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THE STORY OF A CHILD.

XI.

The next morning Ellen was awake and staring, wide-eyed, at the dawn long before the maids, in the faint light, went yawning down to the kitchen.

It seemed, when she awoke, as though some terrible dream had oppressed her, and she felt for a moment that sense of wondering relief, that grown persons know too well, and that fades so instantly into miserable certainty. Ellen, with a frightened sigh, remembered, and then buried her face in her pillow, and felt the tears behind her eyes, though no tears came. Older persons know that pain, too. In this pale morning light the child saw her project as it really was, stripped of those mists of imagination which had made it appear beautiful and admirable. It was impossible! How had she ever dared to think of such a thing? Yet how could she break her promise to Effie? The honesty of that thought drove her into planning the details of this impossible action. She must make her arrangements, even though she might not be able to carry them out. First she must pack her "things" up in something. She began to think of a certain leather bag which had belonged to her grandfather; she saw it in her memory, — the sole leather worn and shabby, and the "Eben Dale" in fat black letters on one side. She must get that bag. She must — *steal* it! Well, she had nothing else; she could n't help it; it was n't her fault; she had to have a bag. Poor little Ellen! trying so early in life to reconcile self-blame and self-pity, and learning, as do older sinners, that in any honest mind they are forever enemies.

The bag was in the spare room across the hall. She was afraid of this rarely used room, it was so dark and silent, and once her grandfather had lain dead in it! No one guessed what terrors had shaken the child whenever she had had to enter it. She used to run past its closed door, flinging a scared look over her shoulder. It seemed to her that some time the door would open and *something* stand on the threshold: she never said what would stand there; her terror needed no detail of words. Oh, how hard it was that the bag should be in that room!

She crept out of bed, and, without waiting to dress, stole across the hall and softly pushed the spare-room door open. The shutters were bowed, and one thin line of the sweet morning light came in from the dawn outside, touching, like a pointing finger, the great bed, draped in its white valance and coverlet. Its four mahogany posts made Ellen think of the obelisk which marked Dr. Dale's grave in the churchyard. The noiseless, lifting line of the sunbeam lay upon the white matting, almost at her feet; she stopped, then stepped across it, with a gasp. After that, though the tide of resolution rose and fell, the deed was practically done; in the child's mind arose confusedly the vision of the sword of

tremulous flame outside the gate of Paradise. The morning sunbeam and the little child made the picture of a human heart's profanity. Ellen felt, but did not understand, this critical moment created by her imagination.

Suddenly she thought the valance about the bed fluttered, and she almost cried out, and then stood with staring eyes. Oh, what if there were something under that awful bed? There was a moment of strained silence; then, on tiptoe, looking sideways at the valance, she glided across the room. Never once did she turn her back upon the bed; it seemed as though, if she glanced away for an instant, she should see, when she looked back, the long straight lines of the sheet, as she had seen them three years before. When at last she held the bag in her hand, and crept towards the door, a glimpse of herself in the glass, in her white nightgown, startled her so that she almost dropped it.

When the first fright was over, Ellen began to pack her dearly bought valise. How silent the house was! The wet leaves of the woodbine outside her window began to shine, as the sun looked around the corner of the house; some birds twittered; she heard a latch lift and fall, and knew that the women were going downstairs. It was very exciting. She must hurry with her packing, she thought, or Betsey Thomas might discover her.

What should she take with her? Her best dress, certainly; but she found, on squeezing it into the smallest possible bundle, that there would be little room for anything else in the bag, so drew it out again, meshed with wrinkles. In its place she put a small china vase, and then sat down upon the floor to reflect upon what else was necessary. Her Sunday hat, of course. The soft leghorn, with its white ribbons, was easily rolled up and pushed into the yawning jaws of the bag. Boots, — she should need boots? "I might get my feet wet," she considered, proud to find how practical she was. So, hastily, she dropped a pair of shoes in beside the hat; and then, with a quick impulse, tucked her Bible in one corner. This gave her tortured little conscience a momentary relief; it was so good to take her Bible! Her bank? She had almost forgotten her bank. That would have been, indeed, a serious omission. And here she came to the end of her packing. There was really nothing else to take; money, boots, a hat, and a Bible, — what else was needed for a journey? So she pushed the bag under the bed, that it might escape Betsey's eyes when she should enter with the tray and breakfast. But Betsey, when she came, did not glance about the room, nor speak to Ellen; following Mrs. Dale's directions, she put the tray down silently, and went away.

Ellen debated within herself whether she should eat her breakfast or put it in her bag. She decided on the former course; for, as the food was to be eaten some time, as well now as later. Breakfast over, came the waiting until nine o'clock, when she was to escape by means of the back stairs. She was greatly excited, and when, suddenly, her bedroom door opened she started so violently that Betsey Thomas tried to reassure her before delivering a message from Mrs. Dale.

"Don't be scared, Ellen; law, it 's only me. And Ellen, why don't you be a good girl? I don't mind nothin'! You just say you 'll apologize, child. Do, now, Ellen," she said anxiously.

Ellen did not answer.

"Anyway, your grandmother says you are to go out of doors for an hour and walk; and then she says — well, says she, 'Ellen can come and see me, *if she 's anything to say.*' Do, Ellen. I wish 't you would, child?"

Ellen looked out of the window to hide the tears that were trembling on her lashes.

"Your grandmother has a headache; she ain't up yet," Betsey ended significantly, her hand upon the door-knob; and then she turned back to add, "I 'm to leave your dinner on the chest of drawers in the back entry, Ellen, and you 're to get it yourself, your grandmother says."

The little girl looked scared; had she made her grandmother ill? She had promised Effie, — she must not break her word; but how dreadful if she had made her grandmother ill! Oh, how unhappy she was! She kept saying over and over to herself that she had "promised Effie," and so she must go. But when, with her bag in her hand, she started, ostensibly for the hour's walk in the garden, it was still incredible to her that she should be able to keep her word. She stopped a moment in the upper hall to wipe her eyes, and then, feeling very homesick, she crept to her grandmother's door, and, kneeling down, softly kissed the knob.

There was no sound behind the closed door, for Mrs. Dale had had her coffee and dropped into a nap; but the lack of any response to her burst of affection made Ellen's old bitterness come back; the sense of being badly treated put her mind again into the comfortable grooves of habit, and an unreal wretchedness made her so much happier that she was able to be interested in the situation, and say to herself that she was "escaping." She actually sauntered through the gooseberry bushes of the kitchen garden, taking the exercise which her grandmother had permitted her. The lawful prelude to an unlawful event had its charm for Ellen.

She said to herself that her absence would not be discovered until the afternoon, for Betsey Thomas would not go for the tray before three o'clock at the earliest.

Effie was waiting for her on the summer-house steps, looking quite pale. Before Ellen reached her she began to talk in an agitated way. "Ellen, do you know, I believe — I — I *can't*. I 'm not going to. I 'm awfully sorry — but — aunty wants me to have a dress fitted this afternoon. And don't you see, I can't? I 'm awfully sorry." Effie was very much embarrassed.

Ellen was out of breath; the bag, with all that money in the iron bank, was heavy. She stopped, put it down on the step, and looked up at Effie silently. Effie was very nervous.

"Well, you see, I can't help it; I 've got to have my dress fitted. It is n't my fault. And *you* can go just the same."

"Do you mean," said Ellen in a low voice, "that you 've backed out?"

Effie began to cry. "Well, what 's the use? I 'm not like you; my papa 's not dead, and he 'd catch me right off. Besides, he 's awfully fond of me. So what 's the use?"

"All right."

"Oh, Nellie, you 're not mad? You can go all the same. I 've brought you lots of food to take. Only you must n't tell that I did; they 'd scold me."

"Of course I shall go all the same. If you don't tell, you won't be scolded."

"Oh, I won't tell," Effie promised, with a gasp; "only, don't you think they might find out? They 'll think I ought to have told on you."

Ellen's lip quivered. "I guess they won't find out," she said; "but I did n't suppose it was right to break your word, Effie Temple."

"Oh, well, if you are going to get mad," said Effie, "I would n't go for anything! I hate people that get mad."

Ellen swallowed hard, and, turning away from Effie, blinked several times.

"What have you got in your bag?" Effie began, softening a little. "Any cake? And, Nellie, I thought I 'd just say, *I don't think you ought to*

go. Now I 'm not to blame; so let 's plan. See the things I 've brought: eggs — they are not cooked — and cake. Look! is n't that nice?"

"I don't want your cake," said Ellen, her little red lower lip quivering, "and I don't want to make any more plans with you. I 'm going now; good-by, Euphemia Temple. I 'll never speak to you again."

Effie was divided between interest and anger, in which there was also a little fear that Ellen would not go, and so all this excitement would come to an end. "It 's real mean to talk that way just because I can't go. I have awfully pretty dresses, — not like yours, — and they have to be fitted. I won't tell — and — don't you, either, when you come back. I mean, if you come back. And write to me, Nellie. Oh, my goodness, I wish I was going. Gracious! it 's splendid!"

Such admiration touched Ellen, who had already reached the lower step. "Yes, I 'll write to you," she said, "though I don't think you are a very good friend." It did not occur to Ellen that here was her opportunity to "back out." Somehow, this deflection only strengthened her purpose; very likely, had Effie been faithful and urged her, she would have had some wholesome hesitation.

Effie stood up, shading her eyes with her hand, and watching Ellen's little figure flit across the orchard and down the hill to the highway. There the elderberry bushes that fringed the road hid her for a moment, and then she was swallowed up in a cloud of dust, as a wagon went jogging by.

So began Ellen's journey into the world.

XII.

The sun poured hot and white upon the long stretch of sandy road. Ellen had hurried through the village, and, as it chanced, met no one. Near the post-office, on the main street, she saw a familiar figure which gave her an instant's fear. It was Miss Jane Temple; she had a letter in her hand, and seemed to be reading its address with absent intentness; she never once looked up. Escaped from those friendly eyes, Ellen was soon beyond Old Chester.

She walked steadily and quite rapidly. She passed two or three people; one man, who knew her, said, "Hullo, Ellen!" in a surprised way, but asked no questions. After that she walked for a while in the fields along the road, so that she might not be seen. The bag was heavy, and so was her heart.

It was nearly dinner time. Ellen had rejected Effie's cake and eggs, and those friendly berries which in story-books offer themselves to wandering children did not appear. There were locust-trees here and there by the road-side, but they had nothing to give her but a flickering shade. She really wished very much that she had eaten more breakfast. If she could see a shop, she would open her bank, she thought, and buy something. But not only were there no shops in sight; there were no houses, either.

She had taken every cross-road and lane and turn, and walked through fields, and skirted meadows, and now had quite lost her bearings, and had no idea where she was. Reaching the railroad at Mercer had appeared simple enough when she and Effie talked it over, but where was Mercer? She stumbled a little as she plodded through the dust, and then said to herself that she was so tired she must sit down and rest.

It was just noon. The mowed fields on either side of the road lay in a hot blur of sunshine; the long z-z-ing of the locusts seemed to emphasize the stillness. So far, the child had been sustained by excitement, and anger at Effie, and consciousness of achievement; but little by little a dull ache of reality

began to make itself felt. She perceived, far off, the moment when resolution would flag. But it was very far off. She would still pretend to herself that she was going to Mercer. Down the white road a little cloud of dust was creeping along. Ellen could hear a slow creaking jolt before she could distinguish in the dusty nimbus a peddler's cart. It was covered with sunburned canvas, and, as all the weight was on the front seat, it tilted up behind and sagged upon the front wheels. The white mule which jogged between the shafts was driven by a large person with a ruddy face; he wore spectacles, whose round silver rims looked like little satellites of his moonlike countenance, which had also a halo about it, made by a fringe of white whiskers under his chin, and a gray felt hat worn on the back of his head. His elbows were on his knees, and the reins hung loosely between his fingers; he was humming to himself, and once or twice his head nodded, as though he were half asleep; indeed, his eyes were closed, and he would not have noticed Ellen, standing at the roadside, had not the mule come to a standstill to kick a fly from its gray, shaggy stomach.

"Hallo!" said the man, opening his eyes.

"Yes, sir," said Ellen nervously.

"Warm day."

"Yes, sir."

"Goin' my way?"

"Yes, sir," Ellen said, having not the slightest idea where he was going.

"Edward and me 'll give thee a lift; git in."

"Oh, no, thank you, sir, I — I 'm going to Mercer."

Her voice quivered so that the peddler looked at her with sudden scrutiny. "Hallo, what 's this?" said he. "Why, sissy, Mercer is twenty miles off! Come, thee 'd better git in; I 'm goin' that way."

There was something so pleasant in the kindliness of his face that Ellen, tired, and afraid of her own thoughts, and dumfounded at the idea of the twenty miles still before her, found herself saying, "Thank you, sir," and climbing in over the wheel.

The white mule pricked up first one ear and then the other, and with reluctance began to move; his master turned his friendly spectacles upon Ellen. "Thee 's a little tot to be going to Mercer by theeself," he said.

Ellen did not reply.

There was a pause, in which the peddler seemed to seek a meaning in her silence, and then he said, with clumsy and painstaking gentleness, "Does th' folks know thee 's going to Mercer, sissy?"

"I think I 'll get out and walk," Ellen said agitatedly.

The peddler made a little clucking sound, as though to soothe her; and then he chuckled to himself, but did not stop Edward; he only said, "Here 's a joke!"

Ellen politely tried to call up a smile, but she saw nothing funny. She wished she had not gotten into the cart.

"I 'm going to be a milliner," she said, with childish embarrassment at silence.

"Well, now, ain't that strange? I 'm in the millinery way myself; though I 'm a literary man. I sell books. There 's nothin' like literature for improvin' folks." He paused, and beamed upon Ellen. "Like books?"

"Yes, sir, I like to read very much," she answered. Ellen was vain of this liking to read. She had often heard Betsey Thomas speak of it with admiration and wonder.

The peddler nodded his head; his spectacles had a kindly gleam in them. "I can't say that I 'm particular about readin' books, but I like 'em. And I like to sell 'em. My house is full of 'em. Thee 's welcome to look at 'em."

"Thank you, sir, but I think I must n't stop," returned Ellen, feeling

snubbed, for this gentleman was evidently contemptuous about reading. "I am going on to Mercer."

"Thee has no call to stop," the man explained. "This is my house, this cart. I sleep in it, and eat in it, and follow my literary pursuits in it. A-puttin' th' house on wheels don't stop its bein' th' house, huh?"

"Oh, no, sir," Ellen assured him nervously.

"Yes; look around, look around, and make theeself at home. This here seat we 're settin' on is the front piazza; that there shelf, back, is my bedroom; this here roomy space right behind us is the parlor; and right behind it, — see that chalk line?" (he had fastened the reins on a hook in the wagon frame above his head, so that he could turn and direct Ellen's glances about the cart), — "that chalk line is the wall between the kitchen and parlor. When it rains, I go in off the piazza and set in my parlor, and Edward, he goes on. Them boxes on the shelf overhead is my garret; they 're full of finery, ribbons and such things. The ladies will have them. Now, for me, I 'd rather have books. There 's the library under my bed. All convenient, all right to th' hand. Honest, I pities the people with them big, uneasy houses. So lonesome in 'em, they must be!"

Ellen was much interested; she began to think that she would go about in a cart instead of being a milliner. Perhaps she had better ask this kind gentleman's advice as to where she could get a cart, and a white mule like Edward? (But all the while, in the background of her heart, she saw herself at home again.)

She could not ask her question at once, because the peddler stopped at the door of a farmhouse; and Ellen, curled up on the seat, watched the ingratiating politeness with which he enticed a reluctant customer. He looked over his glasses, nodding his head in candid assent to each objection that was made, as though he had no personal interest in disposing of his goods. He showed a beguiling sympathy for the purchaser's economical hesitation, — a sympathy that was almost an entreaty not to purchase, and that could not but result in a sale. When they drove away, followed by a barking dog, and leaving a yard of cotton lace in exchange for the money jingling in the peddler's hand, he began to sing to himself; he seemed to have forgotten Ellen, who felt neglected.

"I think perhaps I 'd like to sell things in a cart," she said, with dignity and resentment.

Her host interrupted his singing, and looked at her. Then he chuckled. "It 's a good business. Course it 's some lonesome. Thee might be dyin' in th' house, lyin' there in the parlor, fer instance, and not one 'ud care; but thee 's free, in this business; thee 's shut of all th' friends that boss thee — and want th' money!" said the peddler, with a sudden seriousness of his own.

"I think it would be very pleasant to play house in a wagon," said Ellen, struggling against the depression of possible loneliness, and a little disappointed that no reference was made to the sorrow of deserted friends.

"Yes, yes, 't is," the peddler admitted. "But nights, now, fer instance. Lyin' there in thy bedroom, hoo! thee don't know what 'll come at thee in the dark!"

Ellen was instantly frightened. "I — I think I won't," she said faintly. "I guess I 'll be a milliner."

"Well, that 's genteel; and yet they do say that they starve, the milliners, mostly. Graveyards is full of 'em."

"Why, but," Ellen protested, "bonnets are twenty-five dollars apiece; I should think they 'd be rich, the milliners?"

Among the peddler's customers, ladies who paid twenty-five dollars for a

bonnet were not frequent, but he wisely avoided the discussion. Instead, he remarked, "Yes, and fifty dollars! But thee sees, the fifties and the twenty-fives comes to gentlemen in my line. The milliners have to get their things from us. They don't make much."

This was beyond Ellen, but, though she did not understand it, it left her in doleful uncertainty in regard to her plans. She sighed, and turned the subject by asking the peddler if he ever thought that may be he was dreaming.

"Huh?" said the man, slapping a rein on Edward's back, and turning the puzzled benevolence of his mild eyes upon her.

But Ellen found it hard to explain. This thought of the possible unreality of the present had always been a vague terror, for it usually haunted her happiest moments. Suppose it was all a dream, — her pleasant life, her paper dolls, her little teas with Lydia, her garden, and the swing under the front porch, — a dream, and she really a poor little beggar, about to awake to hunger and cold and misery? But now, when she put the question to the peddler, she thought how happy she would be if she awoke and found *this* a dream!

"I only meant," she said, trying to keep her voice from trembling, "that I don't know how we know we 're not dreaming. Sometimes I think I 'll waken up and find I 'm — a Laplander, all dressed up in skins, and milking reindeers, and living in a tent; or" — Ellen began to get interested, in spite of the ache in her heart that made talking an effort — "or may be a Chinese baby, in a cradle all painted with dragons, and my feet squeezed up."

"Well, I swan!" said the peddler. He looked at Ellen curiously; it occurred to him that she was crazy.

"Don't you ever think those things?" she asked eagerly.

"Well, now thee 's said it, — I *don't*," the man admitted gravely. "Poor little tot!" he said to himself, "she ain't just right, I guess."

"Oh, I think about it lots," Ellen assured him. "Sometimes I think" — this in a lowered voice, for it was a very secret thought, with which she comforted herself when Betsey Thomas was more than usually aggravating, and which she had never confided even to Lydia — "I think I 'm the queen's daughter, and when I wake I 'll be in a golden palace. And then, other times, I 've thought that it was n't a dream, but only that it was a secret from me, and people did n't want me to know I was a queen's daughter yet. They wanted me to be brought up in a republican country, you know. But I 'll be sent for when I 'm eighteen, and all the prime ministers and grand viziers and congressmen will come, and kneel down, and say, 'You 're a princess, and here 's your crown!'" Ellen's face had cleared, as if some morning wind had blown away the clouds of a spring dawn. "Just think!" she cried; "would n't it be splendid! My!"

"Well, well," said the peddler, "I guess th' folks don't find the handlin' of thee real easy? There, now, sissy, it ain't healthy to have them dreams. Did n't thy ma ever tell thee so?"

"My mother 's gone to heaven, and so has my father," said Ellen. "I live with grandmother." She turned her head away with a confused look. The fact that she was an orphan was not at all a grief to Ellen, for she did not remember her parents, but it was an embarrassment; it meant that she needed the prayers of the Church, and the petition "defend and provide for the fatherless children" made her, every Sunday, turn hot and red at the publicity of her condition. She was relieved when the peddler requested Edward to stop, and changed the subject by observing that it was time for dinner.

Ellen brightened, and immediately felt that life was real. It was after

three, and she was positively faint with hunger. They drew up on the shady side of the road, and she watched the peddler hang a battered canvas bag full of oats about Edward's neck; then he went around to the back of the wagon to reach his kitchen.

"I 'm goin' to cook my dinner," he said. His spectacles had such a friendly gleam that Ellen felt happier, in spite of that weight upon her heart. But the moment of return seemed very near. "There 's an open place back in there, under the trees, nice and grassy; I call it the restaurant. I always cook there when I go by this way. There 's a spring, too. Edward, he stays by to mind the cart."

He lifted out a queer little stove, and then a frying-pan and a saucepan, and a basket in which seemed to be various articles of food. "May be thee 'd like to look at a book for a while," he said, "until thee gits th' own dinner?"

He handed Ellen a pamphlet bound in yellow paper, and then pushed the bushes aside and disappeared into the woods. Ellen looked listlessly at the cover of the book, on which was a print of a lady in blue, with feathers in her hair, and a gentleman in red, with a sword; she was wondering how soon the dinner would be cooked. The peddler did not come back. There was only Edward, flinging up his head occasionally and crunching his oats, to keep her company. The wagon had been drawn up close to the roadside, so that other vehicles might pass, but there were none in sight; the woods on either side were thick and still; a rod away a thread of water fell with a musical sound from a hollowed log into a rusty iron caldron. Edward glanced at it patiently once or twice. It made Ellen thirsty, the faint gleam and drip and bubbling sound, but she dared not leave the cart to get a drink, lest the peddler might return to say that dinner was ready.

As she sat there a savory smell of cooking came through the bushes; it was really very hard to wait so long. She tried to forget her hunger by reading the little book. It was the story in rhyme of Lord Belchan and Lady Susey Pye. The pictures were rough prints, in the primary colors, of lords and ladies, parrots and castles, strange ships and battles. "Lord Belchan," she read —

> "Lord Belchan was a noble lord,
> A noble lord of high degree,
> And he determinèd to go abroad,
> Strange countries for to see!"

But Ellen was too hungry to be interested. She began to wonder whether the peddler had forgotten her. At last she could bear it no longer, and, climbing down from the cart, she went timidly into the woods. It was so dark and shadowy under the trees that for an instant she did not see the peddler, sitting, his arms clasped about his knees, gazing anxiously in her direction. A look of relief came into his face, followed by an affectation of vast indifference.

"Well, sissy," he said, "has thee had th' dinner?"

"My dinner!" Ellen faltered. "Why — I" — She stood quite still, looking at him, her little chin quivering and her eyes filling.

It was more than those kindly spectacles could stand. "There, now; well, well; come, child, eat a bit, here. I don't mind givin' thee a little; though it ain't what 's done in the world. It 's everybody fer themselves, when a lady or gentleman don't have no use fer friends, and has left 'em! Of course, thee knows it ain't nothin' to me ef thee 's hungry. I only look out fer myself." He turned his back upon the child, for he could not bear those slow, rolling tears, and he heaped a tin plate with a queer combination of fried meat and potatoes. "Eat that," he said gruffly; and then, with instant softening, "There, now, sissy! But

't ain't like home: I was just pointin' that out to thee, that 's all."

Ellen silently took the tin plate and began to eat.

"Of course," the peddler said, "of course thee must n't expect, after this, folks thee 's got no claim on will feed thee, now thee 's got shut of th' friends. Thee knows the Good Book allows that if a man don't do his own peddling he ain't to eat. But thee 's free, and of course it's fine to be free."

"I have my bank, sir, and I 'll pay you for my dinner," said Ellen, a trembling dignity in her voice; "and I guess I 'll go now."

"Go? Thee means to Mercer? Well, Edward an' me 'll be joggin' on soon, and we 'll take thee."

Ellen did not answer. Oh, how could she get away from this dreadful man, who was dragging her to Mercer? The friendly feeling that had accompanied her confidences faded. "I *won't* go to Mercer!" she thought, and experienced the relief of being angry at somebody else for her own wrong doing, — a relief often sought by sinners of more advanced years.

The peddler had gone out into the road to water Edward, but came back again, and sat down on the soft forest grass between the roots of a great chestnut. "We 'll rest a bit, on Edward's account," he said, "and then we 'll go on. I believe I 'll just shut my eyes for about five minutes."

He stretched himself out on the ground, and, putting the felt hat over his eyes, crossed his hands upon his breast. He was chuckling to himself over this adventure with a runaway child, and planning, with an imagination as fertile as Ellen's own, the delight of her family when he should return her, safe and sound, which he meant to do about six o'clock. "I can't shunt off no customer fer the little tot," he reflected, "but I 'll get her home by six. I guess her grandma 'll be a good customer after this."

The cooking-stove stood in the little plot of forest grass, with the untidy tin plates resting on its cooling top; a spring, bubbling up between some flat stones, chattered to itself; a bird piped in the tree overhead, and then came fluttering down into the open space. It looked with bright, quick eyes at Ellen, sitting in her miserable heartsick silence, and then hopped across the little glade, where the shadows lay like a lattice upon moss and grass, and began to peck at the scraps of food on the plates. Through the bushes Ellen could see Edward's ears twitching now and then, and the rusty canvas of the cart. Into the wood quiet came the sharp sound of trotting hoofs, and then an instant's glimpse of a man on horseback. It brought her heart up into her throat. He came, whoever he was, from that world which she had left. Oh, if she could catch him, — if she could make him take her home!

The inevitable moment had come.

The peddler slept tranquilly. Silently, like a little thief, Ellen rose, and stepped stealthily across the grass. The bird, startled, dashed up into the greenery overhead, but the peddler never stirred. As she gained the road, Edward, standing with patient bowed head, cocked one gray ear at the rustle of the leaves, but, not seeing his master, drowsed again.

Ellen, terrified lest she might hear a step crashing through the underbrush behind her, fled like a hare down the road, in the direction in which the man on horseback had gone; she would catch him, she said to herself, and then beg him to take her home. She ran, poor child, until it seemed as though the beating in her throat would suffocate her; and then, exhausted, she fell down on the grass beside the road. She had run, of course, a very short distance, but she thought she had covered miles. As soon as she could get her breath, she remembered that if she stopped, the ped-

dler, assisted by Edward, would quickly overtake her. And yet she could not run any farther. If she crept behind the bushes at the roadside, he surely could not see her, should he pass? So she pushed through some underbrush, climbed a fence, and reached a wide meadow. There, lying down on the grass near some bushes, she said to herself that she would rest a little while, and then start again for home.

XIII.

The child was so tired that scarcely had her head touched the grass than she fell fast asleep, — too soundly to hear the peddler calling her anxiously, his voice pathetic with mortification that he had let her slip away from him; too soundly, also, even to dream of the dismay and anxiety in the home she had left.

Mrs. Dale's headache, which had kept her awake nearly all night, yielded after she had had her coffee and sent her message to Ellen, and faded into an exhausted slumber which lasted until noon. Betsey Thomas, who at first was full of pity for the naughty child, began to resent her obstinacy, fearing that presently she herself would be blamed for a *contretemps* which would not have come about save for her well-meant interference. This half-frightened resentment made her keep to herself the fact that Ellen's dinner-tray had not been touched. "I ain't a-goin' to be blamed if Ellen sets up to be obstinate about her victuals," she said to herself sulkily. But a little later, when she caught a glimpse of Effie Temple wandering about in the orchard, her sense of justice, to say nothing of her desire to excuse herself, made her say to the cook that she "had a mind to tell Mrs. Dale that that hateful little girl put our Ellen up to all her badness." She "believed that in her soul," she said; and she added also her opinion that Effie was "just hanging around to see if she could n't see our Ellen."

She was quite right. Effie's first interest in the adventure had worn off, and she was getting frightened; she tried to comfort herself by the assurance that as soon as it was all "found out" she would say, "I *told* her not to go!" She had a faint hope that Ellen's resolution had given out and she had returned, so sent a note over the "telegraph," which had often borne more harmful messages; but there was no answer. Then she grew angry; she said to herself that she hated Ellen. Thoroughly frightened, she felt a frantic desire to blame some one, so it was a comfort to see Lydia Wright walking sedately along the gravel path away from Mrs. Dale's front door.

Effie hailed her imperiously, but with some mystery in her manner. "Stop! I want to speak to you," she said.

It was half past two. Lydia, looking like a little clove pink in her white sunbonnet, which pressed her shining curls close against her round cheeks, had come over to say to Mrs. Dale, "Mother's love, and may Ellen come and spend the afternoon and take tea?" She stopped at Effie's command. "I came to invite Ellen to tea," she explained, nervously rolling the strings of her sunbonnet, "but Betsey Thomas says she is n't allowed to go out." Euphemia Temple had never seemed to Lydia more alarming.

"I guess Betsey Thomas does n't know what she 's talking about. And I guess if you 'd been nicer to Ellen it would n't have happened." Effie was almost in tears. Lydia was too astonished to defend herself or ask an explanation. "If you 'll promise never to tell, I 'll tell you something," Effie ended; "will you promise?"

"Yes," Lydia answered. "Only — don't!" Effie's imperative agitation terrified her so that her only thought was flight.

"You 've got to hear; it 's your fault," Effie said sternly. "Promise you 'll never tell?"

"I promise," said Lydia, shaking.

"Say, 'Hope I may die if I do.'"

"'Hope I may die,'" Lydia stammered.

"*Ellen has run away!*"

Lydia gazed at her with horrified eyes, speechless.

"You promised not to tell," Effie threatened.

"I — I — I won't," said Lydia.

"Now go home!" cried Effie, with sudden rage. "If you 'd been nicer to her, she would n't have — It 's your fault!"

Lydia turned and fled, appalled at the news and at the responsibility of knowledge, but never doubting that she must keep her promise.

Effie, meantime, experienced no relief from her burst of confidence.

That there was something on her mind might have been guessed, had it not been that other members of the family seemed to have something on their minds, also: her aunt was nervous and absorbed; her mother plainly irritable.

"Everybody 's crazy!" Effie declared when Miss Dace assured her that she had never seen such a troublesome little girl, — "everybody 's crazy! You make such a fuss about your old declensions; and aunty says she is going down to mail a letter, instead of sending Jim to do it, and coming out to play croquet with me; and mamma scolds if you look at her!"

"Why don't you go and see why Ellen was n't here this morning?" Miss Dace suggested wearily.

"Oh, I hate everybody!" Effie responded, with angry irrelevance. Then she tried again to coax her aunt to play croquet.

"I can't, Effie, dear," Miss Jane said nervously. "I must go down to the post-office."

"You said that an hour ago; you could have mailed sixty letters by this time. Why don't you make Jim mail your old letter? or why don't you go, and come back? You just talk! Goodness!" said Effie, and stamped, for want of any better way of expressing her angry fright.

"Why don't I go?" Miss Jane said to herself. Her letter was stamped and addressed, though with nothing more definite as a direction than "Philadelphia." "There 's nothing really personal in it," she reasoned, thinking of its contents. "I *will* mail it!" and she started for the village. She had done as much as start early in the morning, but she had turned back, and the letter was still unmailed. "I 'll wait and send it by the evening stage," she said. A dozen times, that day, she put her hand into her pocket to destroy this harmless missive, but each time she touched it she said, "No, there is no harm in sending it; and probably it won't reach him, anyhow. And if it does, it does n't mean anything. No, there is no harm in sending it. But I won't mail it until to-night."

Four o'clock came, and Miss Jane Temple said to herself, "It must not go; I 'll tear it up." She took the letter out and looked at it. "No, not yet. But I won't mail it; it would be foolish," she sighed to herself, "and it would never reach him."

Jane Temple's heart beat so fast that she had a suffocated feeling, and went to the window for a breath of air. Effie was on the croquet ground. Miss Jane could hear the sharp click of the balls, as the child knocked them idly about. Somehow, the sight of Effie sent a wave of resolution to her heart. There was no reason why she should not send her letter, why she should not have a happiness of her own, have friends and interests of her own. "I have a right to my own life!" she said to herself again. She had a curious instant of something like

hate for all this comfortable household. She opened the bottom drawer of the chest of drawers and took out the green crape shawl. As she touched it she felt suddenly courageous, and she put it over her shoulders with the thrill of one who buckles on his armor for a battle; and then she started for the post-office. Perhaps it was the green shawl, lying like a vine upon her aunt's white dress, that caught Effie's eye, for she ran across the lawn to Miss Jane's side.

"Why, you 've got that horrid shawl on!" she commented. She had to say something disagreeable or burst into tears. "It 's hideous!"

"Don't, Effie," returned Miss Jane coldly, "don't hang on my hand that way."

"Where are you going? Oh, how horrid everything is!"

"To the village; you had better go and get dressed for tea."

"I 'm going to the village with you."

Miss Jane was silent. She wished she could make Effie obey her, but she was too exhausted to try.

"Why don't you go to see Ellen?" she said; she made up her mind not to mail the letter in Effie's presence.

Effie opened her lips to reply, and then stopped and stamped her foot. "I — I — I hate her!" she said. The tears rushed to her eyes.

"Why, Effie! how can you speak so? Have you and Ellen quarreled? You should never say you hate any one."

"I hate, hate, *hate* her!" Effie sobbed, with all the pent-up fright of the day. "She 's a bad, horrid girl; she 's run away from home. Oh, my! is n't she wicked? I should n't think you 'd want me to know such a girl!"

Miss Jane Temple, with her fingers touching the letter in her pocket, stood still with astonishment. "What do you mean?"

"It is n't my fault. I told her not to. I said, 'Ellen, you ought n't to run away.' And she was mad because I would n't go. She wanted me to run away, too! I would n't do such a thing. She 's a dreadful girl! I don't want to live in this awful hole of an Old Chester when she comes back."

Miss Jane took Effie's hands from her face and held them in hers. "Tell me every single thing," she commanded. And Effie told her version.

Thus it happened that it was nearly five o'clock before Miss Jane Temple, hurrying through the garden, came to disturb the peace of the Dale household. She could not stop to mail the letter, and her pang of disappointment showed her how entirely she had meant to do it, despite all those hesitations.

Mrs. Dale had left her bedroom late in the afternoon; her head was better, but her heart ached. No word from Ellen! What should she do with this rebellious child? Her anxiety was full of self-examination. Wherein had she failed, that this extraordinary defiance was possible? She did not feel strong enough to read; nor could she put her mind upon anything except this present pain, which held in it all the pain of the past, all the old puzzle and despair. "*He* had this same persistency in doing what he knew was wrong," she was thinking; "my remonstrances only made things worse. Perhaps he would have been better without me. Perhaps the child would be better without me. Oh, how can I meet my son in heaven, if I fail with Ellen!" Mrs. Dale's hands were lying idle in her lap, and her face was full of the old misery and the new anxiety, when Miss Jane Temple came breathlessly through the hall, and stood a moment, hesitating, in the doorway.

"Mrs. Dale," she began in an agitated voice, "I came to inquire about Ellen. Is she in her room? I" —

Mrs. Dale was annoyed. "Pray sit down, Jane. You are very good, I 'm sure. Ellen has been troublesome, and I think it best for her to keep her

room." She smiled formally. It was not the habit in Old Chester for one disciplinarian to criticise another; perhaps because they all followed the same methods.

"I am sorry to seem to intrude," returned Miss Jane, her words broken with haste, "but Effie has just told me that — that — I fear you do not know Ellen's frame of mind — she — Effie " —

"My dear Jane," said Mrs. Dale, sitting up very straight, a little color coming into her face, "you are needlessly concerned. And Euphemia? You know in Old Chester a child's opinions are of no possible importance. I really think you make a mistake in encouraging her to talk."

"Oh, dear Mrs. Dale," Jane Temple burst out, "*Ellen has run away!*" Miss Jane was crying and twisting her fingers together. "I 'm sure it 's all Effie's fault; but oh, what shall we do?"

"Ellen? Nonsense!" Mrs. Dale almost laughed. "Now, that comes of listening to Effie's talk. Really, it is a mistake. It has never been the practice in Old " —

"Indeed, I 'm afraid something 's wrong. Won't you send upstairs and see? Effie said she went away this morning at nine, and it 's five o'clock! Oh, do send upstairs and see!"

In spite of herself Mrs. Dale felt suddenly apprehensive. "Of course, if you wish it. Will you touch that bell, if you please? But it is absurd. Your Euphemia might do such a thing, Jane Temple, but a child brought up in — Betsey Thomas, step upstairs, if you please, and tell Ellen that I say she may go out in the garden for a little walk before tea. Pray, Jane, control yourself; it is not proper that the child should see you so much agitated."

Miss Jane sank down upon the sofa, her breath coming quickly, and her eyes fixed upon the parlor door. Mrs. Dale, sitting very straight in her black gown, waited in annoyed silence. Really, Euphemia Temple was a most objectionable child; this acquaintance must end at once. It occurred to her, with a vague comfort, that Ellen's naughtiness was owing to Effie's influence.

"I 'm sorry to say it, Jane," she began majestically, "but I think I must not allow Ellen to see so much of Euphemia; Euphemia has been brought up so differently that " —

A door slammed in the upper hall, there was a rush downstairs, and Betsey Thomas bounced into the parlor. "She 's not there! Ellen 's not there!"

XIV.

The elderberry bushes under which Ellen had fallen asleep fringed a wide meadow. It had been mowed a week before, but when she awoke the faint glow in the west where the sun had set tinged its rough stubble, and made it look as soft as though it were still deep with timothy grass. She sat up, stiff and tired, and wondering for a moment where she was. Oh, yes, she remembered. The peddler! She listened, breathless, for the sound of wheels and Edward's plodding step. But everything was still.

The yellow light behind the dark line of the hills was melting into violet dusk; the dim shadows which had stretched across the field when she first opened her eyes were fading and fading into the great soft shadow of night. Everything seemed to be asleep, and she, of all the big world, awake. She listened till her own pulses jarred the stillness. Not even a rustling leaf spoke beside her; the soundless dark held her in its centre. Then, suddenly, at her feet, a cricket chirped, and the silence, like a sphere of clear black glass, shivered and broke! She heard the grass where she had been lying lift itself with a brushing sound; she heard the snap of a twig under foot; she

caught the soft nestling of some sleeping birds in the bushes behind her: the spell of silence was broken, and she drew a free breath. How late it was! The thought of her little bedroom flashed into her mind, — her white bed, Betsey waiting to take the candle away; a wave of homesickness made her feel faint. She must go home; she must run; it would soon be too dark to see where she was going.

But in that long, deep sleep she had lost her bearings. She started, keeping in the fields that skirted a road which led, she thought, to Old Chester; on and on she walked, farther and farther from home. Once or twice, coming upon a marsh or a wide shallow run, she turned into the road; but she ran then, quivering with fear until she could get back into the meadows, for there the tranquil hush of night did not frighten her. Once, a faint glitter in a dark pool caught her eye, and, glancing up through the birch-trees, she saw the moon looking at her between the leaves. After that, shadows began to grow out of the darkness, and the field glimmered like a silver shield; under the trees black caverns seemed to open and yawn; perhaps there were dragons in them! She instantly flew out into the open moonlight, her heart beating fiercely; she knew there were no dragons in the shadowy lairs, but that did not keep her from being horribly afraid of them. After a while, walking on, well away from trees and bushes and shadows, she grew less frightened; she became vaguely conscious of the companionship of the kind, silent earth, with its intimate sky clasping it like a dark hand jeweled by the moon and stars. A sense of comfort and security came over her, — an ebbing of identity; fear and penitence fell away from her like heavy weights. It was as though the little human creature vibrated with the sonorous rhythmic march of the whole, and could not know so small a thing as self.

Once she lay down, and looked up into the clear, moon-flooded depths, and into the broad, kind face of the moon itself. She thought that children who could lie on their mothers' knees must feel as she did now, lying here in the warm, still fields, lying on the earth's friendly lap, safe and warm and cared for, swinging among the stars! She was sure she should be taken care of; she wondered, with not too keen an interest, what the moon was saying to the listening earth? She sighed with comfort. It seemed to her that she would never get up, but lie here, like a little mound, that would melt somehow into the field and the grass. Perhaps it was the pagan in the child, this instinct for the Great Mother. Very simply, without knowing why, there in the silence and peace she knelt down and laid her cheek against the earth, and kissed it softly. Then she rose and trudged on in the moonlight.

But suddenly she was stung into alertness: a house loomed up ahead of her. Then, instantly, she was afraid! Her heart pounded as, giving one flying look of terror over her shoulder, she ran towards it. A picket fence inclosed the farmhouse from its wider garden, making that small door-yard which country people love. Ellen had a glimpse of the room within: a woman beside a table, sewing; a man stretched out in a rocking-chair, asleep; the top of a cradle rocking drowsily to and fro. It was not an especially attractive interior, but it was human, and, seeing it, Ellen knew once more that she was disobedient and desolate, and with her self-knowledge came back the misery which she had lost in the fields. The hope of being protected and taken home made the weary child sob with joy. She lifted the latch of the gate, when, suddenly, a dog barked! Ellen's heart stood still; she tried to cry out, but her voice was so husky with fear that it did not seem to be hers. That was a terrible

moment. A strange voice from her own lips? Who was she? A beggar at a farmer's gate, nothing to eat, no place to sleep, and a dog barking at her! She heard the creature running, bounding towards her from the farther side of the house, and she turned and flew back towards the road. The steps followed her, and a quick volley of barks, and then a threatening growl. Ellen sobbed aloud as she ran; it seemed to her that she could not breathe, and she must stop running, and the dog was close upon her! She caught her foot, and fell headlong on the rough stubble. She was too exhausted to rise. Every instant she thought she should feel the dog's breath on her neck; but he did not come. Yet it was some moments before she had the courage or the strength to rise. She had bruised her knee on the stiff, newly mown grass, and it hurt her, which gave her the relief of a new misery.

She started again, still keeping in the fields, and walked nearly a mile before she saw another light gleam out. She stopped and looked at it. There was a barn near the road, and some haystacks, and a stone's throw up on the hillside a big balconied farmhouse, with a light in one window; it stood at the top of grape-trellised terraces, with its flagged pavement under the lowest balcony, and its comfortable Dutch exterior inviting her. How the child longed to go and knock at the door! But she only stood and looked at it with anguished eyes. The remembrance of the dog was too dreadful to let her think for a moment of going any nearer, and yet she could not go quite away. She wondered if a dog at the house could hear her breathing down here by the barn? As she looked towards the spot of cheerful light, it went out. That meant that the farmer and his wife had gone to bed; the house was perfectly dark. Ellen turned and looked at the barn; she might go in there? If she could once get in, no dog could hurt her. The cows and horses seemed like friends to the desolate child. But when, very softly, she put her hands on the big doors, she found they were barred on the inside; she heard a long-drawn sigh from within, and a muffled stamp. Oh, how comfortable they were, the cows and horses! She leaned her cheek against the door for a long time and listened; she could not bear to go away from these friendly creatures and be alone again. Once or twice she caught the soft, deep breaths, and once she heard a horse biting at his crib, and a cow striking her horns against the stanchions.

After a while Ellen remembered the haystacks behind the barn, and thought she would go to one of them and rest a little, and then, if she could get her courage up to the point of going off alone into the night, start once more for home.

It took some minutes to reach the yard behind the barn, for she stopped at every step to listen; but once there, she was glad to sit down and lean against the soft, sweet hay of one of the stacks; she even dug out a little shelter for herself, and cuddled into the small hole to keep warm, for the August chill had crept into the night.

The full, still pour of the moon filled the barnyard with vaporous light, in which the shadow of the haystack lay like a black pool. The pain of fright still gripped Ellen's heart; and when she noticed that the pasture in front of her was bare and free from rocks, and thought that it would be a good place for fairies to dance in, she banished the fancy with the assertion that she must say her prayers; perhaps God would take care of her if she said her prayers, but if she thought about fairies he might be angry.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,"

she began to repeat rapidly, squeezing her eyes tight shut,

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

God bless grandmother, and make me a good girl," — then all the little form which she had used ever since she knew how to speak. It meant nothing to Ellen; the kiss in the field had said it all.

As she grew warmer here in the hay, fatigue blurred her fear. Vague thoughts of the fairies came unchallenged to her mind, and dim recollections of her old life, lived so long, long ago, — her grandmother's step on the stairs while she had been waiting to escape to the summer-house to meet Effie. Effie? Why, she had forgotten her! It had all happened so long ago. Yesterday? The word had no meaning to her. Then she drifted into thoughts of the garden, and the sunshine, and the hollyhock ladies; she remembered the little teas on the side porch, when her grandmother had allowed her to invite Lydia, and had had cakes baked to fit her small dishes. Yes, she and Lydia had played together, long, long ago; they used to meet by the poplar-trees, or swing, and talk, and watch the horsehairs turning into snakes. Suddenly the ache and misery of homesickness surged up in that spot below the breastbone where the soul seems to suffer. Ellen cried hopelessly; she could not imagine that she should ever be at home again.

The pool of shadow in front of the haystack lessened, rippling back and back like a falling tide. The moon had climbed up behind the barn, and began to appear over the shoulder of the stack. She had not the same friendly expression that she had worn in the fields; her face seemed smaller, and she looked coldly down on the child's grief. Ellen pulled out some more hay and burrowed further into her little shelter.

Into the midst of her hopelessness came the sound of a wagon rattling along the road. Ellen saw the light of a swinging lantern, and heard voices, but no words. "It must be *robbers!*" she thought, pressing in against the hay to hide herself. It never occurred to her that it might be some one searching for her.

After a while she slept, and then awoke with a start. There was a soft, slow step in the barnyard. The pool of shadow before her had ebbed quite away; the indifferent moon was going down, sinking behind the hill; there was a mist lying like white gauze over the ground. Again that step, and the strange, shuffling noise. Ellen hardly dared breathe. It was not like a dog. All was quiet for a few moments, and then — again! Something seemed to loom up in the misty darkness, something big and black; something which sighed, close to Ellen's face! Perhaps the child fainted for a moment, in her ghastly fright, for there seemed to be a gape of vacancy; and then she knew that it was a cow, whose gentle and astonished eyes looked into hers, and who drew back with a frightened snort.

After that Ellen was awake for a long time; the moon had quite gone, and all the world was wrapped in crystal dark. The cow did not disturb her again, although she heard the big creature moving about. Far off, a dog barked. "There *must* be robbers!" she said to herself, growing cold with fear. Then everything was still, until from some distant farm came, faint and thin through the darkness, a far-away cockcrow! Ellen thought, with a leap of her heart, that it must be nearly morning; but the night still pressed close about her. Oh, would it never end? Again she slept, and again awoke with a start.

The sun was up; above the hill the sky rippled with small white clouds, and then soared into an arc of smiling blue. The barnyard was full of chickens, and there were four cows standing about, chewing their cud, and waiting

to be milked; but right in front of her, staring, open-mouthed, was a boy in blue overalls, with a bucket of foaming milk in each hand. He had no hat on, and his shock of pale hair seemed to be standing on end with astonishment.

"Oh, may I have a drink of milk?" said Ellen. She sat up, gazing with anguished expectancy at the milk. The boy nodded, without speaking; he put down one bucket, and lifted the other to the child's lips. Her hands were trembling with weakness, and she sobbed as she drank. She did not let go of the bucket when she stopped for breath; and then she drank again. "Oh, sir, I 've no money," she said, "but" —

"Who are you?" the boy interrupted. "Are you the little girl that 's lost from Old Chester?"

"May I have a little more milk?" the child entreated. "My grandmother 'll pay you. Oh, *grandmother!*"

"If you come up to the house, they 'll give ye some breakfast," said the boy, his eyes big with excitement. "You 're the girl, I know you are!" As he spoke he tilted the bucket for her to drink. "You come on up to the house, now. Don't let on who you are till I tell 'em."

"Oh, no, I 'm going home; oh, I 'm very much obliged to you, but I 'm going home," said Ellen, rising, and beginning, with unsteady hands, to brush the hay from her hair and dress.

"No, you ain't," said the boy firmly, "not till I 've told the boss; now you just wait here." With that he picked up his buckets and walked swiftly in the direction of the house. When, ten minutes later, he came running back with a big grizzled farmer, the little nest in the hay was empty.

XV.

The night which had brought such experiences to Ellen had been full of dismay and pain to her friends. Perhaps no one suffered more keenly than did poor little Lydia, lying awake with her dreadful secret. At ten o'clock, her mother found her staring into the darkness, and sobbing now and then under her breath.

"Tell mother what is the matter, Lydia," said Mrs. Wright, who had been careful not to let the child know of the anxiety concerning Ellen. But Lydia had promised "not to tell," and she kept her word. Effie, however, having given her information, and assured everybody who would listen to her, half a dozen times over, that she had "told Ellen not to," — Effie was calmly sleeping. Messengers were hurried in every direction. Miss Jane Temple stayed with Mrs. Dale until almost midnight, trying to emulate her calmness, but seeing the elder woman's face grow white and haggard as the slow hours found Ellen still away from home. Betsey Thomas's grief was unfeigned, and her anger at herself, Mrs. Dale, Effie Temple, and the peddler — who had by that time appeared and told all he knew — expended itself in sharp words about every one but Ellen; for the real offender she had nothing but incoherent expressions of affection and of praise. Mrs. Dale was silent. What her thoughts, her self-reproaches, her most honest and vindicating judgments may have been no one knew; not even Miss Jane, sitting beside her as the night wore on. Only when that flush of dawn came which looked down on Ellen in the barnyard, Mrs. Dale lost her pain in an hour's restless sleep.

And by that time, fleeing from the boy who had given her the milk, Ellen was walking swiftly in the direction of her home. This was really only a fortunate chance, for the child had been so turned around, in all these experiences, that she had no idea where Old Chester lay. Once she dared to stop a man who was driving a clattering and clanging mowing-machine along the

road, to ask him if she were near Old Chester, only to be shocked to learn that she was twelve or fourteen miles away.

"I 'm goin' a good piece in that direction," he observed slowly, neither speculation nor kindness in his stolid, harmless face. "I got a field to mow. An' you kin stand up here in front of me, if you want to."

Ellen was only too glad to avail herself of his offer. Her mind was fastened with such intensity upon the idea of getting home that she felt no fear of the mowing-machine or even of a strange man; had it been the peddler who had made this offer, she would have accepted it! This concentration kept her silent; she volunteered no information about herself, and the man asked no questions. When at last he drew his horses up before a lane into which he must turn to reach the field to be mowed, he only said briefly, "Yer not more 'n nine miles off now, sissy." And Ellen said, "Yes, sir; thank you," and plodded on alone.

She passed several people after that, and one or two carts, but no one offered her a ride; one man drew up his horse and looked at her curiously, and seemed about to speak, but Ellen's resolute little face, set towards Old Chester, apparently satisfied him that she could not be the lost child of whom he had heard rumors an hour before. It seemed to Ellen, having wakened at five, that it must be at least twelve when she sat down by the roadside to rest; but really it was only half past eight, and a traveler who had gotten off a train at Mercer three hours before had had ample time to walk leisurely along in the direction of Old Chester and overtake her. Ellen, dozing with fatigue, opened her eyes to see this traveler standing before her. He had a stick over his shoulder, on which he had slung a traveling-bag. He was a little man, with anxious eyes and a timid air.

"Why, it *can't* be little Ellen?" he exclaimed, his face blank with astonishment.

Ellen stared at him, her eyes dull with misery; then a flash of recognition sent the blood surging into her pale face, and she burst out into passionate crying.

"Why, little Ellen Dale! There, there! Don't, dear, don't! Where is your grandmother, or Betsey Thomas? Are you alone, little Ellen? There, now, there!"

"Oh, Mr. Tommy!" the child said, "oh, take me home! Won't you *please* take me home?"

Mr. Tommy, distressed almost to tears, looked this way and that for aid, while he tried to comfort her. "Yes, my little girl, — yes, yes, directly, You shall go home directly. But how did you come here? Where is — anybody? You are not alone, little Ellen?"

Mr. Tommy Dove lifted the stick from his shoulder and rested his bag carefully on the ground.

