the checks had to be sorted away in a place prepared for that purpose. This was a troublesome business; but if one of the checks got mislaid, it was like hunting a needle in a haystack to find it.

One day, while I was busily writing at my desk, the quiet that reigned was rudely interrupted by a cry of "Stop thief! stop thief! stop him!"

Every one sprung up in astonishment as the sounds reverberated through that hollow and lofty chamber. I stood up at my desk, and saw streaming from the cashier's desk, along down the passage-way by the wall, a long line of men gallantly headed by the cashier in person—and, presto! they were gone before I could get my scattered senses together! I could hear them clattering out through the hall, with a "view-halloa," and then the noise died away in the distance. One of the first to join in the chase was young M——, a lazy, idle favorite. He ran around, and gave a spring over the counter, passing through the paying teller's gate as if he had been shot from a cannon. Would that I had the pencil of a Hogarth or the pen of a Walter Scott to picture or chronicle that ever-memorable chase!

The fugitive, after knocking down two or three of his pursuers, was obliged to surrender to superior numbers, and was brought back in triumph. But the triumph was brief. The man explained that he had picked up a check

in the street, and had merely presented it to see if it were worth any thing before he should take the trouble to search for the owner; that the teller seemed to regard him with suspicion, and sent for the cashier; so, becoming alarmed at the turn things seemed to be taking, he abruptly departed, and this sudden movement gave rise to the hue and cry.

The cashier came back heartily ashamed of his share in the transaction; and as I had remained quiet, moralizing on the propensity of human nature to follow every poor hare that runs, I enjoyed my own complacent reflections on the result.

In the course of time I became assistant to the second (receiving) teller. This was a very hard and trying situation. It was a place to prove one's disposition, with nothing but steady work the best part of the day. The routine of this desk was as follows: The teller, after taking the deposit, handed it over to the assistant, to sort the checks and bank-notes into as many different pigeon-holes or boxes as there were banks with which the exchanges were made. The bills were counted and made up into packages, and then, with the checks, were put down on a slip of paper headed with the name of the bank to which the exchange was to be sent. Sometimes there would be great stacks of bills to be sorted and counted; and then, again, there would be no end to the checks to be put down on the slips. Frequently both these things would occur on the same day, and then there was nothing but drudgery for that day. I have known it to continue thus every day in the week.

The worst part of the day was about 3 o'clock P.M. Then the late and lazy depositors, with the large brokers, would come thronging in, and form a long line at the receiving teller's counter. Then there would be a long and tedious half hour till 3, when the teller ceases to take in the deposits. Sometimes a dealer's boy would try to put in his deposit ahead of the line. This would cause a beautiful explosion.

A smart teller, with his assistant, can get through his work by half past 4 to 5 o'clock. One of our tellers was a queer customer. What enormous quantities of tobacco he did consume in different ways—smoking, chewing, and snuffing! There was always a hecatomb of Mrs. Miller's boxes under his desk. What a strange being that man was! He was a droll fellow, with all his faults; and he made himself apparently very important, although he was indolent.

Any one would suppose that the business of the bank would come to an end without the presence of B——. If he was called away to the paying teller's desk, a customer would come in, and at once the question would be anxiously asked, "Where's B——?" "There he is, at the paying teller's desk." "Oh!" the dealer would say, as if much relieved, and as if then it was all right.

He was very free with his money, giving it right and left with great profuseness. He would buy every thing that came along, and his desk was always crammed with as heterogeneous and nondescript a lot of things as one would often see; all pitched in any how, from a child's whistle to a can of honey. And couldn't he be lazy! Bless you! it did him good to loaf around, read the papers, talk politics, and chew tobacco. I verily believe that he came into the world purposely for this. He was never intended to work, not he! And then, if he had forgotten to attend to something that should have been done, and was scolded about it, with what an air he would button-hole the scolder, and accosting him as "Well, party," would tell a droll story, and would send him off laughing, having already forgotten all about the trouble.

After 3 o'clock there would be a little cessation in the labor, and those of the clerks who had not finished their work would light their cigars and puff away for dear life. Again B—— would be in his glory. Such droll remarks, such questionable stories he could tell. He would keep the rest in a roar of laughter all the time. Pretty soon one would say that tobacco did not agree with him; he did not feel well. Another would produce a white handkerchief, and, blowing the smoke through it, would laughingly show the black mark of the deadly nicotine. Then they would all puff away with renewed zest.

THE TELLER.

The functions of the paying teller are perhaps the most important of all the executive business of the bank. All the money of the bank is charged to him, and all checks are credited to him; and in this sense it might be said that all the business of the bank counters is done in his name. It all has to go through his head.

Your genuine paying teller is between twenty-five and forty. He is (in business hours) a grave fellow, with an intense look. If you did not see him through his wicket, you might take him for an active young lawyer of the most serious ambition. He is never corpulent. We do not grow fat by the intense mental preoccupations of counting all the money of a thousand great business houses with accuracy every day. He has generally dark hair, usually fine, and often thin. Imagine a fat, rolling person, with a tawny or yellowish gray head, and plump, heavy hands, trying to play paying teller! He would find it very hard to get his mind on it. The fine, yet strong, nervous organization of the genuine paying teller goes through a day's work as a racer goes over the course. He is bound to keep neck-and-neck with all Wall Street.

Perhaps some of my readers have never visited a bank except on the rare occasion of presenting a check to the paying teller. Perhaps you first wandered about, not knowing who was paymaster, and asked the wrong person, who pointed with his pen-tip to a little wicket in the high railing opposite the very door where you

entered. You handed him the check, he looked at it, and turned it over, and said, after looking at you a moment: "Madam, will you please indorse it?" In that moment he had to make up his mind whether he would disappoint and inconvenience you by refusing to pay it unless you could find some one who knew both him and yourself, and could prove your identity, or whether he would pay it and run the risk of losing the money if this stranger should turn out a forger. Your prepossessing appearance invited confidence, and his gallantry accepted the risk; yet perhaps you, ignorant of what was passing in his mind, contemned him for a curt, ungracious fellow.

"Indorse it?" you responded, inquiringly; "oh yes; let me see, how do you do it? Certainly. Ah! Would you be so kind as to do it for me, Sir?"

How provoking that the gloves would *not* come off, and the parasol *would* tumble down. By this time, too, there were other people waiting their turn.

"Impossible, madam," replies the teller, without a smile at the ignorance you disclosed. "It is to your order, and it must have your signature on the back. You will find a pen at that desk."

Then came the momentous question whether the signature should be lengthwise or across, and which way was right side up. This done, somehow you returned to the wicket and tossed in the check, saying, "There it is."

When any one speaks to you when you are counting money it throws you all out. "There, I've got to begin again." The teller knows how to be deaf. He is counting bills so fast that his fingers vibrate like the spokes of a wheel in motion. He finishes it, knowing that he is correct, hands the pile of bills to the customer next you, and then, taking up your check without looking at you, his mind hears for the first time the words that his ears heard some seconds before. The teller turns to the bookkeeper, and learns that the gentleman who drew the check has not enough funds in bank to meet it. It would be proper for him to decline to pay you any thing. The bank always pays the whole or none. But if the drawer of the check is a good customer who is sure to make a sufficient deposit in the course of the day, it would not do to mortify him by a refusal. But he may have been a good customer up to to-day, and this may be the day on which he is to fail; for almost every body in commercial business fails one day or other, and it is not the custom to give any previous notice. The teller must determine his action on the instant. There is no stopping to think. He takes the risk. You are already impatient that he has turned away; and when he returns and counts out the money, you think it is a great deal of trouble for a very small matter; and you would think it was much more if you had appreciated the questions the teller had to determine, and that yours was but one of a long series of such transactions running in an unbroken course through the day.

Just before my advent at the Rhino Bank the great Crupler, who was then well known as a large builder, kept an account with us; and getting tired, perhaps, of making money by the slow process of adding brick to brick, he tried his hand on our teller.

He came into the bank one day at the busiest hour of the day (just before 3 o'clock), and, letting the paying teller see him at the receiving teller's desk with his deposit-book in his hand, to induce him to believe that he was making a deposit, he then came around to the paying teller's desk, and taking his place in the line, when his turn came to be served got a couple of checks for a considerable amount certified. This was the easier to be accomplished, as he had heretofore always been correct in his bank account.

This over-draft cost the paying teller his place at once, and almost ruined him. The officers had no mercy on him. However, he is now in a very good position in spite of the petty behavior of the officials.

One of the tellers used to relate this story: "An old depositor came in one Monday and complained that the Saturday previous, in cashing his check, I had given him only four twenty-dollar bills for a hundred. He related how he put the bills in a wallet, and took nothing out till Monday morning, when he found the deficit. I referred him to the cashier, and the cashier, while believing my statement that I had not made such a mistake, said that he knew him to be an honest man, and was very set in his opinions, and that it would be better to pay him the twenty dollars than to offend him by discrediting his word. So I paid him, and he went away quite complacent. A few days afterward he came in with a sheepish smile, and gave me back the money as he passed through the room, saying he would explain it to the cashier. It seems that his wife, who had, as he said, often found fault with him for carrying rolls of bills about him, instead of keeping his money 'skewered up at home as she did,' took the bill out of his wallet Saturday night unknown to him, to prove to him, as she said, that he did not actually know how much he had, and might lose it without knowing it was gone. Having, as she supposed, made out her demonstration, she gave him back the lost bill in triumph on Monday night."

THE PANIC.

In October, 1857, occurred the suspension of specie payments. For some time there had been an apprehensive talk of trouble, and at last some of the smaller and weaker banks out of the "street" began to totter, and then to fall one after the other. We first heard of one here and another there. First it was the Banking Association, then the Bowery, then the People's Bank, and so on. Although it was fine weather and sunny mornings, yet every man's face wore an ex-

pression of gloom and fear, and trembling speculators with ashen lips whispered to each other the news of the latest disaster, or begged of cautious and frightened money-lenders for impossible accommodations, based on securities which a few days previous would have been considered ample. Values, at least all speculative values, disappeared like the frost-work on a window-pane on a winter's morning. Rich men suddenly became poor. Credit vanished. No man knew whom to trust. Crowds of anxious depositors gathered in front of the banks, and other crowds who had no deposits joined them out of sympathy, and they all groaned in unison as one institution after another closed its doors. It was something like knocking the underpinning from under a building—if you struck away one of the props, the house would begin to shake and tremble, and then one part after another would be displaced, until the whole mass would come down in one undistinguishable ruin. However, one or two stood the storm, and loomed up like some grand columns amidst the surrounding crash.

If you went into the street you would see that something strange was happening. People in business who knew each other well now began to be suspicious, and to glance at each other with apprehension.

At some of the banks you saw long lines of those who were making a "run on the bank," and were drawing specie for their bills, extending and stretching until the last comer would be far out in the street.

Some of the customers, fearing ruin, withdrew their accounts from the banks, and when all was over had much trouble in getting them back again.

At our institution, the first day, Monday, October 12, we were not much troubled. But on the second day, early in the morning, Tuesday, October 13, it commenced. The customers came streaming in, one after another, to see if they could get their change. In would come a pompous individual, with more money than sense, and would slap down his bills:

"I want the gold for that!" quite shortly.

"Certainly," said the paying teller, courteously (for he could be quite pleasant if he chose).

The gold was taken up, put into his pocket, and he departed.

Next came a laboring man, who would timidly ask:

"Please, Sir, can I have gold for that?"

"Yes," said the teller; and paid him in gold.

Then came along an unsophisticated individual with a bewildered air, nervously fumbling with his bills, until his turn came to be paid, when he threw down his money, with:

"Give me the gold."

"Very well," the teller said, and passed over the specie.

It was comical to see the perplexed look of the man as he received it. He gaped at the teller, turning the money over in his hands, and, looking as if he could not believe the evidence of his senses, he departed, as if he was unable to fathom the mystery.

Those inside stood enjoying the scene, for there was hardly any thing done except at the paying teller's desk. He stood paying out with much rapidity the specie, which the specie clerk was busily counting, and the assistant teller was bringing to him. Never was there a more relieved man than he was when 3 o'clock came and he could shut his gate, though I believe he paid stray customers who came in afterward. He was well-nigh used up.

Among other calls we had one from that contrary-minded depositor who, I believe, always turns up at every bank when there is a run—the man who wants his money if he can't have it, and don't want it if he can.

He was a little old man, and in a high state of nervous excitement, oscillating between fear and hope. He threw down his check. "There," said he, in terror, "give me that balance in gold."

By the time it was counted out he had swung back toward reassurance, and he said, "So you've got it, have you? If it's all safe, I don't know as I want it. I thought you was breaking, and I came to draw my money because I was afraid I couldn't get it."

The teller put out his hand as if to receive it back, but this was enough to throw the poor man into consternation again. "No," said he, decidedly. "I tell you what, if you want it, I want it;" so he pocketed his money and went off. He was seen in the banking-room again in the course of the day, and I have no doubt he had come back to deposit his gold again; but seeing the run continue at the paying teller's wicket, he was seized with panic again, and retired. On the third day, Wednesday, October 14, there was a general suspension of specie payments by all the banks.

EXAMINATIONS.

About every six months there would be a vague feeling among the clerks that it was time for an examination of the cash of the bank. Once a year there was an examination of the effects of the institution; and then, at the end of six months from that time, the cash of the tellers only was looked over. But what passing glances were bestowed on the money! You might almost as well attempt to tell what was the matter with a man by making an examination of his face. How could the few moments given to this purpose effect the end proposed? A hop, skip, and jump, and away they go. For see how it was usually done: On a set day, which the clerks generally found out beforehand, the officers in the morning let the tellers know that their cash will be examined. Then there is a hurry through the day to get through in season, so that the directors may not be kept one moment (and, as a matter of course, they are kept waiting the longer).

As soon after 3 o'clock as possible, the first

one that proves sends up his tray with his cash, etc.; this is taken charge of by, say, three of the directors; then the next teller the same; and then the last one, if there are three tellers. After they had been examined, a sad lot of packages was returned to us. We usually had to set to work to rub out the pencil marks all over the figures before we could go on to prove the exchanges. Frequently the packages of bills had all to be restrapped again before they were in presentable order. And if there was a difference of a cent or two found (which they had not given us time to look for), it was accounted a serious result.

Two or three other directors took hold of the gold and examined that; that is, they would weigh one or two bags, making a terrible jingling with the scales, kick two or three others, and probably count the number of bags in the vault. After this tedious process, which was usually done with cigars in their mouths and their hands in their pockets, their work was about done. The rest of the unexamined bags might be filled with sand or lead for aught they knew. While this was going on the porters and clerks stood by with smiles on their faces. How can a couple of hours of investigation ascertain with much correctness the true state of the tellers' accounts? If they were overhauled unexpectedly the next day, it might have been found that a part was borrowed for the occasion. Such borrowing is occasionally practiced. If two or three days were devoted to the subject, probably then some approximate idea might be obtained of the state of the case.

DEFALCATIONS.

There are many varieties of tickets—tickets to the theatre, opera tickets, and pawn tickets, tickets to concerts, ball tickets, and tickets of leave, railroad tickets, soup tickets, and discharge tickets. And when I entered the bank I learned of another sort of ticket. I allude feelingly to the "charge ticket," the blessed means by which a foolish clerk anticipates his pay, and consequently finds little or nothing due him at the end of the month. The clerks were suffered to take small sums from the drawer, according to their needs, putting a ticket representing the amount in its place. The tellers would put tickets in each other's drawers. It was nothing but tickets, tickets, tickets. Frequently a clerk, at the end of the month, would be paid by his tickets instead of money.

The improvidence this begets is a bitter mischief. And it is the thin end of the wedge of crime. The receiving teller at one time seemed to take the money out of the drawer for his own uses as if it were his own. Very rarely was he seen to take any out of his own pocket. The clerks get so accustomed to it at last as to consider the money of the bank a common stock to be dipped into at pleasure. When this is permitted in *any* of the servants of a bank, who can wonder at their contracting loose ways of living? When, by a common understanding, men allow each other to overstep the boundary, it would be strange if some of them did not wander on forbidden ground till they were lost.

At one time, when our bank was under a management both careless and partial, one of the tellers often left his money around exposed on the counter. One package disappeared, and then another. He was reprimanded by the officers, but as he was a protégé, they accepted his explanation that one of the parcels, which an express porter alleged he had delivered to him, was not so delivered; and a suit was brought against the express company in consequence. But the teller kept his place, although the contingent fund of the bank had to suffer for the amount in the end.

At another time, the bank porter, after the paying teller had gone for the day, found a package of five or six thousand dollars on the floor under his counter. This he had slung carelessly at his tin trunk, without troubling himself to see whether it went in, or over behind. The second teller, who was still in the bank, quietly put the money into his own trunk till morning, and then good-naturedly restored it to the first teller. If he had been of the disposition of some of our clerks, he would have made such representations to the officers that the careless teller would have lost his place, and the other might probably have gained it by promotion.

When slack management offers constant opportunity for peculation, and the ticket system offers temptation, there is sure to be trouble. My maxims for economy and success in the internal administration of a bank are: pay the best salaries, and enforce incessantly a thorough accountability, without indulgence or excuse. Pay well and watch well, will make the bank go well.

We had our defalcation during the oil fever. Then every one was getting rich; money was lying around in great bales two feet square. Three of us went to the Treasury one day and brought over as many great bundles of greenbacks as we could carry. The bundles lay around the place like bales of goods. One of our dealers brought in a wheel-barrow load of it, and we refused to take it. Quantities got to be a nuisance at last, and we clerks hated the sight of it.

Possibly we might have felt differently had it belonged to us.

But to return to the defalcation. Two of our fellows took advantage of the flush times to "put the bank through pretty handsomely," as we say in Wall Street.

The teller was a dissipated fellow, but he generally managed to come to time at bank hours. I have, however, known him to come down in the morning suffering so much from the effects of his last night's "good time" that he was unable to do any thing at his desk, and I would have to attend to his work as well as my own. A quiet laugh and significant winks

would be exchanged among the clerks. This was well known to the president and cashier, I think; yet very little notice was taken of it, except "blowing him up" sometimes.

He was an habitué of the concert-saloons and other such resorts, where he was very popular as a valuable patron. He would frequently have trouble with the associates he thus formed, the point of the difficulty of course being their unsatisfied desires for money. The men and the "ladies" he consorted with lived on him.

It is accounted a great thing by these carrion crows of New York, as I call them, when they light on a bank clerk. The vultures are always on the watch. I was taken out once by a casual acquaintance to drive into the country, and was treated generously, as I innocently supposed, until I found out that the object of the excursion was to entrap me, and use me as a siphon to discharge the contents of the bank into the possession of these harpies.

"Pop," as we used to call the teller, found that his boon companions began to black-mail him in the street and at the bank. One I well recollect, who used to come in of an afternoon, after the clerks were gone, and we two were getting out our proof. Pop called him Tim, and told the porter and myself that he was a great fisherman. Tim, who did not look to me as if he were very fond of water, sometimes brought a string of fish, which we subsequently found out was only a cover for the money that the teller paid him.

There was another person, a woman dressed in black, wearing a thick veil, who frequently came to see him. They had a sharp controversy at one time, as if the teller was resisting her demands. He explained it to us afterward by saying that he had hired a house of her, but, in consequence of want of repairs, he had refused to take it, which made her angry. They disputed "hot and heavy" for some time, until, as I supposed, Pop was compelled to "come down." In the version he gave us, he said he had compromised the rent.

This teller, too, was shiftless. He was continually removing from one abode to another, changing from housekeeping to boarding, and from boarding to housekeeping. Such a life costs much money.

When, beginning with tickets, he had dipped into the funds of the bank as far as one hand could reach, he needed a coadjutor, and, in looking around, he found him where I never should have looked. He fixed on a young man who was the smartest in the bank—a married man, of a religious family, member of a church, neat and careful in his personal appearance—in short, the very opposite of the teller. How these two men ever came together in a fraud has always been a mystery to me; I can only conjecture that Pop gained the other through first infecting his mind with the oil fever.

However it began, in collusion they were. The teller gave this confederate large amounts of money to invest in stocks, expecting to realize by their rise, and thus retrieve himself. The time, alas! never came. Losses followed losses, till more than a hundred thousand dollars were gone. This went on season after season, in spite of such examinations as the officers of the bank made every half year. And every morning the paying teller would return him his money, unexamined and not unstrapped, just as he had given it in the night before. The clerks, however, began to have suspicions. Sometimes they would ask him: "Well, Pop, who was that scaly-looking fellow to whom you loaned some money? Did you make him give you a ticket?" Then there would be a laugh all around.

All things must have an end. If this fraud had not come to an end, our bank would soon have done so. One day, in consequence of the absence of several clerks, this confederate had to take the paying teller's place, and thus could not keep his own affairs in trim to avoid a disclosure. The poor fellows were both ruined.

These explosions come so often that the public are getting used to them. Newspaper men don't think a defalcation good for a respectable sensation unless it mounts above a hundred thousand, or has some peculiar romantic circumstances. But, on the other hand, there is more embezzlement than the public are told of. For every fraud that swells to the proportions of a public event, and agitates the surface of commercial credit, there are two or three going on in silence, sapping the foundations, and, when discovered by those interested, concealed from the public. A very prosperous man in Wall Street was asked how it was that he had never made any mistakes in his affairs, but every thing with him succeeded. "I make as many mistakes as other people," he replied; "but I don't talk about them." The more careless a bank is in allowing itself to be defrauded, the more unwilling it is to have its suffering known.

When will employers learn that, for places of trust, it is better economy to pay liberal salaries to secure first-rate men, than to employ unsound stuff at stipends inadequate for reputable domestic and social life, and that give no margin for better luxuries than whisky and meerschaums?

I affirm that, in any community, if the faithful services of intelligent men are wanted in a permanent employment, in the nature of a trust, they must be paid a compensation sufficient to enable them to live in a home of their own, with a family of their own, in a manner agreeable to the wholesome tastes and desires of men of such a degree of intelligence. I do not assert that it is *unjust* to pay less if the employé consents to serve for less. I affirm that, in the long run, the faithful service can not be had for less. It is a vain attempt to elude inevitable social laws, and although the yearly salaries may be kept down to a few thousands, the occasional penalty of a few hundred thousands is an inevitable offset.

WAS IT H, OR K?

A WARM, lazy, summer afternoon. A tall, handsome, manly looking fellow is stretched on the grass at the feet of a bright, pretty woman, who sometimes crochets, and sometimes leaves off to watch the listless figure that does nothing but pull apart the clover leaves. She is only two years his senior, but his aunt, and married; so she is not his lady love, but his best woman friend, whom he loves dearly, and trusts entirely. She has just returned from a three years' stay in Europe; so now they are trying to "talk up" this long intervening time that has separated them.

"John," she says, after there has been a long, quiet pause, "there's one thing you haven't spoken about. I've been studying your face ever since I came back. There's a pained, hard look often in it now that I am sure some woman put there. And, besides, here you are at thirty not married yet, though there's nothing earthly to prevent, and you've been a perfect devotee of the sex ever since you were a baby in petticoats! So, John dear, I know there is a romance you have never even mentioned to me." And as she spoke she laid her little soft hand caressingly on his hair.

He turned his head, and met her loving glance with a softened look on his face; then he said, slowly, "Your woman's instinct has hit the mark, as usual, Kate. I think you love me, and there's no other woman in the world that does" (his mother was dead); "so I will tell you about it now, because I'm in the mood, and may never be again, and, besides, I trust *you*, Kate." And he took the little hand and kissed it reverently. Then, throwing himself back on the grass, leaning on his elbow—such a becoming attitude for a handsome man!—he began:

"It isn't so much of a story, after all, dear, and it all hinges on just the being able to tell if a single letter were an H or a K. The one romance of my whole life was in it, though; and since it failed, why, all the real brightness of my youth has gone forever. Strange God should let such trifles, such insignificant mistakes, have power sometimes to wreck a whole life! Just after you went abroad, you know, I went to California on some professional business. The first day out, as I was standing on the deck, smoking, I put my hand into my pocket for my cigar-case, and pulled out instead a small parcel, which, on opening, I found to be a morocco miniature-case. 'This is queer,' I said to myself, 'but interesting!' Then I remembered that the night before, when I was busy packing—my room at the same time half full of fellows who had come in to say good-by—that a servant had brought me this package, just left at the door for me, he said. Thinking it was the new cigar-case I had ordered, I thought no more about it just then, but tucked it into my pocket, and had forgotten all about it till now. I opened eagerly the case, and there was a photograph, a vignette, of such a lovely woman! I certainly never saw a more charming picture; and you will admit that, in my long apprenticeship to the sex, I have grown critical, and am by no means easily pleased.

"The shoulders were turned away coquettishly, as if to hide their lovely outlines, but the face looked back on me with an air of archness that was captivating. The mouth was delicate, but full of character; the eyes, which met mine with the glimmer of a far-off smile in them, were large and very dark, contrasting strongly in color with the hair, which was light, and thrown off carelessly, in little waves, from a wide, low forehead, like a statue's. The whole face was that of a young, beautiful, spirited girl, already dangerous in her consciousness of womanly power."

"Ah, John!" whispers the aunt, coaxingly; "your description fascinates me. Will you not show me the picture some day?"

"No," answers the young man, with a heavy sigh; "because I gave it back to her long ago. Well, you can fancy my amazement at thus coming into possession of such a picture, the original of which I had never seen in my life. As there was no note with it, I turned with keen curiosity to the wrapper, which I had hastily torn off without looking at. Alas! one half only was lying at my feet; the other had blown into the water, where I could just discern it now, a little brown speck, for which I would have given almost any thing. For on the half I held was written, in a stylish, feminine hand, 'Mr. John H—;' there the wrapper was torn across most provokingly; for, looking at it narrowly where the lower part of the H was torn, it looked almost as though it might be a K, after all. How I pored over that wretched capital! If it were an H, in spite of the mystery—making it all the more charming—it belonged to me; if it were a K, then some unlucky being had, through a blunder of somebody, lost a picture that must be worth the world to him. Finally, I decided that it must be an H; and feeling a presentiment that some romance for me was connected with it, I took the greatest care of it, wearing it always in my breast pocket, and spending many an idle moment in California in studying it. I had to be for many months among the mines, where I had not a single friend; and when I grew almost heart-sick with seeing only the hardened, coarse, even brutalized faces of the poor women one finds there, it was such a blessed relief to take out this picture, which carried me straight back to civilization and home, with its soft, refined features, and its sweet, pure eyes! Then one day, by a strange chance—Providence, I ought to say—it gained for me a new charm, since it saved my life. I was riding alone, one dark night, through a gloomy pass, when the well-aimed ball of some hidden desperado struck directly on my breast; but the case of the little picture, which was there, broke its force, and saved me. The photograph itself was not materially hurt either, though the case was split to pieces. After that

the feeling I had for it amounted almost to a superstition. I staid in California a year; then, my business being successfully accomplished, I returned home to New York. Of course there were many thoughts crowding into my mind as we steamed up the harbor the morning I arrived; but, laugh at me as you will, uppermost among them was the feeling, or presentiment, or whatever you choose to call it, that I was coming home to find the original of my picture, and so meet my fate. I wouldn't for the world, though, have confessed as much to any one, and I never showed the picture. Nevertheless, it is the truth that I took the most unheard-of pains to discover the fair unknown, and I never went any where without a faint hope of seeing her. I stared at every woman I met with light hair and dark eyes, hunted through photograph saloons, and always looked into every body's album—a thing that ordinarily I detest—but all my efforts were in vain; and finally I gave up the whole thing as a mystery it was useless to puzzle my brains over. But at last, one day—"

"Ah!" exclaimed Kate; "now she's coming, I know. I was beginning to grow impatient for her."

"Yes," he answered, with a smile at her earnestness; "now she's coming, Kate, and this was the way she came. I was hurrying home one afternoon in a sudden, blinding snowstorm that had just come up. In front of me were two young ladies rushing along under an umbrella, evidently overtaken, like me, by the tremendous storm. The wind was blowing their clothes about in the most unceremonious manner, evidently to their dismay—though one of them, I noticed, had the prettiest foot and ankle I ever saw—and beneath their closely tied blue veils they were laughing heartily as they tried to hold up their umbrella, and at the same time keep their footing on the icy sidewalk. I was watching them with much amusement and interest, especially the taller one, who was very graceful in spite of her difficulties, when a sudden gust of wind came sweeping round the corner, whirled the umbrella out of their hands, and brought them both down on the ice at my feet with a crash. The short one laughed and bounced up before I could help her, but the other reached out and took my outstretched hand with a little moan. 'I think I have sprained my ankle,' said she, in a soft, piteous voice. At that I lifted her gently with both my arms, and, as I did so, her friend exclaimed, joyfully, 'Oh, bless you, Mr. Haller! I'm so glad it's *you!*' and, to my surprise, it was my old friend, Mary Allyn, the jolliest, drollest creature, too."

"'Laura! are you kilt entirely? Oh dear, she can hardly stand! Mr. Haller, just hold her up long enough for me to introduce you to her—Miss Stanley. Now what are we to do?'"

"You don't mean to tell me," exclaimed Kate, with animation, "that it was Laura Stanley?"

"Yes," said the young man, quickly. "Why, do you know her?"

"Only by reputation, before I went abroad, as a great beauty and a most fascinating woman. She had such a host of suitors! So it was *her* picture you had? No wonder you were bewitched, John! Now go on, for I am ten times more interested than ever."

"Well, fortunately, a carriage was passing. So I hailed it; and, taking the half-fainting girl in my arms, put her into it, and Mary and I took her home. Just as we had seated ourselves in it, I supporting her carefully one side, Mary tenderly holding up the poor little foot the other, her veil came off, and there, to my utter bewilderment and delight, was the long-sought original of my picture, her head actually resting on my shoulder! There were the same wonderful dark eyes, the same light, wavy hair tossed back from the low, wide forehead, even the same brooch—an odd, foreign affair—at her throat! It was lucky for me that Mary was entirely occupied with her friend. Otherwise I don't know what she would have thought of my perfectly amazed and probably ludicrous expression as we drove slowly along. I am sure I couldn't have told whether I was in heaven or earth. She did utterly bewitch me that day, Kate, not only with her beauty, but her brave endurance of the pain—which, as soon as the faintness passed off, she made light of—and her naïve, sweet ways, the frankness with which she accepted my aid, and then the lovely blush with which she thanked me when, having carried her safely into her home, I left her.

"Of course I went home in a state of ecstasy, sat up half the night poring over her picture, and dreaming glorious dreams of the future; and of course, the very next morning, I presented myself at the Allyn mansion, ostensibly to inquire after Mary's health and condition, really to find out every thing possible about Miss Stanley. Mary was overflowing in her expressions of gratitude, both for herself and her friend; and after informing me that the sprain had proved very slight, raised me to the seventh heaven by rehearsing the thousand and one complimentary things that she insisted Miss Stanley had said about me. I told her that, as I didn't believe a word she was saying, we would change the subject, and asked how it happened that I had never met her friend before.

"'She has lived in Philadelphia till lately; has been a great belle there; but her father, who is a lawyer, and not well off, has moved now with his family to New York.'

"'She is very beautiful, and will find no lack of admirers here too.'

"'Ah!' said Mary, quickly; 'but she is already engaged.'

"Do you know, Kate, that when she said that I honestly felt as though some one had suddenly stabbed me. I don't think I showed it, though, in my face, and I said, quietly,

"'And who is the fortunate man?'

"'Mr. John Kuler, a Cuban on his mother's side—such a little, dark man! furiously jealous, they say, if she but smiles on any one else—and without an earthly attraction, that ever I could see, for a girl like Laura Stanley, unless it's his immense wealth, and his old family—one of the best in the city, you know.'

"I had heard enough, as you may suppose, Kate, and walked home, calling myself a fool, and vowing never to look at, or care for her picture again. 'My little romance is over,' I said to myself, as I put the case carefully away. 'I might have known it would be so; so here's the end of it all for me. Ah, Kate dear, it would have been well for me if that had been the end of it.

"In August, finding the city hot, and needing a rest from business, I went for my vacation to—never mind the name—one of the fashionable resorts that summer. You know the sort of place—a large hotel filled with gay people, wide piazzas running all round the house, delightful for promenades in the morning, dangerously fascinating for the same in the evening; romantic pine woods (with lovers' walks in them every where) close by, charming drives in all directions, capital opportunities for rowing and sailing on the lake. In short, if ever a place was designed by Nature for every sort of good times—specially flirtations—that was the place. However, I didn't feel like flirting."

"For the first time in your life, then," suggests the aunt, quietly.

"Besides, there was really nobody worth one's while; all the first-class girls were dull and homely; all the pretty ones dreadfully second-class. So I kept by myself, and enjoyed nature outdoors rather than art in."

"'Art,' meaning their complexions, I suppose," says Kate.

"Certainly; also their 'tricks and manners.' One evening, however, there was an unusual stir in the house at a party of arrivals; and, lounging into the office to look at the book after they had registered their names, I will acknowledge that my heart gave a thump when I read, 'Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, and Miss Laura Stanley, of New York.' The next morning she appeared at breakfast, looking like a divinity, in the prettiest white morning dress. I took one rapid, sweeping glance, as she came in with a quiet, unembarrassed air, though there wasn't a woman in the room whose eyes were not taking her all in critically, and could find no fault in her, from the top of her head, where a coquettish blue bow fastened her lovely hair—"

"Wonder where she bought it?" asks Kate, wickedly.

"Every spire of it was her own, madam. It all came down once when we were riding horseback together, and it looked like a mass of gold in the sunshine. I helped her put it up."

"No doubt you did," says the aunt.

"As I was saying," continued the young man, not deigning to notice the remark, "she was faultless down to the tips of her little bronze slippers. The table at which I sat was directly opposite hers; and when, to my astonishment, during the meal, she happened to catch me looking at her, and recognized me at once with a sudden lighting up of her splendid eyes, and a charming bow and smile, I'm free to confess, Kate, that, 'scarred old veteran' as I am, I blushed up to my eyes with pleasure, like any boy of seventeen, and just fell head over ears in love with her there and then—Mr. John Kuler or any body else notwithstanding. Oh, what weeks of enchantment those were that followed! Some way we were wonderfully congenial, as we found, in all our ways of thinking, in our tastes, and in our likes and dislikes. She was cultivated and clever, and it was a pleasure to talk over my favorite books with her. She had, too, as keen a sense of the ludicrous as I. What a bond of sympathy that is, Kate! I couldn't love Venus herself if she had no sense of humor. And whenever any thing grotesque or absurd occurred, my eyes instinctively sought in hers the quick glance of amusement that was sure to respond. I am sure I had no thought of a flirtation. It was simply that I could not keep away from her; and I never came without meeting a welcoming glance or a reproachful 'Where have you been all the time?'—said time being perhaps from breakfast to dinner, when I had resolutely kept away, lest I should weary her. So, at last, we were almost inseparable. Oh, the long, merry walks we used to take in the fresh morning air, and the quiet, dreamy hours we spent sailing on the lake at sunset—she looking like a picture, in her broad straw hat and white dress, leaning over the side to dip her little hand in the water while she talked, and her cousin—a plump little chit of seven, who always went with us for propriety—lay curled up asleep at her feet! Then there were sunny afternoons in the pine woods, when I read to her, and glorious moonlight nights on the piazza, when the mere enjoyment of being together in such beauty was full of romance, and a dangerous luxury. Every day I felt more and more that for me, and perhaps for her, it was growing too sweet—only a sin and a snare—and I would resolve to break the spell, and tear myself away; but I could not."

"Did you never say a word about her picture?"

"Not a word. An odd thing happened, though, that I must tell you. Her mother, one day, was showing me her album—a very fine one—when some one remarked that the photograph of Miss Laura was very poor. 'Ah!' said her mother, sighing; 'I wish you could have seen the one she had taken for Mr. Kuler once! It was superb! He never got it, though, poor man! for it was lost in the most mysterious manner.'

"My heart beat guiltily under the picture, at that moment reposing in my breast pocket—you see it had resumed its old California place—and I will confess that I felt like a thief and a pickpocket; but I calmly scrutinized the photo-

graphs, and asked, 'What could have become of it?'

"'We suppose the servant must have left it at the wrong house; but though Mr. Kuler made no end of inquiries and fuss, it was never found. She had another taken for him, but it was not half so good.'

"'I wonder what lucky wretch did get it?' said one of the gentlemen, laughing.

"'Some unprincipled scamp, probably,' said I; and there the matter dropped."

"I declare!" said Kate, laughing; "I think you were a brazen-faced villain! You ought to have given it up on the spot."

"Not I," said the young man. "John Kuler had one, and that was enough for him, since he had the original too. This was mine by right of possession, and I was highly gratified to learn that of the two I had the *best*, and I meant to keep it."

Kate shook her head disapprovingly. "John, you are incorrigible. But tell me. Where *was* her lover all this time? And then the gossips, the tabbies—did they let you alone?"

"Her lover was in New York, I suppose, attending to his business. As for the gossips—well, they *were* busy with us, that's a fact, but she cared not one whit for them. I think her mother used to remonstrate with her sometimes, too; but she was headstrong and willful, and as long as she was happy in the present—and I know now that those were halcyon days for her as well as me—she would not face the future. All at once there came the end—as there always does come the end, I find, to every thing sweet in this life." And the sigh with which John spoke the words was long and deep.

"We had just returned from a delightful walk, and were resting merrily on the piazza together, Laura fanning herself with her straw hat, when her little cousin ran to her with a letter. She opened it, and glanced through it; then I saw a shade pass over her face, and she pressed her lips closely together, turning her face away, as if to conceal it.

"When she spoke again it was in a constrained voice: 'Mr. Kuler comes this afternoon; will remain till we go back to town. I shall not be able to ride on horseback with you to-day, as I promised, Mr. Haller.'

"Was she glad or sorry that her lover was coming? I could only guess from her face, and that was hard and set. For myself, my heart gave a sudden bound, as I thought, 'She does not care for him; she loves me.'

"'Mr. Kuler comes to-day, and I go to-morrow,' I said, watching her face.

"She rose to go in, then suddenly turned and gave me her hand—the softest, prettiest little hand in the world, I think. 'Don't go to-morrow. I want you to stay. Will you?'

"What could I answer, Kate, with her face looking up so into mine, but that I would do any thing or every thing in the world that she asked me? Another minute, and I should have told her all—of her picture I had cherished so long, of the love I felt for her now. I am sure she must have seen from my face what was coming, and perhaps was frightened at what she had done; for she escaped from me without another word. At dinner she did not make her appearance, and I heard her mother tell some one that 'Laura had a fearful headache!'

"All the afternoon I was out rowing desperately, making time such as I never did before, while my brain was in a whirl. I was sure she did not love this John Kuler whom she had promised to marry. I dared to hope, and I think she had given me every reason to hope, that she did love me. Why should she keep her engagement, and be miserable? At the first opportunity I resolved to lay myself at her feet, and run my chance of an acceptance—perhaps of a refusal, with a scathing rebuke.

"Coming in late to tea, my eye glanced at the Stanleys' table. There sat Laura, exquisitely dressed, and brilliantly beautiful (though with a little heaviness about her eyes, and an excited flush on her cheeks), talking and laughing gayly with Mr. Kuler, who sat beside her. As Mary Allyn had said, he was a little, dark man, with a fiery eye and a Cuban face. She looked up, and just nodded at me with an air of cool indifference that almost stunned me, making me feel all at once that I had been all day only dreaming the wildest dreams. You see, Kate, she was so deep; like all you women, too, 'light as fair weather.' I could almost hate myself that, in spite of all, I could not help loving her. She had virtually brought me to her feet; she was sure of the power she had over me; she even acknowledged to herself my power over her; but for all that, now that her lover had come, a better *parti* than I, she had determined to go back to her allegiance, and to show me that I was to be nothing to her any more.

"How that cool little nod angered me, and roused my pride! I resolved, as I quietly drank my tea, that now I would *not* go to-morrow, and so beat an inglorious retreat before this victorious rival. All the evening I danced and flirted mildly with a pretty young widow, who had just come, leaving my love, unmolested, to her fate. I had my revenge, however, in the uneasy glances I saw her throw in our direction, and especially in seeing that she and Mr. Kuler, who sat by themselves in a duly engaged manner, did not seem to be enjoying themselves supremely, as after so long an absence might have been expected. He looked moody, and talked little—he had a high, unpleasant voice—while she, instead of being all sparkle and animation, as usual, had a preoccupied air, and wore a forced smile. Once or twice I saw that she actually looked bored. You see, Kate, I had not been studying her face so long in vain, and I could read it now—or thought I could—like an open book.

"The next day Mrs. Stanley, a managing old woman, who had been distressed of late lest I

was interfering with her cherished plan, introduced me complacently to her future son-in-law. I noticed, by-the-way, that he regarded me with no benignant expression; and I soon found—Kate, don't think me a conceited fool for saying so; it was the simple truth—that, barring his immense wealth and aristocratic family, he was a man I should have nothing to fear from as a rival in Laura Stanley's heart. Well-bred, but narrow-minded and opinionated, without one particle of originality or enthusiasm, given to long, pointless stories and the dreariest platitudes in conversation, just the man to weary utterly a quick, intellectual, brilliant girl like Laura Stanley. From my heart I began to pity her. I felt that she was dooming herself to a life of horrible ennui, or else one of reckless misery, perhaps of sin.

"We had nothing but the most ordinary intercourse for several days; there was no chance for a *tête-à-tête*, and I sought none. I was wretched, but I doubt if I was more so than she, in the mask of happiness she was forced continually to wear. Wednesday came—I had made my plans to leave Friday, as Laura knew—a sailing party was gotten up, the Stanleys were going, so was I. Perhaps she was desperate, ennuyé with her lover; at any rate I saw that she had one of her reckless days on. When the party were assembling on the piazza it happened that I was a little late, and so was she, and we met in the hall. It was a cool day; she had on a short dress of bright 'navy blue,' fitting her closely, and showing off her round, lovely form to perfection, and a little black sailor hat trimmed with blue set jauntily on her light hair; nothing could have been nattier or more becoming than her costume. I gave her a look expressive of my entire approval; she answered it with a bright, coquettish laugh—how she loved admiration, that girl!—and a saucy 'Glad your lordship's pleased, I am sure.' Then all at once her tone and expression changed and grew grave. I think it was partly in her ever-varying moods and ways that her charm lay—you never knew what she was going to say or do next; and she said, in a low voice, reproachful and tender:

"'*Why* have you been so cruel to me? You have hardly spoken to me for days. Shall I save a place for you by me in the boat to-day, as I used to?'

"Mr. Kuler scowled when, after helping the ladies aboard, I jumped lightly into the boat, on the other side of Laura. But I cared not for his scowls, neither apparently did she; so I held her parasol over her, and beneath its protecting shade we laughed and talked and enjoyed ourselves together in the old way, till the sail was over, and the boat was returning to the landing-place.

"'I have been so happy and so wicked all the afternoon,' she said to me, almost in a whisper, bending over the side and dipping her hand in the water as she spoke; 'and this evening I must be good—and *miserable!*'—this last in an almost inaudible voice, full of sadness.

"'Miserable, not only for this evening, but for all the days of your life. Is it not so?' I answered, looking at her steadily. 'Why not free yourself, and then be good as well as happy with me always? You know I love you!'

"'Hush!' she whispered, without raising her head; and I saw her very neck grow crimson beneath her hat. 'You must not say that to me now. It is too late. I have not the courage; I fear my father and my mother and the world. Besides, you do not know me. I am intensely ambitious and worldly, and wealth and position give power. He loves me too—and—and after a while I dare say I may care for him. Promise me that you will leave me—that you will never tempt me again. I am not so strong in myself as I believed. I can not bear it.' And her head sank still lower, and I saw her tears drop into the water.

"There was a choking in my throat that prevented my answering at once. She put up her hand hastily to her eyes with an impatient gesture, as though angry with herself, and then gave a sudden start and exclamation, looking at her finger. Her engagement ring (a magnificent solitaire) was gone! Mr. Kuler, who had been busy collecting the Stanley shawls, sprang to her side at her scream of dismay, and there ensued a general scene of confusion, in which every body was occupied in looking and lamenting. But the ring (which must have slipped off her finger in the water) could not be found. Mr. Kuler looked darker than ever, poor Laura pale and distressed—the loss of the ring giving her an apparent reason—and altogether it was a dreary party that returned to the house. For myself, I simply felt that love and the romance of life for me were over. I loved this woman profoundly—as I can never love any woman again. She had led me on to declaring myself, and then had rejected me—not because she did not return my love, for I felt that in every nerve of her body, in every emotion of her soul, she did; but she was not true enough to herself, not noble enough to give up the world for love. Now nothing remained for me but to go away and try and live this passion down, throwing myself heart and soul into my profession, and finding in that, if I could, a mistress, an absorbing occupation.

"I was sitting in my room smoking while I mused gloomily of these things and looked at the little picture which had so strangely been bound up with my life, when I was startled by a hand on my shoulder, and, turning, saw Mr. Kuler, who was saying:

"'Mr. Haller must have been very deep in thought since he did not hear me, though I knocked twice. I—'

"Then he stopped short. I had closed the case quickly when I heard his voice, but not quickly enough, it seemed. His voice changed and his eyes grew dangerous. 'You are fortunate in being the possessor of a picture Miss Stanley told me was lost.'

"His insolent tone angered me, so I coolly put the picture back in my pocket. 'I *was* occupied, and did not hear you. Can I do any thing for you this evening?'

"He looked as if he could have stabbed me on the spot. 'For me nothing *now*. I will see you later in the evening,' his voice quivering with suppressed passion. 'The ladies sent me to tell you that they are waiting for you in the little parlor.' And he strode out of the room.