"I 'll — I 'll tell you — about it," she said, trying to speak, but shaken by long-pent-up tears. "I 'll tell you all about it, if you 'll *just* take me home. Oh, Mr. Tommy, I ran away, — I ran away from home!" The poor child rocked back and forth, and moaned in unchildlike grief.

As for Mr. Dove, he was so far from a proper perception of discipline that he took the little penitent into his arms, and said, "Well, dear, there, it 's all right, it 's all right. I know the feeling myself," said Mr. Dove.

But Ellen had reached at last that clear-sighted repentance which knows excuses to be false and weak, and will none of them, — the only repentance which has power to turn the sinner from darkness to light.

"Oh, no," she said faintly. "I 'm a bad, bad girl. May be God will forgive me some day, but grandmother never can," wailed Ellen, with no knowledge of sarcasm, but realizing

instinctively how much harder it is to make one's peace with one's kind than with Infinite Goodness; and then she tried to tell her story.

"Effie Temple was going to run away with me. But she was better than I was; she would n't. She said Miss Jane wanted her to have a dress fitted, and — and so I came by myself. And won't you please take me home? Oh, I want to go home!"

"Yes, yes, yes, my dear." Mr. Tommy soothed her. "There, we 'll go right home now. And — and you say Miss Jane 's still in Old Chester? Well, I knew it. I thought so, but — I made up my mind to come back. It was weak to stay away." Apparently Mr. Tommy was still weak, for the color came and went painfully in his elderly face. "And is her brother there, too?" he questioned.

"Dick?" said Ellen, wiping her eyes. "Oh, no; he went away a good while ago."

"I meant" — explained the other, "I referred to — to Mr. Temple, *her* brother."

"Oh, yes, he 's there. Effie said her papa loved her, and so she would n't run away. But my grandmother does love me, so she does. At least she did. She won't any more, — oh, never any more!"

Mr. Dove seemed to reflect; he took off his hat, and then put it on again thoughtfully. "We must get a conveyance," he announced. As he spoke, a woman with a basket on her arm passed, and looked at Ellen.

"Are you the little girl that was lost?" she said, pausing.

"I — ran away," Ellen answered truthfully, hanging her head with shame.

"She 's just going home, ma'am, now," Mr. Dove broke in, his mild voice full of comfort and sympathy. "Can you tell me where I can hire a vehicle of any kind?"

The woman considered. "There 's the Smith farm a little piece up the road. Guess they 'd lend you their carryall?"

Mr. Tommy hurried in the direction the woman had indicated, leaving Ellen to her care, and returning in a surprisingly short time with a battered and dusty carriage drawn by a lively young sorrel horse. There was a boy with him, who would, Mr. Tommy explained, bring the carryall back again.

Ellen was glad to creep into it. Her eyes were downcast and her cheeks burning with shame, for the questions the woman had asked her during Mr. Dove's absence opened up depths of mortification of which she had never dreamed. Her despair had been too dreadful for the smaller pain of mortification. But now she bent her head down sidewise and looked out at the fields past which the sorrel horse was hurrying them at a fine rate; she supposed Mr. Tommy would ask the same dreadful questions. But Mr. Tommy seemed as conscious and embarrassed as she. He made no reference to her wickedness, and was silent so long that Ellen grew tremulous with apprehension; his reproof, when it came, would be terrible, she thought, cowering.

"I recollect," he said at last, coughing a little behind his hand, "I recollect Miss Effie Temple. She is *her* niece."

Ellen drew a long breath. "Yes, sir," she said vaguely. They had just passed a signpost that said "Old Chester 7 miles."

"Miss Effie did not, I think, like me," Mr. Tommy observed. "I did not notice it at first. She was only a little girl, so I did not notice it. But, upon reflection, I felt that she did not. I felt that she was glad when — I was called away from Old Chester."

Ellen made an effort to seem interested. "But Miss Jane was sorry, Mr. Tommy, when you went away. Effie told me so."

Mr. Tommy started. He put his

hand upon the door-knob. "Oh, no, no, little Ellen; you are mistaken. I think perhaps I 'll not proceed to Old Chester. I think, little Ellen, upon reflection " — His voice wavered so that Ellen gazed at him in astonishment.

"Why, Effie said so, Mr. Tommy," she assured him; and then the connection in which Effie had said it came back to Ellen's mind, and the child blushed as violently as Mr. Tommy himself.

The apothecary, however, struggled to regain his composure. "Yes, yes, I see. Always kind, always kind. Yes, I understand. Sorry? Of course, — for me. But I believe I am not ready to come back — yet. I 'll — I 'll wait a little longer. I find it is difficult to return. I — I think " —

"Are n't you going to take me home, Mr. Tommy? " Ellen interposed, alarmed at the prospect of being dropped by the roadside.

Mr. Tommy drew a long breath. "I 'll take you home, little Ellen; yes, I 'll do that; no harm to do that. But you don't understand; no, you could n't understand. And yet I have sometimes thought that the other child did."

"Effie? " said Ellen boldly. "She knew all about it, Mr. Tommy. She said Miss Jane was mad because you went away. She thought you 'd come back, Effie said; but you did n't, and she was mad. Are you going back now, Mr. Tommy? "

Mr. Dove fell into the corner of the carriage, too deep in thought to answer her.

"Old Chester 3 miles," a signboard declared, and Ellen forgot Mr. Tommy's interests in her own. Twice they were stopped by excited voices hailing them from the roadside.

"Oh, there she is! " "Oh, where were you, child? How did you get lost? " And when the first relief and excitement had been expressed, there came astonished exclamations that it was Mr. Tommy who had brought the lost child home.

"Hallo, hallo! " said one man. "Did you find her, Tommy, or did she find you? " He was glad to be facetious to hide his agitation. Ellen had made a sensation in Old Chester.

Once they stopped long enough to let Miss Minns climb on to the step and lean into the carryall to give Ellen a sounding kiss. Miss Minns was the postmistress, and was tall and pale, and had the reputation of being cross. But now she was almost as gentle as Miss Jane Temple, except in her shrill surprise upon seeing who was escorting the lost child.

By this time Ellen could scarcely sit still. "Oh, grandmother, grandmother! " she was whispering to herself.

At Mrs. Dale's gate Mr. Tommy made a gesture to the lad who was driving them. "Boy," he said, "you can stop. Here 's your money. But drive the little girl on up to the house. I shall get out here, little Ellen, but he will drive you in."

Mr. Dove got out of the carryall as he spoke, but Ellen instantly followed him. "I 'd rather walk with you, Mr. Tommy," she said in a frightened voice. A moment later, with wildly beating hearts, the apothecary and the child found themselves standing before the iron gates of Mrs. Dale's garden.

Beyond, a little farther up the lane, was Mr. Henry Temple's place. Mr. Tommy looked towards it with a wistful sort of fright, and yet a quiet dignity, too; for Thomas Dove, as Mrs. Dale said, had seen something of the world since that miserable night when Henry Temple ordered him from his house. Even as he looked, Mr. Temple's gate swung open, and Miss Jane came with hurrying, anxious steps down the road. She was hastening to Mrs. Dale's, hoping that she might hear some tidings of Ellen.

Mr. Tommy, fumbling with the clanging iron latch of the gate, looked

about him a little wildly, as though uncertain in which direction to flee; but Ellen turned towards her with a cry. "Oh, Miss Jane, I 'm here! Oh, where 's grandmother?"

Miss Jane, with eyes only for Ellen, ran towards them, and caught the little girl in her arms. "Oh, *Ellen!*" she said. Her kind eyes were running over. And then she looked up to see who had brought the child back. "What! Mr. Dove!" Jane Temple put out her hand, and then turned away, and then looked back again. "Run, Ellen, run to your grandmother, my dear," she said faintly.

But Ellen had not waited to be told. She slipped from Miss Jane's arms, and ran as hard as she could towards that distressed and anxious house, where, worn from the night, Mrs. Dale was waiting and praying for tidings of the one human creature that she loved. Ellen, blind with tears, went stumbling up the front steps, and saw, within the darkened parlor, the figure of her grandmother pacing with insistent composure up and down, up and down. How she reached her, how her little heart found words, how the agony of all those hours ended, the child never knew.

As for Miss Jane, she seemed to waver, as she stood there in the morning sunshine before her old lover. Should she go — or stay? Should she follow Ellen — or her heart?

"Oh, Mr. Dove," she said, breathing quickly and looking away from him, but feeling his eyes commanding hers, and so looking back at him again, — "oh, Mr. Dove! I have n't seen you this summer. Are you well?" The night of anxiety had been too great a strain; her self-possession was gone. "I hope you are well," she repeated, very much agitated. She put her hand in her pocket, and seemed to crush something with nervous haste.

Perhaps her agitation calmed Mr. Tommy. He took her left hand and held it in his. "I felt I must come back. May I stay, Miss Jane? Will you let me stay? You will not say I must go away again? We have our own lives to live. Please tell me I may stay, ma'am! Oh, I hope you 're not angry that I have come back!"

"Angry?" said Miss Jane, her lips trembling and her eyes smiling. "Oh, why should I be, Mr. Dove? Why — I" — There was a crumpled letter in her hand, and she put it up to her face to hide her tears, and then laid it in his hands with a gesture as lovely and as impulsive as a girl's. "I 'm glad you 've come back. You must never leave me any more!"

They had both forgotten Ellen.

Margaret Deland.

MR. JOLLEY ALLEN.

Mr. Jolley Allen's quaint narrative, now published for the first time, is a fragment, so to speak, of the warp which shows itself here and there through the well-worn fabric of history, and serves to remind one who may be a trifle weary of the doings of generals, kings, and statesmen, that it is not mainly because of their courage or pride or power that our world is what it is, but rather because of the unknown thousands who follow in their train, the nameless confidential servants, shopkeepers, and handworkers, — patient privates in the illimitable army, without whom neither generals nor kingdoms nor states would be possible.

In the present case, the humble hero, it must be confessed, is not much of a hero by his own showing, but merely an

industrious tradesman, whose ambition hardly extended beyond his till and his family, and possibly a dream of "gig-respectability," — a busy ant engaged in antlike accumulation among his fellows, until suddenly down crashes the armed heel of Bellona upon the unconscious colony, and all is confusion and ruin.

Jolley Allen's minute-book of the year 1780, containing his story, together with memoranda of wearing apparel, an abstract of his will, copies of letters, and various accounts, came into the writer's hands from the legatee of the son of one of Allen's executors. The story, which is well authenticated, opens in 1772, when by common consent the great majority of Boston merchants agreed not to buy nor sell the East India Company's tea, on whose behalf the British government had levied the objectionable tax. It will be seen that Allen was a declared, and in the matter of tea an unscrupulous loyalist, though in other respects apparently straightforward enough. His exact words and spelling have been followed whenever quoted.

"Some time, I think, in the month of October, 1772, I bought two chests of tea of Governor Hutchinson's two sons, Thomas and Elisha, at Boston, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon; and I thought it most prudent, for the fear of being watched — as the custom of Boston is to shut up their warehouses and go on Change and return about four in the afternoon — to leave them until two o'clock; and by agreement Messrs. Hutchinson's apprentice waited until that time to deliver them to one Will'm Burke that I ordered to go with his cart to their warehouse for the said two chests of tea, which he did, and brought them with him to my shop; and as he went to unload the tea, Mr. John Hancock's head clerk, Will'm Palphrey, happened to come by at the same time, and looking at the two chests of tea, as he thought, took the original numbers; but he happened to be mistaken, for he took the East India marks instead of the company's house number in London. I cannot look upon him in any other light than an informer, because of one of the committee coming to me in about half an hour afterwards, and saying he had information of two chests of tea comeing into my house, and that his business was to desire of me not to be out of the way, as the whole committee of the town of Boston was to waite on me about four o'clock that same afternoon.

"I beg leave to observe that when I hired Will'm Burke, I cautioned him, for fear of an accident, that if any enquiry shou'd be made hereafter, that he must say he took the tea from off the Long Warf, and that nobody was there, but to his surprise, looking about him, he saw a boat with men in it, rowing toward a large ship in the stream which he supposed brought them two chests on shore from that ship, — which story he never diviated from, altho' he was often examined by the said committee, and severely threatened by them. I was likewise several different times threatened with that Diabolical Punishment of being *Tarr'd* and *Feathered*, and under the disagreeable apprehention of the same for many days afterwards, which no mortal can describe the anxiety of mind I was in, and expected my house to be pulled down and everything destroy'd.

"The said committee came to me about half after three o'clock, thinking to catch me unprepair'd for their attack; but Providence had ordered it so that I was ready to receive them, for I had cutt the ropes and taken off the outside covering, so that no person could tell from where I had them. The committee comeing to my door, I met them, and asked their business; they told me they came to know from whence I had the two chests of tea that come into my shop at two o'clock that day. I answered if that was their business, and they had nothing further to say to me, they was welcome to walk in. I re-

ceived them in my parlor. I asked them what their demand was upon the tea; they told me nothing further than to be shewn the chests of tea. I then asked each one of them if that would give them full satisfaction. They told me upon a point of honor it would, and they shou'd have nothing more to say to me at present. I answered them upon honor I wou'd shew them the same tea that came into my house. I accordingly went to my store and opened the door, and shewed them the two chests of tea, which they all stood amazed at, saying that was not what they ment, though they had given their words of honor. I asked them where all their honors lay. They told me they ment to see the two outside cases where the marks lay, that they might know from whence I bought them. I told them I was surprised at that whole body which was the standing committee of the town of Boston shou'd forfet their honors in so trifleing an affair; but still wanting to see the outside cases, I granted it by pointing to the same, saying, there they lay; I hope you are satisfied now. I verily believe where I pointed with my finger there lay between two and three hundred of the same sort, and I left them to find them out, which they soon gave up, saying that I had fairly outwitted them all; but they would watch well for the time to come, which they did to the utmost of all their powers in every respect, striving to hurt me in my trade.

"My stock in English goods at that time was very great, being well sorted, and cost me many thousand pounds sterling, and my trade dwindled away, chiefly at last to the friends of government and the army, after the above tea affair, which was a great detriment, with so large a stock of goods laying on my hands at that time; but I still kept my house, and continued there until and during the whole time of the blockade of Boston.

"To the following gentlemen, whom I received into my house during the said blockade, I am well known, viz. Gen'l Gage's two brothers in law, Major Kimball and Captain Kimball, General Prescott, Lord Barrington's son, General Piggott, Capt. Delaney, of the light dragoons, and Dr. Bruce, of the train of artilery, who lodged with me.

"From my principals and attachment to my king and country which I never disguised, and taking all the military gentlemen I possibly could under my roof, and accomodating them to the utmost of my power, contrary to the political principals of the major part of the town of Boston, and comeing away with the fleet and army, was the great cause of it going so hard with me at their General court and from the mobs in America."

On the 7th of March, 1776, Lord Howe, finding that the earthworks thrown up by Washington's troops on Dorchester Heights made Boston untenable by his army, and the harbor untenable by the fleet, and having failed, owing to a severe storm, in his proposed attack on the American position, concluded to evacuate the town; and the news came to the loyalists, in Washington's words, like a thunderbolt. They had not dreamed of being left unprotected by the British government; and in a minute they saw themselves forced to leave home and friends, property and livelihood, and to flee they knew not where. As most of our ancestry were on the winning side, naturally we have come to think that the other was altogether wrong and indefensible. Yet at the parting of the ways there were patriots equally on both sides, men who alike risked all they had; and to the loyalists the knowledge that their only safety was in flight came almost with the terrible suddenness of flood or earthquake.

There was an army of more than ten thousand men, with baggage, equipments, and stores to be moved, and twelve hundred to fifteen hundred citizens with all their personal effects, and little time and limited conveyance available. Under these circumstances, and with the

cannon thundering in his ears, it is hardly to be wondered at that Jolley Allen took the first man who offered and made the best bargain he could, hiring "on the 11th of March a vessel for my effects and family of one Captain Campbell, as he styled himself, who came and told me his vessel was at my service, as he had disposed of no part of it. I asked him who was to command the vessell. He said it belonged to him and he was the captain. I then asked him if he was used to go to sea. He answered he had for twenty years and upwards gone captain of his own vessell. Upon that I showed him my shop and two warehouses full of goods, and likewise the furniture of my house, which cost me above one thousand pounds sterling. I then asked this villian — for I cannot look upon him in another light — how much of his vessel he thought I should want. He told me three quarters of it would hold my effects. I answered him, if that was the case, I would rather hire the whole of it, which I accordingly did, and agreed with him for fifteen guineas to carry me, my family, and effects where the fleet and army went, and paid him down half the money and took his receipt for the same, for we did not know where we was going. I began to take my goods down and pack them up immediately, and was obliged to put them into the street as I packed them, and myself and my family watched them two days and two nights before I cou'd get any carts to carry them down to the vessell, which was about a quarter of an English mile from my house, and which cost me upwards of forty-two pounds sterling all ready cash.

"The 14th of March myself and family lay on board the said vessell, the 17th towed down below the castle by strange sailors, and there lay until the 27th of March, and at three o'clock in the afternoon sailed under the convoy of Admiral Gratton. I believe the fleet made about eighty sail of us at that time. When we came to weigh anchor, and got it three quarters up, a large ship of about five hundred tuns came foul of us, and got foul of our bowspritt, saying with bitter oaths that they wou'd sink us if we did not let go our anchor. At this time we had carried away all their side-rails and a carriage that was hung over. When they got clear, we fell to work to get our anchor up again, and another vessell of near seven hundred tun fell foul of our bowspritt, which carried away their quarter-gallery, and did them abundant mischief, which obliged us to let our anchor down again. Accordingly we weighed our anchor a third time, and got it up so high that the vessell moved.

"I then was glad to think we should get out of Nantasket Road and get up to the fleet which hove to for us; but I was soon disappointed, for the stern of our vessell got aground. I turned to the captain, and asked what he thought would become of us. He said he could not tell. Then I desired him to look over the stern where we was aground, which he did. I asked him whether the tide was comeing in or agoing out. He said he could not tell without an almanack. I told him to look again and let me know his opinion, which he did after some time, saying if the tide was going out the vessell would grow faster in the sand, and we should be more aground, but if the tide was comeing in, the vessell would rise and we shou'd get away, which I thank God we did; and soon found we were going to sea without either captain, mate, or sailor, or even a boy that had been to sea. A young man was put at the helm that had never seen salt-water before, and pointing to a vessell before him the captain said, follow that, and wherever it goes, do you keep it always in view. I called the captain aside once more and asked him what that man at the helm must do when night came on, and he could not see that object. Oh, said he, Mr. Allen, I am

surprised at you; all the men-of-war will throw out lights, and then we shall be as light as day. This I was easy enough to believe, but soon found a fatal reverse, for before the day closed in the whole fleet was out of sight, and we was left to ourselves in a melancholy disposition.

"Soon after I heard a bussel upon deck, and was told that the clew at the mainsail had given way, and to my great surprise found it had blown off the other side the shrouds, and was in danger, as I thought, of oversetting the vessell. I then called the captain to me, and said to him in these words: you are the man that has brought me into all these difficulties I am now in, and I do insist upon your doing your duty on board this vessell as long as I am in it, both by night and day, and I command you that you get the clew of the mainsail in immediately, and I will give you all the assistance in my power, with all the other help on board. There being room, I gave him liberty to take in more passengers to put more money in his pocket, so that in all we were twenty-nine souls on board, which all endeavored what lay in their power to get the mainsail in again, and with all the help we were able; and the captain tyed it to one of the pumps, but for want of knowing how to tye a sailor's knot, it gave way in less than a quarter of a minute.

"I told him that he must now renew his strength, and we would likewise do the same, for I feared the vessell would overset; accordingly we got it in again, and he then tyed it to both pumps in such a manner as not to be able to untye it, and so it was obliged to be cut with an ax. I asked, on going on the quarter deck, a little while after the accident, if he had no such thing as a compass in our benecle, and he said he had two, but he had no occasion for them and they was both under his bed, and he shewed them to me, saying we was going directly after the fleet. He then made an apology that he had broke open my box and took out my candles, as he had forgot to bring any on board. At this time we went about five knots an hour, but had shipped several seas in the intrim of time. All the water we had on board that could be drank, which was on deck, was about three quarters of a barrell, and we shipped a heavy sea about eight o'clock that same evening, which loosened the cask, and the bung started, and we lost all, there not being one drop left to wet the mouths of all the souls on board. In about half an hour after, we shipped a much heavier sea, which carried off the whole of our cubbose off the deck, and we had no place to dress a bit of victuals after this.

"I then turned to the captain and said, I fear we shall all perish before half an hour 's at an end; had you not better try your pumps to see if the hold is filling with water, to know if we be not sinking? Oh! dear sir, says the captain, I am glad you thought of it, for I had forgot it. Then he tryed the pump, which was choaked, and he could not get any water out of it, and the hold was at least a quarter full of water. I then told him to try the other pump, and he went to look for the tackling to rigg the other pump, but could not find anything to do it with, and if he had I am convinced he did not know what to do with it.

"In this disagreeable situation we continued, shipping seas often. I walked the deck till near twelve o'clock at night, untill I was not able any longer for the seas breaking in upon us and from the intense cold, for it froze to solid ice, so that it was dangerous to move a foot on deck. In this deplorable state, I went down into the cabin to my dear wife and seven children, thinking every minute would be the last I had to live. I took my wife by the hand as she lay in bed in the cabin, and to think I shou'd die along with her gave me great satisfaction; but she being in a great deal of trouble, I did not let her know the eminent danger we was in. But about two

o'clock in the morning, those passengers that lay in the hold of the vessell came running, and begged for God's sake we would permit them to come in; that a plank in the side of the vessell had given way, and the sea was pouring in, and the vessell sinking, and they entreated they might be permitted to stay in the cabin till we all went to the bottom together, which was granted.

"Untill this my wife did not know the danger we was in. I then insisted that the captain shou'd go in search to see where the plank had given way. I myself went along with him, and found it not quite so bad, but that we had a great deal of water in the hold, that had got between the vessell and the cieling and had broke its way through, and made as much noise as if a plank had given way when the vessell moved. I next desired the captain to come upon deck, which he did, and I asked him whereabout we was at sea. He said he could not tell. I then asked him what distance we was from land. He said it was impossible for him to tell, he had not kept any reckoning; and the reason he gave was that he had forgot to bring pens, ink and paper. I told him I had all those things. Then he made answer he had never learnt navigation, that he was never on salt-water before, but he knew how to row a boat on a river; on which I told him I was sorry we had not a boat to save our lives, but at the same time it was my opinion if we had a boat with oars, he knew as little of it as of Navigation.

"I then turned my back to him, almost froze to death, and looked out for day-brake, which at last I was so happy to see. We lay at the mercy of the waves, every large rope froze almost as thick as my thigh, and no person able to walk the deck, with sails and rigging torn in ten thousand pieces, that we could neither get them up nor down. About seven o'clock the captain said he saw a vessell, and I entreated him if he knew how to steer for it, he would with all speed. He made answer that he did not understand steering the vessell he was now in so well as he knew how to give directions to another. Some time after he said he thought he never saw so large a ship before and desired me to look at it, which I did, and soon perceived it was the main land, thinking how kind Providence had been to us to let us live to see that happy hour. He told me he was fully convinced it was Nantucket. I told him, if that was the case, we must all perish very soon, for the amazeing shouls that lay off Nantucket. And now he was at the greatest loss to know what to do in this situation, and for want of a map our case I then thought began to be desperate, which I am of opinion, had there been one, he knew no more what to do with than a ratt.

"Providentially for us the day turned out very fine and warm, and we got clear of all our ice. I then desired the captain to order every one upon deck, and told them it was by my desire they should all appear, and to know what we should do in this melencholly situation we appeared in. I was of the opinion that no soul on board knew what land it was, and as we came up with it very fast, we all advised on this matter together with tears in our eyes, going where we could not tell. I was for running the vessell on shore in the most convenient place that we could see, which all agreed to except the captain, who was for going to sea again, thinking we might fall in with an English Man of War. I immediately objected against it, and so did every one in the vessell. So he found he stood no chance, but to shore he must go with us, and accordingly we endeavoured to set in for the land as fast as we could; and thank God there was a strong currant with a full tide in our favour, which brought us in quick, and looking for the safest place to run on shore we struck on the bar of Cape Cod most violently, eight or nine times, which made the vessell shake so that at every

stroke we thought she would have gone in a thousand pieces; but luckily for us we got off the bar, but our anchor that was hanging catched hold of the bar, and we all endeavoured to get the anchor untangled, and with great difficulty accomplished it. Soon after we got into twenty-four fathom water, and happy was I in myself that I had lived to see that anchor let down to hold us fast, to the great relief of all the twenty-nine unfortunate souls on board, though I expected to lose all my property. This was about two o'clock in the afternoon of the 28th of March, the day after we left Nantasket Road."

It now became a question how the unlucky seafarers should get to land, and the captain having proposed that a signal of distress should be raised, Allen dryly observed, alluding to the torn and flying sails and rigging, that there were nine hundred thousand more signals than were needed; and indeed men were presently seen on shore, who, after talking together in the leisurely Cape Cod fashion, and making signs that they were going for assistance, went off through the woods, returning at last with a boat drawn by ten oxen and with six more men. Finally, though warned that smallpox had been brought from Boston by some of the sloop's company, they came off and landed the passengers; Allen and his wife and seven children arriving in the ox-cart at Provincetown at ten o'clock at night. There they were confined in a small cottage, with broken window and leaky roof, "not fit to put a hog in," for three weeks, at the end of which time a final blow fell upon the unhappy man in the loss of his wife, who, "as tender a mother to her children as ever man could wish for, seeing all her effects taken from her, and wanting the common necessaries of life, fell a sacrifice to barbarity, and expired quite broken-hearted in the fifty-second year of her age."

The General Court, sitting at Watertown, had been informed of the landing of the refugees within a week, and, being asked for instructions, it appointed a committee to go to the town, secure their persons and property, and take measures to prevent the spread of smallpox. Meanwhile the Provincetown folk had not been idle, having run the sloop aground so that she could not be got off; giving themselves three weeks to unload and store Allen's property, portions of which would frequently drop from the carts; some being carefully buried in the sand, moreover, and battles being fought to secure a reasonable distribution of the spoil.

On the 24th of May, though the committee of the court had been in Provincetown and had returned to make their report, no orders had been received concerning the disposition to be made of the family; and the Provincetown selectmen, tired of maintaining it, even on the most thrifty terms, gave a pass to Allen and his son that they might present themselves at Watertown and receive the direction of the court as to their destination, leaving six children to the tender mercies of the town.

Accordingly, Allen went first to Boston, where he found his house, which he had carefully closed, broken open and occupied by his former barber, who was with difficulty induced to lodge him upon payment of eight shillings sterling. In Boston and on the way to Watertown he and his boy were so abused that they were afraid of their lives, and walked by night, sleeping beneath a hedge. Upon reporting themselves at Watertown, they were confined, possibly for their own safety, and became the subjects of considerable discussion by the members of the General Court; it being proposed that Allen should be put in jail to pick oakum, or sent to the Castle in Boston harbor, or made to work in "Cinderbury mines, where few persons ever live to come out." It was clearly impossible to punish the children, and it was concluded

to bind the elder ones to service or labor, and make the four younger ones temporarily a charge upon the community; Allen himself to be confined and forced to labor, — a severe punishment for a man of sixty, accustomed to no harder work than to stand behind a counter and make entries in his daybook.

At this juncture, Lewis Allen, of Shrewsbury, stopping on his way to Boston, was surprised to meet his brother Jolley at Watertown, supposing him to be still at Cape Cod. During the explanation which followed, the latter said he had not troubled his friends with his affairs, lest he should bring them into difficulties; but now, overcome by the news of what was in store for him, he was glad to have his brother petition the court to be allowed to assume the charge of himself and all his children, giving bonds for their maintenance and for his safe-keeping; and accordingly, on June 14, the court, doubtless willing to be relieved from the charge of four small children, granted the petition, ordering that £36 8s. should be paid Lewis Allen for their support from the proceeds of the sale of Jolley's effects; the former giving his bond for £100 that none of them should become a public charge, and that Jolley should not leave Worcester County nor hold correspondence with enemies of the liberties of America.

Lewis continued on his way to Boston, while his brother and nephew plodded on to Shrewsbury, hungry and tired; nobody daring to let a horse and chaise to them, though Lewis had given them money for the purpose.

Allen relates that he hoped for a respite from his troubles at Shrewsbury, but found himself much mistaken, the air being filled with threats and rumors of all sorts of violence to him and his brother's household, until, ten days after his arrival, when he was going to bed, his brother came to him, much agitated, saying that a mob of people from neighboring towns were to surround the house that night, and would probably kill them all. "Then," says Allen, "I was exceedingly sorry that my brother had sent a memorial to the court for me, as I said to him at Watertown, when he chided me for not writing to him, 'No, Lewis, I have brought this on myself; let me work myself out of it as well as I can.'" But no mob appeared, the Shrewsbury men being disappointed by not receiving reinforcement from other towns. On the 8th of July "three friends of government" warned Jolley Allen that that night was fixed upon to destroy the house and its contents; and so, after much cogitation, he concluded to take the bull by the horns, and sent for two men who he had been told were ringleaders, and asked them if he might go to Deacon Stone, their representative, who lived three miles away. They said they had no authority to give him leave, but nevertheless came back later in the evening, having dressed themselves in their Continental uniforms, and accompanied him to Mr. Stone's house, after he had said a few words to his brother explaining his departure. On the way, groups of men were encountered who abused him without restraint.

He stated his case to Mr. Stone, informing him of the plot to attack his brother's house and himself, much to the surprise of his two companions, who reluctantly admitted the fact. Then he claimed Mr. Stone's hospitality and protection, which were granted him, and in his house he remained a week, when the same threats of violence against his host and his family which had driven Allen from his brother's house made it incumbent upon him to free Mr. Stone from his compromising company, and, not knowing where else to turn, he took the road again to the former place. Fortunately for him, the mob at this very time made a short cut across the fields to Mr. Stone's house, and, seeing that Allen was gone, followed him to

his brother's house. After parleying with Lewis Allen, a scuffle between him and some of the mob actually began, and so Jolley showed himself; and upon being assured that violence should not be done him if he yielded himself to them, but that otherwise he had everything to fear, he allowed himself to be led, in the midst of a great crowd, "insulted the greatest part of the way too inhuman to describe," once more to the farm of Mr. Stone, who was then in his field. Thither the crowd went, and demanded of their astonished representative why Allen had left his house that day. What followed is best given in the latter's words: —

"Ho! ho! what 's your will with me, said Mr. Stone. Are you, my townsmen, the people that threatened to set my house in flames and destroy all my effects? I now know you all well, and know how to make a proper return of the whole of you to the General Court. What are you come about? what is your business with Mr. Allen? They answered: he shall not live in the town of Shrewsbury, nor no king of the tories nor villan like him; he shall go back to the Court. He answered: what has this here mob to alledge against Mr. Allen? has he broke his confinement, has he been disguised in liquor, or has he been guilty of any misdemeanour? If he has, I will save you the trouble of sending him to the General Court, but I will send him under a strong guard immediately. The speaker of the mob made answer there was not one of these articles to lay to his charge, but as a body they appeared before him all friends to the United States, and that out of regard for the thirteen stripes they would suffer no such villainous Tory to be in the town. The representative said he was thoroughly tired, and desired they wou'd all sitt down in the field with him" (which they did, except Allen, "left standing, ready to sink into the earth, a spectacle to gaze on"). "The mob being seated, their representative began: I now understand you want me to send that man under a guard to Watertown to the General Court. If you had any crime against him, I would do it, but you have none. Now I will give you my opinion as your representative. This man lived eight days with me. I have never lived with more satisfaction than during the time he was in my house, except that I have been told that my house was going to be sett on fire during the greatest part of the time. If that was the case, I would make them build me up a better in the room of this I have. And you want me truly to send this man to Watertown, thirty-one miles, because I took him into my house, and you had not the satisfaction of murdering him eight days back. Now I have this to say to you, now you are all calmly sitting with me; you are the transgressors, and if I knew where to send for a sufficient guard to surround you all, you are the people I ought to send to the Court for disobeying the Court's orders. You say you are true friends to the United States and the thirteen stripes, but you are the people that want to pull down the United States and teare the stripes to pieces. I have been your representative for a number of years, and always have done everything that lay in my power for the prosperity of the town in promoting such laws as was servicable to the town. I am now convinced this body that appears before me are determined to break through the laws I have been striving to hold up. I see plainly by the minds of this body, which is the greatest part of this town, that you have no occasion for a representative. I am determined to serve you no longer; appoint who you will."

Thus ended the verbal encounter between worthy Deacon Stone and his unworthy constituents. Would that more representatives were men of like honesty and mettle!

The mob, though rebuffed, were not

yet done with their unresisting prisoner, but marched him sixteen miles further to Northborough, where they arrived at two o'clock in the morning, having had him in their hands since noon of the previous day, and where the militia was drawn up to receive him. Here the mob appealed to the Northborough representative, who repeated substantially their own representative's statements, warning them that they were entirely in the wrong. Completely nonplused, they now wrote a document for signature to this extraordinary effect, that Allen should agree to be shot through the heart in case he should leave his brother's premises. To this he naturally demurred, but, worn out and unnerved by all he had gone through, he finally signed a paper whereby he consented to receive not more than five hundred stripes should he be found outside his brother's bounds, except to attend public worship, — presumably in company with his murderers by agreement. Was ever such a tentative squaring of law and license, of prudence and piety?

Jolley Allen was once again relegated to his brother's farm, and watched with even more zeal than is usual in country towns; and he was assured by his sympathetic "friends of government" that a little less docility on his part would have been his undoing at Northborough, where a six-feet-deep grave had been prepared for him.

Two more episodes marked his stay in Shrewsbury: the sending of himself and his son, then seventeen years old, to Provincetown, in "an empty vessell," by order of the General Court, which learned that the enterprising inhabitants of the adjacent country were helping themselves to the stored property, the sloop being already burnt for the sake of the iron upon her. "A crimson silk damask bed was torn to pieces, and some got enough to make capasheens, others to make bonnets and shoes, which my own children saw worn," writes Allen. Empty came the vessel back, except for the six younger children and four beds and bedding; the selectmen being doubtless only too glad to be rid at last of the little orphans, while stoutly denying the claim of the General Court to their father's more available belongings.

In September Jolley Allen was summoned to Boston. Mindful of the contingent stripes, he would not set off without a pass from the Shrewsbury town committee. On his arrival, Oliver Wendell and John Pitts, on the part of the court, gave him a letter to the selectmen of Provincetown, requiring them to deliver to him, on their account, the residue of his goods, deducting proper charges and expenses. Again the selectmen refused to give up their booty until Allen delivered a message from Mr. Wendell, reserved for such an emergency, to the effect that they should take care how they offended the court a second time, in case they should ever wish any favors from it. This threat seems to have prevailed, and they presented the modest account for storage and unloading the sloop to the amount of £150 sterling, which Allen disputed, settling finally for £74, to which amount goods were disposed of on the spot, according to the order of the court, and which he says were then worth in Boston eight times as much. Allen's debts were also defrayed by forced sales, and the remainder of the luckless sloop's cargo was put aboard the schooner Esther, in which Jolley and his daughter sailed for Boston; the latter having accompanied her father because, as he puts it, "I might be murdered by the way, and she might be witness of my funeral, and the General Court might know what was become of me."

Allen saw his little contingent remainder placed in Mr. Wendell's store in Boston, and accounted for everything to the latter, who insisted that all his silver plate and that of a certain Mrs. Vintino, whose executor he was, should be stored

in the same place, notwithstanding all remonstrances; saying, "I make not the least doubt but what you will have all your effects returned to you, and that immediately, by our General Court, on my making your return to them with the character the selectmen of Provincetown have given of you to me." Allen adds, "I never heard from Mr. Wendell or Mr. Pitts afterwards."

Jolley Allen remained at Shrewsbury, "insulted as before, and playing bo-peep" with the townsfolk as they watched him; staying in the house for many days together, that they might think he had gone, and then reappearing, so that in case of his actual flight it might not be too soon discovered, as he explains. At last, at one o'clock in the morning of February 9, 1777, once more befriended by his three anonymous sympathizers, he stole away from his brother's house, — probably without saying farewell to his little sleeping family, lest he should be innocently betrayed, — and, making all possible speed, reached New London twenty-four hours later, and went aboard the British frigate Amazon, which lay off that place, where "Captain Jacobson, at about two o'clock in the morning, generously received" him. Anxious, however, to be in a place of absolute safety, and to hasten on his way to England, he prevailed on the friendly captain, "who loaded him with kindnesses," to set him ashore after three days, when he proceeded to New York, "in imminent danger all the way," arriving there about sunset on the 17th of February, and Lord Howe put him on board the fleet; none too soon, as it proved, for it was on the point of sailing.

Jolley Allen's memoranda relate that, after a prosperous voyage, he reached London the 20th of March, and found his wife's sister, Mrs. Lewington, with whom he "thought to live comfortable" during his stay in England, "raving mad in Bedlam," thinking himself, his wife, and children "was all fell a sacrifice to the barbarity of the Americans." Happily she became much better. But misfortune still pursued him, for, on applying to the firm to which he had sent bills of exchange on London for £230, asking that the proceeds should be safely invested, he learned that they had been refused payment and were protested; and thus, without money and almost friendless, he says, "I did not know what to do." At the New England Coffee House, however, he was a little cheered by meeting fellow-refugees from Boston, and in the latter part of March he had made up his mind to apply to the British government for temporary maintenance pending compensation for his losses. He was introduced to the "Right Honorable Lord George Garmain," — as he spells Germaine's name, — by whom he was graciously received, and who promised to take care of him. Accordingly, he was directed to go to the treasury, where he got an order on the bank, and, he adds, "from this place I receive my daily bread once a quarter, or else I must have perished in London."

What became of the unfortunate loyalist? Did he live to see his children and his home, — for, in spite of all he had suffered, New England was such to him, shown by his request that his body should be deposited in his "own tomb, number seventeen, under the King's Chapple," — or did he die alone in lodgings, still hoping for relief from the Crown, and were his remains laid under Wapping Church, "in the stranger's vault, which would cost £2 10s. sterling," as he provided, in case "the unhappy troubles in America" were not ended?

The answer has only very lately come to the writer in the form of a communication from the clerk of the church and parish of St. John of Wapping, who says, "Mr. Jolley Allen was buried at Wapping on the 7th of June, 1782. He died of decline."

W. Henry Winslow.

A NEW ENGLAND BOYHOOD.

V.

SOCIAL RELATIONS.

I AM painfully aware that, to the diligent reader of the last two parts of this historical study, it may seem as if the boys described were a sort of Robinson Crusoe and man Friday who lived alone on their happy island. I feel as if I had spoken as though there were an occasional invasion of savages or Spaniards, but that practically we had little to do with the outside world. This is by no means true, and I will now try to give some idea of the social conditions which surrounded boyhood in Boston in the years between 1826 and 1837. For we were "in the swim," as the current expression puts it, and no countenance would have been given to us, either in any shyness or for arrogance which kept us out of it.

I have already said that, while on the most cordial terms with our school companions, it seemed as if we left them in another world as soon as school was over. As I have said, I think the reason was that most of the fathers of the other boys were in mercantile pursuits, and the boys' business, therefore, called them quite regularly to the wharves to inspect the large foreign trade of Boston. As it happened, our father was in other affairs, and, as naturally, these attracted us.

In an old New England family, church-going, of course, was an element which had a great deal to do with social life. I was carried to "meeting" on the fourth Sunday after I was born, and was christened at the same time with two or three other children. I afterward knew their names. They were in families with whom we were well acquainted, and to this hour that mystic tie seems to form a relationship between me and them and their children. I have to this moment a little bit of yellow paper which is, I fancy, the first document but one among the memoirs which form my biography. It is the bill of the "stable man" who sent his carriage on this occasion. "For carrying three to meeting, sixty cents." My poor nine or ten pounds of avoirdupois went as nothing to the hack-driver, and no estimate is made of the cost to him or to the community of the carrying to "meeting" of the person who was, as I must still say, the most important individual in the transaction.

In those days children were taken to church for regular attendance very early. I do not see any children in my own church who are as young as those who went or were taken then. On our annual visits to Westhampton, we were always interested because the young mothers carried their babies to "meeting" at all ages. They did not like, I suppose, to stay at home when all the men "went to meeting," and accordingly they went with the children. If a baby cried, the mother got up, carried it out, and sat on the steps of the meeting-house until the ebullition of feeling was over, when she returned. But this was rather edifying as an interesting curiosity to us Boston children. No babies were carried to Brattle Street Church except for baptism; but as soon as the children could walk, and be relied upon not to cry, I should think the custom began. Such reliance was sometimes misplaced. I am so unfortunate that I do not remember ever hearing Dr. Channing preach; but it is among the disgraceful records of my life that once, when my mother thought she would hear him, and, because Brattle Street Church was being painted, went to Federal Street, she took me with her. She sat with friends, far forward in the broad aisle, and I,

dissatisfied with the interior arrangements of the church, I suppose, — probably dissatisfied because I was not where I was used to be on Sunday, — wept with such loud acclaim that in the middle of the service she was obliged to rise and take me out of the church. I think it was the last experiment of the sort that she tried. In fact, we were very loyal to our church. I think everybody was loyal to the churches they went to. And to such unfortunate loyalty I owe it that, while I knew Dr. Channing personally, and he was very kind to me as a boy, I never had the pleasure of hearing him preach, although I was twenty years old when he died.

We "went to meeting" morning and afternoon always, and so, I am apt to think, did all respectable people; certainly in the earlier part of those years. I know that I never observed any distinction between the size of the congregation in the afternoon and that of the morning. I know that any person who had been seen driving out of town on Sunday, either in the morning or in the afternoon, would have lost credit in the community. Frequently, Mr. Palfrey, the minister, would say, at the end of the morning sermon, "I shall continue this subject in the afternoon." He did so with the perfect understanding that he would have the same hearers. I wonder, in passing, whether that phrase "my hearers" is as familiar to young people now as it was then. It was a bit of pulpit slang, such as one never hears in a lecture-room or in a political meeting. The people, instead of being addressed as "you," or as "friends," or as "members of the church of Christ," were spoken to as "hearers." I doubt if I ever hear that word now without giving it a certain ecclesiastical connection.

It was a wonder to me then, and has been ever since, why the hour and a quarter spent in "meeting" of a Sunday morning seemed as long as the four hours spent in school every other morning. I was early aware of the curiously interesting fact, which nobody ever explained to me, that the afternoon service was ten minutes shorter than the morning service; but why that hour and five minutes should seem as long as the three hours spent in school of an afternoon I have never known, and do not know now. Besides these two services we had the Sunday-school. It seems to me it was always after the afternoon service; I know it was, in the earlier days. A Sunday-school then was a very different thing from what it is now. Then you were expected to learn something, and you did. For my own part, I have often said, and I think it is true, that fully one half of the important information which I now have with regard to the Scriptural history of mankind — with regard to the history of the Jews, for instance, or the travels of Paul right and left, or anything else which can be called the intellectual side of the Bible — was acquired in Brattle Street Sunday-school before I was thirteen years old. We had little books which contained facts on these subjects. We had to study these books as we did any other schoolbooks, and we recited from them as we recited any other lesson. I do not think there was much said or thought about making Sunday-school agreeable to the children. We were told to go, and we went; we were told to learn a lesson, and we learned it. As I observe Sunday-schools now, this has been driven out; and driven out, I believe, by the pressure of the week-day school system, — a pressure which I am fighting against in every quarter without success. For myself, I liked to go where my brother and sisters went. They went to the Sunday-school, so I expressed a wish to go. Pupils were received on the first of January, and on the first Sunday of the year 1827 I presented myself with the rest. But it proved that the rule of the school was that no one should be admitted before he was six. I suppose

they did not want children who could not read. I could read as well as I can now, and was disgusted, therefore, when I was rejected on examination. I rather think I was the only child in New England who was ever told that he must not go to Sunday-school. But I was sent away on the ground that I was not six years old. I went home with the others, saying, "It is a pretty way to hear a fellow say his catechism by asking him, 'How old are you?' 'How old are you?' 'How old are you?'" And I was not permitted to go for the next year. I had already taken the first steps in the catechism. I had learned in words what I probably knew already, — all, indeed, that is very important to learn in the business of theology.

Such was going to meeting on Sunday. I suppose the sons of Episcopalian families spoke of "going to church," but we did not in my earlier childhood. I make the note here, however, for the benefit of Notes and Queries, that, in Boston, the meeting-houses were always called churches from the very beginning. I think they were not in other parts of Massachusetts. In Hales's map of this neighborhood, of the date of 1826, you will see "Rev. Mr. Gray's M. H.," "Rev. Mr. Gile's M. H.," meaning "meeting-house" in each instance.

Of week-day exercises connected with churches Boston knew almost nothing, not even in Evangelical circles. The fact was known that there was a chandelier in the Old South Church, but I do not think that chandelier was often lighted. When Park Street Church was built, as a sort of banner of a new dispensation for latitudinarian Boston, it had arrangements for lighting the church for an evening service. But this was all a heresy to the old Boston Puritan, whether he were Evangelical or Unitarian.

For the original theory of the Puritans is that the family is the church, and that each family is a church. The father of each family is a priest, and is competent to carry on worship. Accordingly, he does carry on worship in the morning and in the evening; and any proposal for an evening service anywhere else was regarded by the old Puritans as being, to a certain extent, an innovation, because it broke up that family worship which was so essential in their plan. I think that in every family of which I had any acquaintance the forms of family worship were maintained in this earlier period; every morning certainly, and probably every evening. When, therefore, the religion of Connecticut was introduced into Boston by the building of Park Street Church, and by the arrival of my children's great-grandfather, Lyman Beecher, and the custom of an occasional evening service on Sunday or on a week day, came with it, it was considered as an entire innovation by old-fashioned Boston. It was quite as much an innovation as calling an Episcopal minister a "rector" is now to old-fashioned Episcopalians, or as having lighted candles in the daytime would be at Trinity. To the last moment of its conscious existence the West Church was never arranged for evening service; and at this moment you will find, in old Boston families, the habit of going to visit one another on Sunday evening, but not of going to church. Where people go to church steadily on Sunday evening, you may generally guess that they are not of old Boston blood.

In the interior of the State, as at my grandfather's, for example, the observance of "the Sabbath" stopped at sunset. For instance, we watched at his house for the sun to go down on Sunday afternoon, and then brought out our little cannons and fired a *feu de joie* in honor of its departure. We then played blind-man's-buff all Sunday evening, and this in the parsonage of a stiff Calvinistic minister. No such excesses as this would have been permitted in Boston. But gradually Sunday-evening concerts came in, if only they were religious con-

certs; and the Handel and Haydn, I think, would hardly have been in existence now but for the midway opportunity which Sunday evening gave for their performances. The theatres, on the other hand, were compelled to be closed on Saturday evening and on Sunday, until a period later than that I am describing, when some of the more enterprising managers defied the State and the city, and our statutes were changed so that performances on Saturday evening were possible. After they had gained the point as a matter of right, I think they generally found it more convenient to have the performances of Saturday in the afternoon. Our present statute, which defines the Lord's Day as from midnight to midnight, is as late as 1844. Before that time there were certain restrictions on Saturday evening, such as the theatrical licenses indicated.

Social existence in all forms of civilization requires a certain knowledge of dancing; and in conventional civilization this dancing is not left to the spontaneous joy of children, but, willingly or unwillingly, they have to be taught to dance. This fell upon us as upon other children, and to the very end of his life Mr. Lorenzo Papanti, cordial, graceful, and dignified old man, remembered kindly that I was one of the first four pupils whom he had in Boston. He has become so far an historical character to many of the best in Boston that the editor will excuse me if I give a few words to his dancing-school. It was in Montgomery Place, now Bosworth Street; I think in the very house which was removed to open the passage through to what we called Cooke's Court, and what the present generation calls Province Street. It was in the third story of that house, where a partition had been cut away to make a hall large enough for a dancing-school. The papering at one end still differed from the papering at the other. To this hall of Terpsichore I repaired with three others, and we were the only pupils on the first Thursday afternoon of our attendance. On the next Saturday there arrived more, one of them one of my brothers in baptism, of whom I have already spoken; and from that time the school increased, and, as one is glad to say, maintains at this moment, under the direction of another generation, the high and well-deserved regard and esteem of everybody in Boston who knows anything about it. This hall was near our house, so that we could always go on foot. But there was a rather tragic story in the family of the school of Monsieur Labassé, to which my older brother and sister went, which was so far away that they had to be sent in a carriage. Unfortunately, in the jolting of the carriage they were shaken off the seats, and they were so small that they could not climb up on them again before they arrived at their destination. Thus early was the art of graceful movement impressed upon them.

For me, dancing-school shared in the dislike with which I regarded all other schools. Dear Mrs. Papanti — I remember her with gratitude to this moment — did her best for me, but never was a pupil less likely to add to the reputation of an institution. The school was afterwards removed to Bulfinch Place, where the Papantis had an elegant house. I was at that time bribed to attend by being told I might take a book with me to read. One afternoon, when the boys were carrying on awfully, dear Mrs. Papanti bore down upon us, and said, "Why is it that Master Hale is so quiet, while Master Champernoon behaves so badly?" and looked over my shoulder to see that I was reading Guy Mannering. "Ah!" she cried, "I will give Master Champernoon a set of the Waverley novels, if he will behave as well as Master Hale does!" But, alas, Master Champernoon was one of the boys who enjoyed dancing and wanted to dance, and had unwarranted arrangements with the girls with regard to

partners, and so on, while Master Hale detested the whole thing. Good soul, she did her best in dragging me about, as a favorite pupil, in the waltz; but my poor head swam, and I think my partners, from that day to this, have generally preferred to "stand through a waltz," when they have found the alternative was sharing it with me.

All this led, of course, to little evening parties of the boys and girls, just as it does now. The boys would stand at the foot of the stairs and in the entries, just as they do now, and maiden aunts would make incursions upon them to tell them that they must take partners, just as they do now. They took these partners, and then retired from the field to similar clusters, to be broken up again, just as they do now.

I have tried to describe, in my story East and West, the way in which refreshments were generally served at evening parties, unless these were on the grandest scale. There would frequently be such a party without a proper supper-table. I believe this was largely due to the fact that in very few houses in Boston then was there a special dining-room. People dined in their back parlors, and when the house was given up to dancing the back parlor was not available as a supper-room. At the simpler parties to which boys and girls went, in place of the supper, a little procession of servants brought in large trays with cake of different kinds, even with ice-cream, perhaps with jelly or blanc mange, with wine or lemonade; and these processions recurred half a dozen times in the course of the evening.

Another function which brought young people together, and brought them together with older people, was the arrangement for evening lectures. These were much more familiar and homelike than the lectures of to-day, to which we go hardly with any idea of social enjoyment. But, as I have intimated, the "march of intellect" had begun. One feature of the march of intellect was the introduction of lectures for people who wanted to learn something. They were exactly what is called the university extension system to-day, which I observe, however, is spoken of everywhere as if it were an entirely new invention. Now a lecture course is undertaken by a director, or *entrepreneur*, who means to provide entertainment for the people. He does not pretend to teach the people; he proposes to entertain them. Therefore, if his course consists of eight lectures, he provides eight different entertaining speakers; and this makes almost a class of men, each of whom has a few entertaining addresses prepared with this definite purpose. But in the earlier days of what we called the lecture system, or the lyceum, a body of public-spirited men, who really wanted to improve the education of the community, banded themselves together into a society for that purpose. This society, among other instrumentalities, established courses of lectures, generally in the winter, for the instruction of the people.