"The rehearsal for some theatricals we were getting up was to be that evening, and I had entirely forgotten it. I went down stairs; but, as nobody seemed to be prepared, the rehearsal did not come off. I was heartily glad of it, and taking my cigar I went out on the piazza. It was a wild, gloomy night, so no one was out there; and I paced up and down in the darkness and dreary wind, which suited my mood so well, going over the day's events and revolving what I must now do about the picture, since it was known to be in my possession. An hour or more had passed in this way, when I heard low but excited voices at the further end of the piazza. Turning in that direction I saw Miss Stanley leaning against a pillar, her head thrown haughtily back; while before her stood Mr. Kuler, evidently under the greatest excitement, talking in angry, reproachful tones, his voice husky with rage. I caught the words 'treachery, revenge, you have deceived me.'

"Then Laura answered, indignantly, 'Can you not believe me when I say that I never gave him the picture?'

"Instantly I walked up to them, and placed myself before Mr. Kuler. 'Your opinion of me,' I said, with all the calmness I could command, 'is a matter of utter indifference. But I wish to exculpate Miss Stanley from all blame whatsoever as regards her picture, which you have unfortunately seen in my hands.' Then, in the simplest, most direct way, I told the story of the picture, and what it had been to me in California, and ever since, and how it saved my life. Laura listened with intensity, her bosom heaving, her hands clasped closely together, as if she were holding herself down. Then—it was almost like wrenching my heart out, Kate—I took out the picture and gave it to her.

"'Your picture can never be any thing to me now, Miss Stanley; and I have no right or title in it—have never had; so I restore it to you. Good-night!'

"She felt, for my voice betrayed it, that it was also 'farewell,' and that all was over between us.

"'Good-night,' she said, softly, and put out her hand.

"As I held it for one passionate moment I saw that her face was pale with repressed emotion, and she was trembling all over. As I turned and left them, Mr. Kuler attempted to stammer out something, perhaps an apology; but I did not wait to hear it, and I went up to my room. There was one of those tall, old-fashioned clocks at the head of my stairs, and all night long, Kate, as I lay awake, I heard that clock tick, and I thought of Longfellow's

"'Forever—never! Never—forever!'

"As soon as it was daylight I got up, packed my things, and by six o'clock was rushing on in the train to New York."

Here the young man made a long pause.

"Well?" said Kate, gently, after waiting a while.

"Well," he answered, with a long sigh, "you must be tired, and there is not much more to tell. I never saw her but once more, and that was after she was married. She sent me cards, but I did not go to the wedding, which took place that very fall, and was a grand affair. There was a long description of it in the paper, and of how 'the happy pair' had gone to Europe. They spent the winter in Paris, where they were very gay, and 'the beautiful Mrs. Kuler' was mentioned in all the accounts of the court balls. It was at a great party after she returned that I saw her. She was the most distinguished-looking woman in the room, but less brilliantly beautiful than she used to be, I thought. She seemed a little worn and weary, and there was a look about her that made you think that in solitude her face would be very sad. They say that her married life is very unhappy, that she is recklessly extravagant, and her husband close even to meanness, and terribly jealous. I was standing behind a pedestal of flowers, where I could watch her unseen, as I thought. Her hair was powdered, and without a single ornament, and heightened wonderfully the brilliancy of her magnificent eyes. Her neck, which was round and white as a Juno's, was flashing with diamonds; and all her movements had a sort of haughty grace. Suddenly she glanced in my direction, and our eyes met. She started and colored; then her face lighted up with one of her old sweet smiles. I started forward to go to her, but at that moment some one came and claimed her hand for the next dance, and I went home. Just that one look she gave me had set all my pulses to beating wildly. I felt that she had not lost one jot of her old power over me yet; and I did not dare to trust myself within the range of her influence again, and revive the misery that I had been striving so hard to forget. But I can not forget her, Kate, and I never shall."

WITH A FLOWER.

Though but one blossomed spray I bring,
In that bright hair to twine,
I would that every budding thing
Of June and summer should be thine;
While heart's-ease all her purple wine
Should press for thee, wild roses red
All their cool, fresh spirit shed
Round thee, and forget to cease
Long as sunbeams in the fleece
Of heaven weave their shining strand;
And at last a heavenly hand
Give thee, give thee
Lilies of eternal peace!

ANNE FURNESS.

By the Author of "Mabel's Progress," "Aunt Margaret's Trouble," "Veronica," etc.

CHAPTER I.

I ALWAYS liked going to my grandfather's. His house had an atmosphere of stillness and mystery that was alluring to me. No doubt my childish imagination magnified and distorted many things there, as the eyes of an infant are not able to see objects as we see them with our adult vision. Neither mind nor eyes attain their just focus at once.

In my own home, where there were the constant movement and occupation incident to a country house situated on a large and well-stocked farm, the servants wondered greatly that "Miss Anne" should like going to Mortlands—Mortlands was the name of my grandfather's place; and I have more than once overheard them opining to each other that it was very bad for a child to be moped up in a house like that, without a young or cheerful face for her eyes to rest on from sunrise to sunset; and a queer lot that lived there, too, by all accounts! Such speeches only aroused a contemptuous resentment in me. Perhaps, too, they served to put Mortlands in a more alluring light than ever, by their vague hints of something strange about grandfather's household, which appealed to my inborn love of the marvelous.

My father also found it somewhat singular that his little girl should be so fond of staying at a dull place where there were no pets or play-fellows. But my mother never expressed any surprise on the subject. Mother and I had a silent sympathy on that, as on many another, point of feeling.

Mortlands was situated on the extreme edge of the suburb of a country town in the north of England, which I will call Horsingham. Between it and the nearest house, going townward, was a space we called the Park, which was simply a large meadow, bounded by a hedge, with ancient elms growing in it at intervals — trees that might have been the veritable "hedge-row elms with hillocks green" of L'Allegro. In the other direction there was no dwelling within two miles of Mortlands.

The house had once stood on a considerable estate belonging to it; but that was before my time, or grandfather's time either. When he first inhabited it, it had long been shorn of its territorial glories. The only land still attached to it was a large, irregular, rambling garden inclosed within high stone walls.

This garden was my delight. I used to spend many long hours in it; sometimes with a story-book, curled up on a moss-grown old seat of rustic wood-work; sometimes wandering about the alleys, enacting imaginary scenes with imaginary companions. During these hours I was mostly alone, and this circumstance had a great charm for me. I was left absolutely to my own devices, and as I was a child of a very active and vivid fancy, my own devices amply sufficed to amuse me.

I have thought sometimes that to explore the long-silent haunts of memory is like prying into one of the Etruscan tombs they tell of, whose walls were once covered with bright pictures of the busy life which that solemn, rock-hewn chamber shut out forever.

There are the familiar implements of household use—the spent lamp, the earthen pitcher, the moulded vase. There, too, is found the tarnished ornament of Beauty, or the diadem of Command. There, from the fitfully faded paintings on the wall, start out the most familiar scenes in strange distinctness; while, not a yard apart, some great event—a king sitting in judgment, a battle with chariots and horses, or a nuptial ceremony—is barely decipherable.

The pomps and vanities, the grave alliances, the cruel combats—nay, even the solemn symbols of worship, perish and disappear. Besides, kings, heroes, gods—all are fading. We take our little taper, and step awe-stricken into the long-unbroken darkness, and peer and gaze—Who was this? What was that? Here sits a royal figure on his throne, whose courtiers have fallen away from him. Yonder are two pledging their troth before the priest, and the clasp of their outstretched hands is interrupted by a crumbling gap, across which a bloated spider runs swiftly. But lo! as we shift the dimly burning light, some coarse, common scene starts into life, and we see the butcher's shambles, or the slave grinding corn, as vividly as the day they were painted!

Thus, out of the hazy past, certain days and certain things reveal themselves with capricious distinctness to my memory. For example, I was accustomed to be at Mortlands in all seasons of the year; yet the place is indissolubly associated in my mind with a soft, gray, autumnal sky, the smell of fallen leaves, and the faint chime of church bells wafted from a distance through the moist air.

My grandfather was called Dr. Hewson; my mother was his only surviving child out of a numerous family; and his wife had been dead many years before I was born. He was considered a very skillful physician, and had a large practice in Horsingham. He had the reputation of being very eccentric; and the household at Mortlands was considered "odd" and "out of the way."

The accusation of eccentricity was chiefly founded, I believe, on grandfather's withdrawal from society. He lived a very retired life. Except in his quality of doctor, the Horsingham world knew almost nothing of him. Now,

when a man plainly evinces a distaste for our company, it is a strong presumption of some twist in his mind; or even, it may be, of some cloud on his conscience, since it is evident to us all that our company must be agreeable to sane and respectable persons. Thus reasoned Horsingham, at all events.

To the second count—that of "oddness" in his household—I believe grandfather would have had to plead guilty. The inmates of his house consisted, besides himself, of two female servants, and a person whom he always addressed as "Judith," but who was known to the rest of the world as Mrs. Abram. She was the widow of a long-deceased younger brother of my grandfather; and her proper style and title was, therefore, Mrs. Abram Hewson. But no one ever called her so. She was utterly dependent on grandfather. Her husband had ill-treated her during his life, and —having wasted her little fortune—left her destitute at his death. Grandfather gave her a home in his house. It was an act of disinterested benevolence, for Mrs. Abram could not be called an agreeable inmate. She was subject to fits of gloomy depression on account of her religious views; and I believe that she had at one time been so terrified by a zealous preacher that her mind became disordered. I remember, as a child, hearing from some of the servants at home that Mrs. Abram had been "in an asylum." And although the phrase conveyed no very definite idea to my mind at the time, it served to invest her with a weird interest.

She was of so singular an aspect as made it difficult to guess at her age. Her face was of a dull brick-red color all over. Her skin was singularly coarse. Once, when I was little, some one showed me the palm of my own hand through a microscope, and I have ever since associated Mrs. Abram's complexion with that scientific experiment.

She had a high Roman nose with a hump on the bridge of it, a high narrow forehead, very scanty eyebrows and eyelashes, and brown eyes, with queer yellow specks in them, which always reminded me of the coat of a tortoise-shell cat. Her hair had been cut short, she said, and was entirely concealed by a black net cap lined with brown silk, save two loops on the temples—flat festoons of hay-colored hair, whereof no man saw either the beginning or the end. She always was dressed in black, and I never saw any point of brightness about her person, but the casual glitter of her worn wedding ring.

Perhaps the strangest peculiarity about Mrs. Abram was her voice. It was a muffled, inward voice, whose tone I vaguely connected in my mind with the lump on the bridge of her nose. When she spoke she dropped her lower jaw and kept her mouth half open, moving the lips very little, so that her articulation was indistinct. Also, one effect which her conversation had on my nervous system was an overpowering desire to make her clear her throat, and in default of daring to suggest such an operation to her, I was driven to clear my own, convulsively.

Poor Mrs. Abram! She was always very kind to me, and I believe she was sincerely grateful and attached to grandfather, and had a high respect for him; but that did not prevent her from being very despondent about his spiritual condition.

Then there was Keturah, grandfather's cook, housekeeper, and factotum. She was a woman of remarkably low stature, with a large dwarfish head, and short arms like the flappers of a seal. Her face was very pale, almost livid, with bright dark eyes, deeply sunken, and strong black eyebrows, and black hair. Her features, though disproportionately massive for her height, were not ugly. And when she smiled her face became transfigured into something that, if it were not beauty, affected me with a charm like that of beauty. But then Keturah very rarely smiled.

The other servant, Eliza, was a staid young woman, who belonged to an obscure sect of dissenters, and employed her leisure in reading tracts and hymns. But, unlike Mrs. Abram, she was very cheerful and equable in a mild, soft way. She had pale reddish hair, and a freckled face, and was slightly deaf. My interest in her was strongly aroused by being told that she had been cruelly treated by a stepmother, and that her deafness was the consequence of neglect and ill-usage in childhood.

Such was the household at Mortlands; for Havilah, the man who groomed grandfather's horse, and did whatever was done in the way of cultivating the garden, did not live in the house.

No doubt they were a singular set of people; and no doubt it was not unreasonable that my father's servants should wonder what amusement Miss Anne derived from staying among them.

I loved my grandfather dearly; but that did not altogether explain my delight in Mortlands; for I also loved my parents—especially my mother—very thoroughly, and I was treated at home with the fondest indulgence.

I believe the truth to be that Mortlands afforded a freer scope than Water-Eardley (my father's house) for the exercise of a faculty that is active in most children, and was peculiarly so in me—I mean imagination.

For example, the garden at home was trim, bright, and well cultivated, yet I cared nothing for it in comparison with Mortlands. I knew the former by heart; its red, yellow, or blue beds disposed in geometrical patterns, its clipped box borders, and smooth gravel paths. Nothing was left to the imagination. There were no nooks and hiding-places, no moss-grown walks, no mouldering walls and pleached bowers, no tangled thickets of heterogeneous growth to be peopled by childish fancies. At Mortlands the very air was thick with dreams. They swam in the moted sunbeam, and flut-

tered about the ivy, and brooded under the soft shadow of the sycamore.

My own home was a comfortable, modern country house. My father was a "gentleman farmer." His was chiefly grazing land, and he prided himself on his breed of cattle. He was fond of horses, too, and he always had a couple of hunters in his stable. Some of his friends considered this an unwarranted extravagance, and were kind enough to suggest (*to each other*, which was scarcely quite practical, but much safer than suggesting it to my father) that the money spent on the hunters had been better employed in buying a neat little carriage for Mrs. Bell—say one of those new park phaetons—and keeping a pair of ponies for her to drive. But I believe mother, gentle as she was, would have flamed out very angrily at any one who should have said such a thing to her.

My father and mother made a love-match. But it was also a quite "proper" match in the eyes of the world. In station and fortune they were quite suited to each other. He had inherited a flourishing and unencumbered little estate; she was the daughter of a country doctor, and brought her husband a good dowry. She very much desired, I have learned from my grandfather, to bestow her little fortune, as she bestowed her hand, on her bridegroom unconditionally. But grandfather would not hear of this; neither would my father. Her money was settled on herself, and the arrangements of her marriage were utterly devoid of the least spice of romance.

Nevertheless, it was, as I have said, a love-match. They must have been a very handsome couple. I have heard people say that when they paid and received their bridal visits, George Furness and his wife looked for all the world like a prince and princess in a fairy picture-book.

They had passed out of the picture-book stage by the time I can first remember them distinctly. Father rode nearly a stone heavier than in his fairy prince days, and mother's cheek had less rose-bloom on it; but they were still most delightful to look upon. Indeed, I think that my mother must have been more really beautiful than at the time of her marriage; but perhaps most people would not agree with me.

Grandfather Hewson had handsome, boldly cut features—a little stern, perhaps—and mother's face was a softened copy of his. It was to his as a cameo is to a marble bust. She had beautiful dark eyes, and penciled eyebrows, and a quantity of bright chestnut hair that fell in tendrilly ringlets on her neck.

When I was a little child mother and father saw a good deal of company, and visited much among their country neighbors. I was an only child. Two boys had been born after my birth, but they both died when infants. Thus, when my parents were absent, I had no society at home save that of the servants, and to their society I had an intense repugnance.

I was a dainty child ("more nice than wise," as my nurse-maid contemptuously expressed it), and I shrank from our coarse, country-bred servants. Their boisterous movements, loud voices, and rough hands were disagreeable to me. The mingling of shyness and pride with which I regarded the inmates of our kitchen would, had I had no refuge from their company, have grown into positive hatred. But this tendency to a morbid tone of mind was greatly counteracted by my visits to Mortlands. At home the servants alternately scolded and spoiled me. They were, I believe, amused with my little disdainful airs, as they might have been amused at the shrinking of some delicate little animal from their rough but not unkindly touch. I had not the resource of solitude at will (which would have been far less injurious to a character like mine), for it would not have been safe to let a child of my years wander alone about the farm. There were perils by flood and field—the river, in which it was possible for me to drown myself, and the meadows full of cattle, into which it was not always safe to venture. Then, too, our house fronted the great high-road, and was separated from it only by a narrow sweep of gravel and a hedge. This dusty highway wound along, over hill and dale, from Horsingham all the way to London, and at certain seasons of the year it was thronged with a miscellaneous crowd, including tramps, gipsies, and generally disreputable characters, in whose too close neighborhood my parents would have trembled to trust their little girl. My nurse-maid, therefore, had orders never to let me out of her sight when father and mother were away from home.

Horsingham possesses a fine race-course, and was, and is, renowned for a great annual race, to which people flock from all parts of England. There is a spring meeting, too, but the great race is in the autumn. I remember Horsingham before there was a railway station there, and I consequently also remember seeing from my nursery window, which looked on to the road, the smart mail-coaches, laden with passengers, that dashed, with their four horses, toward the town at a certain hour every day. And then at "race time" the number and variety of vehicles that passed were endless. Water-Eardley was situated about five miles from Horsingham, and four from the race-course, which lay between us and the town. Mortlands was nearly opposite to the race-course. Only from grandfather's house all signs and symptoms of "The Great Autumn Meeting" were jealously excluded. Grandfather hated the very name of horse-racing, and all connected with it; and the earliest occasion when I remember, as a child, to have heard sharp words pass between him and my father was during a discussion on that subject.

However, Dr. Hewson and his son-in-law were very good friends in general, and father was never unwilling to allow me to go to Mortlands, although he might be puzzled by the oddity of my taste in wishing to do so. He had great faith in grandfather's medical skill, and believed that my health (which was rather

delicate when I was a little child) was benefited by Dr. Hewson's supervision. I doubt not he was right in so believing; but I am sure that the health of my mind benefited even more than that of my body by being subject to grandfather's influence. But I do not suppose it ever occurred to father to conceive that my mental condition needed any more subtle treatment than unlimited indulgence, so long as I did not make myself actively troublesome, and an occasional whipping (performed in a rather perfunctory manner) when I became a nuisance to my elders.

In endeavoring to describe the course of my uneventful childhood I shall present as faithfully as I can those things which are most strongly impressed on my memory, without much regard to the relative importance I should now attach to them. To revert to my former simile, I shall take at random those pictures which remain the most vivid in certain long-locked chambers of my brain.

For, although I be not skilled to analyze them, I doubt not that the causes which keep some memories fresh, while others fade and perish, are interwoven with the whole fabric of my nature.

CHAPTER II.

I HAD passed my seventh birthday at home. Mother had asked some children to spend the evening with me, and we had had cake and fruit and blind-man's-buff and magic-lantern. All this I know, because it is so set down in the chronicles of the family; but real remembrance of these festivities I have none—or a very slight one.

I remember the morning better; when I awoke to find a bright red doll's house, with green balconies, and a story-book by my bedside. The doll's house was from father; the story-book was mother's gift. I can see the book now, guiltless of illuminated borders or chromo-lithographs, but a treasure to me beyond all price. I could read it fluently. Mother had taught me to read when I was little more than a baby, by throwing bone counters on the floor for me to scramble for, on one side of which counters were two black, portly letters of the alphabet (a capital and a small letter), and on the other a colored picture of some bird, beast, or flower, whose name began with the same letter. This, too, is matter of faith with me, and not of knowledge; for although I distinctly remember the look of the bone counters—one especially, bearing the image of a prancing horse, with a coat of the color called by artists burnt sienna—that is because some remnants of this notable company of worthies lingered on in my nursery until I was at least nine or ten years old. I know not how they finally disappeared. Who *does* know how such things finally disappear?

At all events I was quite able to read my birthday book, and I so enjoyed reading it that I insisted on carrying it to grandfather's when I went to Mortlands on the day after it was given to me.

Father and mother were going to spend a week with an aunt of the former who lived in the country, some miles from us, and I was to stay at Mortlands during their absence. This prospect was the only thing that could have consoled me for mother's going away. But no prospect could make me part from her unmoved. Dear mother! how pretty and graceful she looked as she stood at the door to watch me depart! I can see her now, with her delicate muslin dress, and a crimson ribbon at her throat, and her bright curls falling lightly from a high comb that gathered them together at the back of her head. But my last glimpse of her, as the dog-cart whisked round the corner of the drive, was dimmed by tears.

"Don't ye take on, Miss Anne!" said Dodd, the groom, who was driving, and beside whom I was perched on some cushions.

I did not wish my tears to be observed, and I turned my head aside, as if to contemplate the landscape, while I took out my little pocket-handkerchief to wipe my eyes. This, however, was an operation I could not perform unobserved, for my handkerchief was attached by a loop to a ribbon round my waist, and I well remember the difficulties connected with the using of that square of cambric.

Selina, my nurse-maid, perceived that I was bending myself double, and was twisted all on one side; and, leaning over from the back seat where she sat, exclaimed, "What's she doing? Why, Anne! if she ain't crying! Well, I wouldn't be such a baby!"

The effect of which sympathizing speech was to make my tears flow the faster.

Dodd was gruff but good-natured, and, despite his rough exterior, had more delicate tact than buxom, bright-eyed Selina.

"Come," said Dodd, "I don't know what you may think of it, S'lina, but it seems to me as a young lady of seven—*turned* seven year old—ain't exactly a baby! That's a funny idea, ain't it, Miss Anne? Turned seven—rising eight, as one may say! Lord, S'lina, I should have thought as you'd have knowed better than that!"

I glanced up at Dodd half distrustfully, but he kept his eyes steadily turned away, and flicked Ruby (father's fast-trotting mare) thoughtfully with his whip. This sagacious behavior had its due effect. I hastily wiped off the last tear with the extreme corner of my pocket-handkerchief, and prepared to comport myself with the self-command which the world evidently expected from a person of seven years old.

But Selina, with characteristic obtuseness, disturbed my returning composure.

"Ah!" said she; "the idea of crying when she's a-going to her grandfather's! Such a nice place to be at!"

I perfectly well knew that Selina by no

means considered it a nice place. I detected (or fancied I detected) a tone of ridicule in her voice; and ridicule directed against the inmates of Mortlands always stung me sorely. I said nothing, but I felt my cheeks burn, and my childish heart beat fast.

I know not whether it were mere stupid love of teasing, or whether Selina really fancied I was deceived by her clumsy acting; but at all events she continued to speak of Mortlands in the same sneering tone.

"Oh my, Miss Anne, how pleasant it must be there, to be sure! You always enjoy yourself at Mortlands, don't you?"

"Yes," I answered, sharply; "I do enjoy myself there; but I sha'n't talk to you about it."

"Hoighty, toighty! Why not, pray?"

"Because you can't understand things. You're stupid, and I don't like you."

Selina burst into a fit of laughter, which irritated me the more because I felt it to be genuine.

"Now she's on the high ropes!" she exclaimed. "There never was such a faddy little monkey!"

"Leave her alone," said Dodd; "what's the good of bothering the child? It's nat'ral she should love them as loves her. Every body ain't so hard-hearted as *you* be."

Selina had the good-humor of utter insensibility. She was not in the least put out by this speech. It sank into my heart though, and from that day forth commenced a new feeling in me for Dodd. I was grateful to him with a gratitude which those alone can understand who, in childhood, have needed and received a refreshing word of timely sympathy. It fell on my angry spirit like dew on a parched soil.

I was silent for a while. But the brightness of the day, the exhilarating movement of the vehicle through the fresh air, and the still more exhilarating sense of kindness at hand, soon restored my cheerfulness.

During the remainder of the drive I ignored Selina as far as possible (I had by no means forgiven her), and chatted away with Dodd. I had already read one or two of the stories in my new book, and I talked instructively, as I flattered myself, retailing much newly acquired information. One of the stories was laid in India; and I gave Dodd a glowing account of a country far away, where it was very, very hot always—far hotter than the hottest summer in England—but where there were strange animals and splendid plants, and where the people wore gold and diamonds on their clothes, and rode about on elephants.

To this Dodd replied that he didn't believe as he should think much of that country; give *him* horse-flesh! Which a little disappointed me.

When we arrived at the dear old garden gate at Mortlands, Selina got down to ring the bell, for Ruby did not like standing, and Dodd thought it unsafe to relinquish the reins.

Selina rang a peel at the rusty bell that made me quiver sympathetically as the clanging noise broke the peaceful stillness of the place, for I knew how it would jar against the calm that reigned there. At home I should not have cared had she made twice as much noise.

After a little pause the gate was opened, and Eliza appeared at it. She was no more flurried than if Selina's alarum had been the tinkling of a musical box. I reflected that, under certain circumstances, it was not wholly a misfortune to be somewhat deaf.

A little black trunk, containing some clothes for me, was lifted down and placed inside the gate. Selina gave me a sounding kiss on the cheeks, which I received with passive coldness, and mounted to her place again. Dodd touched his hat as I called out, "Good-by, Dodd; please tell mother that I am very well, and that I had a nice drive." And then Ruby, who had been fidgeting and chafing during the few minutes of her enforced stay, set off along the avenue of branching elms that bordered the road from Horsingham nearly all the way to Water-Eardley, at a pace that soon carried the dog-cart out of sight.

Eliza shut and locked the gate, and I stood in the garden, a little dizzy with my rapid drive.

From subsequent and repeated experience of similar days, I do not doubt that as soon as I had seen Mrs. Abram I was sent into the garden to amuse myself until the dinner hour, at which time grandfather would join Mrs. Abram and me. All the morning he was either seeing patients abroad (although he had voluntarily, and by degrees, already relinquished a great part of his practice), or was shut up in his study, where none of us would have dared to disturb him save on the very gravest emergency.

I say that, from subsequent experience, I do not doubt that I was welcomed by Mrs. Abram in her own mournful and husky manner, and was then sent out to amuse myself; but I do not remember that such was the fact.

The next picture that memory preserves of that day shows me myself nestling on the rustic, moss-grown seat I have once before alluded to, with the new story-book in my hand, and a heap of flame-colored nasturtiums on my lap. How well I recall the hot, pungent taste of their seed-vessels that I loved to bite at, although they burned my mouth! I was reading a story whose heroine was called Helen; and I have ever since connected that name with the color of yellow—an association due, of course, to the nasturtiums.

Presently, as it draws near two o'clock—grandfather's dinner hour—Eliza comes to call me into the house, and takes me to the little bedroom I always occupy at Mortlands, there to wash my face and hands, and brush my hair. And while this operation is being performed she reveals to me that she has got leave to go out to tea some evening toward the end of the

week, and to take me with her, if I am willing to go. This is great news. I am very willing to go, and begin to inquire about Eliza's friends with much interest.

"Are they nice people, Eliza?"

"Why, Miss Anne, they are humble, but godly. They have got religion, the whole family."

"Like Mrs. Abram?" I ask, doubtfully, for the phrase to my ears is not suggestive of festivity.

"Oh, Miss Anne, it is not for me to judge. They don't belong to the same Church, you know. They go to our chapel."

"Do they—do they have nice things when they ask people to tea, Eliza?"

The answer to this question was highly reassuring; it included hot butter-cakes and other dainties, so that I descended to dinner in very good spirits. I was not, in truth, a specially greedy child. But the only very "religious" person I knew at that time was Mrs. Abram; and her ascetism was such that I was prepared to find people renowned for piety indifferent to hot tea-cakes, if not absolutely disapproving of them. An enlarged experience has since entirely disabused my mind of that notion.

Grandfather was as kind and dear as ever, and even Mrs. Abram only gave a smothered sigh as she wished me many happy returns of my birthday. Grandfather gave me a beautiful toy dog, snowy white, with a red morocco collar round its neck, and standing on a green platform. Mrs. Abram presented me with a woolen jacket of her own knitting, and would have added a packet of penny books, but that grandfather peremptorily interposed to prevent her.

"Don't you think you shall be accountable for keeping the bread of life from her, Dr. Hewson?" remonstrated Mrs. Abram. She spoke so slowly and huskily, with such a far-off muffled tone (as of one discoursing inside an empty hogshead), that I was impelled to clear my throat with a shrill sound that was almost a scream.

"No doubt I shall be accountable for that, if I am accountable for any of my actions, Judith. Come, come, eat your dinner."

Grandfather tapped sharply once or twice with his open palm on the table-cloth, and poor Mrs. Abram started from a melancholy drooping attitude she had assumed, and proceeded to obey him.

All through dinner-time he watched her closely, and, if he saw any symptoms of moodiness in her, proceeded to rouse her with a peremptory sharpness, which I did not then fully understand, but which I now know to have been dictated by kindness and wisdom.

I was radiant, and talked about my various birthday gifts with the genuine self-engrossment of a child. The toy dog's name was a matter for great debate and deliberation. When at length that was settled (I called it Jessie: I have totally forgotten for what reason) dinner was over, and I climbed on to grandfather's knee and petitioned to have a story told me. A story! That was my great delight. Any one who would tell me a story was sure of winning favor in my eyes.

Grandfather had a quantity of iron-gray hair tossed about in confusion over his head. Occasionally the whim would seize me to arrange this thick mane in what I considered a becoming manner, and I made loud lament that grandfather's hair *would* not "stay parted." It would no more "stay parted" than water will. And yet no lady's hair is softer and silkier than were those willful locks.

On this special day I claimed a sort of birthday privilege to combine the two enjoyments of combing grandfather's hair and listening to grandfather's story.

"What shall I tell thee, little Nancy?" asked grandfather, submitting with sweet patience to the ruthless operations of my seven-year-old fingers as they plunged into his hair.

"Oh, a story, please, grandfather: *any* story!"

"Once upon a time there was a man who was very poor, and got his living by cutting wood in a forest—"

"Oh, I know that one! That's the Forty Thieves!"

"Well, you didn't bargain for a *new* story, little Nancy!"

"No; but-please-*would*-you-because-yesterday-was-my-birthday?" said I, breathlessly, in one polysyllabic utterance.

"But I don't know any new stories."

"Then tell *about* something. Tell about savages."

"Oh, you little barbarian! I suppose you would like to hear about cannibals best?"

"Poor creatures!" murmured Mrs. Abram, shaking her head over her work. "How awful to think of the heathen!"

She raised her eyes as she spoke with such a strange look of terror that I clung closer to grandfather, under the influence of a nameless alarm. I was always very accessible to emotions of fear—a peculiar, formless fear, compounded of vague possibilities. In the presence of physical pain, or tangible danger, I was not a coward.

Grandfather stroked my head softly, and made answer, "No, no, little Nancy; we will have nothing savage in our birthday story. We will speak of something pleasanter. I have a true story that I can tell you; a story about a boy."

"What boy?"

"An Anglo-Scottish boy."

"What for?"

My question was merely intended to demand, in a compendious manner, all the information that could be given me respecting the boy. But Mrs. Abram interpreted it literally, and replied, as through a blanket, "Will of God, love."

"There were, once upon a time, two boys," began grandfather.

"*Two* boys—?"

He held up a warning finger to prevent further interruptions; and I nestled my head down against his breast so that I might *feel* as well as hear the vibrations of his deep voice, and prepared to listen quietly.

"These two boys were at school together. One was six years the elder of the other, so that he was quite an old boy in comparison to the little fellow."

"May I just ask this: what were they called?"

Grandfather paused a moment, and then said, "The big boy was called Abel, and the other Stephen. Stephen was a bright-faced, affectionate boy—very bold and generous by nature. About Abel I can not say very much, except that he was not mean or cruel, and did not like to see the small boys put upon by the elders. Steenie—that was Stephen's nickname—was another boy's fag." Here I again interrupted to have the meaning of that word explained to me; which being done, grandfather resumed:

"Steenie's master was a very brutal boy. He liked to tease and hurt animals, and to inflict pain on any helpless thing that could not resist him. Nobody liked him, but many feared him; for he was tall and strong, and ready to fight always. One day poor little Steenie had offended this ruffianly boy; and after school-hours, when we were all in a big playground together, he set upon the little fellow, and began to beat him so cruelly that several of the boys cried shame!"

"Why didn't they save Steenie? I would have *killed* that bad boy! I would have got a gun and shot him!"

I clenched my little fists, and sat uprightly on grandfather's knee, with cheeks on fire with indignation. He looked at me curiously, but not angrily. Mrs. Abram, on the contrary, raised her hands in reprobation of my evil passions.

"We didn't shoot each other, little Nancy," said grandfather. "The masters would have objected to the practice, and it might, if carried to any length, have brought discredit on the school. But Abel was very grieved and angry to see the poor little fellow so badly used; so he went up to the bully, whose name was Jackson, and told him either to leave off beating Steenie, or to fight him (Abel)."

"I hope he hurt Jackson ten times worse than Jackson hurt Steenie!"

"Well, he had all the will to do so, but Jackson happened to be twice as big and strong as Abel, and Abel got licked. But he had given Jackson enough for one while, and he never afterward was so cruel to little Steenie as he had been. And not long after the fight, Jackson left the school, and then Steenie became Abel's fag, and they grew very fond of one another."

"I should have loved Abel—oh, ever so! if I had been Steenie."

"Steenie was a very grateful-hearted little fellow, and he did love Abel 'ever so,' although what Abel had done for him was a small thing, after all. One day Steenie jumped into the river, with his clothes on, to save a little dog from being drowned, just because he knew Abel was fond of the creature."

"I like Steenie."

"Yes; most people did like Steenie."

"Did he die?"

"No; he grew up to be a man, and became a soldier, and went away to India."

"Oh, I know all about India!"

"Do you, indeed, little Nancy? That is rather valuable knowledge in these days."

"Yes; it's awfully hot there."

"True. Well, that is nearly as much as some government officials have known about India within—the last cycle or so! You open big eyes, and don't understand a word I'm saying, little Nancy. Well, Steenie went to India, and married a pretty young lady, whom he was very fond of, there; and they lived very happily until the young lady died."

"What became of Abel, grandfather?"

"Oh, you want to know what became of Abel? Why, he didn't turn soldier. He took to killing folk in another fashion."

"Why did he kill them?" said I, a good deal startled.

"For the same reason as the soldier—to earn his living."

"Is Steenie the—the—Anglo-Saxon boy you were going to tell me of, grandfather?"

"Anglo-Scottish, little Nancy. No; the boy I had chiefly to speak about is Steenie's son, Donald Ayrlie."

"Oh! then it's ever so long ago the fight, and—why, grandfather, *your* name is Abel!"

"And *your* real name is Anne, if you come to that, little Nancy."

"No, but do tell me! Was it you that saved the boy and fought the other boy? But, grandfather, I'm sure you never killed any body? So you just told a story—there now!"

"You asked for a story, didn't you? But I must finish, because I want to go away, and there is an interesting part to come. Steenie's son, Donald, was sent home from India when he was a very small child. India—which you know all about—does not do for little white boys and girls to live in. They wither up like flowers that get no shelter from the sun. So Donald Ayrlie was sent to his mother's relations in England to be taken care of. But the relations are going to leave England; and Donald is now a good big boy at school. And his father wrote to me to ask if I would let him, for the sake of auld lang syne—"

"What's that?"

"I can not stay to explain it fully now. In short, Captain Ayrlie asked if I would let his boy spend his holidays here, now and then; and if I would look after him sometimes. And he is coming very soon;—*there now!* as you say, little Nancy."

Grandfather set me down on the floor, kissed

me, and bade me be good and not tease Mrs. Abram. And then he went away to his study.

I would fain have asked a hundred questions about this Donald, and about grandfather's school life, and many other things. But I knew that it was vain to beg grandfather to stay when he had once said he must go. I never knew him go back from his word in the most trifling things.

So I was driven to calm my excitement as best I could; and being in want of something to do, I accepted Mrs. Abram's offer of teaching me to do a sample, and sat down with a box full of scraps of colored wool and a square of canvas, to mark my name on it. Mrs. Abram took advantage of grandfather's absence to read aloud from one of the little penny books she had by her. My head was so full of other matters that I did not attend very much to what she was reading. I have a dim notion that it was the life (after his reformation) of a penitent "navvy," who had been a hideous reprobate, and who was quite sure that his own sins had been washed white as snow, but suffered a good deal from despondency about the sins of his neighbors.

But I was so engrossed with speculations as to what "Donald" would be like, that not only did he stand between me and the "navvy" (which perhaps was as well), but he absolutely obliterated the promised tea-drinking for a while. By-and-by Mrs. Abram went away to her own room. I think she usually took a nap after dinner, but I am not sure.

I was not sorry to be alone. There I sat before the red, glowing fire, dreaming delightfully. It was in the autumn. I am sure of the date by my birthday, which falls on the 17th of September, and this was the following day.

There is a fibre in my composition which always responds to the influence of a pensive melancholy. I suppose it is the same strain in my nature that, for as long as I can recollect, has made me prefer to spring and morning the evening of the day and the autumn of the year.

I have said that I was alone, but in fact there was another occupant of the room (I speak not of visionary creatures of the fancy, for they were thick as motes in a sunbeam, and made a society that I loved better than that of most beings in the flesh), namely, Tib, my grandfather's tailless Manx cat, whom I looked on as a rare and valuable phenomenon in natural history. Tib crouched on the hearth-rug beside me, purring drowsily, and blinking his green eyes at the fire. Perhaps he, too, was dreaming. The twilight grew deeper. The air was so still that not a twig stirred of the garden shrubs outside the long French window, and all the house was hushed in silence, save only the chirp of crickets on the kitchen hearth. I could hear their elfin voices across the broad stone passage that divided it from the dining-room, and Tib's purring droned out a dreamy bass to the shrill cricket chorus.

Suddenly, but softly, Eliza opened the door and said to some unseen person, "Master is in his study. He can't be disturbed just now. Will you please stay here a bit until I can tell Dr. Hewson as you're come?"

The unseen person entered the room. Eliza left it and closed the door. I was much startled. The apparition of a stranger at Mortlands was an unprecedented phenomenon within my remembrance. I remained sitting on my little stool, with my scraps of wool and the square of canvas crumpled up on my lap, and it was a second or so before I ventured to raise my eyes. When at length I did so, they encountered nothing very terrible—merely a roundish head, dimly seen in the dusk, and by no means so high above my own as I had anticipated. My eyes fell again immediately, and lighted on a pair of clumsy high-lows, whereof the toe of one was uneasily hiding against the heel of the other.

CHAPTER III.

The owner of the high-lows stood for half a minute without moving, further than to kick one foot against the other, as I have said. Then he advanced from the door toward the fire and sat down. But he took a chair that was out of the range of the fire-light, and was, besides, so far from the window as to receive no glimmer from thence, so that he was immediately swallowed up in a black gulf of shadow.

I observed Tib blink greenly toward the corner where he of the high-lows sat, and I envied Tib's power of vision, for I firmly believed that cats could see even in the most palpable darkness, and I took it for granted that the black shadow was to Tib transparent as a crystal screen.

I did not know what to do. I felt that I was not behaving with the ease and *à plomb* which, according to Dodd, might be expected from my years, and yet an invincible shyness bound me.

At length, after a silence which seemed to last an hour, I muttered, stammeringly, "Would you like to come nearer the fire, please?"

"Yes, I should," was the immediate response, delivered in a clear voice, and with an accent that was strange to my ears.

Encouraged by this prompt acquiescence, I ventured further:

"Would you like to have the other stool and sit in front of the fire?" As I spoke the stranger emerged from his obscurity, and I saw by the fitful light from the hearth—it was now almost dark outside—a little boy with light auburn hair and blue eyes, and a singularly grave and candid expression of face. When I observed his gloveless hands, red and purple with the cold, I did not wonder that he should be willing to approach the fire.

He drew up the stool I had pointed out beside mine, and sat down, stretching his legs out straight before him. They were not very long legs, and did not stretch far; but they

were stout and sturdy, as was the boy's whole build.

"How cold you are, ain't you?" I said, emboldened by finding a person apparently still more silent and awkward than myself.

He nodded, and answered briefly, "Pretty well." Something in the look that accompanied the words—a half smile, a little frank lifting of the brows—made me all at once sure that this could be no other than "Steenie's" son.

"You're Donald, ain't you?" I said, forgetting to be shy in my eagerness, and looking straight at him with all my eyes.

"Yes; I'm Donald Ayrlie."

He kept rubbing his hands, or clapping them together, and tapped with one thick boot against the floor, as though he were keeping time to a tune.

"I know about your father, and Abel, and the fight with Jackson. Grandfather told me. Grandfather was Abel. Did you know?"

"Who is your grandfather?" demanded Donald, looking at me very solemnly.

"Why, Dr. Hewson! He was very fond of Steenie. So am I. I like Steenie for saving the dog, don't you?"

It appeared on investigation that Donald was unacquainted with the story of the great fight between Hewson and Jackson, and the cause of that terrific combat. He merely knew in a general way that his father and my grandfather had been school-fellows. But he had not seen his father for a long time ("Not since I was quite a little fellow, several years ago," he observed, with gravity), and he was of opinion that when he left India he was too much of a baby to be talked to on such important topics.

"I'm seven years old," said I. "*Turned* seven!"

"Oh," answered Donald, "I was seven almost four years ago!"

While I was taxing my powers of calculation to ascertain the present age of this enviable person, who had been seven almost four years ago, he added, "I shall be eleven in two months."

We both sat silent for a time after this, looking into the fire. At length I resumed the conversation in the form of a catechism; which, indeed, was the form my conversation was apt to take.

"Did grandfather know that you were coming to-night?"

"I suppose not. The maid said I wasn't expected yet. Old Crowe said he should write in time, but I suppose he didn't."

"Who is old Crowe?"

"Our writing-master."

"Do you like him?"

"No; I should think not!" The answer was given in such a tone as made me feel that my question had involved an absurdity. Still I could not refrain asking, timidly, "Doesn't any body like him?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Donald, musingly. It was evidently a new idea to him that any body should be expected to like old Crowe. "Don't his relations like him?"

"Perhaps they may. *I* shouldn't like him if he was my relation, that's all!"

I meditated on these words for some time, and at last resolved to pursue the matter further. I wished Donald to like me, and I thought that if he could be got to state his grounds of objection to old Crowe, I might obtain a criterion whereby to judge what was likely to win his (Donald's) approbation; so I put yet another question: "*Why* shouldn't you like him if he was your relation?"

"Old Crowe! Why he drops his h's! And he's so beastly greedy! Why he has turtle-soup every day at the pastry-cook's; and his wife and all of them have to eat scrag of mutton! I shouldn't think you'd like that yourself!" exclaimed Donald, in a tone of indignant remonstrance.

I hastened to assure him that I should *not* like that myself; and that I considered it very naughty and shocking to be greedy. I further reflected with secret satisfaction that I had been taught to pronounce my h's. But I did not mention this fact.

Presently I resumed my catechism.

"Who brought you here?"

"Nobody. I came by myself."

"Did—you—walk?" I demanded, hesitatingly.

"Walk!" echoed Donald. And the scorn in his voice made the hot blood suffuse my face until my very ears tingled. "Why, what a little silly you must be to suppose I could walk from one end of England to the other!"

"Oh! I didn't know."

"Did you never learn geography?"

I was forced, with unspeakable humiliation, to confess that I had not yet tackled that science. But I asserted (I fear quite groundlessly) that I was going to begin immediately.

"Well, *I* don't know much geography," was Donald's utterly unexpected reply. "We do Latin mostly. And a jolly lot of it too, I can tell you! You wouldn't be able to do a quarter of it."

I suggested that I thought I could learn Latin if I tried.

"Oh no, you couldn't," returned Donald, decisively. "Girls never learn Latin. Besides, you're too small. Hullo! What a queer-looking cat! Why, he hasn't got a tail! What a lark!"

Donald leaned across me to stroke Tib, who had arisen, and was stretching himself on the hearth-rug, thereby conspicuously exhibiting his lack of tail.

My self-consequence had been a good deal ruffled by Donald's cavalier speech about the Latin. The accusation of smallness, too, seemed to me injurious. I therefore seized on the present opportunity to retort; and answered, with dignity, "Why, he's a Manx cat. Manx is in the Isle of Man. And Manx cats never have tails. I *wonder* you didn't know that!"

"No! Haven't they, though? None of 'em got any tails? Are you sure? Have you ever been at Manx, in the Isle of Man?"

Donald was so simply good-humored, so willing to be as surprised as I would have had him, so far from resenting, or even perceiving, my little bit of a sneer, that I instantly put myself at the bar of conscience (to me, that has never been an indulgent tribunal. I have usually found my judgment of myself far sterner than the judgment of others upon me; but, alas, I believe, far juster also!), and became quite penitent. I hoisted up Tib in my arms, and set him on Donald's knees, as a peace-offering, advising him, at the same time, to stroke Tib, and feel how soft his coat was; and declaring that I dared to say Tib would make great friends with him very soon.

At this moment grandfather opened the door, and stood there for a second, looking at our two childish heads bending down close together in the shine of the fire.

Donald scrambled to his feet as soon as he became aware of grandfather's presence in the room, and the latter advanced and took the boy's hand kindly in his. His other hand he laid on Donald's head, and turned his face so as to see it as well as the gloom would allow.

"Hullo, Master Donald!" said grandfather, smiling with his mouth, but fixing grave, searching eyes on the blue eyes raised to meet his. "So you've stolen a march upon us! I did not expect you until Wednesday."

"I hope it ain't inconvenient, Sir," began Donald, blushing.

"Not a bit, boy; not a bit! Glad to see you. H'm! you're like your father. You couldn't be like a better man. Poor little Steenie! How the old times come back! But you're a giant to what he was when I first knew him. You're older, eh? Almost eleven? Aha! The years spin along 'swifter than a weaver's shuttle.' Men found *that* out in the ancientest days. *Good face!*"

Grandfather uttered the last words half aloud, in a fashion he had sometimes of soliloquizing audibly. And as he spoke them, he relinquished his hold of Donald, and pushed him gently from him.

Then, as one who reads aloud closes a chapter with lowered voice, and begins a fresh one in a correspondingly fresh key, grandfather resumed in a quite different, and much louder tone, "Now, before I ask you a word about your journey, or any thing else, go up stairs and wash your hands and face, and brush your hair, for tea. You must be hungry. They're getting something ready for you. Here's Eliza. Show Master Ayrlie to his room, Eliza. Give him some soap and water. Eliza will look after you. She's a very good, kind young woman; a trifle deaf; so that if she don't answer you directly, you mustn't think her sulky. Be off!" .