In Boston, such lectures had been heralded by courses arranged by individuals. Dr. Jacob Bigelow had courses on botany; Henry Ware gave a course of very popular lectures on Palestine; Edward Everett delivered lectures on Greek antiquities; and there were other similar courses, just as there might be now, if anybody would attend them. The success of these courses showed that a systematic arrangement might be made for courses of popular lectures in the evenings, and such were, in fact, carried on by different societies for a period of years. They culminated in the great success which Mr. John Lowell achieved in the establishment of the Lowell Institute; and I suppose it was this foundation which broke down at once all weaker foundations with the same purpose. It does its work so well that nobody in Boston need have any tears for them. I remember the Society for the Promo-

tion of Useful Knowledge, the Mercantile Library Association, the Mechanics' Apprentices' Association, the Natural History Society, and the Historical Society as maintaining such courses of lectures as I describe. There would be from ten to fifteen lectures in a course. The tickets for the cheapest were fifty cents a course; for others they were a dollar, or even two dollars. At our house this made no difference, because tickets to everything — concerts, lectures, and the rest — were sent to the newspaper office, and practically we children went to any such entertainments as we liked.

One of these societies would arrange a course of lectures. The whole course might be on chemistry. I remember such a course from Professor Webster. It was conducted with all his brilliant power of experiment, and listened to with enthusiasm by four or five hundred people. I remember another course by John Farrar, on the steam-engine. I heard, in the Useful Knowledge course, several of Mr. Waldo Emerson's biographical lectures. The Useful Knowledge course would be perhaps on Tuesday evening, the Mercantile Library on Wednesday, the Mechanics' on Thursday. Eventually, halls were built specially for such lectures. There was one favorite hall in the Masonic Temple, which is now occupied, as rebuilt, by Messrs. Stearns. I suppose this hall would hold five hundred people. The seats rose rapidly, as in the lecture-room of a medical college, so that people could see all the experiments or pictures on the platform.

To such an entertainment you went, and if you were old enough you took a friend of the other sex. You arrived there half an hour before the lecture began, and walked from seat to seat, talking with the people whom you found there. After the lecture had gone on half an hour or more there was a recess, and again you walked about from seat to seat; perhaps chose another seat, if the first had not been satisfactory. At the end of a lecture of may be an hour and a half in length, you went home with anybody who chose to invite you. At the house you went to, there was the invariable dish of oysters, or crackers and cheese, or whatever was the evening meal of that particular evening. And thus the lyceum lecture of that time played a quite important part in the social arrangements of growing boys and girls.

Of its advantage as a system of instruction I can say hardly too much. Of course the instruction given was superficial. I have lived seventy years in the world, and I have never found any instruction that was not superficial. But it was instruction; it was instruction given by first-rate men, who knew how to teach; and it was systematic instruction. The lecturer of to-day takes an epigrammatic phrase for his subject, as he calls it; it is the Philosophy of Mathematics, or it is the Mathematics of Philosophy. He speaks well, he brings in interesting stories, he gives a little information, and the public which sees him and hears him is amused. Some one asked James Russell Lowell once whether he supposed that the average audience of an interior town in New York cared much for Beaumont and Fletcher. He said very frankly: "I do not suppose they care for Beaumont and Fletcher at all. But I suppose they have heard of me and want to see me, and a good way to see me is to pay for my lecture, sit in front of me, and see and hear me for the hour in which I am reading something which interests me." This is very genuine; it is all right; it is a good bit of public entertainment for people who have been tired to death by the work of the day. But it is not instruction. Dear Starr King used to say: "A lyceum lecture consists of five parts of sense and five of nonsense. There are not more than five people in New England who know how to mix them.

But I am one of the five." All lecturers do not keep to his recipe.

On the other hand, I believe that if we could wipe out the whole nonsense of the evening lessons from the school curriculum; if we could make teachers teach, where now they simply hear the lesson which somebody else has taught; if then we would reserve our evenings for instructing intelligent boys and girls in the fundamental principles of a good many things which are best taught by lectures, I believe that we should improve the system of public instruction to-day. It would require a good deal of work on the part of a great many intelligent people. Possibly some time there will be a school committee which will think such an enterprise worthy of attention.

A few years ago, I looked in, late in the evening, upon a pretty little party of one of the largest classes in my own Sunday-school. I met there perhaps thirty of the sweetest and most charming of the youngest women in Boston. They had assembled at the invitation of their teacher, who had recently traveled in the East, and they had been spending the evening in conversation with one another and with her, and in examining the curiosities, and especially the photographs, which she had brought from Egypt, Syria, and Greece. In this large and brilliant company I was the only gentleman. At half past ten, after a little supper, we all gathered to go home. Comparing the detail of Boston life with what it would have been fifty years before, I was interested to see that these young ladies all went home without escort from the other sex. Some of them had ordered their carriages; many took street-cars, which passed the house in one direction or the other, and which would leave them within a block of their own residences. It is certainly highly creditable to Boston that a body of women, young or old, can use the evening in such a way, and can disperse to their homes at such an hour, with no companionship but what they give to one another, and with no hazard of insult.

But I thought then, and I have often said since, that such a social order was wholly unlike the social order in which I grew up. When I was a boy of eight or nine or ten, no sister of mine would have gone to take tea with a friend but one of her brothers would have been detailed to go for her and bring her home at eight or nine o'clock. I am quite clear that in those days the life of young people involved a great deal more of the visiting of both sexes together than it does now. I do not mean to speak of the life of boys of fifteen years old and over. I speak of the life of boys of all ages, from five or six years upward.

The function of tea-parties was quite different from that of dinner-parties. You would invite two or three boys and girls, who were friends of your children, to come and take tea, where now you would hardly invite children of the same age to come and dine. Now, if this function happened to be exercised in the house of old-fashioned people, it had some rather queer attendants, — or what would seem queer to the boy of the present day. For instance, one of the relics of Revolutionary times was the general impression that no boy could ever serve his country unless he were trained as a public speaker. I think this is true now, and it was known to be true then. Consequently, when you were at such a party as I have described, the evening's entertainment of playing old maid, teetotum games, jackstraws, or whatever might occupy the young people, would be interrupted from time to time by an appeal to the boys of the party to "speak a piece," for the benefit of the elders. There was a certain compliment implied in being asked to "speak a piece;" but it was not a great compliment, for every boy was asked, not to say compelled, to do so. It would have been bad form to decline

to speak, quite as much as it would be to sit at a dinner-table and decline to eat anything before you, as if it were of a quality poorer than that to which you were accustomed.

Accordingly, you had one or two "pieces" in mind, which you were prepared to "speak." When you were called upon, — when the old ladies, at their side of the room, had made up their minds that it was time for this exercise to go forward, — you were told, "Master Edward" (or Master Oliver, or Master Alexander), "the company would like to have you speak a piece." You demurred as little as you could, you went into the corner, you made a bow, and you spoke a piece. You then went back to your cards or other entertainment. I do not remember that the girls sang songs, as it seems to me they should have done, under the circumstances.

At such a little party, again, invariably the tray was brought in as the evening went by, and you ate the nuts and raisins or figs, which were generally something you did not have at home. Perhaps this is always one of the charms of social life. I may say, in passing, that in a world where there were few refrigerators, and where there were no steamboats, dried fruit was much more an article of daily consumption, and appeared at dessert more often than it does now.

There may be, by the way, no other opportunity in these papers to quote the amusing passage from Dr. Palfrey on salt codfish. It is in his admirable chapter on New England life, in which he followed the example of Macaulay's celebrated chapter describing the family institutions of England. "Forty years ago, I was so situated as to know uncommonly well the habits of different classes of people in different parts of the country. Till a later period than this, the most ceremonious Boston feast was never set out on Saturday (then the common dinner-party day) without the dunfish at one end of the table; abundance, variety, pomp of other things, but that unfailingly. It was a sort of New England point of honor; and luxurious livers pleased themselves, over their nuts and wine, with the thought that, while suiting their palates, they had been doing their part in a wide combination to maintain the fisheries and create a naval strength."

There was one function of those days which has been admirably improved in the customs of later days. Franklin left a small fund to the city, to be expended in medals for the most deserving scholars. The Franklin medal was first awarded in 1792, is awarded to the present time, and is a good badge of honor to the genuine Boston boy. The school committee and the government of the city dined together, on the day of the school anniversary, in Faneuil Hall, and the boys who received the Franklin medals were then first initiated into the forms of a public dinner. There must have been some sort of a procession, — I do not know, for I never had a Franklin medal, — and the boys sat in Faneuil Hall and heard the speaking. But as years went on, after the time of which I speak, and particularly after the girls began to receive city medals, it was seen that a much pleasanter entertainment could be devised for the children than a feast at which the officers of the city government took the principal part. And in these later days the mayor holds a great reception in the large Mechanics' Hall; he gives to every graduating girl a bouquet, and the boys and girls dance together to music which the city provides. I mention the contrast, because I am quite sure that in the years between 1826 and 1837 there would have been a religious prejudice in some quarters against dancing, which would have prevented any such public celebration.

The boys were in touch with the larger public in their unauthorized and

unrecognized connection with the fire department. Boston was still a wooden town, and the danger of fire was, as it is in all American cities, constantly present. There hung in our front entry two leather buckets; in each of them was certain apparatus which a person might need if he were in a burning house. Strange to say, there was a bed-key, that he might take down a bedstead if it were necessary. These were relics of a time when my father had been a member of one of the private fire companies. In those associations, each man was bound to attend at any fire where the property of other members of the association was in danger; and there were traditions of father's having been present at the great Court Street fire, for instance. But these fire clubs either died out or became social institutions, as the Fire Club in Worcester exists to this day, and nothing was left but the bucket as a sort of memorial of a former existence.

Before our day the volunteer fire department system of Boston had been created, and there were similar systems in all large cities. Of course we boys supposed that ours was the best in the world; each boy in Boston supposed that the engine nearest his house was the best engine in the world, and that, on occasion, it could throw water higher than any other engine. It could likewise, on occasion, pump dry any engine that was in line with it. I need not say that these notions of the boys were simply superstitions, wholly unfounded in fact. Our engine was the New York. The engine-house was one of a curious mass of public buildings that occupied the place where Franklin's statue now stands, in front of what was the court-house of that day. There was no electric fire alarm, in those early days. The moment a fire broke out, everybody who had any lungs ran up the street or down the street, or both ways, crying "Fire!" and as soon as the churches could be opened all the bells in Boston began to ring. Then the company which was to drag the New York to the fire began to assemble at its house, and naturally there was great pride in seeing that your engine was first in place. You learned where the fire was, not by any signal, but by the rumor of the street. It was at the North End, or at the South End, or on the wharves, or on "Nigger Hill." As soon as boys and men, of whatever connection, arrived, sufficient to drag the engine, it started, under the direction of such officer of the company as might be present. The members of the company had no uniforms, so far as I remember; they joined the lines as quickly as they could, but there were always enough people to pull. As I have intimated, it was everybody's business to attend at the fire.

When you arrived at the spot, there would be a general caucus as to the method of attack, yet I think there were people in command. Afterward, a gentleman named Amory, highly respected by all of us, was chief engineer. Whatever the caucus directed was done, with as much efficiency as was possible under such democratic institutions. But, in the first place, the probability was that there was no water near. The Jamaica Pond aqueduct carried water in log pipes to the lower levels of the city; but for fully half the city there was no such supply, and wells had to be relied upon. Every engine, therefore, which was good for anything was a "suction engine," as it was called; that is, it was able to pump from a well, as well as able to throw water to an indefinite height. The engine that arrived first repaired to the well best known in that neighborhood, or, if the occasion were fortunate, to the sea, and began to pump. The engine that arrived next took station next to this, and pumped from it through a long line of hose; and so successive engines carried the water to the place where some foreman directed

it upon the flames. It was thus that different engines attained their celebrity, as one pumped the tub of another dry, while the unfortunate members were "working the brakes" to their best to keep it full.

The buckets of which I have spoken were the remains of a yet earlier period, when people formed themselves in line to the well or to the sea, and passed buckets backward and forward, — full if they were going towards the fire, empty if they were going away; and the water was thus thrown upon such flames as chose to wait for it.

When one writes this, one wonders that Boston was not burned down four times a year; indeed, there were very bad fires in those days. The system called out some of the most energetic and public-spirited young fellows of the town, and after a while they were exempt from service in the militia. Well they might be, for their service as firemen was far more valuable to the community, and far more oppressive in time and health, than any service in the militia of those days. They felt their power, and asserted it once too often. In the mayoralty of Mr. Samuel A. Eliot, a company did something it should not have done, or refused to do something it was told to do, and, with a firm hand, he turned them all out, and created the system of the fire department of to-day, in which every man is paid for his services, and may be regularly called upon, whether he will or no, as a servant of the city. The introduction of steam fire-engines and a sufficient supply of water would in themselves have been enough to revolutionize the whole of the primitive method of extinguishing fire, had no such revolt of the fire companies compelled a revolution.

I need hardly say that the old method interested to the full every boy in town. If his father and mother would let him, he attended the fire, where he could at least scream "Fire!" if he could not do anything else. If a boy were big enough, he was permitted almost to kill himself by working at the brakes. This was the most exhausting method for the application of human power that has been contrived; but there was power enough to be wasted, and, until the introduction of steam, it was everywhere used. It is still used on board ships which have no steam power. Every enterprising boy regarded it as the one wish of his life that he might be eighteen years old, so that he could join the company in his particular neighborhood; and even if he had not attained that age, he attached himself to the company as a sort of volunteer aid, and, as I say, was permitted, as a favor, to assist in running through the streets, dragging at the long rope which drew the engine.

Edward Everett Hale.

THE MARRIAGE OF IBRAIM PASHA.

AN EPISODE AT THE COURT OF SULTAN MURAD III., 1586.[1]

TOWARDS the close of the sixteenth century, the Ottoman Empire had begun to show signs of declension. In the year 1574, the Sultan, Selim the Drunkard, died, and was succeeded by his son, Murad III. The new Sultan's person, his physical condition, his character, and his habits are described, with some slight variations, by the representatives

[1] This account of Ibraim's marriage is based upon the dispatches of the Venetian ambassador at Constantinople, hitherto inedited.

of foreign powers at the Porte. The picture is not a pleasant one. "The Sultan is of medium height," says Ungnad, the imperial ambassador, "not stout; his body flaccid; his eyes languid and protruding, covered by enormous eyebrows. He wears a long, straggling reddish beard." His thinness is attributed to an abuse of opium, or, as Knolles reported, of absinthe, and to his intemperance in other matters, which rendered him subject to the falling sickness, or epilepsy. He was twenty-eight years old, but had the air of a professor rather than of a general. He was something of a poet, and was passionately fond of mechanical toys, such as clocks and watches which showed the movements of the celestial bodies. He loved to pass his days in a garden, entertained by conjurers, mimes, buffoons. At sunset he would rise and retire to the harem, saying, "Thanks be to God who has allowed me to get through another day not so badly." A man very different from his father, the brutal but vigorous Selim.

At his accession to the throne, Murad found one minister, the Grand Vizir Sokolli, who was able to maintain the dignity of the Ottoman Empire, and to prevent its inherent weakness from becoming too patent to the world. But Sokolli's influence waned; Murad's favorites succeeded in ousting the great statesman, and his place was taken by the cultivated but corrupt Scemsi Pasha. Scemsi claimed descent from the family of Kizil Ahmedlü, and vaunted a lineage more noble than that of the reigning family. An interesting anecdote, which illustrates the manners of the period and the bitterness of family feud, is narrated by the historian Aali. Aali one day found himself in Scemsi's house when the favorite had just left the Sultan. Scemsi was radiant with pleasure, and, turning to his major-domo, he said, "At last I have avenged the royal line of Kizil Ahmedlü on the Osmanlis; their doom is fixed." "How is that?" said the major-domo. "I have persuaded the Sultan to accept a bribe. His example will spread, and will ruin the state." Whereupon Aali, who was standing by, broke in, "Your Excellency is a worthy descendant of your ancestor Caled Ben Welid, who, as the story tells us, bribed his way to the presence of the Calif, and so began the seduction of Islam;" to which Scemsi, in confusion, replied, "Ah, Aali, you know much." The course of the episode we are relating, the marriage of Ibraim Pasha to the Sultan Murad's daughter, will prove how right both Scemsi and Aali were in their observations.

Perhaps nothing about the court of Murad is more surprising than the fact, abundantly illustrated by the Venetian ambassador's dispatches, that almost all the persons of importance were either renegade Christians or Jews. To begin with, the favorite and powerful Sultana Ssaffije (the Pure) was a lady of the Venetian family of Baffo, whose father had been governor of Corfu, from which island she was stolen when quite a child, and placed in the harem of Murad. Among the Vizirs, we find Sokolli, the Grand Vizir, was a Bosnian; Viale, a Hungarian; the Captain of the Sea, the famous Mage or Occhiali, a Calabrian; the chief of the Janizaries, a very important post, the Genoese Ciedla.

The Jews did not occupy so prominent a place at court, though their back-stair influence was very great. Hardly any business was transacted without their interposition; in all diplomatic negotiations, we find Jews acting as intermediaries, sounding the ground and promising bribes. No ambassador of a Christian power dreamed of carrying on his diplomatic transactions without the assistance of a Jew: Benveniste, for example, acted for the king of Spain and for the Venetian republic, David Passi for the English agent, Angeli for the Swiss. One of the most important personages at the Porte was the Jew Salomon Eschinasi. All ambassadors found it necessary to

make presents to Chieraggia, the Jewess, purveyor-general to the Sultan's harem.

Various reasons contributed to confer upon the Jews this exceptional position. First of all, they were not Christians, and their presence did not defile. They were doctors, and in the exercise of their profession they had ready access to the great officers of state. They were money-lenders and jewelers, and the Turks, in their love for precious stones, were obliged to have frequent recourse to the Jews. They were astronomers, and the more superstitious Turks applied to them for information about the future; we hear of an observatory sunk down at the bottom of a deep well, so as to allow of the diurnal observation of the stars. But, above all, the Jews displayed that pliant and insinuating servility which is so characteristic of their race. On a great occasion of state, such as the circumcision of the Sultan's eldest son, the Jew did not refuse to take part in ribald comedies, and submitted to play buffoon to the assembly.

Among the many foreigners who rose to prominence upon the accession of Murad III. was the renegade Christian, Ibraim. He was a Slav by birth; his native city was Kanischa, near Ragusa. While still a lad he had been presented to the Sultan Selim by one of the Pashas. Selim placed Ibraim in the harem, and caused him to be educated with his own son, the future Sultan Murad, to whom he was attached as servant. To the intimate relations thus formed between Murad and Ibraim the latter owed his subsequent advance. When Murad ascended the throne, Ibraim was made a Pasha, and was sent as governor to Cairo.

Ibraim was then thirty-seven years old; of medium height, with a dark complexion, a brown beard, bright eyes, and a quick intelligence. He possessed grace of manner and charm of speech. He was, however, extremely ambitious, and, as he saw his ambitions realized, he developed a haughtiness of bearing which, as the Venetian ambassador declared, made it impossible to transact business with him.

Ibraim's appointment to Cairo gave him the opportunity for amassing wealth, which he knew to be indispensable at the Porte, especially for those no longer young. Egypt was an enormously rich storehouse to plunder. At the accession of Murad, the governor was the eunuch Mesih Pasha; he was merely cruel, not rapacious. But his successor, Hassan Pasha, owed his downfall to the excessive wealth which he had wrung out of the suffering province. He labored for others, however. A sudden order from Constantinople recalled him. He obeyed, leaving his treasure behind him, and on his arrival at the capital he was confined in the Seven Towers. Ibraim received the vacant appointment. No sooner had he reached Cairo than he took possession of Hassan's treasure, and so industrious was he in pursuit of wealth that, when an order of the Sultan recalled him to the capital, a year and a half later, he returned to Constantinople with fabulous riches.

Ibraim was commissioned by Murad to reduce the Druses, on his way home to Constantinople. He did so partly by treachery and partly by superior force. To render his return more triumphant he sent on before him four hundred heads, all of which he said were those of Druses slain in battle, though fears were expressed at Constantinople that some of these ghastly trophies were the heads, not of Druses, but of Ibraim's own Turkish troops, many of whom fell before the hardy mountaineers. So far all had prospered with Ibraim. On his return to Constantinople, he began to employ his riches in the recognized way, by making presents to the Sultan; among others, we hear of a rich jeweled throne, and one great emerald in the rough, so large that eight flat emeralds about the size of an eyeglass were cut from it. But whether the result of these presents was

that which Ibraim desired is more than doubtful; for, a very few days after his return home, the Sultan sent to inform Ibraim that he had resolved to give him his daughter in marriage, and that the wedding festival should be held "in the time of the roses," the month of May.

This was a great honor, no doubt, but a dubious satisfaction. It was impossible to decline to marry the Sultan's daughter; and yet her rank was so exalted that her husband could no longer enjoy the same freedom in his domestic arrangements as that possessed by less favored Turks. Not merely were the more exotic pleasures of the seraglio denied him, but he was compelled to a monogamic existence, upon pain of his fortune, perhaps of his very life. If the honored subject could succeed in retaining the Sultan's favor, there were compensations for these drawbacks. Thanks to his near connection with the Calif, he was supposed to possess great influence, and became the recipient of large sums of money, presented to him for favors demanded.

When Ibraim received the message of the Sultan, nothing remained for him but to obey, and to begin the preparations for his marriage. He presented gifts to those who brought him the news, and proceeded at once to kiss the Sultan's hand. His next step was to choose his best man and best woman, — his *compadre* and *commadre*. His choice fell on the Captain of the Sea, and on Gianfeda, the governess of the Sultan's harem. It was no slight burden to be chosen best man on such an occasion as this. The presents were costly. Those of the Captain of the Sea to Ibraim Pasha consisted of two complete palaces: one in the Hippodrome at Constantinople, which had once belonged to another Ibraim Pasha, favorite of Suleiman the Great; the other among gardens upon the Bosphorus, which was to serve as a *villeggiatura* for the newly married couple. The palace in the Hippodrome was not considered fine enough for the Sultan's daughter, and the best man undertook to make it suitable at his own expense. The seraglio, as it then stood, was built upon vaulted arches springing from three rows of columns which had belonged to some building of the late empire. In the middle of the seraglio were the women's apartments, with gardens, courtyards, loggias, baths, and fountains. In the centre of one of the gardens, and quite surrounded by fountains, was a chamber entirely inlaid with precious marbles. But, beautiful as these apartments were in their decoration, they were too dark for the modern taste, and somewhat melancholy. The Captain of the Sea accordingly constructed an apartment especially for the use of the bride. It consisted of a saloon adorned with mosaics like majolica. Next to this was a vaulted chamber in mosaics and gold, and frescoed in part; in this chamber was a fountain. Behind the vaulted chamber came a toilet closet decorated in gold, and out of that opened a bath. All round the new apartment ran a covered loggia, fully protected from the sun and the heat. This was the present from the best man to the bridegroom. Meantime, the Sultan had given to his daughter all the jewels which belonged to the Sultana, her mother, and two beautiful ponies trapped in gold and jewels, which were to take her from the seraglio of her father to that of her husband.

Ibraim, too, was busy. He had sent to all the embassies to ask the ambassadors to supply him with pheasants, partridges, hares, and other game. The Venetian and French representatives excused themselves on the ground that they were foreigners, and did not know how to get any game even for themselves. The English ambassador not only provided game and sent it, but added a vast quantity of fowls.

The ceremonies which were to lead up to the wedding began on the 15th of May. On that day, the Sultana mother,

the bride, and all the women of the Sultan's harem passed from the new seraglio on the water to the old seraglio in the city. There they found the other Sultanas, the sisters and relations of the Sultan, and the wives of the Pashas and great officers of state. All these ladies began an eight days' revelry, which was kept up day and night. Female slaves danced and sang. The ladies lay on couches, drinking sherbet. No men were allowed near the place except the black eunuchs who kept watch at the doors. The day after the ladies arrived at the old seraglio, the Pashas and other ministers of the Porte made their presents to the bride. The next day, the best man, the Captain of the Sea, having prepared all his presents in several small houses near the seraglio, went there early in the morning, attended by upwards of three hundred horsemen and a like number of foot. He then headed the procession which conveyed his gifts to the bride. These presents were vast in size and quantity, and required hundreds of sailors to carry them. They consisted of fifty life-size figures of animals made of sugar; a great castle, also of sugar; five bowls filled with necklaces of gold, jeweled slippers, crowns, girdles, earrings, all richly jeweled; five bales of cloth of gold and of silk; one packet of henna, which these ladies use to dye their hands, feet, and other parts of the body, for greater beauty; lastly, four parcels of comfits. All these gifts were consigned to the black eunuchs at the door of the seraglio, to be presented to the bride.

The next day was the turn of the best woman, the commadre. She walked first, followed by the captain of the Janizaries, the Captain of the Sea, and all the ministers of state; behind them came the music and the crowd of shouters, and then the presents. These consisted of a huge machine of silver gilt, studded with turquoise let into it in various patterns. This machine was twenty yards high, and from one and a half to two yards wide; it was covered with flowers and plants wrought in gold, silver, and colored silks; it required a large number of men to carry it, and was valued at twenty thousand sequins. After the big machine came eight smaller ones, of similar construction, eight horses laden with bales of silk and cloth of gold, and five bales of that kind of cloth which is used by Turkish ladies to hang on each side of the landing-stages which lead from their caïques to their houses or gardens, to shut out inquisitive gazers. When the bride had received all her presents, her father, the Sultan, came in state to inspect them, and to assure himself that they were worthy of his daughter's acceptance.

So far, the father, the best man, and the best woman had all done their part. It was Ibraim's turn now. On the 18th he began a series of banquets at his own house. His first guests were the Emirs of the Green Toque, relations of the Prophet. The following day he received all the priests, preachers, doctors of law, and divines. The Sultan's secretary on behalf of his Majesty, and the Captain of the Sea on behalf of Ibraim, were both present on this occasion, and drew up the marriage contract. The dowry was fixed at three hundred thousand ducats. After dinner Ibraim held a reception, and received the congratulations of all the nobles of the Porte. After this ceremony was concluded, accompanied by all who had attended his levee, he went to the old seraglio to receive the presents and the dowry of the bride and to take them to his own house. At the end of this procession came a coach hung round with crimson brocade, so that it was impossible to see who was inside; but it was supposed to contain the governess of the harem, the best woman, whose suite consisted of fifty waiting-women, who were conveyed in fifty closely draped coaches, each one with a black eunuch on horseback as guard. It was the duty of these women to prepare the

chamber and the couch for the newly wedded couple. On the return journey to the seraglio of Ibraim, one hundred female slaves riding astride, and all of them richly dressed in brocade, followed the fifty coaches, and scattered money among the crowd. Each horse was led by a slave, and the whole band was escorted by fifty handsome black eunuchs on horseback. After the slave women came a gold-bound Koran carried on a golden desk studded with jewels; then six silver candelabra with lighted torches, a crystal box full of gems, and many other caskets of jewels; then the bride's bed, made of silver gilt, and carried in several pieces, to be put together, and bedquilts and coverlids of gold brocade embroidered with pearls; then a cook with a whole sheep spitted on a spit; then kitchen utensils in silver; then one hundred and twenty-five mules laden with boxes of precious stones, silver, gold, cushions, carpets, curtains; and, to wind up, all the common kitchen and scullery utensils, piled up anyhow. By the time this long procession of household furniture reached the seraglio of Ibraim, the fifty waiting-women, under the direction of the governess of the harem, were ready to receive it, and in a short time the rooms of the bride, the kitchen, and the rest of the house were in order.

Besides the big machine already described, which was presented to the bride by the governess of the harem, the Captain of the Sea had prepared two others of even greater size. They were made in the shape of a pyramid, and on the top of each was a huge candle. They were carried on the shoulders of a great number of men, whose movements were regulated by the whistle of a boatswain who stood at the foot of the pyramid. As these huge and cumbersome erections were carried through the streets, one of them had its candle knocked over by the topmost branches of a lofty tree, and it was found necessary to cut away the eaves of the houses in those streets through which they were to pass. They reached the old seraglio in safety at last, and were placed one on each side of the door.

At last the 22d of May arrived, the day destined for the passage of the bride to Ibraim's house. The procession, headed by the three great constructions already described, was formed in much the same order as on the occasion of previous processions, only every one was more richly dressed, and the number of foot and horse was increased by several hundreds. Jugglers, mountebanks, and conjurers were added to the throng. All the Pashas and the Grand Vizir were on horseback, dressed in white. Behind them came Ibraim's household and all his horses. The horse destined for the bride had its mane and tail decked out with gold and jewels. Then came the commadre and the bride, both on horseback, riding like men. Over the bride's head was a *baldacchino* of gold brocade, whose sides hung down so as to cover completely the bride, leaving free only the head of her horse. Under the baldacchino were her guard of eunuchs and her waiting-women. Behind the bride came fifty women on horseback, riding like men. These were the wives of the Pashas and the chief ministers of the Porte.

In this way the bride was led to the door of her husband's house. Ibraim met her on the threshold. It was the first time he had been allowed to see her. Even then the bridegroom saw no more than her eyes, for she kept her veil on. It was not till after supper that she finally uncovered her face. She is described as short, dark, thin, and with a nose long and excessively hooked.

All through these eight days of the wedding festival the Hippodrome had been full of tumblers, acrobats, rope-walkers, by day; and at night, on the Bosphorus, in front of the new seraglio, fireworks and set pieces had delighted and diverted the Sultan Murad.

But although Ibraim had received his bride into his own house, she still remained the Sultan's daughter. He was not allowed to approach her until her father sent him formal permission. When he spoke to her, he was obliged to use all humility of manner, — he called himself her slave; nor might he sit down unless she invited him to do so. He was kept in this trying position for fifteen or twenty days, until the Sultan chose to end the situation. The result of this very painful treatment was, perhaps, not surprising. The day after the Sultan gave orders to place the newly married couple on a more rational footing, and to complete the ceremony, the Venetian ambassador sent to congratulate Ibraim, and to offer the presents of his government. He found, however, that the Sultan's orders had not been sufficient for their purpose. Congratulations and presents had to be postponed.

Ibraim's position was now a very dangerous one. His wife and her father, the Sultan, considered themselves insulted. Ibraim was in disgrace, and instantly found himself deprived of the one compensation for the misfortune of having to marry the Sultan's daughter, namely, influence at court and the money that it brought in. He had spent a vast sum on his marriage, and the sudden cessation of this source of revenue left him almost penniless. He asked his best man, the Captain of the Sea, to lend him fifty thousand ducats, but was at once refused. Ibraim declared that he had been bewitched by the Sultan's sister, his wife's aunt, who was married to Mehemet Pasha, and was afraid and jealous of Ibraim's growing influence. He accordingly put himself in the hands of certain Turks who were skilled in treating such cases. The results were satisfactory, and by the 25th of June Ibraim's marriage was *un fait accompli*.

Horatio F. Brown.

THE WITHROW WATER RIGHT.

IN TWO PARTS. PART FIRST.

Lysander Sproul, driving his dun-colored mules leisurely toward the mesa, looked back now and then at the winery which crowned its low hill like a bit of fortification.

"If I 'd really had any idee o' gettin' ahead o' him," he reflected, "or circumventin' him an inch, I reckon I 'd been more civil; it 's no more 'n fair to be civil to a man when you 're gettin' the best of 'im; but I hain't. I don't s'pose Indian Pete's yaller dog, standin' ahead there in the road ready to bark at my team like mad, has any idee of eatin' a mule, much less two, but all the same it 's a satisfaction to him to be sassy; an' seein' he 's limited in his means of entertainin' hisself, I don't begrudge him. And the Colonel don't begrudge me. When a man has his coat pretty well wadded with greenbacks, he can stand a good deal o' thumpin'."

The ascent was growing rougher and more mountainous. Lysander put on the brake and stopped "to blow" his team. Whiffs of honey-laden air came from the stretch of chaparral on the slope behind him. He turned on the high spring seat, and, dangling his long legs over the wagon-box, sent a far-reaching, indefinite gaze across the valley. There were broad acres of yellowing vineyard, fields of velvety young barley, orange-trees in dark orderly ranks, and here and there a peach orchard

robbed of its leaves, — a cloud of tender maroon upon the landscape. Lysander collected his wandering glance and fixed it upon one of the pale green barley fields.

"It 's about there, I reckon. Of course the old woman 'll kick; but if the Colonel has laid out to do it, he 'll do it, kickin' or no kickin'. If he can't buy her out or trade her out, he 'll freeze her out. Well, well, I ain't a-carin'; she can do as she pleases." The man turned and took off the brake, and the mules, without further signal, resumed their journey. Boulders began to thicken by the roadside. The sun went down, and the air grew heavy with the soft, resinous mountain odors. Some one stepped from the shadow of a scraggy buckthorn in front of the team.

"Is that you, Sandy?"

It was a woman's voice, but it came from a figure wearing a man's hat and coat. Lysander stopped the mules.

"Why, Minervy! what 's up?"

"Oh, nothin'. I just walked a ways to meet you." The woman climbed up beside her husband. "You 're later 'n I 'lowed you 'd be. Something must 'a' kep' you."

"Yes, I come around by the winery. I saw Poindexter over t' the Mission, an' he said the old Colonel wanted to see me."

"The old Colonel wanted to see *you*, Sandy?" The woman turned upon him anxiously in the yellow twilight. The rakishness of her attire was grotesquely at variance with her troubled voice and small freckled face. "What did he want with you?"

"Well, he *said* he wanted me to help him make a trade with the old man," — Lysander sent a short, explosive laugh through his nostrils; "an' I told 'im I reckoned he knowed that the old woman was the old man, up our way."

"Oh, I 'm glad you give it to 'im that way, Sandy," said the woman earnestly, rising to her habiliments. "Mother 'll be prouder 'n a peacock of you. I hope you held your head high and sassed him right and left." Mrs. Sproul straightened her manly back and raised her shrill womanish voice nervously. "Oh, I hope you told him you 'd stood at the cannon's mouth before, an' was n't afraid to face him or any other red-handed destroyer of his country's flag. I hope you told him that, Sandy."

"Well, I was n't to say brash," returned her husband slowly and soothingly. "It would n't do, Minervy, it would n't do." Lysander uncoiled his long braided lash and whipped off two or three spikes of the withering perfumed sage. "I talked up to 'im, though, middlin' impident; but law! it did n't hurt 'im; he 's got a hide like a hypothenuse."

Mrs. Sproul drew a long, excited breath.

"I wish mother 'd been along, Sandy; she 'd 'a' told 'im a thing or two."

Lysander was discreetly silent. The sage and grease wood ended abruptly, and a row of leafless walnut-trees stretched their gaunt white branches above the road. Here and there an almond-tree, lured into premature bloom by the seductive California winter, stood like a wraith by the roadside. They could see the cabin now. A square of flaring and fading light marked the open doorway. The mules quickened their pace, and the wagon rattled over the stony road.

"Talk about increasin' the value o' this piece o' property!" the man broke out contemptuously. "I told 'im it would take a good deal o' chin to convince the old woman that anything would increase the value o' this ranch o' her'n, and danged if I did n't think she was right. I 'd pegged away at it two years, an' I could n't."

"What did he say to that, Sandy?" demanded the woman, with admiring eagerness.

"Say? Oh, he said the soil was good. An' I 'lowed it was, — what there was

of it; an' so was the boulders good, for boulders, — the trouble was in the mixin'. Don't talk to me about your 'decomposed granite,' says I; 'it 's the granite what ain't decomposed that bothers me.' But pshaw!" and Lysander dropped his voice hopelessly, "he ain't a-carin'. I 'd about as soon work the boulders as try to work him; he 's harder 'n any boulder on the ranch."

The mules turned into a narrow road, and stopped before the stable, a shackly, semi-tropical structure, consisting of four sycamore posts and a brush-covered roof. The lower half of the firelit doorway beyond suddenly darkened, and there was a swift scurrying sound among the bushes that intervened between the house and the shed. A succession of heads, visible even in the deepening twilight by reason of a uniform glimmering whiteness, appeared in the barnyard.

Mrs. Sproul ran over the number with a rapid maternal calculation.

"Where 's the baby, Sheridan?"

"Grammuzgotim."

Lysander climbed out of the wagon, and came around to his wife's side.

"Sha'n't I h'ist you down, Minervy?"

She gave him her hand, and stood beside him for an instant, meditatively, after he had lifted her to the ground.

"I guess I won't say nothin' to mother till you come in, Sandy. Be as spry as you can with the chores. Mebbe M'lissy 'll milk the cow for you."

She turned, and went up the walk toward the house, her mannish attire and the glimmering white heads that encircled her faintly suggestive of Jupiter and his attendant moons.

The sea breeze had died away, and the wind was blowing in cooler gusts from the mountain; breezes laden with the aromatic sweetness of the bay-tree and the heavy scent of the shade-loving bracken wandered from far up the cañon into the cabin and out again, only to find themselves profaned and sordid with the smell of frying bacon.

A high, energetic voice was making itself heard even above the sizzle of the meat and the voice of a crying baby.

"What under the sun makes ye set up that yell every night jest at supper time? Ye ain't a-lackin' anything, as I kin see, exceptin' a spankin', and I 'm too busy to give ye that. Hark! There comes your mammy, now. Straighten up yer face and show 'er what a good boy you 've been."

Thus adjured, the baby brought his vocalizing to that abrupt termination indicative of feeling not so deep-seated as to be entirely beyond control, and scrambled toward the door on all fours, breaking in upon the approaching planetary system, a somewhat dimmed and bedraggled comet. Mrs. Sproul picked him up, and looked around the room questioningly.

"What 's M'lissy doin', mother?"

"Dawdlin'," answered the old woman, with a curtness that was eloquent, lifting the frying-pan from the stove, and shaking it into a more aggravated sputter.

"Is she upstairs?"

"I s'pose so. She gener'ly is, when there 's anything doin' down."

Mrs. Sproul put her hand over the baby's mouth and called upward, "M'lissy!"

There was a sound of slow moving above, plainly audible through the unplastered ceiling, leisurely sliding steps on the stairs, and Melissa appeared in the doorway. She was still elevated above them by two or three steps, and leaned against the casement, looking down into the smoke and disorder of the room with a listless, irresponsible gaze. A tall, unformed girl, with a braid of red hair hanging across her shoulder, and ending in a heavy lustrous curl upon the limp folds of her blue cotton dress.

The baby had resumed a subdued but dismal proclamation of the grief from which his mother's return had afforded him but a temporary relief, and Mrs.

Sproul elevated her thin, anxious voice coaxingly.

"Lysander 's late, M'lissy, and I thought mebbe you 'd milk the cow for 'im."

"Why, yes, of course," answered the girl, with a soft, good-natured drawl, descending the remaining steps slowly. "Where 's the milk-pail, mother?"

"On top o' the chimbly," answered the old woman tartly, pointing with the frying-pan to a bench in the corner. "If it 'd 'a' been a snake, it 'd 'a' bit you."

The young girl crossed the room, and the satellites surrounding Mrs. Sproul's chair, with an erratic change of orbit, transferred themselves to the newcomer. The older sister took a handkerchief from the pocket of her coat.

"You 'd best tie this around your neck, M'lissy; it 's gettin' chill."

The girl accepted it carelessly, and stood in the doorway tying the bit of faded silk about her round white throat.

"Where 's the cow, mother?"

"She 's staked on the 'fileree, t'other side of the barn. If ye don't find her when ye git there, come an' ask." The old woman drawled the last three words sarcastically.

Melissa smiled, showing a row of teeth, not small, but white and regular.

"Oh, if she 's got away, I know where she 's gone."

"Yes, I 'll bet you do. Some folks has a heap of unnecessary learnin'."

There was no demand upon Melissa's supply of undervalued information. The cow was mooing reproachfully in a cropped circle of musky alfilaria behind the shed. The moon had risen, and rested for an instant upon the edge of Cucamonga, like a silver ball rolling down the mountain side. Melissa laid her arms on the spotted heifer's back, and gazed at the landscape dreamily. Not discontent, nor longing, nor vague troublesome aspirations mirrored themselves in the girl's placid face. Gentle, ease-loving natures, that might show in fair relief against a delicate background of luxury, become dull and lifeless in contrast with the coarser tints of poverty. In the parlance of those about her, Melissa was "dawdlin'," — and those about us are likely to be just, for they speak from the righteous standpoint of results.

The moon had floated high above Cucamonga, — so high that every nook and fastness of the mountain lay revealed in her soft nocturnal splendor; even the tops of the mottled sycamores, far below in Sawpit Cañon, were touched with a vague, ghostly light; and still the council that sat in Lysander Sproul's kitchen was loud-voiced and shrill. The children, huddled in a corner that they might whisper and giggle beyond the reach of manual reproof, had fallen asleep, a confused heap of dejected weariness. The baby's head hung at an alarming angle from his father's arm, and even the acrid, high-pitched notes of his grandmother's voice failed to disturb the sleep of bedraggled innocence.

"So he 's a-wantin' to develop the cañon, is he? Time wuz when you 'd 'a' thought that cañon was good enough even for him, from the lawin' and the lyin' and the swearin' he did to git his clutches onto it. Well, if he wants to improve it, why don't he improve it? Nobody 's goin' to hender."

"That 's what I told 'im," answered her son-in-law, taking the pipe from his mouth, and sending a halo of blue smoke about the head of his slumbering charge. "He said he wanted to improve the water. 'Nobody 's goin' to kick at that,' says I; 'if they do, they 're fools. I think the old lady 'll tell you to go ahead. I should n't be s'prised, though,' says I, 'if she 'd add that the water o' Sawpit Cañon 's good enough fer her without any improvin'.'"

Mrs. Sproul glanced at her mother triumphantly.

"I told you Sandy talked up to him,

mother. Oh, I do *wish* you 'd 'a' wore your uniform, Sandy; then you could 'a' rose up before him proudly, an' told 'im you 'd fought the battles of your country before " —

"Oh, shucks, Minervy! " interrupted the old woman dejectedly; "what does Nate Forrester care for anybody's country? What else 'd he say, Lysander? "

"He said — well " — the man hesitated, and hitched his high shoulders a trifle uneasily — "he swore he hated to do business with a woman."

Spots of a deep coppery red glowed through the tan of the old woman's cheeks.

"He said that, did 'e, Lysander Sproul? Then he must 'a' found some woman hard to cheat. Nate Forrester don't hate to do business with nobody he can cheat. The next time you see 'im, tell 'im it 's mut'chal."

"I told 'im that," answered Lysander grimly. "I told 'im he did n't hate to do business with the hull female sect no worse than this partikiler woman hated to do business with him; but I reckoned you would n't bother 'im if he wanted to go to work on the cañon, — that 'd be onreasonable."

"He hain't no notion o' doin' that," asserted the old woman contemptuously. "Ketch him improvin' anybody else's water right. We 're nothin' to him but sticks to boil his pot. What 's he up to now? "

"Well," rejoined Lysander skeptically, " he *said* he wanted to divide that upper volunteer barley patch into ten-acre lots and put it onto the market. An' he b'lieved he could double the water right by tunnelin'."

"Why don't he tunnel away, then? Nobody 's a-carin'," demanded the old woman shrilly.

"That 's what I told 'im; and he 'lowed, of course, he was n't a-goin' to put money into another feller's water right. An' then he figured away, showin' me how it 'd increase the value o' this piece o' property; an' I told 'im this property was 'way up now," — Lysander sneered audibly, — "consider'ble higher 'n most folks wanted to go; an' then he went to blowin' about it, braggin' up the ranch, an' tellin' what a big thing he done when he give it to you " —

The old woman broke in upon him fiercely.

"Did he say that, Lysander? " She turned, and bent upon her son-in-law a quick, wrathful glance from under her shaggy brows; the muscles of her weather-beaten face twitched nervously. "I 'd 'a' give my right hand to 'a' heerd 'im. I 'd like to have Colonel Nate Forrester try to say anything to me about givin' anybody this ranch." She measured her words bitingly. "I s'pose when a feller puts his pistol at yer head, and tells you to hold up yer hands, and goes through yer pockets, if he happens to overlook a ten-cent piece he *gives* ye that much, does 'e? That 's the way Colonel Nate Forrester *give* me this ranch. Loss Anjelus County had n't heerd o' him when I settled onto this claim, and it ain't heerd no good of 'im sence."

The old woman's harsh, discordant voice rose higher with her wrath. The baby stirred uneasily in his father's arms. Even Melissa raised her eyes, — Melissa, who sat on the lowest step of the projecting staircase, twisting and untwisting the faded blue silk handkerchief in her lap with a gentle, listless monotony. It was impossible to tell whether ignorance or indifference characterized the girl, so calm, so inert, so absent was she, sitting in the half-shadow of the dimly lighted corner, her lustrous auburn head outlined against the sombre-hued redwood of the wall behind her.

There was a little hush in the room after the tempest.

"No, that 's a fact, — that 's a fact. Well — then — you see " — continued Lysander, groping for his forgotten

place in the recital. "Oh, yes, — I got up and told 'im 'Addyoce,' as if I s'posed he was through, and started off; an' he called me back, an' 'lowed mebbe the old folks did n't have much loose change lyin' around to put into water improvements; an' I told 'im I did n't know, — I reckoned you could mortgage the ranch. From the way he talked, he 'd make you a handsome loan on it, and jump at the chance; an' after he 'd hummed and hawed a while, he offered to give you a clear title to Flutterwheel Spring if you 'd deed 'im your int'rest in the rest o' the cañon. I told 'im it was n't my funeral. I 'd tell you what he said, an' you could do as you pleased."

The old woman fixed her small, shrewd eyes on her son-in-law.

"What else 'd he say, Lysander?"

"Nothin' much. Wanted me to use my influence with the old man!"

His mother-in-law gave a short, contemptuous sniff.

"I reckon he 'd like to do business with the old man. What 'd you tell 'im?"

"I told 'im I 'd be sure to put my influence where it 'd do the most good, an' I 'dvised him to see you. I 'lowed him an' you 'd git on peaceable as a meetin' to 'lect a preacher," — Lysander rubbed his gnarled hand over his face, as if to erase a lurking grin, — "but he did n't seem anxious."

"I reckon not. Is that all he said?"

"'Bout all. He said it was a damned good trade."

"Ly*san*der!" Mrs. Sproul sprang up, placing herself between her husband and the heap of slumbering innocents in the corner. "Ly*san*der Sproul, — and you a father! This comes of consortin' with the ungodly, and sittin' in the chair of the scorner."

"Oh, come now, Minervy, I was only quotin'." Lysander's eye twinkled, but he spoke contritely, with generous consideration for his wife's condition, which was imminently delicate.

"Oh, you 're hystericky, Minervy. You 'd best go to bed," observed her mother. "You 're all tuckered out with yer walk. I guess Lysander 's told all he knows, hain't you, Lysander?"

"'Bout all, — yes. He followed me out to the wagon, and hinted something about Poindexter wantin' help if he went to work on the tunnel, and 'lowed I 'd find it handier to have a job nearder home, now that the grape haulin' was over. But I told 'im there was no trouble about that. The nearder home I got, the more work I found, gener'ly. Pay was kind o' short, but then a man must be a trifle stickin' that would n't do his own work fer nothin'."

Lysander got up and carried the baby into the adjoining room, bending his lank form from habit rather than from necessity, as he passed through the doorway.

Mrs. Sproul, tearfully resentful of the charge of hysterics, investigated the sleeping children with a view to more permanent disposal of them for the night, a process which resulted in much whimpering, and a limp, somnolent sense of injury on the part of the investigated.

"I don't take much stock in Nate Forrester's trades," said the grandmother, elevating her voice so that Lysander could hear; "there 's some deviltry back of 'em, gener'ly; the better they look, the more I 'm afraid of 'em. I don't purtend to know what he 's drivin' at now, not bein' the prince o' darkness, but I reckon he can wait till I do."

The next day Melissa turned her gray eyes with a vague, kindling interest toward the "volunteer barley patch." Two or three points of white gleamed upon it in the afternoon sun. She mused upon them speculatively for a while, and then consulted Lysander.

"I reckon it 's the survey stakes, M'lissy," he said kindly. "Forrester 's dividin' it up, as he said. I would n't

say nothin' about it to yer maw, 'f I was you; it 'll only rile her up."

Melissa looked at the field in a quiet, dispassionate way.

"The land 's his'n, ain't it, Lysander?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, the land 's his'n, an' a good part o' the cañon, too, — all but a little that belongs to yer maw. But the hull thing used to be her'n, quite a spell back, though."

Lysander was hauling stones from a knoll near the house, and dumping them on the edge of the cañon, — a leisurely process, carried on by means of a sled, of unmistakable home manufacture, drawn by one of the dun-colored mules. Melissa was helping him in a desultory, intermittent fashion. There was a very friendly understanding between these two peace-loving members of the family.

The young girl carried two or three speckled granite boulders and dropped them into the rude vehicle, and then sat down on the edge of it meditatively. The dark rim of her hat made a background for her head with its little billows of richly tinted hair. Exertion had brought a faint transitory pink to her fair freckled face.

"Did Colonel Forrester steal the land and water from mother, Lysander?" she asked, with the calm, unreasoning candor of youth.

Lysander straightened his lank form, and then betook himself to a seat on a neighboring boulder, evidently of the opinion that the judicial nature of the question before him demanded a sitting posture.

"I dunno about that, M'lissy," he said, shutting one eye and squinting across the valley sagaciously. "The *Soo*preme Court of the State of Californy said he did n't, an' yer maw says he did, — with regards to the cañon, that is. The land, — well, she deeded him the land, but he sort o' had the snap on her when she done it. You 'll find, M'lissy," he added, with a careful disavowal of prejudice, "that there 's as much difference of 'pinion about stealin' as there is about heaven."

There was a long, serene, comfortable silence. Even the mule seemed dreamily retrospective. Bees reveled in the honeyed wealth of the buckthorn, and chanted their content in drowsy monotony. The upland lavished its spicy sweetness on the still, yellow air. A gopher peered out of its freshly made burrow with quick, wary turns of its little head, and dropped suddenly out of sight as Melissa spoke.

"How come mother to deed him the land, Sandy?"

The weight of decision being lifted from Lysander's shoulders, he got up and resumed his work, evidently esteeming a mild form of activity admissible in purely narrative discourse.

"Well, ye see, M'lissy, yer maw homestidded the land and filed a claim on the water in the cañon eight or ten years back, when neither of 'em was worth stealin'; an' she 'lowed she done the thing up in good shape, and had everything solid an' reg'lar, till Colonel Forrester come and bought the Santa Elena ranch and a lot o' dry land j'inin' it, and commenced nosin' around the cañon, an hirin' men to overhaul the county record; an' the fust thing you know, he filed a claim onto the water in the cañon. Then you can guess what kind of a racket there was on hand."

Lysander paused, and sat down on a pile of stones, shaking his head in vague, reminiscent dismay. The young girl turned and looked at him, a sudden gleam of recollection widening her eyes.

"I b'lieve I remember 'bout that, Sandy," she said, with a little thrill of animation in her voice.

"Like enough. You was quite a chunk of a girl then. Minervy an' me was bee-ranchin' over t' the Verdugo, that spring. The rains was late and lodged yer maw's barley, so as 't she did n't have half a crop; an' you know

yer paw 's kind o' — kind o' — easy," — having chosen the adjective after some hesitation, Lysander lingered over it approvingly, — "and bein' as she was dead set on fightin' the Colonel, she mortgaged the ranch to raise the money for the lawsuit."

Lysander stopped again. Memories of that stormy time appeared to crowd upon him bewilderingly. He shook his head in slow but emphatic denial of his ability to do them dramatic justice in recital.

There was another long silence. The noonday air seemed to pulsate, as if the mountain were sleeping in the sun and breathing regularly. The weeds, which the weight of the sled had crushed, gave out a fragrance of honey and tar. A pair of humming-birds darted into the stillness in a little tempest of shrill-voiced contention, and the mule, aroused from dejected abstraction by the intruders, shook his tassel-like tail and yawned humanly.

Melissa got up and wandered toward the edge of the cañon, and Lysander, aroused from the plenitude of his recollections by her absence, completed his load and drove the dun-colored mule leisurely after her.

The stones fell over the precipice, breaking into the quiet of the depths below with a long, resounding crash that finally rippled off into silence, and the two sat down on the side of the empty sled and rode back to the stone pile.

"I 've always thought," said Lysander, resuming his work and his narrative with equal deliberation, "that there was a good deal missed by yer maw bein' took down with inflammatory rheumatiz jest about the time o' the trial o' that lawsuit. I dunno as it would 'a' made much difference in the end, but it would 'a' made consider'ble as it went along, and I think she 'd 'a' rested easier if she 'd 'a' had her say. Of course they come up an' took down her testimony in writin'; but it was short-hand, an' yer maw don't speak short-hand fer common. Well, of course the old Colonel got away with the jury, and then yer maw found out that he 'd bought the mortgage ; an' about the time it was due he come up here, as smooth as butter, an' offered to give her this little patch o' boulders an' let her move the house onto it, an' give her share 'nough in the cañon to irrigate it, if she 'd deed him the rest o' the land, an' save him the trouble o' foreclosin'. So she done it. But I don't think he enj'yed his visit, all the same. She was n't sparin' o' her remarks to 'im, an' I think some of 'em must 'a' hurt his feelin's, fer he hain't been here sence." Lysander chuckled with reminiscent relish.

Melissa had walked around the sled, and stood facing him, with her hands behind her. Her slight figure in its limp blue cotton drapery had the scarred mountain side for a background.

"I don't see yet as he done anything so awful mean," she protested leniently.

"Ner do I, M'lissy," acquiesced her brother-in-law. "But after the hull thing was signed, sealed, and delivered," — Lysander rested from his labors again on the strength of these highly legal expressions, — "after it was closed up, so to speak, it came to yer maw's ears, in some way, that there was a mistake in the drawin' of that mortgage, an' this land was left out of it, an' would 'a' been her'n anyway; and somehow that thing has stuck in her craw all these years, and sort o' soured her."

Melissa mused on the problem, wide-eyed and grave. The mule seemed to await her verdict with humble resignation. Lysander sat on the side of the sled and looked across the valley seaward, to where Catalina was outlined against the horizon in soft, cloudlike gray.

"An' it was a mistake? she meant to put it in the mortgage?" queried the girl.

"Yes, she meant to, so far as a

person can be said to mean anything when they 're a-mortgagin' their homestead; usually they 're out o' their heads. But the law don't take no 'count o' that kind o' craziness. You can do the foolest things, M'lissy, without the court seein' a crack in your brain; but if you happen to get mad an' put a bullet through some good-fer-nothin' loafer, then immedjitly yer insane. That 's the law, M'lissy."

Melissa received this exposition of her country's code with wondering, luminous eyes. It had a wild, unreasonable sound which was a sufficient guarantee of its correctness. The doings of authorities were liable to be misty by reason of elevation. The fault lay in her limited vision.

"I s'pose the law 's right. An' the law said the cañon did n't belong to mother. I think that ought to 'a' settled it. I don't see any good in it all, — this talkin' so loud, an' scoldin', an' callin' people names. Do you, Sandy? "

"I hain't seen much good come of it," confessed the man reluctantly; "but it 's human to talk, — it 's human, M'lissy. Some folks find it relievin', an' it don't do any harm."

The young girl did not assent. Deep down in her placid, peace-loving nature was the obstinate conviction that it did a great deal of harm. She sat down in the velvety burr-clover, clasping her hands about her knees.

"Is Flutterwheel Spring more 'n mother's share o' the cañon? " she inquired.

"Yes, I think it is. Of course I never measured the water, an' I did n't admit it when Forrester said so; but I 'd 'a' resked sayin' it was, if anybody else 'd asked me."

"Why would n't you say so to him? "

Lysander laughed, and flipped a pebble toward a gray squirrel, who gave a little rasping, insulted bark, and whisked into his hole in high dudgeon.

"Well, because he ain't a-lackin' for information, an' I hain't got none to spare, M'lissy."

The young girl rocked herself gently in the clover.

"I don't understand it," she said hopelessly. "It looks as if he was tryin' to be fair, an' mother would n't let him. I should think she 'd be glad, even if he did used to be mean, — an' I can't see as he was any meaner than the law 'lowed him to be. I s'pose the law 's right. You went to the war for the law, did n't you, Sandy? "

Her companion winced. There was one thing dearer to him than his neutrality in the family feud.

"Mebbe I did, M'lissy, — mebbe I did," he answered, with a trifling accession of dignity; "fer the law as I understood it. The law 's all right, but it ain't every judge nor every jury that knows what it is; they think they do, but they 're liable to be mistaken. Seems to me they 're derned liable to be mistaken! " he added, with some asperity.

And so the paths that to Melissa's straightforward consciousness seemed so simple and direct ended, one and all, in hopeless confusion. Even Lysander had failed her. The foundations of human knowledge were certainly giving way when Lysander indulged in the mysterious.

Melissa turned and left him, walking absently up the little path that led to the cañon. She had not noticed a speck crawling like an overburdened insect along the winding road in the valley. Visible and invisible by turns, as the sage brush was sparse or high, and emerging at last into permanent view where the wild growth came to an end and Mrs. Withrow's "patch" began, it resolved itself, to Lysander's intent and curious gaze, into a diminutive gray donkey, bearing a confused burden of blankets and cooking utensils, and followed by a figure more dejected, if possible, than the donkey himself.

"I 'll be hanged if the old man hain't

showed up!" said Lysander, dropping down on the sled, and throwing back into the pile the two boulders he held, as if to indicate a general cessation of all logical sequence, and a consequent embargo on industry.

Evidently the old man was conscious that he "showed up" to poor advantage, for he began prodding the donkey with a conscientious absorption that filled that small brute with amazement, and made him amble from one side of the road to the other, in a vain endeavor to look around his pack and discover the reason for this unexpected turn in the administration of affairs.

Lysander watched their approach with an expression of amused contempt. The traveler started, in a clumsy attempt at surprise, when he was opposite his son-in-law, and, giving the donkey a parting whack that sent him and his hardware onward at a literally rattling pace, turned from the road, and sidled doggedly through the tarweed toward the stone pile.

Lysander folded his arms, and surveyed him in a cool, sidelong way that was peculiarly withering.

"Well," he said, with a caustic downward inflection, "well, it 's you, is it?"

The new-comer admitted the gravity of the charge by an appealing droop of his whole person.

"Yes," he answered humbly, "it 's me, — an' I did n't want to come. I vum I did n't. But Forrester made me. He 'lowed you would n't hev no objections to my comin' — on business."

He braced himself on the last two words, and made a feeble effort to look his son-in-law in the face. What he saw there was not encouraging. It became audible in a sniff of undisguised contempt.

"Where 'd you see Forrester?"

"At the winery. Ye see I was a-goin' over to the Duarte, an' I stopped at the winery" —

"What 'd you stop at the winery for?" interrupted the younger man savagely.

"Why, I tole ye, — Forrester wanted to see me *on business*. I stopped to see Forrester, Lysander. What else 'd I stop fer? I was in a big hurry, too, an' I vum I hated to stop, but I hed to. When a man like Forrester wants to see you" —

"How 'd you know he wanted to see you?" demanded Sproul.

The old man gave his questioner a look of maudlin surprise.

"Why, he tole me so hisself; how else 'd I find it out? I was a-settin' there in the winery on a kaig, an' he come an' tole me he wanted to see me *on business*. 'Pears to me you 're duller 'n common, Lysander." The speaker began to gather courage from his own ready comprehension of intricacies which evidently seemed to puzzle his son-in-law. "Why, sho — yes, Lysander, don't ye see?" he added encouragingly.

"Oh, yes, I see, — I see," repeated Lysander sarcastically. "It 's as clear as mud. Now, look here," he added, turning upon his visitor sternly, "you let Forrester alone. You don't know any more about business than a hog does about holidays, an' you know it, an' Forrester knows it. You 'll put your foot in it, that 's what you 'll do."

The old man looked pensively at one foot and then at the other, as if speculating on the probable damage from such a catastrophe.

"I 'm sure I dunno," he said plaintively. "Forrester 'peared to think I ought to come; he tole me why, but I vum I 've forgot." He took off his hat and gazed into it searchingly, as if the idea that had mysteriously escaped from his brain might have lodged in the crown.

Lysander fell to work with an energy born of disgust for another's uselessness.

"Seein' I 'm here, I reckon nobody 'll objeck to my payin' my respecks to the old woman," continued the new-

comer, glancing from the crown of his hat to Lysander's impassive face with covert inquiry.

"I guess if you c'n stand it, the rest of us 'll have to," sneered his son-in-law. "I 've advised you over 'n' over again to steer clear of the old woman; but there 's no law agen a man courtin' his own wife, even if she don't give 'im much encouragement."

The old man put on his hat, and shuffled uneasily toward the house. Lysander stopped his work, and looked after him with a whimsical, irreverent grimace.

"You 're a nice old customer, you are; an' Forrester 's 'nother. I wish to the livin' gracious the old woman 'd send you a-kitin'; but she won't; she 'll bark at you all day, but she won't bite. Women 's queer."

Mrs. Withrow was engaged in what she called "workin' the bread into the pans." She received her dejected spouse with a snort of disapproval.

"When the donkey come a-clatterin' up to the door, I knowed there was another follerin'," she said acridly. "Come in an' set down. I s'pose you 're tired: you mostly are."

The old man sidled sheepishly into the room and seated himself, and his wife turned her back upon him and fell to kneading vigorously a mass of dough that lay puffing and writhing on the floured end of a pine table.

"I jess come on Forrester's 'count," he began haltingly; "that is, he did n't want me to come, but I was n't goin' to do what Forrester said. I ain't a-carin' fer Forrester. I was n't goin' to take a trip way up here jess because he wanted me to, so I did n't. I" —

"Shut up!" said his wife savagely, without turning her head.

The visitor obeyed, evidently somewhat relieved to escape even thus ignominiously from the bog into which his loquacity was leading him.

The old woman thumped and pounded the mass of dough until the small tenement shook. Then, after much shaping and some crowding, she consigned her six rather corpulent loaves to "the pans," and turned on her nominal lord.

He had fallen asleep, with his head dropped forward on his breast; his hat had fallen off, and lay in his lap in a receptive attitude, as if expecting that the head would presently drop into it.

Mrs. Withrow gave him a withering glance.

"Forrester sent you, did 'e? You miser'ble old jelly-fish! You 're a nice match fer Forrester, you are!"

She pushed her loaves angrily under the stove, to the discomfiture of the cat, who, being thus rudely disturbed, yawned and stretched, and curved its back to the limit of spinal flexibility, as it rubbed against the old woman's knees.

The California winter had blossomed and faded. The blaze of the poppies on the mesa had given place to the soft, smoky tint of the sage, and almost insensibly the cloudless summer had come on.

Work had commenced in Sawpit Cañon. Unwillingly, and after much wrangling, the old woman had yielded to the evident fairness of Forrester's offer. Even in yielding, however, she had permitted herself the luxury of defiance, and had refused to appear before a notary in the valley to sign the deed. If it afforded her any satisfaction when that official was driven to the door by Colonel Forrester, and entered her kitchen, carrying his seal, and followed by an admiring and awe-stricken group of children, she did not display it by the faintest tremor of her grim countenance. She had held the end of the penholder gingerly while she made her "mark," and it was when old Withrow had been banished from the room, and the notary, in a bland, perfunctory way, had made her acquainted with the contents of the document, and inquired whether she signed the same

freely and voluntarily, that she deigned to speak.

"Did Nate Forrester tell you to ask me that?" she demanded, darting a quick glance through the open door at the Colonel, who sat in his road wagon under the trailing pepper-tree, flecking the flies from his roadster's back. "Ef he did, you tell 'im for me that the man don't live that kin make me do what I don't want to. An' if he thinks the two or three kaigs of wine he 's poured into that poor, miser'ble, sozzlin' old man o' mine has had anything to do with me signin' this deed, he 's a bigger fool than I took 'im to be, an' that 's sayin' a good deal."

And with this ample though somewhat novel declaration of freedom from marital compulsion the notary was quite willing to consider the majesty of the law satisfied, and proceeded to affix his seal on its imposing star of gilded paper, a process which drew the children about him in a rapidly narrowing circle from which he was glad to escape.

"Damn it," he said, as he climbed into the road wagon and tucked the robe about his legs, —"damn it, Colonel, I thought you were popular with the gentler sex; but there certainly seems to be a coolness between you and the old lady," and the two men drove off, laughing as they went.

The document they had left behind them, which made Mrs. Withrow the owner of Flutterwheel Spring, "being the most southerly spring on the west side of Sawpit Cañon," had lain untouched upon the table until Lysander had taken it in charge, and it was this lofty indifference on the part of his mother-in-law that had justified her in the frequent boast that, "whatever she 'd done, she had n't stirred out of her tracks, nohow."

So at last the stillness of Sawpit Cañon was invaded. Poindexter had come from San Gabriel Mission, and with him a young engineer from Los Angeles, — a straight, well-made young fellow, whose blue flannel shirt was not close enough at the collar to hide the line of white that betokened his recent escape from civilization. There were half a dozen workmen besides, and the muffled boom of blasting was heard all day among the boulders. At night, the touch of a banjo and the sound of men's voices singing floated down from the camp among the sycamores.

This camp was a bewildering revelation to Melissa, who carried milk to the occupants every evening. The Chinese cook, who came to meet her and emptied her pail, trotting hither and thither, and swearing all the time with cheerful confidence in the purity of his pigeon English, was not to her half so much a foreigner and an alien as was either of the two men who occupied the engineer's tent. They raised their hats when she appeared among the mottled trunks of the sycamores. One of them — the younger, no doubt — sprang to help her when her foot slipped in crossing the shallow stream, and the generous concern he manifested for her safety, and which was to him the merest commonplace of politeness, was to Melissa a glimpse into Paradise.

"By Jove, she 's pretty, Poindexter," he had said, as he came back and picked up his banjo; "she has eyes like a rabbit."

And Poindexter had added up two columns of figures and contemplated the result some time before he asked, "Who?"

"The milkmaid, — she of the bare feet and blue calico. I have explored the dim recesses of her sunbonnet, and am prepared to report upon the contents. The lass is comely."

But Poindexter had relapsed into mathematics, and grunted an unintelligible reply.

Melissa heard none of this. All that she heard was the faint, distant strum of a banjo, and a gay young voice announcing to the rocks and fastnesses

of the cañon that his love was like a red, red rose. His love! Melissa walked along the path beside the flume in vague bewilderment. It was his love, then, whose picture she had seen pinned to the canvas of the tent. The lady was scantily attired, and Melissa had a confused idea that her heightened color might arise from this fact. She felt her own cheeks redden at the thought.

Lysander was at work in the cañon some distance below the new tunnel, "ditching" the water of Flutterwheel Spring to Mrs. Withrow's land.

"That long-legged tenderfoot thinks you 're purty, M'lissy," he announced, as he smoked his pipe on the doorstep one evening. "He come down to the ditch this afternoon to see if I could sharpen a pick fer 'em, and he asked if you was my little dotter. I told 'im no, I was your great-grandpap," and Lysander laughed teasingly.

Melissa was sitting on a low chair behind him, holding her newly arrived niece in her arms. She bent over the little puckered face, her own glowing with girlish delight. The baby stirred, and tightened its wrinkles threateningly, and Melissa stooped to kiss the little moist silken head.

"I — I don't even know his name," she faltered.

"Nor me, neither," said Lysander. "Poindexter calls him 'Sterling,' but I don' know if it 's his first name or his last. Anyway, he seems to be a powerful singer."

The baby broke into a faint but rapidly strengthening wail.

"Come, now, Pareppy Rosy," said Lysander soothingly, "don't you be jealous; your old pappy ain't a-goin' back on you as a musicianer. Give 'er to me, M'lissy."

Melissa laid the little warm unhappy bundle in its father's arms, and stood in the path in front of them, looking over the valley, until the baby's cries were hushed.

"Was the pick much dull?" she asked, with a faint stirring of womanly tact.

"Oh, yes," rejoined the unsuspecting Lysander; "they get 'em awful dull up there in the rock. I had to bring it down to the forge, an' I guess I 'll git you to take it back to 'em in the morning. I 've got through with the ditch, and I want to go to makin' basins; them orange-trees west o' the road needs irrigatin'."

"Yes, they 're awful dry; they 're curlin' a little," said the girl, with waning interest. "I thought mebbe Mr. Poindexter done the singin'?" she added, after a little silence.

Her brother-in-law hesitated, and then found his way back.

"No, I guess not; I s'pose he joins in now and then, but it 's the Easterner that leads off."

"'Jee-*ee*-rusa*lem*, my happy home!'"

Lysander threw his head back against the casement of the door, and broke into the evening stillness with his heavy, unmanageable bass. Mrs. Sproul came to the door to "take the baby in out of the night air;" the air indoors being presumably a remnant of midday which had been carefully preserved for the evening use of infants.

The next morning Melissa carried the pick to the workmen at the tunnel.

A fog had drifted in during the night, and was still tangled in the tops of the sycamores. The soft, humid air was sweet with the earthy scents of the cañon, and the curled fallen leaves of the live oaks along the flume path were golden-brown with moisture. Beads of mist fringed the silken fluffs of the clematis, dripping with gentle rhythmical insistence from the trees overhead.

Melissa had set out at the head of a straggling procession, for the children had clamored to go with her.

"You can go 'long," she said, with placid good nature, "if you 'll set down when you give out, and not go taggin' on, makin' a fuss."

In consequence of this provision va-

rious major-generals had dropped out of the ranks, and were stationed at different points in the rear, and only Melissa and Ulysses S. Grant were left. Even that unconquerable hero showed signs of weakening, lagging behind to "sick" his yellow cur into the wild-grape thickets in search of mountain lion and other equally ambitious game.

Melissa turned in the narrow path, and waited for him to overtake her.

"I b'lieve you 'd better wait here, 'Lyss," she said gravely. "You can go up the bank there and pick some tunas. Look out you don't get a cactus spine in your foot, though, for I hain't got anything to take it out with exceptin' the pick," — she smiled in the limp depths of her sunbonnet, — "an' I won't have that when I come back."

The dog, returned from the terrors of his unequal chase at the sound of Melissa's voice, looked and winked and wagged his approval, and the two comrades darted up the bank with mingled and highly similar yaps of release.

Melissa quickened her steps, following the path until she heard the sound of voices and the ring of tools in the depths below. Then she turned, and made her way through the underbrush down the bank.

Suddenly she heard a loud prolonged whistle and the sound of hurrying feet. She stood still until the footsteps had died away. Then the sharp report of an explosion shook the ground beneath her feet, and huge pieces of rock came crashing through the trees about her. The girl gave a shrill, terrified scream, and fell cowering upon the ground. Almost before the echo had ceased, Sterling sprang through the chaparral, his face white and his lips set.

"My God, child, are you hurt?" he said, dropping on his knees beside her.

"No, I ain't hurt," she faltered, "but I was awful scared. I did n't know you was blastin' here; I thought it was on up at the tunnel."

"It was until this morning. We are going to put in a dam." He frowned upon her, unable to free himself from alarm. "I did not dream of any one being near. What brought you so far up the cañon?"

"I brung you the pick."

She stooped toward it, and two or three drops of blood trickled across her hand.

"You are hurt, see!" said Sterling anxiously.

The girl turned back her sleeve and showed a trifling wound.

"I must 'a' scratched it on the Spanish bayonet when I fell. It 's no difference. Nothin' struck me. Lysander 's gettin' ready to irrigate; he said if you wanted any more tools sharpened, I could fetch 'em down to the forge."

The young man showed a preoccupied indifference to her message. Producing a silk handkerchief, fabulously fine in Melissa's eyes, he bound up the injured wrist, with evident pride in his own deftness and skill.

"Are you quite sure you are able to walk now?" he asked kindly.

"Why, I ain't hurt a bit; not a speck," reiterated the girl, her eyes widening.

Her companion's face relaxed into the suggestion of a smile. He helped her up the bank, making way for her in the chaparral, and tearing away the tangled ropes of the wild grapevines.

"Tell your father not to send you above the camp again," he said gently, when she was safe in the path; "one of the men will go down with the tools."

Melissa stood beside the flume a moment, irresolute. Her sunbonnet had fallen back a little, disclosing her rustic prettiness.

"I 'm much obliged to you," she said quaintly, exhausting her knowledge of the amenities. "I'll send the hankecher back as soon as I can git it washed and done up."

The young man smiled graciously, bowed, raised his hat, and waited until

she turned to go; then he bounded down the bank, crashing his way through the underbrush with the pick.

None of the men below had heard the cry, and Poindexter refused to lash himself into any retrospective excitement.

"Confound the girl!" fumed Sterling, vexed, after the manner of men, over the smallest waste of emotion; "why must she frighten a fellow limp by screaming when she was n't hurt?"

"Possibly for the same reason that the fellow became limp before he knew she *was* hurt," suggested Poindexter; "or she may have thought it an eminently ladylike thing to do; she looks like a designing creature. If the killed and wounded are properly cared for, suppose we examine the result of the blast."

It was Saturday morning, and Lysander and Melissa were irrigating the orange-trees. Old Withrow sat by the ditch at the corner of the orchard, watching them with a feeble display of interest, while two or three of the children climbed and tumbled over him as if he were some inoffensive domestic animal.

The old man had hung about the place longer than was his wont, filled with a maudlin glee over his own importance as having been in some way instrumental in the trade with Forrester; and he had followed Lysander to the orchard this morning with a confused alcoholic idea that he ought to be present when the water from Flutterwheel Spring was turned on for the first time.

"You 'll git a big head," he had said to his wife, as he started, — "a deal bigger head 'n ever. I tole Forrester I 'd tell ye it was a good trade, an' I done what I said I 'd do. Forrester knowed what he was doin' when he got me" —

"G'long, you old gump!" his spouse had hurled at him wrathfully, ceasing from a vigorous wringing of the mop to grasp the handle with a gesture that was not entirely suggestive of industry.

The old man had put up his hand and wriggled in between Melissa and Lysander with a curlike movement that brought a grim smile to his son-in-law's face, and made Melissa shrink away from him noticeably. Out in the orchard, however, he ceased to trouble them, being content to smoke and doze by the ditch, while the water ran in a gentle, eddying current from one basin to another, guided now and then by Lysander's hoe.

The boom of the blasting could be heard up the cañon, fainter as the afternoon sea breeze arose, and Melissa, standing barefoot in the warm, sandy soil, let the water swirl about her ankles as she mended the basins, and thought of the tall young surveyor who had bound up her wounded arm.

"I 'm a-goin' to take his hankecher to him to-morruh. Bein' it 's Sunday they won't be blastin'."

She leaned on her hoe and looked up the cañon, where the blue of the distant mountains showed soft and smoky among the branches of the sycamores.

"M'lissy!" Lysander called from the lower end of the row of orange-trees, "hain't the ditch broke som'ers, or the water got into a gopher hole? There ain't no head to speak of."

The girl turned quickly and looked about her. The water had settled into the loose soil of the basins, and was no longer running in the furrow. She walked across, following the main ditch to the edge of the cañon, looking anxiously for the break. The wet sand rippled and glistened in the bottom of the ditch, but no water was to be seen. Lysander, tired of waiting, came striding through the tarweed, with his hoe on his shoulder.

"I guess it 's broke furder on up the cañon, Sandy."

Melissa stepped back, as she spoke, to let him precede her on the narrow

path, and the two walked silently beside the empty ditch. Lysander's face gathered gloom as they went.

"It 's some deviltry, I 'll bet!" he broke out, after a while. "Danged if I don't begin to think yer maw 's right!"

Melissa did not ask in what her mother was vindicated; she had a dull prescience of trouble. Things seemed generally to end in that way. She turned to her poor hopeless little dream again, and kept close behind Lysander's lank form all the way to Flutterwheel Spring.

Alas! not to Flutterwheel Spring. Where the spray had whirled in a fantastic spiral the day before, the moss was still wet, and the ferns waved in happy unconsciousness of their loss; but the stream that had flung itself from one narrow shelf of rock to another, in mad haste to join the rush and roar of Sawpit Cañon, had utterly disappeared.

Lysander turned to his companion, his face ashen-gray under the week-old stubble of his beard. Neither of them spoke. The calamity lay too near the source of things for bluster, even if Lysander had been capable of bluster. In swift dual vision they saw the same cruel picture: the shriveling orange-trees, the blighted harvest of figs dropping withered from the trees, the flume dry and useless, the horse-trough empty and warping in the sun, — all the barren hopelessness of a mountain claim without water, familiar to both. And through it all Melissa felt rather than imagined the bitterness of her mother's wrath. Perhaps it was this latter rather than the real catastrophe that whitened the poor young face, turned toward Lysander in helpless dismay.

"Danged if I don't hate the job o' tellin' yer maw," said the man at last, raking the dry boulders with his hoe aimlessly, — "danged if I don't. I can't figger out who 's done it, but one thing 's certain, — it beats the devil."

Lysander made the last statement soberly, as if this vindication of his satanic majesty were a simple act of justice. Seeming to consider the phenomenon explained by a free confession of his own ignorance, he ceased his investigation, and sat down on the edge of the ditch hopelessly.

"Don't le's tell mother right away, Sandy. Paw 's fell asleep, an' he 'll think you turned the water off. Mebbe if we wait it 'll begin to run again." The hopefulness of youth crept into Melissa's quivering voice.

Lysander shook his head dismally.

"I 'm willin' enough to hold off, M'lissy, but I hain't got much hope. There ain't any Moses around here developin' water, that I know of. The meracle business seems to have got into the wrong hands this time; danged if it hain't. It gets away with me how Forrester can dry up a spring at long range that-a-way; there ain't a track in the mud around here bigger 'n a linnet's, — not a track. It 's pure deviltry, you can bet on that." Lysander fell back on the devil with restful inconsistency, and fanned himself with his straw hat, curled by much similar usage into fantastic shapelessness.

"I don't believe he done it," said Melissa, obstinately charitable. "I don't believe anybody done it. I believe it just happened. I don't think folks like them care about folks like us at all, or want to pester us. I believe they just play on things and sing,"— the color mounted to her face, until the freckles were drowned in the red flood, — "an' laugh, an' talk, an' act pullite, an' that 's all. I don't believe Colonel Forrester hates mother like she thinks he does at all. I think he just don't care!"

It was the longest speech Melissa had ever made. Her listener seemed a trifle impressed by it. He rubbed his hair the wrong way, and distorted his face into a purely muscular grin, as he reflected.

"I 've a mind to go and see Poindexter," Lysander announced presently. "Poindexter 's a smart man, and I believe he 's a square man. 'T enny rate, it can't do any good to keep it a secret. Folks 'll find it out sooner or later. You stay here a minute, M'lissy, and I 'll go on up the cañon."

The young girl seated herself, with her back against a ledge of rocks, and her bare feet straight out before her. She was used to waiting for Lysander. Their companionship antedated everything else in Melissa's memory, and she early became aware that Lysander's "minutes" were fractions of time with great possibilities in the way of physical comfort hidden in the depths of their hazy indefiniteness.

She took off her corded sunbonnet, and crossed her hands upon it in her lap. The shifting sunlight that fell upon her through the moving leaves of the sycamores lent a grace to the angularity of her attitude. She closed her eyes and listened drearily to the sounds of the cañon. The water fretting its way among the boulders below, the desultory gossip of the moving leaves, the shrill iterative chirp of a squirrel scolding insistently from a neighboring cliff, — all these were familiar sounds to Melissa, and had often brought her relief from the rasping discomfort of family contention; but to-day she refused to be comforted. She had the California mountaineer's worship of water, and the gurgle of the stream among the sycamores filled her with vague rebellion.

"Why could n't he 'a' let us alone?" she mused resentfully. "As long as he had a share o' the spring it did n't show any signs o' dryin' up. Mother never said nothin' about Flutterwheel to him; it was all his doin's. But it 's no use." She dropped her hands at her sides with a little gesture of despair. "He never done it, but mother 'll always think so. She does hate him so — so — *p'izonous.*"

There was a sound of approaching footsteps, and the girl scrambled to her feet. It was not Lysander coming at that business-like pace. Sterling, hurrying along the path, became conscious of her standing there, in the rigid awkwardness of unculture, and touched his hat lightly.

"Your father says the spring has stopped flowing," he said, pushing aside the ferns where the rocks were yet slimy and moss-grown. "It is certainly very strange."

"Yes, sir," faltered the girl, rubbing the sole of one foot on the instep of the other. "But Lysander ain't my father; he 's my brother-'n-law; he merried my sister."

"I beg your pardon," returned the young man absently, running his eye along the stratum of rock in the ledge above them. "I believe he did tell me he was not your father."

No one had ever begged Melissa's pardon before. She meditated a while as to the propriety of saying, "You 're welcome," but gave it up, wondering a little that polite society had made no provision for such an emergency, and stood in awkward silence, tying and untying her bonnet strings.

Sterling pursued his investigations in entire forgetfulness of her presence, until Poindexter appeared in the path. Lysander followed, managing, by length of stride, to keep up with the engineer's brisk movements.

There was much animated talk among the three men, which Melissa made no attempt to follow. The two engineers smiled leniently at Lysander's theory concerning Forrester, and fell into a discussion involving terms which were incomprehensible to both their hearers. All that Melissa did understand was the frank kindliness of the younger man's manner, and his evident desire to allay their fears. Colonel Forrester, he assured Lysander, was the kindest-hearted man in the world, — a piece of information which seemed to carry

more surprise than comfort to its recipient. He would make it all right as soon as he knew of it, and they would go down and see him at once; that is, Mr. Poindexter would go, and he turned to Poindexter, who said, with quite as much kindliness, but a good deal less fervor, that he was going down to Santa Elena that evening to see the Colonel, and would mention the matter to him.

"Don't worry yourself, Sproul," he added guardedly. "If we find out that the work in the cañon has affected the spring, I think it will be all right."

"I reckon you won't be back before Monday?" said Lysander, with interrogative ruefulness.

"Well, hardly, but that is n't very long."

"Folks can git purty dry in two days, 'specially temperance folks, and some of our fam'ly 'll need somethin' to wet their whistles, for there 'll be a good deal o' talkin' done on the ranch between this and Monday, if the water gives out." Lysander turned his back on Melissa, who was pressing her bare foot in the soft wet earth at the bottom of the ditch, and made an eloquent facial addition to his remarks, for the benefit of the two men.

Sterling looked mystified, but his companion laughed.

"Oh, is that it? Well, turn some water from the sand-box into the old flume and run it down to your new ditch until I get back. I presume the ownership won't affect the taste. It is n't necessary to say anything about it; that is, unless you think best." He looked toward Melissa doubtfully.

"M'lissy won't blab," returned her brother-in-law laconically.

The young girl blushed, in the security of her sunbonnet, at the attention which this delicately turned compliment drew upon her, and continued to make intaglios of her bare toes in the mud of the ditch.

It occurred to Sterling for the first time that she might represent a personality. He went around the other two men, who had fallen into some talk about the flume, and stood in the path beside her.

"I have not seen you since you were up the cañon," he said kindly. "I hope your arm did not pain you."

Melissa shook her head without looking up.

"It was only a scratch; it did n't even swell up. I never said nothin' about it," she added in a lower tone.

The young man entered into the situation with easy social grace, and lowered his own voice.

"You did n't want to alarm your mother" —

"M'lissy," interrupted Lysander, "I guess I 'll go on up to the sand-box with Mr. Poindexter and turn on some water. I wish you 'd go 'long down to the orchard and look after the basins till I get back. I won't be gone but a minute."

Sterling lifted his hat with a winsome smile that seemed to illuminate the twilight of poor Melissa's wilted sunbonnet, and the three men started up the cañon, the bay that they pushed aside on the path sending back a sweet, spicy fragrance.

Melissa shouldered her hoe and proceeded homeward.

"He does act awful pullite," she mused, "an' he had on a ring: I did n't know men folks ever wore rings. I wish I had n't 'a' been barefooted."

Poor Melissa! Sterling remembered nothing at all about her except a certain unconsciously graceful turn she had given her brown ankle as she stood pressing her bare foot in the sand.

Margaret Collier Graham.

AN ENGLISH MISSAL.

Upon these pages clear,
I, Basil, write my name;
My task is ended, and the year
Is gone out like a flame.

Martin and John the good
Are gathered to the blest;
It seems an hour ago they stood
And praised me with the rest.

I missed them when they went;
Then filled this page with palms,
And visioned both — their travail spent —
Harbored in heavenly calms.

The tulips in this book,
Their like our garden knew;
All spring what could I do but look,
And set them here anew?

The saint that yonder walks
Smiles from our chancel space;
But Mary with the lily-stalks
Has mine own mother's face.

The thought of her was sweet
As blossoms are in Lent;
Green turned our winding convent street,
And all the world was Kent.

Kent lilies round her nod;
I drew her staid and fair;
I drew her with the Son of God
Clasped to her bosom there.

Brief is our life, and dark;
The grave shall hold us fast;
Yet find I here in old Saint Mark
That only Right shall last.

I, Basil, too, must heed,
Else were my task undone.
God has more books than I can read;
I praise him for this one.

Lizette Woodworth Reese.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE time has come to pay that tribute of farewell, which is fitting in these pages, upon the occasion of the death of Whittier. The popular instinct which long ago adopted him as the poet of New England is one of those sure arbiters, superior to all academic judgments upon the literary works of a man, which confer a rightful fame in life, and justify the expectation of a long remembrance. Whittier was distinctly a local poet, a New Englander; but to acknowledge this does not diminish his honor, nor is he thereby set in a secondary place. His locality, if one may use the expression, was a country by itself; its inhabitants were a peculiar people, with a strongly marked social and moral character, with a landscape and an atmosphere, with historical traditions, legends often romantic, and with strong vitalizing ideas. There was something more than a literary fancy in the naturalness with which Whittier sought a kind of fellowship with Burns; there was a true resemblance in their situation as the poets of their own kin and soil, in their reliance upon the strength of the people of whom they were born, and in their cherished attachment to the places and scenes where they grew. New England, moreover, had this advantage, that it was destined to set the stamp of its character upon the larger nation in which it was an element; so that if Whittier be regarded, as he sometimes is, as a representative American poet, it is not without justice. He is really national so far as the spirit of New England has passed into the nation at large; and that vast body of Western settlers who bore New England to the frontier, and yet look back to the old homestead, find in him the sentiment of their past. There can be little question, too, that he is representative of a far larger portion of the American people than any other of the elder poets. His lack of the culture of the schools has here been in his favor, and has brought him closer to the common life; he is more democratic than he otherwise might have been; and the people, recognizing in him their own strain, have accepted him with a judgment as valid as that with which cultivated critics accept the work of the man of genius who is also an artist. One calls him a local poet rather to define his qualities than to characterize his range.

The New England which Whittier represents has now become historical. The length of his life carried him beyond his times. It is plainer now than it was at an earlier day that his poems are one of the living records of a past which will be of perennial interest and ever held in honor. That his early poetic career fell in with the antislavery movement was not a misfortune for his Muse; the man fed upon it, and drew therefrom an iron strength for the moral nature which was the better half of his endowment. He was, too, one who was destined to develop, to reach his powers, more by exercising than by cultivating his poetic gift; and in the events of the agitation for the abolition of slavery he had subjects that drew out his moral emotions with most eloquent heat, and exalted his spirit to its utmost of sympathy, indignation, and heroic trust. The antislavery movement was his education, — in a true sense, the gymnastic of his genius; but in the whole body of his work it was no more than an incident, although the most stirring and most noble, in his literary career, just as it was no more in the career of New England.

The great events with which a man deals, and part of which he is, obscure

the other portions of his life; but it should not be forgotten that Whittier began as a poet, and not as a reformer, and it may be added that the poet in him was, in the long run, more than the reformer. He did not resort to verse as an expedient in propagandism; rather, wearing the laurel, — to use the good old phrase, — he descended into the field just as he was. He had begun with those old Indian legends in lines which still echoed with Byron's tales, and he had with them much the same success that attended other aboriginal poetry. It seems, as one reads the hundred weary epics, from which Whittier's are hardly to be distinguished, that the curse of extinction resting on the doomed race clung also to the Muse that so vainly attempted to recompense it with immortality in the white man's verse. These were Whittier's juvenile trials. He came early, nevertheless, to his mature form in the ballad and the occasional piece; his versification was fixed, his manner determined, and thenceforth there was no radical change.

This is less remarkable inasmuch as it is a commonplace to say that he owed nothing to art; the strength of his native genius was all his secret, and when he had freed a way for its expression the task of his novitiate was done. He had now a mould in which to run his metal, and it satisfied him because he was not exacting of perfect form or high finish; probably he had no sense for them. This indifference to the artistic workmanship, which a later day prizes so much as to require it, allowed him to indulge his natural facility, and the very simplicity of his metres was in itself a temptation to diffuseness. The consequence was that he wrote much, and not always well, unevenness being usually characteristic of poets who rely on the energy of their genius for the excellence of their work. To the artist his art serves often as a conscience, and forces him to a standard below which he is not content to fall. Whittier, however, experienced the compensations which are everywhere to be found in life, and gained in fullness, perhaps, more than he lost in other ways. The free flow of his thought, the simplicity of his structure, the willingness not to select with too nice a sense, but to tell the whole, all helped to that frankness of the man which is the great charm of his works, taken together, and assisted him in making his expression of old New England life complete. No man could have written Snow-Bound who remembered Theocritus. In Whittier, Nature reminds us, as she is wont to do from time to time, that the die which she casts exceeds the diploma of the schools. Art may lift an inferior talent to higher estimation, but genius makes a very little art go a long way. This was Whittier's case. The poetic spark was inborn in him, living in his life; and when academic criticism has said its last word, he remains a poet, removed by a broad and not doubtful line from all stringers of couplets and filers of verses.

Whittier had, in addition to this clear native genius, character; his subject, too, New England, had character; and the worth of the man blending with the worth of the life he portrayed, independent of all considerations of art, has won for him the admiration and affection of the common people, who know the substance of virtue, and always see it shining with its own light. They felt that Whittier wrote as they would have written, had they been gifted with the miraculous tongues; and this feeling is a true criterion to discover whether a poet has expressed the people rather than himself. They might choose to write like the great artists of letters; they know they never could do so; but Whittier is one of themselves.

The secret of his vogue with the plain people is his own plainness. He appeals directly to the heart, as much in his lesser poems as in those which

touch the sense of right and wrong in men with stinging keenness, or in those which warm faith to its ardor. He has the popular love of a story, and tells it more nearly in the way of the old ballad-makers. He does not require a tragedy, or a plot, or any unusual action. An incident, if it only have some glamour of fancy, or a touch of pathos, or the likeness of old romance, is enough for him; he will take it and sing it merely as something that happened. He was familiar with the legendary lore and historical anecdote of his own county of Essex, and he enjoyed these traditions less as history than as poetry; he came to them on their picturesque and human side, and cared for them because of the emotions they could still awake. It is to be acknowledged, too, that the material for these romances was just such as delights the popular imagination. The tales of the witches, notwithstanding the melancholy of the delusion, have something of the eeriness that is inseparable from the thought of the supernatural, and stir the dormant sense of some evil fascination; and the legends of spectral shapes that haunted every seacoast in old times, and of which New England had its share, have a similar quality. Whether they are told by credulous Mather or the make-believing poet, they have the same power to cast a spell. When to this sort of interest Whittier adds, as he often does, the sights of religious persecution, or some Lochinvar love-making, or the expression of his faith in heaven, his success as a story-teller is assured. In reality, he has managed the ballad form with more skill than other measures; but it is because he loves a story and tells it for its own sake, with the ease of one who sits by the fireside, and with a childish confidence that it will interest, that he succeeds so well in pleasing. In his sea-stories, and generally in what he writes about the ocean, it is observable that he shows himself to be an inland-dweller, whose acquaintance with the waves is by distant glimpses and vacation days. He is not a poet of the sea, but this does not invalidate the human truth of his tales of voyaging, which is the element he cared for. Perhaps the poetic quality of his genius is most clear in these ballads; there is a freer fancy; there are often verses about woman's eyes and hair and cheeks, all with similes from sky and gold and roses, in the old fashion, but not with less naturalness on that account; there is a more absorbing appeal to the imagination both in the characters and the incidents. If these cannot be called his most vigorous work, they are at least most attractive to the purely poetic taste.

In the ballads, nevertheless, one feels the strong undertow of the moral sense dragging the mind back to serious realities. It is probably true of all the English stock, as it certainly is of New England people, that they do not object to a moral, in a poem or anywhere else. Whittier's moral hold upon his readers is doubtless greater than his poetic hold. He appeals habitually to that capacity for moral feeling which is the genius of New England in its public life, and the explanation of its extraordinary influence. No one ever appeals to it in vain; and with such a cause as Whittier took up to champion, he could ring out a challenge that was sure to rank the conscience of his people upon his side. His Quaker blood, of which he was proud, pleaded strongly in his own veins. He was the inheritor of suffering for conscience' sake; he was bred in the faith of equality, of the right of every man to private judgment, and the duty of every man to follow it in public action; and he was well grounded in the doctrines of political liberty which are the foundation of the commonwealth. It is more likely, however, that his enthusiasm for the slave did not proceed from that love of freedom which is the breath of New England. It arose

from his humanity, in the broad sense; from his belief, sincerely held and practiced, in the brotherhood of men; from the strong conviction that slavery was wrong. It was a matter of conscience more than of reason, of compassion and sympathy more than of theoretical ideas. These were the sources of his moral feeling; his attitude was the same whether he was dealing with Quaker outrages in the past or with negro wrongs in the present. In expressing himself upon the great topic of his time, he was thus able to make the same direct appeal to the heart that was natural to his temperament. The people either felt as he did, or were so circumstanced that they would respond to the same springs which had been touched in him, if a way could be found to them. Outside of the reserves of political expediency, the movement for abolition was harmonious with the moral nature of New England. Yet Whittier's occasional verses upon this theme made him only the poet of his party. In themselves they have great vigor of feeling, and frequently force of language; they have necessarily the defects, judged from the artistic standpoint, of poems upon a painful subject, in which it was desirable not to soften, but to bring out the tragedy most harshly. The pain, however, is entirely in the facts presented; the poetry lies in the indignation, the eloquence, the fine appeal. These verses, indeed, are nearer to a prose level than the rest of his work, in the sense of partaking of the character of eloquence rather than of poetry. Their method is less through the imagination than by rhetoric. They are declamatory. But rhetoric of the balanced and concise kind natural to short metrical stanzas is especially well adapted to arrest popular attention and to hold it. Just as he told a story in the ballad with a true popular feeling, so he pleaded the cause of the abolitionists in a rhetoric most effective with the popular taste. In the war time, he rose, under the stress of the great struggle, to finer poetic work; the softer feelings of pity, together with a solemn religious trust, made the verses of those battle-summers different in quality from those of the literary conflict of the earlier years. He never surpassed, on the lower level of rhetoric, the lines which bade farewell to Webster's greatness, nor did he ever equal in intensity those rallying-cries of defiance to the South, in which the free spirit of the North seemed to speak before its time. In these he is urging on to the conflict, — a moral and peaceful one, he thought, but not less real and hard; in the war pieces, he seems rather to be waiting for the decision of Providence, while the fight has rolled on far in the van of where he stands. The power of all these poems, their reality to those times, is undeniable. Their fitness for declamation perhaps spread his reputation. Longfellow is distinctly the children's poet; but Whittier had a part of their suffrages, and it was by such stirring occasional verses that he gained them. In those years of patriotism he was to many of them the first poet whom they knew. At that time his reputation in ways like these became established. If he had not then done his best work, he had at times reached the highest level he was to attain, and he had already given full expression to his nature. His place as the poet of the antislavery movement was fixed. It is observable that he did not champion other causes after that of abolition was won, and in this he differed from most of his companions. The only other cause that roused him to the point of poetic expression was that of the Italian patriots. Some of his most indignant and sharpest invective was directed against Pope Pius IX., who stood to Whittier as the very type of that Christian obstructiveness to the work of Christ which in a lesser degree he had seen in his own country, and had seen always only to express the heartfelt scorn which

descended to him with his Quaker birthright.

It would be unfitting to leave this part of the subject without reference to the numerous personal tributes, often full of grace, of tender feeling, and of true honor paid to the humble, which he was accustomed to lay as his votive wreath on the graves of his companions. One is struck once more by the reflection how large a part those who are now forgotten had in advancing the cause, how many modest but earnest lives entered into the work, and what a feeling of comradery there was among those engaged in philanthropic service in all lands. The verses to Garrison and Sumner naturally stand first in fervor and range as well as in interest, but nearly all these mementos of the dead have some touch of nobility.

The victory of the Northern ideas left to Whittier a freer field for the later exercise of his talent. It was natural that he should have been among the first to speak words of conciliation to the defeated South, and to offer to forget. He was a man of peace, of pardons, of all kinds of catholic inclusions; and in this temperament with regard to the future of the whole country, fortunately, the people agreed with him. With the coming of the years of reconciliation his reputation steadily gained. His representative quality as a New Englander was recognized. It was seen that from the beginning the real spirit of New England had been truly with him, and, the cause being now won and the past a great one, his countrymen were proud of him for having been a part of it. At this happy moment he produced a work free from any entanglement with things disputed, remarkable for its truth to life, and exemplifying the character of New England at its fireside in the way which comes home to all men. It is not without perfect justice that Snow-Bound takes rank with The Cotter's Saturday Night and The Deserted Village; it belongs in this group as a faithful picture of humble life. It is perfect in its conception and complete in its execution; it is the New England home, entire, with its characteristic scene, its incidents of household life, its Christian virtues. Perhaps many of us look back to it as Horace did to the Sabine farm; but there are more who can still remember it as a reality, and to them this winter idyl is the poetry of their own lives. It is, in a peculiar sense, the one poem of New England, — so completely indigenous that the soil has fairly created it, so genuine as to be better than history. It is by virtue of this poem that Whittier must be most highly rated, because he is here most impersonal, and has succeeded in expressing the common life with most directness. All his affection for the soil on which he was born went into it; and no one ever felt more deeply that attachment to the region of his birth which is the great spring of patriotism. In his other poems he had told the legends of the country, and winnowed its history for what was most heroic or romantic; he had often dwelt, with a reiteration which only emphasized his fondness, upon its scenery in every season, by all its mountains and capes and lakes and rivers, as if fearful lest he should offend some local divinity of the field or flood; he had shared in the great moral passion of his people in peace and war, and had become its voice and been adopted as one of its memorable leaders; but here he came to the heart of the matter, and by fitly describing the homestead, which was the unit and centre of New England life, he set the seal upon his work, and entered into all New England homes as a perpetual guest.

There remains one part of his work, and that, in some respects, the loftiest, which is in no sense local. The Christian faith which he expressed is not to be limited as distinctly characteristic of New England. No one would make

the claim. It was descended from the Quaker faith only as Emerson's was derived from that of the Puritan. Whittier belongs with those few who arise in all parts of the Christian world and out of the bosom of all sects, who are lovers of the spirit. They illustrate the purest teachings of Christ, they express the simplest aspirations of man; and this is their religious life. They do not trouble themselves except to do good, to be sincere, to walk in the sight of the higher powers with humbleness, and if not without doubt, yet with undiminished trust. The optimism of Whittier is one with theirs. It is indissolubly connected with his humanity to men. In his religious as in his moral nature there was the same simplicity, the same entire coherency. His expression of the religious feeling is always noble and impressive. He is one of the very few whose poems, under the fervor of religious emotion, have taken a higher range and become true hymns. Several of these are already adopted into the books of praise. But independently of these few most complete expressions of trust and worship, wherever Whittier touches upon the problems of the spiritual life he evinces the qualities of a great and liberal nature; indeed, the traits which are most deeply impressed upon us, in his character, are those which are seen most clearly in his religious verse. It is impossible to think of him and forget that he is a Christian. It is not rash to say that it is probable that his religious poems have reached many more hearts than his antislavery pieces, and have had a profounder influence to quiet, to console, and to refine. Yet he was not distinctly a poet of religion, as Herbert was. He was a man in whom religion was vital, just as affection for his home and indignation at wrong doing were vital. He gave expression to his manhood, and consequently to the religious life he led. There are in these revelations of his nature the same frankness and the same reality as in his most heated polemics with the oppressors of the weak; one cannot avoid feeling that it is less the poet than the man who is speaking, and that in his words he is giving himself to his fellow-men. This sense that Whittier belongs to that class of writers in whom the man is larger than his work is a just one. Over and above his natural genius was his character. At every step of the analysis, it is not with art, but with matter, not with the literature of taste, but with that of life, not with a poet's skill, but with a man's soul, that we find ourselves dealing; in a word, it is with character almost solely: and it is this which has made him the poet of his people, as the highest art might have failed to do, because he has put his New England birth and breeding, the common inheritance of her freedom-loving, humane, and religious people which he shared, into plain living, yet on such a level of distinction that his virtues have honored the land.

The simplicity and dignity of Whittier's later years, and his fine modesty in respect to his literary work, have fitly closed his career. He has received in the fullest measure from the younger generation the rewards of honor which belong to such a life. In his retirement these unsought tributes of an almost affectionate veneration have followed him; and in the struggle about us for other prizes than those he aimed at, in the crush for wealth and notoriety, men have been pleased to remember him, the plain citizen, uncheapened by riches and unsolicitous for fame, ending his life with the same habits with which he began it, in the same spirit in which he led it, without any compromise with the world. The Quaker aloofness which has always seemed to characterize him, his difference from other men, has never been sufficient to break the bonds which unite him with the people, but it has helped to secure for him the feeling with which the poet is always regarded

as a man apart; the religious element in his nature has had the same effect to win for him a peculiar regard akin to that which was felt in old times for the sacred office; to the imagination he has been, especially in these closing years, a man of peace and of God. No one of his contemporaries has been more silently beloved and more sincerely honored. If it be true that in him the man was more than the poet, it is happily not true, as in such cases it too often is, that the life was less than it should have been. The life of Whittier affects us rather as singularly fortunate in the completeness with which he was able to do his whole duty, to possess his soul, and to keep himself unspotted from the world. He was fortunate in his humble birth and the virtues which were about his cradle; he was fortunate in the great cause for which he suffered and labored in his prime, exactly fitted as it was to develop his nature to its highest moral reach, and lift him to real greatness of soul; he was fortunate in his old age, in the mellowness of his humanity, the repose of his faith, the fame which, more truly than can usually be said, was "love disguised." Lovers of New England will cherish his memory as that of a man in whom the virtues of this soil, both for public and for private life, shine most purely. On the roll of American poets we know not how he may be ranked hereafter, but among the honored names of the New England past his place is secure.

George Edward Woodberry.

IN MEMORY OF JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

DECEMBER 17, 1807–SEPTEMBER 7, 1892.

THOU, too, hast left us. While with heads bowed low,
And sorrowing hearts, we mourned our summer's dead,
The flying season bent its Parthian bow,
And yet again our mingling tears were shed.

Was Heaven impatient that it could not wait
The blasts of winter for earth's fruits to fall?
Were angels crowding round the open gate
To greet the spirits coming at their call?

Nay, let not fancies, born of old beliefs,
Play with the heart-beats that are throbbing still,
And waste their outworn phrases on the griefs,
The silent griefs that words can only chill.

For thee, dear friend, there needs no high-wrought lay,
To shed its aureole round thy cherished name, —
Thou whose plain, home-born speech of *Yea* and *Nay*
Thy truthful nature ever best became.

Death reaches not a spirit such as thine, —
It can but steal the robe that hid thy wings;

Though thy warm breathing presence we resign,
Still in our hearts its loving semblance clings.

Peaceful thy message, yet for struggling right, —
When Slavery's gauntlet in our face was flung, —
While timid weaklings watched the dubious fight
No herald's challenge more defiant rung.

Yet was thy spirit tuned to gentle themes
Sought in the haunts thy humble youth had known.
Our stern New England's hills and vales and streams, —
Thy tuneful idyls made them all their own.

The wild flowers springing from thy native sod
Lent all their charms thy new-world song to fill, —
Gave thee the mayflower and the golden-rod
To match the daisy and the daffodil.