The instant Donald had disappeared I sprung upon grandfather's knee, and plunged into a recital of all that I had said to Donald, and all that Donald had said to me, which lasted until Mrs. Abram came in, simultaneously with the tea-tray.

I did not then notice it as any thing remarkable; but I observe retrospectively that Mrs. Abram was never intrusted with any household duties; that she was never expected to take any share in the domestic administration; and that she never seemed to wish to do so. She, indeed, demanded little personal attention; but she contributed nothing in the way of labor or arrangement to the government of the house. In this department Keturah held undivided sway.

I gathered a general notion from what grandfather and Mrs. Abram said to each other that Donald had come a long way by the coach, and that he was at a great public school in a southern county. I remember Mrs. Abram murmuring, in her huskiest tones, "Did the poor child come by himself all that way, Dr. Hewson?" and grandfather's replying, "By himself? Of course he did! He didn't require a nurse-maid to take care of him, Judith."

Then Donald came down, with his face shining very much, and his hair all sprinkled with drops of water. Cold meat and some beer were brought up for him, and Keturah sent in a dish of mashed potatoes deliciously crisped and brown on the top, and afterward several relays of hot tea-cakes, for which she was famous.

Donald ate and drank with true, healthy, school-boy appetite. Mrs. Abram was aghast at the quantity of food that disappeared within his unwearied young jaws. But grandfather looked on with glistening eyes. I had my little cup of tea—a pale brown liquid, more than three parts milk—and some of the nice hot cake. But I looked longingly at the mashed potatoes, and was only restrained from asking for some of them by the fear lest Donald should think me greedy, like old Crowe.

After tea grandfather took his usual place at the fireside; Mrs. Abram sat opposite to him, on a specially uncomfortable chair she had selected for her own use, and began to knit something made of fleecy wool. I climbed on grandfather's knee, and Donald was bidden to draw his chair up before the fire.

"Now, Donald Ayrlie," said grandfather, "have you been duly presented and introduced to this young person? Miss Anne Furness, of Water-Eardly Manor, commonly called little Nancy—"

"Not commonly, grandfather," I whispered. "Only by you."

"*Un*commonly called little Nancy," pursued grandfather; whereat I felt abashed.

"Have you made friends with each other, you two?"

"Yes, Sir," said Donald.

"That's right. I want you to be good friends. You are the only two young things in the house. All the rest of us are very, very ancient."

"Is Tib old, Sir?" asked Donald, simply.

"Tib is fallen into the sere and yellow leaf," replied grandfather.

"What is that, grandfather?" I asked.

"That is a way of saying that he is getting old; just as the leaves turn dry and yellow when they are near dropping from the tree."

"But the leaves grow again, don't they?"

"Ay, ay, little Nancy. The leaves grow again. But when poor Tib disappears from among us his place will know him no more. There will be other Tibs, perhaps; Tib's kittens."

"That's not the same! I like *this* Tib. I don't care for the other Tibs."

"Little Nancy!" muttered grandfather, musingly, while he laid a soft, lingering touch on my head. "Little, tender-hearted Nancy! Why, the tears are in her eyes! Oh, cheer up, little Nancy! What are you crying for?"

"I don't want Tib to die."

"Now look here, little Nancy; you are crying a little bit because you are fond of Tib, and a great bit because you have been excited and tired, and because it's getting near bedtime."

"No, I don't!" sobbed I, replying to an accusation understood, though not expressed; "I don't feel a bit sleepy, indeed, grandfather."

"You don't know that you do. But grandfather is wiser than little Nancy—which isn't saying much; is it, Donald?"

Donald had been looking on at this scene in mute surprise, I doubt not. He was sorry to see me shed tears, but could scarcely be called sympathetic, inasmuch as he was totally unable to imagine my state of high-strung nervousness. When grandfather appealed to him he got up, and lifting the cat very gently in his arms, brought it to me and made me stroke it. "Look here," he said. "Tib's all right. He's quite jolly, you see, isn't he? And he doesn't know he must die some day, so it don't matter to *him.*"

"Well said, Donald," cried grandfather, clapping him on the shoulder. "You're not morbid, at all events."

"What's morbid?" I asked, trying to wipe off my tears with a corner of the inaccessible pocket-handkerchief.

"I think little Nancy must wait to have that explained until she is big Nancy. Meanwhile Nancy is not too little to attend to this: it is very nice to love Tib, and be kind to him; but it is still nicer to understand that crying because he must die does him no good, and annoys people who have more sense than poor Tib, and whom you ought to love a little too."

Among my other deep debts to my grandfather, I believe that it is to him I owe that I have not grown up a prey to an exaggerated sensibility. At home this trait was either laughed at or praised to the skies. Only at Mortlands was I taught, by precept and example, how much nobler is self-command than the weak indulgence of every passing emotion. We all easily grow proud of our faults; and I fear I was peculiarly liable to have done so. But grandfather never shrank from telling me plain truths, and inflexibly enforcing his own will whenever it chanced to come into collision with mine.

I sat in silence, broken only by an occasional sniff, stroking Tib, and nestling against grandfather's breast, as he talked to Donald about his school life, and made many inquiries as to his lessons.

I did not understand a great deal that they were saying, but I perceived that grandfather was satisfied with Donald's answers. Gradually the sound of their voices sank into a confused buzz, and anon they became preternaturally loud and distinct, and Donald's barley-sugar-colored hair glittered and expanded into a kind of *auréole* of undefined outline. In a word, I was growing desperately sleepy; but the last thing I remember saying, while I was in the dining-room, was, "Oh no, indeed, I don't want to go to bed one bit, grandfather!"

Then I was dimly conscious of being carried up stairs, and of the ticking of a watch close at my ear—which proves that it must have been grandfather who carried me—and of being laid gently on my little white bed, where Eliza undressed me. The rest is silence.

CHAPTER IV.

That week at Mortlands passed away very quickly. I did the honors of the garden to Donald, and showed him all my favorite nooks, and timidly revealed to him a few of the legends my fancy had attached to them. But I did not find him so much interested in these latter as I could have wished. He rather hurt my feelings at first, by observing that the story of the White Cat was nonsense, and couldn't be true; and further, that for his part he was rather glad it wasn't true—for what a bother it would be for a fellow to have a lot of hands messing about him like that prince had in the white cat's palace, and to be dressed and undressed like a baby! And as for the rabbit-hunt they went to, why what was it to tiger-hunting in India? or buffalo-hunting on the prairies of America? That was the kind of sport for him! And when he grew up he intended to travel and see countries and wonderful things—*real* wonderful things, not make-believe nonsense like fairy stories.

But Donald also was able to make-believe on occasion. He turned the old rustic garden-seat into the deck of the *Erebus*, and, enveloped in one of Keturah's ironing-blankets, and accompanied by one faithful follower (myself, with my knitted woolen jacket tied round my neck by the sleeves, and with Mrs. Abram's muff on my head), we sallied forth across the trackless wastes of snow and blocks of ice—represented by a lettuce-bed and a so-called "grotto," meaning merely a heap of stones and shells overgrown with moss—to discover the North

Pole. We did discover it, as far as I remember; and if I am not mistaken, we stuck a twig into the ground to mark the spot, so that we might find the North Pole again without difficulty, and then hastened back to the ship to inform our brave mess-mates of the triumphant success of our expedition.

Another time Tib was made to do duty for a tiger of the jungle (I recollect that his peculiar conformation was accounted for by his having lost his tail in a trap set by the native hunters!), while Donald took aim at him with grandfather's walking-stick from an ambush of gooseberry bushes.

To me the North Pole and a jungle full of tigers were as replete with elements of the marvelous as the "Arabian Nights" or the "Child's Own Book;" and when I found that Donald's realism merely meant substituting one wonder for another, I was perfectly content, and entered into it all with the happy versatility of childhood.

But our great play was *Robinson Crusoe*. Donald implicitly believed in the truth of every detail of that immortal fiction. And as, moreover, it presented the almost unique advantage of a *dramatis personæ* (at least throughout the only part of the story that we concerned ourselves with) which numerically fitted our corps, there was an additional reason for performing it frequently.

Many an hour have we spent strengthening the fortifications around the cave, digging intrenchments, and "getting things neat and handsome about us" in the interior of the dwelling. Many a time, in my character of man Friday, have I spluttered and made faces over food cooked with salt, and smiled and nodded energetically to express approval of victuals dressed without that condiment. (Our fare, when it left Keturah's hands, was mostly bread and treacle, or it might be a slice of seed-cake; but by the time it reached our desolate island, behind the big elder bushes at the bottom of the garden, it was sure to have turned into goat's flesh, turtles' eggs, or wood-pigeon.) Many a time has Havilah, grandfather's "odd man," whom I have before alluded to, been assailed with a brisk volley of musketry from a rolling-fire and the walking-stick, which had already done execution on the tiger of the jungle, and compelled, blood-thirsty cannibal that he was, to take to his canoe, and disappear across the ocean into the distant brew-house.

"Many a time," I have said, and yet all these things happened within a week! But days were long then, and full of incidents. Tedium was unknown, as was that mournful kind of experience which teaches that to-morrow must be sad because it will be analogous to to-day.

It may be remembered that Eliza had spoken to me before Donald's arrival of a contemplated tea-drinking. She obtained leave for "Master Ayrlie" to join the party, and we all three went to her friend's house one afternoon.

Eliza's friend was called Kitchen. We children thought this a very odd name, but we refrained from saying so, for fear of hurting Eliza's feelings.

Mr. Kitchen lived in a tiny house in a remote, silent street called Burton's Gardens. All streets in Horsingham were more or less silent, except at "race time," when the whole town moved and babbled like a stream suddenly set free from frost; but Burton's Gardens was perhaps the dullest and least-frequented spot in Horsingham. On our way thither Eliza gave us a long account of the Kitchens, from which it appeared that Mr. Kitchen was a widower, with one son and one daughter; that he was by trade a coach-maker, and had been foreman many years in his father-in-law's shop; that his father-in-law, Mr. Green, had saved a great deal of money; that the said Mr. Green was rather "near," but very strict in his moral views; that Mr. Kitchen's son was apprenticed to his father's and grandfather's business, while his daughter kept house; and that Mr. Green was confidently expected to bequeath his wealth to his grandchildren, Matthew and Alice Kitchen.

"So you see, Miss Anne," said Eliza, following out a sequence of ideas with which I was not then so familiar as I have since become, "the Kitchens are *most* respectable."

I should not deem it necessary to commemorate this tea-drinking but for the fact of its being the occasion of introducing me to people who were afterward closely connected with some of the chief incidents of my life. My remembrance of the evening has doubtless been greatly assisted by my subsequent knowledge of the people at whose house I passed it.

There was a strip of garden inclosed within green palings in front of the house—a garden so small as only to contain one flower-bed, of about the size and shape of the apple-pies Keturah gave us at dinner. A white chrysanthemum occupied this bed, which was bordered with London pride, and surrounded by a path not much broader than my sash, strewn in a geometrical pattern with various colored gravel. I remember that Donald and I admired this vastly.

We were received very kindly. The Kitchens were not at all gloomy, as I had expected. They laughed and talked and ate with great apparent enjoyment. I thought this rather strange, for the two or three books on a side-table that I peeped into (I could never see a book without longing to open it) appeared to contain matter of a very depressing and awful description; and I had heard Eliza say that the preacher at the chapel they attended was "enough to make your blood run cold" sometimes.

The whole was, as I have said, tiny; and the parlor we took tea in seemed scarcely big enough at first sight to hold us all; but we found room enough after a while. There was a great old-fashioned escritoire opposite to the window, made of shining black wood. In the centre of

it was a flap covered with green baize, that turned down so as to form a writing-desk; and on this flap were disposed a huge Bible, an illustrated edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," and a white china elephant with a gilt trunk, and a gilt turret on his back, which turret was an ingenious contrivance for holding ink; and there was a steel pen stuck into a hole in the turret, and I noticed that the steel pen appeared to be the only article in the room that did not look bright and clean. It was very rusty and dirty, and the wooden holder was thick with old ink-stains. I supposed that when Mr. Kitchen wanted to write a letter he took a better pen from some one of the many drawers in the escritoire; but on confiding this supposition to Donald, he answered that very likely Mr. Kitchen never did write letters.

Alice Kitchen, Donald and I decided, was a very pretty girl. She had row upon row of stiff light brown curls all round her head, and a fair skin, and she wore a blue bead necklace. Mr. Kitchen was an elderly man, who did not impress me particularly. He seemed rather fond of making jokes, most of which I did not understand, and he ate an enormous quantity of butter-cakes, saying, every now and then, "Alice, my daughter, go and see if the little maiden can not find yet another batch of butter-cakes in the oven. Let us enjoy the merciful gifts of the Lord. Let us not receive them with a thankless heart."

Donald and I very much approved of this doctrine, and devoured so much pastry as makes me bilious even to think of nowadays, though I do not remember that any evil consequences followed it then.

Both Mr. Kitchen and Alice appeared delighted at the quantity we ate, and kept hospitably pressing us to take more. This, I reflected, was very different from Mrs. Abram, who had a fixed idea that we should infallibly overeat ourselves at every meal. I have thought since that she possibly attributed this to the innate depravity of our unregenerate natures. I suppose that she herself must have suffered frequently from indigestion, for I remember that she used to "quack" herself, as grandfather called it, in secret. And I have seen him ruthlessly confiscate many a little round pasteboard box, wherever he laid hands on it. As for myself, I believe no child of the contemporary generation was physicked less. Grandfather had as mortal an aversion to dosing folks "as though medicine were poison," as Mrs. Abram plaintively observed; "and he's a doctor too!"

We had half done tea before Matthew Kitchen came in. He had been detained at the shop by stress of work.

"That is," explained Mr. Kitchen, "he hadn't ought to have been expected to stay over-hours, but his grandfather thinks no end of Mat, and has a fancy that so long as he's there things goes right. And Mat nat'rally don't like to put his grandfather out."

I took a strong and instant dislike to this young man. He was clumsily and awkwardly made, and moved in a loose-jointed fashion. He had red cheeks and black eyes, a shapeless snub nose, and coarse, pouting lips of unspeakable sullenness, surmounted by a black down of incipient mustache.

His father and sister seemed anxious to propitiate him, I thought; for they made room for him eagerly, and Alice put fresh tea into the pot, and sent into the kitchen for hot cakes, earnestly assuring Matthew that they had been put aside specially for him. He said grace in a growling bass voice, and afterward a hush seemed to fall upon us all. Even the butter-cakes seemed to have lost their savor; but that may have been because we had already eaten so many.

The only incident of that evening worth recording is a sudden blaze of defiance elicited from Donald by Mat Kitchen. The word "blaze," perhaps, is too unsteady and fleeting to describe Donald's condition. It was rather a glow. It happened thus: Mr. Kitchen had been telling me (in an elaborately easy style, as of one painfully stooping to my childish level) how Dr. Hewson, my grandfather, had attended his (Kitchen's) late wife in her last illness; and how, although it was impossible to save her life, grandfather's care and skill alleviated her sufferings. I listened with much interest, and thought it kind and pleasant of Mr. Kitchen to speak so well of grandfather, when Mat (whom, in my subsequent knowledge of him, I discovered to be constitutionally averse to hear other people praised) interposed gruffly with the remark that the skill of the godless profiteth nothing.

"Grandfather isn't godless!" cried I, flushed and trembling in a moment.

"No, deary, no," said Alice, soothingly. "Don't ye mind. Matthew is very zealous in testifying. But he don't mean it, deary."

But this equivocal praise did not suit Matthew's temper.

"Yes, I do mean it!" he said, apparently beginning to enjoy himself more than he had hitherto done throughout the evening, and letting his pouting mouth relax into something like a smile. "I ain't a-going to be a respecter of persons. It won't pay to fly in the face of Providence for the sake of worldly men or worldly matters."

"Well, well, my lad," said Mr. Kitchen, rather uneasily. "Thou'st testified; now hold thy peace. We all think well of Dr. Hewson's skill in the healing art, and of his kindness in a carnal and unregenerate sense. That's enough."

"Nay, father," persisted Matthew, doggedly, shaking his head and shooting a vicious side-glance from his bright black eyes, like a horse that has got the bit between his teeth, and fully understands all that that implies; "nay, that is *not* enough. When is Dr. Hewson seen among the congregations of the godly? What is his religion?"

"That's no business of yours!" cried Donald, stoutly. He rose to his feet and faced Matthew, who, however, feigned not to notice him.

"Is he not as one of the vain physicians—as those who hold by worldly science, which is foolishness, and neglect heavenly things, which only are wisdom?"

"You come along, Anne!" said Donald, seizing his cap and taking me by the hand. "I sha'n't stop here to hear your grandfather abused. Come along out this minute!"

He had got hold of my little cloak by this time, and was trying to huddle me into it, with the hood trailing on the ground, and the hem round my shoulders. I was crying. Eliza, confused by her deafness, looked thoroughly bewildered; and Alice was vainly trying to make peace, but only succeeding in adding to the tumult.

No persuasion could move Donald to remain. He was quite inflexible, and insisted so masterfully on Eliza's dressing me and bringing me away, that we were absolutely on the point of leaving the house, when Mr. Kitchen said:

"Young Sir, you are under my roof, and have partaken of my humble hospitality. I do not think this a becoming manner of taking your leave."

Donald faced round in a moment.

"I don't mean to behave badly to you, Sir," he said; "but what does your son pitch into Dr. Hewson for? Dr. Hewson is a gentleman; and I think your son is very ignorant when he talks about science being 'foolishness,' and things like that. I'm very much obliged to you and Alice for the butter-cakes," added poor Donald, with a touch of bathos, "but I sha'n't stay here to hear things said against Dr. Hewson all the same. And *you* wouldn't like to hear your friends spoken ill of yourself!" he exclaimed, turning full upon Matthew with a strength of earnest indignation in his childish face that I shall never forget. "And I call it mean and cowardly to speak ill of people behind their backs; especially people that have never done you any harm, but have been kind to you; and really good people wouldn't do it. So all your talk is just cant, Mr. Matthew; and if I was big enough I'd thrash you."

With this final burst he marched out of the place, holding me by the hand, and followed by Eliza, who was a mere image of confusion and dismay.

I do not remember that much was said to us afterward on the subject of our stormy exit from Mr. Kitchen's house. Grandfather, I think, held a theory akin to that of the old lady who laid it down as a rule that children should be treated with a little *wholesome neglect*. At all events, he always avoided "making a fuss" about any of our sayings and doings, either to praise or to blame.

But I have a distinct recollection of hearing the matter debated by the female members of the household. Each took a different view. Eliza—who had the gentlest temper in the world—mildly said that she thought Master Ayrlie had been a bit too hot; Matthew Kitchen *would* testify, in season or out of season; and, of course, it wasn't like as if he'd said any thing against Dr. Hewson in a worldly spirit.

"I suppose you call it showing a heavenly spirit, for a young bellowing calf like Mat Kitchen to set himself up in judgment on a gentleman like master! And one as smoothed his own mother's last moments, and attended her as though she'd ha' been the foremost lady in the land, and took no fee because they was poor and in trouble at the time. I've no patience!" exclaimed Keturah, indignantly. And when Eliza meekly replied that no doubt Matthew had been moved by a sense of duty, and that it must have been a painful trial to the natural man to speak as he had spoken, Keturah rejoined with withering contempt: "Don't you believe a word on it! *His* nat'ral man's the kind o' creetur as hates to be grateful; that's what it amounts to. It ain't hard for fellows like Mat Kitchen to do their duty so long as they can make out as their duty is to pick all the hard words from the Bible and pitch 'em at folks' heads! To see them kind o' people ready to burst wi' overbearingness, and calling it religion! Ugh! it fairly turns my stummick!"

Mrs. Abram, as far as I was able to understand her utterances, attributed Matthew's want of charity to the fact of his being a dissenter. She moaned a good deal, I remember, and seemed to think we were all—including grandfather—in a bad way.

Soon after our visit to the Kitchens the time of my parents' absence from home came to an end, and I had to return to Water-Eardley. I left Mortlands with the hope of soon seeing some of its inmates again; for grandfather promised to bring Donald to see us, and he kept his word.

I had a great deal to say to mother when I reached home. I found that she was aware of Donald's arrival, and that she remembered having seen his father, Captain Ayrlie, when she was a little girl, and before he went to India.

"I think," said I, one day, very gravely, "that when I grow up I shall marry Donald."

"Oh, indeed!" said mother, laughing, and stroking my hair with both her hands. "You have settled that, have you?"

"Well, I told Donald that I thought I should marry him."

"And what did he say?"

"He said he thought he shouldn't mind."

This speech was repeated that same afternoon to my father at dinner. He was immensely amused, and threw himself back in his chair to laugh—a good deal to my confusion and perplexity.

Of Donald's visit to Water-Eardley I have retained no special remembrance. But I do recollect that my father asked grandfather's leave to take him (Donald) to the races, whither I also was to go for the first time, and that

grandfather peremptorily refused, and there was sharp discussion—almost a quarrel—about it. Also I remember that, before going back to Mortlands, Donald confided to me that if my father would let that young black bull be turned into the river-side meadow by himself, he thought he could lasso him as they do in South America.

"For," said he, argumentatively, "you know it's more skill than strength that does it."

But my father's objections to the experiment proved insuperable, and Donald went away without having lassoed the black bull.

CHAPTER V.

We went to the races—father, mother, and I—on the day on which the great cup was run for. That was a race famous throughout the length and breadth of the land; and the beautiful Horsingham course was crowded with people from far and near.

I scarcely recognized it under its changed aspect. The bright green turf, where I and Selina had gathered mushrooms many a morning, was trampled and strewn with a squalid litter of orange-peel, and nut-shells, and fluttering, crumpled papers. Merciless feet—brute and human—crushed the light elastic harebell and the short-stemmed daisy. There was a roar of voices in the air that ebbed and flowed like a tide—now louder, now lower. We were in an open carriage, in a good position to see every thing that passed. Strange, grotesque figures came and went in motley garb. I was amused and excited, and at the same time a little frightened by the unwonted throng. I remember once that vague feeling of terror to which I was subject took possession of me as the panting horses dashed past us, followed by the terrible roar of voices that seemed to rush along in their wake, as flame rushes through stubble.

I pressed up close to mother in silence, and turned my face away from the surging, shouting crowd. Then there was a pause, and another rush and roar as the horses came back to the winning-post. And then they said that the race was over, and that the favorite had been beaten.

Father had gone away before the great race began, and at its close he came back to the carriage, laughing and talking very excitedly. And he made Dodd pour out some Champagne, and told mother she ought to drink a glass to celebrate the occasion. And then he made me taste the foaming wine also, and said that he had been in luck.

I remember—how well I remember!—that mother shook her head and told him that he had been naughty, and that he had promised not to bet. And father turned quite red and angry in a moment, and asked how could she talk such nonsense? It could not be called betting; merely a few shillings. But it had been a mere chance, the favorite not winning; and so he had won ten times what he had risked. And why hadn't she the good-nature to be pleased at seeing him in good spirits, instead of croaking and preaching?

This impressed me as much with surprise as pain. For I was happily unaccustomed to hear harsh words pass between my parents. The crowd began to move away from the course. Our horses were put to, and we drove slowly away amidst the press of other vehicles. As we were departing, father said to me, giving me a kiss, "Well, Anne, and how did *you* like the races?"

I answered that I liked it all very much, especially the little boy with the blue frock on, and the long white stockings that had sparkling silver things all over them, and the dog who danced on his hind-legs when the organ played. But that I wished those men that rode on the pretty horses would not whip them so, for I was sure the poor horses ran as fast as ever they could; and, for my part, I thought it was cruel.

But to this father made answer impatiently that I was a little goose, and that the horses liked the excitement of racing very much—which, however, I secretly doubted.

The air and the wine, which I was quite unused to, made me drowsy, and I fell fast asleep. I did not awake until we were driving in at the gate of Water-Eardley. I found myself tenderly covered with a warm shawl and with a cushion under my head. As I opened my eyes, I saw father holding mother's hand in his, and heard him say, "My darling Lucy, what is the use of making promises? Can't you trust me?"

Donald's arrival at Horsingham had been a great event in my life, and his departure left a blank for a long time. The prospect of his going away drove the races out of my mind. He was to return to Mortlands, but not until the midsummer holidays. Next summer! It seemed worlds away. You might almost as well have talked to me of next century.

I well remember a parting scene that took place the night before Donald returned to school. I had been spending the day at Mortlands. We children had revisited our favorite spots in the garden, and I had received injunctions from Donald as to the administration of a good deal of his property in Robinson Crusoe's Island during his absence. Also I had promised to look after some guinea-pigs he had purchased. He had at first had some intention of carrying them to school in his pocket, but grandfather dissuaded him. So the guinea-pigs were left under Havilah's charge, subject to my occasional supervision. I was not fond of the guinea-pigs. They had a peculiar mobility of nose which distressed me. And my private opinion was that they were not really affectionate. But I promised to be kind to them for Donald's sake. It had been a busy morning, and after dinner we all sat round the fire, gathered together for the first time that day. Grandfather and Mrs. Abram were in their usual places. I was seat-

ed on my little stool with Tib on my knee; and Donald stood by grandfather's chair. Grandfather had one hand on the boy's head, and was talking to him kindly and earnestly. As I looked up at the two it suddenly struck me that Donald, who seemed so tall and strong and wise to me, was but a little fellow beside grandfather after all. I began to cry at the image I had conjured up of Donald, friendless and unprotected, all those many miles away, among big, rough boys, who, perhaps, might even beat and ill-use him, as Jackson had beaten Steenie.

Grandfather lifted me up from my stool on to his knee, and soothed and comforted me with great gentleness and patience; but my tears continued to flow, and my sobs went on crescendo. I was vexed at Donald's apparent indifference, and I had a vague notion that if I cried very much it would pain Donald, and punish him for not being so sorry to go as I was at his going. I was perfectly aware that this feeling was evil, and I afterward suffered severely from remorse, for my conscience, as I have said, was as inevitable and implacable as fate; nevertheless, I yielded to it, and continued to utter ever-increasing sounds of lamentation.

"Come, Anne," said Donald at length, much disconcerted by my convulsive grief. "I say, Anne, don't cry any more. What's the good? Come! Have a snap."

With that he drew forth and presented to me a species of confection popular in Horsingham. It was a treacly kind of cake, full of holes, like a very thin section of petrified sponge, and it was known as "gingerbread snap," or, more briefly, as "snap."

Donald, in all good faith, held out a sticky snap, which had grown flaccid from a prolonged residence in his pocket. But far from accepting this singular panacea for woe, I clenched my little fist and struck him as hard a blow as I could with it—to his profound astonishment.

"Little Nancy!" said grandfather, in a deep, concentrated voice, which had the instant effect of making me try to check my sobs—still them at once I could not. They had got beyond my control. "Little Nancy!" I trembled, conscience-stricken.

"See now what all your affection is worth! You are sorry that Donald is going away, and that is natural. But you are also *angry*—angry that he too does not scream and sob and distress every one around him. And so, in your selfish desire to vex him, because you are vexed, you let yourself be ungrateful and violent and foolishly ill-tempered. I could not have believed this of my little Nancy."

I was so overwhelmed by the essential truth of this reproof, so confused at my childish mind being thus plainly read, so stricken to the heart by the thought that now Donald, seeing what manner of little girl I really was, would love me no longer, that I slid down from grandfather's knee on to the hearth-rug, burying my face in an agony of sorrow and mortification, the bitterness of which, while it lasted, I am inclined to believe has never been surpassed throughout my subsequent life.

There was a silent pause that seemed to last for an hour, and that was only broken by Mrs. Abram inarticulately murmuring something about the Evil One—she habitually attributed all troubles to his direct and personal interference in the affairs of mankind—and by my stifled sobs.

Then I felt Donald kneel down close by my side, and he whispered in my ear, "Come, Anne, I say, don't cry any more; I shall come back at midsummer, you know. And I don't mind your hitting me; it didn't hurt me a bit. Come!"

"I d—didn't wa—a—ant the snap. But I —I—I've been *so* naughty. You'll n—never, n—never love me any mo—o—ore!"

"Oh yes I shall; all right. Come, don't cry. Here, Anne, I say, do have a snap."

I accepted the snap on purely sentimental grounds, for I did not in the least want to eat it, and clasped it convulsively in one hand, while I tried to wipe my eyes on the inaccessible pocket-handkerchief with the other. Heaven knows my grief was genuine enough, and yet at that very moment I began to lick off a few tears that had trickled down at the corners of my mouth, and to speculate wonderingly on the phenomenon of their saltness.

Of course I was finally kissed and forgiven; and I sat close beside Donald all the rest of the evening, holding his hand in mine. Once, in the fullness of my gratitude for reinstatement into his affections, I raised his broad sturdy little fingers to my lips, and kissed them humbly. And I recollect observing, as I did so, that they smelled of slate-pencil.

He went away the next day on the top of the mail-coach, looking very small up there, I thought, beside the burly men in great-coats. And for a long time, or for a time that seemed long to me then, I missed him sorely. When the spring began to clothe the trees with green again, I began to talk of Donald's return, and to look forward to it eagerly. Grandfather did not say much on the subject, but I knew very well that he, too, would be glad to see the boy again. He was a favorite with the whole household at Mortlands. Keturah had treated him with unexampled indulgence. I remember that my sense of justice had many a time been outraged by the difference made between him and me in sundry matters of tearing and spoiling clothes, etc. I could see no such fundamental diversity between a rent in Donald's trowsers, and a splotch of ink or garden-mould on my pinafore, as made the one a pardonable peccadillo, and the other a serious lapse from virtue. But, although my reason rebelled against accepting the statement frequently made by Mrs. Abram—"Donald is a boy, love; boys always tear their clothes; it's in the nature of them"—as any satisfactory excuse for condoning his destructiveness (since it was clear that

it was equally in the nature of *me* to dirty my pinafore and crush my straw bonnet out of shape), I bore Donald no grudge for the preference shown to him. I loved him too well to be jealous of the love that was given to him; though I think it likely that I might have been jealous of the love that he gave, had any competitor in his affections come in my way in those days.

Be that as it may, every one liked Donald at Mortlands, and looked forward to his return. But there came a sad disappointment. Grandfather read us a letter one morning from a certain Colonel Fisher, who was a distant relative of Captain Ayrlie, saying that he had obtained leave from the boy's father to take him to Scotland for the holidays, and that he thought it might be advantageous to the boy to make friends among his own people. A week or two afterward came a letter from Captain Ayrlie himself, written a long time previously, to the effect that his comrade and third cousin was returning home from India with his family, and would look after Donald, and receive him during the holidays. And Captain Ayrlie added that he hoped Colonel Fisher would reach England in time to save grandfather the bore of having the boy in his house at all, as it must necessarily be a nuisance to so quiet a household as Mortlands to have a noisy school-boy suddenly brought into their midst. And it was only his (Captain Ayrlie's) reliance on grandfather's old friendship that had ever emboldened him to ask such a thing, in the difficulty of knowing to whom to intrust the boy. Great was the outcry when these disappointing missives arrived. As for me, although in honest truth I believe that time had already begun to make Donald's image fainter in my mind, I was in despair. It was my first great disappointment. I wanted grandfather to write and *demand* Donald without delay.

"Tut, little Nancy," said grandfather, slowly. "It will be better for the boy to live a healthy boy life among his own kith and kin in Scotland than to come here. Yes; he would have found it drearier and duller as time went on. Unless, indeed— Dry your eyes, little Nancy; I am sorry, too."

Two events soon happened to occupy my attention. The first event was the birth of a little brother; the second, my consequent going to school. The simple lessons that mother was used to give me were all interrupted by baby's arrival. Mother was not strong for a long time after his birth, and I was banished to my nursery during the greater part of the day. All the happiness that home had ever afforded me was gained in my parents' society. Debarred from that, Water-Eardley Manor was but an uncongenial place to me. I could not be always at Mortlands; and, if I could have been, there were no means there of prosecuting my education; so it was settled that I should go to school.

There was a lady who kept a boarding-school in a fine old-fashioned house in Horsingham, on the outskirts of the town, and not very far from the race-course. I was to be what was called a weekly boarder, going home—or to my grandfather's house, which was nearer—every Saturday, and returning to school on Monday morning. I looked forward to this change (as well as I can recall my feeling on the subject) with, on the whole, more pleasure than pain. But it was not without a sinking at the heart, and some bitter tears, that I said "good-by" to mother, and gave a farewell kiss to my little baby-brother sleeping on her breast.

CHAPTER VI.

There is no need, for the clear understanding of the rest of these pages, that I should describe my school life at length. It was calm and monotonous. I can compare it to the course of the little streamlets that intersected some of the grass-lands on my father's farm. The natural channel was banked up, and guided without being distorted altogether from its original direction. Little ripples sometimes ruffled it; deeper pools lay brown and silent beneath its banks; blue forget-me-nots made the eye glad with their beauty here and there; there were reaches of weedless grass, green and smooth; and again there were tangles of hemlock, and spear-like clusters of pithy rushes. Slowly the little streamlet slid onward with a steady, secure current, until it joined the wider river, and must thenceforth flow through calm and storm unguided to the sea.

The greater part of my life during eight years was spent at school. Our governess, Mrs. Lane, was a widowed gentlewoman; tall, slender, stately, with a soft voice and a stern eye. To her the school was the world. Had she been the matron of a jail, or head-nurse in a hospital, I am inclined to believe that the universe would speedily have presented itself to her mind as all jail or all hospital. She had a passion for systematizing such as I have met with in no other Englishwoman. Her rules were inflexible, because they were the strictly logical result of her principles. Given the premise, Mrs. Lane's deductions must infallibly follow. Her intellect, though shallow, was very clear. She always reminded me of a fine frosty day: cloudless, pale sky, bright sunshine (delightful to look upon, impossible to bask in), and a little sharp *nip* pervading the serene atmosphere. Fortunately it was among Mrs. Lane's principles that ample and generous nourishment was necessary for young growing creatures. We were well fed and well lodged.

How well I remember Mrs. Abram (who, poor soul! had once been nearly starved to death at school herself) expressing the greatest solicitude about my diet, and making a suggestion, unknown to grandfather, that I should be provided with a tin case of captain's biscuits to stave off the pangs of hunger, should I find

myself reduced to a low ebb. I very much approved this scheme, and was eager to adopt it, with one trifling alteration, namely, that the tin case should contain, not captain's biscuits, but "snaps" and macaroons. But Mrs. Abram would not hear of either; partly because macaroons and snaps were bilious, as she said; but also, as I was secretly convinced, because they were nice! However, I had not been many weeks at school before it became obvious to all who looked on me that no such provision as Mrs. Abram had contemplated could be needful. I have mentioned that my health was delicate when I was a young child. But I grew stronger year by year, and I have been throughout my adult life a singularly healthy woman.

The few events that marked the course of those eight years which I have said I spent chiefly at school may be briefly presented before the little banked-in rivulet leaves its straight, safe channels for the wider flood.

Selina, my nurse-maid, got married, and who should her bridegroom be but Donald's old enemy, Mat Kitchen! I felt there was somehow a suitability in the match, although I was vaguely sorry for Selina, too. It had been brought about in this wise: My father had bought a pretty little pony-phaeton as a present for mother, out of his winnings on the day of the great race which I was taken to see. Some accidental injury having been done to this vehicle, Mat Kitchen was sent out to Water-Eardley by his grandfather, Mr. Green, the coach-builder, to see what repairs were necessary to it. On this occasion, and on several subsequent occasions, he saw Selina, and was attracted by her. Mat was by this time receiving good wages, being, I believe, skilled in his trade. Then, too, he had the prospect of an inheritance from his grandfather, and was considered altogether an eligible match.

"I was vexed with your father for buying me that phaeton," said mother once, thoughtfully. "I said I was sure that money got by betting would bring no blessing with it. But it has brought good luck to Selina, at all events. It has got her a husband."

Such amount of good luck as was involved in marrying Mat Kitchen certainly did fall to Selina's share. My parents helped to furnish her little house for her. I was taken to see it before the wedding; and there I saw the bridegroom-elect, looking, as I thought, more sullen than ever. He had shaved his dark upper lip, and wore a fringe of black whiskers. He eyed the furniture in a glum manner, and let fall no syllable of gratitude or gratification for the presents Selina had received. I could not help fancying—probably erroneously—that he kept remembering the evening when Donald and I had taken tea at his father's house, and secretly enjoying the recollection of having made himself so unpleasant. But he called me "little miss," and was not uncivil. Alice Kitchen was there too. She begged me to go and see her and her father some day, when Mat should be married. I did go one afternoon on my way from school to Mortlands, accompanied by Eliza. I had discovered—I can not now tell exactly by what means—with the intuitive quickness of a child's observation, that Eliza was afflicted at Matthew Kitchen's marriage, and would have liked to marry him herself. Also I noticed that Mr. Kitchen and Alice seemed sorry for her, and made much of her, and I drew the conclusion that they would have preferred to have her for a daughter and sister rather than Selina. Mr. Kitchen's little parlor looked exactly the same as of yore, even to the white and gold elephant, with the rusty steel pen in his castle. I had some delicious butter-cakes, baked expressly for me. And they talked of Donald. Mr. Kitchen observed that he (Donald) was "a high-mettled young youth;" and seemed to think the phrase a happy one, repeating it more than once.

And now, as I look back, I perceive that during my school life the image of Donald had been fading, fading, until it had become the mistiest outline of a memory. Were it not for hearing him spoken of, I should, I feel sure, have forgotten him at this time altogether. Should the reader ask, "How, then, is it that you have been able to give so many minute details of your first acquaintance with the boy?" I shall reply by another question. Do you not now, O reader, if your years number more than some twoscore or so, recall the events of your childhood more clearly than you could have done at eighteen?

In the leafy summer-time we see only the screen of foliage that borders our pathway. Every hedgerow is full of life. Every branch bears its bloom. But when autumn, like some grave and wise enchanter of old time, touches the world with his golden wand, and the transmuted leaves fall yellow from the bough, we look back through the open tracery, and the landscape we have traversed lies softly clear beneath our gaze.

The seasons succeeded each other, and my life continued to be monotonous and tranquil outwardly. Within there was growth and struggle and change; as, I suppose, there must be in all young souls. Those by whom I was surrounded remained unaltered; or they altered so gradually that I scarcely as yet perceived any change in them. Only one thing I observed in my visits home; namely, that father had quite fallen into the practice of going to the races every spring and autumn. Sometimes he even went away to our county town to attend a great race there. Also I noticed that grandfather, who used to inveigh so heartily against horse-racing, had now become gravely silent on the subject at Water-Eardley; or, at all events, he was so whenever I was present. Once, however, on going into our dining-room, after dinner, with a message from mother to my grandfather, who had been spending the day with us, I found the two men in a vehement dispute over their wine. Father was hot and flushed and angry.

Grandfather's face was as stern and set as stone, only his gray eyes sparkled. As I entered I heard father say, sneeringly, "I wonder, Dr. Hewson, that you, who have such very *liberal* views on most subjects, should be so prejudiced on this point!" Whereto grandfather made answer, "I do not think, George, that you in the least degree apprehend what my views *are* on any important subject. At least, let me assure you that my views do not include proclaiming full liberty of blackguardism to blackguards."

Then they both saw me standing scared in the doorway, and ceased speaking. My message put an end to the discussion, for it was to beg grandfather to come and look at my little brother Harold. The child had been ailing for some days; and mother said he seemed fevered and uneasy in his sleep; and she was anxious about him.

Ah! I am coming to a dark place in my young life; to a valley of shadow, watered by a fountain of tears. My little baby-brother! How we watch the sweet round cheeks growing hot and crimson, and listen to the piteous little cry, "Oh, mamma; oh, mamma; Harry *so sirsty!*"

Almost more piteous is it, when he is for a time free from suffering, to see the little creature laugh and try to play his old romping games with me, and open wide appealing eyes when he finds that his baby strength no longer suffices to do as he has been used to do. For he grows weaker and weaker, and wastes and fades day by day. And at length the end comes. Care and skill, and the mother's sleepless devotion, can not save him. He falls softly into a slumber, with one little wasted hand clasping my finger, and the other laid upon his innocent lips, like a symbolic statue of silence. And the silence comes down solemnly — solemnly and sweetly. The waxen face changes to marble, and the tiny hand grows chill. I am brought face to face with an awful, irrevocable fact, that is blind and deaf to my sorrow.

After her baby's death, mother was ill for some time; ailing for some time longer. She and father went away to a sea-side place: very far away it seemed to my imagination. In my parents' absence I spent every Saturday and Sunday at Mortlands. I went with Mrs. Abram to a musty-smelling church, with damp, stuffy pews, and a black, shining wooden gallery. And there a clergyman preached long sermons, "full of sound and fury, signifying"—many things which I am averse to contemplate, even at this present period of my life; but which seemed to afford Mrs. Abram a gloomy and ghoul-like satisfaction. Hideous images of the charnel-house, from which my soul revolted! How he harped on despair and dread, as if they made sweet music! No word of human love and charity can I recall that issued from his lips in the pulpit. "Good-will toward men," had been omitted from his gospel. That is not what the angel voices sang in *his* ears. Glad tidings of good things were revealed to no mortal by his clerical voice. Dressed in a little brief authority, he dealt out death and damnation to all and sundry. But when he descended to the vestry, he grew milder; and by the time he had donned his coat, and reached the church-door, he became human, and held his little children gently by the hand. I even heard that in sickness and poverty no one was more benevolent than he; that he gave liberally out of his slender means, and grudged neither time nor trouble to his needy parishioners. All which things, as I grew older, I kept in my heart, and pondered them.

Mother came back from the sea-side with restored health. All fell into its usual track at Water-Eardley, as it used to be before our pretty blossom came and peeped upon the earth, and then folded his soft leaves again forever. At Mrs. Lane's I did not form any of the romantic friendships which are popularly supposed to make a necessary part of a school-girl's experience. I was not very gregarious by nature. I was fastidious in my choice of companionship. And then, doubtless, I was devoid of many qualities which insure popularity. I had very few acquaintances in Horsingham. Grandfather, as I have said, had lived in almost total seclusion from society for as long as I can remember. And the years, as they advanced, rather confirmed than diminished his dislike to mix with the world. My father's friends and relations lived chiefly in the country. Still there were one or two houses in Horsingham which I occasionally visited. Sir Peter Bunny's was one of these houses. Sir Peter had once been mayor, and was knighted on the occasion of heading some deputation during his mayoralty. He was a thin, handsome old gentleman, with dark eyebrows and white hair and small features. His portrait was exhibited one year at the Royal Academy; and the legend ran in Horsingham that enthusiastic visitors would point it out to each other as the very type and ideal of an aristocratic gentleman of ancient lineage, and would turn to their catalogues and say, "Bunny! Sir Peter Bunny! Of the Shropshire Bunnys, I wonder?" in a very genteel and knowing manner. But we Horsingham folks knew that Sir Peter made his money as a maltster, and that Lady Bunny's mother kept a boarding-house at Scarborough; and that despite the big coat of arms on their carriage, and the crest blazoned on every possible and impossible article of furniture in the house, the Bunnys are, in the pure eyes of *county* society, "nobody"—mere impalpable figments of the vulgar brain. They, and their man-servant, and their maid-servant, their cattle—and, in short, every thing save the stranger within their gates (who is usually, in his own opinion, somebody, and eats Sir Peter's dinners in a manner calculated to prove it!), being in any polite sense the mere baseless fabric of a vision.

Despite this Berkeleian theory of the Bunnys'

existence, they were greatly liked and respected. Their youngest daughter was a school-fellow of mine, and I sometimes took tea at her father's house, and spent a quiet evening there. Also, I had made the acquaintance of Mr. Arkwright, the curate of Mrs. Abram's favorite clergyman, whose direful ministrations I have spoken of; and of Mrs. Arkwright and the little Arkwrights--and the name of these latter is Legion. I never met Mr. Arkwright without being possessed by a yearning pity for him. The phrase sounds absurd, in our relative positions; nevertheless, it is strictly true. My more mature judgment leads me to doubt whether the case were one calling for all the compassion I lavished on it. But as a very young girl—little more than a child when I first knew him—I was unfeignedly sorry for the Reverend Edwin Arkwright in my heart. He was so very poor, and he had so many young children, and his wife, though doubtless the partner of his cares, appeared to me so little calculated to be the soother of his sorrows. He was known by all Horsingham to be in debt; and yet no one could blame him for extravagance. I once said to Mrs. Lane (I scarcely know how my speech was brought about, for my communications with her were rarely impulsive or confidential), "How dreadful it must be to be in debt! To feel that you have had people's goods, and have not paid for them!" And Mrs. Lane looked at me very strangely, and said, Yes; she supposed it must be dreadful; and hoped I should always continue to think in the same way.

A day or two afterward I was passing Mrs. Lane's sitting-room, the door of which was ajar, and I was surprised and startled to hear grandfather's voice within.

"We will settle the whole account now, if you please, Mrs. Lane," he said. "Three-quarters' schooling are due, are they not?"

Before I could gather presence of mind to move away, the door of the sitting-room was fully opened, and grandfather and Mrs. Lane came out into the hall.

"Anne, how pale you are!" exclaimed my governess. She looked quite alarmed, and made a movement forward to take hold of me. Grandfather gave me a searching glance, and said, "May Anne come home with me to Mortlands now, Mrs. Lane? I know that it is out of the regular course of things; but it will only anticipate the half holiday by one day, and I shall feel obliged to you if you will permit it."

Mrs. Lane at once assented. I think she fancied that my grandfather's medical eye detected some incipient illness in me. But there was none; I had merely been startled and seized upon by a vague feeling of uneasiness, which had immediately translated itself in my countenance.

Grandfather took me home to his house; and as soon as we arrived at Mortlands he bade me follow him into his study. I obeyed with a beating heart. I could recall no such summons having happened previously. He kissed me and placed me in a chair, and then sat down opposite to me.

"Anne," said he, "what did you hear me say to Mrs. Lane? I saw in your face that you had been shocked and startled."

I told him what I had heard; adding, "How could it be, dear grandfather, that so much should be owing to Mrs. Lane? I had no idea —I thought—"

I stopped with twitching lips. An attempt to utter another syllable would have resulted in a burst of tears, and I was resolved not to give way to that weakness without a struggle to retain my self-command.

"Little Nancy, *I* did not know that the money was owing until yesterday. When I did know it, I got your mother to let me pay it—for her."

There was an almost imperceptible pause before the two last syllables, but my ear detected, my mind marked it. However, I did not press grandfather with any further questions at that time. He told me that all was well at Water-Eardley, and reassured me on the whole.

"By-the-way, little Nancy," he said, just before dismissing me from the study, "when you go home you will miss the hunters. That is to say, you might miss them if you chanced to go near the stable; or the servants might speak to you of them. In any case, do not say any thing to your father about them. It is a sore subject."

"What has happened to the hunters?" I asked, wonderingly. "Are they dead?"

"No; they are sold."

CHAPTER VII.

From that time forth began a new era for me. Very shortly after the incident I have spoken of in the last chapter I was removed from Mrs. Lane's and returned to Water-Eardley. I was then between eighteen and nineteen. I am inclined to believe that I was more childish in some respects, and much less so in others, than most girls of my age. The sort of foretaste of the world—the preliminary experience of its buffets and struggles, its victories and defeats, which is supplied to a child by the competition of brothers and sisters, I had never had. Even my school life had not altogether stood in the stead of it. But, on the other hand, I had escaped the most imminent danger that usually threatens an only child: I had never been "spoiled." But for this blessing I have to thank my grandfather's firmness and wisdom. I had been accustomed to appeal to him and to lean on him with absolute trust throughout my young life; and he now stood by me with counsel and help when I had to face a new aspect of things, and to learn some lessons which only a practical contact with the difficulties of existence can teach.

My father was sorely pressed for money. I

had known that it must be so, when I heard that he had sold his hunters: the beautiful, docile creatures in whom he had taken such pride. And this, too, painfully explained why there were such long arrears of payment to be made for my schooling. But of what had caused my father's need I had no conception. Grandfather forbore to tell me. But poor mother, in her distress and her yearning to confide in a loving heart, soon revealed to me that my father had of late been involving himself deeply in what are called "turf speculations." In plain terms, he had been betting and gambling and losing, not recklessly—he was but too deeply plunged in anxiety as to the result of the risk he was running—but infatuatedly. It would be more correct to say that mother's face and voice infected me with apprehension and grief, than that my intelligence fully realized all that was implied in the word "gambler."

"Then, mother dear," said I, attempting to apply what little lore of life I had gleaned from story-books to the present case, "I suppose we are ruined?"

It appeared, however, that we were by no means ruined. Mother even smiled at my solemn face as I said the word; but her smile was like a pale sunbeam struggling through rain clouds. No; we were not ruined. Father might even have avoided the sale of his hunters by raising money in another way; but he had resolved, mother said, to make a sacrifice which should fall on him personally, and on no one else. And was not that noble and generous? Mother bade me note what liberal atonement he had made. And, after all, father had not been so much to blame; he had been led on and on by a run of good luck. And he had been persuaded and tempted by others: wicked men who had neither pity nor principle. But perhaps this taste of misfortune was a blessing in disguise: it would show father, before it was too late, what gulfs of ruin lay hidden beneath that smiling surface of good-fellowship. He had promised, he had given his word to bet no more. He was so good, so affectionate, so frank in acknowledging his error.

I watched mother's face thoughtfully while she spoke. When she had finished, finding that her countenance revealed something not altogether in harmony with her words, I said, "Then why should you be so sorry and so anxious, mother darling? If father has given his word, that is enough. You need not be afraid any more; need you, mother?"

"No, my dearest. You are right. I ought to have faith in my own darling; and I have, Anne. You must not fancy that I doubt father."

But her speech was closed by a sigh that seemed to come from the depths of her heart.

However, it seemed as if her apprehensions had in truth been excessive, for the storm cleared away, and left, as far as I could tell, no permanent disaster behind it. No comfort that we had been accustomed to enjoy in our home was absent from it. The empty stalls in the stable, and the dismissal of one of the grooms, alone reminded us that we had narrowly escaped a far greater misfortune. My old friend Dodd, for whom I had always retained a kindly feeling, left us about a year after my return home. He married, and set up in a little roadside inn about seven miles from Horsingham, which inn, from its situation in close proximity to the main highway, did a thriving business with carters and carriers, at all seasons of the year, and with stray travelers during the race-time.

Dodd was replaced at Water-Eardley by a smart, sly, undersized creature, who had been for some time employed about Lord B——'s training stable. I remember father mentioning this fact as being a great recommendation when the man was first engaged, and grandfather making him very angry by replying, "Mercy on us! The fellow comes armed with a regular diploma from the school of perdition, does he?"

But grandfather seldom permitted himself such utterances as this. He had the talent of holding his tongue. (How rare and how precious a power!) He had a sincere desire to make peace. He knew that nothing is more likely to check the struggling growth of amendment than the cold breath of distrust. He encouraged my mother—he was cordial and pleasant as ever with my father. It seemed as if all were still as it had been. But it was only seeming.

Among other changes which I observed in my father, now that I lived constantly at home, was a listless indifference to the pursuits he had formerly been interested in; his farm and his stock were merely a care and a trouble. He sold off all the beasts he had of a famous breed of cattle (more than one silver prize-cup won from county competitions glittered on the sideboard in our dining-room), and replaced them with common animals.

I could not for the life of me have told why, but even to my inexperienced eyes the whole aspect of the farm was changed. The Germans have a homely proverb of rural life: "The master's footstep manures the field best." On our fields the master's footstep rarely fell. By degrees father entirely relinquished one farm, consisting of arable land, which he had rented, and retained only the grazing meadows. Father always had some excellent reason to give for every change that he made. He really was an enlightened farmer, and understood his business very thoroughly. This made it almost impossible for any one to remonstrate with him as to what he was doing, and what he was leaving undone. "You will allow, I suppose," father would say, sharply, "that I know something about land, and something about stock!" This being indisputable, he would add, "And I presume you will give me credit for using my knowledge to my own interest. A man will

care for *that*, at all events, whatever else he cares for."

Interest! His own interest? How strange it is that men should go on repeating the parrot-like formula, whose truth is contradicted by every day's experience! There is no petty passion in the human breast but will override "interest," in the sense generally attached to that word.

Father was constantly saying that farming was such a *slow* way of making money; that what you gained one year you lost the next; and making other grumbling speeches, which—I confess it—irritated me terribly. Once my mother exclaimed, very innocently, "But, George dear, what need is there for us to 'make money' at all? Have we not enough? Heaven knows I don't long for riches?" And father was out of humor the whole day afterward. Alas! that was coming to be a frequent occurrence. Father never had sweetness of temper comparable to mother's. He was what people call "hasty." But then whosoever made that remark almost invariably added, "It was over in a minute." For my part, when I hear such a characteristic mentioned in the way of praise, I am inclined to ask, "With whom is it over in a minute? With the hasty man himself, or the object of his sudden wrath?" Wounds given in haste will often take long to heal. But, at least, in former times when father was angry, those around him usually comprehended wherefore he was so. He had been frank-natured too, and disdainful of equivocation; but he was changing, changing, changing, day by day.

I am dwelling chiefly on the internal phases through which our home life passed, so to speak. These were mostly hidden from all who were not dwellers at Water-Eardley. The superficial part of our existence was, I imagine, much the same as ever in the eyes of strangers.

My parents, perhaps, did not go from home as much as they had been used to do when I was a child. But my father had a large circle of relatives in the neighborhood, and we visited a good deal; much more, indeed, than was agreeable to me. For, to say truth, I did not find all these tribes of second and third cousins by any means congenial to me. I had, to say the least, a distaste for their society, and I have reason to believe that the distaste was heartily reciprocated.

The few acquaintances I had made during my school-days in Horsingham I retained. Lady Bunny called upon my mother, and my mother returned her visit; and there ensued dinners at Sir Peter's house and at my father's; and a dance at the former place, on which occasion both Barbara Bunny, my late school-fellow, and I were introduced to the fashionable world of Horsingham. But this was a rare dissipation, and did not lead to much further gayety. It had the effect, however, of distracting my mind from other things for some time afterward. I found, to my surprise, that my studies were flat and savorless; that I was haunted during the writing out of an exercise by the echoes of a tuneful waltz; that my thoughts were rather frequently busied with devising imaginary costumes for myself, and fancying how I should look in a lemon-colored crape dress, such as the eldest Miss Bunny had worn, and other similar speculations. In a word, I discovered in myself a hitherto unsuspected taste for excitement, not to mention a considerable development of the organ which I believe phrenologists have designated love of approbation.

Since I had left school, I had, by grandfather's advice, and partly in consequence of a suggestion that he had made to my parents, continued certain of my studies under the auspices of the Reverend Edwin Arkwright. He was an excellent German scholar, and he gave me lessons in that language. Also he read history with me, and even imparted to me a slight smattering of Latin. Father had objected at first rather strongly to this latter study. He did not want his girl to be a blue-stocking. He hated learned women; they notoriously made bad wives and mothers. Home was a woman's sphere, and domestic duties were her proper employment. I remember in my inexperience earnestly endeavoring to discover father's reasons for thinking that the declension of *hic*, *hæc*, *hoc*, would undermine my principles, and harden my manners, and utterly failing to get any enlightenment as to his views on the subject. When I had recourse to grandfather, he merely said that every one had some prejudices, and that it could not be expected that my father should be totally exempt from them; but that he (grandfather) had persuaded father to let me learn from Mr. Arkwright, assuring him that there was no apparent danger of my becoming a portent of erudition. And indeed the discerning reader, who shall peruse these pages to the end, will scarcely require me to assert that whatever evils have happened to me in the course of my life have most undoubtedly been due in no wise to excess of learning: Heaven save the mark!

"But then, grandfather," said I, earnestly, "how is it? Does father want me not to learn well from Mr. Arkwright? Does he think it won't be a bad thing if I only *pretend* to learn German and Latin, but that it will hurt me if I really do study industriously?"

Whereto grandfather only replied, dryly, that I had better not make such speeches as that to my father, as he would probably consider them unfeminine. And then he added, more seriously, "Do not question your parent's conduct in a caviling spirit, little Nancy. No Latin in the world was ever worth a loving heart and a docile temper."

I went once a week to Mr. Arkwright's house to take my lesson; and I usually spent the evening of those days at Mortlands, especially during the winter and autumn when the daylight set early. To me my lesson-days were

times of almost unmixed enjoyment. At least they had been so up to the time of the dance at Sir Peter Bunny's. After that occasion, I found that the concentration of my mind upon my books was much more difficult than it had been: still I continued to go to the curate's house on the appointed days. I knew beyond the possibility of doubt that the sum paid for my lessons was an important object to the Arkwrights. It never occurred to me to question my parent's power of affording it. The example of Mrs. Lane's over-due school bill might, it may be thought, have awakened some misgivings; but I believed that the causes which had led to that circumstance had ceased forever; and that the sun was not surer to rise each morning than was the price of my lessons to be duly and regularly paid to Mr. Arkwright. I may here record that it was so paid. But not until many years later did I learn from mother's confession, that the person who paid it was my grandfather.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

A LETTER TO THE CHRISTIAN WOMEN OF AMERICA.

Part II.

LET us now look for a moment at the actual condition of women in America, in connection with the predicted elevation. We are told they are to be elevated by the suffrage—and that by hanging on to the election tickets in the hands of their wives, the men are to be elevated with them. What, therefore, is the ground women now occupy, and from whence they are to soar upward on the paper wings of the ballot? The principal facts connected with that position are self-evident; there is nothing vague or uncertain here; we have but to look about us and the question is answered. We already know, for instance, from daily observation and actual experience, that, as a general rule, the kindness and consideration of American men have been great, both in public and in private life. We know that in American society women have been respected, they have been favored, they have been protected, they have been beloved. There has been a readiness to listen to their requests, to redress grievances, to make changes whenever these have become necessary or advisable. Such, until very recently, has been the general current of public feeling, the general tendency of public action, in America. If there appear to-day occasional symptoms of a change in the tone of men on this point, it is to be attributed to the agitation of the very question we are now discussing. Whenever women make ill-judged, unnatural, extravagant demands, they must prepare to lose ground. Yes, even where the particular points in dispute are conceded to their reiterated importunity, they must still eventually lower their general standing and consideration by every false step. There are occasions where victory is more really perilous than a timely defeat; a temporary triumph may lead to ground which the victors can not permanently hold to their own true and lasting advantage. On the other hand, every just and judicious demand women may now make with the certainty of successful results. This is, indeed, the great fact which especially contributes to render the birthright of American women a favorable one. If the men of the country are already disposed to redress existing grievances, where women are concerned, as we know them to be, and if they are also ready, as we know them to be, to forward all needful future development of true womanly action, what more, pray, can we reasonably ask of them? Where lies this dire necessity of thrusting upon women the burdens of the suffrage? And why should the entire nation be thrown into the perilous convulsions of a revolution more truly formidable than any yet attempted on earth? Bear in mind that this is a revolution which, if successful in all its aims, can scarcely fail to sunder the family roof-tree, and to uproot the family hearth-stone. It is the avowed determination of many of its champions that it shall do so; while with another class of its leaders, to weaken and undermine the authority of the Christian faith in the household is an object if not frankly avowed yet scarcely concealed. The great majority of the women enlisted in this movement—many of them, it is needless to say, very worthy persons as individuals—are little aware of all the perils into which some of their most zealous male allies would lead them. Degradation for the sex, and not true and lasting elevation, appear to most of us likely to be the end to which this movement must necessarily tend, unless it be checked by the latent good sense, the true wisdom, and the religious principle of women themselves, aroused, at length, to protest, to resist. If we are called upon for proof of the assertion, that American men are already prepared to redress actual grievances, we find that proof in their course at the present moment. Observe the patience with which our legislative bodies are now considering the petitions of a clamorous minority demanding the redress of a fictitious grievance—a minority demanding a political position which the majority of their sex still utterly reject—a position repugnant to the habits, the feelings, the tastes, and the principles of that majority. If men are willing to give their attention to these querulous demands of a small minority of our sex, how much more surely may we rely on their sympathy, and their efficient support, when

some measure in which the interests of the whole sex are clearly involved shall be brought before them by all their wives and mothers?

And again: they are not only already prepared to redress grievances, but also to forward all needed development of true womanly action. Take, in proof of this assertion, the subject of education. This is, beyond all doubt, the vital question of the age, embracing within its limits all others. Education is of far more importance than the suffrage, which is eventually subject to it, controlled by it. This is, indeed, a question altogether too grave, too comprehensive, and too complicated in some of its bearings to be more than briefly alluded to here. But let us consider education for a moment as the mere acquirement of intellectual knowledge. This is but one of its phases, and that one not the most important; but such is the popular, though very inadequate, idea of the subject in America. Observe how much has already been done in this sense for the instruction of the women of our country. In the common district schools, and even in the high schools of the larger towns, the same facilities are generally offered to both sexes; in the public schools brother and sister have, as a rule, the same books and the same teachers. And we may go much farther and say that every woman in the country may already—*if she is determined to do so*—obtain very much the same intellectual instruction which her own brother receives. If that education is a highly advanced one she will, no doubt, have some especial difficulties to contend against; but those difficulties are not insurmountable. The doors of most colleges and universities are closed, it is true, against women, and we can not doubt that this course is taken for sound reasons, pointed out by good sense and true sagacity. It is impossible not to believe that between the ages of fifteen and five-and-twenty young men and young women will carry on their intellectual training far more thoroughly and successfully apart than thrown into the same classes. At that age of vivid impressions and awakening passions, the two sexes are sufficiently thrown together in family life and in general society for all purposes of mutual influence and improvement. Let them chat, walk, sing, dance together, at that period of their lives; but if you wish to make them good scholars, let them study apart. Let their loves and jealousies be carried on elsewhere than in the college halls. But already female colleges, exclusively adapted to young women, are talked of—nay, here and there one or two such colleges now exist. There is nothing in which American men more delight, nothing more congenial to their usual modes of thought and action, than to advance the intellectual instruction of the whole nation, daughters as well as sons. We may rest assured that they will not fail to grant all needful development in this direction. One female college, of the very highest intellectual standard, would probably be found sufficient for a population of some millions. The number of women desiring a full college education will always, for many different reasons, be much smaller than the number of male students. But there is no good reason why such colleges, when found desirable, should not enter into our future American civilization. Individual American women may yet, by these means, make high progress in science, and render good service to the country and the race. Every branch of study which may be carried on thoroughly and successfully, without impairing womanly modesty of mind and manner, should be so far opened to the sex as to allow those individuals to whom Providence has given the ability for deep research to carry them to the farthest point needed. But as regards those studies which are intended to open the way to professions essentially bold and masculine in character, we do not see how it is within the bounds of possibility for young women to move onward in that direction without losing some of their most precious womanly prerogatives—without, in short, unsexing themselves.

The really critical point with regard to the present position of women in America is the question of work and wages. Here the pocket of man is touched. And the pocket is the most sensitive point with many men, not only in America, but all the world over. There can be no doubt whatever that women are now driven away from certain occupations, to which they are well adapted, by the selfishness of some men. And in many departments where they are day-laborers for commercial firms they are inadequately paid, and compelled to provide food, lodging, fuel, and light out of scanty wages. Yes, we have here one of the few real grievances of which American women have a just right to complain. But even here—even where the pocket is directly touched, we still believe that women may obtain full justice in the end, by pursuing the right course. Only let the reality of the grievance be clearly proved, and redress will follow, ere long. Providence has the power of bringing good out of evil; and therefore we believe that the movement now going on will here, at least, show some lasting results for good. The "Song of the Shirt" shall, we trust, ere long become an obsolete lay in our country. Our women, twenty years hence, shall be better paid in some of their old fields of labor; and new openings, appropriate to their abilities, mental and physical, shall also be made for them. And here they are much more likely to succeed without the suffrage than with it. It is not by general law-making that they can better themselves in these particulars. Individual fitness for this or that branch of work is what is required for success. And if, by thorough preparation, women can discharge this or that task, not essentially masculine in its requirements, as well as men, they may rest assured that in the end their wages will be the same as those of their fathers and brothers in the same field of work.

And how is it with our homes—how fares it with American women in the family circle? To all right-minded women the duties connected with home are most imperative, most precious, most blessed of all, partaking as they do of the spirit of religious duty. To women this class of duties is by choice, and by necessity, much more absorbing than it is to men. It is the especial field of activity to which Providence has called them; for which their Maker has qualified them by peculiar adaptation of body and mind. To the great majority of American women these duties are especially absorbing, owing to the difficulty of procuring paid subordinates, well qualified for the tasks they undertake. The task of positive labor, and the task of close supervision, are both particularly burdensome to American wives and mothers. Thus far, or at least until very recently, those duties of wife and mother have been generally performed conscientiously. The heart of every worthy American woman is in her home. That home, with its manifold interests, is especially under her government. The good order, the convenience, the comfort, the pleasantness, the whole economy of the house, in short, depend in a very great measure on her. The food of the family is prepared by her, either directly or by close supervision. The clothing of the family passes through her hands or under her eye. The health of the family is included within the same tender, watchful, loving oversight. The education of the children is chiefly directed by her—in many families almost exclusively so. Whether for evil or for good, by careless neglect or by patient, thoughtful, prayerful guidance, she marks out their future course. This is even too much the case. American fathers love their children fondly; no fathers more affectionate than they are; they pet their children; they toil ceaselessly for them; but their education they leave almost entirely to the mother. It may be said, with perfect truth, that in the great majority of American families the educational influences come chiefly from the mother; they are tacitly made over to her as a matter of course. The father has too often very little to do with them. His work lies abroad, in the world of business or politics, where all his time and attention are fully absorbed. In this way the American mother rules the very heart of her family. If at all worthy she has great influence with her husband; she has great influence over her daughters; and as regards her sons, there are too many cases in which hers is the only influence for good to which they yield. Is there so little of true elevation and dignity in this position that American women should be in such hot haste to abandon it for a position as yet wholly untried, entirely theoretical and visionary?

It will be said that all women are not married, that all wives are not mothers, that there are childless widows and many single women in the country. Quite true; but in a rapid sketch one looks at the chief features only; and home life, with its varied duties, is, of course, the principal point in every Christian country. The picture is essentially correct, without touching on lesser details. We pause here to observe also that almost every single woman has a home somewhere. She makes a home for herself, or she is ingrafted on the home of others, and wherever she may be—even in that wretched kind of existence, boarding-house life—she may, if she choose, carry something of the home spirit with her. In fact, every true woman instinctively does so, whatever be the roof that covers her head. She thinks for others, she plans for others, she serves others, she loves and cherishes others, she unconsciously throws something of the web of home feeling and home action over those near her, and over the dwelling she inhabits. She carries the spirit of home and its duties into the niche allotted to her—a niche with which she is generally far more contented than the world at large believes—a niche which is never so narrow but that it provides abundant material for varied work—often very pleasant work too. Let it be understood, once for all, that the champions of widows and single women are very much given to talking and writing absurdly on this point. Their premises are often wholly false. They often fancy discontent and disappointment and inaction where those elements have no existence. Certainly it is not in the least worth while to risk a tremendous social revolution in behalf of this minority of the sex. Every widow and single woman can, if she choose, already find abundance of the most noble occupation for heart, mind, body, and soul. Carry the vote into her niche, she certainly will be none the happier or more truly respectable for that bit of paper. It is also an error to suppose that among the claimants for suffrage single women are the most numerous or the most clamorous. The great majority of the leaders in this movement appear to be married women.

A word more on the subject of home life, as one in which the interests of the whole sex are most closely involved. It is clear that those interests are manifold, highly important to the welfare of the race, unceasing in their recurrence, urgent and imperative in their nature, requiring for their successful development such devotion of time, labor, strength, thought, feeling, that they must necessarily leave but little leisure to the person who faithfully discharges them. The comfort, health, peace, temper, recreation, general welfare, intellectual, moral, and religious training of a family make up, indeed, a charge of the very highest dignity, and one which must tax to the utmost every faculty of the individual to whom it is intrusted. The commander of a regiment at the head of his men, the member of Congress in his seat, the judge on his bench, scarcely holds a position so important, so truly honorable, as that of the intelligent, devoted, faithful American wife and mother, wisely governing her household. And what are the interests of the merchant,

the manufacturer, the banker, the broker, the speculator, the selfish politician, when compared with those confided to the Christian wife and mother? They are too often simply contemptible—a wretched, feverish, maddening struggle to pile up lucre, which is any thing but clean. Where is the superior merit of such a life, that we should hanker after it, when placed beside that of the loving, unselfish, Christian wife and mother—the wife, standing at her husband's side, to cheer, to aid, to strengthen, to console, to counsel, amidst the trials of life; the mother, patiently, painfully, and prayerfully cultivating every higher faculty of her children for worthy action through time and eternity? Which of these positions has the most of true elevation connected with it?

And then, again, let us look at the present position of American women in society. In its best aspects social life may be said to be the natural outgrowth of the Christian home. It is something far better than the world, than Vanity Fair, than the Court of Mammon, where all selfish passions meet and parade in deceptive masquerade. It is the selfish element in human nature which pervades what we call the world; self-indulgence, enjoyment, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, the pride of life, receive, in that arena, their full development. Society, on the contrary, in its highest meaning, becomes the practical development of the second great commandment, loving and serving our neighbor. In every Christian country there are many individuals, especially among women, to whom social life practically bears that meaning. Public worship itself is a social act, the highest of all, blending in one the spirit of the two great commandments—the love of God and the love of man. And whatever of social action or social enjoyment is not inconsistent with those two great commandments becomes the Christian's heritage, makes a part, more or less important, of his education, enters into the great stream of the better civilization. And it is here that we reach what may be called the more public duties of woman. From all duties entirely public she is now, or she may be if she choose, relieved by man. These more public duties of hers are still but the outgrowth of her home life, and more or less closely interwoven with it. They are very important, never to be neglected with impunity. The really unsocial woman is in great danger of becoming also unchristian. Every friend crossing the threshold brings social life into the home. The genial smile, the kindly greeting, the cheering word, all these and a thousand other gracious impulses, are, of course, but the first instinctive movements of the social feeling. And from these we move onward over a vast field of action, to the very farthest point reached by the higher charities of Christianity. There can be no doubt that the charm, the grace, and the happy cheerfulness of society are chiefly due to women; and it is also true that the whole unwritten common-law of society is, in a great measure, under their control. The world is constantly encroaching here, enervating and corrupting social life. To oppose wisely, skillfully, and effectually these treacherous encroachments, these alluring temptations, is one of the most difficult tasks possible. To contribute her full share toward purifying and brightening the social atmosphere about her, in accordance with the spirit of true Christian civilization, such is one great and essential part of woman's work in life. It is a work more especially her own. Man, without his helpmeet, can do but little here. His faculties are absorbed by other tasks, not more important, but more engrossing and essentially different. The finer tact, the more graceful manner, the quicker wit, the more tender conscience, are all needed here. Every woman in the country has her own share of this work to do. Each individual woman is responsible for the right use of all her own social influences, whether for good or for evil.

To keep up the standard of female purity becomes emphatically one of the most stringent duties of every Christian woman. For her own sake, for the sake of all she loves, for the sake of her country, for the service of Christ and His Church, she is bound to uphold this standard at a high point—a point entirely above suspicion. This task is of importance incalculable. But, owing to the frivolity of some women, and the very loose ideas of many men, it is no easy task. Undoubtedly, the very great majority of women are born modest at heart. Their nature is by many degrees less coarse than that of man. And their conscience is more tender. But there is one temptation to which they too often yield. With them the great dangers are vanity and the thirst for admiration, which often become a sort of diseased excitement—what drinking or gambling is to men. Here is the weak point. Yielding chiefly to this temptation, scores of women are falling every day. Vanity leads them to wear the extravagant, the flashy, the immodest, the unhealthy dress, to dance the immodest dance, to adopt the alluring manner, to carry flirting to extremes. Vanity leads them, in short, to forget true self-respect, to enjoy the very doubtful compliment of a miserably cheap admiration. They become impatient of the least appearance of neglect or indifference, they become eager in pursuit of attention, while men always attribute that pursuit to motives of the coarsest kind. It is generally vanity alone which leads a married woman to receive the first disgraceful flattery of dissolute men. Probably nine out of ten of those American women who have trifled with honor and reputation, whose names are spoken with the sneer of contempt, have been led on, step by step, in the path of sin by vanity as the chief motive. Where one woman falls from low and coarse passions, a hundred fall from sheer levity and the love of admiration.

To counteract this fatal influence young women must be taught to respect themselves, to be on their guard against vanity and its enticements, to cherish personal modesty in every way. The married woman who is quietly working by example or by precept among the young girls nearest to her, seeking to cherish and foster among them this vital principle of pure personal modesty in dress, in language, in reading, in tone of voice, in countenance, in manner — the natural outward expression of true modesty of heart—is doing far more for her country than if she were to mount the rostrum to-morrow and make a political speech eloquent as any of Webster's.

Sensible women may always have a good measure of political influence of the right sort, if they choose. And it is in one sense a duty on their part to claim this influence, and to exert it, but always in the true womanly way. The influence of good sense, of a sound judgment, of good feeling may always be theirs. Let us see that we preserve this influence, and that we use it wisely. But let us cherish our happy immunities as women by keeping aloof from all public personal action in the political field. There is much higher work for us to do. Our time, our thoughts, our efforts may be given to labors far more important than any mere temporary electing, or law-making, passed to-day, annulled to-morrow, in obedience to the fickle spirit of party politics.

THAT WORK IS TO PROMOTE BY ALL WORTHY MEANS THE MORAL CIVILIZATION OF THE COUNTRY.

Toward this work legislation, the mere enacting of laws, can do but little. We have all heard of the shrewd mind who considered the songs of a people as more important than their laws. The moral condition of a nation is subject to many different influences—of these the statute book is but one, and that not the most important. No mere skeleton of political constitution can, of itself, produce moral health and strength. It is the living heart within which does the work. And over that heart women have very great influence. The home is the cradle of the nation. A sound home education is the most important of all moral influences. In the very powerful influences which affection gives them over the home, by teaching childhood, by guiding youth, over the men of their family, women have noble means for working good, not only to their own households, not only to the social circle about them, but to the nation at large. All these influences they can bring into action far more effectually by adhering closely to that position which is not only natural to them, but also plainly allotted to them by the revealed Word of God. In no position of their own devising can they do that work half so well.

Political and social corruption are clearly the great evils to be dreaded for our country. We have already gone far enough in the path of universal manhood suffrage to feel convinced that no mere enlargement of the suffrage has power to save us from those evils. During half a century we have been moving nearer and nearer to a suffrage all but universal, and we have, during the same period, been growing more corrupt. The undisguised frauds at elections, the open accusations of bribery in legislative assemblies, the accusations of corruption connected with still higher offices—of these we read daily in the public prints. And these accusations are not disproved. They are generally believed. It is clear, therefore, that something more effectual than universal manhood suffrage is needed to stem the torrent. And it is simply ridiculous to suppose that womanhood suffrage can effect the same task. Who can believe that where men, in their own natural field, have partially failed to preserve a healthful political atmosphere, an honest political practice, that women, so much less experienced, physically so much more feeble, so excitable, so liable to be misled by fancy, by feeling, are likely, in a position foreign to their nature, not only to stand upright themselves, but, like Atlas of old, to bear the weight of the whole political world on their shoulders—like Hercules, to cleanse the Augean stables of the political coursers—to do, in short, all that man has failed to do? No; it is, alas! only too clear that something more than the ballot-box, whether in male or female hands, is needed here. And it is the same in social life. The public prints, under a free press, must always hold up a tolerably faithful mirror to the society about them. The picture it displays is no better in social life than in political life. We say the mirror is tolerably faithful, since there are heights of virtue and depths of sin alike unreflected by the daily press. The very purest and the very foulest elements of earthly existence are left out of the picture. But the general view can scarcely fail to be tolerably correct. Take, then, the sketch of social life as it appears in some half dozen of the most popular prints from week to week. You will be sure to find the better features grievously blended with others fearfully distorted by evil. There are blots black as pitch in that picture. There are forms, more fiend-like than human, photographed on those sheets of paper. Crimes of worse than brutal violence, savage cruelty, crimes of treachery and cowardly cunning and conspiracy, breach of trust, tyrannical extortion, groveling intemperance, sensuality gross and shameless—the heart sickens at the record of a week's crime! It is a record from which the Christian woman often turns aside appalled. Human nature can read no lessons of humility more powerful than those contained in the newspapers of the day. They preach what may be called home truths with most tremendous force. From this record of daily crime it is only too clear that universal suffrage has had no power to purify the society in which we live. If no worse, we can not claim to be better than other nations, under a different political rule.

This admission becomes the more painful when we reflect that in America this full freedom of fundamental institutions, this relief from all needless shackles, is combined with a well-developed system of intellectual education. We are an absolutely free nation. We are, on the whole, and to a certain point, intellectually, an educated nation. Yet vice and crime exist among us to an extent that is utterly disgraceful. It is evident, therefore, that universal manhood suffrage, even when combined with general education, is still insufficient for the task of purifying either social or political life. The theoretical infidel philosopher may wonder at this fact. Not so the Christian. Great intellectual activity, and the abuse of that power for evil purposes, are a spectacle only too common in this world. Look at the present condition of the most civilized nations. Of all generations that have lived on earth, our own is assuredly the most enlightened, in an intellectual sense; mental culture has never been so generally diffused as it is to-day, nor has it ever achieved so many conquests as within the last half century; and yet mark how comparatively little has this wonderful intellectual progress accomplished in the noble work of improving the moral condition of the most enlightened countries. To the mind humbled by Christian doctrine, living in the light of a holy faith, these facts, though unspeakably painful, can not cause surprise. We are prepared for them. We have already learned that no mere legislative enactment and no mere intellectual training can suffice to purify the human heart thoroughly. An element much more powerful than mental culture is needed for that great work. For this work light from on high is sent. A thorough *moral education* is required, and the highest form of that education can be reached in one way only—by walking in the plain path of obedience to the will of the Creator, as revealed in Holy Scripture. We must turn, not to Plato and Aristotle, but to inspired Prophet and Apostle. We must open our hearts to the spirit of the Decalogue and the Sermon on the Mount. We must go to Sinai and to Calvary, and humbly, on bended knee, receive the sublime lessons to be learned there.

We should never have expected moral progress as an inevitable consequence of free institutions and mere intellectual education, had it not been that, like other nations, we indulge in idolatries, and among our "gods many" are the suffrage and mental activity. We are gravely told by philosophers that, with the vote in the hands of woman, the moral elevation of the race is secured forever! "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" The feeling is common in America that to doubt the omnipotence of universal suffrage in its extreme development is not only treason, but a sort of blasphemy. And this feeling is now leading many minds, unconsciously, perhaps, to shrink from opposing the present movement in favor of womanhood suffrage. They bow the knee to the common idol. They dare not believe it possible for the suffrage to be carried too far. For ourselves we have no sympathies whatever with idolatry. We fearlessly declare our opinion, therefore, that no political institutions whatever, neither despotic, nor monarchical, nor aristocratic, nor yet the most free, are capable, in themselves, of achieving moral education for a people. Neither do we believe it more possible for abstract intellectual culture to gain this most important of all ends. Institutions wisely free are a very great blessing. Let us be fervently thankful for them. Intellectual education is equally important and desirable. These are both noble and admirable means to work with, provided we still look above and beyond them for a farther development of the race—for fullness of *moral civilization*. In fact, if we wish for a vigorous, healthful, lasting development of republican institutions, we must necessarily unite with these not only intellectual teaching, but also a sound *moral education*. This is a fact to which men, in the whirl of their political or commercial struggles, too often willfully shut their eyes. They are quite ready to acknowledge the truth of the assertion in a general way, but they choose to forget its vast importance in political or commercial practice. They recklessly lower the moral standard themselves, whenever that standard is at a height inconvenient for the attaining of some particular object toward which they are aiming. They are lacking in faith. Unlike women, who carry faith with them in private life, men act as if faith were not needed in everyday public life. At least the great majority of men, nominal Christians, fail to carry Christian principle with them into common business or politics. Faith, in the heart of women, is connected with love; consequently it is less easily stifled. They more frequently carry this principle with them in daily practice —not to the extent that they should do, but far more so than most men do. And here, Christian women, is your great advantage. It is the Lord's work to which we would urge you. The work of true faith, however lowly, is sure of a blessing. With faith unfeigned in your hearts, giving purity to your lives, you have it in your power to render most effectual service to the nation in your own natural sphere, far beyond what you could possibly accomplish by the path of common politics. You have never, as yet, done full justice to the advantages of your own actual position in this respect. You have overlooked the great work immediately before you. We have no magic talisman to offer you in carrying out that work. We shall not flatter you with the promise of unlimited success; we shall not attempt to gratify any personal ambition of public honors. We have no novel theories or brilliant illusions with which to dazzle your imagination.

Fidelity to plain moral duties—this is the one great principle to which we would most earnestly call your attention. There is absolutely no principle so sorely needed in the civilized world

to-day as this. We live in an age of false and inflated ambitions. Simple moral truths fare badly in our time. Imposing theories, brilliant novelties, subtle sophistries, exaggerated development, arrogant pretensions—these too often crowd simple moral truths out of sight, out of mind. And yet, without that class of duties in healthful action, corruption more or less general is inevitable.

Truth of word, honesty of action, integrity of character, temperance, chastity, moderation, sincerity, subordination to just authority, conjugal fidelity, filial love and honor—these duties, and others closely connected with them, bear old and homely names. But, Christian women, you can not ask for a task more noble, more truly elevating, for yourselves and your country, than to uphold these plain moral principles, first by your own personal example, and then by all pure influences in your homes and in the society to which you belong. In no other mode can you so well forward the great work of Christian civilization as by devoting yourselves to the daily personal practice, and to the social cultivation, by example and influence, of these plain moral duties. Your present domestic position is especially favorable to this task. You have more time for thought on these subjects; you have more frequent opportunities for influence over the young nearest to you; you have more leisure for prayer, for invoking a blessing on your efforts, however humble they may be. It is not enough to set a decent example yourselves. You must go to the very root of the matter. You must carry about with you hearts and minds very deeply impressed with the incalculable importance of a sound morality; you must be clearly convinced of the misery, the shame, the perils of all immorality.

In this nineteenth century the civilization of a country must necessarily prove either heathen or Christian in its spirit. There is no neutral ground lying between these boundaries. Faith or infidelity, such is the choice we must all make, whether as individuals or as nations. Thanks be to God we are not only in name, but also partially in character, a Christian nation. Faith is not entirely wanting. We all in a measure feel its good effects. Even the avowed infidel living in our midst is far more under its influences, though indirectly so, than he is aware of. And where there is life, there we have hope of growth, of higher development. To cherish that growth, to further that higher development by all gracious and loving and generous influences, is a work for which women are especially adapted. They work from within outwardly. Men work chiefly by mental and physical pressure from without. Men work by external authority; women work by influences. Men seek to control the head. Women always aim at touching the heart. And we have the highest of all authority for believing that this last is the most efficient mode of working.

"Out of the heart are the issues of life." This, therefore, Christian women, is your especial task. Use all the happy womanly influences in your power to forward the moral education, the Christian civilization, of the country to which you belong. Be watchful, with the unfeigned humility of the Christian, over your own personal course, and the example connected with it. Aim at keeping up, on all occasions, a high practical standard of sound morality at all points. Cultivate every germ of true moral principle in your own homes, and in the social circle about you. Let the holy light of truth, honor, fidelity, honesty, purity, piety, and love brighten the atmosphere of your homes.

What heathen civilization means we know from many sources, more especially from the records of Rome under the empire, in the days of St. Paul, when it had reached its highest development.

What Christian civilization means we learn from the Apostle: "Let him that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report—think on these things."

A DREAM OF A DEAD FACE.

Dizzy with ocean's roar
I wandered by the shore
Where sullen heaving waters rose and fell;
When on the wave's green edge,
Swift o'er the sandy ledge,
Up to my feet there rolled a delicate shell—
A pale pink shell, dashed with the ocean's dews,
And painted fair with morn's divinest hues.

So beautiful it lay
In the last light of day,
Close to its pinky cells I held my ear.
Its hollow murmur stole
Into my troubled soul.
"Tell me," I cried, with rivaling hope and fear,
"O shell! that moanest by the lonely shore,
Where are the friends that come to us no more?"

The passionate question died
Along the ocean side,
Spurned by disdaining waves to quick disgrace;
When, lo! a stream of light
Dazzled my mortal sight;
The pale pink shell became a pale pink face;
And eyes I fondly knew, with light divine,
Smiled gentle memories as they looked in mine.

The murmur now which came
My restless soul to tame
Was music sweet of softly whispering lips:
"O friend, complain no more!
Safe on a happy shore
Rests the dear freight of all thy sunken ships.
Whether these fretful waves recede or swell,
To us who dwell beyond them all is well!"

A glow of rosy flame
Over the ocean came,
Trembling a moment on its blue expanse;
And in the fleeting ray
Floated too soon away
That sudden vision from my pleading glance.
The soul I loved escaped my beckoning hand;
The shell to which I clung dropped, broken, on the sand.

ANTEROS.

By the Author of "Guy Livingstone," "Sword and Gown," "Sans Merci," "Breaking a Butterfly," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LOAMSHIRE, though a tolerably extensive county, was not large enough to contain several satraps of independent power. In the course of generations ancient families had died out or fallen into obscurity, and fresh ones had been founded; but neither from the old blood nor the new had any one arisen rash enough to challenge the supremacy of the Dukes of Devorgoil. Other great nobles, perhaps, might own estates as vast, but these were probably scattered here and there throughout the breadth of England; whereas the territory owned by this family, if not literally in a ring-fence, lay either within or immediately around the Loamshire borders. It was centralization not less than hereditary prestige that made their influence overweening. Occasionally, of late years, a radical candidate, smarting under defeat, has dared to speak evil of the august name; but such a diatribe, unless non-electors formed the bulk of the audience, was seldom favorably received. The Loamshire democrats evidently thought that the line of desecration and demolishment should be drawn somewhere; much on the principle of their more advanced brothers, who, furthering all imaginable changes in Church and State, are not prepared to sweep away the crown.

The present head of the great house was not, and never could have been, personally popular; but this signified very little. People seemed to think that if such a magnate was decently affable in his public capacity, he might almost dispense with private courtesy; not that there was any thing rude or repulsive about the eighth Duke of Devorgoil—his self-assertion seldom verged on insolence, or his arrogance on oppression; he was only a frigid formalist, narrow of mind, and shallow of brain; more alive to the importance than to the duties of his station, yet willing to acquit himself of these decorously. His subscriptions to charities were munificent; but he had never been known to bestow the smallest mite on a beggar. He was regular in his religious observances, and every morning, in the castle-chapel at Grandmanoir, his pompous "Amen!" drowned the voice of his domestic chaplain at family prayers; but his creed was well-nigh as short and simple as Voltaire's, and the Bible in his chamber had never been opened since it was placed there with the rest of the furniture. His temper was neither violent nor particularly irritable. He was slow to take offense, simply because he found it hard to believe that any creature could intentionally thwart or beard him; but when he had once taken umbrage his wrath would rankle on for years, nor would atonement, ever so ample, abate its venom.

There were excuses to be made for him, certainly. Even at his baptism a heavy load was laid upon his infant shoulders: Lupus Fitzrolland—these were only two out of many names bestowed upon him then; and how could any man be expected to walk through life, so decorated, without either staggering or stiffening himself under the weight of ornament? From the time that he could stand alone he was never natural or childlike. At Eton some few attempts were made "to knock the starch out of him;" but as he resided there with a private tutor he could always take refuge from persecution under the wing of that complacent and compassionate bear-leader. At Oxford the college authorities, from the dean to the cook, made obeisance to him; and fellow-commoners of as ancient if not as lofty blood as his own were not ashamed to be reckoned among his henchmen. He took the seat that had been kept warm for him in a family borough a month after he came of age; and before the house had decided whether his obstinate silence proceeded from choice or from incapacity, the death of his father invested him with the full imperial purple.

There was a striking contrast between sire and son. The first—free and debonair to a fault—seemed ever equally at ease, whether the blackened rafters of a farm-kitchen or the gilded damask of a boudoir sheltered his handsome head. In both, if all tales were true, he had a habit of making himself rather too thoroughly at home; and some of these tales were told with such a circumstance that even Loamshire loyalty could not entirely close its ears against them, and was fain to confess that "his Grace might be a little—just a little—gay." That same gayety of his caused some bright eyes to wax dim from remorse and shame, and some honest men to curse the hour when they first made him welcome under their roof; nevertheless, when he went to his account, there was a mighty flourish of funeral trumpets in the county journals; and it would have been treason to question aloud whether a heavy loss had befallen Loamshire. The eighth duke was a very different personage; from his youth upward until now, there could not have been imputed to him the faintest lapse in morals or derogation of dignity. He walked through life with the rigid uprightness of one who has never been strongly tempted to sin. He married early, and had issue—two daughters and a son; but the last died in childhood. This was the single blot on his prosperity; and he brooded over it, always with a bitter sense of personal injury. Though he treated her with due observance both in public and private, he never forgave his wife for not replacing the dead heir; and,

though he omitted no outward religious duty, he never forgave Providence for having visited him thus. Had his chaplain ventured—the good man never did so, be sure—to preach submission to the common lot, he would have answered that the common lot was not meant to apply to ducal houses in general, much less to that of Devorgoil. And for the unlucky accident of their sex he never forgave his daughters. Rachel Fontenaye was very hard, but Ursula very homely, of feature; and it was no wonder if neither had been sought for by an eligible wooer, for the chance of any much below their own degree would have been hopeless; and it had somehow got noised abroad that, despite their father's princely revenues, these august damsels would not be superbly dowered.

A small spare man—with a narrow sour face, and a sharp up-turned nose, changing color like a chameleon, under extremes of heat and cold —gifted with a slow, steady flow of speech, that, aided by a pompous clearing of the throat whenever he was at a loss for a word, carried him fairly through his frequent orations. This about expresses the Duke of Devorgoil at the age of twoscore years and ten.

He was any thing but a sportsman at heart; nevertheless, even here, he contrived to play his part creditably. The Grandmanoir preserves had been famous for generations; but the head of game had been rather augmented than decreased under his rule, and on the bench he was a turn more severe on poachers than on sheep-stealers. To his great *battus* there were invited, almost exclusively, chiefs of his own order—a belted earl counted rather low in the scale—and on these occasions it pleased him to walk about, followed by two giants in laced velveteen, each bearing a gun, which his Grace never discharged, save at a corner so hot that his misses were bound to pass unnoticed. The partridge-shooting he meted out to the squirearchy and certain of the clergy in just proportion to their political influence and electioneering zeal. In early life he was occasionally to be seen at the covert-side, mounted on the gravest and gentlest of cattle; but his ideas of the pursuit probably much resembled those of a conscientious legislator, still to the fore.

Representing a constituency of which a good half are born centaurs, Mr. Talboys considered hunting a senatorial duty; and so maintained a costly stud, the which—being a welter weight with impossible hands—he generally managed to use up before the season was through. He never by any chance saw any thing of a run, but rode the line doggedly from end to end, of course with countless falls; and his rueful countenance never was known to light up save when fate favored him with a blank day. On a certain March morning he came to real grief over stiff timber, and lay stunned for a while. When his senses returned they heard him murmur softly—he was a pious person of Low-Church tendencies—"Only a fortnight more of this, thank God!"—referring, you must understand, to the opening of the session, when the labors of others, and his rest, would begin.