In the brave records of our earlier time
A hero's deed thy generous soul inspired,
And many a legend, told in ringing rhyme,
The youthful soul with high resolve has fired.

Not thine to lean on priesthood's broken reed;
No barriers caged thee in a bigot's fold;
Did zealots ask to syllable thy creed,
Thou saidst "Our Father," and thy creed was told.

Best loved and saintliest of our singing train,
Earth's noblest tributes to thy name belong.
A lifelong record closed without a stain,
A blameless memory shrined in deathless song.

Lift from its quarried ledge a flawless stone;
Smooth the green turf and bid the tablet rise,
And on its snow-white surface carve alone
These words, — he needs no more, — HERE WHITTIER LIES.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

WHITTIER.

(DYING.)

September sixth and seventh.

BREATHLESS the mist of amethyst
That faints upon the sea.
The sun moves like a musing god;
What sacred sight sees he?

The golden-rod doth gravely nod
Unto the beckoning bay;
The aster watches for a sign.
What ails the happy day?

On its pale lip a finger-tip
The stern, white immortelle
Lays softly, like one murmuring:
"Hush! Ask not. It is well."

Smile ye, or weep, ye cannot keep
The secret that ye hold;
Deep-hearted Autumn that he loved!
The solemn word is told.

Wind of the north! it has gone forth;
Breath of the pines — he dies.
Ye had eternal kinship's right
To kiss his closing eyes.

To us, who love as men may love,
Tender and loyal he;
But Nature was his confidante,
Sole intimate was she.

We kneel afar, where thousands are;
Gray light is on the grass;
The tide is calling from the ebb;
Lord, let the great soul pass.

Thou spirit! who in spirit and in truth
Didst worship utterly the unseen God;
Thine age the blossom of a stainless youth,
Thy soul the star that swings above the sod.
No prayer to heaven ever lighter rose
Than thy pure life, escaped, ariseth now.

Thou hushest like a chord unto its close,
Thou ceasest as the Amen to a vow.

Sacred the passion-flower of thy fame.
To thee, obedient, "Write," the Angel saith.
Proudly life's holiest hopes preserve thy name,
Thou poet of the people's Christian faith.
Master of song! Our idler verse shall burn
With shame before thee, Beauty dedicate!
Prophet of God! We write upon thine urn,
Who, being Genius, held it consecrate:

To starving spirits, needing heavenly bread, —
The bond or free, with wrong or right at strife;
To quiet tears of mourners comforted
By music set unto eternal life.
These are thine ushers at the Silent Gate;
To these appealing, thee we give in trust.
Glad heart! Forgive unto us, desolate,
The sob with which we leave thy sacred dust!

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

DON ORSINO.[1]

XXV.

At this time Count Spicca received a letter from Maria Consuelo, written from Nice, and bearing a postmark more recent than the date which headed the page, — a fact which proved that the writer had either taken an unusually long time in the composition, or had withheld the missive several days before finally dispatching it.

My Father, — I write to inform you of certain things which have recently taken place and which it is important that you should know, and of which I should have the right to require an explanation, if I chose to ask it. Having been the author of my life, you have made yourself also the author of all my unhappiness and of all my trouble. I have never understood the cause of your intense hatred for me, but I have felt its consequences, even at a great distance from you, and you know well enough that I return it with all my heart. Moreover, I have made up my mind that I will not be made to suffer by you any longer. I tell you so quite frankly. This is a declaration of war, and I will act upon it immediately.

You are no doubt aware that Don Orsino Saracinesca has for a long time been among my intimate friends. I will not discuss the question whether I did well to admit him to my intimacy or not. That, at least, does not concern you. Even admitting your power to exercise the most complete tyranny over me in other ways, I am, and have always been, free to choose my own acquaintances, and I am able to defend

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myself better than most women, and as well as any. I will be just, too. I do not mean to reproach you with the consequences of what I do; but I will not spare you where the results of your action towards me are concerned.

Don Orsino made love to me last spring. I loved him from the first. I can hear your cruel laugh and see your contemptuous face, as I write. But the information is necessary, and I can bear your scorn because this is the last opportunity for such diversion which I shall afford you, and because I mean that you shall pay dearly for it. I loved Don Orsino, and I love him still. You, of course, have never loved. You have hated, however, and perhaps one passion may be the measure of another. It is in my case, I can assure you; for the better I love, the better I learn to hate you.

Last Thursday Don Orsino asked me to be his wife. I had known for some time that he loved me, and I knew that he would speak of it before long. The day was sultry at first, and then there was a thunderstorm. My nerves were unstrung, and I lost my head. I told him that I loved him. That does not concern you. I told him also, however, that I had given a solemn promise to my dying husband, and I had still the strength to say that I would not marry again. I meant to gain time, I longed to be alone. I knew that I should yield, but I would not yield blindly. Thank God, I was strong. I am like you in that, though happily not in any other way. You ask me why I should even think of yielding. I answer that I love Don Orsino better than I loved the man you murdered. There is nothing humiliating in that, and I make the confession without reserve. I love him better, and therefore, being human, I would have broken my promise and married him, had marriage been possible. But it is not, as you know. It is one thing to turn to the priest, as he stands by a dying man, and to say, Pronounce us man and wife, and give us a blessing, for the sake of this man's rest. The priest knew that we were both free, and took the responsibility upon himself; knowing also that the act could have no consequences in fact, whatever it might prove to be in theory. It is quite another matter to be legally married to Don Orsino Saracinesca, in the face of a strong opposition. But I went home that evening believing that it could be done, and that the opposition would vanish. I believed because I loved. I love still, but what I learned that night has killed my belief in an impossible happiness.

I need not tell you all that passed between me and Lucrezia Ferris. How she knew of what had happened I cannot tell. She must have followed us to the apartment I was furnishing, and she must have overheard what we said, or seen enough to convince her. She is a spy. I suppose that is the reason why she is imposed upon me, and always has been, since I can remember, — since I was born, she says. I found her waiting to dress me, as usual, and as usual I did not speak to her. She spoke first. "You will not marry Don Orsino Saracinesca," she said, facing me with her bad eyes. I could have struck her, but I would not. I asked her what she meant. She told me that she knew what I was doing, and asked me whether I was aware that I needed documents in order to be married to a beggar in Rome, and whether I supposed that the Saracinesca would be inclined to overlook the absence of such papers, or could pass a law of their own abolishing the necessity for them, or, finally, whether they would accept such certificates of my origin as she could produce. She showed me a package. She had nothing better to offer me, she said, but such as she had she heartily placed at my disposal. I took the papers. I was prepared for a shock, but not for the blow I received.

You know what I read: the certificate

of my birth as the daughter of Lucrezia Ferris, unmarried, by Count Spicca, who acknowledged the child as his; the certificate of your marriage with Lucrezia Ferris, dated, strangely enough, a fortnight after my birth; and further, a document legitimizing me as the lawful daughter of you two. All these documents are from Monte Carlo. You will understand why I am in Nice. Yes, they are all genuine, every one of them, as I have had no difficulty in ascertaining. So I am the daughter of Lucrezia Ferris, born out of wedlock, and subsequently whitewashed into a sort of legitimacy? And Lucrezia Ferris is lawfully the Countess Spicca. Lucrezia Ferris, the cowardly spy-woman who more than half controls my life, the lying, thieving servant (she robs me at every turn), the common, half-educated Italian creature, — she is my mother; she is that radiant being of whom you sometimes speak with tears in your eyes; she is that angel of whom I remind you; she is that sweet influence that softened and brightened your lonely life for a brief space some three and twenty years ago! She has changed since then.

And this is the mystery of my birth which you have concealed from me, and which it was at any moment in the power of my vile mother to reveal. You cannot deny the fact, I suppose, especially since I have taken the trouble to search the registers and verify each separate document.

I gave them all back to her, for I shall never need them. The woman — I mean my mother — was quite right. I shall not marry Don Orsino Saracinesca. You have lied to me throughout my life. You have always told me that my mother was dead, and that I need not be ashamed of my birth, though you wished it kept a secret. So far, I have obeyed you. In that respect, and only in that, I will continue to act according to your wishes. I am not called upon to proclaim to the world and my acquaintance that I am the daughter of my own servant, and that you were kind enough to marry your estimable mistress after my birth, in order to confer upon me what you dignify by the name of legitimacy. No. That is not necessary. If it could hurt you to proclaim it, I would do so in the most public way I could find. But it is folly to suppose that you could be made to suffer by so simple a process.

Are you aware, my father, that you have ruined all my life from the first? Being so bad, you must be intelligent, and you must realize what you have done, even if you have done it out of pure love of evil. You pretended to be kind to me, until I was old enough to feel all the pain you had in store for me. But even then, after you had taken the trouble to marry my mother, why did you give me another name? Was that necessary? I suppose it was. I did not understand then why my older companions looked askance at me in the convent, nor why the nuns sometimes whispered together and looked at me. They knew, perhaps, that no such name as mine existed. Since I was your daughter, why did I not bear your name when I was a little girl? You were ashamed to let it be known that you were married, seeing what sort of wife you had taken, and you found yourself in a dilemma. If you had acknowledged me as your daughter in Austria, your friends in Rome would soon have found out my existence — and the existence of your wife. You were very cautious in those days, but you seem to have grown careless of late, or you would not have left those papers in the care of the Countess Spicca, my maid — and my mother. I have heard that very bad men soon reach their second childhood and act foolishly. It is quite true.

Then, later, when you saw that I loved and was loved, and was to be happy, you came between my love and me. You appeared in your own charac-

ter, as a liar, a slanderer, and a traitor. I loved a man who was brave, honorable, faithful; reckless, perhaps, and wild, as such men are, but devoted and true. You came between us. You told me that he was false, cowardly, an adventurer of the worst kind. Because I would not believe you, and would have married him in spite of you, you killed him. Was it cowardly of him to face the first swordsman in Europe? They told me that he was not afraid of you, the men who saw it, and that he fought you like a lion, as he was. And the provocation, too! He never struck me. He was showing me what he meant by a term in fencing; the silver knife he held grazed my cheek because I was startled and moved. But you meant to kill him, and you chose to say that he had struck me. Did you ever hear a harsh word from his lips during those months of waiting? When you had done your work you fled, like the murderer you were and are. But I escaped from the woman who says she is my mother, — and is, — and I went to him, and found him living, and married him. You used to tell me that he was an adventurer, and little better than a beggar. Yet he left me a large fortune. It is as well that he provided for me, since you have succeeded in losing most of your own money at play, — doubtless to insure my not profiting by it at your death. Not that you will die; men of your kind outlive their victims, because they kill them.

And now, when you saw — for you did see it — when you saw and knew that Orsino Saracinesca and I loved each other, you broke my life a second time. You might so easily have gone to him, or have come to me, at the first, with the truth. You knew that I should never forgive you for what you had done already. A little more could have made matters no worse then. You knew that Don Orsino would have thanked you as a friend for the warning. Instead — I refuse to believe you in your dotage, after all — you make that woman spy upon me until the great moment is come; you give her the weapons, and you bid her strike when the blow will be most excruciating. You are not a man. You are Satan. I parted twice from the man I love. He would not let me go, and he came back and tried to keep me. I do not know how I escaped. God helped me. He is so brave and noble that if he had held those accursed papers in his hands and known all the truth he would not have given me up. He would have brought a stain on his great name and shame upon his great house for my sake. He is not like you. I parted from him twice. I know all that I can suffer, and I hate you for each individual suffering, great and small.

I have dismissed my mother from my service. How that would sound in Rome! I have given her as much money as she can expect, and I have got rid of her. She said that she would not go, that she should write to you, and many other things. I told her that if she attempted to stay I should go to the authorities, prove that she was my mother, provide for her, if the law required it, and have her forcibly turned out of my house by the aid of the same law. I am of age, married, independent, and I cannot be obliged to entertain my mother either in the character of a servant or as a visitor. I suppose she has a right to a lodging under your roof. I hope she will take advantage of it, as I advised her. She took the money and went away, cursing me. I think that if she had ever, in all my life, shown the smallest affection for me; even at the last, when she declared herself my mother, if she had shown a spark of motherly feeling, of tenderness, of anything human, I could have accepted her and tolerated her, half-peasant woman as she is, spy as she has been, and cheat and thief. But she stood before me with the most perfect indifference, watching my surprise with those bad eyes of hers. I wonder why I have borne her presence

so long. I suppose it had never struck me that I could get rid of her in spite of you, if I chose. By the bye, I sent for a notary when I paid her, and I got a legal receipt signed with her legal name, Lucrezia Spicca, *nata* Ferris. The document formally releases me from all further claims. I hope you will understand that you have no power whatsoever to impose her upon me again, though I confess that I am expecting your next move with interest. I suppose that you have not done with me yet, and have some new means of torment in reserve. Satan is rarely idle long.

And now I have done. If you were not the villain you are, I should expect you to go to the man whose happiness I have endangered, if not destroyed. I should expect you to tell Don Orsino Saracinesca enough of the truth to make him understand my action. But I know you far too well to imagine that you would willingly take from my life one thorn of the many you have planted in it. I will write to Don Orsino myself. I think you need not fear him, — I am sorry that you need not. But I shall not tell him more than is necessary. You will remember, I hope, that such discretion as I may show is not shown out of consideration for you, but out of forethought for my own welfare. I have, unfortunately, no means of preventing you from writing to me, but you may be sure that your letters will never be read, so that you will do as well to spare yourself the trouble of composing them.

MARIA CONSUELO D'ARANJUEZ.

Spicca received this letter early in the morning, and at midday he still sat in his chair, holding it in his hand. His face was very white, his head hung forward upon his breast, his thin fingers were stiffened upon the thin paper. Only the hardly perceptible rise and fall of the chest showed that he still breathed.

The clocks had already struck twelve when his old servant entered the room, a being thin, wizened, gray and noiseless as the ghost of a greyhound. He stood still a moment before his master, expecting that he would look up, then bent anxiously over him and felt his hands.

Spicca slowly raised his sunken eyes.

"It will pass, Santi, — it will pass," he said feebly.

Then he began to fold up the sheets slowly and with difficulty, but very neatly, as men of extraordinary skill with their hands do everything. Santi looked at him doubtfully, and then got a glass and a bottle of cordial from a small carved press in the corner. Spicca drank the liqueur slowly, and set the glass steadily upon the table.

"Bad news, Signor Conte?" asked the servant anxiously, and in a way which betrayed at once the kindly relations existing between the two.

"Very bad news," Spicca answered sadly, and shaking his head.

Santi sighed, restored the bottle to the press, and took up the glass, as though he were about to leave the room. But he still lingered near the table, glancing uneasily at his master as though he had something to say, but was hesitating to begin.

"What is it, Santi?" asked the count.

"I beg your pardon, Signor Conte, you have had bad news. If you will allow me to speak, there are several small economies which could still be managed without too much inconveniencing you. Pardon the liberty, Signor Conte."

"I know, I know. But it is not money, this time. I wish it were."

Santi's expression immediately lost much of its anxiety. He had shared his master's fallen fortunes, and knew better than he what he meant by a few more small economies, as he called them.

"God be praised, Signor Conte," he said solemnly. "May I serve the breakfast?"

"I have no appetite, Santi. Go yourself and eat."

"A little something?" Santi spoke

in a coaxing way. "I have prepared a little mixed fry, with toast, as you like it, Signor Conte, and the salad is good to-day; ham and figs are also in the house. Let me lay the cloth; when you see, you will eat. And just one egg beaten up with a glass of red wine, to begin with; that will dispose the stomach."

Spicca shook his head again, but Santi paid no attention to the refusal, and went about preparing the meal. When it was ready, the old man suffered himself to be persuaded, and ate a little. He was in reality stronger than he looked, and an extraordinary nervous energy still lurked beneath the appearance of a feebleness amounting almost to decrepitude. The little nourishment he took sufficed to restore the balance, and when he rose from the table he was outwardly almost himself again. When a man has suffered great moral pain for years, he bears a new shock, even the worst, better than one who is hard hit in the midst of a placid and long habitual happiness. The soul can be taught to bear trouble as the great self-mortifiers of an earlier time taught their bodies to bear scourging. The process is painful, but hardening.

"I feel better, Santi," said Spicca. "Your breakfast has done me good. You are an excellent doctor."

He turned away and took out his pocket-book, not over-well garnished. He found a ten-franc note. Then he looked round and spoke in a gentle, kindly tone.

"Santi, this trouble has nothing to do with money. You need a new pair of shoes, I am sure. Do you think that ten francs is enough?"

Santi bowed respectfully and took the money.

"A thousand thanks, Signor Conte."

Santi was a strange man, from the heart of the Abruzzi. He pocketed the note; but that night, when he had undressed his master and was arranging the things on the dressing-table, the ten-franc note found its way back into the black pocket-book. Spicca never counted, and never knew.

He did not write to Maria Consuelo, for he was well aware that, in her present state of mind, she would undoubtedly burn his letter unopened, as she had said she would. Late in the day he went out, walked for an hour, entered the club and read the papers, and at last betook himself to the restaurant where Orsino dined when his people were out of town.

In due time Orsino appeared, looking pale and ill-tempered. He caught sight of Spicca, and went at once to the table where he sat.

"I have had a letter," said the young man. "I must speak to you. If you do not object, we will dine together."

"By all means. There is nothing like a thoroughly bad dinner to promote ill feeling."

Orsino glanced at the old man in momentary surprise; but he knew his ways tolerably well, and was familiar with the chronic acidity of his speech.

"You probably guess who has written to me?" Orsino resumed. "It was natural, perhaps, that she should have something to say, but what she actually says is more than I was prepared to hear."

Spicca's eyes grew less dull, and he turned an inquiring glance on his companion.

"When I tell you that in this letter Madame d'Aranjuez has confided to me the true story of her origin, I have probably said enough," continued the young man.

"You have said too much or too little," Spicca answered in an almost indifferent tone.

"How so?"

"Unless you tell me just what she has told you, or show me the letter, I cannot possibly judge of the truth of the tale."

Orsino raised his head angrily.

"Do you mean me to doubt that Madame d'Aranjuez speaks the truth?" he asked.

"Calm yourself. Whatever Madame

d'Aranjuez has written to you she believes to be true; but she may have been herself deceived."

"In spite of documents, public registers" —

"Ah! Then she has told you about those certificates?"

"That and a great deal more which concerns you."

"Precisely. A great deal more. I know all about the registers, as you may easily suppose, seeing that they concern two somewhat important acts in my own life, and that I was very careful to have those acts properly recorded, beyond the possibility of denial, — beyond the possibility of denial," he repeated very slowly and emphatically. "Do you understand that?"

"It would not enter the mind of a sane person to doubt such evidence," answered Orsino rather scornfully.

"No, I suppose not. As you do not, therefore, come to me for confirmation of what is already undeniable, I cannot understand why you come to me at all in this matter, unless you do so on account of other things which Madame d'Aranjuez has written you, and of which you have so far kept me in ignorance."

Spicca spoke in a formal manner and in cold tones, drawing up his bent figure a little. A waiter came to the table, and both men ordered their dinner. The interruption rather favored the development of a hostile feeling between them than otherwise.

"I will explain my reasons for coming to find you here," said Orsino, when they were again alone.

"So far as I am concerned, no explanation is necessary. I am content not to understand. Moreover, this is a public place, in which we have accidentally met and dined together before."

"I did not come here by accident," answered Orsino, "and I did not come in order to give explanations, but to ask for one."

"Ah?" Spicca eyed him coolly.

"Yes. I wish to know why you have hated your daughter all her life, why you persecute her in every way, why you" —

"Will you kindly stop?"

The old man's voice grew suddenly clear and incisive, and Orsino broke off in the middle of his sentence. A moment's pause followed.

"I requested you to stop speaking," Spicca resumed, "because you were unconsciously making statements which have no foundation whatever in fact. Observe that I say 'unconsciously.' You are completely mistaken. I do not hate Madame d'Aranjuez. I love her with all my heart and soul. I do not persecute her in every way, nor in any way. On the contrary, her happiness is the only object of such life as I still have to live, and I have little but that life left to give her. I am in earnest, Orsino."

"I see you are. That makes what you say all the more surprising."

"No doubt it does. Madame d'Aranjuez has just written to you, and you have her letter in your pocket. She has told you in that letter a number of facts in her own life as she sees them, and you look at them as she does. It is natural. To her and to you I appear to be a monster of evil, a hideous incarnation of cruelty, — a devil, in short. Did she call me a devil in her letter?"

"She did."

"Precisely. She has also written to me, informing me that I am Satan. There is a directness in the statement and a general disregard of probability which are not without charm. Nevertheless, I am Spicca, and not Beelzebub, her assurances to the contrary notwithstanding. You see how views may differ. You know much of her life, but you know nothing of mine, nor is it my intention to tell you anything about myself. But I will tell you this much: If I could do anything to mend matters, I would. If I could make it possible for you to marry Madame d'Aranjuez, being what you are and fenced in as you

are, I would. If I could tell you all the rest of the truth, which she does not know nor dream of, I would. I am bound by a very solemn promise of secrecy, — by something more than a promise, in fact. Yet, if I could do good to her by breaking oaths, betraying confidence, and trampling on the deepest obligations which can bind a man, I would. But that good cannot be done any more. That is all I can tell you."

"It is little enough. You could and you can tell the whole truth, as you call it, to Madame d'Aranjuez. I should advise you to do so, instead of embittering her life at every turn."

"I have not asked for your advice, Orsino. That she is unhappy I know. That she hates me is clear. She would not be the happier for hating me less, since nothing else would be changed. She need not think of me, if the subject is disagreeable. In all other respects she is perfectly free. She is young, rich, and at liberty to go where she pleases and to do what she likes. So long as I am alive I shall watch over her" —

"And destroy every chance of happiness which presents itself," interrupted Orsino.

"I gave you some idea, the other night, of the happiness she might have enjoyed with the deceased Aranjuez. If I made a mistake in regard to what I saw him do, — I admit the possibility of an error, — I was, nevertheless quite right in ridding her of the man. I have atoned for the mistake, if we call it so, in a way of which you do not dream, nor she either. The good remains, for Aranjuez is buried."

"You speak of secret atonement. I was not aware that you ever suffered from remorse."

"Nor I," answered Spicca dryly.

"Then what do you mean?"

"You are questioning me, and I have warned you that I will tell you nothing about myself. You will confer a great favor upon me by not insisting."

"Are you threatening me again?"

"I am not doing anything of the kind. I never threaten any one. I could kill you as easily as I killed Aranjuez, old and decrepit as I look, and I should be perfectly indifferent to the opprobrium of killing so young a man; though I think that, looking at us two, many people might suppose the advantage to be on your side rather than on mine. But young men nowadays do not learn to handle arms. Short of laying violent hands upon me, you will find it quite impossible to provoke me. I am almost old enough to be your grandfather, and I understand you very well. You love Madame d'Aranjuez. She knows that to marry you would be to bring about such a quarrel with your family as might ruin half your life, and she has the rare courage to tell you so and to refuse your offer. You think that I can do something to help you, and you are incensed because I am powerless, and furious because I object to your leaving Rome in the same train with her against her will. You are more furious still to-day, because you have adopted her belief that I am a monster of iniquity. Observe that, apart from hindering you from a great piece of folly, the other day, I have never interfered. I do not interfere now. As I said then, follow her if you please, persuade her to marry you if you can, quarrel with all your family if you like. It is nothing to me. Publish the banns of your marriage on the doors of the Capitol, and declare to the whole world that Madame d'Aranjuez, the future Princess Saracinesca, is the daughter of Count Spicca and Lucrezia Ferris, his lawful wife. There will be a little talk, but it will not hurt me. People have kept their marriages a secret for a whole lifetime before now. I do not care what you do, nor what the whole tribe of the Saracinesca may do, provided that none of you do harm to Maria Consuelo, nor bring needless suffering upon her. If any of you do that, I will kill you. That,

at least, is a threat, if you like. Good-night."

Thereupon Spicca rose suddenly from his seat, leaving his dinner unfinished, and went out.

XXVI.

Orsino did not leave Rome, after all. He was not in reality prevented from doing so by the necessity of attending to his business, for he might assuredly have absented himself for a week or two, at almost any time before the new year, without incurring any especial danger. From time to time, at ever-increasing intervals, he felt strongly impelled to rejoin Maria Consuelo in Paris, where she had ultimately determined to spend the autumn and winter; but the impulse always lacked just the measure of strength which would have made it a resolution. When he thought of his many hesitations, he did not understand himself, and he fell in his own estimation, so that he became by degrees more silent and melancholy of disposition than had originally been natural with him.

He had much time for reflection, and he constantly brooded over the situation in which he found himself. The question seemed to be whether he loved Maria Consuelo or not, since he was able to display such apparent indifference to her absence. In reality he also doubted whether he was loved by her, and the one uncertainty was fully as great as the other.

He went over all that had passed. The position had never been an easy one, and the letter which Maria Consuelo had written to him after her departure had not made it easier. It had contained the revelations concerning her birth, together with many references to Spicca's continued cruelty, plentifully supported by statements of facts. She had then distinctly told Orsino that she would never marry him, under any circumstances whatever, declaring that if he followed her she would not even see him. She would not ruin his life and plunge him into a lifelong quarrel with his family, she said; and she added that she would certainly not expose herself to such treatment as she would undoubtedly receive at the hands of the Saracinesca, if she married Orsino without his parents' consent.

A man does not easily believe that he is deprived of what he most desires exclusively for his own good and welfare, and the last sentence quoted wounded Orsino deeply. He believed himself ready to incur the displeasure of all his people for Maria Consuelo's sake, and he said in his heart that, if she loved him, she should be ready to bear as much as he. The language in which she expressed herself, too, was cold, and almost incisive.

Unlike Spicca, Orsino answered this letter, writing in an argumentative strain, bringing the best reasons he could find to bear against those she alleged, and at last reproaching her with not being willing to suffer for his sake a tenth part of what he would endure for her. But he announced his intention of joining her before long, and expressed the certainty that she would receive him.

To this Maria Consuelo made no reply for some time. When she wrote at last, it was to say that she had carefully considered her decision, and saw no good cause for changing it. To Orsino her tone seemed colder and more distant than ever. The fact that the pages were blotted here and there, and that the handwriting was unsteady, was probably to be referred to her carelessness. He brooded over his misfortune, thought more than once of making a desperate effort to win back her love, and remained in Rome. After a long interval he wrote to her again. This time he produced an epistle which, under the circumstances, might have appeared almost ridiculous. It was full of indifferent gossip about society; it contained

a few sarcastic remarks about his own approaching failure, with some rather youthfully cynical observations on the instability of things in general, and the hollowness of all aspirations whatsoever.

He received no answer, and duly repented the flippant tone he had taken. He would have been greatly surprised could he have learned that this last letter was destined to produce a greater effect upon his life than all he had written before it.

In the mean while, his father, who had heard of the increasing troubles in the world of business, wrote him in a constant strain of warning, to which Orsino paid little attention. His mother's letters, too, betrayed her anxiety, but expressed what his father's did not, to wit, the most boundless confidence in his power to extricate himself honorably from all difficulties, together with the assurance that if worse came to worst she was always ready to help him.

Suddenly and without warning, old Saracinesca returned from his wanderings. He had taken the trouble to keep the family informed of his movements by his secretary during two or three months, and had then temporarily allowed them to lose sight of him, thereby causing them considerable anxiety, though an occasional paragraph in a newspaper reassured them from time to time. Then, on a certain afternoon in November, he appeared, alone and in a cab, as though he had been out for a stroll.

"Well, my boy, are you ruined yet?" he inquired, entering Orsino's room without ceremony.

The young man started from his seat and took the old gentleman's rough hand with an exclamation of surprise.

"Yes, you may well look at me," laughed the prince. "I have grown ten years younger. And you?" He pushed his grandson into the light and scrutinized his face fiercely. "And you are ten years older," he concluded in a discontented tone.

"I did not know it," answered Orsino, with an attempt at a laugh.

"You have been at some mischief. I know it. I can see it."

He dropped the young fellow's arm, shook his head, and began to move about the room. Then he came back, all at once, and looked up into Orsino's face from beneath his bushy eyebrows.

"Out with it; I mean to know!" he said roughly, but not unkindly. "Have you lost money? Are you ill? Are you in love?"

Orsino would certainly have resented the first and the last questions, if not all three, had they been put to him by his father. There was something in the old prince's nature, something warmer and more human, which appealed to his own. Sant' Ilario was, and always had been, outwardly cold, somewhat measured in his speech, undemonstrative, — a man not easily moved to much expression or to real sympathy except by love, but capable, under that influence, of going to great lengths. And Orsino, though in some respects resembling his mother rather than his father, was not unlike the latter, with a larger measure of ambition and less real pride. It was probably the latter characteristic which made him feel the need of sympathy in a way his father had never felt it and could never understand it, and he was thereby drawn more closely to his mother and to his grandfather than to Sant' Ilario.

Old Saracinesca evidently meant to be answered, as he stood there gazing into Orsino's eyes.

"A great deal has happened since you went away," said Orsino, half wishing that he could tell everything. "In the first place, business is in a very bad state, and I am anxious."

"Dirty work, business," grumbled Saracinesca. "I always told you so. Then you have lost money, you young idiot! I thought so. Did you think you were any better than Montevarchi?

I hope you have kept your name out of the market, at all events. What in the name of Heaven made you put your hand to such filth! Come, how much do you want? We will whitewash you, and you shall start to-morrow and go round the world."

"But I am not in actual need of money at all" —

"Then what the devil are you in need of?"

"An improvement in business, and the assurance that I shall not ultimately be bankrupt."

"If money is not an assurance that you will not be bankrupt, I should like to learn what is. All this is nonsense. Tell me the truth, my boy, — you are in love. That is the trouble."

Orsino shrugged his shoulders.

"I have been in love some time," he answered.

"Young? Old? Marriageable? Married? Out with it, I say!"

"I should rather talk about business. I think it is all over now."

"Just like your father, — always full of secrets! As if I did not know all about it! You are in love with that Madame d'Aranjuez."

Orsino turned a little pale.

"Please do not call her 'that' Madame d'Aranjuez," he said gravely.

"Eh? What? Are you so sensitive about her?"

"Yes."

"You are? Very well; I like that. What about her?"

"What a question!"

"I mean, is she indifferent, cold, in love with some one else?"

"Not that I am aware. She has refused to marry me, and has left Rome, — that is all."

"Refused to marry you!" cried old Saracinesca, in boundless astonishment. "My dear boy, you must be out of your mind! The thing is impossible. You are the best match in Rome. Madame d'Aranjuez refuse you! Absolutely incredible, not to be believed for a moment. You are dreaming. A widow — without much fortune — the relict of some curious adventurer — a woman looking for a fortune — a woman" —

"Stop!" cried Orsino savagely.

"Oh, yes, I forgot. You are sensitive. Well, well, I meant nothing against her, except that she must be insane, if what you tell me is true. But I am glad of it, my boy, very glad. She is no match for you, Orsino. I confess, I wish you would marry at once, — I should like to see my great-grandchildren, — but not Madame d'Aranjuez. A widow, too."

"My father married a widow."

"When you find a widow like your mother, and ten years younger than yourself, marry her, if you can. But not Madame d'Aranjuez, — older than you by several years."

"A few years."

"Is that all? It is too much, though. And who is Madame d'Aranjuez? Everybody was asking the question last winter. I suppose she had a name before she married; and since you have been trying to make her your wife, you must know all about her. Who was she?"

Orsino hesitated.

"You see!" cried the old prince. "It is not all right. There is a secret, — there is something wrong about her family, or about her entrance into the world. She knows perfectly well that we would never receive her, and has concealed it all from you" —

"She has not concealed it. She has told me the exact truth; but I shall not repeat it to you."

"All the stronger proof that everything is not right. You are well out of it, my boy, — exceedingly well out of it. I congratulate you."

"I should rather not be congratulated."

"As you please. I am sorry for you, if you are unhappy. Try and forget all about it. How is your mother?"

At any other time Orsino would have laughed at the characteristic abruptness.

"Perfectly well, I believe. I have not seen her all summer," he answered gravely.

"Not been to Saracinesca all summer! No wonder you look ill. Telegraph to them that I have come back, and let us get the family together as soon as possible. Do you think I mean to spend six months alone in your company, especially when you are away all day at that wretched office of yours? Be quick about it, — telegraph at once."

"Very well. But please do not repeat anything of what I have told you to my father or my mother. That is the only thing I have to ask."

"Am I a parrot? I never talk to them of your affairs."

"Thanks. I am grateful."

"To Heaven because your grandfather is not a parakeet! No doubt. You have good cause. And look here, Orsino" — The old man took Orsino's arm and held it firmly, speaking in a lower tone. "Do not make an ass of yourself, my boy, especially in business. But if you do, — and you probably will, you know, — just come to me, without speaking to any one else. I will see what can be done without noise. There — take that, and forget all about your troubles, and get a little more color into your face."

"You are too good to me," said Orsino, grasping the old prince's hand. For once he was really moved.

"Nonsense. Go and send that telegram at once. I do not want to be kept waiting a week for a sight of my family."

With a deep, good-humored laugh he pushed Orsino out of the door in front of him, and went off to his own quarters.

In due time the family returned from Saracinesca, and the gloomy old palace waked to life again. Corona and her husband were both struck by the change in Orsino's appearance, which indeed contrasted strongly with their own, refreshed and strengthened as they were by the keen mountain air, the endless out-of-door life, the manifold occupations of people deeply interested in the welfare of those around them, and supremely conscious of their own power to produce good results in their own way. When they all came back, Orsino himself felt how jaded and worn he was as compared with them.

Before twelve hours had gone by he found himself alone with his mother. Strange to say, he had not looked forward to the interview with pleasure. The bond of sympathy which had so closely united the two during the spring seemed weakened, and Orsino would, if possible, have put off the renewal of intimate converse which he knew to be inevitable. But that could not be done.

It would not be hard to find reasons for his wishing to avoid his mother. Formerly his daily tale had been one of success, of hope, of ever-increasing confidence. Now he had nothing to tell of but danger and anxiety for the future, and he was not without a suspicion that she would strongly disapprove of his allowing himself to be kept afloat by Del Ferice's personal influence, and perhaps by his personal aid. It was hard to begin daily intercourse on a basis of things so different from that which had appeared solid and safe when they had last talked together. Orsino had learned to bear his own troubles bravely, too, and there was something which he associated with weakness in the idea of asking sympathy for them now. He would rather have been left alone.

Deep down, too, was the consciousness of all that had happened between himself and Maria Consuelo since his mother's departure, — another suffering, another and distinctly different misfortune, to be borne better in silence than under

question even of the most affectionate kind. His grandfather had indeed guessed at both truths, and had taxed him with them at once, but that was quite another matter. He knew that the old gentleman would never refer again to what he had learned, and he appreciated the generous offer of help, of which he would never avail himself, in a way in which he could not appreciate an assistance even more lovingly proffered, perhaps, but which must be asked for by a confession of his own failure.

On the other hand, he was incapable of distorting the facts in any way so as to make his mother believe him more successful than he actually was. There was nothing dishonest, possibly, in pretending to be hopeful when he really had little hope, but he could not have represented the condition of the business otherwise than as it really stood.

The interview was a long one, and Corona's dark face grew grave, if not despondent, as he explained to her one point after another, taking especial care to elucidate all that bore upon his relations with Del Ferice. It was most important that his mother should understand how he was placed, and how Del Ferice's continued advances of money were not to be regarded in the light of a personal favor, but as a speculation in which Ugo would probably get the best of the bargain. Orsino knew how sensitive his mother would be on such a point, and dreaded the moment when she should begin to think that he was laying himself under obligations beyond the strict limits of business.

Corona leaned back in her low seat and covered her eyes with one hand for a moment, in deep thought. Orsino waited anxiously for her to speak.

"My dear," she said at last, "you make it very clear, and I understand you perfectly. Nevertheless, it seems to me that your position is not very dignified, considering who you are, and what Del Ferice is. Do you not think so yourself?"

Orsino flushed a little. She had not put the point as he had expected, and her words told upon him

"When I entered business, I put my dignity in my pocket," he answered, with a forced laugh. "There cannot be much of it in business, at the best."

His mother's black eyes seemed to grow blacker, and the delicate nostril quivered a little.

"If that is true, I wish you had never meddled in these affairs," she said proudly. "But you talked differently last spring, and you made me see it all in another way. You made me feel, on the contrary, that in doing something for yourself, in showing that you were able to accomplish something, in asserting your independence, you were making yourself more worthy of respect; and I have respected you accordingly."

"Exactly," answered Orsino, catching at the old argument. "That is just what I wished to do. What I said a moment since was in the way of a generality. Business means a struggle for money, I suppose, and that in itself is not dignified. But it is not dishonorable. After all, the end may justify the means."

"I hate that saying!" exclaimed Corona hotly. "I wish you were free of the whole affair."

"So do I, with all my heart!"

A short silence followed.

"If I had known all this three months ago," Corona resumed, "I should have taken the money and given it to you to clear yourself. I thought you were succeeding, and I have used all the funds I could gather to buy the Montevarchi's property between us and Affile, and in planting eucalyptus-trees in that low land of mine where the people have suffered so much from fever. I have nothing at my disposal unless I borrow. Why did you not tell me the truth in the summer, Orsino? Why have you

let me imagine that you were prospering all along, when you have been and are at the point of failure? It is too bad" —

She broke off suddenly, and clasped her hands together on her knee.

"It is only lately that business has gone so badly," said Orsino.

"It was all wrong from the beginning! I should never have encouraged you. Your father was right, as he always is, — and now you must tell him so."

But Orsino refused to go to his father, except in the last extremity. He represented that it was better and more dignified, since Corona insisted upon the point of dignity, to fight the battle alone so long as there was a chance of winning. His mother, on the other hand, maintained that he should free himself at once and at any cost. A few months earlier he could easily have persuaded her that he was right; but she seemed changed since he had parted from her, and he fancied that his father's influence had been at work with her. This he resented bitterly. It must be remembered, too, that he had begun the interview with a preconceived prejudice, expecting it to turn out badly, so that he was the more ready to allow matters to take an unfavorable turn.

The result was not a decided break in his relations with his mother, but a state of things more irritating than any open difference could have been. From that time Corona discouraged him, and never ceased to advise him to go to his father and ask frankly for enough money to clear him outright. Orsino, on his part, obstinately refused to apply to any one for help so long as Del Ferice continued to advance him money.

In those months which followed, there were few indeed who did not suffer in the almost universal financial cataclysm. All that Contini and others, older and wiser than he, had predicted took place, and more also. The banks refused discount even upon the best paper, saying with justice that they were obliged to hold their funds in reserve at such a time. The work stopped almost everywhere. It was impossible to raise money. Thousands upon thousands of workmen who had come from great distances during the past two or three years were suddenly thrown out of work, penniless in the streets, and many of them burdened with wives and children. There were one or two small riots, and there was much demonstration; but, on the whole, the poor masons behaved very well. The government and the municipality did what they could, — what governments and municipalities can do, when hampered at every turn by the most complicated and ill-considered machinery of administration ever invented in any country. The starving workmen were by slow degrees got out of the city, and sent back to starve, out of sight, in their native places. The emigration was enormous in all directions.

The dismal ruins of that new city which was to have been built, and which never reached completion, are visible everywhere. Houses seven stories high, abandoned within a month of completion, rise, uninhabited and uninhabitable, out of a rank growth of weeds, amidst heaps of rubbish, staring down at the broad, desolate streets where the vigorous grass pushes its way up through the loose stones of the unrolled metaling. Amidst heavy low walls which were to have been the ground stories of palaces a few ragged children play in the sun, a lean donkey crops the thistles, or, if near to a few occupied dwellings, a wine-seller makes a booth of straw and chestnut boughs, and dispenses a poisonous sour drink to those who will buy. But that is only in the warm months. The winter winds blow the wretched booth to pieces and increase the desolation. Further on, tall façades rise suddenly up, the blue sky gleaming through their windows, the green moss already growing

upon their naked stones and bricks. The Barberini of the future, if any should arise, will not need to despoil the Colosseum to quarry material for their palaces. If, as the old pasquinade had it, the Barberini did what the Barbarians did not, how much worse than Barbarians have these modern civilizers done!

The distress was very great in the early months of 1889. The satisfaction which many of the new men would have felt at the ruin of great old families was effectually neutralized by their own financial destruction. Princes, bankers, contractors, and master masons went down together in the general bankruptcy. Ugo Del Ferice survived, and with him Andrea Contini and Company, and doubtless other small firms which he protected for his own ends. San Giacinto, calm, far-seeing and keen as an eagle, surveyed the chaos from the height of his magnificent fortune, unmoved and immovable, awaiting the lowest ebb of the tide. The Saracinesca looked on, hampered a little by the sudden fall in rents and other sources of their income, but still superior to events, though secretly anxious about Orsino's affairs, and daily expecting that he must fail.

And Orsino himself had changed, as was natural enough. He was learning to seem what he was not; and those who have learned that lesson know how it influences the real man, whom no one can judge but himself. So long as there had been one person in his life with whom he could live in perfect sympathy, he had given himself little trouble about his outward behavior. So long as he had felt that, come what might, his mother was on his side, he had not thought it worth his while not to be natural with every one, according to his humor. He was wrong, no doubt, in fancying that Corona had deserted him. But he had already suffered a loss in Maria Consuelo, which had at the time seemed the greatest conceivable; and the pain he had suffered then, together with the deep though unacknowledged wound to his vanity, had predisposed him to believe that he was destined to be friendless. The consequence was that a very slight break in the perfect understanding which had so long existed between him and his mother had produced serious results. He now felt that he was completely alone, and, like most lonely men of sound character, he acquired the habit of keeping his troubles entirely to himself, while affecting an almost unnaturally quiet and equable manner with those about him. On the whole, he found that his life was easier when he lived it on this principle. He found that he was more careful in his actions since he had a part to sustain, and that his opinion carried more weight since he expressed it more cautiously and seemed less liable to fluctuations of mood and temper. The change in his character was more apparent than real, perhaps, as changes in character generally are when not in the way of logical development; but the constant thought of appearances reacts upon the inner nature in the end, and much which at first is only put on becomes a habit next, and ends by taking the place of an impulse.

Orsino was aware that his chief preoccupation was identical with that which absorbed his mother's thoughts. He wished to free himself from the business in which he was so deeply involved, and which still prospered so strangely in spite of the general ruin. But here the community of ideas ended. He wished to free himself in his own way, without humiliating himself by going to his father for help. Meanwhile, too, Sant' Ilario himself had his doubts concerning his own judgment. It was inconceivable to him that Del Ferice could be losing money to oblige Orsino; and if he had desired to ruin him, he could have done so with ease a hundred times in the past months. It might be, he said to himself, that Orsino had, after all, a surprising genius for affairs, and

had weathered the storm in the face of tremendous difficulties. Orsino saw the belief growing in his father's mind, and the certainty that it was there did not dispose him to throw up the fight and acknowledge himself beaten.

The Saracinesca were one of the very few Roman families in which there is a tradition in favor of non-interference with the action of children already of age. The consequence was that, although the old prince and Giovanni and his wife all felt considerable anxiety, they did nothing to hamper Orsino's action beyond an occasionally repeated warning to be careful. That his occupation was distasteful to them they did not conceal; but he met their expressions of opinion with perfect equanimity and outward good humor, even when his mother, once his stanch ally, openly advised him to give up business and travel for a year. Their prejudice was certainly not unnatural, and had been strengthened by the perusal of the unsavory details published by the papers at each new bankruptcy during the year. But they found Orsino now always the same, always quiet, good-humored, and firm in his projects.

Andrea Contini had not been very exact in his calculation of the date at which the last door and the last window would be placed in the last of the houses which he and Orsino had undertaken to build. The disturbance in business might account for the delay. At all events, it was late in April of the following year before the work was completed. Then Orsino went to Del Ferice.

"Of course," he said, maintaining the appearance of calm which had now become habitual with him, "I cannot expect to pay what I owe the bank unless I can effect a sale of these buildings. You have known that all along, as well as I. The question is, can they be sold?"

"You have no applicant, then?" Del Ferice looked grave and somewhat surprised.

"No. We have received no offer."

"You owe the bank a very large sum on these buildings, Don Orsino."

"Secured by mortgages on them," answered the young man quietly, but preparing for trouble.

"Just so, — secured by mortgages. But if the bank should foreclose within the next few months, and if the buildings do not realize the amount secured, Contini and Company are liable for the difference."

"I know that."

"And the market is very bad, Don Orsino, and shows no signs of improvement."

"On the other hand, the houses are finished, habitable, and can be let immediately."

"They are certainly finished. You must be aware that the bank has continued to advance the sums necessary for two reasons: first, because an expensive but habitable dwelling is better than a cheap one with no roof; second, because in doing business with Andrea Contini and Company we have been dealing with the only really honest and economical firm in Rome."

Orsino smiled vaguely, but said nothing. He had not much faith in Del Ferice's flattery.

"But that," continued the latter, "does not dispense us from the necessity of realizing what is owing to us, — I mean the bank, — either in money or in an equivalent. Or in an equivalent," he repeated thoughtfully, rolling a big silver pencil-case backward and forward upon the table, under his fat white hand.

"Evidently," assented Orsino. "Unfortunately, at the present time there seems to be no equivalent for ready money."

"No, no, perhaps not," said Ugo, apparently becoming more and more absorbed in his own thoughts. "And yet," he added, after a little pause, "an arrangement may be possible. The houses certainly possess advantages over much

of this wretched property which is thrown upon the market. The position is good and the work is good. Your work is very good, Don Orsino. You know that better than I. Yes, the houses have advantages, I admit. The bank has a great deal of waste masonry on its hands, Don Orsino, — more than I like to think of."

"Unfortunately, again, the time for improving such property is gone by."

"'It is never too late to mend,' says the proverb," retorted Del Ferice, with a smile. "I have a proposition to make. I will state it clearly. If it is not to our mutual advantage, I think neither of us will lose so much by it as we should lose in other ways. It is simply this: we will cry quits. You have a small account current with the bank, and you must sacrifice the credit balance. It is not much, I find, — about thirty-five thousand."

"That was chiefly the profit on the first contract," observed Orsino.

"Precisely. It will help to cover the bank's loss on this. It will help, because, when I say we will cry quits, I mean that you shall receive an equivalent for your houses; a nominal equivalent, of course, which the bank nominally takes back as payment of the mortgages."

"That is not very clear," said Orsino. "I do not understand you."

"No," laughed Del Ferice, "I admit that it is not. It represents rather my own view of the transaction than the practical side. But I will explain myself beyond the possibility of mistake. The bank takes the houses and your cash balance and cancels the mortgages. You are then released from all debt and all obligation upon the old contract. But the bank makes one condition which is important. You must buy from the bank, on mortgage of course, certain unfinished buildings which it now owns; and you, Andrea Contini and Company, must take a contract to complete them within a given time, — the bank advancing you money, as before, upon notes of hand, secured by subsequent and successive mortgages."

Orsino was silent. He saw that if he accepted, Del Ferice was receiving the work of a whole year and more without allowing the smallest profit to the workers, besides absorbing the profits of a previous successfully executed contract, and besides taking it for granted that the existing mortgages only just covered the value of the buildings. If, as was probable, Del Ferice had means of either selling or letting the houses, he would make an enormous profit. He saw, too, that if he accepted now, he must, in all likelihood, be driven to accept similar conditions on a future occasion, and that he would be binding Andrea Contini and himself to work, and to work hard, for nothing, and perhaps during years. But he saw also that the only alternative was an appeal to his father, or bankruptcy, which ultimately meant the same thing. Del Ferice spoke again.

"Whether you agree or whether you prefer a foreclosure, we shall both lose. But we should lose more by the latter course. In the interests of the bank, I trust that you will accept. You see how frankly I speak about it, — in the interests of the bank. But then, I need not remind you that it would hardly be fair to let us lose heavily, when you can make the loss relatively a slight one, considering how the bank has behaved to you, and to you alone, throughout this fatal year."

"I will give you an answer to-morrow," said Orsino.

He thought of poor Contini, who would find that he had worked for nothing during a whole year. But it would be easy for Orsino to give Contini a sum of money out of his private resources. Anything was better than giving up the struggle and applying to his father.

F. Marion Crawford.

SOCIOLOGY IN THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

THE recent and rapid development of the higher education of women is one of the remarkable changes of our generation. Colleges less than twenty years old now count their students far into the hundreds, while they reject almost as many candidates as they receive. Their graduates can already be found in nearly every country town, and are numerous enough in cities to form associations of their own.

This movement has a profound interest for the student of society. It raises questions like these: What proportions is it yet to take on? What are all these women going to do? What will be the ultimate effect upon the sex and upon society? How shall its results be made most beneficial? Is the higher education of women to continue along its present line of development? If not, then in what direction is the change likely to lead us? Are there any indications now that will reward our attention?

On some of these points there is little need of concern. Things are taking their own course. Many college-trained women are teaching for a time or permanently. Our secondary schools are thereby gaining better teachers. Young women of inferior training, and even young men, are compelled to give place to the better educated college women. In this way, the schools, if we leave out of the account the question of the advantage of the employment of both sexes in the work of instruction, have profited by the higher education of women.

There are, however, limits to work of this sort, and to the opportunities in libraries, literary work, and medicine. There remain marriage and the life of the home and of society, which will absorb the larger part of educated women as a matter of course. For it is inevitable that most educated women of all classes will become wives and mothers as surely as most educated men will marry and become fathers of children. If it were otherwise, the enthusiastic advocate of the higher education would join every true friend of humanity in lamenting the condition of things. And, on the whole, the entrance into society of a large number of educated women must be a very great advantage. Home life, too, ought to be the gainer from the movement.

But it is to other phases of our subject that attention should be directed. The bearing of education on the mere occupations of women, though important, is, after all, of secondary concern. The education of either sex that ends in fitting one for a trade or a profession or vocation of any sort, without doing more, is sadly defective. If it does not, even while it is practical in immediate object, make the subject of it more of a man or more of a woman, it is little less than a failure. We are accustomed to say, also, that the education of the schools is a success just in proportion as it brings out the inner resources and powers of the student, and gives them such impulse and direction that the work of education is continued through life, no matter where one is put or what he is called upon to do. Results of this kind are signs of the highest order of educational work; for such training makes life a continuous process of self-discovery and self-development.

All this is of course familiar truth among educators of experience, but my reference to it will lead the way to some principles that directly concern our study of the subject before us. If education, looking at its effect upon the student, be the projection into life of the work of self-discovery and self-development, certain important consequences follow.

Education will bring out whatever is common to all human beings. It will most sedulously develop whatever is peculiar to one as an individual. It will discover the peculiarities of sex, and as carefully mould them as it does those of individuals. For it is out of the special gifts of individual beings that the best contributions to the welfare of society are made. We may say in general that the higher the culture, the more certainly will both the common possessions and the distinctive characteristics appear; and the perfection of both does much to make society and life interesting, as well as strong and beneficent.

We get so much from looking at the individual, and from the subjective point of view only, and we reach the conclusion that the educational work of the higher schools for all students must, as it advances, increasingly open the way to specialization, but within the limits I have pointed out, in order to provide for the aptitudes of the student. This is a truth of equal application to the sexes. There must come a time, therefore, if educational work develops normally, when both men and women will find in their sex and its relations to life differentials of the utmost importance in the determination of their studies. While highly organized social relations will add to the common possessions of the individual members of it, we must remember that the increased differentiation of function is no less a marked feature of a complex social order. I suspect that in the just recognition of both these features of the social advance lies our success, and in the neglect to hold the two in true relation is the chief danger of some of the friends of the advance of woman. An increasing difference, then, between the education of men and women will attend the future growth of women's colleges; for it is in the higher educational institutions, rather than in the secondary or elementary schools, that we must look for the more marked distinctions. Post-graduate work will show the difference still more; and those who would adopt the elective method almost entirely will expect and welcome more differentiation in the studies of women. The distinctive notes of woman's nature will become clearer and stronger.

Let us now turn to another side of our study; for I cannot think that sheer individualism, with its inevitable incidents of unrestricted election or selection of studies, is the final word in the science of education. It is doubtful, to say the least, if, after having, in political and economic science, put restrictions upon the doctrine of *laissez-faire* and its principle of unregulated liberty of contract, we can pin our faith to it as the comprehensive rule of education. Sociology is beginning to make its voice heard on the subject. It declares the vital oneness of all individual action in human society, and the consequent solidarity of the social life. This points to the conclusion that purely individual election cannot hold a radically different place in education from that which belongs to it in any other part of the social order, whether it be in religion, economics, or politics; and it also shows that we must look for true educational methods in the study of the processes of actual life.

What, then, is the educational process in life? Education begins with the infant. The practice, the power of election, is then at its minimum. It grows little by little. The days, months, years, bring it out. Bring it out, we say. The phrase is noteworthy. The inward appetency exists. It is active from the first. It grows from unreasoning instinct to intelligent choice. It increases in power to reach farther and farther from itself in time, space, and other relations; and the power and habit of doing so measure the real culture gained, the character acquired. But note that all this does not come wholly by force of the inward impulse or from the in-

centive from within. The whole external world, beginning with the mother, and through and from her reaching out to all beings and into all things, is continually soliciting the inner life. Always and everywhere something without, a distinctive something in the larger number of instances, is at work upon the human being, calling forth the elective act. The distinctive without finds the distinctive within, and the latter answers to the appeal. In the larger view, then, the result of my education is my power to respond to the external in the full strength of all that is within me, and by the assistance of all I can bring to my aid. When, therefore, I hear education spoken of as the perfection in power of all that is in the individual, and the definition is made to stop there, I feel that something is lacking; for I would add to the sentence the clause, *in reference to and through the relations of that individual.* In fewer words, the educational task is the perfection of the individual through his responsiveness to the external. It is the realization of the inner life in and through the perfection of its external relations. It is only as we confine ourselves to the subjective point of view that the educational method is elective, or the mere following of inward appetency. From the larger place of observation the process is one of response. What seems at first sight to be simply choice becomes, on closer inspection, the acceptance of a call. The very election itself is the consequence of an environment of solicitation and its power over the individual; and he is therefore less conscious of a selection of his own than he is of a response to an imperative external to himself. Even that which seems to come from himself is not ultimately so derived, but comes from another, and calls for his reverent consent. Here, close to the secret springs of religion, are, to my mind, the sources of true educational power. It is impossible, so long as the integral man is himself an organism, and also stands in organic relation to all that is external to himself, for the true educational theory to be at variance with that of religion.

Let me now emphasize the truth, already briefly stated, that academical education of every grade has value very largely in the degree it has aroused this kind of educational activity, and so inspired and directed it that the educational process goes on through life, with increasing power and with growing skill in application. Just here is the critical point with the majority of students. It appears in the question of their educational future. Whether they enter a profession, engage in pursuits most favorable to the growth of mind and character, or are shut into those that are apparently unstimulating or narrowing, here is the crucial test: Have they been so trained in school that, whatever they may do afterwards, the educational process will be kept up through life? Will they acquire the habit of treating small things in a large way? Will they increase in the ability to do it? If they have been educated in the schools to do this, the whole world will easily become both their textbook and their teacher. Everything within one's own being and everything without will be facts calling for that interpretation of itself and its relations whose result is truth and personal perfection in character. This is education for man. It is education for woman. By as much as men and women differ from the pure individual common to them both, and by as much as those of one sex differ from those of the other, by just so much, in all instances of a complete education, will the inner response of men and women to the educational call give each something that the other needs, but cannot supply alone. We cannot afford to lose differentiation of education as between the sexes in our attainment of the common treasure.

To the distinctive nature within there

is also a distinctive nature without, at least in the way the call comes to the student. Just as the science of law and government engages the mind of one man, while the rocks and woods interest that of another, so it is with the mind of women. There must be subjects in which women will take deeper interest than men. The place of the family in the social order, and of women in the family, and their future as wives and mothers, will inevitably draw the attention of women to the family and the home as subjects of educational importance in proportion to their richness in educational material and value, and to their close connection with the life of women. That women are late in reaching these subjects in scientific study is nothing unusual, for we are all ever looking far away for that which is near us. The science of botany came late; so did geology; and sociology, one of the most important and far-reaching of sciences, the nearest to our daily life of them all, has been the last to arrest attention. But we are fast learning that almost, if not quite, the best way to begin our knowledge of a science is in the study of the material immediately about us, and that this also leads to a broad culture; for, as one has finely said, "it is through the vivid endeavor to comprehend the present that we are impelled towards the reconstruction and interpretation of the past." The great students, the great teachers, are learning to study simple, familiar things. A physiologist turns to the amœba and gets clues that work a revolution in his method of classification. The educator is going back to the contents of the minds of children for his richest suggestions. Sociology, too, is learning the same lesson. It begins to see the value of that method which goes first to the simpler forms of social life, and finds through study of the individual, the family, and the village as they actually are about us the best way of approach to the vastly complex social order. That the earlier movements for the higher education of women should overlook the rich field that is nearest them is therefore not an unusual experience.

To recall the points I have tried to make clear so far in my discussion: First, we may expect that the principle of mental appetency which finds its expression in the selection of one class of studies rather than another will lead women, as it has led men, to an increasing differentiation in their intellectual pursuits, and that this change will be in the direction of their future occupations. Second, the external presentation of the facts of being and life to women will be in time powerful in that class of subjects which appeal to that which is special in their nature. Once having escaped from the traditional limitations which have deprived her of comradeship with educated men, the womanly nature will plead anew for its own rights. Third, the pedagogical need of projecting the enthusiasms and methods of the higher institutions of learning into the years that follow school life will naturally tend to accomplish this object by opening to women, while in academical study, their future educational resources in the every-day life of home and society. And fourth, the growing use in all sciences of the rich educational material of the life directly about us as the very best way, in many respects, to enter the several fields of knowledge will turn the study of women to the familiar things of home and social life. We get so much from the educational side. But let us look at the subject from another position.

Service is now recognized more clearly than ever as the true work of life. It is of the very genius of Christianity that we find our highest self in our relations to others through service. The world is calling for service in its deeply felt need, if not in its conscious appeals. It wants the service of women, and it is getting it.

It needs women of a high order of culture. The service of an untrained philanthropy, in which devotion and zeal are made to take the place of skillful intelligence, will not do anywhere, in these days. The motive of all beneficent service may spring from the same eternal source as formerly, but its material, form, direction, distribution, proportion, it is now seen, must grow wiser and more effective. The deepest cries for knowledge do not come from those whose immediate duties are in the schoolroom, but from those who are called into service in the social life, and have work thrust upon them for which they find themselves but partially prepared. Here is the place where a man or a woman of purely academical education is in peril of breaking completely from the past, and perhaps forever. This disaster will happen unless a way can be found to bring the work of the college to bear on the work and life of the present.

Let me select for illustration of my contention regarding this need from some things that have come under my more immediate observation. Take the home and its problems. There is now a fairly general recognition, among the intelligent, of the outlines of a great work that shall centre in and around this fundamental institution of society. Marriage, divorce, chastity, children, the domestic economy, the true constitution of the family and its various functions in the complex social order, the place of woman in reference to the family, and in the industrial, political, and educational activities of society, suggest urgent social problems. In their work for the prevention and cure of intemperance, poverty, and crime, women are coming face to face with subjects of the most profound difficulty, both as practical and scientific problems. The older methods of relief through direct assault, by brute moral force, so to speak, and by singling out isolated subjects for attack, regardless of the broad relations they sustain, are distrusted. They savor of social quackery.

The religious problem of the country town, including pretty much all social matters, as it has come up in recent years, is another instance. We are now beginning to be aware of the utter inadequacy of continuing the old method of work under the new social conditions. That concentrated the religious work in one or more officials of the same type, who worked in their respective churches upon such persons as they could reach by their own individual effort. We mainly resisted the tide that drew away from the church by trying to put forth more strength through the old agencies. This has led to wastefulness. Possibly there is nowhere else in American social life so great a waste in men and money as is found in the present working of its system, if we may call it such, of religious activity. Steadily and increasingly, earnest people have been breaking away from their traditional ideas and methods, in the hope of finding something more practical. The names of Moody, Booth, and Toynbee stand for this idea of original methods in cities. The country town will soon have its leaders of genius and originality. Meanwhile experiments are being made. Beginnings in really scientific social surveys of sections of country have been made. Churches have been massed for coöperation and to secure variety in their work. Some of the best students in the oldest of our theological seminaries have banded together, to go not to a new territory or to a foreign land, but into the country towns of Maine; and devoted young women of simple faith have made themselves extremely useful in the rural towns of Vermont by their work in the homes of the people.

These are the signs of a need and a movement that may yet surprise us. For there are large sections of our rural communities, probably having a population exceeding the entire population of

our large cities, which are as needy of something like the spirit and aims of the university settlement as the cities themselves. The home, the neighborhood, and the village, in the country, are often in sore need of the suggestions and touch of persons who are skilled in sociology and the social sciences as well as inspired with religious fervor. What is called evangelistic work is in danger of being narrow, short-sighted, and ephemeral, unless it be led to vitalize the whole social life of these communities. So strongly am I impressed with this conviction that I often think that it would be a great religious gain if one fourth of all the ministers of three such States as Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont could be dismissed, and half as many devoted Christian women, highly educated and specially trained in social problems, could take their places. Not one of these women, unless occasionally under exceptional conditions, should be allowed to enter a pulpit, for the people do not need more sermons so much as they do other things; and much as they might need the former, women would have more imperative calls, for women of scientific education and practical training have a great work before them in giving a new touch to the social life of country towns. Many a woman of education, having the social spirit, and who has gone far enough in study to have the sociological sense and method fairly developed, can do more for a country town than any one of its educated men. She may or she may not have an official position. Such a woman, living it may be in her own home, and fulfilling her common duties of wife and mother, has a mission. She may become a leader in plans for the village and neighborhood, or even in university extension among women. A few years ago, a woman of this type, but without a college training, found time, amid the cares of her own domestic life, to give, in and around Boston, courses of six lectures each, on the family, children, home, education, and kindred topics. Tickets were sold for the course. Everywhere crowded houses met her, and in more than one instance the lectures were repeated in the same place and with equal success. The most significant thing about it all was the frequent expression, as well as the general recognition, of the value of work applied at the very springs of our social life. This and similar kinds of work need to be done by hundreds of the graduates of our colleges for women. Women can reach women in ways and with a sympathy impossible to men.

Now let us ask for the preparation for this kind of work. Take up the first catalogue of a college for women that comes to hand, or look through several of them. A larger place is made for music and art, and perhaps literature, or possibly history, than in the colleges for young men. One college offers an elective in domestic economy; but this is confined to the material side of the home, and leaves the family itself outside its range. A little instruction is given that is special to women, but it is incidental to the general work in ethics and other subjects, and nowhere does it appear to be at all prominent. With these slight exceptions, so far as sex and the social future of women are concerned, the curriculum of one of their colleges is almost a complete duplication of the courses offered in the colleges for young men.

And to this the speech of some of the young women corresponds. I recall a conversation with a young woman of whom I was trying to learn what provision her college made for studies that applied specifically to her future life as a woman. After various unsatisfactory attempts to enlighten me, she concluded triumphantly with the answer, "We pursue precisely those studies which are offered in the colleges for young men." Many others, I suspect, would also have shown her surprise at the intimation

that this answer possibly might not be conclusive. I remember another who, in giving the popular opinion of the merits of three or four colleges, closed her description of their characteristics with the claim that her own college aimed above all others to make women. Delighted with her contention, I pushed my inquiries, examined its catalogue, and read a paper setting forth the peculiar merits of this college. But nothing appeared in the curriculum that might not be found in that of a college for young men. Like most others of its kind, this institution, according to the claim of its advocate, took great care to secure an atmosphere favorable to the development of womanly character. But its main dependence for this part of its work was upon its material and social environment. A graduate course in sociology has been introduced into one college, and an elective in domestic economy in another, within the last two years. That is all I find that is clearly distinctive in catalogues of the five colleges for women which I have before me as I write.

There is need, then, in our colleges for women or elsewhere, of a new class of studies touching sociology, and those specific subjects that are more intimately related to the life of women and their work in society. Either in their colleges or in some other well-equipped institutions studies of this kind should be greatly increased. And certainly, until these special institutions exist, should it be found necessary to create them as we already have created medical and normal schools for women, we must look to the colleges themselves to supply the need as best they may. For this is only to repeat the old practice of having the colleges supplement their general work with professional training until the separate schools of theology, law, and medicine could be founded. It must sooner or later be true that so far as highly educated women have special occupations in life, just so far will they demand special training for their work. Either the college work for young women must be, like that for young men, only a preparation for the special school, or else its own curriculum must include the special studies. Those who say that we best educate liberally, as this word is used, by resort to special study must support this contention regarding the need of sociological education for women. Everything, then, seems to point to the early call for the development of such particular educational courses as young women may need, both as being women rather than mere individuals, and also with reference to their relation to the problems and employments of educated women who are to be social leaders and guides in the philanthropic work of society; and I would give special emphasis to the sciences that touch the home, and the social life more closely connected with it.

The excuse given for the present neglect of these subjects, that colleges for young men do not educate in special ways, does not seem to me to be fairly made. The reason for this is implied in what has already been said. The higher education of men, having centuries the start of that of women, has only within the last seventy-five years entered upon this very line of development in our country. The higher education of women began after that of men had accomplished this differentiation. At first it was compelled to demonstrate the capacity of women as a class for higher education. This could most easily be done in coeducation. When the separate institutions were founded, this consideration doubtless did much to shape the courses of study and give us our present system.

But has not the time arrived for an advance to the higher ground? This may be brought about by a change in the present courses, so that studies such as I will soon designate may take the place of an eighth or more of the work usually done in the four years; or we may provide for their pursuit else-

where, or use both methods.[1] The problem is to put the education young women are now getting into its true relation to their future and the future of the higher education. It needs to do more to equip the girl for what I may call the great profession of being a woman, in her social trinity of wife, mother, and member of society. But can that, as a rule, be a truly liberal education of woman, the leading of her into freedom in and through the fullest response to all the relations of her life, which ignores or minimizes this part of her culture? Is there not something worthy of serious attention in that shrinking from the collegiate education of their daughters which many parents of thoughtful minds now feel? Are those young men entirely in the wrong who are reluctant to have their sisters educated in precisely the same studies with themselves, or who, with all the advantages that husbands and wives of common intellectual attainments possess, are still hardly willing to marry the average college-bred woman?

To accomplish these ends there must of course be some surrender of studies, but not to a very great extent. A place for several of the subjects can be made in additional lectures in the present department of ethics and political economy. One course, running through a year or half-year, three or four hours a week, would accomplish much. This should include an elementary study of sociology and the social sciences; for I would distinguish between the two. Enough should be done in sociology to give the outlines of the structure, forms, and principles of human society in its present form and historical development. This should make a sociological survey of the social sciences, which depend upon sociology for their best interpretation, but are distinct from it. A few weeks of this sort of work might properly precede the study of a dependent science, like economics or politics, in order to give the student a better perspective in these latter studies. The immediate loss of time to the other studies by a dozen or twenty hours' work on the social structure would be amply made up by the larger grasp and more rapid advance in the special sciences. Then, later in the curriculum, sociology could be again taken up and pursued further. At least one course on the family should be required. The family in its present and past constitution and relations; its relations to the individual, to man, to woman, and to children; its great functions in religion, industry, education, and the state, is of the greatest practical importance. We should include the house and homestead, going over the entire range of domestic science. Beyond these subjects lies the great field in which sociology and the social sciences lead into ethics, politics, law, literature, and history. Some of this is now covered, probably too briefly, in the present departments. But I think there would be a gain by taking some of the work into distinct courses, so that sociology and the family could be more distinctly seen and better understood.

Such study will open new occupations for woman, and prepare her to enter them. She will see the old familiar social order with new eyes. Her thought will be quickened, her heart warmed, and her purpose formed by it. She will become inventive, fertile in resources, and wise in plans. Her own immediate social environment will be as full of interest to her sociologically as the region now is because of her botanical knowledge. She will find a new interest in the old common round of domestic duties. The educational process, which hitherto has been stimulated almost wholly by pursuits far removed from daily cares,

[1] The announcement, made since this paper was written, that Yale opens her post-graduate course to women is a sign of progress in this very direction; but the advantages for women must be less than could be desired.

will find powerful incentive in things she must do. Here, directly about her, lies the richest of educational material, from whose study she is sure to find her way, and that by the best possible method, into the vast field of history and human learning. Her powers of observation, of interpretation, and of forming scientific opinions will have vigorous exercise. Theory will be active, but will be constantly subjected to the verifications of actual experience. Such a training will do much to prevent that separation between daily duties and intellectual pursuits which is now common among women who justly crave intellectual pleasure, but whose present ways of getting it sometimes lead to mischievous discontent; for, as a friend puts it, it will enable women to learn how they may in part satisfy their intellectual hunger in their daily life. The emotions will find a broader play for the view that scientific knowledge has taken of their objects; and there will be, as I think President Eliot pointed out several years ago, that gain in the relations of husband and wife which comes from the fellowship of educated minds whose subjects of study have not been wholly the same.

It would seem, if these positions are well taken, that both educational and utilitarian ends demand these modifications in the higher education of women. Whether women are to share in the work of improving the social conditions in city, country town, Western frontier, or to go into the foreign missionary field, or to enter upon the duties of home and society, they will be greatly aided by a sociological training.

Let me close with another suggestion. It is an open question in my mind whether the required or permitted daily work in colleges for young women should not be reduced, in the ground covered, to four fifths or three fourths the amount of that required in colleges for men. This has been done, I believe, in one of our best colleges for women, so that only twelve or thirteen hours in a week are required. There are two reasons for this reduction, — the physical and the educational. The restriction of the daily quantity is in the interest of better quality. Masterful handling is superior to the slavish grind of mere acquisition, and this power is generally gained by spending more time over fewer things. Here lies part of the secret of the superiority of the country-bred boys and girls over others. They have thought much on a few subjects. Too much ground is covered in the colleges for men. Many of their graduates know much, but have little ability to do a given thing in a way to command the respect of the truly educated. They have been widely informed, but are poorly educated. They never get inside of facts into their truths, nor beyond them, through their relations, into truth itself. We all know that to study a few things, not to accumulate masses of knowledge, but to develop power and acquire method, that greatest of intellectual instruments, is the best of education. But the influences in the other direction are very strong. The eagerness of women for knowledge, and a kind of conscientious persistence in work beyond their strength, increase their danger of substituting acquisition for power under perfect control. We all need ever to remember that mastery over self for high ends is the great educational aim.

I sometimes think there is already room in New England for another college for women, or for some other higher educational institution, in which these features which I have described should be leading characteristics. If it were a college, it might be well to have two courses, one of three or four years and another of five, in which the greatest care should be exercised to keep the material of study within safe limits, and where the education of the school and of life should have the closest relation to each other. Many parents, I am confident, are ready to welcome an institution of this sort.

Samuel W. Dike.

FOUR QUATRAINS.

November.

At winter's gate she seemeth to delay,
A dream of summer past. Or do her eyes
Grow tender that she hears, beyond gray skies,
Sweet April singing on her earthward way?

Charles Washington Coleman.

Pioneering Thought.

Knowing she yet shall meet the whole world's want,
She knocks to-day, where she has knocked before;
And waits with patience of a mendicant,
Nor fears refusal from a great mind's door.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

"For the Rain it raineth every Day."

Ay, every day the rain doth fall,
And every day doth rise:
'T is thus the heavens incessant call,
And thus the earth replies.

John B. Tabb.

The Flower of Dreams.

What flower was that I plucked in sleep last night?
Not this world's lily, violet, or rose.
The Flower of Dreams greets not the upper light;
In under-fields, with asphodel, it blows.

Edith M. Thomas.

SOME BRETON FOLK-SONGS.

A simple, kindly, honest people are the Breton folk. Not French at all, but very far from it, although they nowadays choose deputies to the legislative body in Paris, and their rugged granite country is districted into "departments" with French names only a century old, and is painted of the same color with France on the map of Europe. So far are they from being French that for almost a thousand years they were resisting French invasions, as their cousins, the

Highland Gaels and Cambrian Welsh, in their stronger mountain refuges, were repelling Saxon and English invasions. With such success did they resist that, of all the provinces which went to make up the French monarchy, Brittany was the last to become incorporated in it, as contiguous Normandy was the first.

Not French in race, they are not even cognate with the French, except by a remote and roundabout relation of the half-blood; for while the very name of French, or Frank, is German, no German strain can be traced in Breton blood, except as in these later centuries it has oozed over from Frankish and Norman regions to the east. The true Breton is a true Celt; and although Kelt and Gaul are one in ultimate origin, the Breton folk are not a remnant of the Gauls whom Cæsar subdued, and whom, after him, German and Scandinavian hordes — Franks or Freemen, Normans or Northmen — overran and settled down upon and mingled with, as conquering races with conquered. Under this process of confusion, the Gauls of Cæsar's Gaul ceased long ago to exist. The French who are in their place are certainly not more than half Gaulish, or Gallic, and for the rest German and Romanic; and even their language contains, in its German and Latin mass, but slight traces of the aboriginal speech of two thousand years ago.

This name of "Gaul" and "Celt" remains, indeed, to this day, in infinite variety of form, over much of Europe, and even in western Asia. The "foolish Galatians" of Paul's epistle are cousins, so far away as Asia Minor, of the western Gauls, and are charged by him with a certain light-mindedness which is not seldom imputed even now to men of that race. Galicia in Poland and Galicia in Spain, separated though they are by the breadth of Europe, owe their common name to identity of origin. The Gael of the Scottish Highlands, the Irish Celt, the mountaineer of Wales (which in its French form is "Galles"), declare their kindred by their names.

Kindred indeed, but by collateral and not direct descent, is the Celt of Brittany to the Gaul of Cæsar's time. Gauls enough there were in the Armorican peninsula, in those days; but it was not until the Celtic population of the Britain north of the Channel began to flee before the Saxon invasion of the fifth century that a great movement in mass from the island to the peninsula of the mainland gave it a new population, and the new name which that population brought with it. From that time the island from which they came was rather England — the land of the Angles — than even the *Great* Britain which it became necessary to call it, by way of distinction from the new Brittany of the opposite shore.

Thus established in the peninsula, the ancient Celtic type has endured with a rare and strong persistency. It can be plainly discerned in face and form, and even in moral qualities; while in language, though the type is steadily passing away, it seems likely to be here the last survivor of all Celtic tongues. In Ireland, the Erse is rapidly disappearing, even in the remotest districts; and although in the Scottish Highlands the Gaelic, and in the mountains of Cambria the Welsh, are still spoken languages, yet in Cornwall, which is closest of all to Brittany in situation, in kin, and in speech, it is now a hundred years since the last man died to whom the language was native with which he could have communicated, if need were, with his neighbors on the south side of the Channel.

These two peninsulas, indeed, the Cornish and the Breton, have more in common than identity of speech and race. Both are thrust forward against the Atlantic storms, hard, granite, rocky, unfertile, swept by tempests, drenched with fogs, yet each resting at its base upon a country behind it of prodigious fertility and of soft and gentle beauty. Upon the map of each the common language

has set its mark in hundreds of common name-forms. If, as the inquisitive innkeeper in Kenilworth quoted to Tressilian,

> "By Pol, Tre, and Pen
> You may know the Cornish men,"

so in France the same prefixes belong as surely to Breton names. The Cornish town of Saint Ives owes its name to a Breton saint, patron of lawyers. The Mont-Saint-Michel, which rears its rocky pyramid out of the southern margin of the Channel, just at the edge of Brittany, has its counterpart in the smaller Saint Michael's Mount, near the opposite Cornish shore; and even the name itself of Cornwall belongs in an almost identical form to a district (Cornouaille) of the French peninsula.

Yet, whatever may be the qualities of likeness between the various regions, remote and barren, which served as the final refuges of the Celtic race, in no other of them is there to-day the historic and human interest which belongs to Lower Brittany. It is in Basse Bretagne, or "la Bretagne bretonnante" (for by nothing less than an invented word could their French neighbors express the intensity of the national feeling which they found there), that, furthest from the stress of modern life, persistence in the life of the Middle Ages has been most stubborn and most successful. There antique faith seems still to maintain her strongest hold. In that wild land, covered with the unstoried monuments of a religion without written record, the pagan faith, which within three centuries was still extant there, seems even now to live in the absolute devotion of the peasant to that form of Christianity which superseded it, or even adopted and assimilated it. The traveler may see across a stretch of untilled moor the druidic menhir still pointing its solitary finger to heaven, but it is dominated by the cross. The massive unhewn stones of the dolmen, "an altar of whole stones, over which no man hath lift up any iron" (Joshua viii. 31), if the Armorican deities have abandoned them, are still the nightly haunt of the fairies, who are to the Breton mind as true and as potent *daimons* as those whom they have supplanted. The noble churches and cathedrals, constructed with infinite toil from the hard granite of the country, remain untouched by the destroying hand of revolutionary atheism, and overflow with worshiping thousands on the Sundays and saints' days. Submissive at last to the French domination, which they resisted long after it had established itself all over France, the Bretons repel the name of Frenchmen for themselves; and the foot-traveler asking his way in French will often be answered that the native whom he accosts does not understand that language. Subject at last to the French monarch, they became in time "more royalist than the king," as they have always been (almost) more Catholic than the Pope. But it was not merely loyalty, or religion, or race, or all together, which inspired their furious resistance to the Revolution. There was the further reason that, content with their own institutions, upon which, as upon the clan system of the Scottish Highlands, feudalism had never impressed the cruelties under which most of western Europe was groaning, they alone in what is now France, as has been said by M. Thiers, "had nothing to gain by the Revolution."

It was from the very time, it seems, of the great British migration across the Channel, a movement which must have abounded in perils and exploits, at once demanding commemoration and stimulating to the imagination, that Breton history and Breton literature began. The history, indeed, was oral tradition; the literature was legend and folk-song. Nor were the bards of pagan times divested of their functions by the intrusion, when that occurred, of the priests of a new religion. The bards were still, for Breton common folk, their holy men, their soothsayers, even their sor-

cerers; and when the last of them had yielded to the hostility of an alien hierarchy, the wandering minstrels continued their service to a period within living memory.

This literature, in great part preserved hitherto only by delivery from parent to child, by the recital of the minstrel, and by the village chorus, must soon have disappeared with the extinction of the Breton tongue, — an extinction approaching with a speed accelerated by the new compulsory education in French. It is a Breton nobleman *de vieille souche*, the Viscount de la Villemarqué, who has rendered the great service to his native land and to the world of letters and learning of fixing for all time some part of this evanescent treasure. With affectionate and enthusiastic faithfulness, he has brought together a collection of the popular songs of his native province, not one of which, it seems, had ever, before the appearance of his book a few years ago, been committed to printed paper. His mother, to whom he dedicates his work with filial reverence, had begun before him to take down in her household receipt book, from the lips of those who recited or sang them, many of the songs which the son has now preserved. Not one, it is said, of the persons from whom they were received had ever read them, or would have been able to read if he had seen them. Yet the sciences of archæology and philology concur in the judgment that in the earliest of these compositions the thoughts, and the words even, of the sixth century have been preserved by oral tradition to the nineteenth. No wonder, then, if it has been thought that nowhere is the power of poetry greater than in Brittany. They have a proverb that "poetry is stronger than the three strongest things, — pestilence, fire, and storm." Their language, indeed, is poor. It is the narrow instrument of a simple people, aloof from modern civilization, having simple wants and simple ideas. Yet the language, very poor though it be, is the vehicle of an elevated poetry; and there may, perhaps, be reason for the suggestion that the language has not always been so bare, and that its rags sometimes show the glimmer of a splendor which is past. This, at all events, is true: that if the Breton idiom in which these songs appear is rustic, it is never coarse, and that one who hears or reads must feel that they have come to him through the lips of mothers. The enlightened modern French criticism, therefore, has been right in admitting, as a worthy subject of its study and its pride, not merely the provincial legends and folk-songs of the narrower France, in their broad and rich variety, but those of this conquered and alien subject. "As she has received with pride," says M. de la Villemarqué, "the lyric palms of the Provençal troubadour and the epic laurels of the French trouvère, she accepts graciously the branch of flowering birch, coronal of the old bards, which the Breton Muse, long fugitive and proscribed, comes in her turn to offer."

It is under the Breton title Barzaz Breiz, and its French equivalent Chants Populaires de la Bretagne, that the folk-songs thus collected are preserved in their Breton form, with parallel literal translations into French. Rude though their rhythm may seem, they are not without prosodic system. That system is founded on metre and rhyme. The lines are arranged so as to form, usually, distichs or quatrains, generally of equal measure. They are of three, five, six, seven, eight, nine, twelve, and even in some cases thirteen and fifteen syllables. Every hemistich, every line, every strophe, should have a complete signification, which should never lap over upon the following one. The rhymes never cross one another, as in written poetry. In general they satisfy the ear; sometimes they present nothing more than a simple assonance; and it has been observed that the remoter the epoch

to which the subject of the song belongs, the richer are the rhymes. Besides the rhyme, alliteration is employed; that is, the accord of consonants in the same line. Besides distichs and quatrains, there are tercets; but these are regarded as artificial forms, essentially opposed to the genius of true popular poetry, and received by Breton prosody from the ancient bards.

Of this variety of rhythm, out of the whole range of popular poetry through war, crime, passion, mythology, religion, and the gentler affections, over a period from the British migration to the Chouan war of the last century, M. de la Villemarqué has brought together almost a hundred examples. His translations into French are, fortunately, literal, and not metrical; and it is simply a retranslation from the French which is essayed in the selections that follow. That those who choose may test the accuracy of this double process, the entire first strophe of The Prophecy of Gwenc'hlan is given in its original Cornouaille dialect.

From pagan times, this savage song, like an Apache war-song, has come to us with all its pagan fury, breathing the spirit, and conveying almost the very words, of the fifth century. A foreign prince had seized the bard, put out his eyes, and cast him into a dungeon, where he was left to die. But the invader himself, not long afterward, fell in battle under the blows of the Bretons, a victim of the prophetic imprecation of the poet. This is the Breton song, and its meaning follows.

DIOUGAN GWENC'HLAN.

Pa guz ann heol, pa goenv ar mor,
Me oar kana war dreuz ma dor.

Pa oann iaouank me a gane;
Pa'z onn deut koz, me gan ive.

Me gan enn noz, me gan enn de
Ha me keuziet koulskoude.

Mard-eo gan-in stouet ma bek,
Mar'm euz keuz, ne ket heb abek.

Evid aoun me n'am euz ket,
Meuz ked aoun da vout lazet;

Evid aoun me n'am euz ket,
Amzer awalc'h ez onn-me bet.

Pa vinn het klasket vinn kavet;
Ha pa'z onn klasket ne'z onn ket.

Na vern petra a c' hoarvezo:
Pez a zo dleet a vezo.

Red eo d'ann holl mervel teir gwes,
Kent evid arzao enn-divez.

I.

At sunset, when the sea is swelling, I sing at my threshold.
When I was young, I sang; now I am old, I sing still.
I sing at night, I sing in the daytime, and yet I am sad.
If my head is downcast, if I am sad, it is not without cause.
It is not that I am afraid; I am not afraid of being killed.
It is not that I am afraid; long enough have I lived.
When they do not seek me, they will find me; and when they seek me, they find me not.
Little matters it what shall happen; that which is to be will be.
All men must die three times before resting at last.

[This triple death is that of the limited metempsychosis of the bardic religion.]

II.

I see the wild boar coming out of the wood. He limps sorely; his foot is wounded;
His jaws yawn, full of blood; his hair is whitened by age.
Around him are his young boars, growling with hunger.
I see the sea-horse come to meet him, making the shore tremble with terror.
He is white as the glittering sun; on his forehead he wears silver horns.
The water boils under him, at the fire of the thunder of his nostrils.
Sea-horses surround him, crowded as the grass on the margin of a pond.
Hold hard! Hold hard, sea-horse! Strike him in the head! Strike hard! Strike!
Their bare feet slip in the blood! Harder yet! Strike now! Harder yet!
I see the blood like a rivulet! Strike now! Strike hard! Harder yet!

I see the blood mount to his knee! I see the blood like a pool!
Harder yet! Strike now! Harder yet! Thou shalt rest to-morrow!
Strike hard! Strike hard, sea-horse! Strike him on the head! Strike hard! Strike!

III.

As I was sleeping softly in my cold tomb, I heard the eagle call in the midst of the night.
He was calling his eaglets and all the birds of heaven.
And he said, as he called them, "Rise swift on your two wings!
It is not the putrid flesh of dogs or of sheep; it is Christian flesh that we want!
Old sea-crow, listen! Tell me, what hast thou there?"
"I hold the head of the chief of the army. I mean to have his two red eyes.
I pluck out his two eyes because he has plucked out thine."
"And thou, fox, tell me what hast thou there?"
"I hold his heart, which was false as mine, — His who didst desire thy death, and hath made thee die long since."
"And thou, tell me, toad, what dost thou there at the corner of his mouth?"
"I? I put myself here to wait for his soul as it passes.
It shall remain in me as long as I live, in punishment for the crime which he has committed
Against the Bard who no longer dwells between Roc'h-allaz and Porz-gwenn."

Of what age is the strongly contrasted ballad which follows does not so clearly appear. The useful trade which it satirizes seems to have been especially the object of ridicule in Celtic countries, although in all warlike nations men's agitated and wandering lives accorded ill with the quiet household existence of the tailors. In Lower Brittany, as well as elsewhere, they have still the proverb that "it takes nine tailors to make one man;" and there, as not elsewhere, one who speaks the word lifts his hat and adds, "Saving your presence." The Très-Ancienne Coutume of the province classes them with "rascal trades, like flayers of horses and of vile animals, vagabonds, hangmen, tavern-waiters, wine-peddlers, fishmongers, those who meddle in the selling of bad wares, and minstrels or *venders of wind*."

THE DWARFS.

Long Paskou, the tailor, tried to play the thief Friday.
He could no longer make breeches, for all the men have gone to the war against the French and their king.
He went into the dwarfs' cave with his shovel, and set a-digging to find the hidden treasure.
He found the good treasure, and hurried home with all haste and went to bed.
Shut the door! Shut it tight! Here are the little night fairies!
"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday!"

[This is the favorite fairy song. The singers dance about their fountains, as they recite it, but never venture to add the "Saturday," for that is the Virgin's day, nor to begin with "Sunday," for it is the Lord's day. It is said that a traveler who listened, unobserved, to their singing, finding the refrain monotonous, and adding himself the words "Saturday, Sunday," brought on such an explosion of disorder and threats that the poor man almost died of terror; but the assurance is given that if he had immediately added, "and now the week is ended," the long penitence to which the dwarfs are condemned would have ended with the song.]

Shut the door, my friends! See, see, the dwarfs are coming!
There they are, coming into the yard! There they are, dancing themselves out of breath!
"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday!"
There they are, crawling on your roof! There they are, making a hole through it!
You are taken, my poor friend! Throw out the treasure quick!
Poor Paskou, you are dead! Sprinkle yourself with holy water!
Throw the bedclothes over your head! Do not stir!
Oh, dear! I hear them laugh! He would be crafty who should escape now!

Lord God! There is one! His head is sticking through the hole!
His eyes shine like coals! He is slipping down the post!
Lord God! One, two, three! See them dance over the floor!
They jump and rage! Holy Virgin! I am strangled!
"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday!"
Two, three, four, five, six! "Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday!
Tailor, dear little tailor, one would say you were snoring!
Tailor, dear little tailor, just show the tip of your nose!
Come try a turn of the dance! We will teach you the step!
Tailor, dear little tailor! Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday!
Tailor, you are a scamp! Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday!
Just come and rob us again! Come, rascally little tailor!
We will teach you a dance that will make your back crack!
Dwarfs' money is no good."

The Submersion of Is preserves a legend of the earliest centuries of the Christian era. The town of Is seems to be quite unknown to history, but according to the legend it was the capital of King Gradlon, protected against the invasion of the sea by an immense basin made to receive the highest tides. This basin had a secure gate, of which the king alone kept the key, and which he opened and closed as might be needed. One night, as he slept, the Princess Dahut, his daughter, wishing to crown worthily the follies of a banquet given to her lover, stole from her father the fatal key, opened the gate, and submerged the city.

I.

Hast thou heard, hast thou heard what the Man of God said to King Gradlon at Is?
"Surrender not thyself to Love. Surrender not thyself to Folly. After pleasure comes grief.
He who bites into the flesh of fish shall be bitten by fish. He who swallows shall be swallowed.
He who drinks and mixes wine shall drink water like a fish; and he who knows not shall learn."

II.

King Gradlon spoke: "Merry fellow-feasters, I would go sleep a little."
"To-morrow morning shalt thou sleep; stay with us this evening. Nevertheless, let it be as thou wilt."
Upon this the lover poured softly, all softly, these words into the ear of the king's daughter:
"Sweet Dahut, the key!" "The key shall be taken. The basin shall be opened. Let it be done according to thy desire!"

III.

Now, whoever had seen the old king asleep would have been seized with admiration, —
With admiration seeing him in his purple cloak, his snow-white hair flowing over his shoulders, and his gold chain about his neck.
Whoso had been watching would have seen the white young girl enter the chamber softly, barefoot.
She approached the king, her father; she knelt down and took away chain and key.

IV.

Still he sleeps. The king sleeps. But a cry arises in the plain: "The water is let out; the town is flooded!
Arouse, my lord king! To horse! Flee away! The overflowing sea is breaking its banks!"
Cursed be the white young girl who opened, after the banquet, the gate of the basin of the town of Is, that barrier from the sea!

V.

"Forester, forester, tell me, — the wild horse of Gradlon, hast thou seen it pass in this valley?"
"I have not seen the horse of Gradlon pass by here. I have only heard, in the black night, *trip trep, trip trep, trip trep,* swift as fire."
"Hast thou seen, fisherman, the daughter of the sea combing her hair, yellow as gold, in the noonday sun, at the water's edge?"
"I have seen the white daughter of the sea. I have even heard her sing. Her songs were sad as the waves."

It is a different motive which inspires The Wine of the Gauls and the Dance of the Sword. This, it is thought from internal proofs, comes quite from the sixth century, if not, in part at least, from a still earlier date. At that time,

as down to quite recent times in the Scottish borderlands, the Bretons used often to make raids upon the territory of their neighbors subject to the domination of the Franks, to whom, ignoring the ethnic facts which are better known now, they misapplied the name of Gauls. The cattle, which were the object of the Highland incursions, were only a part, and perhaps a minor part, of the booty sought by their Breton cousins. There was no wine in Brittany unless it came from abroad, and there was no commerce to bring it. So in the autumn, says Gregory of Tours (A. D. 540–594), they set out with wagons, and provided with implements both of war and of husbandry, for their armed vintage. If the grapes were still on the vines, they gathered them; if the wine was made, they carried it with them; if they were too hard pressed or surprised by the Franks, they drank it on the spot, and then, leading captive the vintagers, joyously regained their forests and marshes.

Of the piece which follows, the first part is believed to have been composed upon the return from such an expedition. It is still sung, glass in hand, by tavern-roisterers in the parish of Coray; "more for the air," it is said, "than for the words, of which, thank God, they have ceased to comprehend the original spirit." The second part, however, is thought to have only an accidental connection with the first, and to be a battle-song in honor of the sun, — a fragment of the Round of the Sword of the ancient Bretons, executed by the young men leaping in a measured circular movement, throwing their swords in the air and receiving them again in the hand. The earlier piece is regularly alliterated from beginning to end; and how well the refrain must have recalled to the ear the clash of arms may be better appreciated from the original, which is: —

Tan! tan! dir! oh! dir! tan! tan! dir ha tan!
Tann! tann! tir! ha tonn! tonn! tir ha tir ha tann!

I.

Better white wine of grape than of mulberry!
Better white wine of grape!
O fire! O fire! O steel! O steel! O fire!
O steel and fire! O oak! O oak! O earth! O waves! O waves! O earth!
O earth and oak!

[Each strophe is followed by the same refrain.]

Red blood and white wine! A river of red blood and white wine!
Better new wine than beer! Better new wine!
Better sparkling wine than hydromel! Better sparkling wine!
Better wine of the Gauls than of apples! Better wine of the Gauls!
Gaul, stalks and leaves to thee, thou dunghill! Gaul, stalks and leaves to thee!
White wine to thee, Breton of heart! White wine to thee, Breton!
Wine and blood flow mingled! Wine and blood flow!
White wine and red blood and fat blood! White wine and red blood!
'T is the blood of the Gauls that flows! The blood of the Gauls!
I have drunk blood and wine in the rough combat! I have drunk blood and wine!
Wine and blood nourish him who drinks them! Wine and blood nourish!

II.

Blood and wine and dance, to thee, O Sun! Blood and wine and dance!
And dance and song, song and battle! And dance and song!
Dance of the sword, in a circle! Dance of the sword!
Song of the blue sword which loves murder! Song of the blue sword!
Battle where the savage sword is king! Battle of the savage sword!
O sword! O great king of the battlefield! O sword! O great king!
Let the rainbow shine on thy forehead! Let the rainbow shine!

If the savage passions which inspired The Wine of the Gauls have been outlived by the words, now only dimly appreciated, of that lyric, not so with the nobler sentiment which has kept The March of Arthur for twelve hundred years alive in Breton hearts and on Breton lips. From the sixth century, whenever war approached, there was sent as its forerunner the army of Arthur, defil-

ing at dawn on the summit of the Black Mountains ; and at the close of the eighteenth this song was heard again from the rustic levies of Cadoudal and La Rochejaquelein, armed in defense of altar and fireside against the Revolution.

THE MARCH OF ARTHUR.

Come ! come ! come to the combat ! Come, kindred ! Come, brother ! Come, son ! Come, father ! Come ! Come ! Come all ! Nay, come, men of heart !

The warrior's son said to his father one morning : " Horsemen upon the mountain-top !

Horsemen passing, mounted on gray coursers snorting with cold !

Ranks closed by sixes ; ranks closed by threes ; a thousand lances glittering in the sun !

Ranks closed by twos, following flags that flutter in the Wind of Death !

Nine lengths of a sling shot from head to rear !

'T is the army of Arthur, — I know it ; Arthur is marching before it on the mountain-top ! "

" If it is Arthur, quick ! to our bows and our live arrows ! and forward in his train ! and let the javelin be brandished ! "

He had not done speaking, when the war-cry resounded from end to end of the mountains :

" Heart for eye ! Head for arm ! Death for wound ! In the valley as on the mountain ! and father for mother, and mother for daughter !

Stallion for mare, and mule for ass ! War-chief for soldier, and man for child ! Blood for tears, and fire for sweat !

And three for one ! T is that we must have, in the valley as on the mountain, day and night, if it can be, until the valleys roll with floods of blood !

If we fall pierced in the fight, we shall baptize ourselves with our own blood, and die with joyous heart.

If we die as Christians ought, as Bretons ought, we can never die too soon ! "

Here is another war-song, which seems to have come, not, like the last, from the sixth century, but from the tenth, and was first taken down in writing, as was also The March of Arthur, from the lips of an old peasant who had been a soldier of George Cadoudal in the war of " the Blues " against " the Whites." It celebrates the patriotic exploits of a national hero, to whose Celtic name Alan, as Scottish as it is Breton, history has added the surname of " the Twisted Beard," and tradition that of " the Bearded " or " the Fox."

ALAN THE FOX.

The bearded Fox yelps, yelps, yelps in the wood. Ill luck to the foreign rabbits ! His eyes are two cutting blades !

Sharp are his teeth and swift his feet, and his claws red with blood. Alan the Fox yelps, yelps, yelps ; war ! war !

I have seen the Bretons sharpen their terrible arms, not on the stone of Brittany, but on the cuirass of the Gauls.

I have seen the Bretons reap on the battle-field, not with notched sickles, but with swords of steel ;

Not the grain of the country, not our rye, but the beardless ears of the Saxons' country and the beardless ears of the Gauls' country.

I have seen the Bretons beat the wheat on the trodden threshing-floor ; I have seen the husks torn from the beardless ears.

Nor is it with wooden flails that the Bretons beat, but with iron boar-spears and with horses' hoofs.

I have heard a shout of joy, the shout of joy which is raised when the hunt is finished, resound from Mont-Saint-Michel even to the valleys of Elorn,

From the abbey of Saint-Gildas to the cape where the world ends.[1] To the four corners of Brittany let the Fox be glorified !

Let him be a thousand times glorified, the Fox, from age to age ! Let the memory of this song be kept ; but pity him who hath sung it.

He who first sang this song never sang afterwards. Alas, unhappy bard ! the Gauls cut out his tongue.

But if he has no longer a tongue, he has still a heart, — a heart, and a hand to let fly the arrow of melody.

But though the savage fierceness of the Celtic pagan lives even now, after many centuries of Christian domination, in such songs as these, and bursts forth into fire in such explosions as the exterminating Vendean war, the patient and enduring gentleness of the Breton peasantry has other ways of thinking

[1] Finistère.

and feeling, and other means of expression. The *korrigan* (little fairies) still frequent, it is true, those rare localities — oftenest a spring in the neighborhood of a dolmen — from which the holy Virgin, who is deemed their greatest enemy, has not yet driven them away; but the Virgin Mother is herself the object of their most reverent devotion. A song of great simplicity and tenderness, seeming to be of comparatively recent composition, sets forth the toils and hardships of the life of him who tills the soil: "a hard and painful life, without rest day or night; wretched our lot, evil our star, our state right painful; yet let us bear all in patience, that we may merit Paradise!"

Nowhere, perhaps, are poverty and misfortune less a reproach and a humiliation than in the Brittany even of this day. The poor there are God's poor. The poor man does not shrink from labor when he is young, so that he is not despised for begging when he is old and unable to work longer. No one forgets that his rags are one day to be exchanged for glorious vestments; and he is welcomed to the fare and fireside of those whose fortune is better than his. Poor though the peasantry be, they are not a proletariat dangerous to social order, for they are patient and religious. Though elsewhere the peasant, unsustained by faith, may curse the earth on which he works and the landowner whom he must pay, the tiller of the Breton soil interrupts his labor with a prayer as he hears the Angelus ring. If his cottage is consumed by fire, he does not weep, or burst into screams or curses; he bows his head and says sadly, "God's will be done." Such resignation, it has been said, goes with him to the bed of death, and he leaves without regret a miserable life which he has patiently endured in the confident hope of a better.

The day after a marriage is "the day of the poor." They come by hundreds, in their cleanest rags, and are given what is left from the feast of the day before. The bride herself, her skirts trussed back, serves the women, and her husband the men. After this is done, the husband gives his arm to the most decent woman, and the bride offers hers to the most respected man of the assemblage, and they lead the rest in a dance. On such an occasion there has been heard from one of the mendicant throng this delicate appeal to charity.

THE SONG OF THE POOR.

Saint Peter said to Jesus, "Shall you go into
Lower Brittany, my God?"
"Peter, I shall not go into Lower Brittany;
men are sound and strong there, Peter,
and only the water is inconstant." [1]

[1] A competent idea of the obscurities of the Breton original, not always clarified by the French translation, may be had from this passage, which even in the French seemed meaningless, and from the elucidation given me by Professor William I. Knapp, of Yale University. The Breton is: —

"Per, da Vreiz izel me ne dann:
Tud divac'han, Per, ha dour skan."

Which is translated by the author: "Pierre, je n'irai point en basse Bretagne; les hommes n'y sont pas estropiés, Pierre, et l'eau y est légère."

Mr. Knapp writes: "Taking the Armorican text as you present it, it does not find a very clear expression in Villemarqué's version, and I could not have suggested an interpretation had you not sent the Celtic original also, although that original is in a quaint form of the Leonese dialect of Llydaweg or Breton. Like all old Celtic literature, this has its suspensions and ellipses. 'Tud divac'han, Per, ha dour skan.' 'Ce monde-là est d'une santé parfaite, Pierre, et ce n'est que l'eau qui y est inconstante. (C'est à dire, ils n'ont point besoin de médecin, eux; l'eau chez eux est sujette à des changements comme les vagues de la mer qui environne leur péninsule; mais quant à ces Bretons, ils sont forts et inébranlables comme leurs rochers — leur falaises.)' *Tud* is the plural of *den* = man; Welsh *dyn;* and so literally: —

Tud *divac'han* *Per* *ha* *dour* *skan*
man there (is) not halt (= sound), Peter, and water (ellipsis)
unstable (*sc.* not they).

That is, the sea about them is tossed, but they are firm. . . . I think you will agree with me

Saint John said to the Virgin, "Shall you go into Lower Brittany, dear Lady?"
"To Lower Brittany I shall go to-morrow; a great friend has invited me."
The morrow, in the parish of Plouigneau, were heard songs and cries of joy;
The bagpiper was heard playing at the house of a worthy householder;
At the house of a rich householder, who was good to the wretched,
And whose wealth went on growing as fast as he gave alms.
Now he had an only son, a brave youth of eighteen, and he was giving a banquet in his honor;
A splendid wedding-banquet, to which he had invited all his relatives, and the poor also, who are friends of the saints.
As they sat at table, late at night, behold there came a poor woman, long after the rest,
Her clothes in rags, barefoot, and a little child hanging at her bosom.
"Though you have come very late, poor dear woman, be welcome;"
And he took her by the hand, and led her near the fire, —
Near the fire, to comfort herself as well as her little child.
And the child smiled on the people of the house; but she herself would not eat.
"Eat and drink at your ease; it is with pleasure that we serve you."
"I am neither hungry nor thirsty, but I feel great friendship for you, —
A tender friendship for you who have invited me of your good heart.
You have tenderly invited me to come to the marriage of your son.
My heart feels no joy to see all your company;
It feels no joy, my Son Jesus, to see people so charitable!
Not one has recognized us but him who has given us alms.
A thousand times blessed be this house! Farewell, till we meet again in Paradise!"

This song was made in heaven, in the palace of the Trinity,
Under a bush loaded with roses which fill Paradise with balm.

But though the Virgin and her Child have come into Lower Brittany, the fairies have not utterly fled; and though the king of France established his dominion there hundreds of years ago, yet even now "King Arthur is not dead"! This ancient refrain, these songs with their simple and plaintive melodies, common to dissevered fragments of the Celtic race, still give expression to a sentiment of consanguinity which seems but to grow stronger as absorption into other dominant peoples approaches. Even in the second half of the eighteenth century, the power of such a song and melody, if the story is as authentic as it seems,[1] received an extraordinary illustration. In September, 1758, an English force effected a descent upon the Breton coast, at Saint-Cast. A company of Lower Bretons, from the neighborhood of Tréguier and Saint-Pol-de-Léon, was marching against a detachment of Welsh mountaineers, which was coming briskly forward singing a national air, when all at once the Bretons of the French army stopped short in amazement. The air their enemies were singing was one which every day may be heard sounding over the heaths of Brittany. "Electrified," says the historian, grandson himself of an eye-witness, "by accents which spoke to their hearts, they gave way to a sudden enthusiasm, and joined in the same patriotic refrain. The Welsh, in their turn, stood motionless in their ranks. On both sides officers gave the command to fire; but it was in the same language, and their soldiers stood as if petrified. This hesitation continued, however, but a moment: a common emotion was too strong for discipline; the weapons fell from their hands, and the descendants of the ancient Celts renewed upon the battlefield the fraternal ties which had formerly united their fathers."

So, of late, says the noble author of Barzaz Breiz, "at a family festival given to the Bretons of Armorica by their brethren of Wales, when I saw floating above my head the ancient standards of our common ancestors; when I found

if I give it thus: "'Men sound, Peter, water unstable.'"

[1] Combat de Saint-Cast, par M. de Saint-Pern Couelan, 1836.

again customs like ours, hearts answering to our own; as I gave ear to voices which seemed to issue from the tomb, awakened as by miracle at the accents of Celtic harps; as I heard a language spoken which I understood, in spite of more than a thousand years of separation, I repeated with enthusiasm the traditional refrain. To-day, when I turn to look upon this poetic land of Brittany, which remains the same when all around it is changing, may I not repeat with the Bretons of old, *No! King Arthur is not dead!*"

Theodore Bacon.