If, in those by-gone times, the Duke of Devorgoil sacrificed his inclinations to public opinion, he took special care to sacrifice nothing more, and was never known to risk his serene neck over any thing larger than a water-furrow; a crowd at a gate he eschewed as if there had been pestilence in the midst thereof. The distaste for the saddle grew on him with advancing years, and now, when a meet was honored by his presence, he always came in state and comfort on the easiest of wheels. Despite of this, throughout his vast territory, the coverts were not often drawn blank; though, by some curious fatality, a straight-goer rarely was found close to Grandmanoir. They were too highly fed there, the keepers said, mournfully, and keepers always know best; albeit, why a hen-pheasant should be more harmful than a rabbit to vulpine training is a problem only to be solved by those faithful guardians of the game.

There were fixtures not a few on the Devorgoil domains; but, unless some royal personage or foreign potentate chanced to be his guest, the Duke never offered a lawn-meet, for this would have involved a breakfast; and any thing in the shape of chance entertainment was entirely out of his line. To stately set dinners he was fully equal, and dispensed such formal hospitality pretty liberally; but the idea of rustics, whom he scarcely knew by name, clanking in under his portals without special invitation, cutting and coming again under the scutcheoned roof of his banqueting-hall, and so snatching refreshment on his sacred threshold, was quite too much for his nerves and sense of propriety. Absolutely discountenancing vulpicide, and subscribing largely to the hounds, he held himself *functum officio*, and to spare. But the L. H., as a rule, were honest folk, caring little for the coffee-house: so long as the Duke found them foxes they were content to trust to their modest sandwich-cases, and find their own jumping powder.

Hazlemere Cross was rather a favorite meet. Within half a league of the park fence, it was so far removed from the inner Capua of Grandmanoir as to make a ring not quite a certainty. If the fox sunk the hill, as generally happened when the wind lay right, he was bound to take a good line—a line, indeed, entirely after the heart of a Loamshire "hard," with lightish plows, and grass enough to satisfy any but a captious stranger; and, best of all, big fair jumping, from end to end.

Thitherward, on a murky morning that, if a breeze sprung up, looked as if it might lift toward noon, drove Lord Atherstone with his bride. With the exception of an occasional visit to Heslingford, it was the first time the pair had appeared in public since their marriage. Said Ralph at length:

"And the nerves, Lena—are they as steady as when we started? The farm where our horses are waiting is just over yonder rise, and the meet's a short mile farther on."

She smiled a little haughtily. "The nerves are as well as can be expected. It is rather a trial to be presented to a county and a fox on the same day; but there are only two things which I am really afraid of, monseigneur. The first is, that I shall commit some *gaucherie*, of which you will be thoroughly ashamed; the second is, I shall be terribly an encumbrance, if the hounds are running."

"I'll risk the *gaucherie*," he said, quietly; but one of those rapid changes came over his face as he turned it toward her. "And I can't fancy you as an encumbrance yet. I am more doubtful of how I shall acquit myself. I've never played pilot before, you know, and it's a stiff country, if we go over the vale. To be sure, I know every inch of it, and I've an idea there's a line of gates most of the way, though I never paid much attention to them; still I'm half sorry that I promised you should follow. You will remember *your* promise, though, that you would pull up the instant you felt nervous, whether it was before or after a fence. Perhaps we shall have no jumping to speak of, after all, but shall be ringing round the park all day. It wouldn't break my heart if that were to happen."

"I ought to take that as a compliment," Lena answered, "but I'd rather have gone on flattering myself that I was no great clog upon you. Could you have been so patient two months ago?"

"Certainly not. Many things are altered within the last two months; and all for the better, I believe. I shall care for hunting some time longer, I dare say; but never again as I used to care when my life was quite lonely. I never pay compliments, as I told you once before. But this seems to me quite natural."

"We won't argue the question, at all events," she returned; "and perhaps even a 'clog' might be useful, if it cured you of rash riding. I wonder if there will be a great crowd to-day, and whether the Grandmanoir people will be out! It's rather strange that none of them have called yet. Is it their way?"

Lord Atherstone knit his brows. Plainly his wife had touched the chord of thought that had already vibrated not harmoniously.

"I know very little of their ways," he said, curtly. "The Duke bears me no good-will, I fancy; but we've never come into collision, and he's always been formally civil when we chanced to meet; it's impossible that he can mean to be otherwise now. It's a long, heavy drive, remember, in such weather as we've had lately, from Grandmanoir to Templestowe. He rarely misses this meet; so he will probably speak for himself before long."

There was no time for more, for just then they were turning into the little elm avenue that led up to the cozy farmstead where their horses had found shelter. The owner stood at the door, booted, spurred, and bareheaded, anxious to do honor to the new Baroness. Unpopular to a degree among the gentry and peasantry of his county, Ralph was not ill liked by the better class of yeomanry. He was a liberal, though a somewhat careless landlord; and, out hunting, often had a familiar word for a farmer, when he could scarcely spare a nod to a squire; besides, there were not a few admirers of his "bruising" style, and among these was John Langlands.

So Lena met with hearty welcome, and there were pressed upon her such varied refreshments that she was fain to compromise with a sip of home-made cherry brandy; and then she was mounted comfortably. At this ceremony the buxom hostess assisted with intense admiration. She had hitherto not conceived it possible that any who had come to matronly estate could get to saddle without the assistance of horse-block, or some substitute; and when Lena seemed to spring from, rather than be lifted by her husband's palm, Mrs. Langlands opened wide eyes, as though she witnessed a rare *tour de gymnase*.

"My lady went up as light as a soap-bubble, I do declare," she said afterward; "and yet as fine a figure of a woman as you'd wish to see."

So, the groom and John Langlands following, Lord Atherstone and his wife paced slowly up the long, gentle ascent, on the brow of which scattered brutes, growing denser fast, showed that the L. H. were like to muster strong to-day.

Will you prick forward and see who are the earlier comers?

CHAPTER XIX.

A PLOT of open ground, somewhat larger than an ordinary village green, the converging point of several roads and bridle-paths, crowning a low hill, from whence the view, on one side, though not very extensive, lies open over a vale, but is hemmed in on the other three by tall plantations close by, and by the towering woods of Grandmanoir farther afield. Such is Hazlemere Common.

Near the centre of it stands the cross—not a graceful spire, such as those that mark Queen Eleanor's resting-places on her long journey tombward, but a mighty monolith, roughly hewn, doubtless even at first, and now so maimed and worn by rough usage and weather that, passing it carelessly, you might hardly recognize the symbol of our faith. The date thereof and whether it was set up in thanksgiving or in penance, or to mark the place of blood-shedding, or to commemorate some pre-historic victory over the heathen, are not certainly known, albeit learned persons, coming from afar, had wrangled over it in language scarcely parliamentary; and on this stone many local antiquaries have whetted their maiden blade. There it has stood from immemorial time, keeping its

own secret, if secret there be to tell. And so it will be, perchance, after the men and manners of this our nineteenth century have become matter for archæologists.

Within a few rods of this same cross most of the personages worth your notice are grouped already. On principle, if not by choice, you will, of course, first inspect the hounds.

A level, compact lot, certainly; a little low, if any thing, and rather neat than airy-looking; indeed, you might pick out several necks and shoulders too heavily loaded for elegance, and one or two clear cases of throatiness. But there are some rare legs and feet, and, as a rule, no deficiency of bone. Such as they are, they thoroughly satisfy Loamshire critics, and almost satisfy their fastidious master, who, for years past, has given his whole mind to their improvement, and is pitiless in his "drafts."

That is he—the silent, sedate man, sitting betwixt his hounds and the gathering crowd on an equally sedate, though cleverly shaped bay. There is rather a workman-like look about him, despite a provoking preciseness of exterior, which even hunting-costume can not disguise. When he took the Loamshire country, purposing to be his own huntsman, his friends said it was a rash step in many ways; but Jasper Knowsley did not often err on the side of rashness, nor does he appear to have done so now. He brought to his task great patience, a perseverance akin to obstinacy, and no mean knowledge of the noble science, acquired by long, sedulous study in more or less famous schools. He never tried to make profit out of his office, and was liberal enough about earth-stopping, keepers' fees, and damages; nevertheless, he has contrived to show sport enough to satisfy all but inveterate grumblers, without seriously impairing his own modest revenue. His trim chop-whiskers are thickly sprinkled with gray; and even in his youth he was rather a neat than a determined horseman. So when they are running hard over a stiff country he can not be expected to ride right up to his hounds; but, knowing every gate, gap, and bridle-road, he generally contrives to be with them before they want lifting; and, should he fail, there is always Jem Spurrell—nominally first whip, though he never waits for the laggers in covert—to the fore, who, for the strange tricks he plays with his neck, might have been bred an acrobat, and would ride at a bull-finch on fire if it came in his line. Very mild, if not meek, of speech is our master, never rating even a hound violently; and when forced to chide human ignorance or impetuosity, prone rather to remonstrance than abuse; on extreme provocation he is capable of a certain acid sarcasm, of the which one instance may suffice:

It was late in the afternoon; and after a series of disappointments the hounds had got settled to a fox, and pushed him steadily through a chain of small coverts till he was bound to break over a fair stretch of open country, when a youthful plunger (a squadron was always quartered at Heslingford), determined at all hazards to get a start, rode right down on the critical corner, so that a chop followed as a matter of course. There were murmurs, as you may imagine; but all held their peace to listen as Jasper Knowsley approached the offender, smiling sourly. "You're nearly a stranger in this country, Sir, and probably suppose that we met this morning expressly for your amusement. If it has given you any pleasure to spoil the sport of a hundred or so of your fellow-creatures, I'm sure nobody will complain; but now, if you're *quite* satisfied, and you don't want the hounds to run adrag, or any thing of that sort, I think, with your permission, I'll take them home." So, lifting his cap courteously, he turned away.

They say that the cornet wept. Certainly there are men who would liefer have taken their "month at the mill" than have sat then in his glistening boots; and most of those present held the punishment equal to the misdeed.

Perhaps our master would be old-fashioned enough to allow that a certain amount of loud and strong language is necessary to keep a field—particularly a provincial field—in order. But this part of his duty he shifted from his own shoulders long ago. And yonder sits his deputy—the huge, hairy man with a face like a full moon looming through mist on the big bony brown; you must have heard his hoarse voice before you rose the crest of the hill. This is Swinton Swarbrick's thirtieth season with this same pack; and though it has changed hands five times at least since he first was "blooded," he has never wavered in his allegiance, nor strayed far from those russet tilths that he still swears "carry a better scent than all your grazing-grounds." If his means had permitted it he would have tried his hand at the mastership ere now; but being free-handed to a fault, his estate, when stable expenses and his subscription are paid, scarcely suffices his needs. Nevertheless he is a man of great mark in the hunt, so much so that, when he curses a culprit, the anathema is supposed to descend with a semi-official weight. Years ago he talked himself into the idea that he was a bruising though unlucky rider; and though Loamshire has got his measure pretty accurately, strangers often find it hard to realize that all that laying down the law about "lines" and "points" does not entail jumping one blind or big place in a week. In spite of his swagger, Swinton Swarbrick is a sportsman to the marrow of his massive bones, and a prime favorite throughout his county with high and low. Even those who have been lashed by his unsparing tongue bear no malice. "He may bluster," they say, "but he's never nasty." And, to speak truth, one of Jasper Knowsley's slow, stinging sentences is more dreaded than a string of the other's voluble blasphemies.

Look a little to the left, to the rearward of

the cross, and your glance will be apt to linger longer than it has hitherto done on the centre figure of the group. Did you ever see a daintier Amazon, or one more happily at home in her saddle, though it is clear that the dark chestnut wants some riding?

That is no other than winsome Cissy Devereux, the pride, if you believe her friends—the pest, if you believe her foes—of Loamshire. Polling the county through, the votes of the former would probably prevail; for even women find it hard to hate her, or, at all events, to sustain the feud. Whether her life's sky be bright or lowering, her clear laugh still keeps its ring—the laugh that, to some who hear it, is a better tonic than ever has been devised by mediciner: thoroughly sincere for the moment, if not always stable in her friendships, and frank even in her small treacheries; through good or evil report bearing herself always dauntlessly—it is no wonder if many prefer shutting their eyes and believing in her, to sifting her demerits. Her face is so provokingly pretty, too; and, though she is out in all weathers, the peach-bloom has not fled from her cheek, nor the sheen from her bonny brown hair; and as for her figure—is it not known how shapely women, envying her habit, have sought the studio of Herr Veltermann, and abased themselves before that artist, to secure an exact fac-simile, and how, having donned the master-piece and compared it with the original, they have returned home despondent, and ready to writhe the innocent garment to shreds? That she will go great, very great length in coquetry, her hottest partisans will allow; and whether there are any limits to her imprudence is a question that has been discussed without, as well as within, the Loamshire borders, and never, so far as society knows, been fully solved. She must assuredly more than once have strayed very near the verge of the crater, but the lurid sulphur fumes have never wrapped her round as yet, and she changes her light loves so often that the scandal-mongers get flurried, and, like a nervous shooter when the covey rises all round him, sometimes fail to pick their bird; moreover, however pleasant, it is not always a safe pastime to cast stones at your neighbor's wife, when the said neighbor is ready to catch them in the skirt of his mantle and send them back with a will. Now, foremost among the willful beauty's blind adherents above mentioned is her husband, Dick Devereux, still known among his intimates by his old regimental soubriquet of The Driver. "There's not a woman alive fit to hold a candle to Cissy; and if she *has* a bit of a temper, there's not an ounce of vice about her." So Dick believed when they were first engaged, and seven years of matrimony have not altered his creed. He takes his wife's bullying like a lamb; but toward the rest of the world carries a somewhat taurine temper, and, when fairly roused, is apt to run a rude tilt without distinction of persons or even of sexes. The fractiousness of the savage brute he is riding obliges him to keep without the circle; but you may see his heavy, handsome face light up, as one of Cissy's gay impertinences requites a point-blank compliment from Sir Manners Mannering — always pompous, when not coarse, in his gallantries—who looks as if he had been born in those high collars and stiff throat-gear.

Besides this somewhat bloated aristocrat the group is made up of Arthur Corbett, radiant in smiles and in attire; grave Malise Walwyn, heir to an ancient Catholic house, who, despite his fair prospects, is said to have a vocation for the priesthood; cheery Peter Assheton, the sporting parson, who, were he as powerful in the pulpit as in the pigskin, would count fewer dissenters in his parish; and a strong cavalry contingent from Heslingford, headed by Godfrey Colville, the keen-visaged man, with eyes and hair black and shining as jet; he is Cissy's "latest love," and will have the perilous honor of leading her to-day. Be it noted in passing, that, though her caprices take the widest range, she has rather a leaning toward military devotion. "Dick likes them best," she says, considerately, "and they're quite clever enough for me." Indeed, it must be owned that intellectual jewels, clumsily set, do not sparkle temptingly for the wayward lady.

And now—

There is only one poor hunting-horn available, and such pomps are not in fashion here; but, if we met on foreign ground, there would be a *fanfare* of bugles, for the gorgeous barouche, drawn by four grays, with outriders to match, sweeping down the road and drawing up with a jerk, brings the Duke of Devorgoil and his daughters twain.

His Mightiness does not seem in a specially gracious humor this morning. The sharp wind may, perhaps, account for the vicious flush at the tip of his nose; but the fidgety working of his thin lips, and the frequent contraction of his brow, bode no good; nevertheless, he condescends to answer the greetings of the master and the privileged few who venture to accost him, and acknowledges with sufficient affability the doffing of hats and caps, till Lord and Lady Atherstone appear on the further verge of the little common; then the signs of discontent on the ducal visage are no longer dissembled, and they darken as the pair draws near.

Hard-featured Lady Rachel — though one would think it difficult—waxes stiffer and stonier than her wont; and homely Lady Ursula looks half apprehensive, half amused; and certain of the by-standers, more curious than their fellows, edge nearer to the saluting-point, as if they expected something like a scene.

And as Ralph makes his way slowly through the throng, nodding a return to divers greetings, but never halting, or turning a hair's breadth aside, till he comes within speaking distance of the carriage, there is a quiet resolute look on his face, like that of one who—fully

aware of a danger—goes, not reluctantly, to meet it.

And a danger it is, of such a sort, moreover, as he has never yet confronted; for, though stout heart may help somewhat, strong hand may nothing avail.

We needs must drop the historic present here, for the root of these matters strikes deep into the past.

A MODERN BILL OF FARE.

THE conjunction of American ingenuity and administrative ability has nowhere displayed itself more eminently than in the management of hotels. At the time we were almost literally possessed of "a hundred religions and one gravy," and were in the very infancy of the secrets and value of the *cuisine*, we had daring spirits who conceived and carried into successful execution establishments for the boarding and lodging of large numbers of first-class people which had no example in any foreign country. The first step toward national distinction in this direction was made by the Tremont of Boston. Then followed the Astor, of New York, both destined to be eclipsed by the St. Charles, of New Orleans, which for long years was the grandest building and most lordly hotel in the world.

From the time of the success of these establishments every American city and every large town, sooner or later, has become possessed of buildings of striking architecture, grand gathering points of our local and traveling population; and the spirit of all this in our national and most irreverent humor has been concentrated in the apothegm that a very successful man in everyday business "can keep an hotel."

Some twenty-five years ago an English nobleman,* who had been for nearly half a century a European soldier and diplomat, made New Orleans for two seasons a winter residence. He was very fond, when with a few select acquaintances whom he accepted of as friends, of talking in a modest way of the varied experiences of his eventful life. We remember on one occasion, after being more than usually communicative and instructive, he ended off with a description of a military review he witnessed in Russia, when the Czar Alexander reviewed what was then almost the concentrated military force of his empire. Occupying by courtesy a prominent position on the imperial staff, our narrator had every possible opportunity of witnessing the imposing pageant; and he possessed the intellectual ability of bringing the scene vividly before his auditors. Suddenly stopping short, and possibly somewhat disconcerted at his own earnestness, and the deep impression he had made upon his friends, he paused a moment, and resumed:

"This review only struck me, after all, as grand because of the immense physical resources it displayed of a rising nation; but, as strange as it may seem to you, I honestly say that I witness every day in this stately hotel what, more than all else I have witnessed, fills me with admiration, and it is this: I live under a single roof that affords constant shelter for over one thousand persons. This, gentlemen, affords a number of men about equal to two full regiments in the field. At three o'clock six hundred of these people at one time sit down to dinner. Every course (occupying in the routine about three hours) is brought to the table at the proper time, and, without the slightest confusion or mistake, is excellently served. There is an administrative power displayed in this work that would make these hotel-keepers better colonels of regiments than any I have met with in my military life; and it is this order and discipline that constantly commands my unbounded admiration — more than did the military review of the concentrated armies of Russia."

A few weeks ago we were talking on this subject of hotel-keeping with Mr. Warren Leland, who is among the few who have become representative men in this great department of our social economy, and on this occasion, as on many others, we were deeply impressed with the large mental resources, vast capital, and varied knowledge of human nature that were necessary to be combined to command success in hotel-keeping; and while thus impressed, and in the midst of our conversation, a number of letters were brought in by a servant, from one of which Mr. Leland drew a portly roll of MS., glanced his eye over its surface a moment, and, throwing it toward us, carelessly remarked:

"There is the entire bill of fare of the Union Hotel of Saratoga for the last summer campaign of a hundred days."

We looked over the long list of details, made out in the neatest possible manner by an expert clerk, and were inspired with the idea that, at an unexpected moment, we had gotten hold of a key to the inner life of a first-class American hotel. Here was a carefully written commercial statement of what our most opulent citizens, with every facility afforded by nature and money, consume as food. With the specification of each article and the relative quantities used, furnished by the careful book-keeper, we conceived the idea of adding the associated history, and thus making the interesting and useful record complete.

Beef, the great staple of all substantial food, as might have been expected, headed the list. From the States of Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, and New York are procured the best qualities. Of three hundred and thirty fattened bullocks there were only taken for hotel consumption the "seven ribs" and the "short loins;" the remainder of the carcass, the "inferior meat," being readily disposed of to the multitude of consumers residing in the city. The aggregate

* Sir William Drummond Stuart, afterward the Earl of Lorn, etc., etc.

of loins and ribs was forty thousand pounds. This meat, "killed and dressed" in the evening, packed in ice, is forwarded by express to Saratoga, so that it is in the hotel for the morning meal.

Of mutton there were consumed twenty-one hundred "racks" consisting of seven ribs each, ready at a moment's notice to be divided into chops. The gross weight of these "racks" was nine thousand five hundred pounds, including the choice parts of the carcasses of one thousand sheep gathered up from different parts of the Union. The average weight of a "dressed" sheep is sixty pounds; of this quantity only nine pounds are selected, the remainder is sold from the stalls. It is apparent from this exhibit that sheep-raising in the United States has not reached much perfection! We see in this statement the justice of Hawthorne's testimony, who somewhere writes that all America could not supply the President's table with such mutton-chops as were served up to him at Uttoxeter, England, in a dinner costing eighteen pence.

There were two hundred and twenty-five lambs consumed, amounting to two thousand pounds—the entire carcass of a lamb being considered "choice." These lambs are purchased from persons living in the Adirondacks and Green Mountains of Vermont, and are admitted to be superior to any similar food raised elsewhere in the country, and are probably not surpassed in delicacy and nutritiousness by any in the world. This superiority comes from the excellent character of the grasses, and the purity of the air found in the localities where these lambs are produced. The whole of the "Northern Wilderness" of New York, including "John Brown's tract," must at some future day become famous for sheep farms, and then the President's table will be supplied with a chop noway inferior to Albion's best.

Of veal, the shoulders of which are rejected, there were seven thousand pounds consumed, furnished by three hundred and fifty hind-quarters. These "creatures" were obtained from the farmers living in the immediate vicinity of the Springs. Three hundred and eighty-nine calves' livers, only served up by broiling; and two hundred and sixty beeves' kidneys, supplied from New York, made exclusively into stews. Both breakfast dishes.

"Sweet-breads," the choicest part of the calf, two thousand three hundred. This delicacy is universally popular, and difficult to obtain. A small number are supplied from the neighborhood of the Springs, but to procure any quantity they must be gathered up from different places. They are expensive, and always considered a luxury.

Thirty-seven thousand spring chickens were consumed in this hotel campaign of a hundred days, affording the gross weight of thirty-six thousand eighty-nine pounds. These chickens were obtained from regular traders residing in Saratoga, in the vicinity of Syracuse, in Boston, and in Canada. They are gathered up by peddlers, who do no other business, and who have their established districts and head-quarters. The country people raise this poultry as part of their farm crop, and depend upon its proceeds as their active capital for the purchase of articles not produced by home industry. The first ventures in business of thousands of farmers' children are connected with the sale of their broods of spring chickens. Tame ducks, one thousand six hundred and twenty. Young geese, three hundred and eleven.

One hundred and seventy-two thousand nine hundred and forty-four eggs, or one thousand seven hundred and twenty-nine eggs a day used for the table at breakfast, and for culinary purposes. These eggs are obtained principally from the neighborhood of Syracuse and from the regular dealers in New York.

Seven hundred and fifty-three fresh salmon, weighing nine thousand four hundred pounds, caught by professional fishermen in the Kennebec and other rivers of Maine, and sent to Boston, the head-quarters of this favorite food, and from this last-named point, after being packed in ice, forwarded to Saratoga. Bluefish and bass, two thousand eight hundred pounds. Salt fish—including smoked salmon, codfish, and mackerel—two thousand seventy-five pounds. Sheep's-head and black bass from Boston. Lake trout, muscallonge, and white-fish from Lake Erie. Pickerel from Saratoga Lake.

Lobsters, eighteen thousand and seventy-nine pounds; caught off the coast of New England, and immediately boiled, after being taken from the trap, in salt-water, then packed in ice, and sent to consumers from Boston. Green turtle, one thousand three hundred pounds,* and forwarded by established fish-dealers from Fulton Market. Pickled oysters, four hundred and forty-four jars, put up in Baltimore; very choice, and, when in perfection—contrary to popular tradition—as wholesome in midsummer as in the winter months.

Extraordinary as the statement may appear, the hotel in a hundred days furnished its guests with two thousand and sixteen pounds of brook trout. This enormous quantity is obtained by the enterprise of a Mr. Hoxie, formerly a bank clerk in the city of New York, who, perceiving that his health was declining under the pernicious influences of a confined city atmosphere, ten or fifteen years ago moved to a home in the Adirondack Mountains. He at first occasionally offered small quantities of trout for sale, but upon receiving the encouragement of a named and liberal price for all he could obtain, he very

* Turtle is obtained from dealers in Fulton Market. The best specimens of this species are caught off the Florida coast and the island of Nassau. They average fifty pounds, but patriarchs have been caught that weighed nearly half a ton. Turtles caught in American waters are admitted by our custom-houses free of duty, but if they get within the marine jurisdiction of England or Spain they are named by our revenue collectors a foreign product, and have to pay an impost of twenty per cent. on their commercial value.

shrewdly organized a large and profitable business. His knowledge of the trout streams was taken advantage of to erect at proper places in the winter time a number of commodious ice-houses. He then engaged, by liberal payment, a number of men to fish the mountain streams for trout, the product of each day being deposited at nightfall in one or more of the ice-houses. The next morning the trout are packed in ice and moss, and, in a frozen state, carried to market. Mr. Hoxie, at the proper season of the year, has a dozen men employed in this business. The price paid is sixty cents per pound. We would add, for the comfort of all true disciples of Izaak Walton, that the fish, which average about four ounces each, are caught with a rod and fly.

The arrival of the trout is a marked event among certain good people of the hotel. They are on hand in force to admire the beautiful gem-speckled creatures, to select the largest for especial commendation, and they seem never to be wearied with asking the fish-monger innumerable questions about the streams and lakes where the fish are caught. An unusually large trout will afford material for exciting conversation among these professed idlers for a whole day. There is a tradition that there was a trout brought from the Adirondacks to the hotel that weighed three pounds and a half! Honest, truth-loving gentlemen saw it, and innumerable good and true men will swear to it; but old trout fishermen still doubtingly shake their heads; and well they may, for, with much experience in such matters, a brook trout, born of the mountain torrent, of a pound weight, is a thing to admire, for even such a one is seldom seen.

At the close of the revolutionary war an old Hessian soldier settled upon a small farm situated about two miles south from the centre of the village of Saratoga. It was a most picturesque place, and the "clearing" at the time was hidden from the public road by a dense pine forest. Just north of the farm-house is a little lake, which, in its primitive state, was so deeply overshadowed by tall trees that the sun never fairly illumed its mirrored surface. The consequence was, its waters, in the sultriest heats of summer, were of an almost icy coldness. It was, and is indeed, a natural paradise for trout. To this romantic place the earlier visitors of Saratoga who were luxuriously inclined used to carry their choice wines, and indulged in their nectar while eating trout caught from "Barhyte's Pond."

The owner was considered an eccentric man, for when he established himself on the farm he stated that the possession of that "pond" more than compensated for an inhospitable winter climate and a sterile soil. As time wore on, however, his taste was vindicated, for this same "crystal well" became a source of profit, and brought to his humble dwelling the best people of the land.

Among the visitors to Barhyte's, on one of these memorable occasions, was Joseph Bonaparte. He had but recently arrived in this country, and was quietly looking about for some eligible spot whereon he could build himself, most literally, a "princely home." He was of France, and had been king of Sicily and Spain, and all that was favored by nature in soil, climate, and scenery was to him familiar. In pursuit of his purpose of founding a home in America, he had visited some of the most celebrated localities of the Northern and Middle States, but wavered in making a selection. The moment, however, he saw the little trout lake and examined its surroundings he seemed inspired. He threw aside all ceremony when conversing with its owner, he gratified the old German by indulging in familiar conversation and in smoking one of his "corn-cob pipes," and at last his ex-majesty announced his desire to purchase the farm.

Contrary to all expectation, Barhyte refused to sell. The real value of the property at the time might have been two or three thousand dollars, and Joseph Bonaparte increased his offer from the sum named to the enormous one, as then considered, of thirty thousand dollars; but the queer old proprietor refused to part with his domain—his trout pond, he said, should never be other than his while he lived. Thus escaped Saratoga the fashionable prestige of having a palace and a park, which were subsequently created at Bordentown, New Jersey; and such was the estimate that the eldest brother of Napoleon placed upon the trout ponds and scenery in the vicinity of the world-renowned Saratoga Springs.

Ohio contributed six thousand five hundred pounds of ham, two thousand thirty-three pounds of bacon, and one thousand two hundred pounds of mess pork.

Beef-tongues, five hundred and eighty-seven, from the "smoke-houses" of the New York meat-curing establishments.

Seventeen thousand three hundred and nineteen pounds of "extra choice butter," made by the farmers in the vicinity of Saratoga. The pastures in Northern New York and the Green Mountains are the best in the world for the production of pure, rich milk. All the butter purchased is received in June, and packed in a dark, cool cellar. The farmers rely upon this market, and the hotel is equally dependent on them. As all butter of a good quality is purchased, a dozen wagons a day often deliver their freight.

Flour—Rochester brand—one hundred and eighty-five barrels. Indian meal, one thousand one hundred pounds.

Thirty-four thousand eight hundred quarts of milk, or three hundred and forty-eight quarts per day. Four thousand seventy-six quarts of cream. These articles are procured from especial farmers in the neighborhood of Saratoga. Milk is obtained from one set of producers, and cream from another set; so that there will be no inducement to furnish an inferior article of either kind.

Certain named vegetables are obtained in the neighborhood—viz.: four hundred and sixty barrels of turnips; four hundred and thirty bunches of rhubarb, or pie-plant; four thousand one hundred beets; eleven thousand carrots; seven hundred and forty-three bushels of potatoes, which are pronounced to be superior in quality to any others raised in the United States; eleven hundred and fifty-two bunches of asparagus. From the South came thirteen hundred and twenty-two heads of lettuce; two thousand eight hundred cucumbers; three hundred and fifty crates of tomatoes, of two bushels each; seven hundred and fifty squashes. These vegetables are brought first from Charleston, South Carolina; then, as the season advances, from Norfolk, Virginia; then from Delaware. They are brought to New York city in the regular line of steamers, and represent a vast and growing business.

Of fruits, we have one thousand five hundred and ninety-five water-melons from Charleston and Savannah, the cost averaging over one dollar each; sixty barrels of apples, selected with care from orchards in the neighborhood of the hotel, and only fit for the table toward the close of the season.

Of green corn, fifty-two thousand ears, grown in the neighborhood. This delicious food is raised by gardeners who make it a specialty. The planting is so arranged as to produce a succession of crops; so that the corn is in its perfection each day, from the beginning to the very close of the season.

A limited amount of strawberries are obtained from the South; but as the season advances, Saratoga County, and its surrounding country, produce abundant crops of strawberries and blackberries, reaching a total of six thousand six hundred quarts.

One thousand five hundred and fifty-six cans of different kinds of preserved fruits, packed in the western part of the State of New York; Rochester being a prominent point. Three hundred and fifteen bushels of mint, obtained in great perfection in the neighborhood, and not used exclusively for sauces. One hundred and fifty-four bunches of water-cresses, grown in the neighborhood.

The game laws prohibit shooting woodcock before the 4th of July. After that time, one thousand four hundred and sixty-eight were furnished the larder of the hotel, at the contract price of seventy-five cents each. Northward and within a circle of ten miles, Saratoga being the centre, is one of the best woodcock regions in the Northern States. Four hunters are in the employ of the hotel, who make it their exclusive business to kill the game, and bring it in fresh from the woods. When this bird should be cooked, after it is caught, is a subject of grave discussion among the lovers of good eating. One school insists as soon as possible after they are killed; another, with truer taste, we think, would wait a while, at least, before consigning the precious morsel to the spit. The chemist of the kitchen has, therefore, a difficult task to perform to meet the requirements of such opposite tastes. To one class, a bird just killed and immediately cooked would be more offensive than would be a bird cooked after its "gamy flavor" was widely pronounced.

Three hundred and sixty-one "quail," and two hundred and thirty dozen reed-birds, conclude the list of game, which is not large, owing to the time of year it is in hotel demand at Saratoga.

From abroad, among other things, came 134 boxes of sardines; 914 pounds of almonds; 38 boxes of raisins, 9 boxes of oranges; 33 boxes of lemons; 80 gallons of olives; 7 boxes of capers; 25 dozen cans of green pease, and 42 dozen cans of mushrooms, put up in France; 339 pounds of tea, the greatest part "black;" 2689 pounds of coffee; 427 pounds of chocolate, manufactured in New York, and superior to any that can be imported from abroad; 14,380 pounds of sugar; 160 pounds of farina; 427 pounds of rice; 115 pounds of samp; 200 pounds of hominy, and 600 pounds of wheaten grits. Italian macaroni, 450 pounds. Gelatine, New York manufacture, 348 pounds. Pickles, 11,300, sold by count, raised and prepared for market at White Plains. Vinegar, 333 gallons. Of spices—ginger, 46 pounds; nutmegs, 3 pounds; black pepper, 34 pounds; cinnamon, 10 pounds; cloves, 18 pounds; cassia, 13 pounds; mustard, 72 pounds. Miscellaneous—molasses, 32 gallons; cream of tartar, 125 pounds; olive oil, 60 cases. One thousand three hundred and sixty-eight baskets of assorted wines, principally claret and Champagne, an average of only 164 bottles per day.

In reviewing this list, it must strike the most superficial observer that, as a people, the Americans are dainty in matters of food, and that only the best and most nutritious things of nature's vast and varied storehouse are appropriated as articles of daily consumption, wherewith to obtain the physical and brain power of our active population. How much this fact of daintiness in food has affected, and will affect, our national character in the formation of a distinctive physical man and woman, to be known as the American race, is a subject of interesting consideration.

Of the nations mentioned in ancient history, the Romans, in our opinion, most resembled the people of the United States. There is a positive sameness in the spirit of conquest, in the absorption of surrounding countries, in colonizing, and then ingrafting all acquisitions on the national stock as one people. It is, therefore, worth a moment's examination to see what the masters of the Old World served upon their tables for daily food. In the palmy days of imperial Rome its wealthy citizens had their Saratoga Springs at Baden-Baden; and at that still-fashionable locality were hotel-keepers and learned gastronomic professors of whom we have no superior examples. The bill of fare of the

best class of people two thousand years ago is preserved to us with great minuteness; and upon examining it we are entitled to the unction that the Romans, in their best estate, were a ruder people than our own. They were mighty in arms and in physical progress, but their bloody combats in the arena were consonant, as might be expected, with the grossness of their appetites.

The Romans considered beef the most substantial food, and it constituted the chief nourishment of the athletes; but they did not confine themselves to the bovines, for they considered donkey-flesh a luxury, and esteemed the flesh of the wild ass better than venison. They entertained the American estimate of the value of pork, but they knew nothing, apparently, of our many excellent ways of preserving the meat with salt. Plutarch, refined as he undoubtedly was, speaks of the gravid sow (after being trampled to death and the mass then cooked) as a dish fit for the gods! Pigs stuffed with asafœtida were esteemed a luxury. These Romans also ate dogs and foxes with a gusto that would do credit to our Apache Indians. Of wild fowl they preferred one of the coarsest that lives. The flamingo to them was a *bonne bouche*, and was most appreciated after the consumption of a hearty dinner. And yet, incredible as it would seem, cooks catering for such coarse appetites invented the inestimable *fois gras*, which has preserved its place as one of the daintiest dishes of modern cookery. The Romans were also strangely barbarous in the selection of fish, the lamprey eel being a great favorite, and, if fed upon human flesh, it had a conventional quality of superior excellence. Among their eccentricities, they roasted snails on silver gridirons, while at table, and ate them hot, to give a more pronounced flavor to their splendid wines. Such were some of the favorite dishes of the Romans, composed of materials naturally repugnant to the human taste; and yet it is certain that these people, in their mild Italian climate and nearness to semi-tropical countries, possessed a larger amount of what are now at Saratoga considered luxuries (the wild turkey excepted) than we can command; and yet the Romans, as will be seen by examining our modern bill of fare, were, by comparison, so far as food is concerned, a coarse and rude people.

From these records of the magnates of the past we turn to the appetites of a people possessed of the largest pecuniary resources, and able to gather by the aid of steam any imaginable edible from the four quarters of the earth. With the same unlimited power to gratify the palate which in their day was at the command of the masters of the Old World, we find no abuse of God's evidently designed laws regarding things to be appropriated for food. The very creatures above all others suggested by nature as the proper and best nourishment of man have been carefully selected. And herein are the evidences of the refining influences of modern, we should say Christian, civilization, and a promise, possibly, of an eventual progress toward perfection in human development that moralists and statesmen, through intellectual influences, have already fancied they saw foreshadowed in the continent of the New World.

FOOTPRINTS OF CHARLES DICKENS.

CHARLES DICKENS was dead.

It was hard to realize, but realized it was at last; and then there was no look or voice in London but repeated it over and over—Charles Dickens is dead! I remember but one other occasion when the death of a man could be read with equal plainness on every face one met, and that was when news of a great tragedy at Washington burdened and blighted the air like a sirocco. When Dickens died the crowds seemed to walk the streets with muffled feet, and if one encountered merry parties it was plain they must be foreigners who had not known the breadth and depth of the nation's bereavement. To them we might say, as Dante mourning for Beatrice to the pilgrims:

> "Come ye from wandering in such distant land
> (As by your looks and garb we must infer),
> That you our city traverse in her woe,
> And mingle with her crowds, yet tears withhold,
> Like persons quite unconscious of her state,
> Who ne'er have heard the heavy loss she mourns?"

Silently and quietly his body was borne to rest in Westminster Abbey, among the good and great who were his brothers. There old Chaucer was buried, because his official duties were there brought to an end by death. He was, in one sense, the father of English literature, and they are his children whose dust reposes, or whose memories are honored, beside him—and none more than he who was last laid there, in whose genius, as in that of Chaucer, an era of English life is preserved. No sadder sight was ever witnessed in that old abbey than on the day when the grave was left open that the people might look down on his coffin. It was the people who were his mourners—the people who had found their lives touched into romance and pathos by his magical pen. The grave was almost filled with flowers—each flower the symbol of a heart. The grave was finally closed, but the tearful crowd could not leave it. They came day after day, and still heaped flowers upon the stone slab over him. There were long lines of children who came, each bearing a rose or a twig of evergreen, and the tears they shed were from the same fountains that had been touched by the woes of Oliver or Little Nell.

The death of Dickens did not, indeed, take his personal friends by surprise. For some time he had not walked the streets with the

old elasticity, and he had shown an increasing disposition to linger in his country home. An indication of the extent to which his more intimate friends had for some time been anxious about him may be found in a singular statement which I hear on good authority—namely, that the artist Frith, on the morning of June 9, said, "I dreamed that Charles Dickens was dead." A few moments afterward he found that his dream was true. It may have been, indeed, that the anxieties, of which Mr. Frith's dream was one expression, were partly caused by a somewhat mournful tone which the author himself had recently held—a tone which some of his friends have thought they could detect in his voice ever since the terrible Staplehurst railway accident, which he witnessed, and on the anniversary of which he died. "I begin to feel," he said, when Maclise died, "like the Spanish monk of whom Wilkie tells, who had grown to believe that the only realities around him were the pictures which he loved, and that all the moving life he saw, or ever had seen, was a shadow and a dream." They were words that might have seen the shadows of the brothers whose names and forms now encircle his in the abbey beckoning to him.

When a beloved one is dead it is a sad but a real satisfaction to trace over each step he has gone by our side, to touch the empty chair, to sit in the empty room, to read the volume he used to love. On the morning when I left the grave of Charles Dickens all London seemed to be his vacant room, and chair, and volume; and there seemed to be nothing left but to walk the streets and by-ways he had woven into the tissue of his work, to gaze on the houses that were his homes and the scenes he had interpreted. The three or four houses in which he resided—beginning with that in Furnival's Inn, where he began to work for a lawyer at thirteen and sixpence a week, and afterward wrote his "Sketches" and "Pickwick"—are all common London houses, nowise distinguishable from those in which other young men are writing to-day for London journals, with hopes and aims as high as his were. One can observe with each change of residence another rung in the upward ladder gained. Forty-eight Doughty Street, where he lived from 1837 to 1840, is a plain brick house, such as one may see miles of in London; number One, Devonshire Terrace, where he lived from 1840 to 1850, is much more elegant, the home of a middle-class English gentleman; and still more elegant, with pleasant court-yards about it, is Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, where he resided from 1850 to 1860. But, after all, these houses do not represent the vestiges of Charles Dickens in London. For these one must walk the streets of which he was the poet, and of these the lowliest. Let us go to Covent Garden Market, the spot around which English genius has always hovered. In that house Johnson used to eat his chop, and there he first met Boswell; not a hundred yards distant the wits of the old *Spectator* were wont to gather—Will's coffee-house; and across the way, close together, are now Evans's and the Savage Club, where the writers and actors may still be seen on almost any evening. Nay, the artist more like Dickens than any other found in Covent Garden the sources of his inspiration. Here in Maiden Lane, in an old house yet standing, but soon to fall, the barber's boy, afterward to be known as Turner, was born. He covered the walls of England with gorgeous colors and scenes, yet Ruskin declares he can trace the dust, stones, baskets, cabbage leaves, oranges, and stall-women of Covent Garden in the finest pictures Turner ever painted. One of the first sketches that ever induced London publishers to ferret out the young writer of certain papers in the *Morning Chronicle* was about Covent Garden. It is not very far to go to Goswell Street, where any coffee-house may have been the original of Goswell Hall, where Pickwick nourished his comfortable frame. But most of all the genius of Dickens is associated with Field Lane, where Fagin had his den. Let one pass by Smithfield, where Sikes dragged little Oliver—wondering at the swarms of the market (it is covered now by a magnificent edifice which is still a market)—poor little Oliver, at the moment suffering as sad a martyrdom as Smithfield ever saw, and on to Field Lane. On the day after Dickens's funeral I still saw the street signs, "Little Saffron Hill," and "Field Lane;" but what a change has come over the place since the author made it the scene of his thrilling story! The alterations made by the new Holborn Viaduct have almost completed the work begun by the Underground Railway, and Field Lane is now one dismal row of houses, from whose front the opposite row has been swept clean away, leaving all its wretchedness and filth exposed to view, and calling loudly to be swept into the biggest dust-hole that can be discovered. Eight years ago the wretched place was still what it had been when Dickens fixed it as the spot for Fagin's den. A large ragged school had appeared at one end of it, and a sturdy siege against the fortress of its furies had been begun; but the missionaries seemed to have no effect whatever. The chief commerce of the place was in old clothes, most of which were stolen. A gentleman with whom I walked the lane at that time related to me an incident which shows how felicitous the novelist was in apprehending the utmost details of what he wrote about: "In walking this lane with a friend when Dickens had made it much talked about I missed my handkerchief. It was plain that the Artful Dodger still lived thereabout. Some weeks later, passing through the lane, I saw in one of the windows my handkerchief exposed for sale, with my name still legible on it. I had the curiosity to enter the house and ask about the article, but two or three others were called in, and there began to be certain menaces, so that I was quite willing to depart, leaving the handkerchief in their hands."

The old house which was pointed out to me as one which had been really a den resembling that of Fagin has disappeared, and on the spot there is to-day a very handsome Gothic church. In a year's time, probably, the Board of Public Works will have succeeded where the Board of City Missions failed, and every house that originally went to make up the terrors of Field Lane will have disappeared. The wretched inhabitants can not at all understand why they should be occasionally subjects of curious inspection. They are clearly unconscious of their fame, and have never heard of "Oliver Twist." Bloated, diseased, filthy men, women, and children still swarm at the doors like rats; and even now no respectably dressed person can walk past without being angrily chaffed. It were well if we could hope that the work-house system, whose horrible workings were exposed, along with Fagin's den, in "Oliver Twist," was as likely to be cleared away as the latter, and as soon. But, despite the sensation produced when the portrait of Mr. Bumble was brought to light, the London work-house system is to-day as bad as it was then—probably worse.

If from Field Lane one passes by Holborn Hill to Drury Lane, he will find there, at every turn, exactly the pawnbroker's shop which is described in the "Sketches;" but the same may be said of every spot invested by his genius. At Yarmouth one may see along the shore just such houses—half house, half vessel—as the Pegottys lived in; and at Canterbury I have seen the very tombs amidst which the poor outcast of that story might have crouched, listening to the hymn of the cathedral choir. At Ramsgate one can not remain through a summer's day without perceiving that the place has been photographed—body and soul—in "The Tuggs's at Ramsgate." All these are the works of one who knew the inmost nature of every Englishman, all its deeps and by-ways, and who has turned his bull's-eye upon all hidden spots, not with the spirit of a detective, but with that of a preserver. Some time ago, when it was proposed to return Dickens to Parliament for Newcastle, and he declined, some one said: "He is right. Why should he go into the House of Commons? He is a House of Commons in himself." And when we consider the new interest in the poor he has awakened, the wrongs he has brought to light, the measures which would never have been passed had he not written, we can not help feeling that he really represented this whole people before that highest legislature—Public Opinion.

The debt which America owed to this man was hardly less than that which England owed him. The insane fury with which his "American Notes" was received in our country was simply an outburst of the same rage that afterward was visited on Mrs. Stowe for her "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The outcries about "exaggerated and distorted statements" heard in England from poor-house authorities, when "Oliver Twist" was published, were counterparts of the angry denunciations of slavery when Dickens published the advertisements about negroes which he read daily. I remember that the Southerners were also furious at his description of the roads and the driver in Northern Virginia, declaring it all a caricature. But I happened to have been born and reared close to that old Acquia road, and have often seen the stage and the driver which figure in the "American Notes;" and it was known to me, as to others dwelling in the same region, that the descriptions were all not only graphic, but photographic in their accuracy. John Randolph once described that same road as a "Serbonian bog," and Dickens illustrated the fact. The old negro driver's call to his laboring horses, "Pill, Giddy, Pill," was long proverbial in the neighborhood of Fredericksburg. It is probable that Dickens's sketch was the first thing that led to the improvements of a region which had become almost impassable—which have ended in the railway. And as his local descriptions of Northern Virginia were accurate, so were his reports of Southern institutions; and his brave exposures of slavery must also be counted among the agencies which swelled that shame and wrath which seized on the American people when they began to see themselves as others saw them, the sum and result of which is now a matter of history. The same must more and more be said by intelligent Americans concerning the other blots in their country upon which he laid his finger—as the system of solitary confinement, and the savage manners of some sections. "Charles Dickens," says Emerson, "self-sacrificingly undertook the reformation of our American manners in unspeakable particulars. I think the lesson was not quite lost; that it held bad manners up so that the churls could see the deformity." This is a judgment that Lord Jeffrey prophesied would come from the best Americans in the end. "The slavers," he wrote to Dickens, "of course, will give you no quarter, and, of course, you did not expect they would;" but the slavers were not to rule America forever; and it is not the least happy circumstance in the career of Dickens that he was able to visit America when her sons had left off the habit of seeing every thing through Southern eyes, and was able to let them feel the substantial and hearty love for them which beat in his breast. His first wounds given us were the faithful wounds of a friend; and in every English company his language concerning America has been for many years rather that of an enthusiast than of a critic.

The feeling in London concerning the People's Author seems to me to have increased with every day since his death. The paper that has a new paragraph about him is still sure of the largest sale for that day. As a scene of enthusiasm among ordinarily cool intellects, the sale of his effects was quite unparalleled.

After the sale of Dickens's pictures, which took place July 9, I repaired with a dear friend to the Charing Cross station, and took a ticket for the little village of Higham, in Kent. I held a little invitation to visit the home of Charles Dickens before it, too, should cease to be identified with him. It is not near; one must travel an hour and a half by rail to the village that is nearest Gadshill Place, and then go a mile and a half before reaching the house. For the first half hour we found ourselves soaring on our steam-wings over the red-tiled tops of London houses. It seems as if one would never get beyond these thick chimney-tops. How many times had the genius of London passed over these crowded homes, and how many dreams had he dreamed of the struggle with grim Fate going on beneath each of these roofs! We glide into the fields at length—on by pleasant parks, where the wealthy dwell; by the hovels of agricultural laborers, deforming the adjacent mansions; by spreading meadows and farms, where male and female tramps are making the most of the days of sunshine preceding their long hibernation; by wigwams of gipsies; by cricket-grounds, where youths in fleshes are winning their innings or loafing about their tents; by the huge paper-mills of Dartford; by Gravesend, where the Indian princess Pocahontas died just as she was starting again for the dear wilds of Virginia, for which, amidst the court splendors of England, she still sadly pined; until at last we come to one of the wretchedest little groups of houses discoverable in this country. This is Higham, the nearest station to the spot which Shakspeare and Dickens have made classic. When we inquire for a conveyance the station folk eye us smilingly. A conveyance in Higham! We must walk. It is nearly four o'clock; exciting auctions are hungry affairs; we will find a luncheon at yonder public house. But the only room we find there is full of roughs and their smoke. We ask at the bar for a bottle of Bass's ale. The publican looks at us with amazement, as if we had asked for *Veuve Clicquot*. "You will not find Bass's ale in 'Igham, Sir. People in gen'l 'ereabouts won't pay so much for ale as that comes to" (pints 6*d.*). "I've some hale werry good, Sir." This "werry good" ale was replaced on the counter after the first sup, the two-pence paid, and we started for Gadshill. It is a narrow, unpicturesque road, up hill all the way, and—it being in the time of the drought—dry and dusty. It lies through a country which supplies Covent Garden with fruit, and we experienced the probable emotions of Tantalus as we passed by laden cherry-trees and strawberry-gardens, from which no cherry or berry could be obtained, except by the bushel. We begin to feel weary and irritable, and doubt if we shall be in a fit frame of mind to enjoy the visit to Gadshill. At this moment we encounter two English gentlemen. "Are we right for Gadshill?" "Yes; but are you not too late?" "Too late!" I look at my invitation and find that it is essential that we shall be there between ten and four, and it is now twenty minutes past four. This comes of the gigless unrespectability of Higham. "Don't you think they'll let us in? Surely they'll not let us, after coming so far, go away without seeing the house and grounds!" "I fear you'll be mistaken in your hopes; they didn't seem to be very accommodating." We trudge on. The next moment we see crowning this undelectable hill a grove of beautiful large firs, and in the midst the charming little summer-house of oak and green colors, which some Swiss admirers presented to Dickens, and in which he passed the last morning of his life. Passing this, which is on the front division of the Gadshill grounds—reached from the house by a tunnel running beneath a public road—we see a pleasant, unostentatious brick mansion, with flowers and vines climbing on its walls. This, one would say, at first glance, is an ordinary country gentleman's home; the home, it might be, of the squire. But this is the house which seemed to fill the longings of Charles Dickens, when he felt that he had passed through the noise and storm of the great city, had heard the full music and learned all the rhythm of its myriad footsteps, and would fain find a quiet bower of literary leisure in which to pass his declining years. Visitors to Gadshill Place have often wondered that the author should have sought his seclusion so far away from the friends who were always so necessary to his social temperament; but, since his death, one of his personal friends has related the very touching story of its connection with the early associations of his boyhood. It was not alone, as he told us himself long ago, that it was in this neighborhood that he used to stroll when a school-boy—that it was these very trees that used to twine into frames about Roderick Random and shape themselves to the visions of Don Quixote. The "not very robust child, sitting in by-places, near Rochester Castle, with a head full of Partridge, Strap, Tom Pipes, and Sancho Panza," must have found this old hill peopled with a queerer company than Falstaff ever met here. But it now turns out that once, when rambling with his father, he admired this house, and the father said, "If you work and mind your book, you will, perhaps, one day live in a house like that." The words sank into his mind, and from that day the house became, as it were, a beacon to his life. He never lost sight of it, and on the day when he called it his own it meant more than success—it meant the fulfillment of a faithful father's hope.

Gadshill is not so dreary now as it is pictured in Knight's Shakspeare, but it requires all of its classical associations to make it picturesque. A dusty macadamized road, a public house, and one or two small tenements, go to make all of its human pretensions beyond

the one considerable residence we have come to visit. What few people walk the road or loiter at the door of the public house have that dull, seedy look which marks the country people of England, so many of whom are serfs of the soil in all except the freedom to drink as much bad beer as they please, and keep their children in ignorance—this last being a liberty before which the House of Commons itself lately faltered and sank. Here, where society is ever on the defensive, the gardens of the wealthy add no beauty to the road, unless to those who ride by in carriages, and can peep over their high brick walls; and Gadshill Place is only partially an exception to the rule. On the occasion of our visit its walls seemed particularly obdurate—written all over with the words, "No admission after four." Nevertheless, I did not despair. An old farmer, on a wagon, said, "He was a good neighbor, Sir; there be many hereabouts that will miss him." The walls that have inclosed a heart that has earned the love of poor and ignorant neighbors, as well as of the distinguished, must have a soft place about them somewhere. Yet there was certainly no appearance of any sentimental weaknesses about them. The huge oaken gates were shut fast and barred for the day, and, instead of pleasant grounds haunted with memories fragrant as their flowers, we found ourselves in front of a fortress, pondering how to enter it. The bell is pulled, and a handsome lad appears. He tells us that entrance after four o'clock is impossible. Various arguments—even the suggestion of sops—are tried on this smiling little Cerberus in brass buttons; but his heart is apparently hard as the nether millstone. At last I said, "Will you please tell Miss Hogarth that there are two Americans—" "Americans!" exclaimed the boy. In a moment he had vanished; in another the great gates were rolling back on their wheels; it was not to be that either in life or death the door of Charles Dickens was ever closed to an American. How the Englishmen whom we had met on the way could have said that those having charge of the house were unaccommodating I know not; I fear they must have allowed the Paul Pry element to preponderate during their visit; we were conducted kindly into every room in the house—even the bedrooms, wherein the most sacred family pictures and souvenirs were now kept, and at whose doors we hesitated—and found only affability and attention.

On entering, the first thing we behold is a frame containing an inscription to the effect that the house stands upon the Gadshill of Shakspeare. Beneath is the quotation from 1 Henry IV., act I., sc. 2: "But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill: There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves." There was something strange in the fact that this old hill, so famous before Shakspeare's time for robbers, should have been, as it were, tilled by his genius into the floral spot which now crowns it.

The library of Dickens was in the front of the house. The desk at which he wrote, the chair in which he sat, were there as we entered, close to the bay-window, through which he would see the road where the Canterbury pilgrims passed—the road where Falstaff and his fellow-robbers scampered away before Prince Hal and Poins, the eleven men in buckram. Here passed Chaucer, listening to the Canterbury tales; here followed Shakspeare, shaping the ancient ballad of "The Robbery at Gadshill" into one of these jewels, as Tennyson defines them, "which sparkle on the forefinger of Time." And here at last came to live and die the one man alone among Englishmen worthy to be named with the others as a third among the representative writers of England.

There was something almost fearful in the vacancy of this library when the pen had fallen from the hand of the author. The vacant chair; the desk, on which were neither pen, ink, nor paper; the studious nicety of the little furniture remaining—all these had the horrible effect of a clean, varnished, and silver-mounted coffin. The book-shelves remained fastened to the walls on every side of the room from floor to ceiling, but not one single book was left. Every book had, however, left its mark upon the wall. Every thing spoke of the vanishing of the spirit that had here sat at its task. I knew the feeling of the superstitious who tread tremblingly at midnight in haunted houses. As in a dream, there arose before me all the faces and scenes which, in one among the millions of lives that have been somehow influenced by this master, had become intertwined with his memory.

Far away in a little town in Virginia it was, when, as a wondering child, I heard the elders tell of our wealthy neighbor who had broken a blood-vessel, and required the utmost care of the physician. It was related that he had been reading "Pickwick," his laughter over which had brought about the casualty. The doctor prescribed "strict abstinence from Dickens." Who is Dickens, I ask; and who or what may be "Pickwick?" But my father is a stern man, who doubts about novel-reading. Nevertheless, he relaxes a little for the novels of this one man; and I find myself entering a new heaven and a new earth through the pages of "Oliver Twist" and "The Old Curiosity Shop." To this day I can not help suspecting the sanity of any one who does not concede that those are the two best novels ever written.

The writer of those books seemed to me to be so far removed beyond all other mortals that, when I was one day told that he was actually, and in the flesh, to pass through our little Virginian town, I should have been less amazed to hear that the man in the moon was to do that same. I remember the day on which he came—and went—for I marked it

around with charcoal, as that on which I first knew the iron touch of Tragedy. To have set eyes on the man who wrote "Oliver Twist" would for me have enriched life immeasurably. The thought of seeing him alight from the stage-coach at the hotel was a possible joy so great that it winged my feet as I went up that day to the schoolmaster, and asked release for one small half hour for that purpose. But the old teacher had never heard of Dickens, and he said, "No." Alas! old master, you have long ago passed into the grave, and I can not even remember other blows you may have inflicted; but this one which the boy of ten received it is still hard for the man to forgive—impossible to forget! The word "No" filled up the place of the sun that day. Under a mad impulse I leaped from the window of the school-room and ran toward the hotel where the author was to appear; but with each step the struggle between Ahriman and Ormuzd in my breast grew fiercer, until at last the latter prevailed and carried me back a penitent to the school. The old teacher was moved as I entered. "You can go, Sir, and see the man," says he. I ran like lightning; but it was too late; I heard only the hurrah of a group of people—only saw a carriage wheeling swiftly away with the one man on earth in it whom I wished to see.

When twenty years afterward I grasped the hand of that man, and listened often to the magic of his voice, there seemed a heavy injustice wiped out of my life.

I remember Dickens at the grave of Thackeray. An unhappy difference had for some years clouded the friendship between Thackeray and Dickens, but one day, encountering each other by merest chance, their hearts and hands rushed together as by some secret force of nature; and their relations were more cordial than ever—they were almost affectionate—up to the day when Thackeray died. On the day when that great and true man was laid in his grave in Kensal Green—close to the dust of others whom both had known and loved, Jerrold and Leigh Hunt—Dickens had a look of bereavement in his face which was indescribable. When all others had turned aside from the grave he still stood there, as if rooted to the spot, and watching with almost haggard eyes every spadeful of dust that was thrown upon it. Walking away with some friends he began to talk, but presently, in some sentence, his voice quivered a little, and shaking hands all around rapidly he went off alone.

Most precious, since his death, to those who heard and saw them are those wonderful impersonations of his which were called "readings." Readings indeed! A few years ago, when Mr. Carlyle was somewhat dejected, and, as his friends thought, confining himself too much at home, he was persuaded to go and hear Dickens read, and I heard him relate his experience thereof. "It didn't have a very attractive look at first," he said, "this of hearing a man read his works; but I pretty soon found that 'reading' was a very insufficient description of the thing provided for us. The man's face and voice were made into a kind of stage, and he called up his people upon it so that we might see them act their parts. His characters seemed, indeed, to be related to his physiognomy, the further projections of him, to be mastered at will like his tongue and eyes. Such alternations of drollery and pathos, such ingenious grotesque sidelings into all the corners and crannies of human eccentricity and sentiment, one would have imagined quite impossible to any one man." The relation of Charles Dickens to the people was never more displayed than at these assemblies to listen to him. When he took his stand and glanced around it was with a certain look of love on his face, as if he felt that he had in the crowd around him the material out of which he had drawn his characters, and perceived that they had come to see themselves as they really were, and know how they were really performing their part. He received them imperially too, sometimes, as if they were all Rose Maylies, Nicholas Nicklebys, or Dr. Marigolds. And the occasions for the manifestation of this feeling were not infrequent in London. St. James's Hall is pleasant, but it was hardly large enough for the average audience that came to hear him, and there was often a difficulty in getting seats even for those who had paid for them. "I am sorry to interrupt, Sir," a man exclaimed, just as the author was about to begin one of his last readings; "but some of us who have secured seats can not get them." "Order—silence," cried the multitude of the seated; but Dickens said: "The gentleman is quite right, and I shall not begin until every one present who has paid for a seat has it." At another time when a lady in the body of the hall fainted the reader hastened to send her his glass of water before the audience knew any thing of what had happened. I do not know how it was in America, but here in London there was rarely an assembly which Dickens met which was not made to feel that they were all in some sort his guests. When he was leaving a room in which he had made any public appearance a crowd always waited at the door, as other crowds wait for the appearance of the Prince; but I have seen on such occasions manifestations of popular reverence such as never yet greeted any prince. I particularly remember when he was leaving the door of the Freemasons' Tavern, after the banquet at which he had bidden adieu to his friends, an aged and poor woman rushed from the pavement, caught his hand between both of hers, and looked with her withered face bent upon his. Dickens stood still, his face flushing, and returned her look with a sad smile. No word was said by either. The author entered his carriage and drove away; the people fell back to let the old woman hobble away into the Inane; and it seemed to me as if Charles Dickens had been met and blessed

on his departure by one of the Parcæ or one of the Incarnations of these London streets.

Alas, alas: memories, visions, scenes, all sink and fade: there remains this empty chair!

Gadshill Place is completely invested with flowers. There are roses climbing on the house, and blooming to-day with an almost mocking luxuriance; there are conservatories opening from the drawing-room and the dining-room, and on every side of the house. Along the edge of the sward behind the house are large stone urns, or rather basins, of bright red flowers, and the front garden is also glowing with parterres. There are some graceful trees also, laurel and ivy and holly among them; and from these, with the permission of the kindly woman who conducts us, I gather a handful of leaves—green and yellow, in which I shall not be at a loss to find some symbolism in the years to come.

Editor's Easy Chair.

"I KILLED the old hen the day before Independence," said the farmer's wife; and her phrase restored all the old flavor to the festival. It suggested a calendar which dates from American Independence, preserving the exact historical significance of the day, and recalling John Adams's jubilant prophecy. The more modern phrase is "the Fourth," which has no uncertain meaning, but yet does not so directly remind us of the occasion. And how fast we are coming to the centennial anniversaries! This is the hundredth year since James Otis retired from active life. The 5th of last March was the hundredth anniversary of the Boston massacre. In December, 1773, the tea was thrown overboard in Boston Harbor. In the spring of 1774 the Committee of Correspondence was formed in New York, which proposed the "Congress of Deputies from the Colonies in General." In 1775 came Lexington and Bunker Hill. In 1776 the Declaration of Independence. Already Philadelphia has begun to reflect upon its immense responsibility, and will devise some vast and adequate ceremonial. But every where the day will be the highest festival ever known in the country.

This year the day was in itself so cool and delightful as to be memorable. Usually it is intensely hot, and the heat is aggravated by the incessant and universal tumult and exasperating crack of gunpowder. The city of New York is always given up upon the occasion to squibs, fire-crackers, pistols, and rockets; and an unhappy gentleman, lying seriously ill in a hospital, wrote to the papers a pitiful tale of his sufferings and those of others from this senseless noise—a tale which was undoubtedly as accurate as it was dismal. It is long since there has been a city oration on Independence-day; but the Tammany Society holds an annual meeting on that day, at which there is an immense effervescence of rhetoric, and prophecies pop as glibly as Roman candles. It is perhaps too exclusively a partisan festival to satisfy the requirements of the Revolutionary patriot. But he would find the same difficulty probably every where, and in the words of men of all parties.

And who shall satisfactorily interpret the Revolution? The Easy Chair was once beguiled into delivering a Fourth of July oration, in which it expounded what it believed to be the very doctrines of the fathers. During the discourse it observed a grave, white-headed gentleman cherishing a dignified gold-headed cane, and intently listening. When it was ended the listener waited, and as the orator approached the old gentleman remarked, "Sir, excuse me! But if those were the opinions of the Revolutionary fathers, I know nothing about them." He then began to talk with the Easy Chair, and to endeavor to persuade it that it had entirely misconceived the men and the times of the Revolution. The truth is, that the better men of each party believe themselves to be the heirs of Revolutionary principles, forgetting, perhaps, that the men of the Revolution were almost as warmly divided as we. There is nothing ferocious in our party disputes that can not be paralleled among our fathers; and there is no partisan rivalry of the best men of the opposition for which there is not the most painful and startling precedent in our history. If any body is disposed to give up the ship because of the difficulties and perils that surround it, let him take heart as he recalls the awful typhoons which it has survived. It is not worth while, indeed, to be enervated by optimism, but it is not therefore desirable to be paralyzed by despair. The old faith that the burden is proportioned to the strength is justified in nations as in individuals.

But, although there is no city oration, there are, and there always will be, orations under some auspices upon the great day, as there will always be the private if not the public pyrotechnics, to relieve the swelling emotion of the occasion. Indeed, the curious observer has sometimes supposed that he detected a close resemblance between the two, and has even, in moments either of too utter forgetfulness or of too shrewd perception, imagined that he was hearing the rush of rockets and the jubilant *feu de joies* at the wrong end of the day. As a penalty for political offenses, how would it do to sentence culprits to six months of Sing Sing and a reading course of all the Fourth of July orations of the last quarter of a century, with discretion reserved to the Executive to commute the punishment, upon proof of good behavior, into two years of Sing Sing without the literature? But why should the explosive rhetoric surprise us? The Fourth of July orator has a painful consciousness that he is to compete with ginger-pop, gunpowder, and the circus, and that he must somehow produce the impression of remarkable "somersets," or the clown over the way will bear the bell. The orator is at a lamentable disadvantage. The day is pitched in a key of high and rollicking excitement. He must be in tune

with it, and, to do him justice, he usually tries to be. But the clown has more practice.

Yet there would seem to be a better way. Instead of spreading his sheeny vans to soar in the empyrean of hifalutin, why should he not leave the lovers of the noble spectacle of jumping at flying speed through beribboned hoops to their own refreshment, and address himself to another taste? Considering how constantly and copiously we have talked for nearly a hundred years about the Revolution, the general knowledge of the subject is a little ludicrous and shameful in its small extent. Governor Seymour, in his address at the Cornell University, said that it was the part of our history with which we are most familiar. But that was only a polite way of saying that we don't know much of any part of it. If you look into any of the anniversary orations, what strikes you most is their avoidance of the text. There is very little information in them about the Revolutionary men or events, and yet what exhaustless themes they are!

If all the orators next year should agree to select some hero or conspicuous Revolutionary man, each a different one, and tell his story, what immense freshness and charm the day would have, and how we should all rise from our seats wiser men! Each of the old thirteen States would furnish every orator in it with some son whose life would be well worth the telling. Here in New York there would be Hamilton and Jay and King and Morris and Clinton and the Livingstons, to begin with. And the old thirteen could furnish all their younger sisters with subjects, so that on Independence-day, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the air would be loud not only with the general sound of rejoicing, but with the words of special and individual remembrance that would make the old men and the old time live again. The whole land would be an Old Mortality giving that day to the graves of the honored dead, and scraping away the moss from every headstone. We are evidently to have a memorial day of the later war; let us not less reverently decorate the graves of the Revolution by refreshing the memories of its heroes in our hearts.

It was a little odd that some of the more conspicuous orations of this year dealt with a question of population, and from a new point of view. Hitherto the Independence orator, with exhaustless national hospitality, has held wide open the gates of the land, and cried aloud to "the oppressed of all nationalities" to enter. "America," he has exclaimed, as if through a tremendous speaking-trumpet, whose notes were to reverberate through the vast whispering-gallery of the world—"America is the final refuge of the wanderer. The toiling millions crushed beneath the EFFETE DESPOTISMS of other lands are welcome here. The bird of American freedom, spreading wide its sheltering wings, and holding the Star-spangled Banner in its mighty talons, would fain gather beneath its brooding bosom all who would fly to its protection." This has been our gushing Independence strain. But on this anniversary the chief orator of both the great parties in the country filed a bill of exceptions, while the Senate of the United States, sitting upon the national Sabbath itself, was stormily debating a proposition which forbade all persons born in China to become citizens.

It was a little comic when it was remembered that two years ago we were all complacently rubbing our hands because, under American auspices, the Chinese wall was about to be broken down, and an American had been selected to announce to the rest of the world that China wished now to be admitted *ad eundem*. "The most hoary and ancient of nations," we said, "joins hands with the youngest. The most venerable of civilizations blends with the most juvenile. Day-before-yesterday hobnobs with Day-after-to-morrow." There was immense feasting. Delmonico gave the dishes of an entire dinner complimentary Chinese names. The deftest orators said delightful things about China. We do not recall a single allusion to paganism. Not one of the eloquent gentlemen suggested that the "Mongolian race" should give us pause. The inability of Asiatics who are addicted to joss-sticks to bind themselves by Christian oaths was not even mentioned in the flow of festive speech. Somebody in Congress, indeed, carried an appendix to the treaty to the effect that it was not to naturalize any body; but the fact was not remarked in the general hilarity. We were all to go and make our fortunes by building railroads and telegraphs in China, and all to wear cheap grass-cloth jackets in summer, and pack our winter woolens in camphor trunks.

This pretty dream was painfully brief. Day-before-yesterday began to hobnob with Day-after-to-morrow in a pleasant rural town in Massachusetts. But Day-after-to-morrow was for handcuffs and tomahawks rather than hobnobbing; and the sitting down of seventy-five Chinese on the shoemakers' benches of North Adams shook the whole country. It was a very small detachment of the oppressed of other lands—a mere squad of the victims of the effetest despotism of all; but many of the orators hastened to shut the gates in their faces, and to declare that we didn't mean those particular victims, nor the oppressed of that especial despotism. The protest was limited, indeed. It did not declare that no Chinese should come, but that they should not be brought over as virtual slaves by contract. Yet it was said with such an air of alarm, and with such a denunciation of a degraded race, that the argument seemed to apply to the permitted as well as to the proscribed.

It is all right, and every thoughtful American will agree; but he will still smile at the contrast between the exuberant festive eloquence that saluted the treaty, and the kicks and cuffs that greeted the arrival of "the most ancient of peoples and civilizations." Indeed, our rhetoric is a frisky nag, and on great occasions he runs away with us. On Independence-day, especially, there is such a blazing and popping that he is quite unmanageable, and we go like John Gilpin—we ride as we were mad. John did not mean to run toll, and we don't mean to transcend common-sense. But we get going, and clear all bounds. Then, again, on Independence-day, or indeed on any other, an "effete despotism" affects us as a head was to affect the well-advised Irishman in the shindy. Wherever he saw it he was to hit it. So we have struck out at the "Old World," and we have stimulated the excellent bird of our country to cluck all people under her wing; but we now discover that we don't wish all to come.

The truth is, as we were saying, that if the

orators would not undertake to rival the circus, but would reflect that nations, like persons, have their laws of health, which can not be safely outraged, obedience to which is neither pusillanimity nor treachery, and illustrate this great truth by the Revolutionary example, when the Colonies, although fighting for liberty and independence, did not hesitate to deal with the disaffected who gave aid and comfort to the enemy, then the orators would do us a service for which a resolution of thanks would be carried unanimously and with enthusiasm.

Angelica writes to the Easy Chair that she had set her heart upon voting in Vermont at the next election, and that the wickedness of the present voters in forbidding her affects her so deeply that she feels that the cause is henceforth hopeless. Indeed, she seems to take it so much to heart as to imply that if another State should decide otherwise it would not satisfy her. Apparently the change must begin in Vermont or nowhere.

The argument of the young gentleman with his schoolmate, that if he couldn't have it his way he wouldn't have it at all, is one of the most familiar of arguments. And it results from this disposition that the failure of our own method seems to us to involve the failure of the whole cause in which we are interested. Thus, in Congress, a warm partisan, who has set his heart upon a railroad to the moon from the top of the Andes instead of the Himalaya—for what patriotic American would ever concede that an Asian point of departure could be superior to any upon our own majestic continent?—the Congressional advocate of the Andes route, we say, in the ardors of his eloquent appeal, exclaims: "Mr. President, the eyes of the country, of the world, are upon us. Our duty is plain. I have shown the merits of the case, and it remains for the Senate [or the House] to decide. But, Sir, I warn those honorable gentlemen with whom I am politically connected that if they turn a deaf ear to the appeal of reason and common-sense—if, dazzled by any illusion or seduced by any sophistry, they consent to sacrifice their own continent to another, and to prefer the cloudy peaks of Asia to the heavenly heights of America, they will assume the dreadful responsibility of destroying the party; and so total will be its annihilation that at the next election there will be no sign to show that such a party ever existed."

This gentleman thinks so. The meaning of his speech is, that if his advice is not followed universal night is at hand. And it is a very common belief. In a late religious convention one reverend gentleman urged with great earnestness the imperative, the vital necessity of building a neat little denominational wall. "I appeal to the good sense of my brethren. How shall we ever know where we end and our neighbors begin if we do not invoke the favor of the tutelary Terminus? If any inquiring friend demands how far we go or where we stop, shall we refuse to enable ourselves to answer him? If any ill-disposed traveler sneers that apparently we run over all creation and have no bounds whatever, shall we lie naked to his merciless gibes, or shall we not rather throw up a neat and elegant hedge or a decisive stone wall or a simple wire fence upon which we can lean triumphantly, and tell him that if he has eyes he can see, and that if he has not 'tis a pity, but can not be helped, forasmuch as it is the business of a sect to build walls, which we have done, but not to furnish eyes, which we shall not undertake to do? And, brethren, one thing is evident. The time has come for a wall. It is a crisis. All the signs in heaven and upon the earth cry aloud for a wall. In the still watches of the night I hear a voice which says, Build a wall! Posterity pleads with us for some little structure of that kind. As Peter the Hermit, preaching the Crusade, cried, God wills it! God wills it! even so I feel constrained to shout, God walls it! God walls it! Our Zion must no longer be left unwalled. If we would sit under our own vine and fig-tree unmolested, we must fence them in. If we do not—if our hearts are hardened, and we abandon them to the chances of a garden without hedges or ditches—for even a ditch will answer—a ditch in which the unwary or the designing, poaching upon our limits, may be mired—then, brethren, the end is sure. I give you two years, and when they are passed this fair and fruitful denomination will have utterly vanished from the face of the earth—and all for the want of a wall."

This gentleman also thinks so. Like the honorable member of Congress, he feels that, if he can not have his way, not only will he be disappointed, but in the one case a party, in the other a sect, will have been willfully destroyed. And this conviction is a beautiful provision of nature, because it inspires such zeal and tenacity. The men who achieve great results are those who are persuaded that every thing depends upon the success of their particular plan. The work must not only be done, but it must be done so, and not otherwise. But when two of these positive currents meet—when, after A has shown that if you do not make the Andes the starting point chaos will immediately follow, B arises, and with equal conviction and eloquence proves that the same chaos is sure to overwhelm us unless we start from the Himalaya, we are naturally inclined to listen with a great deal of attention to C, the honorable member from the Atlantic Ocean, who says: "Mr. President, this is at least the tenth time this session that the party has been at the last gasp. If the Senate refused to order a quart bottle of mucilage for each Senator, we were solemnly told that the party was going into liquidation. If this body was unwilling to adjourn at the first dinner bell, we were warned that we were wantonly hostile to the deepest instincts of the party, and that the party of our faith was doomed. Sir, the party is not—I say it with profound respect for all my honorable friends in this chamber—it is not a bob to the tail of any man's kite."

And so in the religious convention, when the friend with the wall eye, so to speak, had seated himself, after his very sincere declaration that without a wall the denomination would be gone in two years, another friend, with equal conviction, arose—the other positive current—and said: "Ever since I have known any thing about the denomination it has been expiring and expiring, always upon its death-bed, always surrounded by a weeping company, and always as alive and alert as it is to-day. It is evident that it does it no harm to die. If the want of a wall is

to be fatal, why, the denomination is used to fatalities; and it can do no more, as Brother Walrus says, than die of that want, as it is perpetually dying of all its other wants. Dying doesn't hurt it, but a wall would. In the Christian sense—and, of course, Brother Walrus has no other—to die is to grow. But to be walled in is to be imprisoned and dwarfed. The truth is, that we are always pushing out our boundaries. Terminus is to us the chief of false gods. If we should build a wall, we should only break our heads against it. Our Zion is not a yard, but the world." It was very clear that the want of a wall would not be so fatal as the first orator had represented, and unquestionably believed; and the brethren resolved to take the risks.

In one of Browning's most subtile poems, "A Soul's Tragedy," he describes a revolution in an Italian town. The provost is to be overthrown. If he is not, say the revolutionists, tyranny and anarchy will reign supreme. Well, he isn't, and tyranny and anarchy do not reign; and the provost, as he sends the ringleader into a little exile, wholesome for reflection and improvement, remarks, sententiously, "I have known *four*-and-twenty leaders of revolts."

The truth is, that great systems and parties and sects and causes of every kind do not die so easily as gentlemen with theories suppose. They are, in a certain sense, independent of their supporters, as principles are independent of human volition. The mistake of the Commonwealth men in England, as of the Terrorists in France, was in supposing that to cut off the king's head was to destroy kingship. It is easy enough to kill a monarch, but not a monarchy. So it is easy to defeat any particular method or measure, without harming the principle from which it springs. It is certainly a good thing, for instance, to establish still further intercourse between the moon and the earth. To that end a railroad is very desirable. But even if A's route from the summit of the Andes, and B's from the Himalaya, should both be defeated, the resolution to have further communication with the moon will certainly remain. The honorable A and B, like the young gentleman at school, may decline to take any further interest if their plans are not adopted. But they speak for themselves only. The great cause of lunar communication is not a bob to the tail of their kites.

The Easy Chair observes that in some quarters the conduct of the Senate Committee in asking to be excused from further consideration of the petitions of certain women for fair play, and the extremely attenuated minority which supported the same proposition in the Vermont Convention, are good-humoredly regarded by others than his correspondent, Angelica, as what the same young gentleman at school would call "settlers" or "sockdologers." They certainly do not indicate an immediate or easy success. But the Easy Chair trusts that the petitioners will not lose heart. The victorious provost may chuckle that he has known four-and-twenty leaders of revolts, meaning that so many efforts have failed. It is not surprising. The huge intrenched political system of the city of Faenza could no more be overthrown by a riot than its palace walls could be pushed down by enthusiastic hands. But the *fifth*-and-twenty leader of revolts may do the business. And if not the fifth-and-twenty, then the fifth-and-twenty hundredth.

The petitioners should remember that they really ask for thought rather than for action. Of course the demand for action is the best way to stimulate thought, and thought once aroused will bring down both the provost and the palace. But the substance of their petition is so new that it has approached public consideration very much as Wolfe's advance crept to Montcalm's lines upon the Heights of Abraham. The camp was in peril of being carried almost before it knew it. So society has been smiling and dozing along its lines, not believing a serious assault possible upon that side, and lo! here it is. Here is Birnam wood coming up the hill to the castle! It is incredible, but it is a fact. And now the cry to arms resounds every where.

Still, gentle enemy, the castle is yours, although you must fight for it. You will not carry it by a *coup de main*, and so much the better. You will prove your endurance, your resources, your valor, as well as your skill. The particular point at which you aimed is for the present lost. But the success every where else makes that point finally surer. On every hand the gates of opportunity are opening. Colleges, special schools, special training of all kinds invite you, more and more. Fiction, the most powerful of modern advocates, pleads in Wilkie Collins's "Man and Wife" for fairer laws, and fairer laws thunder at the doors of the House of Lords, and demand to enter into the British code. The outworks of mere tradition are giving way. Here and there your far-reaching batteries are planting thoughts in the very citadels of prejudice. Your cannonade has set the world thinking, and therefore your victory has begun. If the minority in the Vermont Convention is one only—"how far that little candle throws his beams!" If the Committee of the Senate ask to be relieved from considering your petition, it is because it has been taken up by society in Committee of the Whole.

"THE victors of Jena survive." These are the last words of the French declaration of war against Prussia. It is the war proclamation of a Bonaparte; and before such words and the associations they awaken more than a half century disappears. When these words are printed the war will be far advanced. The two most military nations in Europe, whose adjoining frontiers are a constant irritation, whose mutual jealousy and hostility are profound, whose armies are in perfect condition, suddenly spring into fierce collision, and the concussion shakes the world. Yet to every contemplative Easy Chair how humiliating as well as exciting the spectacle is! For how many of the people of those countries really wish the war? We read with incredulity the stories of kings plunging countries into war for their private quarrels, and we think with relief that such days are passed. The splendid but terrible campaigns of Marlborough, the days of Blenheim and Ramillies, of my Uncle Toby and the profane army in Flanders, how cruel and causeless they seem now! The most peaceful districts ravaged, the most harmless people slaughtered, universal interruption of industry, universal desolation, the most hopeless oppression—these are what we read between the lines that record the famous

battles which made a few men rich and renowned.

> "'But what good came of it at last?'
> Quoth little Peterkin.
> 'Why, that I can not tell,' said he;
> 'But 'twas a famous victory.'"

Little Peterkin may well ask now what good can come of the new war, and whether our times are much more civilized than those of Marlborough and the Prince Eugene. Let us see how the story of the present war could be truly told to little grandson Peterkin. My dear boy, the people of Spain wanted a king. So the officers whom they had appointed to govern until a king was found asked Prince Leopold, a relation of the King of Prussia, to allow the representatives of the Spanish people to vote for him, and to become King of Spain if he received votes enough. But when the Emperor of France heard this he said that he would not permit any relation of the King of Prussia to become King of Spain, and he began to march troops and to get ready for war. Then Prince Leopold said that he did not wish to make trouble, and his father told the people of Spain that the Prince would not be a candidate for king.

But the Emperor of France was not satisfied, and he declared that the King of Prussia must promise not to allow any of his relations to become King of Spain; and he continued to march troops, and to make ready for war. One day the messenger of the Emperor of France met the King of Prussia walking in the street, and he said to him: "I wish you to tell me at once whether you will promise that none of your relations shall ever be King of Spain." But the King of Prussia did not answer, and told the messenger to go home. Then the Emperor of France said that he was insulted, because his agent was sent home; and because of that insult, and because the King of Prussia had not himself ordered his relation, Prince Leopold, not to be King of Spain, and because he permitted him to decide for himself, the Emperor of France declared war against the King of Prussia.

This is the simple and true story. Now, dear little Peterkin, war is always terrible, but it is sometimes justifiable and necessary. Sometimes it is the duty of brave and good men to fight for their own liberty, and that of those who are dear to them. Sometimes governments are so wicked and oppressive that, in order to end their cruelty, they must be overthrown. But it is wrong to take arms to overthrow them until it is evident that no arguments nor appeals will change their conduct. And when it is plain that there must be war it is the most dreadful necessity. For however just and defensible and unavoidable a war may be, it is full of horror and suffering. When, therefore, the Emperor of France declared war against the King of Prussia, he ordered that thousands and thousands of men should be killed and wounded; that they should be tortured by shot and shell; that they should waste away by the most painful diseases; that countless homes, as pleasant and peaceful when this summer began as ours, little Peterkin, should be desolated; that houses and barns should be burned and sacked; fields trampled down and ravaged; mothers and wives and sisters left weeping and broken-hearted; and towns and cities ruined. And ships from other countries, quietly sailing upon the sea, are to be chased and seized and carried into strange ports, and their cargoes stolen and their passengers annoyed; and for many and many a year afterward the taxes will be so enormous that the price of bread will be very high, and thus the poor will feel the oppression of the war long after the last gun has been fired.

Do you ask, little Peterkin, whether there was such intolerable suffering upon the part of the Emperor of France, which he had tried in vain to remove by arguments and appeals, that he was forced to declare war against the King of Prussia, and to cause all the lamentable consequences that we have been describing? You must judge for yourself, little boy. The Emperor says that the King was impolite to his messenger, and that he ought to have promised that he would not permit any of his relations to become King of Spain. Now if these are good reasons for all the killing and wounding, and burning and stealing, and suffering and heart-break, then the Emperor has done right. But if they are not, what will you call the Emperor? If you ask why he was unwilling that the Prince Leopold should become King of Spain, the answer is that the Emperor and the King have never been friends. The King owns some land upon the banks of the river Rhine which the Emperor wants. This has always been a difficulty between them. And lately, while the King of Prussia was becoming more famous and powerful, the Emperor of France has been acting foolishly in Mexico, and his pride has been hurt because he knew that he was becoming of less consideration in the world.

So, when the people of Spain asked Prince Leopold to be their king, the Emperor, knowing that the Prince was a relation of the King of Prussia, thought that the King would be a more powerful and dangerous neighbor than ever, and that that fear would be a good excuse to make war upon him, and try to get possession of the land upon the Rhine that he has so long wanted. But when Prince Leopold said that he would not be King of Spain, the Emperor had that excuse no longer; and as he did not like to lose the opportunity of taking the land, he said that the withdrawal of Prince Leopold would make no difference unless his relation, the King of Prussia, would promise to do hereafter what the Emperor wished. As the Easy Chair has already told you, Peterkin, the King would not promise; and so there is war, with all its woeful consequences. The Emperor says that he accepts the war which the King of Prussia imposes upon him. But the little Peterkin has read the fable of the wolf who stood up the stream and said that the lamb muddied it, and must therefore be eaten; and Peterkin will probably think of that fable now. But the Emperor of France will not find the King of Prussia a lamb.

If little Peterkin does not think it a wanton and wicked war, he will differ from most of his elders. For you can see, little boy, as well as Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli, that the demand of the Emperor upon the King was an insulting defiance. No king or government, that has not been forced to it by war, ever makes such a promise as the Emperor demanded. And no embassador who understood diplomatic etiquette, as the Emperor's messen-

ger did, ever made such a demand as he did, and in such a way, without expecting and intending that it should be resented by his dismissal, in order that his dismissal might be called an insult, and invoked to justify a war. Peterkin, the Emperor of France is like the Irishman at the fair who carried a chip upon his shoulder and jostled his neighbor, then accused him of knocking the chip off, and proceeded to fight him.

When the Emperor declared that he would not permit a relation of the King to sit upon the Spanish throne, he made the old plea of the balance of power. This was a theory that certain great nations in Europe must be content with certain limits, and that none of them must become so disproportionately powerful as to threaten the others. But when the Prince withdrew, the balance of power was no longer threatened. To plead an apprehension of a possible wrong as a justification for actual wrong is criminal. But this is what the Emperor of France has done. Suppose that he is victorious, what wrong will have been righted? What will Europe or mankind have gained? France may push her frontier to the Rhine. Does such an end justify the means?

There is now an imposing and intelligent public opinion of the world which should hold imperial and royal offenders accountable. There should be—little Peterkin, let us at least hope there will be—a powerful protest from the press of civilized countries in the interests of public morality and international amity against this monstrous war. The Peterkin and Wilhelmine of Southey's poem have grown to full manhood and womanhood now; and the soft satire of the familiar verses should have become a general cry of shame and indignation:

"'It was the English,' Kaspar cried,
'Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out.
But every body said,' quoth he,
'That 'twas a famous victory.

"'My father lived at Blenheim then—
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly.
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"'With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
And new-born baby died:
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"'They saw it was a shocking sight
After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun:
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"'Great praise the Duke of Marlboro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene.'
'Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!'
Said little Wilhelmine.
'Nay, nay, my little girl!' quoth he;
'It was a famous victory.

"'And every body praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win.'
'But what good came of it at last?'
Quoth little Peterkin.
'Why, that I can not tell,' said he;
'But 'twas a famous victory.'"

Editor's Literary Record.

NOVELS.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS, in the preface to the English edition of his new novel, ***Man and Wife*** (Harper and Brothers), advises us of a difference between this book and those which have preceded it. "The story here offered to the reader," says he, "differs in one respect from the stories which have preceded it by the same hand. This time the fiction is founded on facts, and aspires to afford what help it may toward hastening the reform of certain abuses which have been too long suffered to exist among us unchecked." The novel is, in short, an indictment of the marriage laws of England, Ireland, and Scotland—in the matter of marriage very far from a United Kingdom—and would be very effective if Mr. Collins had only taken the trouble to ascertain what those laws are. His general charges are, indeed, scarcely too sweeping. The confession of Hester Dethridge represents a state of bondage from which, happily, American legislation has, in most of the States of the Union, emancipated the outraged wife. The scene in which Geoffrey Delamayn carries off the wife he hates to her prison-house, and Sir Patrick Lundie is powerless to interfere because there is no other proof of the brutal husband's murderous intent than his ugly face, will prove, perhaps, quite as effective an indictment as John Stuart Mill's statement of the law under which such an outrage is possible: "If she leaves her husband she can take nothing with her, neither her children, nor any thing which is rightfully her own. If he chooses, he can compel her to return, by law, or by physical force."* But the plot turns on the supposed state of law in Scotland—law which is so loose, in fact, that it did not need exaggeration to turn public sentiment against it. In the alleged marriage between Arnold Brinkworth and Anne Silvester Mr. Collins builds up a man of straw to knock it down again with a club of the same material, in the equally supposititious marriage between Geoffrey Delamayn and Anne. Even under Scottish law proof of an actual agreement is indispensable to marriage; and that Arnold should, in a piece of good-natured thoughtlessness, pass for a single night for poor Anne's husband as little constitutes him hers, without such an agreement, as his passing for Geoffrey Delamayn changes his identity. Mr. Collins himself points out this fatal weakness in his plot when, at the close of the story, he represents Delamayn's lawyer as advising his client that Anne's unfortunate night at Craig Fernie Inn is not even ground for a divorce. But Anne is as little Delamayn's wife as Brinkworth's. His promise to the girl he had ruined—"Upon my soul, I'll keep my promise"—his signature—"Your loving husband *that is to be*"—is

* This, however, is not true in any of the States of the Union.

not marriage, but only a promise to marry. In the case of Dalrymple *vs.* Dalrymple, to which Sir Patrick Lundie appeals so confidently, and before which Mr. Moy bows so submissively, there was an agreement in writing, signed by both parties, acknowledging each other husband and wife; and the Scottish court, in that case, marked the distinction, which Mr. Collins's lawyers so curiously overlook, between a promise to marry in the future, and a marriage accomplished as a fact in the past. In short, Delamayn was as free to marry Mrs. Glenarm as Arnold was to claim Blanche. Mr. Collins has built an admirable superstructure, but on a foundation of sand.

As an indictment a failure, as a romance "Man and Wife" is pre-eminently superior to any fiction of the year. Grant the man of straw to be a real man, and the club of straw to be a real club, and the battle becomes intensely exciting. Nor is its only or even its chief merit the ingenious structure and working up of the plot. In incident, in characterization, in description, and in honest, earnest, moral purpose animating all, it is entitled to high, if not the very highest, praise. We have met Lady Lundie before, both in novels and in real life; and Blanche, though a very sweet character, is not a remarkable one. But Anne Silvester and Hester Dethridge are unmistakable originals. Sir Patrick Lundie, the Scotch lawyer, with his provokingly cool head and his tenderly warm heart, would alone entitle the man who drew him to high rank as an artist. Arnold Brinkworth's sailor-like frankness and thoughtlessness in getting into the tangle whose unraveling constitutes the story, and his mistaken sense of honor which keeps him from getting out, is very true to a nature which the reader loves, and is out of all patience with. And Geoffrey Delamayn, the "villain," is characteristically unlike the conventional villain of the novel and the stage in that he is an animal—merely an animal—though a somewhat cultivated and a very admirably trained one, and his villainy is the natural product of a training which spends all its energies on sinew and muscle, and leaves the mind and moral powers untaught. Some of the descriptions in the book are fine; that of the foot-race at Fulham, for example—an admirable and courageous reply, as is the whole life and character of Geoffrey, to the glorification so common of the muscular sports of modern muscular Christianity. Despite its one radical and inherent defect, "Man and Wife" is intensely interesting, and is entitled to, and will take, a high rank in English romantic literature.