THE TWO PROGRAMMES OF 1892.

EVERY choice of a President by the American people depends upon their opinion or their feeling about four matters. First is the practical behavior of the party in power, with the results which it has brought, or is supposed to have brought, to public and private interests; next is the practical behavior of the rival party when it was last in power, with a like reference to its effects upon public and private interests; thirdly, the personal merit of each of the candidates for the presidency; and last, the preponderance of merit of the rival promises which the two parties have formally made to the country. The collection of promises of each party, called by a telling and useful American metaphor the "platform," upon which its candidate stands, ought to be a programme of performance on which the country may surely count. If platforms were really such programmes, they would, in weight of influence, be the first, rather than, as in recent American history they have probably been, the last and least consideration with citizens at election time. No doubt other things affect most individual voters, such as the like or dislike of one party or the other for traditional or family or interested reasons, or local prejudices at the voter's home, or a preference of one party because of its general or historic trend or policy. But these are relatively permanent motives rather than motives belonging particularly to one election; or they are motives determined by the "personal equation" of the voter rather than by special and current party policy. The operation of these motives is nearly the same through a series of presidential campaigns. Taking the whole of the country together, they help or hurt the two great parties with substantial equality; and in dealing with the politics of 1892, great as are those forces, we may, because of their equilibrium, ignore them, and confine our attention to the four classes of lesser considerations which we have mentioned. We shall do this, not indeed with absolute safety, but with as much safety as we may, in forecasting the November result, ignore the Prohibition and People's parties. If those small bodies of voters shall, by drawing more largely from one of the great parties, throw victory to the other, it will be because no great popular preponderance belongs to either the Democratic or the Republican party over the other; or, to express it otherwise, because, so far as concerns any lasting determination of the political policy of the country, the election is to be indecisive.

The American people ought to consider whether, hereafter, they shall not, both before and after the presidential election, deal more rigorously with party platforms. Shall we not make our politics more responsible, shall we not make dangerous to the politicians some of the demagogy and insincerity which are

practiced in both parties, if we treat their platforms with serious and persistent criticism? Will not such a treatment elevate and sober the discussions during national conventions, — not only, or indeed so much, the formal open speeches made for the public, but the multifarious and strenuous discussions carried on, and often decisively closed, during the few days before the convention is organized, in heated and far-off upstairs rooms at the hotels of Chicago or Minneapolis? Will not each convention be a more useful body, if it be made to realize that its promises are to be conspicuously remembered during the canvass, and that the party, if successful, is doomed to defeat the next time, unless it shall at Washington do what it promises in order to gain power? The present canvass presents a convenient time for beginning, or rather returning to, this treatment. For there is in 1892 at least one, and an important, note of genuine and responsible sincerity in each of the two platforms. Even if the emphasis of their promises exaggerate the assurance of future action, they at least represent a true and great difference on one subject, that of protective duties, — a difference which we shall find, actually and in the near future, between the administration of the victorious party and the administration which we should have had if the defeated party had succeeded.

Let us therefore examine, as respectfully as we can, and with every effort to find sincerity, the platforms upon which either Mr. Harrison or Mr. Cleveland is to be reëlected President in November next. As we write, we are aided by Mr. Harrison's letter of acceptance and Mr. Blaine's terse accompaniment; but Mr. Cleveland's belated reply is still locked in his desk at Gray Gables.

It is convenient first to clear away the worthless parts of the two platforms, their gimcrack ornaments. Every sensible citizen contemptuously perceives that they neither strengthen nor beautify the structures; and we may well doubt whether they attract, as they are insincerely intended to do, a support worth having from citizens who are not sensible. Apart from conventional praise of the Republican party and its record, the Republican platform contains twenty-one general "planks," nearly every one of which is really a group of propositions. President Harrison was quite right, in his letter, to declare, with an accent of complaint, that it was impossible for him "to refer even in the briefest way to many of the topics presented in the resolutions." Surely, the private citizen, knowing far less of political matters than the President, cannot, or at least will not consider, whether to approve or to disapprove them, propositions which he ignores. The Democratic platform is even worse in this respect. It includes twenty-five general propositions; and they express or plainly imply perhaps seventy-five political assertions, every one of which might be fair matter for argument and difference. Mr. Blaine is probably right when, in his letter, he declares three questions to be enough for a presidential campaign. We Americans may wisely require our parties to observe the rule frankly stated and followed by the present premier of England, the ablest as he is the most interesting of living politicians. Gladstone has steadfastly refused to permit his party to deal with any political question for whose consideration public sentiment has not become ripe. The number of those questions, he has rightly believed, could not exceed three or four at a time; and of the three or four, one, and only one, has usually been accorded a position of conspicuous superiority. How silly and unconstitutional were the Democratic declarations at Chicago, "in favor of the enactment by the States of laws for abolishing the notorious sweating system, for abolishing contract convict labor, and for prohibiting the employment in factories of children under

fifteen years of age," and in favor of legislation by the States for the protection of railway employees! Neither the President, nor any member of the federal government who is to be chosen, nor the Democratic party as a national party, can touch or affect in the slightest degree domestic legislation of the States on such subjects. Indeed, the Democratic party has considered, or affected to consider, itself the guardian of the "sovereign" rights of the States. Equally silly and irrelevant were the Democratic recommendations "to the several States" of "most liberal appropriations for the public schools," and against "state interference with parental rights and rights of conscience in the education of children." The electoral vote of Wisconsin is no doubt worth having; but the Democrats of that State will not be helped by bringing to the aid of legitimate and relevant declarations of their state convention on a strictly state question the approval of a national body having no concern with the question, and whose candidates will be powerless, if they shall succeed at the election, to deal with it. The comparative brevity of the Republican platform tempted the committee on resolutions at Minneapolis to fewer irrelevances of this sort than were committed by their brethren at Chicago; although in the general trend of Republican doctrine there would have been more excuse for such utterances at Minneapolis than at Chicago. Still, the Republican convention, thinking of the prohibitionist, said that it "sympathized" with "efforts to lessen and prevent the evils of intemperance and promote morality," and, thinking of the "beer and liquor vote," declared that its sympathy was confined to such efforts only as were "wise and legitimate." One must have a low estimate of American intelligence if he believe that such resolutions will bring many votes.

Both conventions knew perfectly well that the American federal government, with whose affairs alone they had legitimate concern, could not act, or even pronounce, in favor of Home Rule in Ireland or against the persecution of Jews in Russia. But the Republican party fancied votes were to be gained by declaring itself "the champion of the oppressed" and a believer in "the dignity of manhood, irrespective of color or faith or nationality," the Chinese for the moment being out of mind. The Democrats followed, and both conventions, loudly and cheaply, and without appearance of real respect for Irish and Jewish voters, appealed to those special classes. If the Primrose League or the next Conservative Conference at Birmingham should declare its sympathy with the struggles of American consumers to be freed from the burdens of a protective tariff, or if the next National Liberal gathering at Newcastle or the Czar of Russia should lament the brutal suppression of the negro vote in our Southern States, we should no doubt hear a valiant and angry, and it may be added a just condemnation by the Republican and Democratic conventions of foreign meddling with our political affairs.

There is, perhaps, a larger quantity of buncombe in the Democratic than in the Republican platform. But the latter clearly reaches loftier pitches of the art, when the Republicans pronounce for "the maintenance of freedom among men;" when they pledge anew their "devotion to liberty of thought and conscience, of speech and press;" when they "reaffirm" their approval of the Monroe Doctrine, as if even the swinging arms of a Quixotic windmill threatened that article of national faith; and when, most glorious of all, and fit cause for the inextinguishable laughter of the gods, they declare their belief "in the achievement of the manifest destiny of the republic in its broadest sense." No chart or identification of "manifest destiny," that political *château en Espagne*, was attempted; and the draughtsman, it is con-

siderate to believe, had forgotten, if he ever knew, the grim and sinister significance in politics which "manifest destiny" carried to the last generation of Americans, when the Republican party or its predecessor was ardently condemning territorial aggression practiced by Democratic administrations at the bidding of the slave power, the shameless Ostend Circular of Buchanan and his associates, and the raids of Southern filibusters. We have never yet met a competent or successful politician who seriously contended that these platitudes were worth a single vote.

The two platforms agree upon three points of federal legislation. With some differences of phrase, they both declare the Nicaragua Canal a work of national importance, and its protection and even control, though in a foreign country, a fit care of the federal government. They both commend federal appropriations to the Chicago exhibition. They both favor federal legislation to protect the lives and limbs of the servants of railway and other transportation companies. It is safe to say that not one of these three questions belonged to politics at all. They were not, and are not likely to be, subjects of party division. They are fair administrative or legislative questions, which should be decided by Congress and Presidents when in office, upon thorough examination and proper consideration free from party pressure. No such examination or consideration can possibly be had at a national political convention. Such topics are not in the thoughts of more than one out of ten of the delegates. It happens that somebody (usually an adroit committee is present) suggests to the committee on resolutions that a certain section of voters will be pleased at such and such an expression. If nobody, during the high pressure of a night session, can make it doubtful whether some other equally large section of voters will be displeased, the plank is adopted. But the plank represents no real and responsible conclusion. The more planks of this kind a party adopts, the larger ought to be the distrust with which a prudent citizen will regard its sincere sense of responsibility in its more important utterances. It is neither fit nor safe that the agreement of both conventions on measures not political should constrain congressional or executive action, as if such an agreement represented the unanimous wish of the people. But that is the very purpose which animates the small interest or lobby which attends the conventions. After the latter adjourn, and even before the election, the Congressman or the President is told that the resolution thus adopted for both the great parties authoritatively expresses the mandate of the country. Whatever of this kind his party's convention may have said, the utterance imposes no obligation, political or moral, more than the *obiter dictum* of a judge. As much weight should be given to it as belongs to an opinion expressed by so many of the committee on resolutions as intelligently, deliberately, and conscientiously voted for it, but no more. This sound rule for estimating the obligation of such resolutions was recently illustrated by the Republican party in the matter of letter postage. In its national platform adopted at Chicago in 1888 it said, "We demand the reduction of letter postage to one cent per ounce." Upon the platform it carried the election so as to control the entire federal law-making power, President, Senate, and House. But it did not so reduce or attempt to reduce letter postage. Letter postage remains where it was on July 1, 1885.

Before reaching the real substance of the platforms, — that is to say, the programmes they present, — we must at least read the resolutions, which, though touching really federal and political subjects, are so vague, and so intentionally vague, as to present to the voter no ques-

tion for consideration. They do no more than say: "Dear fellow-citizens, believe in us. Our party is more interested in this great subject than our rivals; we are more likely than they to do what you wish, though indeed we don't know, and perhaps you don't know, what it is you wish." Thus the Democrats, at Chicago, declare their "relentless opposition to the Republican policy of profligate expenditures." But the declaration (apart from the records of the parties) deserves no respect; for those who made it refrained from pointing out a single matter in which they would themselves economize, if power were given them. They seem to have feared to incur the ill will even of the recipients of subsidies or of bounties upon production, to which in theory their party has claimed to be opposed, and indeed has been opposed. The Democrats approved "all legitimate efforts" (it would seem that there were *illegitimate* efforts which they did not approve) "to prevent the United States from being used as the dumping-ground for the known criminals and professional paupers of Europe." This means just as much as another declaration, in which the Democrats say they oppose restricting the immigration of "the industrious and worthy of foreign lands," — as if, indeed, any such effort were being made, unless in the case of the Chinese, whose exclusion they themselves elsewhere approve. The Republicans were opposed, so they said, to trust combinations "to control arbitrarily the condition of trade among our citizens," — whatever that may mean; and the Democrats, following suit, and with as little use or meaning, demanded against trusts "such further legislation in restraint of their abuses as experience may show to be necessary." The idea here is that the resolution is strong enough to attract the voters who hate trusts, but not explicit enough to frighten away such monopolists as may incline to support the party. The plank is a shaft aimed in a friendly and seductive fashion at the voter, so as "to hit him if a deer, but miss him if a cow." The Republicans meant, of course, simply nothing as to what in fact they would do if they had power, when they declared for the admission as States of the remaining Territories "at the earliest possible date, having *due regard* to the interests of the people of the Territories and of the United States." So the citizen anxious to vote aright may safely ignore, as irrelevant to present national politics, the more or less vague Democratic talk about public lands, pensions, federal care and improvement of the Mississippi River, and the Republican talk about "the continued inhuman outrages perpetrated upon American citizens, for political reasons, in certain Southern States of the Union," and about arid public lands and pensions.

Having thus cleared away, with no little difficulty, the greater part of each of the platforms, we have left all that is properly programme, all that is promise of performance. We leave the preliminary work we have now done with a sincere wish that each party may realize that, on the whole and in the long run, there results to it a net loss of votes for every bit of irrelevant demagogy it utters, and indeed for every utterance it makes on a subject not really in the field of practical and present popular consideration.

When the conventions met in June, there were before the country for decision, involved more or less in the rivalry of the two parties, perhaps six questions, — certainly not more, — upon the consideration of which votes important in number were to go to one of the two presidential candidates as against the other. In the order of popular importance, that is, in the order of numbers of votes depending upon them, the topics should probably be thus arranged: (1) Tariff, (2) Silver Coinage, (3) Federal Election Bill, (4) Civil Service Reform, (5) Subsidies, and (6) Foreign Pol-

icy. The later of the conventions, the Democratic, added a seventh, — the question of freeing state banks from a tax on their issue of bills. We reserve the first and greatest of the seven topics until the last, and shall deal with the other six in the order we have given.

Until the conventions met, silver coinage, without a doubt, held the place of second importance among current political questions. With honeyed words addressed to Colorado and other silver States about the traditional bimetallism of the United States and the love of its party for silver, each convention explicitly declared against free coinage: the Democrats saying, with an emphasis perhaps tautological, but useful, that the dollar unit of coinage of both metals "must be of equal *intrinsic* and *exchangeable* value;" and the Republicans, though their expression, tolerably plain as it was, was enfeebled for its larger constituency in the Mountain and Pacific States, declaring for "the use of both gold and silver as standard money with restrictions, and under such provisions, to be determined by legislation, as will secure the maintenance of the parity of values of the two metals, so that the purchasing and debt-paying power of the dollar, whether of silver, gold, or paper, shall be at all times equal." Whichever party succeed, we shall not therefore have free coinage of silver. The Democrats declared for the repeal of the Sherman Act of 1890, — that dangerous and extraordinary surrender to a small, selfish interest, — under which the government is now practically buying the entire silver product of the United States; but what limitation, if any, they would, if in power, put upon silver coinage at the false ratio fixed by present law, they seem carefully to have left unsaid. The voter will, on the whole, not give decisive preference to either party upon its silver programme. So far as his vote depends on this question, he will be influenced by the past behavior of the two parties when responsibly in power, and by his comparative estimates of the intelligence and resolution of Mr. Harrison and of Mr. Cleveland.

The President tore out of his party platform one of its principal planks. He has finally withdrawn the Federal Election Bill issue. Indeed, the Republican party, after its platform was adopted on June 9, and before the President's letter was published, had substantially surrendered this issue. Its orators ceased to speak of it; its state conventions ignored it; and the only earnest reference to it came from statesmen, like Senator Hoar, who were in foreign lands, or who were plainly not in the current of party opinion. The surrender was no slight one. When the Republican platform demanded "that such laws shall be enacted and enforced as will secure to every citizen, be he rich or poor, native or foreign born, white or black," the "sovereign right" of casting "one free and unrestrained ballot," and of having that ballot "counted and returned as cast," it plainly referred to the Lodge Bill, which had been supported by nearly all the Republicans in the Senate and House of the last Congress. It plainly referred to President Harrison's message of December, 1890, earnestly approving the Lodge Bill, its constitutionality and its necessity to the welfare of the country. He then said in rather stinging words that the "probable effectiveness" of the bill was "evidenced by the character of the opposition that is made to it." That message urged the passage of the bill upon a Senate and House both controlled by the Republicans. The softer suggestion which the letter quotes from his message of December, 1891, was addressed to a Congress in which the House was Democratic by a two-thirds majority.

The Democrats were perfectly warranted when they made their platform treat the Election Bill as a great and living issue; and, passing by their rhetorical exaggerations, they rightly declared

that the Republican party, "in its latest authoritative utterance" (but a fortnight before), had said that its success meant the enactment of such a bill. But the inroads of the Farmers' Alliance upon the Democratic vote in the South, and the real doubt of the result in Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, and perhaps in Alabama (for it seems that the Alliance was defeated at the August election in that State only by negro votes, which naturally would not, in November, come again to the Democratic ticket), had, in view of the bitter hostility to the bill in those States, made it discreet for the Republicans to take this plank, precious no doubt as the plank was to a large section of the party, from their platform. It brought grief and alarm to the Democrats that the President ruthlessly did this. He now, he says, sees reason, in "new political movements" and the attitude of men differing from Republicans "widely in opinion, to hope that arbitrary and partisan election laws and practices . . . may be corrected by the States." The only step which, as a candidate, he proposes towards so unfederal and even un-Republican a remedy is a "non-partisan commission" to consider the question. A safe enough limbo for a troublesome issue. The Democrats take hardly this spiking of a pretty loud if not effective gun of theirs; but they must, *nolens volens*, now turn to other artillery, or impeach Mr. Harrison's sincerity,

To the advocates of the abolition of the detestable spoils system neither platform can seem highly promising. The Republican utterance on civil service reform is weaker than the Democratic. The Republicans express entire satisfaction with the past, and refuse to promise improvement in the future. They "commend," they say, the "spirit and evidence of reform in the civil service, and the wise and consistent enforcement by the Republican party of the *laws* regulating the same." That is, the Republican party is content with what it has done; it will enforce the present statutes as it has enforced them since Mr. Harrison's inauguration; but it will do no more. The Democrats, beginning their utterance on this subject with the Cleveland legend, "Public office is a public trust," proceed to "reaffirm" the civil service declaration made by the party at St. Louis in 1876. Nothing could be more admirable than that inspiration of Mr. Tilden. "Efficient, economical conduct of the governmental business," it said, "is not possible, if its civil service be subject to change at every election, be a prize fought for at the ballot-box, be a brief reward of party zeal, instead of posts of honor assigned for proved competency, and held for fidelity in the public employ." We must thank the Democrats for again making this sound doctrine a tenet of party faith; but our confidence and hope would be larger if the words of 1876 had been expressly and courageously quoted for the better education and deeper impression of such of the faithful as, in case of success, are to administer the reform. The Democratic condemnation of the participation of federal office-holders in party conventions is really excellent, followed as it is by an express "pledge" that the party will not join in such "abuses." Democrats may not unreasonably claim some sincerity for this utterance of theirs, in view of the exclusion of their own federal office-holders from the convention which, in 1888 and during Mr. Cleveland's presidency, renominated him. Although in this matter the Democratic programme is far better than the Republican, it is, perhaps, open to doubt whether the civil service question be not, of all questions, the one upon which a political programme carries the least assurance of performance. The number of the citizens who give it the first place in politics has of late, especially in the Eastern States, greatly increased. Though not numerous in comparison with either of the two great parties, they probably

hold, if they act together, the balance of power in several States. They will be obliged, in deciding their course in November, not indeed to ignore the platforms, but to rest their conclusions upon their estimate of the actual performance of Mr. Cleveland from 1885 to 1889, under the difficulties and with the advantages which met him on his inauguration, as compared with Mr. Harrison's performance since 1889, likewise judged in view of his special difficulties and advantages, and upon the estimates they place upon the strength, resolution, intelligence, and sincerity of these two distinguished men.

While, in his letter, President Harrison has removed from the canvass the issue of federal elections, he has added in its place to his platform a Subsidies plank. When the two conventions adjourned, this issue had, so far as the conventions could determine, been eliminated. Neither of them said a word about subsidies, important a part as the question had lately played at Washington, and substantially arrayed against one another on the question as the two parties had long been. The Republican convention wished votes from those who did not believe in subsidies. The Democrats, more foolishly, thought some of the American citizens who asked for subsidies would forget Democratic opposition if the Democratic platform should, ostrich-like, say nothing on the subject. The President deserves respect for his explicit and eloquent statement of his position on the question. He gives it the second place in his letter. He truly says that "few subjects have elicited more discussion or excited more general interest." He declares it to be an "undisputed fact" that the great European steamship lines have been built up by subsidies. It is, he says, a question which, in this election, is to be decided by "patriotic people, the workmen in our shops, the capitalists seeking new enterprises." He condemns Democratic hostility to the general policy, shown by the refusal even to expend appropriations already made. "The Democratic party," he quite truly but rather surprisingly declares, "has found no place in its platform for any reference to this subject;" for, had he looked, he would have found as complete an absence of reference to the subject in the Republican platform. Its plank in favor of a "restoration of our mercantile marine by home-built ships" neither expresses nor implies a belief in subsidies, and is quite consistent with the policy long advocated by the Democrats, of freeing the materials of ship-building from tariff taxes, under which the Democrats have said that ships would be built at home, and the American marine would be restored to the supremacy it enjoyed before the civil war.

There was really much material for a plank in each platform on our foreign policy, not only in the matter of reciprocity, which both parties rightly deal with as a part of the tariff question, but in other respects. The Pan-American Conference, the New Orleans, Barrundia, Chilean, and Bering Sea episodes, and others too, are elements of current politics which will in some measure determine the party action of a body of citizens, not large, indeed, but very intelligent and influential. The Republicans, however, beyond the irrelevant and quite untimely and meaningless talk about the Monroe Doctrine and "manifest destiny of the republic in its broadest sense," to which we have already referred, are content with what, nearly a century after the Farewell Address, must, in politics, be considered platitudes. They say they favor "the maintenance of the most friendly relations with all foreign powers, entangling alliances with none, and the protection of the rights of our fishermen." The praise of the President's administration as maintaining "the dignity and honor of the nation at home and abroad" is the only

significant reference to foreign policy. This perhaps presents a programme of performance, especially if it be assumed that Mr. Blaine's personality was not really an important factor in the foreign administration from 1889 to 1892. The Democrats also mouthed phrases about "friendly relations" and "entangling alliances." Their condemnation of "a policy of irritation and bluster, which is liable at any time to confront us with the alternative of humiliation or war," might really have raised fair political discussion, had there been any specification. But when they forgot, or were afraid to mention, Chile or Bering Sea or the Barrundia episode, the programme, as programme, amounted to little. The voter to whom our foreign relations are of first moment will have to ignore the platforms, and examine the records of Messrs. Cleveland and Bayard, of Messrs. Harrison, Blaine, and Foster.

Whether the single line of the eighth resolution adopted by the Democrats raised of itself an issue which, though not before existing in our politics, is now to play an important practical part in the canvass, is very doubtful. Mr. Harrison and Mr. Blaine have, quite naturally and cleverly, sought to give great prominence to this Democratic proposal to repeal the federal taxes on the note issue of state banks. But in politics, as in most important and lengthy business, considerations which are discovered for the first time long after a reasonable period for study and reflection has passed rarely secure or deserve deep and enduring hold. People will probably think that if, as Mr. Blaine declares, "the palpable effect of this policy" of the Democrats would really "cheat the poor man out of his daily bread," and would be "deadly for the deception and despoilment of all the commercial and laboring classes," so stupendous an issue would not have lurked unperceived by the country at large from June 22 until September. It is pretty difficult to see how the freeing of state banks from this tax would tend to undermine the national bank and certificate currency. As such notes could not be legal tender, it is hard to believe that, even if they were issued, people would accept them in lieu of a vastly better paper currency at hand, which they may have if they insist upon it. The vast change in the financial condition of the country, and its business unification resulting from cheap and rapid communication, will, quite as much as the tax, prevent return to the provincial system of bank issues in vogue before the civil war. If Mr. Harrison or Mr. Blaine had defended the tax as a check, artificial but wholesome, upon an increase in the amount of our money circulation, rather than rested upon the supposititious hardship which citizens accepting the notes of state banks would experience, perhaps a question of real interest might have been presented. But neither the Republicans nor the Democrats condemn an increase in the currency.

Such are the six features of the two party programmes other than the tariff. There is no real issue as to silver coinage; the Federal Election Bill is out of the way, and there is not in the platforms any issue which the country will deem important in respect of foreign policy or the abolition of taxes on state banks. Of the six issues, there remain, therefore, as real parts of the programme of performance, only civil service reform and subsidies. On the former, the Democrats, with the confidence of a party out of power, take the higher and more definite position. On the latter, the traditions of the parties, their recent behaviors when in power, and the President's firm and plain utterance give a fairly distinct affirmative to the Republicans and negative to the Democrats, enabling voters themselves to take definite position.

We are left, besides these, the second and third issues of the campaign, the first of the issues, the tariff. And that

is really a great issue, an ideal political issue of enormous practical importance, of the deepest theoretical interest; an issue connected with almost the entire history of the country; an issue that had, long before the present contest, enrolled, on one side and the other, a famous array of men distinguished in philosophy, science, philanthropy, and practical success in life. When the Democrats rejected a large part of the lumbering resolution about the tariff presented by their committee, and declared any protective tariff to be "unconstitutional," when they said that government had no right to tax except for "revenue only," an even louder and clearer call to battle was sounded than Mr. Cleveland's message of 1887. Mr. Harrison, in his letter, with admirable recognition of the value of an issue, ascribed the change of the platform to what he called the "new and more courageous leadership" of the Democratic party. The Republican leaders have welcomed it with confident enthusiasm. The issue is distinctly made on a practical and living principle. The Republicans declare for "the American doctrine of protection," to whose application by their party they assert "the prosperous condition of our country" to be "largely due." They define the doctrine to mean that "on all imports coming into competition with the products of American labor there should be levied duties equal to the difference between wages abroad and at home."

About this issue there is no sham. The American people are interested in it. Politicians dare not cheat them about it. If the Democratic party succeed so as to control the Senate as well as the presidency and the House, they will, to a certainty, not rest upon the mere repeal of the McKinley law which they promise. They will, with further steps, — steps perhaps not as fast and peremptory as their present party bearing might indicate, but still real steps, — move toward a "tariff for revenue only." Such a tariff is plainly one which admits, and which, so far as possible in the absence of a federal land tax and the insufficiency of internal revenue taxes, applies, the dreaded theory of free trade. The Democrats timorously refuse to use the words, but they now mean the thing.

Nor does either party seek to limit the battle of principle to any special law or schedule. The Democrats condemn the McKinley tariff merely "as the culminating atrocity of class legislation." It is the principle they attack. They will attack, they say, any schedule which applies the principle. The Republicans do not plant themselves on the McKinley law nor on any special schedule. Their platform does not, surprising as the news will be to many, even mention the McKinley law. They do not say that the present tariff is right, nor that it should be maintained. Their platform distinctly contemplates further, if not immediate revision of the tariff. On competing foreign imports they say, not that there *are* levied, but that "there *should be* levied," duties equal to the difference of wages. The President fairly, and even bravely, accents this feature of the platform. After saying in his letter that he approves the declaration in favor of the "doctrine of protection," he adds that the convention did not adopt a schedule, but "a principle that is to control all tariff schedules." There might, he says, "be differences of opinion among protectionists as to the rate upon particular articles." Neither in the Republican platform nor in the President's letter is there a word of promise that the tariff is to remain in its present, or in substantially its present form. There is, in what they say, none of the protest against a disturbance of business by tariff agitation of which we heard much in more timid days. That a schedule of duties under the system of protection must, to effect the very end of beneficence to which it is directed, be in a state of unstable equi-

librium is wisely and frankly admitted. The difference of wages between foreign lands and this country must, in the nature of things, perpetually fluctuate; and, as the American system of protection means an adjustment of duties to those differences, new schedules must from time to time be enacted by Congress. Protection is not to bring business repose. It is to be a living principle, whose application by the law-makers must continually vary in the perpetual flux of human conditions. The subordinate part of the tariff issue arises out of the Democratic claim, earnestly disputed by the Republicans, that tariffs made by the latter are fraudulent; that they do not stop with the difference of wages, but go enormously beyond that limit, for the benefit, not of the working classes, but of small wealthy and powerful interests, and to the oppression of consumers who compose the masses of the people. And here we are brought face to face, in spite of what the President says, with the details of the schedules of the existing tariff law.

Under either party programme, therefore, it is clear that we are to have further tariff legislation as well as further tariff controversy. It is not left to us to choose between one fixed economic state and another, but to choose between two rival rules, upon one of which, rather than the other, we decide that the inevitable variation of that economic state ought to proceed. The great issue which the presidential election of 1892 involves is whether the changes of the tariff which are certain to be made in the future shall be in the direction of a "tariff for revenue only," or be only a fluctuating adjustment of the measure of protection accorded to every American producer of something which foreigners also produce, and produce cheaply enough for exportation to this country.

The verdict in November, if it go heavily in either Mr. Harrison's or Mr. Cleveland's favor, will advise us on which side of the question of the tariff lies the popular preponderance of American belief. If the majorities in the critical States be small, then the presidency, unless the popular personal confidence in one candidate be materially greater than in the other, will have been awarded upon the preponderance of opinion among a relatively small number of citizens as to which party and candidate will do the more to limit the evils of the spoils system, or the preponderance of opinion of another relatively small body of citizens as to whether federal subsidies to steamship-owners be truly for the interest of the country at large. For these are the three questions practically and expressly presented by the two programmes of 1892.

THE DUTCH INFLUENCE IN AMERICA.

American historical literature has been mainly the work of New England men. It involves no ingratitude toward their labors to say that, as representatives of New England, they have done their work only too well. In the absence of equally vigorous champions of other claims, the public mind in most portions of the United States has allowed itself to be persuaded that, in making the country what it is, much the greatest influence was exerted by New England, or even by Massachusetts. Indeed, one occasionally sees American history treated as if Plymouth Rock underlay the whole geological formation of the United States. Now, the open-minded man who, in the body or in the spirit, trav-

els over the country at all, otherwise than on his own parallel of latitude, speedily perceives the narrowness and insufficiency of such a theory. Looking at our national life and institutions from as nearly central a point of view as he can attain, he sees that their characteristics and the course of their development, complex and varied, refuse to be so simply explained. Some things were settled by public debate and agreement; in these, he remembers, representatives of thirteen States participated on fairly equal terms. Others received their form through slow processes of attrition and growth; in these silent and unconscious processes other sections, he feels sure, cannot have been less active than New England. A country which a hundred years ago had for its population a million New Englanders, a million Middle-State men, and a million Southerners cannot, in the nature of things, be wholly — is probably not even mainly — the handiwork of any one of the three.

Any writer, therefore, who makes a careful attempt to exhibit the influence of other portions of the nation, or of other than the English elements in our population, may feel assured of a welcome from the lovers of American history. This is the service which Mr. Campbell has undertaken with respect to the Dutch element in our national life and institutions.[1] "From their earliest schooldays," he says in his preface, "Americans have been told that this nation is a transplanted England, and that we must look to the motherland as the home of our institutions." But studies in the colonial history of New York had early shown him traces of those institutions and ideas which are regarded as distinctively American, but which, in the case of that colony, seemed clearly not to be of English origin. He became convinced that the common source must be sought in the institutions and the Puritanism of the Netherlands. The present book is the offspring of this conviction. The author rightly says that the influence of the Netherlands upon England during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has been largely overlooked by English historians, and their influence upon American history equally overlooked among us. This neglect he labors to repair.

In an introductory chapter upon the institutions of the United States, Mr. Campbell tells us what he intends to prove. It is no halfway doctrine which he proposes to defend. Stated in his own words, it is this: "Instead of [the institutions] of the United States being derived from England, . . . we have scarcely a legal or political institution of importance which is of English origin, and but few which have come to us by the way of England." He sets forth in forcible terms the points of contrast between the institutions of England and those of the United States. We do not have an established church. Democratic equality prevails among us. We have a written constitution. To our President and Supreme Court there are no English analogues. "Each country has two legislative houses, but the resemblance goes no further." Primogeniture is unknown among us. Deeds and mortgages are recorded in public offices, and peasant proprietorship is the rule. Popular education is universal. Public libraries and colleges are numerous. The simplicity of our system of local government contrasts strikingly with the fantastic disorder of English local arrangements. Religious liberty, the freedom of the press, the use of the written ballot, and the modern system of prison management were all fully established in America long before they came into vogue in England. Finally, American

[1] *The Puritan in Holland, England, and America.* An Introduction to American History. By Douglas Campbell, A. M., LL. B. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1892.

legal reforms, mainly due to a Roman influence alien to the common law, so far from being derived from England, have subsequently and slowly and partially been copied by the Parliament of that nation.

The contrast, drawn out with much force and pungency of expression in this introductory chapter, is an impressive one. Indeed, Mr. Campbell did not need to fortify it with petulant innuendo regarding the slowness and insularity of our cousins. But before allowing the impressiveness of the contrast to convince us that American institutions must have been derived from some third country, let us inquire if there is no fallacy in the reasoning. Is no other conclusion possible than that drawn by the author, which, frankly, will seem to many readers a paradox? Mr. Campbell makes no allowance for the more rapid progress of political change in new countries, — a fact constantly noted from the times of the Greek colonies down. Democracy, disestablishment, religious freedom, popular education, simplicity of local administration, peasant proprietorship, and the equal partition of the landed property of persons dying intestate are all things much more easily brought about in a new country than in one of ancient civilization. Suppose we take Australia for an example. Here is a land without established churches, and in which religious liberty, freedom of the press, and democratic equality have long prevailed. The individual colonies have written constitutions, and the commonwealth of Australia will have. The organization of the colonial legislatures is of a considerably more modern type than that of the legislature in England, and the system of local government is simpler. Public education is the rule. Public libraries and the universities are highly developed. Primogeniture is unknown. The administration of prisons is in accord with modern notions. The registration of land titles is more highly developed than in the United States, and the arrangements with regard to the written ballot are those which we have at last copied. Now, no one thinks it necessary to refer all this to Dutch or other non-English influence. It is well known to have been a natural outgrowth of conditions of existence considerably different from those of England. Similarly, in the case of America, it is plain enough that many of the differences between English and American institutions of which Mr. Campbell demands the explanation are most naturally explained as resulting from the widely different conditions presented by virgin soil, new settlement, absence of traditions, or other historic accidents. Take the written constitution, for instance. It is true that the republic of the United Provinces had one, and that England had not. But, quite apart from that, can any one imagine thirteen colonies agreeing upon a union and not writing down the terms of it? Again, as to the chief peculiarity of the Supreme Court, Mr. Bryce and Mr. Dicey have pointed out that its supposed peculiar power in constitutional cases is but a natural incident to the position of any judiciary of English traditions acting under a written constitution. Plainly, Mr. Campbell's task shrinks a little upon examination, and he might have spared himself some trouble.

Though the preface and the introductory chapter set forth as the main object of the book the demonstration of the thesis described, the work is by title an account of Dutch and English Puritanism; for the author regards the Dutch influence, to which he attributes so much, as exerted chiefly through the Dutch and English Puritans. Indeed, one is surprised, after reading the introductory matter, to see how largely the book consists of a history of the Netherlands and England during the Puritan age. All the chapters from one to twenty are occupied with this narrative, and it is, for

the most part, only in the twenty-first and twenty-second that the author proceeds to the demonstration of the positions above mentioned. His narrative chapters begin with the abdication of Charles V. and the accession of Elizabeth, and sketch Dutch and English history down to the close of the war against Spain and the establishment of the English Commonwealth. He constantly assures us that all this is necessary to his intended demonstration, but we must say he does not make us see that it is. To prove conclusively that the civilization of the Netherlands was, in the times of the Pilgrim Fathers, vastly more advanced than that of England is a genuine and valuable service, for the fact, though indisputable, is not so generally known as it should be. It is also a service to show, by many interesting little facts, that the influence of the Dutch upon the English during the Puritan period was considerable. But this did not require the author to tell again the story of the rise of the Dutch republic to readers to whom Motley is perhaps not so unsatisfactory as he seems to be to Mr. Campbell; nor does it seem to us that his declared purpose is furthered by relating any other than the institutional portions of Puritan history in England.

Considered separately, Mr. Campbell's history of Puritanism and of the Dutch war for independence is an interesting one. His style is clear and nervous, and occasionally picturesque. His criticisms of the accepted views respecting English greatness in the Elizabethan age are often acute and instructive, though marred by an acerbity of temper that is anything but scientific. Everywhere one feels that he has a thesis to maintain, a contrast to exhibit and to heighten. For instance, he surely makes no converts by saying such things as that "from the death of Chaucer until the destruction of the Armada England had produced scarcely an original book worthy to be classed as literature."

Professional students of history will certainly say that Mr. Campbell's ideas of research are those of an amateur. Apparently, however, he is fortified against such judgments by a consuming scorn of historians as a class. Never, we think, have we read a book in which phrases exposing their shortcomings so abounded: "few historians have noticed," "many writers make the statement that," "some historians have assumed," "it has been customary, among a certain class of writers," "modern historians who judge the transactions of two centuries ago by modern canons," and so on, and so on. The gentle reader will be moved to inquire what are the scientific qualifications for his task which justify Mr. Campbell in thus loftily remarking upon the deficiencies of his predecessors; and, to begin with, he will scarcely be prepared to hear that Mr. Campbell evidently knows no Dutch! Truly this is astounding, — that one should undertake to prove the Dutch origin of the leading institutions of the United States, and to that end write an account of the most important century of Dutch history, and yet not provide himself with the most clearly indispensable of all tools, and that a tool so easily acquired! It need, then, surprise no one that the author's notions as to sources are elementary. His Dutch history is necessarily drawn from English sources. Now it so happens that, as a result of that very neglect of the Netherlands which Mr. Campbell so justly reprehends, one can get but a very imperfect notion of Dutch history from books written in English. If he had been able to read the Dutch historians, he would have seen many matters of a general nature in a different light, to say nothing of the necessity of real researches to one who undertakes to prove so much in matters depending upon details. Deficiency of research is equally apparent in other parts of the narrative. For mediæval matters, Hallam's Mid-

dle Ages, published in 1818, seems to Mr. Campbell a sufficient authority; for matters of Queen Elizabeth's reign, Mr. Froude. If his views regarding the influence of the Dutch upon the English during the Puritan period are to be substantiated at all, it is evident that one of the chief instruments for doing it must be the Calendars of State Papers; but he is evidently content to use them only at second hand. The mention of "Canon Adams, of Bremen" may be only a slip; but surely it is reprehensible to cite Sir Josiah Child eleven times as an authority, and each time give him the name of Joshua. If we may mention one more matter of detail in the narrative portion, it is a pity that Mr. Campbell should (i. 346) so scornfully point the contrast between the immediate acceptance of the Gregorian calendar by the intelligent Netherlanders and the slowness of the ignorant and prejudiced English; for in point of fact it was only the province of Holland that adopted the reform at once, the other six provinces wheeling into line so late as 1700, almost as tardily as the benighted islanders.

But what of Mr. Campbell's propositions respecting the origin of American institutions, when at last, in his concluding chapters, he proceeds to the direct proof of them? For this is certainly the most significant part of his book. In the matter of free schools a case is made out, and a probability is established in the case of the institution of the governmental prosecuting officer, the registration of conveyances, and the distribution of the goods of an intestate, though in our judgment Mr. Campbell has not yet done all the work necessary to prove these points. Into the matter of the written ballot he has gone more thoroughly. He shows that in one city, Emden, which lay outside the Netherlands, but which was garrisoned by Dutch troops, the secret written ballot was employed from the beginning of the seventeenth century for the nomination of civil magistrates by the Council of Forty. But when they came to the actual selection, they voted, as each name was called, by the use of coins marked "yes" and "no." This was a secret ballot, though not written; and the secrecy is perhaps a more important part of the modern institution than the use of writing. But such an unwritten ballot, of "balls in the affirmative box" and "balls in the negative box," was used in the elections of the Virginia Company, and such was probably the "scrutiny" which we find mentioned in the early records of the English East India Company. There is nothing to show that the members of the Massachusetts Company derived the plan of their election of 1634 from one or from another of these sources. There is a greater probability in the author's theory that the New England elections by written ballot, which began with the choice of a minister by the Salem church in 1629, had their source in the Dutch practice whereby congregations chose their ministers by ballot. Singularly enough, the author has nothing to say as to the history of the institution in New York before the Revolution, which we should suppose would be of much importance to his argument.

What Mr. Campbell has to say concerning the attempts made toward legal reform under the English Commonwealth, and their probable influence in America, is interesting and instructive. His arguments in support of most of his other points are decidedly flimsy, especially in view of his having "roared so loud, and thundered in the index" as to what he was going to prove. Take universal suffrage, for instance. What can be more extraordinary than to attribute American popular suffrage to Dutch influence, upon the strength of the fact that the suffrage was wide in the provinces of Friesland and Groningen, provinces containing about one

eighth of the population of the republic, when it is well known that in the other five provinces, including those nearest and best known to the English, the suffrage was closely limited? So, of that peculiarity of the American Senate by which one third of the number go out of office at a time, Mr. Campbell says that we must derive it from Pennsylvania, "in which colony it alone prevailed. When Penn prepared his Frame of Government, he provided for a council or upper house of the legislature, one third of whose members went out of office every year, and this system was continued in the first state constitutions of Pennsylvania and Delaware. But Penn merely borrowed this idea from the Netherland cities, where it was universal." But Penn's Frame of Government of 1696 abolished this feature of rotation, and the council which the constitution of 1776 provided was an executive council, and not at all an upper house of the legislature. Moreover, so far from this plan being universal in the Dutch cities, so that "in all their important bodies they changed only a fraction at a time," we believe it was not even usual. Van Meteren preserves a letter of the States-General to the Earl of Leicester, written in 1587, in which they state the chief features of the town governments of the Netherlands, and which ought to be a sufficient authority, though of course they speak in general terms. They say: "The city magistracies consist of from twenty to forty, the most considerable persons in the city, and hold as long as they live and continue to be citizens. Vacancies by death or removal they fill themselves."

Between any two federal constitutions there must, in the nature of the case, be many resemblances. Mr. Campbell states some and magnifies others, and at once concludes for direct derivation or imitation. Upon how slight grounds he is content to base such conclusions, how far the love of his thesis can carry him in the way of seeing evidence where none exists, may be seen by such an instance as that where (ii. 422) he speaks of the fact that, in the Continental Congress and in the States-General, each state had but a single vote. His footnote reads: "See, as to the influence of the Netherland republic upon this question, Jefferson's Works (ed. 1853), i. 32, etc. See also page 16 in regard to the Netherland republic as a model for the colonies in declaring their independence." The reader who turns to the passages in the hope of seeing there some evidence which really proves a connection finds that on page 16 Jefferson merely mentions that, in the discussions respecting independence, some said that "the history of the Dutch republic, of whom three states only confederated at first, proved that a secession of some colonies would not be so dangerous as some apprehended:" and that is absolutely all. And on page 32 he finds it mentioned, as one of eleven arguments adduced by one member, that "the Belgic confederacy voted by provinces."

As if not to leave England a leg to stand on, Mr. Campbell adds a supplementary chapter on the Scotch-Irish, "the Puritans of the South," interesting, but marred by much exaggeration and a tendency to "claim everything." We take this occasion to protest against the habit into which writers upon the influence of non-English elements in our history seem prone to fall, of claiming "signers," revolutionary heroes, and Presidents as belonging to these other races merely on the strength of their surnames and first known male ascendant. Thus, Mr. Campbell tells us that, of the twenty-three Presidents of the United States, the Scotch-Irish have contributed six, the Scotch three, among whom he reckons Monroe, the Welsh one (Jefferson), etc. Now, unless he knows more of the genealogy of Jefferson and Monroe than any one else does,

he would find it hard work to prove, in the case of either President, that fifteen of his sixteen great-great-grandparents were not English.

We welcome all attempts to set forth duly the influence of Dutch, French, Scotch, or Irish in our history. But, in order to be successful, they must be made by writers who possess abundant scholarship, temperate judgment, and the ability to distinguish between assertion and proof.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Literature and Criticism. Walter Savage Landor, a Critical Study, by E. W. Evans, Jr. (Putnams.) An unusual piece of work when regarded as the product of an undergraduate; for while it has the solemnity of serious undergraduate work, it has also the marks of a discriminating and mature judgment. What Mr. Evans has to say of Landor's personality in connection with his work is excellent; and though he does not quite solve the problem of Landor's failure to make himself a force in literature, it may well be that critics have gone too far about for their solution. The book deserves a complete reading by all who care for Landor, and it will probably receive it from such as are not deterred by a certain magniloquence in the opening pages, — a manner, we can assure them, which is left behind by the writer shortly. — Novalis, his Life, Thoughts, and Works, edited and translated by M. J. Hope. (McClurg.) A neat little volume, containing a biographical sketch, the tale of Heinrich von Osterdingen, and a collection of thoughts, among which is his famous "Philosophy cannot bake bread, but it can reveal God, freedom, and eternity." — From the Books of Laurence Hutton. (Harpers.) A revised collection of half a dozen rambling essays upon topics of interest to one who loves books for themselves as well as for what they contain. Thus, Mr. Hutton discourses of book-plates, Grangerism, poetical dedications, poetical inscriptions, portrait inscriptions, and of the Portraits of Mary, Queen of Scots. He draws not only from sources accessible to all book-lovers, but from many private domains not open to the public even on half-holidays. — The Hell of Dante, edited, with Translation and Notes, by Arthur John Butler. (Macmillan.) This volume completes Mr. Butler's version, in English prose, of the Divina Commedia, of which he published the other parts about a decade ago. His work is distinguished by vivid comprehension and energetic scholarship. In availing himself of the recent additions to Dante literature, Mr. Butler discriminates excellently between the earlier methods of criticism admitting "amiable conjecture" and the modern opposite tendency to "negative dogmatism." His translation is highly conscientious, with a flavor of originality, while it does not equal the elect charm of the idiom of Professor Norton's work. The text is fully annotated, with possibly a little too much of grammatical minuteness. Mr. Butler makes the admirable suggestion that a number of students should combine to read (among them) all that Dante can have read, and make themselves as familiar as he was with the events, great and small, of his age. From this coöperation might be expected an adequate edition of Dante's works. — The Odes and Epodes of Horace, translated into English Verse, with an Introduction and Notes and Latin Text, by John B. Hague. (Putnams.) Horace is the hope and despair of scholars. His lyrics fascinate by their beauty and by the difficulty of rendering them. Dr. Hague has chosen simple forms in which to render complex measures; and though his work is smooth and sometimes elegant, he misses that linking of phrase which makes one of Horace's lyrics a whole oblivious of the stanza divisions in which it is printed. The notes are to the point, though we think Dr. Hague takes too much pains to establish Horace's good character, and assumes too readily that the persons to whom the lyrics are addressed sail under the colors named in the headings. It is a

great convenience to the reader to have the Latin text given. — A Companion to the Iliad for English Readers, by Walter Leaf. (Macmillan.) Mr. Leaf, in connection with Mr. Lang and Mr. Myers, published, several years ago, a prose version of the Iliad. This book is in effect a full body of notes to that work; and inasmuch as his version supposed little or no knowledge of the Greek language on the part of the reader, so this is concerned with the Iliad as a work of art and an exponent of Greek life. It is most admirably conceived and executed. — Messrs. Roberts Brothers have completed their attractive edition of Jane Austen's works by the publication of Northanger Abbey and Persuasion, and of two supplementary volumes: one containing Mr. Austen-Leigh's admirable memoir, upon which all later works of the kind have been based, Lady Susan and The Watsons; the other, edited by Miss Woolsey, giving a selection from the letters contained in Lord Brabourne's compilation. The selection has been judiciously made, but the reader misses the original editor's introduction and running comments. As a memorandum for Errata in this volume, we would call attention to the fact that Miss Austen's favorite niece was not Lady Edward Knatchbull, — an impossible title, since no Lord Edward Knatchbull ever existed, — and also that leg-of-mutton sleeves were never worn by our novelist's heroines till they had reached middle age. The latter blunder is the more apparent in view of the accuracy with which the costume of their youth is reproduced in the illustrations. This edition is so satisfactory in nearly every respect that one is disturbed by even the most trivial blemishes. — Tributes to Shakespeare, collected and arranged by Mary R. Silsby. (Harpers.) It was a happy thought to bring together the most worthy poetical tributes to the greatest of poets, and this volume is welcome if only for the reason that it gives the general reader, in an easily accessible form, the principal seventeenth-century tributes, and may thus assist in weakening the robust popular fallacy that Shakespeare was but poorly, if at all, appreciated by his contemporaries and their children. It would hardly do to inquire too curiously as to the wide knowledge of even Ben Jonson's noble eulogy, save of the lines that have become familiar quotations. We wish the editor, in dealing with recent verse, had been more rigidly exclusive. The omission of a few of the later poems would have added greatly to the permanent value of the book. The Brief Tributes, too, might well be spared, at least those in prose, as the collection must necessarily be so incomplete. — Browning's Criticism of Life, by William F. Revell. (Macmillan.) Mr. Revell believes that Browning reached substantially his main beliefs at an early age, and that his poetry repeated these beliefs from first to last. Hence he sets about a discovery of what the great lines of his doctrine of life were by an examination of his verse. This method enables him to dismiss any notion of development of belief; and when one considers the eagerness of Browning's search into the heart of man all through his life, one is constrained to think this a perilous method. However, Mr. Revell goes to work industriously, and essays to try out the religious thought, the ethical and the scientific conception, in Browning's poetry. He says some commonplace things, but the reader learns to respect his sincerity and his painstaking desire to restate the whole matter clearly and with discrimination. The book will furnish a clue to some puzzled readers of Browning. — Poet-Lore, a Monthly Magazine, devoted to Shakespeare, Browning, and the Comparative Study of Literature. (Poet-Lore Co., Boston.) The third volume of this work was issued just before the removal of the magazine from Philadelphia to Boston, and a survey of it gives a better idea than single numbers can of the scope intended by the editors. It is a most excellent indication of the genuine love of high literature that the editors have been able to bring together so many distinct contributions of a suggestive and critical character. There is a freshness about the work which is inspiriting, and the study is of that which is worth while, not the tiresome praise of the second-rate. — The Philadelphia Magazines and their Contributors, 1741–1850, by Albert H. Smyth. (Robert M. Lindsay, Philadelphia.) The primary place which Philadelphia occupied in our literary history is justification for this little volume, which collects a great deal of curious bibliographical information, and sets forth well the poverty and fecundity of our early magazine literature. — The Idealist, by Henry

T. King. (Lippincott.) A collection of more than a hundred essays, some less than a page in length, which contain the writer's reflections on a variety of topics, expressed in more or less epigrammatic terms. The golden milestone of his journeyings appears to be himself. — Essays on German Literature, by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. (Scribners.) Mr. Boyesen takes for his themes the great constructive names and periods. To Goethe he gives six chapters, to Schiller one, to the German novel three, and to the Romantic School in Germany three. The equipment which he brings to his task is important, for he writes, not as an exclusive student of German literature, but as a comprehensive student of current tendencies in literature ; so that his work is throughout illustrated by a wide range of examples, and his criticism becomes a study in comparative literature.