Stern Necessity, by F. W. ROBINSON (Harper and Brothers), barely falls short of being a great novel, and does not fall short at all of being a very good one. Whether the author's carelessness is an ingrained trait of character, such as no education can overcome, or whether it is the result of a want of that patient application without which no work of art can be more than second-rate, whatever he writes leaves on our mind the impression that he might have written better. The story is certainly original; the plot ingenious; some of the descriptive passages—that of the Spitalfields emporium, for example—admirable; and some of the characters, as that of its proprietor, Marmaduke Spanswick, good enough to remind us of Dickens, and yet original enough to be no imitation. But the book opens better than it closes, and is a capital novel for the season, without being likely to survive it.—*Kilmeny*, by WILLIAM BLACK (Harper and Brothers), a story cast in autobiographical form, is readable and pleasant; what the English critics call a "clever novel"—just that, and nothing more. The fact that the reader is carried by it into the Tyrol is no excuse for the plentiful interlarding of German jargon—a sorry piece of affectation, and the book's worst blemish.—In Harper and Brothers' complete edition of *Miss Thackeray's Works* we renew our acquaintance with some good friends in the five stories founded on the old fairy tales; and very charming variations on the old themes they are. It is not infrequently said that genius exhausts itself, and leaves no inheritance for its children. The history of England's two great novelists does not justify this remark. Charles Dickens's son, who has inherited from his father the editorship of *All the Year Round*, has also inherited from him a very graceful pen; and Miss Thackeray has, though a very different genius from that of her father, one equally unmistakable. Without his force and spirit, never employing that sarcasm which was so favorite a weapon with him, like him only in her quaint but quiet humor, she is a graceful and charming writer, a graphic photographer, and writes with a geniality and sympathy which win our affections, rather than enforce our conscious admiration.—The heroine of *Gwendoline's Harvest* (Harper and Brothers)—the author himself so designates her—is an English Lucretia Borgia. She falls madly in love with a hero who begins as a fool and ends as a roué. She is not so madly in love as to believe in love in a cottage; and as to her intended husband's ever doing any thing to earn a competence for them both, a plan so commonplace does not enter the mind of either. She attaches herself to a wealthy old man; helps worry his invalid wife into the grave; carries off the husband, and marries him as the "vidder" married Tony Weller; finds he is not to be worried into the grave, and takes a shorter mode of disposing of him—prussic acid—which an easily cajoled doctor prescribes on her demand; sends for her former lover, who has been awaiting on the Continent what should turn up; marries him; finds her step-daughter in the way; and, having grown probably somewhat audacious, is detected carrying a vial of prussic acid No. 2 into the step-daughter's room, to send her after her father. Whereupon, self-exiled, she retreats to the island of Calypsa, there to live with her husband, who has learned to hate her, and whom she has learned to hate, and so to reap her harvest. *Moral.*—It is never safe to commit more than one murder in a lifetime. The plot is sufficiently absurd, the characters sufficiently unnatural, the scenes sufficiently highly wrought, the whole story, in plot, incident, and characters, sufficiently vivid and dramatic to make the book a sensational novel of the very first water.—Of *The Lady of the Ice* (D. Appleton and Co.) it is only necessary to say that it is by the author of the "Dodge Club," and has the rollicking humor and uproarious fun of that most absurd of writers, yet entertaining withal, JAMES DE MILLE, an author who gives you a double laugh—one at the folly of the book, another at your own folly in being interested in it.—*Summer Drift-wood for Winter*

Fire, by ROSE PORTER, and *White as Snow*, by EDWARD GARRETT and RUTH GARRETT, his sister, are of a class of books which it is hard to designate. Both are published by A. D. F. Randolph; both are, in form, stories; in fact, embodiments of certain types of Christian truth or Christian experience. The first purports to be the diary of a young lady who, going away for the season, gathers in the pages of her journal some drift-wood for the winter evenings. The love-story, which is sad in its ending, is subordinate to the religious teaching, which is cheerful and attractive. The second is a series of short and simple stories, full of charming tropes and figures and quaint conceits and truths compressed into happily turned sentences, which render it a delightful companion for a quiet Sunday afternoon. —A somewhat similar book is *Lifting the Veil* (Charles Scribner and Co.), a pleasant and helpful tract, much after the order of "Gates Ajar." Its theology is of the evangelical school, but is embodied in real or imaginary experiences that carry it to the heart, and make it a consolation to those whose Christ is veiled from them by some bitter and inexplicable sorrow.

POETRY.

SELDOM has there been left unfinished by the death of an author solely adequate to the completion of his difficult task a work more tantalizing in its incompleteness than WARTON'S *History of English Poetry* (G. P. Putnam and Son). Neither Macaulay nor Buckle was more exceptionally fitted for the accomplishment of the histories of politics and morals they left forever fragmentary than was Thomas Warton for the kind of literary history in which there has been no nearer successor than the quite dissimilar work of Hallam. The most highly gifted of a family distinguished for its poetical talent, the son of an Oxford professor of poetry, to whose chair he himself succeeded, brought up among the precise surroundings needed to develop his strongly marked taste for the studies of his life, with full command of the accumulated stores of the libraries of either university, and with access to many private collections, there was wanting no condition for success in the career in which Thomas Warton, and in a less degree his brother Joseph, became eminent. But, though the verses of them all were smooth, scholarly, pleasing, with much elegance of fancy and refinement of feeling, neither father nor sons possessed that genius which alone insures poetical immortality; and, although Thomas enjoyed the distinction of being the one poet-laureate, during a long period, who was neither obscure nor ludicrously conspicuous, the preservation of his family from oblivion is due solely to the merit of his critical writings, and especially of his "History of English Poetry." Dr. Johnson, in one of the numerous letters to Warton which find place in Boswell's "Life," pays his friend a very honest acknowledgment for the advancement of the literature of their native country. "You have shown to all," he says, "who shall hereafter attempt the study of our ancient authors the way to success, by directing them to the perusal of the books which those authors had read." The compliment is in allusion to Warton's edition of Spenser's "Faëry Queen;" but the method adopted in it was also that of his annotations upon other poems, and of his "History." The research exhibited in this volume is immense; and the author's industry and learning, his familiarity with out-of-the-way nooks of poetical antiquarianism, his command of bibliographical and biographical details, and the range of reading displayed in his collatings of the development of English literature with that of contemporary continental Europe, are equaled by the just taste and true judgment which he applies to the examination of the writings passed under review. The book amply redeems its author's promise "to develop the dawnings of genius, and to pursue the progress of our national poetry from a rude origin and obscure beginnings to its perfection in a polished age." From the Norman-Saxon period of the century succeeding the Conquest, to the eve of the reign of Elizabeth, the survey of the growth of English poetry is faithful and minute without ever becoming tedious. Several of those digressions, in which the completing of the topic in hand led him to disregard the considerations of chronological uniformity, show our author's thorough familiarity with the Elizabethan writers, and his strong appreciation for what he has termed "the most poetical age of our annals." The loss is irreparable; yet we have reason to be thankful that our guide only fails us when we have been conducted to a comparatively familiar region, and when we have already received instruction which is of immense assistance to the literary student, and gives to the ordinary reader, within the compass of a single work, the essence of libraries enormously voluminous, and largely inaccessible.

BIOGRAPHY.

A REALLY good biography of Charles Dickens, a book which should tell us something of his personal life and habits, and which, more than that, should disclose to us his real character, which should make us acquainted not with the author whom we know already so well and love so dearly, but with the man whose abhorrence of interviewers found such an expression in "Martin Chuzzlewit," and who is so curiously unknown to his myriad readers, such a book would be more than useful—it would be endeared to us all. That both the secular and the religious press should have engaged in such prolonged and imbittered discussions of the great novelist's religious character is, after all, the greatest compliment that could have been paid to him. The religious character of a stranger is no concern of ours, and to inquire too curiously into it is a piece of sorry impertinence. But what can concern us more than the religious character of our friend?—and it was the peculiar character of Charles Dickens's pen that it made every reader of his pages a personal friend. It need hardly be said that F. B. PERKINS'S *Life of Charles Dickens* (G. P. Putnam and Son) is not a work of this description, and will not satisfy the public appetite for a more personal acquaintance with the man who so nobly fulfilled his own avowed life purpose, "to contribute to the common stock of healthful cheerfulness and enjoyment." Mr. Perkins does not pretend to have enjoyed any personal acquaintance with Mr. Dickens, or to have had any access to his private papers, or any peculiar facilities for becoming acquainted with his per-

sonal life and character. Except, perhaps, the mere date of his birth, Mr. Perkins's book tells us nothing that we did not know before; but it conveniently comprises, in the compass of a few pages, all that an assiduous study of contemporary criticism could afford. As a résumé of what the newspapers have said for the last few weeks, and of what English, and, considering Mr. Taine's elaborate *critique*, French criticisms have said for the last score of years, it is a very readable and entertaining substitute for something better; something better, too, which is happily promised. For it appears that Mr. Dickens was not infrequently pestered while he lived by applications for material by would-be biographers. He sheltered himself from these applications by alleging a purpose to relieve them from all such labor by writing, at some future time, his own life—a task which he did nothing more toward fulfilling than by the preparation of some tolerably full autobiographical notes. These, it is said, have already been handed over to his friend, Mr. John Forster, Landor's biographer; and until the production of his pen appears we must fain content ourselves with such glimpses as are afforded by less elaborate attempts. Among those which have been hastily put forth to catch the tide of popular interest, the most satisfactory as a biographical and critical sketch is a volume entitled, *Charles Dickens: the Story of his Life* (Harper and Brothers). In spite of hasty composition it is both interesting and valuable. Without any pretense to fine writing, it sets forth the main facts in the life of the great novelist in a pleasant and attractive manner; and those who are interested in knowing when his stories appeared, and under what circumstances each was written, will find the desired information in these pages. Sprinkled through the volume are many pleasant anecdotes illustrative of Dickens's character and way of life, most of which are now printed for the first time. The account of the origin of the "Pickwick Papers," and the dispute as to whether Dickens was indebted to the artist Seymour, or Seymour to Dickens, for the figure and character of the immortal Chairman of the Club, is fuller and more satisfactory than any we have met with elsewhere. The volume is adorned with numerous illustrations, including several portraits of Dickens, taken at different periods of his life, and views of the residences he has occupied. It is altogether a very interesting and attractive work.

On the whole, however, Harper's publication of an edition of the *Speeches, Letters, and Sayings of Charles Dickens* gives a better insight into the character of the man than any thing short of a confidential and semi-autobiographical life could do. This volume gathers into 150 pages the public addresses of Mr. Dickens, ranging through a period of nearly thirty years. Of their earnestness, of their genuine benevolence, of their cheery humor, of their occasional sarcasm, and of their honest, downright, plain Anglo-Saxon calling of abuses by their right names, it is not needful to speak, since these characteristics are well known to all who read what Dickens wrote. But they are full, also, of hints and suggestions that tell us some things of his character and life which his books do not. We note that of the fifty-six speeches reported here, though nearly all are after-dinner speeches, made in the hour when men mostly give themselves up to pleasant but meaningless civilities and small talk, there is hardly one to be found which has not an earnest purpose animating it. Most of them are pleas for benevolent institutions. It is quite clear—we need go no further than this volume for the evidence—that Dickens did not use the poor to ornament his stories, but employed his stories to cheer and elevate the poor. The same voice that pleads so eloquently for "Joe," pleads for the Hospital for Sick Children in accents not less pathetic. The voice which tells with such inimitable humor the story of Mr. Vincent Crummles, manifests sympathy for the distressed actor in more than one speech for the Theatrical Fund. The heart which beat with such honest indignation at the Yorkshire schools, and scourged them so terribly in the person of Mr. Squeers, in soberer tones, scarcely less effective, pleads for popular education. The man who dared arouse all the indignation of the Circumlocution Office by giving it a name it will carry with it to its grave, dares—a more difficult deed—to face the managers of what he accounts a mismanaged charity with such words as these: "The question raised by the resolution is, whether this is a public corporation for the relief of men of genius and learning, or whether it is a snug traditional and conventional party, bent upon maintaining its own usages with a vast amount of pride, upon its own annual puffery at costly dinner-tables, and upon a course of expensive toadying to a number of distinguished individuals." And, finally, the man who seemed to leap at once to his position as the foremost novelist of the age explains in two sentences the secret of his success: "When I first took literature as my profession in England, I calmly resolved within myself that, whether I succeeded or whether I failed, literature should be my sole profession"—a sentence which gives a new significance to Richard Carstone's unsettled and disastrous life; a purpose which, nevertheless, might have led to failure but for the spirit with which it was prosecuted. "My own imagination or invention, such as it is, I can most truthfully assure you, would never have served me as it has but for the habit of commonplace, humble, patient, toiling, drudging attention."

No man's character has been a greater riddle than that of Frederick W. Robertson. He belonged to no school, yielded allegiance to no creed, owned no man master. It is simply impossible to comprehend his utterances without studying the man. In his *Life and Letters* (Harper and Brothers) is to be found the key to his otherwise enigmatical sermons. STOPFORD A. BROOKE's memoir we have come to regard as an almost ideal book of its kind—a book which does much to redeem religious memoirs from the charge of stupidity not unjustly brought against them as a class. It is a book we love to recur to again and again, as to a friend, a book one no more gets weary of than he would of Robertson himself.

G. P. Putnam and Son republish the *Life and Times of John Evelyn, Esq.*, long known in England as a classic, and to the student of history an indispensable companion to Hume, Hallam, and Macaulay. Indeed, from such a diary one may get a far more accurate picture of the interior life of Great Britain, in the days of Crom-

well and the Stuarts, than from the more labored and pretentious histories. Minute and photographic, it ranks second only to the famous "Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys."

THEOLOGICAL AND RELIGIOUS.

Dr. John Henry Newman's *Grammar of Assent* (Catholic Publication Society) is one of those rare books which add something to the store of theological thought. It is well-nigh impossible for a Protestant to comprehend the mind of a devout Roman Catholic. The Protestant demands that the Romanist prove to him the truth of his irrational creed—transubstantiation, infallibility, the immaculate conception. The Romanist can not prove them—hardly essays to do so. Yet he is not dismayed, nor his faith shaken, by his inability. He believes them none the less because they are incapable of proof. Dr. Newman explains this singular characteristic of the Roman Catholic mind. Conviction and assent, he says, are two different intellectual acts. We are convinced of some truths by arguments. We yield our assent to others upon the mere statement and showing of them. Religious truths are not to be proved; they are to be assented to. "Of the two, I would rather have to maintain that we ought to begin with believing every thing that is offered to our acceptance than that it is our duty to doubt of every thing." That is the Roman Catholic theory of faith in a nutshell. The Œcumenical Council proclaims the infallibility of the Pope. The Protestant mind, listening to the dogma, at once asks, Why? But this is to doubt; this is to demand conviction. "There is no why," replies the Romanist. "The creed is not a conviction. Just believe; believe without questioning, without a reason." This is faith. What the mother declares for truth the child assents to. He does not doubt, investigate, become convinced. He assents without conviction. So the race, children in knowledge, are to receive what the Holy Mother Church tells them, assenting without investigation, receiving without questioning, convinced of nothing, trusting all things. This is the basis of the Roman Catholic theology. It has never received a clearer or more admirable statement than in the "Grammar of Assent." Let us add that in this psychology of faith there is so much of truth that the book is really a valuable contribution to theology, not merely a curiosity of literature. In clearness of thought and perspicuity of expression it is admirable, as is every thing from the pen of Dr. Newman.

The value of an illustration in bringing home a thought to the popular mind is realized by many clergymen and other public teachers, who are at a loss to find what they want in the hour of their need. Rev. Elon Foster's *New Cyclopedia of Illustrations* (W. C. Palmer, Jun., and Co.) is designed to meet the want of such persons. The true way for every man is to make his own cyclopedia. Spurgeon abounds with anecdote and illustration. "How fertile a mind," cries Rev. Dr. Dullard; "he never forgets any thing." Ah! my dear doctor, he keeps, and has kept for years, a note-book, in which goes down every thought, trope, figure, illustration which observation, experience, or reading suggests. Out of this well-stocked granary he draws his stores. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise." The mere jotting down impresses on the memory, and the figure, forgotten for a while, returns when it is needed. But many men are too lazy, and many too busy, and many more not forehanded enough for this; and for all such Elon Foster's dictionary will prove a very useful book. It is based, we judge, though not avowedly, on one or two similar English compends; but for the American reader it is certainly a great improvement on them. If your minister is a little dry, and you a little inclined to nod during the long exposition of doctrine, we commend you to give him a hint by presenting him a copy of Elon Foster's dictionary. If you are called on to make occasional addresses at school celebrations or temperance lodges, and are at a loss for a story, which always helps to enliven an otherwise dull speech, this book will serve you a very useful purpose. Apart from this, its more legitimate use, it is not dull reading for the half hour when your mind is too wearied to read any thing connectedly, but is in just the mood to glance down a page, catching now a story, now a figure, now a moral sentiment; getting a taste from all, making a meal of none.

How to break up a family, on how small or great provocation husband and wife may separate, this is the great topic of discussion in American circles. It is refreshing to turn from these disputes about divorce to such a book as *Life at Home*, by Dr. William Aikman (S. R. Wells), the object of which is to tell how the family may be preserved and the husband and wife live happily and cheerily together. Without any pretense to being a great book, it is, what is better, a very useful one. Dr. Aikman, very unministerially, spends no time in discussing theories of marriage; but, assuming the fact, drives straight to the practical question, how it shall be made pure and happy. It is a book of eminent good sense and of still more eminent good feeling; and a practical regard to its precepts—rather a practical acceptance of its kind and loving spirit—would make life at home what it always should be, an earnest of the home toward which we all are traveling, and where our eternal life of love shall be.

MISCELLANEOUS.

To the young man entering upon the study of the law, bewildered and almost lost in the extent and complexity of the labyrinth before him, Warren's *Law Studies* (John D. Parsons, Jun.) is much more than a mere map or guide-book in his explorations. It gives him rather the sense of the living presence of a genial companion, familiar with the devious turnings and returnings of the catacombs filled with the dry bones of arbitrary rules and principles which constitute our jurisprudence. So far as any book can, it is well adapted to supply the lack of the living teacher; and law generally is, and of necessity must be, studied under that disadvantage. The author has succeeded to a great degree in infusing his own personality into his work, and this, with its earnestness and good sense, and the frankness with which the results of his own experience and observation are set forth, has given it, in spite of manifest defects of arrangement and an uneven and sometimes faulty style, a deserved success. The later English editions have been greatly enlarged, the modifications and ad-

ditions by the American editor seem judicious, and the book in its present form—though much reduced in size, and perhaps in value, by omissions—will probably be more widely useful on that account. Many of the chapters would be as valuable to other students as to the class to whom they are addressed; and general readers will find the work, largely illustrated as it is with anecdotes and extracts from the sayings and writings of the great lawyers, superior to the gossip in the ordinary books about the profession. To the general public Mr. Warren has long been well known as an essayist, and as the author of "Ten Thousand a Year" and "The Diary of a Physician."—The very existence of such an organ of engineering, manufacturing, and building as *The Technologist* (which has now passed, in its improved form, its eighth number) is one of the most striking evidences of the development of those arts from a merely mechanical to a scientific level. We know not how any engineer or builder who means to achieve progress in his profession can do without it, and it is not without value to any one interested in the mechanical progress and developments of the age. —We want space to commend as highly as it deserves Professor M'Ilvaine's treatise on *Elocution* (Charles Scribner and Co.). It is, indeed, the only treatise strictly confined to elocution that we ever remember to have met with—and our search has not been limited—which raises the subject above an imitative art to the grade of a true science. Professor M'Ilvaine has, with success, traced the hidden power of oratory to its source, the securing and maintaining of true vital relations with the audience by the direct action of mind on mind; and though he has by no means developed the full meaning of this law, nor stated all the conditions necessary to its application, nor measured its relation to some indubitable and very perplexing phenomena, which, because science can not explain, it leaves in the hands of the quacks, nevertheless, in dwelling upon it and demanding its recognition, he has given to his book a dignity which few treatises on elocution possess.—*The Gentleman's Stable Guide*, by Robert M'Clure (Porter and Coates), is a capital treatise on the stabling, feeding, grooming, and general management of horses. No man can afford to leave a horse wholly to the care of a groom, since professional groomsmen are rare, and conscientious groomsmen are still rarer; and we know of no other treatise on this subject in which may be found so much of practical information condensed into so small a number of pages.—We are not a connoisseur in pigs. We have no penchant for them, dead or alive. Of *Harris on the Pig* (Orange Judd and Co.) we can say, for the benefit of our agricultural readers, that it covers the whole ground of the breeding, feeding, housing, and rearing of that unpleasant animal, and that an agricultural friend, who has familiar acquaintance with piggy's ways and wants, assures us, after a careful examination, that we can cordially recommend it as an admirable practical treatise.

Editor's Scientific Record.

OCCURRENCE OF MARINE FORMS OF ANIMALS IN THE GREAT LAKES.

Much interest was excited some years ago by the discovery, in the deep waters of Lake Ontario, of a new genus of cottoid fishes (*Triglopsis*) of a purely marine type, and only known from being found in the stomachs of the lake trout and ling. Within a very recent period some dredgings prosecuted in the deep waters of Lake Michigan, off Racine, by Drs. Stimpson and Hoy, have resulted in the discovery of a new crustacean allied to Arctic marine forms, and furnishing a parallel to the similar occurrence of a marine type (*Mysis*) in the depths of Lakes Wenner and Wetter, of Sweden. These lakes are believed to have been formerly arms of the sea, but cut off by the gradual upheaval of the coast, since which the water has been changed from salt to fresh, but still retaining some of its original inhabitants, as the *Mysis* in question. How far the same change is to be inferred for our own lakes, and whether, as in the Swedish lakes mentioned, the deepest water is still salt, remains to be decided; but there is no question that a thorough exploration of the deepest parts in the entire chain will result in discoveries of the greatest interest.

GERMINATION OF SEEDS.

Some curious statements have recently been published in regard to the extent to which the germination of seeds can be facilitated by chemical agencies, especially by ammonia and oxalic acid. By placing them in a solution of the latter substance, they will begin to germinate within one or two days, even after having been kept for forty years, and are then to be planted out in the usual way. Coffee seeds, which are proverbially hard to start, are best forwarded by placing in a covered vessel, containing equal parts of water and of spirits of sal ammoniac, at the ordinary temperature. At the end of twelve hours the roots will be found to have started, and even the young leaves can be discovered by careful inspection. In 1834 wheat was exhibited to the German Scientific Association, raised from seed found in an Egyptian tomb, 2000 to 2500 years old. This had been soaked for a considerable time in fatty oil before planting.

CLEANING KID GLOVES.

However well adapted benzine is to the cleaning of kid gloves, certain precautions are necessary to insure entire success. These consist mainly in not rubbing the gloves with the benzine, but immersing them in a glass vessel, so that the benzine stands above them. The gloves are then to be removed; and, after being well squeezed, hung over a line to dry in a strong current of air; and when the smell of the benzine is removed as much as possible, the gloves are laid upon a glass plate, placed over a vessel filled with boiling water, and another plate laid over this, but so as not to touch the gloves. The heat of the boiling water drives out the remainder of the benzine, and removes all the smell

of it from the gloves. These are then to be stretched and shaped by means of the ordinary glove-stretchers. It will be understood that great care must be taken not to bring any fire or lighted lamp too near the scene of operations.

HORSE-TOOTH CORN.

A variety of Indian corn called the carragua, or horse-tooth corn, has been lately introduced into France from Nicaragua, which is asserted to be superior in many respects to those already known to agriculturists. The point of excellence in this corn consists in its availability as a fodder plant—the yield per acre being nearly four times as great as that of the ordinary varieties—and its cultivation for this purpose alone is highly recommended. It attains a height of from twelve to eighteen feet, and, when fully grown, the stalks are so stout that they require to be divided longitudinally before they can be fed to cattle. The yield of grain is said to be from one-fourth to one-half greater than that of common corn; but it produces more bran in proportion, and less starchy matter, which, however, is of unusual whiteness. The principal objections to this corn are the length of time required for it to reach maturity, and the necessity of a very rich, fertile soil, with plenty of moisture, for its successful cultivation. Where these conditions can be combined, and the season is long enough to permit the crop to mature, as in the Southern and Western States, it is probable that its cultivation might be profitably introduced into the United States.

EXHALATION OF AMMONIA BY MUSHROOMS.

It has recently been ascertained that growing mushrooms of various kinds give off a measureable quantity of ammoniacal gas in a normal condition. This exhalation seems to be a continued function, acting in all stages of growth, and depending simply upon the chemical action of the elementary organs, and not proportional to the weight of the plant.

SELENIUM IN COMMERCIAL COPPER.

The occurrence of selenium in various forms of the copper of commerce is a fact not without its interest to the chemist. It may be shown by oxydizing the metal in a muffle-furnace, and bringing the oxide thus formed, after placing it in a glass retort, to a red heat in a current of dry and pure air. After a time, if selenium be present, there will be seen near the end of the tube a white volatile crystalline ring of selenic acid, forming a mass of transparent, elongated, and homogeneous crystals. With reducing agents, such as hot hydrogen, or moist sulphuric acid at the ordinary temperature, the white ring is transformed into a red ring, possessing all the characteristics of selenium.

CANINE MADNESS.

An elaborate memoir has recently been presented to the Academy of Sciences in Paris by M. Bouley upon the statistics and method of cure of canine rabies; and its general conclusions may be summed up in the following propositions: First, that by having resort to cauterization by fire, with the least possible delay after the bite occurs, injurious or fatal results may be almost entirely obviated; and in default of the immediate application by fire, certain other preventive applications will also have a beneficial effect. Second, that it is possible to diminish, in a very great degree, the disasters caused by the bite of a mad dog by applying with great strictness against dogs known to be, or suspected of being, infected, the sanitary measure of seclusion, prolonged for at least eight months, in preference to killing them at once.

COMMENSALISM.

It is very easy to show that life on the surface of our globe does not consist of an accumulation of isolated objects, but that there is a definite relationship between one form and another of the plant or animal; so that the existence of the one is involved in that of the other. We are all familiar with the fact that the occurrence, in a given region, of certain insects can always be predicated on the existence of certain plants, and *vice versa;* the insect feeding on the plant, or the plant depending on the insect for the proper fertilization of its flowers. A similar relationship exists between certain animals, the one being dependent on the other for food, or for some equally necessary assistance.

A still different kind of association between animals is that which has lately been described by Professor Van Beneden as *commensalism*, or that of being fellow-boarders at a common table, the one not interfering with or injuring the other in the slightest degree. This able naturalist has lately published a memoir on this subject, in which he classifies the different kinds of associates: first, as "Free Fellow-Boarders," and second, as "Fixed Fellow-Boarders." Illustrations of the free fellow-boarders are found in the case of a fish which makes its abode in the body of the holothuria, a radiated animal, looking not unlike a prickly cucumber. This fish often has as fellow-inhabitants of its house different kinds of crabs, which seem to thrive upon the same kind of food which is taken into the body of its host. In another instance a certain fish lives in association with the star-fish; while in Brazil a fish of the siluroid family furnishes a lodgment in its mouth for certain small fishes, formerly supposed to be its young, but now known to be entirely distinct. The occurrence of little fish in the body of the sea-anemone has lately been brought to notice by Dr. Collingwood; and the interior of certain jelly-fish is similarly inhabited by small fish of another species.

Another instance of a like character, with which we are all familiar, is that of the small crab found in the oyster, and which is not met with under any other circumstances. On the coast of Peru there is a small crab found in the anus of the sea-urchin, while still another species inhabits the thick branches of the coral, and is sometimes completely inclosed in them, so as to be unable to escape. The hermit crab, which, as most of us know, depends entirely for the protection of its soft body upon the shelter of a dead shell, has with it very frequently a small worm, the two living together in perfect harmony. Many other instances of a similar sort are mentioned in the memoir of Professor Van Beneden, and they may be increased almost indefinitely, the current researches on the part of naturalists continually bringing to light additional cases.

Among the fixed fellow-boarders may be mentioned the barnacles, a form of crustacea inhabiting the bodies of whales of different species, and each species of the latter having generally its characteristic form. Sharks, tortoises, and various forms of invertebrates are also similarly favored. The *Remora*, or sucking-fish, also belongs in this category, being usually found attached to the body of some larger animal, and is not unfrequently made use of on the coast of Mozambique for the capture of sea-turtles, a string being fastened around its tail, and the animal directed toward the turtle; when the remora has fastened upon it, the two are drawn in together.

PETRIFACTION OF TISSUES.

Many of our readers have heard of the remarkable process of petrifaction discovered by Signor Segato of Florence, by which a stony hardness was imparted to the muscles and viscera and other parts of the body without apparently altering the shape and color of the original. These specimens, as ground down and made into Mosaic tables, and other objects, have long been the wonder of visitors to that city. The process was kept a secret by its inventor, and its details died with him. Many attempts have since then been made to accomplish a similar object, but entirely in vain; until lately, Messrs. Tarchiani and Billi, of Florence, have succeeded in discovering, if not the same process over again, at least one equally efficient. By it they now prepare entire animals, such as cats, dogs, and birds, with the hair, feathers, and all parts kept in their natural condition, and perfectly indestructible.

The objects to be preserved are placed in a bath containing the necessary ingredients, which are said to be moderate in price and simple in application; and the same solution may be used over and over again for a number of different operations. The details of the preparation are still kept a secret, although it is probable that it will not be long before they are revealed. An analogous process has been applied by the same gentlemen for the preservation of meat and poultry for exportation as food, and which, after being treated, were found, after a lapse of six months, to be perfectly sound, exhibiting the same appearance as if kept in pickle, with a natural color and an entire absence of odor.

DETECTION OF BRAIN DISEASES.

In a recent communication to the Academy of Science, M. Lieuville endeavors to show that the pathological modifications in the vessels of the brain — aneurisms, for instance — may be detected by the observation of corresponding changes in the retina. These latter are observed by means of the ophthalmoscope, an instrument consisting of a concave mirror, which reflects light through the pupil into the cavity of the eye, and is perforated by a central aperture, through which the observer makes his examination, either with or without the aid of a lens interposed. This instrument, it will be remembered, has attained considerable prominence during the present year, in consequence of its use by Dr. Hammond and other experienced physiologists of New York in preparing evidence to be used in the trial of several persons for murder, in which the defense consisted in the plea of insanity.

According to the statements made as the result of opthalmoscopic observations of the retina, they can be used advantageously in determining many conditions of the brain—such as congestion, softening, tumors, etc.

TRANSMISSION OF NERVE FORCE.

According to Dr. Place, of Leyden, the rate of transmission of nerve force along the motor nerves in man may be estimated at about 180 feet per second.

CHEMICAL INTENSITY OF TOTAL DAYLIGHT.

According to Professor Roscoe, the mean chemical intensity of total daylight for the hours equidistant from noon is constant; and although the chemical intensity for the same latitude, at different places, and at different times in the year, varies according to the difference in the transparency, yet the relation at the same place between the altitude and intensity is always represented by a straight line.

NEW LINK BETWEEN REPTILES AND BIRDS.

The gap existing between the reptiles and the birds of modern times, as already remarked in these columns, is being rapidly bridged over by the discovery of fossil forms that serve as intermediate links. The latest announcement of this kind relates to a skull obtained in a coal mine in Germany, of the upper cretaceous period. While possessing reptilian characters, it is said that the convexity of the occiput and its gentle passage into the roof of the skull, together with the presence of a transverse ridge in the occipital region, the absence of sutures, the globular form of the condyle, and some other peculiarities, show a very intimate approach to the birds. The new genus, which may indeed become the type of an order, has been named *Struthiosaurus*.

INFLUENCE OF CEREBRAL AND MUSCULAR ACTION ON THE URINE.

Some curious experiments have lately been made by Dr. Byasson in regard to the relationship between cerebral action and muscular movement and the composition of the urine. An experiment, prosecuted for many days, during which the amount and character of the food was carefully regulated, and all extraneous influences held in abeyance, showed that during the time when the brain was exercised in study, the body being kept quiet, the principal constituents of the urine were urea, phosphates, and alkaline sulphates; and, on the other hand, when the muscles were kept in constant action, the brain being quiet, the products were urea, uric acid, and the chloride of sodium. From these facts our author concludes that the occupation of an individual, whether mental or physical, during a given period, can be determined by an examination of the urine, and the relative percentage of the two modes of exercise ascertained by a similar test.

The experiments in question are still in progress, and the final conclusions to be arrived at will be looked for with much interest. The physiological deductions to be made from them may also be of the highest importance in furnishing hints as to the supply of material to compensate for the waste of the animal economy.

BLUE COLOR OF THE SKY.

According to a recent writer, the color of blue in the sky and in the landscape is simply the result, in the former, of the darkness of space as seen through the white light contained in the atmosphere; and, in the latter, of the dark and distant portions of the landscape as seen through the interposed medium of the air filled with white light. The color of aerial blue is thus due in both cases to the same cause, namely, a dark body neutralized, as to its darkness, by being seen through a white and transparent medium.

METHOD OF COVERING A BANK OF EARTH WITH GRASS.

To cover a steep bank quickly with grass the following method is recommended by a German horticultural association. For each square rod to be planted take half a pound of lawn grass seed, and mix it intimately and thoroughly with about six square feet of good dry garden earth and loam. This is placed in a tub, and to it liquid manure, diluted with about two-thirds of water, is added, and well stirred in, so as to bring the whole to the consistency of mortar. The slope is to be cleaned off and made perfectly smooth, and then well watered, after which the paste just mentioned is to be applied with a trowel, and made as even and thin as possible. Should it crack by exposure to the air, it is to be again watered and smoothed up day by day, until the grass makes its appearance, which will be in eight or fourteen days, and the whole declivity will soon be covered by a close carpet of green.

COLOR OF LARVAL SALAMANDERS.

Much interest was excited some years since by the result of certain experiments instituted in Paris upon the larva of a Mexican salamander, which laid eggs while still in the immature condition, these eggs hatching out in the water, and ultimately developing into the perfect salamander form. The progeny of this salamander tadpole has been distributed since that time over Europe, and there are few collections of any importance without specimens, either in alcohol or living. In experiments upon breeding these salamanders it was found that when reared under orange-colored glass they were bleached exactly as if they had been kept in the dark—this appearance (due to the absence of pigment in the cellules of the skin) contrasting very remarkably with the dark gray tint of those reared in vessels of transparent glass. The bleaching in question is supposed to be due to the absence of blue, violet, and ultra violet rays of the spectrum, which are absorbed in passing through the glass.

EXTRACTION OF SUGAR FROM MOLASSES.

The attention of a French chemist was drawn to the fact that, after extracting all the sugar easily obtainable from beet juice, there was still left in the molasses 50 per cent. of its weight of sugar that could not readily be secured. He has now published as the result of careful experiment, and applicable to any kind of molasses, the simple process by which 70 per cent. of the remaining sugar can be obtained in a perfectly pure state. Alcohol of 85 per cent., mixed with 5 per cent. of monohydrated sulphuric acid, is to be added to the molasses, and all shaken well together. The liquid is then to be filtered, and additional alcohol of 95 per cent. is to be added. The sugar is now taken up by the stronger alcohol and retained in a state of so-called supersaturation, and would remain so for a long time, with but a slight deposit in a crystalline form. By adding a small quantity of powdered sugar, however, to the mass, the other sugar will be rapidly deposited with the new, and in a perfectly pure state, to be washed and freed from the alcohol in the ordinary way.

The advantages claimed for this process are: first, the extraction of 35 per cent. of the weight of the molasses in sugar; second, the obtaining of the pure sugar directly, without the necessity of various complicated processes; and third, the almost total suppression of the use of animal black in sugar refineries. The scientific theory of the process need not be given here, the statement of the facts and results being sufficient for our present purpose.

DEVELOPMENT OF HEAT BY NERVE ACTION.

According to Professor Schiff, the excitation of one of the higher senses under favorable conditions—that is, if it reaches the cerebrum—produces an elevation of the temperature in the latter region, the facts being determined by the arrangement of properly constructed thermo-electric needles. It is also stated that when the nerves of animals, after being at rest or narcotized, are suddenly roused and put into activity, they produce a very sensible effect upon the galvanometer. Another conclusion from the experiments of this author is that the life of the brain does not cease immediately after the cessation of the circulation, since, when in animals poisoned with the woorara the sensory nerves were irritated after the movement of the heart had stopped, the temperature of one of the hemispheres of the brain still continued to rise as before, though unquestionably to a less extent. The elevation was observed to occur for as many as twelve minutes after the entire cessation of the beating of the heart.

IDENTITY OF BETAIN AND OXYNEURIN.

According to a German physiologist, a substance found in the sap of the beet, called betain, is identical with the oxyneurin, a product of the excitation of the neurin of the brain. It is also said that in plants of the turnip tribe a substance occurs of the same complicated composition as the protogen of the brain, and that these elements split up naturally, in the same manner as they do when decomposed artificially, and in both cases phosphoric acid, sugar, and nitrogenous substances like neurin and oxyneurin, result from the process.

DECORATIVE PAINTING.

A new method of applying paint in houses has recently been introduced into Paris, by which the disagreeable smell attendant upon freshly painted surfaces may be entirely escaped. This consists in applying the paint in the shop first upon tin-foil, which is spread upon damp glass and treated exactly as if it were a surface to be coated. As many coats are given of such tints as may be desired, and when perfectly dry the foil with its paint is removed from the glass, rolled up upon a roller, and carried to the building where it is to be used. A water-proof mixture is first ap-

plied to the wall or surface to be coated, and then the painted foil is put on as if it were wall-paper. The flexibility of the foil permits its application, even to surfaces of an irregular character; and it may be so skillfully done that it is difficult to realize that the paint was not put on coat by coat, as in common painting. Gilding may be effected in the same manner by first applying the gilt leaf to the tin-foil, and then fastening this to the surface desired. The advantage of this method of tin gilding consists in the fact that it does not so easily become tarnished as the ordinary gilding.

COMPOUNDS OF GELATINE AND GLYCERINE.

An English journal mentions certain properties of the compound of these substances as of much importance in the arts. It solidifies on cooling, and then forms a tough, elastic substance, having much the appearance and characteristics of India rubber. If a corked bottle have its upper end dipped into the melted composition several times, allowing each new coating to dry before repeating the operation, the stopper will be sealed almost hermetically. It may be further stated that the two substances united form a mixture entirely and absolutely insoluble in petroleum or benzine, and that the great problem of making casks impervious to these fluids is at once solved by brushing or painting them on the inside with the compound. This is also used for printers' rollers and for buffers of stamps, as benzine or petroleum will clean them when dirty in the most perfect manner and in an incredibly short space of time. All these applications have, we believe, been made the subject of patents. Water must not be used with the compound, except as a passing application.

CAUSE OF VARIEGATION OF LEAVES.

According to Mr. Morren the difference in the color of the leaves of the variegated plants, which form so ornamental a feature of our green-houses, is due to a disease which is at once contagious and capable of being transmitted from one species of plants to another, by a kind of inoculation. He considers that the alteration of the chlorophyl (which he compares to the red globules of the blood), or green coloring matter, gives rise to variegated leaves, which consist of a mixture of green parts with others more or less yellow. If the discoloration is general it produces death. Among the higher orders of plants only those which are parasitic can exist when entirely deprived of chlorophyl. Variegation is a sign of organic disease; the discolored or variegated portions of the leaf have lost their power of reducing the carbonic acid of the atmosphere; the plants are generally weaker, smaller, their flowers and fruit much poorer, and their power of resisting cold diminished. Variegation can be propagated by means of layers, buds, or grafts, showing that the buds themselves are infected. The seeds, however, from variegated individuals usually produce normal and healthy plants.

TIN CANS.

Every one knows the difficulty experienced in ordinary domestic economy of opening or unsealing the soldered tin vessels containing canned or preserved fruits, meats, etc. The suggestion has been made of using fusible cement, instead of the ordinary solder, which, while sufficiently tenacious at ordinary temperatures, will readily yield to the heat of boiling water poured upon it. An additional advantage of this method would be that any one could fasten up a can filled with the substance to be preserved without the aid of a tinner or his soldering irons.

SPECTROSCOPIC EXAMINATION OF CANDLE-FLAME.

Mr. Lockyer has lately shown that phenomena observed by his new method of spectroscopic observation in the sun may be produced in the common candle-flame, care being taken to examine the flame, as Mr. Lockyer examines the sun itself, namely, by means of its image thrown on the slit of the spectroscope. In this way the existence of an outer layer of sodium vapor, often invisible to the unassisted eye, is shown, which gives a bright line outside of the spectrum of the candle, in the same way that the red flames give a spectrum of bright lines outside that of the sun's photosphere. Inside of this sodium layer is another layer of carbon vapor; and by imitating a storm in the sun by means of a blowpipe, mixing the white-light-giving substance of the candle with the outer layers, the phenomena of a solar storm were almost absolutely reproduced, sodium being substituted for hydrogen of the red flame, and the carbon vapor for the lower lying sodium and magnesium vapors in the sun's atmosphere. Mr. Lockyer has also shown that the phenomena have a distinct bearing on those of the sun's atmosphere.

HEAD LETTUCE.

It is said that heads of lettuce can be produced in winter in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours by taking a box filled with rich earth, in which one-third part of slacked lime has been mixed, and watering the earth with lukewarm water; then taking seed which has been previously softened by soaking in strong brandy twenty-four hours, and sowing in the usual way. We are assured, but will not vouch for the fact, that a good-sized head of lettuce may be obtained in the time mentioned.

COUNTER-PRESSURE STEAM-BRAKE FOR LOCOMOTIVES.

The engineering journals of America and Europe are filled with commendatory notices of a new attachment to locomotive engines, by means of which counter-pressure steam can be made to serve as an elastic brake, enabling the driver to manage his engine and the train with a degree of certainty and efficiency far exceeding that obtained by any arrangements which have hitherto been in use. It consists simply of a pipe, which carries water from the boiler into the branches of the exhaust-tube, to be converted into a fine spray by contact with the heated metallic surfaces of cylinders and piston. While carrying this and absorbing the heat produced in the motion of the parts, the steam acts not only as a brake, but can be made to produce a discharge from the blast-pipe sufficient to keep any gases from the smoke-box.

The system in question places the control of speed directly in the hands of the engineer, enabling him to use the whole load on the driving-wheels as a brake, with little physical effort, and

no danger to himself; and thus enables him to dispense, in a great measure, with the use of brakes on the tender and cars. The apparatus can be applied to any locomotive at a small cost, and has already been used in thousands of engines in Europe. We presume that it will not be long before the experiment is tried in this country; and if its results are as important as they have been represented to be, much good will ensue from the ability of the engineer to arrest the speed of the train in a much shorter time than has heretofore been possible, thus enabling him to control its motion to any desired degree.

DISEASES OF THE SILK-WORM.

Few persons have turned the use of the microscope, in the study of the cryptogamic vegetation, to better account than M. Pasteur, of France, since it is to his researches that we owe most important announcements in regard to the nature and cure of diseases of the silk-worm, the preparation and preservation of wines, and other subjects of economic importance. This gentleman has recently published, in two volumes, a final report, or résumé, of his researches upon the silk-worm and the various affections to which it is liable, supplying an encyclopedia of reference of the utmost value.

The principal diseases attacking the worm he finds to be three in number, namely, the muscardine, the pebrine, and the flacherie. The muscardine is produced by a cryptogamous plant of the genus *Botritys*, allied to the mould and mildew, which attacks the worm, and, gradually penetrating all its tissues, finally destroys it. This pest is abated and extirpated by washing the silk-worm houses and their furniture with a solution of sulphate of copper, by which means it can be readily kept under proper subjection. The same, unfortunately, can not be said in regard to the pebrine, which, for twenty years past, has been the cause of immense injury to the silk-worm establishments of Europe, and even of the East. The disease itself consists in the development of corpuscles which invade all the tissues of the worms, the chrysalids, butterflies, and the eggs; and it is often transmitted by contact, by the rubbing of the worms against each other or against infected objects. M. Pasteur shows, however, that the disease can not pass from one generation to another, excepting through the agency of the eggs; since the corpuscles which permeate the silk-worm houses at a certain epoch, and which are not removed in the cleaning up of the houses, do not survive over the season, and can not reproduce themselves in the following year. This circumstance furnishes the means of counteracting the evil. If females exempt from the disease are preserved for the propagation of the race, the transmission of the malady can be arrested.

Flacherie may be spontaneous, hereditary, or transmitted from one generation to another. It is due to a ferment which multiplies with infinite rapidity in the tissues of the animal, and causes its destruction. The starting point appears to be in the fermentation of the mulberry leaves upon which the animal is fed. But once developed, the germ of the evil can pass also to the egg, to be preserved there and to be transmitted from it. The hereditary transmission may be avoided by selecting females exempt from the disease; and the development of the evil can be guarded against by caution in selecting the leaves to serve as food, and in keeping them from fermentation. The small size of the silk-worm apartments used in Europe is given as the principal source of these diseases. By having them much larger, such as are used in Japan, it is said that the trouble may be much more readily avoided.

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN IN DECEMBER, 1870.

Astronomers in all parts of the world are now busy in making their preparations for observing the eclipse of the sun in December 21–22, 1870. Although it will not be visible in the United States, it has been suggested that some of the American observers of the last eclipse be sent abroad for the purpose of taking part in the observations of the one in question, and Congress has already appropriated $29,000 to the Coast Survey for the purpose. Great praise was awarded by foreign physicists to the American astronomers for the excellence of their work, and especially for the remarkable photographic pictures that were taken, and at so many points; and it is urged that these same gentlemen, or a selection from them, would be admirably fitted for a renewed investigation of the kind, since their experience of the first phenomenon would enable them to utilize their time to better advantage during the second. According to a recent writer this eclipse will begin in the North Atlantic Ocean, the line of central and total eclipse, moving in a southeasterly direction, crosses Portugal a little to the south of Lisbon; passing over part of Spain and the Mediterranean Sea, it enters Africa near Oran, and soon afterward attains its extreme southern limit; the shadow of the moon, now moving in a north-easterly direction, leaves Africa, and, crossing the island of Sicily, the south of Turkey, the Black Sea, and the Sea of Azof, disappears; the penumbra of the moon, decreasing rapidly, leaves the earth with the setting sun in Arabia. The sun will be centrally and totally eclipsed at noon in lat. 36° 38′ N., long. 5° 1′ W., a little to the northeast of Gibraltar.

NEW SILK-WORM PARASITE.

The long list of difficulties attendant upon the cultivation of the silk-worm has been lately increased by the appearance, in Japan, of a parasite insect belonging to the order of diptera, and recently described as the *Tachina Andji*. This, it is said, attacks indifferently the worms, the chrysalis, and the perfect insect.

ADULTERATION OF VINEGAR BY SULPHURIC ACID.

A method of testing vinegar, for the purpose of ascertaining whether it has been adulterated with sulphuric acid—a trick which is said to be not uncommon—consists in covering a vessel of boiling water with a wide saucer, placing a layer of a solution of sugar upon this, and after this has evaporated to dryness, and is still hot, laying upon the sugar a drop of the vinegar to be tested. Pure vinegar does not produce any blackening of the sugar after a considerable time of trial; but this result takes place if it has been falsified with sulphuric acid. In case it is desired to determ-

ine the presence of a very trifling percentage of sulphuric acid in any liquid, a similar experiment may be employed. A drop of water hanging to a glass tube, which contains not over an eighty-thousandth part of sulphuric acid, will produce action upon the heated layer of sugar. In this case there is no blackening, but the change is into green. Other acids, such as phosphoric acid, hydrochloric acid, nitric acid, etc., do not produce this alteration of the sugar.

MICA SPECTACLES.

The use of mica in spectacles, for protecting the eyes of workmen from the heat and glare of the fire, is rapidly coming into general favor; and complete masks, and even cylinders entirely encircling the head, are sometimes used for a similar purpose when a greater safeguard is required. Experiments have been lately made in regard to the manufacture of blue spectacles from this material. The best method of accomplishing this has been found to consist in the use of plates of transparent blue gelatine fixed between two layers of mica, thus protected from the action of the heat. The experiment of applying the blue coloring matter directly to the surface of the mica itself failed in consequence of the impossibility of forming a suitable combination; but the gelatine layer, as indicated, answers all the purposes desired.

WAXED PAPER.

An article known as waxed paper is in very extensive use in Europe, especially on the Continent, for tying up the necks of bottles, covering preserve jars, and for enveloping tobacco and other substances that require to be kept from the air, replacing generally tin-foil and similar substances. It is generally prepared there on a large scale by taking a quire of paper and opening it flat upon a table, and then going over it quickly with a very hot smoothing-iron, against which is held a piece of wax, which, melting, runs down upon the paper and is absorbed by it. A little practice will soon determine the amount of wax that should be melted off from time to time. When the upper sheet is saturated it is taken off, and the one below is treated in a similar manner. Any excess of wax applied in the first instance readily penetrates through to the lower layers.

IGNORANCE OF BLUE AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

Dr. Geiger, of Frankfort, calls attention to the curious fact that in all the most ancient writings there is no term used to indicate the color blue, notwithstanding the inducement to this in the description of natural phenomena, such as the cloudless sky, etc. Neither in the Rig Veda nor in the Bible, the writings of Hesiod, the Zendavesta, nor in the Koran, is there any reference to the blue color of the heavens. Theocritus and Virgil speak of a sun-burnt countenance, and compare it with the black of the violet and the hyacinth. Cassiodorus confounds blue with gray. References to green even do not occur in the highest antiquity, although it is mentioned earlier than blue. In the Rig Veda and Zendavesta, in speaking of trees and plants, golden fruits are described, but no mention is made of the green color of the leaves; and among the Greeks green was frequently confounded with yellow. Xenophon, Aristotle, and the Edda, recognize only three colors in the rainbow; the Pythagoreans, four; while the Chinese and Arabians are the first to add green to the list. We find that in the very earliest periods the colors black and red are very sharply and accurately defined. From this, and many other facts adduced by Dr. Geiger, he concludes that the most refrangible rays of the spectrum were last of all appreciated by the human eye, while previously only the most brilliant portions around the red were noticed. He infers, therefore, a successive improvement in this important sense. The speculations in question are highly curious and interesting, and deserve to be followed up, although it seems hardly possible that entire nations should be insensible to the existence of certain colors in early times, or should be, in a measure, color-blind. If, however, the deductions referred to are legitimate, such a conclusion would seem to be a natural consequence.

TREATMENT OF ZINC WHITE.

The practice of mixing zinc white with any preparation of lead as a paint is condemned by a recent author as unadvisable. He recommends the preparation of zinc-white paint with an oil treated in the following manner: Instead of mixing it with the ordinary boiled linseed-oil, two hundred pounds of linseed-oil are to be boiled moderately, first for five or six hours alone, and then for at least twelve hours with twenty-four pounds of coarsely broken peroxide of manganese. By this method an oil is obtained which dries very quickly, and is especially adapted to mixing with zinc colors. This oil is to be kept excluded from the air, to prevent its becoming too thick. When used, from three to five per cent. of it is to be added to paint prepared in the ordinary manner with raw linseed-oil.

TEMPERATURE OF NEW-BORN INFANTS.

Since the experiments of Edwards and Despretz it has been the general assumption, although controverted by eminent authority, that for a short time after birth the temperature of a new-born infant is considerably less than that of an adult. Recent investigations by M. Andral, however, seem to show that this is not the case, and that for the first half hour of extra-uterine life the temperature is the same as that of the adult. It is true, indeed, that a reduction of temperature has frequently been observed; but this is said to be the result of evaporation from the surface of the skin of the amniotic liquid in which the infant had been bathed, the resulting cooling being sometimes so excessive as to produce injury, if not death. A natural inference may readily be drawn as to the necessity of applying to the new-born infant such covering as shall prevent this evil.

BITE OF VAMPIRE BATS.

According to Hensel, the bite of the vampire bat is not injurious so much in consequence of the amount of blood which it extracts by the bite as because the wounds attract flies, which leave their eggs in them, thus producing running ulcers in a short time. It is stated that it is horses and asses particularly, rather than cattle, that are bitten by the bats.

NEW GLAZING PUTTY.

A new glazing putty, known as thermo-plastic putty, has been recently introduced into England, and applied to fasten glass into the roofs of railway stations, green-houses, and other structures where iron sashes are employed. This article hardens in a few hours after being used; but when exposed to solar heat sufficient to cause an expansion of the glass and metal becomes plastic, and on cooling again hardens to its original firmness, thus obviating the danger of breakage, which is so frequent when ordinary glazier's putty is employed.

BROMIDE OF POTASSIUM.

M. Namias, in prosecuting certain experiments upon bromide of potassium, finds that this salt is eliminated not only by the urine, but also by the saliva; and, in fact, a post-mortem examination of an individual who had taken large quantities of this salt revealed its presence not in the blood merely, but in the other liquids of the system, as well as in the liver, lungs, brain, the spinal marrow, etc. He also found that bromide of iron might replace advantageously, in certain cases, the bromide of potassium; since, while an appreciable quantity of bromine was found in the urine, but little of the iron was detected, this having probably been retained by the blood. In discussing the preceding communication, as presented to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, M. Balard urged the propriety of the use of the bromide of sodium in preference to that of potassium. He stated that soda is the alkali which is usually present in the animal juices, potassa occurring to a much less degree.

Editor's Historical Record.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 30th of July.—The following is a brief summary of the proceedings of Congress previous to adjournment *sine die* on the 15th:

The Senate, on the 1st, passed a bill for the continuance of the income tax at the rate of 2½ per cent. for two years, $2000 being exempted. The bill was passed by the House on the 9th, the provision continuing the tax for two years being rejected.—On the 6th, in the Senate, the Conference Committee on the Currency bill reported in favor of the adoption of the bill as passed by the Senate, with a modification fixing the amount of additional currency to be issued at $54,000,000. The bill, which, in accordance with this report, was adopted, provides for the immediate distribution of this additional issue of currency among the several States, and for a redistribution after the census of 1870 shall have been taken. This bill was on the 7th passed by the House.—In the Senate, on the 7th, the Naval and Fortification bills were passed. Also, on the same day, the Congressional Apportionment bill, fixing the number of Representatives at 300, with an amendment providing that States having a fraction exceeding one-half over the amount of population required for one Representative shall be entitled to an additional member.—A bill was passed by the House, on the 7th, to regulate the mode of ratifying constitutional amendments, 128 to 54. This bill makes it unlawful for any state officer to certify a repeal of a ratification once made, and affixes a penalty of fine and imprisonment for an attempt to repeal a ratification after it has been once consummated.—The Senate, on the 9th, passed the Army bill nearly as reported by the Conference Committee. This bill reduces the army to 30,000 men. Officers who have served during thirty years may, if they desire, be placed on the retired list, the number on which may be increased to 300. Officers on the active list are forbidden to hold civil offices on pain of vacating their commissions. The payment of the General of the army is fixed at $13,500 per year; that of the Lieutenant-General at $11,000; that of a major-general at $7500; that of a brigadier-general at $5500; that of a colonel at $3500. Officers on the retired list are to receive 75 per cent. of the pay due their rank.—The appropriation for the Polar Expedition was reduced by the Senate on the 9th to $50,000. C. F. Hall is to have command of the expedition.—On the 13th the Senate adopted the reports of Conference Committees on the Tax and Tariff and on the Funding bills. In respect to the Funding bill Mr. Sherman explained that the Committee had provided for three classes of bonds—two hundred millions of five per cents; three hundred millions of four and a half per cents; and one thousand millions of four per cents. The expenses of negotiation had been fixed at one-half of one per cent., under the control of the Secretary of the Treasury. The seventh section, relating to the national banks, has been stricken out, leaving the bill merely a voluntary bill. The House adopted the report of the Conference Committees on the Tax and Tariff and on the Funding bills on the 13th.—On the 14th the Senate passed a bill allowing Mrs. Lincoln a pension of $3000 a year.—In the House, on the 14th, a bill was passed appropriating $5,000,000 for the carrying out of Indian treaties. This action was sustained by the Senate on the 15th. As finally passed the bill contains a proviso that nothing in it shall be so construed as to ratify, approve, or disaffirm any treaty made with any tribes, bands, or parties of Indians since July 20, 1867; or to either affirm or disaffirm any of the powers of the Executive and the Senate on the subject. The President is to control the disbursement of the appropriation. The bill continues the Board of Peace Commissioners for another year.—On the last day of the session (July 15) a special message was communicated to both Houses by the President, calling attention to the breaking out of the war in Europe and the necessity for the increase of our commercial marine by the purchase of ships. In the Senate this message received little attention, and was finally laid aside without action. In the House it was referred to the Committee on Ways and Means, with instructions to report forthwith. Two reports were received, the majority postponing ac-

tion and the minority reporting a bill favoring for a certain time the registration of foreign-built iron vessels. A long debate ensued on the subject of free ships. No action, however, was taken.

John Lothrop Motley has been removed from the post of Minister to the Court of St. James. On the 14th the President sent to the Senate a nomination of Frederick T. Frelinghuysen as his successor. This nomination was confirmed on the 15th.

EUROPE.

It was announced on the 6th of July that Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern had formally accepted the Spanish crown. This fact was known to the French government on the 5th, and "a firm and energetic note" was addressed to Baron Werther, the Prussian embassador, upon the receipt of which the Baron departed for Ems to meet the King of Prussia. What the tenor of this note was may be inferred from the statement made the next day in the Corps Législatif by the Duke de Grammont, Minister of Foreign Affairs, namely, that "it was true that General Prim had offered the throne of Spain to the Prince of Hohenzollern, who had accepted it; but the people of Spain had not pronounced on the transaction, and France had to know the details of an affair which had been conducted in secrecy. The French government would persist in its policy of neutrality, but under no pretext would it permit a German power to place one of its princes on the throne of Charles V. He hoped, however, that prudence in Germany and wisdom in Spain would avert extremities." The *Moniteur*, on the evening of the 9th, said: "The abandonment of the Hohenzollern project on the part of Prussia is not enough now. France must prevent the recommencement of similar projects, and on the part of Prussia demand an entire fulfillment of the Treaty of Prague—namely, the liberty of South Germany, the evacuation of the fortress of Mayence, the renunciation of military influence beyond the Main, and the settlement of the Schleswig-Holstein question with Denmark." The position assumed by the *Moniteur* was that maintained by the French government. For, notwithstanding the withdrawal of Prince Leopold, the French government insisted upon the official renunciation now and forever of all pretensions to the throne of Spain on the part of any member of the Hohenzollern family. The Prussian king refused to receive Count Benedetti, the French embassador, bringing the above demand from the French court. On the 15th the French government, sustained by the Corps Législatif, declared war against Prussia. This declaration asserts that the Emperor of the French was obliged to consider the proposal to elevate a Prussian prince to the throne of Spain as an attack on the security of France; that he desired that Prussia should disavow the scheme, which Prussia refused to do, reserving her right to be governed by circumstances; and that the Emperor was forced to consider this determination as equally menacing to France and the European equilibrium, and, particularly, as it was rendered the more significant by the communication made by Prussia to the cabinets of Europe, giving an account of the refusal to receive the French embassador. The declaration concludes: "The French government, therefore, is taking steps for the defense of its honor and injured interests, and having adopted all measures which the circumstances render necessary, considers itself at war with Prussia."

The London *Times*, of July 25, published a projected treaty submitted by France to the Prussian government, guaranteeing its authenticity. The following are the points of this document: The preamble sets forth that the King of Prussia and the Emperor of the French, in order to strengthen the ties of friendship between the two governments and peoples, etc., hereby conclude the subjoined treaty: In the first article, Napoleon admits and recognizes the late acquisitions of Prussia from Austria; in the second, the Prussian king engages to facilitate the French acquisition of Luxembourg; in the third, the Emperor acquiesces in the union of the North and South German States, Austria excepted; in the fourth, France finding it necessary to absorb Belgium, Prussia lends her assistance to that measure; the fifth article is the usual one of offensive and defensive alliance between the two nations.

Count Von Bismarck pronounces the copy of the treaty as published by the London *Times* to be authentic, and says it was the same as proposed to him by the French Minister in 1866. The publication of this secret treaty created intense excitement in England.

Up to the time of closing this Record the other European governments have maintained a position of neutrality. England insists that the territory of Belgium must not be invaded.

Thus far no engagement of importance has been reported. On the 25th the French fleet was to have sailed for the Baltic.

The French Emperor left St. Cloud for the field on the 28th, taking with him the Prince Imperial, and leaving the Empress as Regent of France during his absence. At that date the Prussian army was concentrating between Treves and Merzig on the River Saar.

In the British House of Commons, July 1, an amendment to the Education bill, providing for free education, was defeated, the majority against it being 225.—In the House of Lords on the 8th the Irish Land bill was read for the third time, and passed.

In the Œcumenical Council, July 13, the dogma of Papal Infallibility was adopted by a vote of 450 to 88. The dogma was, on the 18th, proclaimed by the Pope with imposing ceremonies.

OBITUARY RECORD FOR JULY.

Rear-Admiral John A. Dahlgren, of the United States navy, died at Washington July 12, aged sixty years.

Hon. Daniel S. Norton, United States Senator from Minnesota, died in Washington on the 14th, aged forty-one years.

M. Prévost-Paradol, who arrived in this country on the 13th as Minister from France, committed suicide in Washington on the 20th. He was forty-one years old.

Chevalier Charles F. De Loosey, for the past twenty years Austrian Consul-General at New York, died suddenly on the night of the 21st, aged sixty years.

Madame Marie Ratazzi died at Florence July 27, aged forty years.

Editor's Drawer.

A WESTERN NEW YORK friend furnishes the following hitherto unpublished reminiscences of James T. Brady:

In the summer of 1867 the writer met the gifted and lamented Brady in a company of gentlemen of the bar, and remembers now, with great pleasure, the genial, kindly address, and rare faculty of entertaining, shown by the great advocate. The anecdotes that fell from his lips derived peculiar humor from his way of telling them, which could neither be imitated nor described. There was nothing of the actor about it. He entered heartily into the fun of what he was relating, and laughed as loud as the loudest.

"There is Counselor M——," he said, referring good-humoredly to an advocate of considerable distinction—"quite a brilliant jury-lawyer, and a pretty strong man, but with some peculiarities. Did any of you ever notice his queer parentheses in his summing up? For instance: If he desires to allude to any one connected with the case in terms of condemnation, you'll always hear him begin in this fashion:

"'Then, gentlemen of the jury, there is the defendant (God help him!),' or, 'Observe, gentlemen, the character of the witnesses marshaled here to crush us; and, first and foremost, we have John Smith (God help him!),' etc., etc.

"Now, I think," pursued Mr. Brady, with a mirthful twinkle, "that if Mr. M—— would only direct his appeals to tribunals where he has some weight and influence, he might always have a reasonable expectation of success."

Some one speaking of the great public interest manifested in a successful lawyer, Mr. Brady jocosely said: "I really think that has been all the other way with me. Some of my most flattering victories at the bar have passed almost unheeded by my personal friends and acquaintances; but once let a jury find a verdict against me, and I would be certain to be stopped by half a dozen men between Chambers Street and the Astor, each with the same question—'I say, Brady, how did that suit go?'"

On another occasion, desiring to make an assurance that he gave to a lawyer present particularly emphatic, Mr. Brady said: "You may depend upon it; I give you my word—the word, in fact, of a brother-*in-law*."

A NATTY little book has just come over from London, entitled "Reminiscences of America; by Two Englishmen," which describes the manner in which the twain rippled through the country, what they saw in the country, and what they heard in the streets. As instances of the "hyperbole" of the country they record the following:

In describing the large trees of the Yosemite Valley one said that "it took two men and a boy to see the top of them." One being asked by a friend if he saw a certain mosquito on the weather-vane of the State House (!) at St. Louis, answered, "Yes, I see it winking." A third, in describing the prices of carriages at Niagara, asserted that the "hack fares are so high that the Falls are insignificant by comparison." Another story is related, with the appearance of truth, of a boy who was watching his school-fellows as they snow-balled an old gentleman's windows. The old gentleman rushed out of his house, determined, if possible, to inflict some severe corporal punishment on the offender, saying, when he caught the boy, "Now, you rascal, I'll thrash you within an inch of your life!" Accordingly he began to beat him, when the boy immediately commenced laughing, and continued until the old gentleman stopped beating him, with the exclamation, "Boy, what are you laughing at?" "Well," said the boy, "I'm laughing because *you* are awfully sold: *I ain't the boy!*"

JUDGE DOWLING has many a queer and ingenious rascal before him, but seldom one with more delicious coolness than was possessed by a young fellow, decently dressed, who was arraigned for having stolen a watch. It was his first error, and he was ready to plead guilty. The Judge addressed him in very gentle tones, and asked him what had led him to commit the theft. The young man replied that, having been unwell for some time, the doctor advised him to *take something*, which he had accordingly done. The Judge was rather pleased with the humor of the thing, and asked what had led him to select a watch. "Why," said the prisoner, "I thought if I only had the *time* that nature would work a cure!"

AT one of our "Institutes" the following was sent in among the "compositions:"

ON INDUSTRY.—It is bad for a man to be *idol*. Industry is the best thing a man can have, and a wife is the next. Prophets and kings desired it long, and died without the *site*. The End.

APROPOS of the anecdote of Governor Butler, in the July number of the Drawer, a correspondent at Omaha, Nebraska, sends the following from that young State:

The science of legislation out here is rather crude. Our "assembled wisdom" have a hearty contempt for the verbose law-makers of the East, and, as the result, the simplicity of our "acts" is only equaled by the strange fix in which they sometimes put things. A few years ago a statute was passed to regulate the sale of liquors. One of its provisions, after imposing a fine of $25 for sales of liquor to minors, and that complaints for the offense should be made before a justice of the peace, wound up thus: "And on proof of the violation of said section, or any part thereof, the justice shall render judgment for the whole amount of fine and costs, *and be committed to the common jail until the sum is paid!*"

AT an early day Judge Wakeley, now a leading practitioner of the Omaha bar, presided in our highest Territorial court. This was in '55, when such a thing as a "Form Book" was a scarce article, as the sequel will show. At one of the first terms in an interior county his Honor took his seat on the bench—and this is how court got opened:

"Mr. Sheriff, open court."

A long pause ensued, the sheriff staring with a bothered and inquiring look around the room and at the judge, as though "he couldn't see any thing about that ere court" that particularly needed "opening."

"Come, Mr. Sheriff," the judge repeated, "open court, if you please."

Here the bewildered sheriff, resolved not to seem quite so ignorant of his official duties, laid aside the old prairie hat, and giving a rake through his thatchy locks, tangled by the winds, proclaimed: "*By request of Mr. Wakeley*, this court is *now open!*"

OMAHA is the metropolis of Nebraska, and Judge Lake, who at present holds the office of Justice of the Supreme Court, is universally esteemed as an able and upright jurist, and somewhat noted for administering *plenty* of impartial justice to criminals. Toward the close of the term of the District Court held by him last January, a number of prisoners were brought up from the jail to have their bail fixed. Among them was a negro boy named "Sam," charged with chicken-stealing. The grand jury had been discharged for the term just prior to Sam's arrest. His bail was fixed at $50. Sam couldn't muster that much, and, addressing the Court, said, "Yer Honor, 'tain't no use tryin' to gib dat. I 'pose jus' to plead guilty, and *hurry along wid dis ting, somehow!*"

Of course the proceedings lacked the important step of an indictment, and the judge therefore enlightened Sam's mind as follows:

"You mustn't steal chickens *just after* the grand jury have been discharged. Hereafter, be careful to do it *just before* they adjourn. Then your case will be quite likely to receive their early attention."

Sam's square proposition to plead guilty, and "hurry dat ting along, *somehow*," cost him the three months' additional detention that intervened before the next empanneling of a grand jury. He simply remarked, "Golly!" and hied him to his cell.

A CORRESPONDENT at Vincennes, Indiana, has been among the Quakers, and picked up the following:

In —— County a Quaker maiden, who had reached the age of sixty, accepted a matrimonial offer from a man who belonged to the "world's people" and the Presbyterian Church, and began to prepare for her wedding. As usual, a delegation of Friends from her meeting waited on her, and remonstrated with her for marrying out of meeting. The bride-elect heard the visitors patiently, and said:

"Look here! I've been waiting just sixty years for the meeting to marry me, and if the meeting don't like me to marry out of it, *why don't the meeting bring along its boys?*"

That seemed to settle the matter. The delegation "farewell'd," and evaded the premises.

THE high courts of Colorado have become the arena of poetical merriment, as we are informed by a correspondent dating from the "Sherman House, Trinidad, Colorado, June 30, 1870:"

At the June term, just closed, one of the causes tried was that of Father Munnicom, a priest, against one Skelly, for sundry expenses incurred in the burial of a child. Boyles and Baird were for the plaintiff, and E. J. Hubbard, an ex-judge of New Mexico, for the defendant. As is quite often the case in serious matters, the lawyers became jocose over it.

Judge B——, of New Mexico, led off thus:

"The doughty Hubbard and the sapient Boyles,
In strife forensic, spread their cunning toils;
While those who listen to the wordy 'sum'
Wonder which side will make the Munni-com."

This being passed to the presiding judge, Hallett, that dignitary wrote under it the following:

"If plaintiff fails his suit to gain,
The end is clearly this:
That Munni-com is money gone,
And Hubbard's crowned with bliss."

This was sent down to District-Attorney Stone, who ended the matter:

"The fee-hungry Hubbard,
At a suit-able cupboard,
Picks the *Skelly*-ton of the dead;
While the soup-erior pot Boyles
Over ecclesiastical spoils,
And makes Munni-com down with the red."

Declining to express any opinion as to the legal right to sepulture, or to enter upon the theological argument, we may venture to intimate that the doggerel may be regarded as "A 1, Colorado."

A FASHIONABLE New York Church, worshiping in an unfashionable part of the city, a short time since sold its edifice and moved further up town. The purchaser chanced to be a livery-stable keeper, who thought he needn't be more particular than the original Christian owners, and turned the building to the most ignoble uses of his business. Whereupon the pastor, in the spirit of old Matthew Byles, composed a gently satirical hymn, supposed to be sung by the congregation on meeting for the last time in the church, of which we rescue the concluding stanza from oblivion. It ran on this wise:

"And for the last time here to-day
We marshal Zion's forces;
No more we'll meet to praise and pray,
For we give place to horses."

SOME years since, when there was no usury law in Iowa, a lawyer of the name of Jenks brought suit on a note held by his client, which drew thirty per cent. interest, and recovered judgment. It was supposed that the maker of the note was insolvent, but it afterward transpired that such was not the case. The note had been running three or four years, and the judgment would only draw six per cent. interest, while, if that could be set aside, the note would draw the thirty per cent. The opposite party took the case to the Supreme Court, to reverse the judgment, which Jenks was willing should be done. Jenks was a fine scholar, but would at times imbibe too much. On this occasion he came into court quite "tight." After his opponent had finished an elaborate argument, Jenks, after one or two attempts, succeeded in getting on his feet, and, remembering only the point of the case, *i. e.*, the thirty per cent., said:

"Mer brother 'turney 'nis argumen' has mos' sassfied me ther judgt [hic] orter be sesside. I'm sassfied this judgt *orter* be 'versed [hic]; antershow ther Court I'm 'nernest, I'll tell yer

whatel do. If yerl 'verse that judgt I'll give yer fivedolls!"

One of the judges, a punctilious man, indignantly asked him if he meant to insult the Court.

This seemed to take Jenks by surprise. Straightening himself up, and thinking a moment, a new light seemed to dawn on his mind, and he said, with an air of putting the thing right at last:

"Nosr! I don't meanter 'sult the Court—the Court m'sunderstoo' me—*I mean five dolls 'piece!*"

With the thermometer at 90° in the shade, let our writers of editorials bear in mind that it is a good thing to be brief. Column editorials do try the patience. The compound, double-back-action, reversible, self-adjusting, patent cut-off and condenser, is what should be introduced into every newspaper office during the dog-days. What is now needed is a summer editor—a shrinker; some such sort of man as the late Colonel Samuel L. Knapp once encountered in a printing-office—a dapper little man, who had started a magazine, which he was puffing at a great rate, and in the most "highfalutin" style, in all the journals in the country. To this periodical Colonel Knapp was invited to contribute. He consequently sent in an article, which overran, by half a page or more, a "form" of eight pages. Unwilling to extend the number of pages, because of the cost, the proprietor changed a comma into a period at the end of the closing line of the page, leaving the *gist* of the article, the very *dénouement* of the story, undeveloped!

The author, as may readily be supposed, was "a little *riled.*"

"Print the article as it was *written*, Sir, or leave it out altogether!"

"My *dear* Sir," responded the dapper little proprietor, "what's the *use?* It 'stops' very handsomely as it is. Just let it go in! It makes another half form if it runs over, and that I can't afford!"

Reasonable as this request was considered, the author of the article peremptorily declined. The discomfited proprietor now took *another* tack, interposing what he thought would prove "a clencher," and remove all objections:

"Let it stand, Colonel Knapp—let it stand. It is very good as it is. *I* like it just as well as if that last part were tacked on to it; and if it *ain't* quite so nice it don't make no difference—*nobody will read it!*—so what's the use?"

Bear it in mind, ye brethren who write "leaders," and such! When the thermometer is only 10° below "par" "it don't make no difference; *nobody reads 'em!*"

About these days expect Agricultural Fairs and Plowing Matches. And remember the good advice once given by the President of a State Agricultural Society, on presenting a silver cup to a young man who had won the first prize at a plowing match: "Take this cup, my young friend, and remember always to plow *deep* and drink *shallow.*"

The recent session of the *one* General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, at Philadelphia, and the clever things said, as well as the good things done there, recalls a little anecdote of two notable men in their day, Krebs and Breckinridge, in an ecclesiastical battle that occurred many years ago in one of the General Assemblies held in Philadelphia.

Dr. Krebs was pressing his antagonist, Dr. B., hard with his authorities, and at last came down on him with this: "And now I will proceed to quote Breckinridge against Breckinridge."

Instantly, without rising from his seat, Dr. B. exclaimed, "And you could not possibly cite an authority that would have less weight with me!"

Last winter the Rev. W. E. S——, of Lowell, Massachusetts, was spending a few months in Jacksonville, Florida, for his health, and while there manifested great interest in all things pertaining to the welfare of the freedmen. On one occasion, while attending the Sabbath-school of the Colored Baptist Church, a class of boys was turned over to him as instructor. The lesson of the day was the 5th chapter of St. Mark, relating to the manner in which the Saviour cast devils out of the demoniac and into the swine. After the chapter had been read, Mr. S—— turned to the class and asked:

"Now, boys, do you think that those were real devils that possessed this poor man?"

The boys looked at each other hesitatingly, but no one ventured a reply. He finally spoke to one of the boys on the front seat, who was black as Erebus, and evidently the "logy" one of the class, and asked:

"Do *you* believe that men in those days had devils in them—real devils?"

The young "amendment," solemnly rolling up the whites of his eyes, replied:

"Yas, I dus; and *dar's heaps on 'em wot's got de debble in 'em now!*"

Whatever might have been the moral status of those Gadarene people who became so troublesome to the swine, there is no doubt whatever that the Floridian freedboy was quite exact in saying that "dar's heaps wot's got de debble in 'em" at the present writing.

We were not aware, until informed by a correspondent at Lyons, Iowa, that the eminent geologist, Dr. Mantell, was a man of unusually gigantic stature. The fact is sufficiently authenticated in Dana's "Text-Book of Geology," page 181, where this statement occurs:

"To the group of Dinosaurs belongs the Iguanodon, of the Wealden beds, first made known by Dr. Mantell, *whose body was twenty-eight to thirty feet long*, and which stood high above the ground, *quadruped-like*, the *femur, or thigh-bone, alone being nearly three feet long.*"

What a long man—on the whole!

The following little incident occurred recently in the Sunday-school of the Greene Street M. E. Church in Piqua, Ohio, which exhibits the brightness of the "coming boy" of that State:

Professor Ingles, of Illinois, was addressing the school, telling them what his State was doing in the Sabbath-school work, and reverting to the great work in progress among the convicts in the Illinois Penitentiary. He asked if any one of the children present could tell him how many convicts there were in the prison of his State. No response.

"Well," continued the Professor, "can any one tell me how many there *ought* to be?"

"A million!" was the instant response of a bright-eyed urchin.

According to the census of 1865, the population of Illinois was 2,145,000. To say, therefore, that a million ought to be in the penitentiary would seem to be out of proportion. The boy, however, may have understood the matter better than we do.

IN the course of a description of Brigham Young's city and dominion, the following is given as an encouragement for the "Saints" to make prompt payment of their tithes:

TITHING SONG.

[AIR—"*The King of the Cannibal Islands.*"]

Now, male and female, rich and poor,
Who wish to keep your standing sure,
That your salvation may secure,
Come forward and pay up your tithing.
A tenth, that is, and nothing less,
Of all you do or may possess
In flocks and herds and their increase,
With pigs and poultry, ducks and geese—
A tenth, indeed, of all your toil,
Likewise the produce of the soil,
And if you've any wine or oil,
Come forward and pay up your tithing.

Chorus.

Then if to prosper you desire,
And wish to keep out of the fire,
Nay, if you to be saints aspire,
Come forward and pay up your tithing.

A HYMN of about the same "grade" is one that can occasionally be heard at the cathedral of the Shakers, at New Lebanon, said to have been dictated by the spirits:

SONG OF THE ANGELS.

[*To those who are bound Heavenward.*]

The fare is cheap, and food is plain,
For you can eat as you ride along,
For there is no grease to soil your clothes,
No bones to pick, or scales of fish to interfere.

SOME five-and-twenty years ago, when Buffalo and Rochester were smaller, but not less enterprising cities than they are now, there was not a little rivalry and "pride of place" between them. Sometimes it led to droll talks. At the time we speak of our friend Lawrence Jerome was a newspaper man, and kept the *American* (not a hotel, but a newspaper thus entitled). Talking one day with a gentleman who had been on a pleasure tour through the western portion of the State, the latter said:

"You have a fine, growing city, though probably Buffalo goes ahead of you."

"Not a bit of it," replied Mr. Jerome. "In five years we can beat her, and give her six."

"But Buffalo is a very flourishing town."

"It *is*," replied the estimable Lawrence—"it's *all* flourish!"

SOMETHING of the same sort is this: A gentleman wearing a peculiar hat entered one of the news-dealers shops in this city, and asked:

"Do you have the Philadelphia papers?"

"No."

"Do you keep the *Boston* papers?"

"*No*, Sir; we don't keep *any* village papers."

WE are indebted to a government official in North Carolina for the following narrative, setting forth the manifold troubles occasioned in a single family by the late war, and the solicitude felt on the part of the patriotic survivor to rehabilitate himself by a zealous devotion to "the whisky business," about the manufacture of which he laudably desires instruction. We copy verbatim:

— ARK. *March* 25. 1870.

DEAR SIR—I ask a favor of you. I wont you to give me sum instructions. I live near a flearishing little town Greenville in Hempstead County. I am a macanic. A pore man. I wor pore before the wor, and in time of the wor the rebs cleand me out becaus thay compeld me to leave my home. I made my wa to fayette ville. thay shot at me like a woolf and wonded me. I suferd much in gitten to Fayette ville. I got thare on the 7 of Feb 63 and joind the first Ark infantry. thay tuck two of my Suns oft in the servis. one of them dide the other like to hav dide. he has marred sence the wor. he lives with me & has fits. the way thay trated him is the caus of it. he disearted them three tims. the last tim thay tuck him to little Rock, Hineman had percession of that place. he had him cort marcheld and condemb to be shot but the day before the lord delivrd him out of his hands. he fled to the moun tains and when the feds tuck that place he got to them joind the service and stade with them and fit the rebs until peace wos made.

the other one of my suns a younger one wos with me when thay wos after me & got cut oft from me. and frozed to death that night.

thar is lots of the boys living about fayette ville you can ask for information.

several of them lives thare yit that wor in the first rigment.

if you pleas giv me a full hystory of what it will cost me to meck whiskey and sell it by the hole sale or retale

we lov whiskey

it sells high

it sells hear now in Greenville at 150 per quort.

pork is high hear. I want to raze hogs.

I have got the best Spring cold good water and in about one hundred yards falls 20 feet. wood plenty

I can doo my own grinding and in about one mile and one half from Greeneville.

pleas wright to me. wright to Mineral Springs Hempstead County Ark.—yours Truly

JEROTHUEL LUMMIS.

SOME few years since, when the oil fever was at its height, a very good man, who officiated as a sort of surveyor and prospecter in the oleaginous region, furnished to a party desiring it the following document:

"A Discription of Mr. Shattick's Lot of Land, this Land is partly Upland intersperst with Rills and Ravines also with Hillocks and hollars every Holar is an oil site every Ravine is intersperst with oil Sites, for i have Surveyed this Land Sistematically and Theologically, and it is Rich with Oil in my Jedediah Kissam opinion."

SPEAKING of the American's devotion to business, we have this:

A New York merchant who for six years had left his home at 6 A.M., not returning until 8 P.M., after his children were in bed, was aroused on a Sunday afternoon from a nap on the sofa by the voice of a child crying out, "Ma, ma! quick! there's a *man* in the dining-room!"

Didn't know its own dad!

IN ——, Ohio, reside two or three families who have grown so as to form quite a "settlement" of their own. They were never a people of high aspirations, and their descendants have followed the paternal example. They never went to "meetin'." Not long since one of the S—— family died, leaving a large family, as well as a brother near his own age. The Methodist minister of the town was called upon to go

to the settlement and conduct the funeral services. After doing this he accompanied the funeral procession to the country grave-yard. Upon arriving there the various teams composing the cortége were "hitched," and all proceeded to the grave. After the ceremonies there were ended, and as the assembly were dispersing, the clergyman, who was walking with the surviving brother, being anxious to know what impression had been made upon his mind, addressed him thus: "Well, Father S——, you will soon be going home too." To which the bereaved old gent responded: "Yes, yes, pretty soon; the boys have gone now to unhitch the critters!"

Further consolation was not tendered.

It is no sin not to be well up in the classics. 'Liakim Dutton was not. But he loved the American fair. In fact he loved two of them. Those two felt emotions of love toward 'Liakim. And they quarreled about him like two Kilkenny pussies. Consequence was, all three were brought into court. 'Liakim, being the cause of the struggle, was thus addressed by his Honor:

"And so those women were fighting about you?"

"I believe so, Sir."

"You are a sort of Adonis, then?"

"Sir?" inquired 'Liakim, his eyes protruding, and a shade of pallor creeping into his face.

"You are an Adonis," the Court repeated.

"Oh no, Sir—never as bad as that; *but I've been in the penitentiary for stealing horses.*"

The recent decease of Mr. William Gilmore Simms—a name well known to the readers of this Magazine—recalls a little thing of his, written many years ago, the beauty of which will be especially appreciated by every one who is so fortunate as to be blessed with a young daughter:

"My little girl sleeps on my arm all night,
And seldom stirs, save when, with playful wile,
I bid her rise and press her lips to mine,
Which in her sleep she does. And sometimes then,
Half muttered in her slumbers, she affirms
Her love for me is boundless. And I take
The little bud, and close her in my arms;
Assure her by my action—for my lips
Yield me no utterance then—that in my heart
She is the treasured jewel. Tenderly,
Hour after hour, without desire of sleep,
I watch above that large amount of hope,
Until the stars wane, and the yellow moon
Walks forth into the night."

A director in one of our orphan asylums mentions the following:

Last Christmas the directors assembled at the asylum to witness the effect upon the little people of old Santa Claus's visit. Among them was a bright-eyed boy, whose present was a pair of copper-toed boots—a long-desired present, truly; yet a shade of further longing hung upon his face. Finally, with some hesitancy, he approached the matron and asked,

"Mayn't I kick Joe *just once?*"

Alas, that that final joy should have been denied the youngster!

A clergyman, in a certain town in Massachusetts, having occasion to call in the services of a brother minister, tendered to him at the close of the day the usual fee for preaching, which, in those days (it was before the war), was ten dollars. Such a sum for such work was then thought good pay. But on this occasion the man seemed slow to take it, and finally said, while putting it in his pocket-book:

"I talked to the Sunday-school nearly half an hour; and, besides, I had some conversation with an impenitent sinner on the steps of the church, and I thought *fifty cents more would be about right.*"

The extra charge seemed reasonable, even before the war, when $\$0\frac{50}{100}$ had some "purchase" to it, and was readily paid.

In the office of our clever young friend Surrogate Hutchings many curious documents come to light in connection with the disposition of property. Not long since an old lady, being in infirm health, and wishing to make a will, sent for an Irish friend to put it in proper form. After receiving the lady's instructions he commenced to write, beginning with a phrase he had heard was used in such documents, viz., "In the name of the benevolent Father of all," etc. But after he had written *Fa—* he stopped, recollecting it was a *woman's* will, and made what he thought to be the necessary change. Fortunately the old lady recovered from that illness, but subsequently went the way of all old ladies, and her will went the way of all old wills—to the surrogate, who, on opening it, read what was to him a novel commencement: "In the name of the benevolent Mother of all, I, Ellen M'Tavish," etc., etc. Nevertheless the rest of the document seemed to meet the legal requirements, and was admitted to probate.

We all know the man who sells his things for less than cost. He is to be found in every village. He of whom we write lived in one of the numerous "cities" of Michigan. In addition to farming he made a little (some said much) money by selling beef. But, according to his own statement, he always lost money by it. While serving his customers with tender steaks he would speak feelingly of how much was lost on that "critter."

"Well, Uncle Johnny," said a customer, "if you lose so much money, why don't you quit the business?"

Uncle Johnny was equal to the occasion, when he replied, in slow and thoughtful manner, "Well, the fact is, I've just bought the farm next south of mine, *and it's got to be paid for!*"

Exactly. So much that "must be paid for," and so we sell for "less than cost." At least it is so stated in the placards.

There lived in the northern part of Vermont Judge Turner, who in his day (he has been many years dead) was very famous for his wit. A few of his repartees are furnished to the Drawer by Mr. John G. Saxe:

When a practicing attorney, many years ago, he happened, while arguing a question of some difficulty, to illustrate a point in his case by a pretty free use of the vocabulary of the card-table. The presiding judge abruptly inquired what he meant by addressing such language to the court.

"I meant, your Honor, to be *understood,*" was the reply.

On another occasion a judge, vexed with the

difficulty, or irritated by the insignificance, of a cause which Turner was conducting, cried out:

"Sir, why do you bring such a case as this into court? Why not leave it out to some of your honest neighbors?"

"Because, your Honor," replied the barrister, "we don't choose that *honest* men should have any thing to do with it."

In the early days of Vermont jurisprudence the strict decorum which now very generally distinguishes the New England bar was comparatively unknown. Nothing was more common than sharp altercations between the bench and the bar; such wranglings, indeed, as would now be deemed "contempt of court" were they to occur only between the lawyers themselves. On one occasion Judge Turner, who was then plain "Esquire," had addressed a sound argument to the court and sat down. The judge, who chose to argue the question rather than decide it at once, replied in a feeble argument, which the lawyer in his turn demolished. The judge rejoined by repeating, without any material variation, his first reply, and then "closed the pleadings" by an adverse decision.

"Your Honor's two arguments," said Turner, addressing himself partly to the court and partly to the bar, "remind me of a story. A foolish old woman in Connecticut, being one evening at a party, was greatly at a loss for something to say. At length she ventured to inquire of a gentleman who sat next her whether his mother had any children. The gentleman politely pointed out the absurdity of her inquiry. 'I beg pardon,' exclaimed the old lady, perceiving her mistake; 'you don't understand me; I meant to inquire whether your *grandmother* had any children.'"

HERE is an old story done into doggerel, and very well done at that:

A country curate, visiting his flock,
At old Rebecca's cottage gave a knock;
"Good morrow, dame! I mean not any libel,
But in your dwelling have you got a Bible?"
"A Bible, Sir!" exclaimed she, in a rage;
"D'ye think I've turned a pagan in my age?
Here, Janey, haste, and run up stairs, my dear,
'Tis in the drawer; be quick, and bring it here!"
The girl returned with Bible in a minute,
Not dreaming for a moment what was in it;
When, lo! on opening it at parlor-door,
A pair of spectacles fell upon the floor.
Amazed, the dame was for a moment dumb,
And then exclaimed, "Oh, Sir! I'm glad you've come,
'Tis six months since these spectacles were lost,
And I have missed them to my poor eyes' cost."
Then, as the glasses to her nose she raised,
She *closed* the Bible, saying, "God be praised!"

A MASSACHUSETTS gentleman writes to the Drawer: We have a "popular preacher" in our town. He draws; and here is a literal copy of a passage in his last sermon. Speaking of the wisdom of all Nature's works:

"The bird was made to live in the air, the fish in the water, the mole in the ground. Put the first in the element of the second, it struggles and is strangled; the second into the element of the third, it flounders and gasps and dies; and should the mole attempt, like the eagle, *to soar above the mountain crags*, 'twould make him *dizzy!*"

THE proceeding known to lawyers as "polling the jury," is the calling over the list after the verdict has been rendered, with the question to each juror, separately, "Is this your verdict?" Thereanent a story is told of two lawyers, both standing very high in the profession to-day, who, years ago, met as opponents in the arena of a certain court, composed of a presiding judge and two associate justices, for the trial of an important case. During the trial a point was raised by lawyer No. 1 which the presiding judge instantly decided in his favor. Lawyer No. 2 was taken by surprise at the ruling, and thinking that he discovered signs of dissent in the faces of the associate justices, he blandly inquired,

"Are we to understand that such is the decision of *the Court?*"

The judges laid their heads together, and briskly discussed the question in low tones, while lawyer No. 1, alarmed at the turn the affair seemed to be taking, began to argue earnestly for the point. He was presently interrupted by the presiding judge, who said:

"I decided in your favor, Mr. Blank, as I was convinced was right, and I still think so. Much to my surprise, I find my brethren are both against me. It is therefore the decision of *the Court*—not mine—that the evidence which you offer must be rejected."

Lawyer No. 1 (*sotto voce*): "Well, I declare! I've often heard of polling a jury, but this is the first I ever knew of *polling a court!*"

FROM the correspondent who sent the foregoing we have the following account of a scene which recently amused a crowded court:

By the District-Attorney: "You are well acquainted with the prisoner?"

"Yes, Sir; know him well."

"What is his disposition as regards being quarrelsome, or otherwise?"

"Pretty ugly, I should say; that is, when he's drunk."

The District-Attorney, having "interviewed" the witness beforehand, and knowing what his answer to the question would be, judiciously concluded to allow the defendant's counsel to ask that question. The defendant's counsel plunged into the trap, in this wise:

"You say you know defendant well?"

"Yes."

"How long have you known him?"

"A matter of five years."

"How often have you seen him in that time?"

"From four to five times a week."

"Every week?"

"Just about every week."

"And you say he is ugly when he is drunk?"

"Yes; wants to fight, and such."

"Well, Sir—now tell this jury what the prisoner's disposition is when he is sober."

"That I can't do; *I never saw him sober!*"

"You can go down, Sir."

WHEN Dr. Gross was at the zenith of his fame in Philadelphia he was taken dangerously ill. Shortly after his recovery he met one of his lady patients, who remarked to him:

"Oh, Doctor, I rejoice to see that you are out again; had we lost you, our good people would have died by the dozen!"

"Thank you, madam," replied the Doctor; "but now, I fear, they will die by the *Gross!*"