Fiction. It Came to Pass, by Mary Farley Sanborn. No. 19 of Good Company series. (Lee & Shepard.) She thought she did not love the young man number one, though she was engaged to him, for she had seen number two. So number one went away, and came back, thirty-nine pages before the end of the book, and married her. She never really loved number two, who was a villain. We seem to have heard this story before, but this particular variation is cleverly told, and some of the minor incidents and characters are capital. The book is an odd mixture of the domestic and sensational. — Confessions of a Publisher, by John Strange Winter. (The Waverly Co., New York.) A careless, idle story, in which the assumption of character by the story-teller intended for irony is all that lifts the tale above cheap commonplace. — Columbus and Beatriz, by Constance Goddard Du Bois. (McClurg.) With the "Columbian year" we have much Columbian fiction. The author tells us that this book has for its object the reparation of an injustice which history has done to Beatriz Enriquez, popularly supposed to be the mistress of Columbus. The defense of the close relations of this pair at first, and the breaking of these ties later, is based on the idea that Columbus, always drawn to the religious life, married Beatriz ; but later, on his great voyage, being in danger of shipwreck, he vowed, if preserved, to forsake his wife and his all that he might more truly dedicate himself to the service of God. This theory is ingeniously worked out. The book is old-fashioned in form, and not very vividly interesting, although a picturesque account of the times of Columbus. — Out of the Fashion, by L. T. Meade. (Cassell.) A story of four sisters who, losing their fortune through their father's defalcation, are enabled, through the aid of a benevolent and practical maiden lady, to turn their London mansion into a boarding-house. This ideal abode is, of course, a marvelous success, persons of distinction being only too glad to lodge in the back attic of a house where everybody dresses for dinner, and "all the comforts of a refined home are to be had at a nominal price." Although the characters are supposed to be English, their habits of life and speech are very American. The story is commonplace and ill written, but perfectly harmless. — Colonel Starbottle's Client and Some Other People, by Bret Harte. (Houghton.) Nine stories, short, one might almost think, to show the skill with which this writer can turn his carriage round on a ten-cent piece. — Ground Arms! the Story of a Life, by Bertha von Suttner ; translated from the German by Alice Asbury Abbott. (McClurg.) A novel in autobiographic form, recounting the change of attitude toward militarism by an Austrian lady of rank. Her experience begins with Solferino, and ends with the defeat of the French by the Prussians, so that something of modern military history is reviewed. In addition there is a good deal of discussion over Darwin and modern philosophy, and an earnest plea for the abandonment of the military system. The book has made a strong impression among the author's countrymen, where the tension produced by impending war is tremendous, but the writer requires an audience. She has failed, we think, to make her book impressive to unmilitary people. Certainly it can hardly be named with Tolstóy's War and Peace. — A Man and a Woman, by Stanley Waterloo. (F. J. Schulte & Co., Chicago.) It is difficult to see what the author gains by introducing himself to the reader. In spite of his explanation, there are several points in the story which the most intimate friend of a man and his wife must needs imagine, for he would not be told. In a word, the teller is not a necessary part of the story.

There is not much of a story. The man is represented as defiling himself with women, and yet a most wonderful husband. We wonder if the writer would have the temerity to reverse the situation, or would believe such a reversal true to life and nature? The solemnity with which the book opens encourages one to believe that it is the work of a young writer, for it contains enough evidence of cleverness to make one wish to believe this. — Some Children of Adam, by R. M. Manley. (Worthington Co., New York.) One would fancy this tale, on the contrary, to have been written by an old man, who had been bred on fiction of the elaborately fictitious order of fifty years ago. The ingenuity is purely intellectual; it does not spring from the joy of story-telling, and the people and incidents are only occasionally natural. — Aunt Anne, by Mrs. W. K. Clifford. (Harpers.) Nothing that Mrs. Clifford has hitherto done has prepared her readers for the force, skill, and pathos with which the central figure of this story is depicted. The unusual, and it might be supposed hazardous, experiment made in the choice of a heroine has been amply justified. Aunt Anne, old, worn, and wrinkled, but with the sentiment, sentimentality, and foolishness of a young girl; poor and dependent, yet recklessly extravagant and lavishly generous, — often at the expense of the recipients of her gifts; with her impressive diction, overweening sense of her own importance, and power of self-deception, is an absolutely living woman, whose story never fails, while she is on the stage, to hold the reader. On one point alone, in this original and admirable delineation, does the writer show the touch of an amateur, — she insists overmuch on personal peculiarities. Aunt Anne's involuntary wink is so persistently dwelt upon that it becomes a positive annoyance to the reader. Unfortunately for the complete effect of the book, the minor characters are, as a rule, commonplace and conventional, while the most important of them, Aunt Anne's villainous young husband, is almost a failure. — Helen Brent, M. D. (Cassell.) In this variation of the woman-doctor story, she secretly loves him, in spite of her noble profession; he marries the other woman; then she saves his wife's life, and tries to bring about a right state of feeling between the two; then the wife runs away with some one else; then he is brought to his senses, and, on the page after "The End," she is to be made happy with him. How the genuine woman-doctors must loathe these travesties on their real life! — Onoqua, by Frances C. Sparhawk. (Lee & Shepard.) A story of Indian life, in which is depicted the struggle for ascendency of the new aspirations through a Christian training over the old traditional, isolated, lower-animal existence. — A Golden Gossip, by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. (Houghton.) A bright story, full of small but not petty incidents, because they have to do with character and its development. Mrs. Whitney has a way of interpreting the common things of what people call commonplace life, and disclosing their fuller significance; and if she sometimes plays with her phrases and invents verbal mysteries, there is always actual life showing through the veil she weaves. — The Master of Silence, a Romance, by Irving Bacheller. (C. L. Webster & Co.) Melodramatic situations preserved from scenic terror by the evident desire of the author to introduce a finer element in the spirit of the leading character. His psychical construction, however, of this marvelous person is scarcely equal to his design, so that the reader falls back upon the story at last, and gets what satisfaction he can out of that. — Calmire. (Macmillan.) Seven hundred and fifty pages of fiction are required to bring together at last the young man and young woman who meet in the first chapter. But then the writer had to account for the change in the principle of the young man, and that meant a good deal of grave consideration of questions of faith and no faith. She has written a book of some cleverness in spite of its wholly unnecessary length and its abnormally developed characters. May she live to write a better and shorter tale. — The Goddess of Atvatabar, being the Discovery of the Interior World and Conquest of Atvatabar, by William R. Bradshaw. (J. F. Douthitt, New York.) With so skeptically a named publisher, the reader begins to wonder if Mr. W. R. Bradshaw may not have dropped, casually, a *p* from between *d* and *s*, and if the grave introduction by Mr. Julian Hawthorne may not be all of Mr. Bradshaw's contribution to this elaborate fooling. Some one, at any rate, has been at a world of trouble to in-

vent another world within our globe, and has disturbed the dreams of certain picture-makers, who appear to have made the profuse illustrations in their sleep. — Colonel Judson of Alabama, or A Southerner's Experience at the North, by F. Bean. (United States Book Co., New York.) The writer of this book must have lived in some no-man's land, for his Southerners and Northerners are each destitute of the characteristics of their respective sections; and the tedious vulgarity of pretty much every one in the book leads one to ask why on earth the author took the trouble to write it. — Moonblight and Six Feet of Romance, by Dan Beard. With illustrations by the author. (C. L. Webster & Co.) The former tale occupies nearly all the book, and is a fantastic whimsey, in which the author endeavors to give vent to his views regarding the labor problem in the mining regions. His earnestness is unmistakable, but he has entangled his story with such complex conceits that many will abandon the attempt to read the book, and find their satisfaction in the pictures, some of which are clever and effective.

Theology, Ecclesiology, and Ethics. Humanity in its Origin and Early Growth, by E. Colbert. (The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.) Mr. Colbert's astronomical studies have blended with his archæological, and, in his eagerness to account for humanity upon strictly mundane principles, he translates all worship into reverence for planets. His book is a slap-dash, dogmatic interpretation of human history before the time of records, and with all its cleverness betrays an undue haste in reasoning whenever the reasoning militates against received notions born of the Christian education which so offends him. He is one of the sensible men who smile at the Christian superstitions. — The Incarnation of the Son of God, by Charles Gore. (Scribners.) These Bampton Lectures for 1891 are among the most notable of the recent lectures on this foundation, not merely in themselves, but as significant of the movement of thought in the English Church. The lecturer, representing what would be regarded as the most conservative school in the Church, boldly takes his stand with the men of other sciences, and undertakes to apply the inductive method to the profoundest article in the creed of the Church. One of the most successful passages is that in which he turns the tables upon those who oppose the higher Biblical criticism, using one of their favorite proof texts, and showing clearly how utterly it fails them when subjected to close analysis, and how completely it sanctions the higher criticism. The whole argument of the book is masterly. — The Plan of the Ages. A Vindication of the Divine Character and Government; showing, by a Recognition and Harmonizing of all the Scriptures, that the Permission of Evil, past and present, is Educational and Preparatory to the Ushering of Mankind into the Golden Age of Prophecy, in which all the Families of the Earth will be blessed with a Full Knowledge of God and a Full Opportunity for attaining Everlasting Life through the Redeemer, who then will be the great Restorer and Life-Giver. Acts 3 : 19–21. (Saalfield & Fitch, New York.) After reading this title-page, and gazing at the wonderful folding chart of the ages which confronts it, and turning the leaf to dwell upon the extraordinary dedication to the King of kings and Lord of lords, one begins to ask to whom God has thus entrusted the vindication of his character. Who art thou, O man? — Old Wine, New Bottles, Some Elemental Doctrines in Modern Form, by Amory H. Bradford. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.) Four Discourses, on The Living God, The Holy Trinity, What is Left of the Bible, The Immortal Life, by a vigorous divine who, like others, is striving to translate the great truths of religion into terms of current thought. — The Soteriology of the New Testament, by W. P. Du Bose. (Macmillan.) A very interesting study of the problem of sin and the delivery from it as lying in the nature of things and defined in the New Testament. The writer, though theologically definite, is honest, clear, and reasonable, and his book is refreshingly free from assumptions and professional language. There is a certain quaintness even in the style which gives it a flavor of originality, and a human interest which gives body to arguments and illustrations drawn from the great facts of life. — Glimpses of Heaven. Discourses concerning the Way of Life and the House not made with Hands, Instructing Sinners to Enter by the Open Door and Encouraging Saints to Walk with Christ Evermore.

Stenographically Reported as Delivered under the Power of the Holy Spirit. By Rev. W. H. Munhill, Louisville, Ky. (John Y. Huber Co., Philadelphia.) There is a portrait of the preacher fronting the book. Some people like colloquialism in religious discourses, and the free-and-easy handling of sacred themes, and the cocksure affirmations of the man who rushes in. — The Sources of Consolation in Human Life, by William Rounseville Alger. (Roberts Bros.) Mr. Alger, dissatisfied with the fragmentary or professional consolations to be found in anthologies and religious treatises, has essayed a more consecutive and comprehensive study of the fundamental resources available for the cure of human suffering. He ploughs deep, and is satisfied with nothing short of a philosophic view which takes account of real experience, and assumes to produce a higher good expulsive of every evil. The book is a thoughtful one, and informed with a persistently high purpose. If it seem to some mystical, it is because of the subtlety of pain which can be cured, not by any sharp caustic, but by the exaltation of a mood, the pervasiveness of a spiritual temper. — The Life Beyond, by George Hepworth. (Randolph.) Under the guise of colloquies between a master and his doubting, inquiring pupil, a variety of analogies and illustrations is employed to set forth the probability of personal immortality.

History and Biography. Of the making of books about Carlyle there is apparently to be no immediate end, but before a halt is called it is pleasant to welcome so real a contribution to the subject as Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's Conversations with Carlyle (imported by Scribners), which gives a much more amiable view than the commonly accepted one. Sir C. G. Duffy was twenty years younger than Carlyle, and was an ardent member of the United Ireland party when, in 1845, he made the acquaintance of that perverted man of genius. It is evident in almost every letter of Carlyle to Sir C. G. Duffy that he had a warm affection for the young and enthusiastic Irishman. This, so far from being disagreeable, is a most timely aspect of Carlyle; but the reader must all the more be on his guard against supposing — as Sir C. G. Duffy apparently supposes — that the "whole and perfect chrysolite" has been presented, instead of a too seldom seen facet of a most roughly hewn gem. The more familiar surfaces shine, too, in Sir C. G. Duffy's pages, and whoever likes to read Carlyle at all will like to read his vehement utterances about Ireland, Home Rule, Thackeray, Jeffrey, Landor, Mill, Dickens, and other men and things. The book gives also a pleasant and lively impression of Mrs. Carlyle and of her relations to her husband; but there is some implied reprobation of Mr. Froude with reference to the publication of the Reminiscences of my Irish Journey in 1849, and to other matters. A letter or two of Mrs. Carlyle's and reports of her high-keyed sayings add to the interest of the book. — Mr. J. P. Mahaffy's Problems in Greek History (Macmillan) falls far short of the greater part of the author's work in entertainment, because Mr. Mahaffy will be insisting, with a perseverance which even his variety of expression cannot redeem from monotony, upon his own services to scholarship, his own shrewdness and enlightenment in long ago advancing opinions which are now universally held. We have all along been aware that Home Rule perpetually plays the Head of Charles I. to the Mr. Dick of Mr. Mahaffy, but there has been nothing better in the performance than the comparison here made between the attitude of the free Greek states toward Philip and the attitude of the Irish landlords toward Parnell. But lively interest in current affairs, and a disposition to treat ancient history as if it really happened and might happen again, are not so common amongst academic writers as to make us feel like complaining too querulously over so ardent an Irishman as Mr. Mahaffy. — The Discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, by Harry Hakes, M. D. (Robert Baur & Son, Wilkesbarre, Penn.) An expanded lecture, in which an attempt is made, not without success, to determine the facts, and to brush away mere speculations. — Henry Boynton Smith, by Lewis F. Stearns. (Houghton.) A volume in the American Religious Leaders series. The type of scholarship illustrated by Professor Smith was a rare one, for he was at once courageous and conservative, acute and broad-minded. His constructive power was very great, and he applied it not only in religious philosophy, but in ecclesiastical order;

and though he stood in his great work as a pacificator and church statesman, there was nothing of the trimmer or halfway man about him. His noble character penetrates his writing, and the able student who wrote this book — his last contribution to theological science — has shown a fine capacity to measure and estimate Smith's work. — A Footnote to History, Eight Years of Trouble in Samoa, by Robert Louis Stevenson. (Scribners.) It may not be the mark of genius, but it is something very like it, when Mr. Stevenson turns the little tempest in a Polynesian teapot, by the force of his imaginative skill, into a human drama full of interest to his readers. His brilliant touch translates Samoan life into terms intelligible by the Anglo-American audience which he addresses, and his humor constantly flies forth even when he is most in earnest, as he is indeed throughout the book. — Dorothy Wallis, an Autobiography, with Introduction by Walter Besant. (Longmans.) Mr. Besant, in his interesting preface, assures us that this is what it purports to be, a perfectly true history of a girl, a gentlewoman, who, without help from any one, with no money, and with very few friends, endeavors to obtain an honorable position as an actress. Though the slight story that serves as the framework of her adventures is conventional both in incident and characterization, the main narrative, in its vigorous and unadorned realism, at once impresses the reader as a veritable fragment of autobiography. The City house where a crowd of women earn the smallest and most precarious of wages by directing wrappers, the struggle to obtain even an unsalaried position in theatres which are rather euphemistically called "minor," the haps and mishaps of "a tour," the third-rate theatrical life, the gleam of better fortune at the close, — all these are depicted in a manner which, whatever else it may lack, is vividly and sometimes painfully truthful. Dorothy is a girl who will probably in the end secure at least some measure of success; but her story should serve, as it probably will not, as a strong deterrent to the ordinary stage-struck young woman. — In the series The Stories of the Nations (Putnams), a recent volume is on the Byzantine Empire, by C. W. C. Oman. The history is traced from the founding of Byzantium by the Greeks, B. C. 666, to the fall of Constantinople in A. D. 1453, and the narrative is a plain, unadorned tale, which attracts by its clearness and business-like character rather than by any special charm in the telling. — Serampore Letters, being the Unpublished Correspondence of William Carey and Others with John Williams, 1800–1816, edited by Leighton and Mornay Williams; with an Introduction by Thomas Wright. (Putnams.) The reader of the more considerable biography of Carey, Marshman, and Ward will be glad of this little book of a hundred and fifty pages which adds to the material there used. The careful reproduction of these letters adds to their value by preserving the quaint flavor of a recent antiquity, and one is struck anew with the single-minded simplicity of these Baptist missionary pioneers. There are several very good illustrations. — History of the Nineteenth Army Corps, by Richard B. Irwin. (Putnams.) The corps was organized at the close of 1862, out of regiments which had been serving in the Department of the Gulf, and placed under command of General Banks. But the history of the corps begins really with the operations at New Orleans and on the Mississippi, so that almost the entire work becomes a history of the war in the Gulf and the Red River. In June, 1864, the corps was sent to the Potomac and Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek formed part of its experience. The narrative is clear and forcible, and a number of useful maps add to the value of the book. — Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux. A Narrative of Stirring Personal Experiences and Adventures in the Big Horn and Yellowstone Expeditions of 1876, and in the Campaign on the British Border in 1879. By John F. Finerty. (79 Dearborn St., Chicago.) We have already referred to this book in a regular review (February, 1892), and will only repeat, apropos of a new edition, that it contains a very spirited narrative of Indian warfare. — The final volume of Von Holst's The Constitutional and Political History of the United States, translated by John J. Lalor, covers the period from Harper's Ferry to Lincoln's Inauguration. (Callaghan & Co., Chicago.) It is a disappointment to find that there is no index to the entire work, at the end of the series. — Life of Thomas Paine, with a History of his Literary, Po-

litical, and Religious Career in America, France, and England, by Moncure Daniel Conway. To which is added a Sketch of Paine by William Cobbett. In two volumes. (Putnams.) — The First International Railway and the Colonization of New England. Life and Writings of John Alfred Poor, edited by Laura Elizabeth Poor. (Putnams.) The first part of this volume contains a spirited account of the public-minded man who was the soul of railroad movements in Maine, and foresaw the great importance of a system which should connect Maine with the Provinces, Canada, and the West. He was the head and front of the European and North American Railway. The rest of the volume is occupied with his writings on historical and commercial subjects. The book was well worth doing. — The Old South, Essays Social and Political, by Thomas Nelson Page. (Scribners.) A collection of papers and addresses upon several topics relating to the history and social life of the Southern States before the war. They were addressed primarily to Southern readers, for the most part, and breathe the spirit of local patriotism. Not that Mr. Page is merely a *laudator temporis acti;* on the contrary, he says frankly that the South was not keeping pace with the rest of the civilized world, and he recognizes frankly the fundamental obstacle to her progress. But his effort to set the South right historically is still tinged with the unnecessary implication that the North was the greater sinner; and of course he has read Mr. George H. Moore with great satisfaction, and stopped his reading at that point. On the whole, we like best his more constructive social studies, as The Old Virginia Lawyer, and still must wait for the Southern historian who shall write history without sectional bias. He will come, — of that we are confident.

Education and Textbooks. The Art of Teaching and Studying Languages, by François Gouin; translated from the French by Howard Swan and Victor Betis. (George Philip & Son, London; Scribners, New York.) The lively author of this most suggestive work introduces his treatise by an animated account of the difficulties which he met in learning German, when he tried in turn the classical method, the Ollendorf, Jacobot, and others. It was by observing a child in the acquisition of a new set of ideas and the expression of them that he came upon the key to the true method. In its simplest expression this method centres everything about the verb, and sentences are constructed in series which involve a succession of actions. It is not possible, however, to present in a sentence the scheme as laid down by Gouin, but no student of pedagogy should overlook this fresh, and we may say inspiring book. — Nu English, a Proposed Simplified English Language for Home Use, and for International Commerce and Travel, by Elias Molee. (The Author, Minneapolis, Minn.) A pamphlet containing an enthusiast's plea for a jargon which should supplant Volapük, and an outline of the reform. For one who knows English already the new speech offers few difficulties. — Business Law, a Manual for Schools and Colleges, for Every-Day Use, by Alonzo R. Weed. (Heath.) A convenient handbook, in which a brief statement, without discussion or reference to cases, is made regarding contracts, partnerships, deeds, negotiable paper, collection laws, insurance, and the like, together with business forms and a series of questions and exercises. As a textbook, it would seem to be of most service in commercial colleges. — Selections from Goethe's Poetical and Prose Works, by Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt. (Heath.) The principle of selection employed is to include specimens complete in themselves, so far as possible, "and large enough to make the student find the flower of every faculty which that mightiest genius of modern times has developed." The several selections are accompanied by comments of various writers, German, English, and American, and by a body of notes which are translations of troublesome words and phrases. — Beowulf, an Anglo-Saxon Epic Poem, translated from the Heyne-Socin Text, by Jno. Leslie Hall. (Heath.) It is perhaps hardly fair to include this scholarly work in this class; yet the fact remains that our first epic is still known almost wholly as an example of early English, and not as a piece of literature. — Three Circulars of Information, issued by the Bureau of Education (Government Printing Office), deal respectively with Promotions and Examinations in Graded Schools, by Emerson E. White; Rise and Growth of the Normal-School Idea in the United

States, by J. P. Gordy ; and Biological Teaching in the Colleges of the United States. Dr. White collected information from a large number of schools, and his conclusions happily point to a freedom from too arbitrary methods. Mr. Gordy, who is a professor of pedagogy, gives an interesting sketch of his subject, and contends wisely for the establishment of pedagogical departments in our colleges and universities, since normal schools cannot cover the whole field. Dr. Campbell's paper is mainly a detailed survey of the opportunities offered in our colleges for the study of biological science, with some general observations. — The first Circular for 1892, from the same Bureau, is the Rev. A. D. Mayo's monograph on Southern Women in the recent Educational Movement in the South. The work is based on returns from circulars of inquiries, but quite as much upon the author's observations during twelve years' constant travel in the South upon educational errands. One of the notable facts brought out is the immense amount of work done in the secondary schools for Southern white girls. In other words, the teaching of teachers has been the work which has engaged the attention of Southern women. It is observable that not a single response to the hundreds of circulars sent out came from a Roman Catholic school. The monograph, though somewhat diffuse, is charged with a fine enthusiasm, and offers interesting as well as suggestive reading. — The Song Patriot, a Collection of National and Other Songs for School and Home, compiled by C. W. Bardeen. (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.) A little book of eighty pages, with a very good collection of patriotic and war songs, national hymns of other lands, songs of sentiment, college songs, sacred songs, and songs of a future life. — Nature Readers, Seaside and Wayside, by Julia McNair Wright. (Heath.) The fourth in this series of readers, which are not made up of selections from other writers, but are written by the author. This number deals with geology, paleontology, and the existing forms which are survivals of earlier types. The manner seems calculated for young pupils, but the style and the matter scarcely agree with this assumption. — A B C of the Swedish System of Educational Gymnastics, a Practical Hand Book for School Teachers and the Home, by Hartvig Nissen. (F. A. Davis, Philadelphia.) Mr. Nissen is instructor of physical training in the Boston schools, and he has made a book very much like that of Baron Nils Posse, already referred to. Mr. Nissen's catechism is almost childishly simple in its preliminary questions and answers, but its main use, after making teachers smile over these, is to furnish a series of exercises. — French Schools through American Eyes, by James Russell Parsons, Jr. (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.) Mr. Parsons, who had already reported on the Prussian school system, made a similar study of French schools in 1891, and this book is his report to the New York State Department of Public Instruction. It contains a great deal of detailed, specific information, unincumbered by idle speculation, and arranged with a clear sense of order. Mr. Parsons's observations, when he does make them, are those of a well-trained observer, and appear to be free from whims and parochial prejudice. — English Composition by Practice, by Edward R. Shaw. (Holt.) Mr. Shaw deals less with principles than with examples in his book ; rather, he leaves the teacher and the pupil to educe the principles from the examples ; but he is very ingenious in furnishing suggestions for reproductions, paraphrases, letters, original essays, stories, and the like, and his book ought to be very serviceable to a teacher even when not used as a class book. — Modern Punctuation. A Book for Stenographers, Typewriter Operators, and Business Men ; with Hints to Letter Writers, One Hundred Suggestions to Typewriter Operators, a List of Common Abbreviations with Definitions, and a Vocabulary of Business and Technical Terms, with Spaces for Writing in the Shorthand Equivalents. By William Bradford Dickson. (Putnams.) The new occupation of typewriting is collecting a literature, it seems, and this is a handy little book, with such admirable injunctions as the following : " Always omit a comma rather than put it in the wrong place." — The Test-Pronouncer. A Companion Volume to " 7000 Words often Mispronounced ; " containing the Identical List of Words found in the Larger Work, arranged in Groups of ten, without Diacritical Marks, for Convenience in Recitation. By William H. P. Phyfe. (Putnams.) That is to say, this serves as a question book, and

the larger work as a key. Here are all the words, but no indication is given as to the way they should be pronounced.

Politics, Sociology, and Economics. A Dictionary of Political Economy (Macmillan) has been begun, of which Part One is before us, covering the words "Abatement–Bede." It is edited by R. H. Inglis Palgrave, and is to contain articles on the subjects usually dealt with by economic writers, with explanations of legal and business terms, and short notices of deceased English, American, and foreign economists, and their chief contributions to economic literature. The term "dictionary" is to be taken in a pretty literal sense, for the articles are very brief, and the authors plainly perceive this, since "the limits of space forbid" is a frequent formula. There is, however, a good bibliographical statement appended where the subject calls for a fuller explanation. — American Citizenship, and the Right of Suffrage in the United States, by Taliesin Evans. (Tribune Print, Oakland, Cal.) An examination of national and state laws affecting citizenship, together with a citation of such decisions of courts as bear upon the subject. The author undertakes the study with a view to inquiring how far our system imposes restrictions on the suffrage. Although he does not anywhere make a summary of his deductions, it is evident that he regards the system loose and weak on this point. — Direct Legislation by the Citizenship through the Initiative and Referendum, by J. W. Sullivan. (Twentieth Century Publishing Co., New York.) After a full though concise statement of the working of the Referendum in Switzerland, Mr. Sullivan turns to the application of the principle in the United States. He finds this much more general than a superficial observation would suppose, and he thinks it might be extended to advantage. Yet many will demur to a political theory which practically makes the Constitution a somewhat unwieldy statute-book. — The Scriptures of Benjamin the Giant-Killer. (Journal Publishing Co., Detroit.) A political fable couched in Old Testament style, with elaborately distorted names, the whole designed to show how President Harrison withstood the attempt made by Great Britain to force its free-trade doctrines upon the United States. — Who Pays Your Taxes? A Consideration of the Question of Taxation, by David A. Wells, George H. Andrews, Thomas G. Shearman, Julien T. Davies, Joseph Dana Miller, Bolton Hall, and others; edited by Bolton Hall, and issued by authority of the New York Tax Reform Association. (Putnams.) This is not, as might be supposed from the title-page, a collection of essays by many hands, but Mr. Hall has drawn upon the writings of a large number of persons to enforce the principles involved in the platform of the association, which is, in brief, that taxes should be laid mainly upon real estate. — Direct Legislation by the People, by Nathan Cree. (McClurg.) Another study in a direction which plainly lies along the line of thought taken by many students of political science. The Swiss Referendum is the suggestion, and the practical end aimed at is to increase the number of acts directly referred to the people. We are constantly employing this method in such questions as License or No License; the principle is admitted, and the question is as to the extension of its application. Mr. Cree does not confine himself to discussion; he brings forward practical forms and methods. — The Tariff, What it is and What it does, by S. E. Moffett. (Potomac Publishing Co., Washington.) A keen discussion of the practical working of the tariff by a Californian. He derives many of his illustrations from trade on the Pacific coast. The book is a pamphlet of a hundred pages. — The Teaching of Humanity, a Treatise throwing some Light on Certain Movements of the Day, by C. W. Rosenfeld. (The Author, 89 Leman St., London, E.) A pamphlet of a hundred pages, in which a Jew, struggling through translators who, he pathetically declares, cannot understand him (and surely the English is something wonderful), discourses upon "the promotion of humanity among the Jews." With much help from the Talmud, he seems bent on demonstrating that Jews ought to be sprinkled over the world, and not massed in one spot. Thus doing, he says, "it will not alone be good for the Jews, but for the Christians as well; for the Jews are like spice, — a little of it gives great flavor to the food; put too much of it in the food, and the result is the food is spoilt." — The Free Trade Struggle in England, by M. M. Trumbull. (The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.) A revised edition of a work first published ten years

ago. The author has stuck pretty closely to his text ; but, as he is an American, and writes the book for American readers, he uses American legislation to illustrate his subject, claiming somewhat preposterously that all American utterances in favor of protection are simply the repetition of English arguments used before free trade had opened the eyes of Englishmen. It is unscientific to treat free trade and protection as if they were doctrines only, to be applied like nostrums.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

La Muse s'Amuse.

In a recent evening company of good friends and fellows, of the literary craft, the Epigram became the subject of discussion, and subsequently of experiment. We had among us, on this occasion, both the professional and the amateur poet, and, in addition to these, a very choice laity, — connoisseurs, privileged to criticise, and who could tell to a nicety, as though each one had been the king's taster, the degree of "distinction" and the exact "touch of quality" possessed severally by either the professional or the amateur poet.

"The epigram," grumbled one of this choice laity, — "I don't think much of the epigram. It 's a sign of genius running to seed, just as when a plant puts forth smaller and smaller flowers toward autumn. In my opinion, it goeth before the fall of any epoch of literary brilliancy."

"I agree with you," added another censorious layman ; "only it seems to me even worse than that. The epigram is distinctly vulgar. Its smartness and catchiness, its tendency to punning, ought to be enough to condemn it, for a *true* poet."

Still another note of objurgation : "It is even worse than vulgar ; it is atheistical. Its cynicism, when it does n't call God to account, amuses itself with running on what it would consider the *pretended* virtues of mankind."

"But," ventured one of the counsel for the defense, "the epigram has been employed at times by the best order of genius, from the ancients to the moderns. In discreet hands, there is nothing like it for packing 'infinite riches in a little room.'"

"I object," said another, "to the charge of vulgarity and atheism made against the epigram. Of course it may be diverted to base uses ; but think how often the poets have made it express a profound moral truth, how often some strain of hero-worship has been blended with its terse directness. What a sweep of vision, what a swing, there is in the epigram on Francis Drake ! Just listen : —

> 'The stars above will make thee known,
> If man were silent here ;
> The sun himself cannot forget
> His fellow-traveler ! '

Or take those lines from Dryden, beginning, —

> 'Three poets, in three distant ages born,
> Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.'

For further proof that the epigram may possess dignity and nobility of purpose, one has but to refer to old Herbert with his pithy couplets, such as this : —

> 'But he who grieves because his faith is small
> Hath a true grief and the best faith of all.'

This surely has the quality and the form of the epigram, and it is not smart nor cynical."

"I don't know," said an objector, "about that matter of 'quality and form.' It seems to me that none of these specimens, however remarkable as verse, is a true epigram. They don't fall under Martial's prescription, which requires not only honey, but a little sting."

"I should like to put in a word right here," observed one of the good listeners of the company. "I have noticed the recent vogue of short flights in verse. These flights don't appear to me to result in epigrams, even where the intent is to be humorously satiric."

"I know what you mean," said our Champion Interrupter, "the quatrain" —

"I believe they call them quatrains," calmly rejoined the Good Listener. "I notice a great many graceful and lovely four-line performances. I should n't call them

epigrams, and I do not know that their authors would. They are rather like little lyrics, — often perfect little lyrics, — in which the sting, if there is any, is no more than that which honey gives to sensitive throats."

It was now the Interrupter's legitimate turn. "I happen to remember a good example of the quatrain, — the 'perfect little lyric' you mention. And it is about The Lyric. It 's Aldrich's 'touch,' one might know.

'I would be the lyric,
Ever on the lip,
Rather than the epic
Memory lets slip!'

Yes, I should call that a lyric in miniature rather than an epigram."

"Or say an epigram made on the wing by delicious Ariel himself;" and the speaker, who would have been called Moderator, had our informal circle recognized parliamentary offices, indicated that it was now "in order" to announce the subjects for metrical contest. No limitations as to metrical form were assigned, nor was any moral strictures made, except against absolute punning. The subjects announced were as follows: Patriotism, Vanity, Similia Similibus, The Editor, Traveling for Health. One of the contestants produced three "epigrams" in the given time; another had two to show, while the rest contented themselves with but one apiece. The results, without further introduction, are subjoined.

PATRIOTISM (I.).

(A true incident. Comment by the poet.)

"Yes, we 've rivers as wide," he sneers at the guide,
As the Duro is crossed with a bound;
"Only we call them gutters," the patriot mutters,
And he spat on the foreigner's ground!

PATRIOTISM (II.). ANAXAGORAS.

When shallow hearts reproached the pilgrim wise,
"Wand'rer, why dost thou not thy country prize?"
He raised to heaven his tranquil, smiling eyes, —
"I do," he answered; "*there* my country lies!"

VANITY (I.).

(The Beauty to her Confidante.)

My front face, — alas!
I see in the glass
The praises men lavish are true!
My side face I turn,
And with rapture they learn
That Clytie is flashed into view!
These flatteries cloy me,
These transports annoy me.
Now, Grace dear, what *am* I to do?

VANITY (II.).

How brave it is, in all its splendor drest!
How poor, when of its lordly gear divest!
So, Venus' bird, if his gay plumage fall,
In abject grief hides under hedge or wall.

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS.

His sermon cost him many a sleepless night;
But when he came before the congregation,
Lulled by the Reverend Beetle's droning flight,
They peaceful slept from text to peroration.

THE EDITOR (I.).

Our Rhadamanthus left and right rejects;
Then, all at once, from mere caprice selects
Some trivial thing not worth the reader's pains.
('T is thus my rival's verse an audience gains.)

THE EDITOR *loquitur*.

I wade through seas of fustian for a pearl.

TRAVELING FOR HEALTH (I.).

"So, your wife is in Europe," the fair gossip cried;
"She travels for health, I opine."
"Yes, my wife is abroad," he grimly replied;
"She 's abroad — not for *her* health, but mine!"

TRAVELING FOR HEALTH (II.).

In quest of health, I roved the world around.
A mile from home a healing spring I found.
"Here 's health — but mark!" (the naiad smiled advice)
"Each day *on foot* you here must journey twice."

The above having been read, the reader, who was an approver of the epigram, looked triumphantly about with the air of having vanquished opposition. "What do you say to these?"

"I should say," our chief censor remarked, mingling a placebo with his criticism,

"'I wade through seas of fustian for a pearl.'"

Musa, Mihi Causas Memora.

— In a recent richly suggestive paper on the Romance of Memory, appearing in The Atlantic, it seems to me that the writer but sparingly touched upon one important province in this great principality of the past. May I, therefore, briefly adventure over its border? A word on the memory of the emotions.

In the Asphodel Country, before the transient sojourner there (be it for some thousand years, more or less!) is ordered back to earth, he is given a draught from certain forgetful waters. In Dante's Vision, the newly arrived in Purgatory drink Lethe, but afterwards are refreshed with the live crystal of Eunoë, which yields them back all that is comforting in their recollections of earth. I know a modern spirit who affirms a conviction that perfect

spiritual repose would be impossible without the extinction of memory : as, once let in memory, all the passions are *potentially* present, the joyous and the painful, the exalting and the humiliating alike, amid the stir and antagonism of all which, rest would of necessity be precluded. But this view of the subject ignores the fact that the memories of most human beings readily undergo mutation, or rather transmutation, into something else than their former substance and shape. What they now feel, they easily antedate, and convince themselves and others that they have always maintained the likings or dislikings, the advocacy or the objection, of the present moment. They will even refute, or so juggle, their previous words to the contrary that it becomes of no use to attempt to cite to them their own past opinions. Now, I freely confess that I am not so fortunate in the metamorphose of memory (if this protean facility be regarded as fortunate). I deplorably forget chronological orders, verbal collocations of wit and poesy, localities and landscapes, ways and landmarks, but not subjective sensations and emotions, either my own, or, so far as I can obtain a record of it, the tremolo of emotion in other human creatures of my near association. If my attitude toward any individual has suffered a change with the years, I am aware of the change. If my saints are no longer aureoled, I do not forget that they once wore the nimbus ; and *per contra*, if some now most cherished person did, on first sight and acquaintance, produce an unfavorable impression upon my mind, I am still able to recall that unsparing initial glimpse of demerits either real or fancied. In a world of easy forgetting and of convenient fluctuation of sentiment, these are hard lines ; but I am consoled by the thought that here and there must be others whose temperaments are touched by a like merciless permanence of impression. To these I make my appeal. "Yesterday, To-Day, and Forever," repeated in a sort of monotonous burden of constancy, might be taken as the cognizance of this order of memory. Those who are its repositories would perhaps maintain, the more retrospect, the less prospect. To them the vitality of a once living past must ever be more vividly felt than the life of a non-existent future. In brief words, there are the natures that are built upon hope, and the natures that find their foundations in memory.

My personal friends sometimes humorously cite me as an instance of one whose face is set to look backwards. I cheerfully acknowledge the defect in mental anatomy; but I as cheerfully assure them that if I continue to look that way, and to look far and keenly enough, I shall doubtless yet see into the future, on the principle that the periplus of the globe brings you to the starting-point again, and also that the symbol of eternity is a circle. How is it that the eldest past and the remotest future seem, to the fancy, to have some meeting-point, or place of tryst, on that enormous annular stretch ? But truce to these flippant surmisings.

Physicists tell us — and the poets closely follow — that no sound once communicated to the unresting wave of the air, "no idlest word thou speakest," no tone of the voice, no merest whisper, ever ceases its wandering. I can believe this, with little stress of the imagination. The phonograph, with all its possibilities of recovering long-silent tones and long-forgotten words, is nothing to the sensitive, hoarding jealousy, to the sharp-relimning power, of this kind of memory ! And not only are tones of voice and words reproduced at will, but also faces, the features, the soul in the eyes, a look, — nay, less than a look, the attempted suppression of meaning, — all, as in an animate picture, flashed upon the marveling eyes of the mind ! Back to the nerve flutters the sense of a touch, of a caress, the motion of the air displaced by the passing of a person ! All these vital details return not merely when summoned as pleasant minor witnesses of a passage long since happily incorporated into the story of life ; they come not only at will, but against the will in instances where friendship has cooled, and neither the name nor the substance thereof is retained. The doors of amity are closed, but they enter, as i Locksley Hall.

> "And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain "

Even when all tragedy is absent from the situation ; when, if former friends (now mutual aliens) should meet, there would not be aroused even the interest of mild feud, — even then, in one's brief solitary revision of the past, this touch of "ancient

kindness" contrives to lend a sharp even though momentary pang. The power of exercising forgiveness may depend more directly upon the faculty and quality of memory than is commonly supposed: some persons may more easily forgive, because they more readily forget.

Among the tyrannies of memory, there is one which particularly puzzles me. I cannot understand why certain slight incidents, certain unimportant traits of person or manner, should in the after time become as a shorthand symbol, gathering up the whole situation, the entire image and "atmosphere" of the person remembered. The most distinct representation I am able to form of a friend of mine (no longer living) is upon this wise: hooded and cloaked for a winter walk, I see her at a certain point upon the path; she is in the act of taking a step forward. When the one step is completed, this mental portrait vanishes instantly, and can be reproduced only in the way I have described, and only to fade again at the same juncture. I have even come to dread this edged incisiveness, this scrupulous circumstantiality of memory; and I often fall to speculating as to what now happening will be in future recalled with special poignancy. Sometimes such forecast acquires almost the mournful quality of retrospect. I very well know (though I do not know *why*) that, when a friend of mine turns the leaf of a newspaper and folds it carefully back between thumb and finger, this act will be among the characteristic memories I shall treasure regarding him, and will be fraught with unaccountable and disproportionate pathos, should Memory and I survive him.

Some one of the ancients observes that he has forgotten the things he should like to remember, while he remembers the things he *would* forget. Some of us have no right to complain of a "bad memory." If we have greatly desired to forget some painful phase of experience, and, to this end, have so blinded and drugged the traveler into the past that she can bring us no certain word from beyond the forbidden bourne, what must we expect but that Memory will be equally listless and unfaithful when sent by us to other quarters of her proper ranging-ground? In our manœuvring to forget what we do not wish to remember, discipline overreaches itself, and we are betrayed into forgetting what we should like to remember. And so we are able to confer sympathetically with the ancient just cited.

Speaking of the ancients, of the Asphodel Country, and of Lethe, may I not give a Neo-Greek view of that region and of memory as a perpetuity?

I SHALL REMEMBER.

I.

In the dim meadows flecked with asphodel
I shall remember!
I shall not quaff
The waters of the immemorial well,
That darkly laugh, throwing oblivious spell.
The cup of memory I shall bear, shall drain
Again — again — again —
Down to the draff!
I shall remember.

II.

I shall not drink the waters of that well;
I shall remember!
Far from all mirth
I will make glad, make mad, the souls that dwell
In pale content obscure; for I will tell
It is the Earth, once theirs, they blindly seek
In search too weak, too weak, —
It is the Earth!
I shall remember.

III.

In the dim meadows flecked with asphodel
I shall remember!
Fadeless it blows.
All sweetest blooms with Earth and Change do dwell,
And in their greeting mingle a farewell, —
More dear because they droop, they fade, they pass.
The rose of life, alas!
The rose, the rose
I shall remember.

IV.

I shall not drink the waters of that well;
I shall remember,
And witness yet: —
"Ye shadowy dancers of the twilight dell,
And ye whose shadowy arms do but compel
A shadowy foe, — this is not mirth, not strife!
This is not life, not life!
Do *ye* forget?"
I shall remember.

A Memory. — We drove along the Barony Road, as it is called, — a long, straight avenue between rows of trees, the Via Sacra of the old Laird of Auchinleck. The storms of the past week had broken great branches from the trees on either side, and when we entered the grounds we found still more damage had been done. But to-day there is no breath of wind. The autumn sunshine is everywhere, gilding the fading leaves, making beautiful lights on the harvested fields, laying soft shadows on the distant hills. "The day is made for you," some one says. Through the open

gates we notice here and there in the woods a tree blown down ; some of them are oaks that were growing when Johnson came. But the woods fall back, there is a wide sweep of lawn, and in another minute we are at the house.

Auchinleck Place, a large white house, plain in style, handsome in its proportions, dignified rather than grand, stands as it was built some hundred and twenty years ago. The most beautiful thing about it is the situation. From the broad steps we look across the graveled road to the green-sward, glittering this October morning with the early frost ; and beyond, the eye passes over pasture lands and woods, till the view is closed in some twenty miles away by the New Cumnock hills.

In the hall, which we enter from the steps, are several pictures, and over the drawing-room mantelpiece one of Mary, Queen of Scots, signing her abdication in Lochleven Castle. It was painted, we learn from Boswell, by a Mr. Hamilton in Rome, and Johnson, at Boswell's request, composed a Latin inscription for the engraving taken from it.

Crossing the hall, a doorway leads to the staircase, where, on the wall, hangs a full-length portrait of "the land-louping scoundrel of a Corsican," General Paoli. He is represented as a portly looking gentleman in a green velvet suit and powdered wig.

Upstairs is the library, — a long room, with a fireplace at either end. It is lined with bookcases, except for three windows on the farther side, looking to the back of the house. The view in that direction is as beautiful and as extensive as we saw to the front. The trees in the park are finer ; this is, if we may so say, the older part of the demesne where the former mansion-house stood. The gardens are over there, and just beyond them, hidden in its deep, rocky channel, flows the Lugar. On the far horizon we can trace a mountain outline : it is Arran. Was it mere chance, or taste which was rare in those days, that led Lord Auchinleck to choose this site for the new house ? Was the view among the things "*quod petis*" he sought and found here, stout old Whig that he was, with his doctrine of contentment ?

The library is the most interesting apartment in the house, but it would take days to explore its treasures, and we have only half an hour. The sober bindings of the volumes in calf and vellum give a scholastic air to the room, strangely at variance with the large billiard-table which takes up so much of the space. It seems a queer setting for the billiard-table, does it not, and a queer companionship for the books, — Ladislaw and Casaubon domiciled together, to their mutual discomfort ? It has taken more than one generation to bring this about. The man who filled the bookshelves which still give the chamber its name was not the man who had the table built there. The glazed doors of the bookcases are standing open to-day, and we keep dipping in among the volumes. Those Greek and Roman classics may have been what Johnson handled that rainy morning, the first day of his visit, while he still remembered his biographer's urgent request to avoid Whiggism, Presbyterianism, and — Sir John Pringle, in conversation with his host. Alas ! before the week was out the request was forgotten, the promise gone to the winds.

"Dr. Johnson and my father came into collision. In the course of their altercation, Whiggism and Presbyterianism, Toryism and Episcopacy, were terribly buffeted. My worthy hereditary friend, Sir John Pringle, never having been mentioned, happily escaped without a bruise." (November 6, 1773.)

Queen Mary's prayer-book is here, a little red-bound volume of Latin prayers written and illuminated on vellum. An inscription on the fly-leaf tells what is known of its history, and how it was given by Mary's granddaughter, Elizabeth Stuart, to Lord Harrington, when he escorted her to her home in the Palatinate. There is a manuscript of The Gentle Shepherd, and surely some of the very smallest volumes ever bound in calf and gold. They have the tiniest frontispieces and title-pages, and are dated "Amsterdam." One is a Treatise on Short Writing. On another shelf, stowed away among all sorts of odds and ends, we found a little worn volume entitled The New Year's Gift, and on the fly-leaf was written "This book belonged to Samuel Johnson." Over the fireplaces there are family portraits : of the first Boswell of Auchinleck, to whom the property was given, and who fell at Flodden ; of his wife ; of the Dutch ancestor ; of Grizzel

Cochrane. Lord Auchinleck's portrait is hung in the dining-room, but the son he thought "clean gyte" is here, painted by Reynolds. An engraving of this picture forms the frontispiece to the fifth volume of Dr. Birkbeck Hill's edition of the great biography. It has suffered reverses, this portrait. Within living memory it was turned to the wall, and a fool's cap was displayed on the back of it. Poor James Boswell! his "moments of self-complacency" would have been fewer could he have looked forward a little way. But there he is, at once the most famous and the most jeered at of biographers, the author to whom we owe so much, and for whom we care so little.

"*Quod petis hic est*" (to quote again the motto on the front of the mansion) in the library, but we must see the remains of the old house which are still standing. We pass down among the trees, and, entering by a wicket-gate, go along the smooth grassy walks. And in my lady's garden, right in what must have been the banqueting-hall, the flowers are growing, mingling their fleeting delicate graces with the severe outlines of the ancient masonry. Beyond is the bowling-green, and across from it, on a lofty point of rock jutting out above the river, the ruin of the oldest Auchinleck of them all, the castle whose "sullen dignity" so pleased the sage.

"I cannot figure a more romantic scene!" exclaims Boswell, as he relates how he pointed out its beauties to Dr. Johnson, and "expatiated on the antiquity of my family." Indeed, it is a beautiful and romantic scene. The Lugar, which here is joined by a burn, flows far below, almost hidden by the trees and brushwood. The old keep still commands the situation, but the enemies it feared and the lives it guarded alike are gone. The old order has changed, and given place to new fulfillments of human life.

A Story for Botanists. — On the old state road, about halfway between the villages of Avon and Caledonia in New York, there is a little knoll close to the roadside, upon which has blossomed for seventy-eight summers what would be regarded as a common weed only for certain weird associations which have given it a wide fame, making the *murder plant*, as it is called, one of the sights of Avon Springs. For seventy-eight years the hardy little shrub has come up in the very spot where verified tradition says it was never seen before the spring of 1814; and although its stonelike seeds have been wind-sown, not a trace of the plant, it is affirmed, can be found elsewhere in the vicinity. Moreover, it is said that seeds of it sown elsewhere, no matter how carefully nourished, come to naught, and that its roots, if transplanted, only rot in the ground.

The story of the murder plant, as it was told by a most estimable woman who saw its first blossoms, and who lived almost within sight of the roadside hillock the rest of her life, may be relied upon in every detail. Her father had settled on the old Niagara road in 1800. His house was upon the very site of the one occupied by his grandchildren to-day, and was one of the best known stopping-places, or taverns, on the old state road, which was fairly opened about 1802. The first stage from Utica to the Genesee River made its pioneer trip in September, 1799, reaching Canawaugus (Avon) on the third day. During the war of 1812 the road was a thoroughfare for the soldiers and sailors passing between the seaboard and the lakes, and Smith's tavern a welcome halting-place in the march through the wilderness. The daughter of mine host, whose children pass down her version of the story of the plant, became the wife of Sylvester Hosmer, a son of Dr. Timothy Hosmer, whose name is inseparable from the history of Livingston County. I well remember how the young folk visiting at "Hosmer's," some thirty years ago, would draw out the old lady's story of the interesting plant, which they made a point of visiting in the pale moonlight, some of them declaring that they experienced an unmistakable shiver when they plucked the tiny blue blossoms from the scraggy bush.

It was in the late afternoon of an October day (as Mrs. Hosmer used to tell the story) in the year 1813, about two months before Buffalo was burned. The troops at Sackett's Harbor had been to Batavia to get their pay, and were returning. They had been "stringing along" all day in squads. Just at nightfall there was a break in the straggling procession, and for some time not a soldier was seen at Smith's tavern; then a little company of them arrived, saying that they had discovered in the woods by the roadside, west of the inn, a murdered man, a soldier. He was quite dead, and weltering in his gore. His pockets had

been rifled, and there was every proof of his having been shot and robbed.

He was wrapped in his blanket and buried a few rods from the spot. On the mound where he was found, and which had been well known to all of the Smith family, the strange plant sprang up the next spring, and was watched by them with interest. No one had ever before seen its like in the neighborhood ; it was something new in the flora of the country.

Major Smith learned afterwards that the soldier's name was Alexander ; that he was from New England, where he had a family, to whom he always sent his pay. He was on his way to Canandaigua to remit it to them when he was slain, undoubtedly by a comrade, in that lonely place in the woods. A teamster passing over the road that night had been accosted by a man on foot, who "looked wild and scared," and asked if the soldiers had all gone by. A soldier by the name of Collins was executed at Sackett's Harbor, not long afterwards, for shooting at an officer, and it was believed that he had committed the murder on the state road.

"We fear the plant will not come up this spring," writes one of the Hosmer family living in the old homestead. "So many visited it last summer, and pulled up the last root to be found. But it has never failed to make its appearance for seventy-eight years."

It is to be hoped that the vandals have not exterminated it entirely, and that some skilled botanist will take pains to tell us if there is anything marvelous about it, — if it is in any way different from ordinary gromwell. Can this much-talked-about weed on the old state road claim special consideration as an illustration of the fungi we read of in Septimius Felton? If that is the case, then why not give the world a brew of its leaves, or blossoms, or roots, or all of them combined, and who knows but we shall have found at last in the decoction the elixir of life, "the seeds of which," as Hawthorne put it, "must be planted in a fresh grave of bloody death in order to make it effectual."

P. S. "There is no sign of the *murder plant* this summer" is the last report. Perhaps it is at last exterminated.

The Rogues' Gallery. — At the police headquarters in the city of New York there is a department known as the Rogues' Gallery, where are preserved the counterfeit presentments of a large and continuous series of enforced lodgers. Counterfeit presentments, did I say? I should rather have said counterfeit misrepresentments ; for the most of these photographs are grotesque caricatures of their originals, totally inexplicable, until you learn the intent of the sitters. These have to be held forcibly while a negative is secured ; yet as no one can chain the features of the face, many of the countenances recorded by the camera exhibit a curious variety of grimace, — mouths askew, scowls on the brow, and all facial distortions that a whispering Mephistopheles could suggest at one's ear. This is done, not with a view to any dramatic impersonation whatsoever, but for the purpose of spoiling the chance of a later identification through the memorial photograph, obtained under such difficulties. Necessarily, the detective who employs this touching souvenir as a means of recognition of his man has always to make allowance for the superactivity of countenance and expression in the photograph which he preserves.

Now, I think this mode of masking the features by a violent grimace exceedingly ingenious on the part of the Rogues, who may have their own roguish satisfaction — not altogether without a touch of the artist — in the number, contrariety, and perplexity of portraits produced from one original.

Not at all with a view to be cynical, I remark that I find the world at large not a whit more anxious for an exact delineation by any accurate photograph process. Precious rogues that we are, we are all quite willing to "sit" for something else than ourselves ; only here it is not grimace which is employed, but an assumption (often most innocently unconscious) of that which we esteem as the highest type of the magnanimous, the chivalrous, the generous, the altogether lovely in human nature.